

little grain posed, for back he went, and bought to Sowack, where I hear he has a better farm than he had afore.

I mind 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 wouldn't allow it was nateral causes, but laid it all to politics. 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 concaited 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 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 are proverb is true as respects the galls too. Whenever you see one on 'em with a whole lot of sweethearts, 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