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THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

IRISH MATCH-MAKING.

(Continued.)

"First come, first served, Pether," Corny said, shaking the ashes from his pipe, by knocking the bowl against his thumb nail; "mind that!"

"To be sure, to be sure," Peter replied; and there was another long pause.

"An' we may as well clinch the bargain at wunst," Corny continued.

"To be sure," Peter again assented, smoking steadily.

"Ye have nothin' agin my Martin, have ye, Peter Linskey?" Tom Dillon said, laying down his pipe.

"Agin him?" No; he's a nice dacent boy, an' I have a great regard for him," Peter answered.

"An' he has a great regard for your little girl, an' sorra a day's good he'll do till he's married," ejaculated Tom, bringing his fist down on the table. "He's set his mind on it, an' I'll back him out!"

"Turf an' tundther! Tom Dillon, didn't Peter Linskey tell you I came match-making for my Dermott?"

"Thundther an' turf! Corny O Byrne, don't I tell you that I come to do the same thing for my Martin; an' I suppose a Dillon may ask a Linskey in marriage any day, an' he can afford it too!" Tom added, slapping his pocket.

"An' let me tell ye, an' O Byrne can put down pound for pound with a Linskey any day; or, for that matter, with a Dillon," Corny said, with a scornful glance at Tom, who was in his working clothes. "Pether," he continued, "ye know what I came for; what fortune are ye goin' to give Katie?"

Peter took out his pipe, emptied it, proceeded to refill it leisurely, poked the fire, relit the pipe, settled himself back in his corner, and said slowly:

"Fortune, Corny! Katie is a fortune herself. I'm a poor man, an' the times is bad; an' beyond a new gown, a couple of fleeces of wool, an' a hank or so of yarn, I can't give her any fortune!"

Corny looked astonished, and pushed back his stool, as much as to say that all further negotiations were useless; when Tom Dillon said: "Never mind, Pether, there's them as 'll be willin' to take her without any fortune, and can afford it, too!"

"Thru for ye, Tom Dillon, an' one o' them is Dermott O Byrne. We're not dependin' on a few bare pounds, not but what it's well to have something to put by for the childer," he added cautiously.

"To be sure, Corny, to be sure," Peter assented.

"Well, Pether, is it to be me or Corny? Is a Dillon to be put behind the door for an O Byrne? Isn't my Martin as likely a boy as there's in the barony? He'll take your colleen without a brass penny, an' do well for her. What do you say to that?" Tom asked, slapping the table.

"Bedad, then, Tom, I'm in a fix intirely. Here's Corny, a dacent old man, with a foine steady gossoon of a son—he's first; an' here's yourself, an' honest man and a good neighbor—sorra better—an' sure Martin is the pride of the parish on a Sunday! I'm botae ed in ir ly, an' what can I say,

but settle it betune ye! Whichever of ye can do the best for her, take her, in the name of St. Patrick!" and Peter resumed his pipe, and sunk back into his corner.

The two men eyed one another silently for a few moments, then Dillon pulled a little bag from his pocket, opened it deliberately, and took out another, from which he drew a third, made of red braid. Very slowly, his eye still fixed on Corny, he pulled out a sovereign, and laid it on the table. "Show Peter Linskey what ye mane to do, Corny O Byrne," he said.

Corny smiled scornfully, producing his old stocking, and taking from thence a five pound note, put it beside him, and nodded his head. Old Peter smoked away in his corner without uttering a word.

Corny waited for a moment, and then said:

"Is that all you're goin' to do, Mither Dillon?"

Tom threw down another sovereign; Corny followed his example, till they each laid twenty pounds upon the table.

"Is that all you're goin' to do, Mither Dillon?" Corny repeated.

"In ready money, Mither O Byrne."

"Then, I bate ye at that!" Corny cried, throwing down another pound. "I bate him in cash, Pether, do ye mind that?"

Peter nodded, and smoked away.

"I'll take the girl in, and share the best we have with her, an' give Martin two acres of land, an' a couple of bonives (little pigs)," announced Tom Dillon.

"Dermott 'll have my land when I'm gone; every rood," cried Corny.

"I'll give a heifer in! Twenty pounds, share of a house, two acres of land and a heifer. What do ye say, Pether?" Tom cried. "Not bad for a colleen without a penny!"

"Thru for you," Tom, assented.

"What will you do, Corny?"

"Twenty-one pound—down, the day they're married, a house an' home, a feather bed, an' the finest mule in the parish—that's what I'll do!"

"But the land; Tom is giving two acres," Peter observed. "Think of that," Corny!

"Dermott 'll have the land after me, an' enough to eat of it till I'm gone. I have no one but him. Tom Dillon has three more to provide for."

"An' plenty to do it with; an' I'll make it three acres, Pether, of the best upland in Ballymoine!" Tom replied.

"It's very fair, an' I'm obliged to ye, Tom," Peter said slowly.

"I'll made it twenty-five down, an' throw in a heifer!" Corny cried.

"It's very dacent, Corny, an' I'm obliged to ye," Peter quietly observed, in the same tone.

"I'll throw in a calf!" exclaimed Dillon. "Twenty pound, three acres of land, a bonive, a heifer and a calf. Now, Pether—done or not?"

"I think ye spoke of two bonives, Tom?" Peter said quietly.

"No; no; only one. It's all I can spare; an' I think it's not bad, Pether!"

"Bedad, Tom, I think ye said a couple of bonives," Pether said again. "Nabocklish (never mind), Pether. I'll throw in a clutch (a whole brood) o' ducks—take it or lose it! Twenty-

(To be Continued.)

She was a Lady.

A newly married couple came into Chicago one evening this week and put up at the best hotel in the city. Instead of going in at the ladies' entrance the man escorted her through the rotunda and stumbled upstairs where he found a parlor, and leaving her there came down to the office to register, upon which he wrote in a tangle-leg sort of scrawl:

"_____ and lady."

"That's your wife, I presume?" inquired the clerk; blandly.

"You bet she's my wife," replied the man, with an aromatic odor of anger in his tone.

"Make it so, then, on the register, please," suggested the clerk.

"What!" said the man, staring like a dog setting a covey of prairie chickens.

"Please make it 'and wife' on the register."

"Why, don't you think my wife is a lady?" enquired the newly hatched husband.

"Not the least doubt of it in the world, my dear sir, but the rules of the house make it imperative upon all married guests to sign as husband and wife."

"You don't suppose I'd bring a woman here to stay if she wasn't my wife, do you?" asked the man, choking a little, and trembling at the corners of his mouth.

"Oh, no; but you must make it 'and wife' and that will be all right," said the clerk, pacifically.

The man slowly erased the word "lady" and wrote "wife" just above it.

"I hate to do that," he murmured. "I haven't been married but two days and it looks as though I was going plum back on Eliza. I want you to understand that Eliza's dad is worth over \$20,000, and she ain't a lady you haven't got any ladies in Chicago."

An Unsympathic Voter.

Chicago Check.

They say that the politician who isn't enthusiastic in the cause of his party is no politician at all, and this may be the motive mental power which forces some politicians to extremes.

In a charter election held in a western town the other day enthusiasm ran high, and both parties made a lively effort to get out the full party vote. About an hour before the pole closed, it was discovered that the leading candidate on the ticket was one vote ahead, with no prospect that he could secure another vote.

The opposition polled its full strength but suddenly remembered that a faithful member was on a bed of sickness. A carriage was driven to his house, and the sick man's wife met the committee at the door.

"My husband is at the point of death," she sadly replied to their interrogatories.

"Couldn't we carry him on a lounge?" said one of the men.

"He may not live two hours," she replied.

"Couldn't four of us take him on a bed?" continued the man.

"I think he is dying even now," she answered.

"Does he know we are here?"

"He is unconscious."
"Dear me!" sighed the man, as he turned away. "I don't see how he can wilfully and deliberately lie there and die when his own vote would scoop the opposition higher than a kite!"

A Rebuke Reversed.

Boston Globe.

Sister Grimes, after hearing the announcement from the pulpit of the annual camp meeting, at once determined to go.

"Ef the weather permits," said she to her friend, Miss Simpkins, "and Providence is willin', I shall go and stay through the meetin'."

Accordingly the ancient hair trunk was packed, and Sister Grimes set out. The first few miles were uneventful, and were passed in counting the telegraph poles, and musing upon the infinite. Suddenly a change came over the spirit of her dreams. She sat upright, with a startled expression which soon changed to one of indignation. Suddenly she faced about, and addressing a milu-looking man, with a white neck-cloth, who sat behind her, inquired in a voice of terror:

"What do you mean by insulting me in this manner?"

"Indeed, madame—"

"You needn't indeed, madam me. You know you did it, and you need not deny it, you sanctimonious old hypocrite."

"Pray excuse me, madam, but—"

"I won't excuse you, you reprobate."

"What is the matter, madam?" inquired the conductor, who was attracted by Miss Grimes' indignant tones.

"Why, this old sinner has been insulting me."

What has he done, madam?

He has—well, he has been pinching my ankle—that is my feet.

Madam, said the solemn-looking man, what a monstrous fabrication.

Suppose you arise for a moment, suggested the conductor.

There, he's just done it again, screamed Sister Grimes.

Bless my soul! ejaculated the accused.

Sister Grimes leaped from her seat to the aisle, with fire in her eye, and the conductor pulled from beneath the seat a large bag, from a hole in which protruded the head of a large game cock, glaring fiercely about and lunging with his powerful beak at whatever lay near by.

Madam, said the solemn-looking man, you see it was your own wretched bird that has done the mischief. You have accused an innocent man of a heinous offence, while you yourself, are on your way to attend a cock fight. Thus it is that Satan betrays his followers."

An Unfortunate Burglar.

Stephensville Enterprise.

A highwayman recently stopped a young lady riding on horseback and demanded her money. She dropped her purse in the road and then started on a run for home. The highwayman dismounted to secure the purse, when his horse started off after the young lady, following her clear home. He was caught by the girl's father, and on examination \$8,000 was found in the saddle pockets. The aforesaid highwayman must have felt rather down in the mouth,