

“ I mind once we had an Irish gal as a dairy help ; well, we had a wicked devil of a cow, and she kicked over the milk pail, and in ran Dora, and swore the Bogle did it. Jist so poor Rigby, he wouldn't allow it was nateral causes, but laid it all to politics. Talkin' of Dora, puts me in mind of the gals, for she warn't a bad-lookin' heifer, that. My ! what an eye she had, and I consaited she had a particular small foot and ankle too, when I helped her up once into the haymow, to sarch for eggs ; but I can't exactly say, for when she brought 'em in, mother shook her head and said it was dangerous ; she said she might fall through and hurt herself, and always sent old Snow arterwards. She was a considerable of a long-headed woman, was mother ; she could see as far ahead as most folks. She warn't born yesterday, I guess. But that 'ere proverb is true as respects the gals too. Whenever you see one on 'em with a whole lot of sweethearts, it's an even chance if she gets married to any on 'em. One cools off, and another cools off, and before she brings any one on 'em to the right weldin' heat, the coal is gone, and the fire is out. Then she may blow and blow till she's tired ; she may blow up a dust, but the deuce of a flame can she blow up ag'in to save her soul alive. I never see a clever lookin' gal in danger of that, I don't long to whisper in her ear, You dear little critter, you, take care ! *you have too many irons in the fire ; some on 'em will get stone cold, and t'other nes will get burnt so, they'll never be no good in natur'.* ”