

TOO MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE.

and you'll find 'em at it agin. I guess they won't rinate those folks. *They know their business and stick to it.* Well, away went Rigby, comin' sulky, (for he had no notion that it was his own fault he laid all the blame on the folks to Halifax,) but he was a little grain posed, for back he went, he bought to Sowack, where I hear he has a better than he had afore.

Imind once we had an Irish gall 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 wouldnt allow it was nateral causes, but laid it all to politica. Talkin of Dora, puts me in mind of the galls, for she warnt a bad lookin heifer that; my! what an eye she had, and I conceited she had a particular small foot and ankle too, when I helped her up once into the hay mow, to sarch for eggs; but I cant 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 are proverb is true as respects the galls too. Whenever you see one on 'em with a whole lot of sweet hearts, its 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 agin, to save her soul alive. I never see a clever lookin gall in danger of that, I dont