

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 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 tother ones will get burnt so, they'll never be no good in natur.*

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