

THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND

Some Facts and Speculations About a Remarkable Missionary.

ST. PATRICK AND HIS FESTIVAL

The Captains of Pirates Hold Terms Preacher and Rescues a People from Paganism—Mysteries, Legends and Miracles.

"The good that men do lives after them" is a truism rooted in the history of the world. Multitudes seek the bubble reputation for selfish and not for altruistic ends.

Over 1,400 years ago a humble shepherd went among a pagan people on a mission of charity and mercy. He taught the warring chiefs the beauty of peace. He proclaimed the majesty of God, and bid them put aside the symbols of pagan worship.

The lapse of time serves to brighten and enoble the work of St. Patrick. The dates of his birth and death and his nativity are debatable, but there is no question that the influence he exerted was far-reaching.

HIS BIRTHPLACE IN DOUBT

Historians differ widely as to the birthplace of St. Patrick, but there is a substantial agreement on one point—he was not an Irishman. It is said that seven cities contend for the honor of having given birth to St. Patrick.

While, therefore, nothing is positively known of the saint's birthplace, it is seriously claimed by an Irish writer, that the date of his birth is also obscure. The year generally given is 373.

History tells us that at the age of 16 he was taken captive by roving sea kings and sold to an Irish task-master, who reduced him to the menial state of a slave.

There was, in the first place, Palladius, or Patrick, as he was commonly known, the Roman deacon sent out by Pope Celestine in 431 to preach the gospel to the British people.

Where or in what year he effected a landing on the Irish coast as a missionary is likewise subject to dispute. One authority locates 425 A. D., and another 432.

Then came the missionaries, and all his family were likewise converted. He gave the saint a barn near his abode, and there the missionary preached and celebrated divine worship.

The hardest people Patrick had to deal with were the Druids, or Pagan priests, and they often sought to slay him. One of them contumaciously interrupted the saint's service in the barn, but the earth opened up and swallowed him.

ON THE OLD SPANISH TRAIL

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THE SHAMROCK SYMBOL

When St. Patrick first began to talk to the Irish of the Trinity they did not believe him, till he picked a shamrock and illustrated the doctrine by the three leaves growing on one stem, and then they were converted and the shamrock became sacred to St. Patrick.

At Unceach, in Meath, the saint was harshly treated by two brother chiefs and he was driven to the coast of Scotland, where one of his disciples, St. Secundinus, begged that the stones of the place be cursed instead.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL

A magnificent church was erected on the rock of Cashel and its remains form one of the grandest monastic ruins on the island. Within it is still preserved the leaf of Phadraig, or Patrick's table, on which the kings of Munster were crowned.

MANHATTAN'S FIRST BO38.

An Old Timer Who Set a Pace for the City of Modern Tammany.

Mr. C. C. Buel has a copy of a paper in the March number of the Century under the title "Blackmail as a Heritage; or New York's Legacy From Colonial Days."

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ALL READY!

At the risk of being considered vain—we cannot refrain—from expressing our own admiration of this season's fabrics—

THE woolen manufacturers of foreign countries—as well as of our town—were certainly at their best—and their efforts—place at your disposal—the most handsome array of—

OVER 2,000 of them—arranged on tables for your quick inspection draped side by side for easy comparison—better look them over.

The New Tariff—helps you here—and places imported fabrics—within the reach of the economically inclined—such prices as—

\$5 \$6 \$7 \$8 \$20 \$25 \$28 \$30 For Trousers— For Suits—

You can't afford to look "shabby"—when such prices prevail.

Write for Samples. 207 South 15th St.

had been routed by at least fifty ambushed white men. Now, for the first time, our two heroes showed themselves, and we may imagine John Moulton's feelings when he found that one of the daring rescuers was his white enemy, Gerald Woodville.

COOPERATIVE HOME BUILDING Summary of the Annual Report of the State Banking Board. GENERAL GROWTH IN A DULL YEAR. Notable Improvements in Plans and the Benefits Thereof—Reasonable Terms to Borrowers, Fair Returns to Investors.

one meeting might obtain a loan at 10 per cent, while at other times competition would double and triple the rate. The debating premium according to the age of borrowers' shares does not remedy the evil.



SENT A BULLET THROUGH HIS BRAIN

called Gerald Woodville. These two, though singularly alike in disposition, or perhaps for that very reason, could never agree.

One afternoon, after striking the Old Spanish Trail, we were overtaken by a pack of wild dogs, and a large elk broke somewhat out of rifle shot and trotted leisurely away.

Moulton, an ardent sportsman, was riding his own horse, an extremely valuable animal, and now, without intending any harm, was in the pursuit of the elk.

"I'll take care of myself," laughingly replied Moulton. "You folks can go ahead and come on elk steaks for supper."

"Confound the fellow," muttered Woodville, "it would take a sledge hammer to knock the conceit out of that head of his."

After we had corralled the wagon, picked up the animals and had eaten our dinner, we were in the shape to repel any possible attack.

"We glanced significantly at each other, for this was the first time we had ever seen the Virginian use the familiar name by which we usually addressed John Moulton."

"My God!" feelingly exclaimed Gerald, "surely you don't think the Indians have got him, poor Jack!"

"Great heavens! What can we do to save him?" gasped Woodville, "gravelly answered Carson. "It would be more folly to thread the dark passes at night in search of what may be a large forest of Indians."

"That man shall be myself, then," said the war-hardened Virginian. "I'd risk my life a hundred times over to save Jack from such a fate. He's a first rate fellow, and I begin to think that I've been in the wrong in all our petty quarrels."

"I should have sooner said that both these young gentlemen were men of means, entirely unimpaired by the hardships of the journey, and had joined us merely through love of adventure."

Then, leading the way with unflinching certainty through tortuous, defiles and over stretches of bare rock, on the latter of which his companions could not see the faintest mark, he ascended by the spot where the band had spent the previous night.

On and on, but now, of necessity, slowly, rode the white men. Carson, uttering sagacity enabling him to follow the oft-times invisible trail as easily as might another a public highway.

Yet, though sorely fretting at our enforced inaction, none of us quite despairing; for besides what we ourselves had, on a former occasion, seen Carson's successful daring, our guide, an old plainsman named Joe Brooks, sustained our hopes by telling us of several instances in which he (Carson) had, in single-handed rescue of property and prisoners from strong, mounted bands of Indians after a pursuit of many days.

"Why," said the veteran, "one time, down in Arizona, I knew Kit, entirely alone, to trail twenty-two Apache warriors for more than 100 miles. He came up to them just as they were making camp at sundown, and down three of them before they saw him, charged upon the rest while yelling to his supposed followers to come on, and escaped with the women and children."

"This," casually remarked Joe, "is the hour that the redskins always select for by thunder, that's the Diggers' warwhoop now!" And we all hurried into the corral, as again and again, far up on the hillside, resounded the terrible cry.

"Mighty curious," said Brooks, quietly laying down his rifle with a half perceptible smile, "but it's the first time I ever saw the reds to be polite enough to give fair warning. This may be an extra nice bout of testing us—Hoory! Hoory! Hoory, boys! What did I tell you? For now half a dozen rifle shots rang out in quick succession, and galloping cheerily down the slope came our friends, safe and sound!"

Carson, who could mimic anything from the squeak of a mouse to the harsh cry of a mountain lion, had taken this playful method of testing our alertness.

As the trio drew nearer we could see in the broadening light that Jack Moulton and Gerald Woodville rode shoulder to shoulder, and that more than once the hand of one sought that of the other in a prolonged grasp; whereas we rushed from cover and fired a few de jure shots into a storm of such wild cheering as must have made any stray "welkin" lying around loose fairly ring again.

In another moment the tired and hungry party were among us, and it argues well for our humanity that all passed through that tumultuous ordeal of hand shaking without dislocated arms. Not a question did we ask until we had reached the ravine, where men with a bounteous breakfast of trout and buffalo steaks, but after that we gathered from one and another all the facts as above related.

A curious anniversary dinner was eaten the other day in Baltimore. It was the 15th birthday of a friendship which had attained this ripe age between two women, without break or mar of any sort.

"It's no use arguing, my dear, I am going to give up my pen in church. I can't stand that new preacher any longer." "But, John," said smiling Maria, "I haven't slept a wink for the last three Sunday mornings."