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Rates of Advertising.

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Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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Match-Making in Roscommon.

In Ireland, the feelings of the young woman are seldom consulted in matrimonial matters. Her father being the best judge of what is for his daughter's advantage, opposition on her part is of very rare occurrence.

Still more exceptional is any objection on the part of the young man to the wife selected for him by his father, as he feels satisfied that experience enables his parent to judge of the temper and qualifications of a woman much better than he possibly could.

Interest and inclination alike lead him to make the best selection; he does it only after an infinite amount of cogitation; but when his choice is made, it is unalterable; and he will obstinately contend for his son's interest, without a single thought of the young woman's inclinations, taking it for granted that they will be in accordance with her father's wishes.

"Get out my Sunday clothes, Judy," said old Corney O'Byrne, one evening when he returned from his work. "I'm going over to Pether Linskey's to night."

"Musha, Corney, an' what are ye goin' for?" Judy asked, as she unlocked a large deal chest painted red, which stood near the fire-place, and carefully took out a blue frize tail-coat, with bright metal buttons, a pair of light-colored cord knee breeches, ribbed worsted stockings, a pair of strong shoes, and a billy-cock hat, which with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief with a flowered border (which he carried in his hat), and a stout black thorn shillelah, constituted Corney's Sunday suit.

"Sure, I'm goin' to make a match between our Dermott an' Katie Linskey," he said at last in reply to his wife's question. "She's a purty colleen, and the boy is mighty plased with her, intirely."

"So she is, Corney, a lankie little girl, an' she'll have a snug fortune, maybe. Pether is a decent honest man!" "Faith, Judy, an' he is that same, or it isn't Corney O'Byrne that would 'out, shuffle, or dale' with him or his; an' Dermott tells me Katie likes him."

"An' why wouldn't she, Corney? There's not as purty a boy in the parish; nor a better," Judy said proudly. "Thru for ye, asthore; give us out the ould stockin', an' we'll make a match of it this Shrovetide, with the blessin' o' St. Patrick!" Corney replied.

From the furthest corner of the chest Judy drew out carefully an old worsted stocking, and handed it to her husband, who weighed it in his hand, and then with a sly wink, buttoned it into one of his pockets. This'll do the business, Judy," he said, as he left the house, with many Banoughth-Laths—God prosper or be with you—from his wife.

tomary form of greeting in this and many other parts of Ireland.

"God save ye kindly, Corney," Peter replied from the chimney corner; "come in and take a sate."

"Corney entered with both his hands behind his back, took his seat on a three-legged stool that Mrs. Linskey had pushed in front of the fire for him.

"Fine wether for the crops, Corney," Peter said, poking up the fire with his shoe. "An' Mary, throw on a couple o' sods o' dry turf, an' sweep up the hearth, will ye?"

Mary did as her husband desired; and then going to a recess in the wall by the fire-place, took out from thence a new clay-pipe and piece of tobacco (probably got at the last wake she had been at). "Will ye light the pipe, Corney?" she said, handing them to the old man, who took them with a nod and a "Thankee kindly," and filled slowly, kindled with a coal from the hearth, blew a few whiffs in grave dignified silence, and then handed it to Peter, who, in an equal silence, smoked it for a few moments, and then handed it back to Corney, and proceeded to light his own pipe.

They both smoked steadily for a time then Mrs. Linskey pulled a small table between them, produced from her chest a stone jar of potheen, and a couple of cracked glasses, which she set on the table with a noggin of cold water; and taking up her pail, proceeded to the barn to milk the cows.

"That's a purty colleen of yours, Pether!" Corney said after a long silence. "Thru for ye; an' a good, sensible, little girl into the bargain; it's happy's the man that'll get her," Peter replied after due consideration.

"That's what I said myself; an' I come over to see if we can't make a match between my Dermott an' hessell!" O'Byrne said after another interval.

"He's a likely boy," pursued Peter reflectively. "Ye may well say that, Pether; an' he'll make a good husband, no doubt, for he's a good son. What do ye say to it? Corney asked, leaning forward on his stool.

"I'm pleased!" "God save all here!" said a harsh grating voice, and a head appeared in the doorway: "Good-evening to ye Pether!"

"Good-evening, kindly," Peter returned. "Come in and take a sate Tom."

The new-comer entered, and took a stool, and cast a questioning glance at Corney O'Byrne, proceeded to light his pipe, and smoke for some minutes. He was a stout harsh featured man, with a loud voice. He was not much of a favorite in the village—and especially disliked by Corney O'Byrne—who never lost an opportunity of annoying Tom Dillon. He was a comfortable farmer, and one of his sons had been "making up" to Katie Linskey some time before. After a silence, during which the three old men smoked energetically, Dillon cleared his throat two or three times, and then said abruptly: "Pether, I want to make a match between your little girl and my Martin; have ye anything to say agin it?"

"Sorra one word Tom; only me neighbor Corney O'Byrne an' myself were speaking o' the same thing when ye come in!" Pether replied with a shrewd glance at them both.

"First come, first served, Pether," Corney 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 once," Corney continued. "To be sure, to be sure," Pether again assented, smoking steadily.

"Ye have nothing agin my Martin, have ye, Pether Linskey?" Tom Dillon said laying down his pipe. "Agin him? No; he's a nice decent boy, and I have a great regard for him," Peter answered.

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

"Turf and tander! Tom Dillon, didn't Pether Linskey tell you I came match-making for my Dermott?" "Thunder and turf! Corney O'Byrne, don't I tell you that I come to do the same thing for my Martin; and I suppose a Dillon may ask a Linskey in marriage any day—and he can afford it too!" Tom added, slapping his pocket.

for; what fortune are you going to give Katie?"

Peter took out his pipe, emptied it, proceeded to refill it, poked the fire, relit the pipe, settled himself back in his corner, and said slowly: "Fortune, Corney! Katie is a fortune in 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!"

Corney 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, an' can afford it too!"

"True 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, Corney, to be sure," Peter assented. "Well, Pether, is it to be me or Corney? 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 ye say to that?" Tom asked, slapping the table.

"Bedad, then, Tom, I'm in a fix intirely. Here's Corney, a decent old man, with a fine steady gassoon of an honest man an' a good neighbor—sorra better—an' sure Martin is the pride of parish on a Sunday! I'm bothered intirely, an' what can I say, but settle 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 old men eyed one another silently for a few minutes, then Dillon pulled a little bag from his pocket opened it deliberately, and took out another, from which he drew forth a third, made of purple stuff, fastened with a piece of red braid. Very slowly, his eye still fixed on Corney, he pulled out a sovereign, and laid it on the table. "Show Pether Linskey what ye mane to do, Corney O'Byrne," he said.

Corney smiled scornfully, produced his old stocking, and taking from thence a five-pound note, put it beside him, and nodded his head defiantly. Tom drew forth four more sovereigns clinked them one after another on the table, and nodded his head. Old Peter smoked away in his corner without uttering a word.

Corney waited for a moment, and then said: "Is that all you're goin' to do, Mister Dillon?" Tom threw down another sovereign—Corney followed his example, till they had each laid twenty pounds upon the table.

"Is that all you're goin' to do, Mister Dillon?" Corney repeated. "In ready-money, it is, Mister O'Byrne."

"Then I bate ye at that," Corney cried, throwing down another pound. "I bate him in cash, Pather; 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 in 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 Corney. "I'll give a heifer in! Twenty pounds, share of a house, two acres of land, an' a heifer. What do ye say, Pether?" Tom cried. "Not bad for a colleen without a penny!"

"Thru for you, Tom," Peter assented. "What'll you do Corney?" "Twenty-one pounds—down, the day ther' married, a house an' home, a feather bed, an' the finest mule in the parish—that's what I'll do!"

"But the laud—Tom is giving two acres," Peter observed; "think of that, Corney!" "Dermott'll have the land afther 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 Ballymoyne!" Tom replied. "It's very fair, an' I'm obliged to ye, Tom," Peter said slowly.

"I'll make it twenty-five down, an' throw in a heifer!" Corney cried. "It's very decent, Corney, an' I'm obliged to ye," Peter quietly observed in the same tone.

"I'll throw in a calf!" exclaimed Dillon. "Twenty pounds, three acres of land, a bonive, a heifer, an' a calf. Now, Pether—done or not?" "I think ye spoke of two bonives, Tom?" Peter said quietly.

five pounds down the day they are married, a house an' home, a feather-bed, affue mule, a heifer, an' a clutch of ducks!" said Corney, putting his money back into his stocking.

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

"James is going to America, Pether," said Tom. "Well, that makes a difference. 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! Corney O'Byrne; put that in yer pipe an' smoke it!" he cried exultingly.

Corney, at first sight of the sack, started to his feet, and put on his hat. "Wait a minute, Pether," he cried; "I'll not be long—and running all the way home, he was soon there.

"Get me the sack, Judy—the meal sack—an' be quick!" he cried excitedly. "Arra, be aisy, Corney, shure an' the male is in it!"

"Bettler, an' bettler," cried Corney, going into the room which served as a dairy; and without vouchsafing another word to his 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 door-step, and fell with the sack full length into the kitchen. The string round the neck of the bag gave way, and covered with the meal, he groaned and stammered breathlessly: "Th-there Pe-pether Linskey! Wh-while the 'praties' was grow-ing, the meal would keep them alive! W-what do ye say, Pe-pether?"

"Begorra, Corney, I say what I have often said before, that yer a decent man—and yer boy is welcome to Kate Linskey."

"What do you mean, Pether!" cried Tom Dillon. "What I say, Tom; nor a more nor a less. The childer might die of the faregutha (a fainting brought on by hunger, or over-fatigue without proper sustenance) while the praties was growing. Dermott O'Byrne can best provide my little girl with comforts, and he is welcome to her."

At that moment a merry laugh caused the three old men to look round, and Corney tried to scramble to his feet. In the doorway stood Katie Linskey, her hands pressed to her sides, and tears of mirth coursing down her pretty face, "I am sorry for your trouble, Corney," she said advancing; "but I could not help laughing, for ye look so square; and she burst into a fresh peal.

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

"Ye don't mane it, father!" said Katie, with a comical glance at Corney 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 Mangan, the painter!" she replied, with a loud, musical laugh, which brought her husband to the door.

"What!" shrieked Tom Dillon. "What!" echoed Corney. "Oh, Pether Linskey, yer afther humbugging us!" cried Tom reproachfully.

"Ay, humbugging us!" echoed Corney mournfully; and Peter, who was a sly old humorist, put his head against the wall, and laughed heartily at their astonishment. When next Corney 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, Corney O'Byrne (with whom he was ever after good friends), and he declared that in future his boys might matchmake for themselves.—Chamber's Journal.