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THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

IRISH MATCH-MAKING.

five pounds down the day they're married, a house an' home, a feather bed, a fine mule, a heifer, and a clutch o' ducks!" said Corny, putting his money back into his stocking.

"Faix, an' a clutch o' ducks isn't bad," observed Peter. "They're better than a calf to them that hasn't a cow to feed it; an' Corny's is the best house, an' Katie'll have it all to herself. When your Matt an' James marry, it'll be mighty narrow for ye all!"

"James is going to America, Pether," said Tom.

"Well, that makes a differ. But isn't there anything else yer inclined to offer?" Dermott is the best match at this minute!" observed Peter.

"I'm done!" said Tom. Then suddenly starting up, he cried: "Wait a minute;" and ran out of the house, returning in a quarter of an hour, staggering under a great sack of seed-potatoes. "There! Corny O'Byrne; put that in yer pipe an' smoke it!" he cried exultingly.

"Wait a minute, Pether, Corny cried; I'll not be long;" and running all the way home, he was soon there.

"Get me a sack, Judy—the meal sack—an' be quick, ashore!" he cried excitedly.

"Arra be easy, Corny, shure an' the meal is in it."

"Betther an' betther," cried Corny, going into the room which served as dairy; and without vouchsafing another word to the astonished Judy, he shouldered the sack, and trotted off with it as fast as he could.

Completely out of breath, he reached Peter's, bathed in perspiration; but on entering, he unluckily tripped over the doorstep, and fell with the sack full length into the kitchen. The string round the neck of the bag gave way, and covered with meal, he groaned and stammered breathlessly:

"Th-ther, Pe-pether Lins-ky! Wh-while the praties was gr-growing, the meal would keep them alive! W-what d'ye say, Pe-pether?"

"Beg-orra, Corny, I say/what I often said before, that yer a decent man; an' yer boy is welcome to Katie Linskey!"

"What do ye mean, Pether?" cried Tom Dillon.

"What I say, Tom; nor a more nor less. The children might die o' the *faegurtha* (a fainting brought on by hunger, or over-fatigue without proper sustenance) while the praties was growin'. Dermott O'Byrne can best provide my little girl with comforts, an' he's welcome to her."

At this moment a merry laughter caused the three old men to look round. In the doorway stood Katie Linskey, her hands pressed to her sides, and tears of mirth coursing down her pretty face.

"I'm sorry for your trouble, Corny," she said, advancing; "but I could not help laughing, you looked so queer;" and she burst into a fresh peal.

"Be quiet, Katie, an' come here," said Peter, beckoning his daughter to his side. "I was match-making for ye; an' the bargain is closed betwene me an' Corny for you and Dermott O'Byrne!"

"Ye don't name it father!" said Katie, with a comical look at Corny and Tom Dillon.

"Shure enough, I do, ma colleen;

have ye anything to say agin' it?" replied Peter, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"Musha, not a word at all, father dear; only—only—"

"Only what, Katie?"

"Only I was married last Tuesday to Jack Managan, the painter!" she replied, with a loud musical laugh, which brought her husband to the door.

"What!" shrieked Tom Dillon.

"What!" echoed Corny.

"Oh, Pether Linskey! Peter Linskey! yer afther humbugging us!" cried Tom, reproachfully.

"Ay, humbugging us!" replied Corny, mournfully; and Pether, who was a sly old humorist, put his head against the wall, and laughed heartily at their astonishment.

The two ambassadors silently took up their respective sacks, and slowly departed, each thinking himself much injured, and in their mutual discomfiture forgetting their animosity. As for old Peter he was only too well pleased to have his daughter well married and off his hands without even the "new gown" or the clergyman's dues—though he could afford to give her a good fortune—as good fortunes go in that part of the country.

When next Corny went match-making he took care to find out beforehand if the young woman was "willing;" and as for Tom Dillon, he vowed it served him right to be "humbugged," as he only wanted to bother his neighbor, Corny O'Byrne (with whom he was ever after good friends).

Might Have Said So.

Hartford Times.

A jolly-looking Dutch farmer drove up to one of our grocery stores the other day and hailed the proprietor with, "Meester Storekeebber, doant you like some pig perdadoes?"

"No, I don't keep pigs," answered the groceryman, in a serious tone of voice.

"Mine friend, I shust ask you ef you be wanting some pig perdadoes."

"And I tell you, my friend, that I don't keep pigs."

"Who te tyfel said you did?" answered the Teuton, a little testily for such a good natured man as he looked to be.

"What do I want pig potatoes for, if I have no pigs," was the reply.

"Mine frendt, dere was a misunderstanding about dese little matter. I ask you ef you vant some pig perdadoes; I doant mean leedle pig perdadoes, but do-e grade pig perdadoes."

"I've got no great pigs either," provokingly responded the groceryman.

"Go ter de tyfel," shouted the Dutchman, as he rolled out of his wagon and approached the merchant.

"Now vill you understand vat I was apout say. I have no leedle pig perdadoes, mine perdadoes are as pig as your head vas if it was cud in dree bieces."

"Oh, I understand. You mean you have some big potatoes."

"Yaw, I have dot. I have some pig perdadoes."

"Well, I don't think I'll buy any today," said the groceryman.

"Mine frendt, ef you had shust told me dot a leedle vile sooner I might have peen pedder. Did you took me for a gaulk? If you did you and vord I took you for? I took you for a shentleman, and, mine frendt, let me tell you I vas a tam fool. Dot ish vot kind of cloathsbin I am!"

A THIEF IN A COFFIN.

Novel Plot of a Band of Mexicans to Rob a Cathedral.

Mexico Despatch.

The City of Mexico, the scene of many peculiar crimes, is just now agog over the performance of a thief, which are generally admitted to pass anything on record. A few days ago several men went to the priest in charge of the Santa Cruz church in this city and asked permission to hold funeral services over the remains of a deceased friend at 4 o'clock next morning. The priest gave his permission, agreeing to be present. The men then said they would like to leave the corpse in the church over night, and to this the clergyman also assented. Some time after dark the men appeared at the church bearing a coffin, which they carried up the main line and deposited in front of the altar.

About midnight the sacristan was awakened by the barking of his dogs, and feeling that something must be wrong he dressed hastily and stepped from his room into the channel. A dim light was burning near the altar, by means of which he could see a figure moving slowly on the other side of the channel. Making up his mind that robbers were in the church he ran quickly to his room for a pistol, and then made a search of the church. No one was to be seen. On the altar he found everything safe, but when he came to examine the images of the saints he soon saw that the costly jewels with which they had been ornamented were gone. He then redoubled his efforts to find the thief, but after half an hour passed in searching every nook of the great edifice he was more mystified than ever. Just before he determined to give the alarm he thought of the corpse lying down below the channel rail in the shadow, and the idea came to him that perhaps there might be something wrong about it. Lighting a candle he stepped softly to the bier and peered into the face of the supposed dead man. As he looked he noticed that the eyelids of the "corpse" twitched nervously under the light, and at the same instant his own eyes fell on some of the glittering jewels which lay beside the man in the coffin.

Overjoyed at finding the thief, the sacristan thrust his revolver into the face of the "corpse" and ordered him to get out. The cold steal on the man's forehead convinced him that the order must be obeyed, and a most extraordinary resurrection took place then and there. When the man had gained his feet the sacristan, still covering him with his pistol, gathered up the jewels and then marched the culprit to the priest's house, where he was turned over to the police.

Had Been Baptised.

Boston Globe.

"Tot," said Blossom, "have you ever been baptised?"

"Yeth, I have been baptised. I remember all about it."

"Do you?" said Blossom. "Did the minister put water on your headlike he did on bady Johnie?"

"N-o-o," said Tot; "the doctor he jutht scratched my arm and rubbed something on it. It didn't hurt a bit."

The Revenge of a Rejected Woman.

London Times.

A certain French marquis, prominent in affairs of state, had paid his addresses to a handsome lady under promise of marriage; and the day for the happy union had been fixed, when from some cause which he did not choose to give, he declared the match to be broken off. He would not be married.

"Well let us part friends, at all events," the fair one said. "Give me one more happy evening, and I will console myself as best I can."

To this the recreant lover assented, and, in company with a few other friends, he sat down to a sumptuous feast in her salon, and wit and jollity ruled the hour; and more than once during the progress of the feast the marquis almost repented him of his recantation.

"Here is happiness to both of us for all time to come!" the beautiful hostess exclaimed, at the same time lifting two brimming goblets, one of which she gave to the marquis, keeping the other and raising it to her lips. He followed her lead without any hesitation, and the two goblets were drained. Within half an hour from that time the marquis felt a sensation of nausea, and his lips grew pale.

Thereupon the lady sank back upon her chair with a groan, and clasped her hands over her heart.

"Dear love," she said to the marquis, "we drank a pledge of happiness for all time to come; but not for this life, Oh, no! False man, the story of your life is told! We will die together! You pledged me in a cup of mortal poi—Oh, oh! oh!"

You may imagine the consternation. The marquis was taken to one sofa, and the frantic hostess to another; then two celebrated physicians were sent for, as quickly as possible the work of saving was in operation; stomach-pumps and antidotes were restored to; and, ere long, the lady appeared to revive; and she put up her hand, and begged them to desist; she thought she should do well enough.

Meantime the marquis was in agony willing to submit to anything that might save his life. They pumped a his stomach until they had almost pumped away his life, and were debating what next to do, when the lady burst into an uproarious fit of laughter. She laughed until the tears rolled down her pretty cheeks; and finally when the physicians were about to treat her as a lunatic, she cried out:

"Oh it is too good! It is charming! Did you think I would be such a fool as to kill myself because he would not marry me? Oh, no! But I owed him a little—just a little revenge for his inconstancy; and thus I paid him. There was no poison in our cups."

And so the marquis did not die, but it took him several days to recover from the effects of the stomach-pumps and emetics; and it is doubtful if he ever quite recovered from the stigma of that evening's entertainment.

An Open Letter.

Brooklyn Times.

An open letter—the one that comes to the house addressed to you in a lady's handwriting if your wife receives it from the postman.