

STORY OF ST. PATRICK

MARVELOUS TALES AND LEGENDS TOLD ABOUT HIM.

His Death-Red Admonition—The Patron Saint of Erin and His Satanic Majesty—An Odd Version of the Story of the Snakes.

ST. PATRICK, the good old patron saint whose marvelous miracles and benevolence Irishmen the world over will recall at this time—the anniversary of his death—was probably about forty years old when he landed on the inhospitable shores of Ireland, and he is said to have continued his labors unflinchingly for the space of four-score years, until the day of his death, on March 17, 493 A. D., which would have made him almost a century and a quarter old.

There are many doubting Thomases who assert that the good saint was neither a Scotchman nor, as some say, a Frenchman, but was an entirely mythical personage whom the church canonized in order to constitute a patron saint of wonder-working reputation.

There is a delightful homeliness about most of the old legends and traditions concerning the saint; their hero is so essentially human always, notwithstanding his transcendent gifts. All hearts were won by his kindly and genial personality.

It is related that when the saint lay on his death-bed he was deeply touched at the sight of his mourning followers. He gazed on them with pitying eyes, and with his last breath it is gravely asserted that he murmured: "Take a drop of something for my sake."

It is said that the art of distillation was taught to the Irish by St. Patrick, though he had no mean reputation as a temperance advocate. At all events, "poten" was named after him.

When a boy of sixteen the embryo missionary was captured by pirates and sold to slavery in Ireland for seven years. But for this lucky chance, by the way, the Emerald Isle might still be unregenerate. The youth was employed as a swineherd on top of a lofty

mountain. Here he was wont to meditate on the urgent necessity of a little missionary enterprise among the then semi-barbarians.

One night, so the story goes, his lonely vigil was interrupted by no less a personage than the devil himself. His Satanic Majesty had adopted the effectual disguise of a huge stone and attempted to frighten the future saint by jumping on him. The lad, however, was nothing daunted, but, extracting himself speedily, called out in a lusty voice: "Holla! Holla!"

At the same moment the orb of day saw fit to anticipate the dawn, according to the almanac, by several hours,



AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF ST. PATRICK.

ST. PATRICK'S HYMN

One of the Most Novel Manuscripts in the World.

One of the rarest ecclesiastic, as well as Irish, manuscripts in the world is the original of St. Patrick's hymn. When it was transcribed is not known, but it was probably done within a century after the death of the patron saint of Ireland, at which time a school of scribes flourished under his immediate successor, St. Colum, the princely missionary who made the beautiful copy of the gospel known as the Book of Kells. However that may be, the manuscript is now preserved in the celebrated Book of Hymns (Liber Hymnorum) in the library of Trinity college, Dublin. Bishop Ussher expressed it as his opinion that the Book of Hymns was at least 1,000 years old in his time. The hymn of St. Patrick is composed in the Beurla Feine, a very ancient and aristocratic dialect of the Gaelic, that in which the Brehon laws and the very oldest tracts are written. The orthography and many of the words of this dialect became obsolete very early in the Christian era, when the Latin came to be used, so that the date of the hymn becomes fixed within a certain century—the sixth. Moreover, it is distinctly alluded to in Tirechan's annotations on the saint's life written in the seventh century. In this he stated that the Irish Hymn ought to be sung forever.

"But perhaps the strongest proofs of its antiquity are to be found in the composition itself," says the learned Dr. Petrie. "A Christian living after the establishment of Christianity would hardly invoke the Deity to protect him from the spells of women, smiths and Druids; and the placing of the natural powers of the Creator between himself and all evil powers has no parallel in any later Christian composition. It may be doubted if the production would be regarded as orthodox in times subsequent to the actual time of its production. Hence it is never mentioned in later lives of the saint. Colgan simply includes a hymn in his list of the saint's works. But notwithstanding the silence of the writers, it is remarkable that the Luineach Phadraig is still remembered in many parts of Ireland by the peasantry, and a portion of it is repeated to this day, usually at bedtime, with the same confidence in its protecting powers as, according to St. Evins, was placed in it previously to his time."

An Echo of St. Patrick's Day.



The wearing of the green.

In the Footsteps of St. Patrick. Whoever journeys in Ireland will make a St. Patrick pilgrimage whether he knows it or not, for the missionary saint has associated his name with spots in half the counties of old Erin. Here he blessed a field and it is fertile; there he baptized a host of converts and the river swells with gladness throughout the year; again he stopped to drink at some wayside well and its waters have healing in them still; there a church raises a stately spire on the spot where some miracle was witnessed. A reminiscence, a legend, lingers around the grotto where the tourist goes to try the echoes, and receives back a tone so silvery and sweet that it seems to carry a blessing to the careless wayfarer.

A day's journey by jaunting car west of Queenstown a long arm of the Atlantic Ocean—Bantry Bay—forms a landlocked harbor. One emerald island lies far up toward the head almost in the shadow of the Killarney mountains. Somewhere behind those silvery peaks to the north nestle the lovely lakes. On both sides of the bay tall cliffs climb to the fleecy clouds that reeve in the transparent blue brightness. A gorge, widening to the deep, enchanted Valley of O'Connell, opens to the west. To this sunny glade the mists never creep up from the sea, and invalids bask in the healing sunshine.

Far away, on the other side of the bay, if you watch you may see the Kerry malds, sure-footed as chamois, climb the precipitous cliffs to where a stream of water rushes over a rocky ledge. A pent house is raised over the holy well, a crucifix rudely carved in the face of the cliff. Bits of bright garments, paper flowers, and ends of candles are impaled on the whitethorns and laurel bushes near it.—Eleanor Atkinson.

Luck and Pluck.

There is no such thing as luck. Luck is pluck. Luck is a foolish doctrine of fate; it is the silliness of supposition; it is the cynicism of fools, incompetents and failures. You never hear a real sensible man talking about luck; he knows the meaning of patience and painstaking care, of energy and economy.—J. G. Rust.

Christmas Celebration.

In the fourth century the celebration of Christmas was fixed by the Latin church for Dec. 25. Before that time it had been a movable festival, like Easter.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

FOR twenty-five years we have been raising poultry of some kind. However, I have not been engaged exclusively in that line, but have kept the breeds pure for a fancy. I have handled at various times Light Brahma, Buff Cochins, Silver Laced Wyandottes, Red and White Leghorns and Barred Plymouth Rocks. The Barred Plymouth Rock is the best all around chicken we have tried. It is quiet, matures early and is a good layer of good sized eggs. Wyandottes come next. In the winter they are housed, but in the summer they take to the apple trees for roosting. We think they are healthier this way.

We feed corn at night and wheat in the morning; they also get some lime, boiled potatoes and so on for change. We are feeding at this time cooked apples mixed with ground wheat. Our market is St. Louis. It is usually glutted with poultry and eggs, great quantities of which come from the South and West. We see by the market reports that the market in Chicago is much better all the time than it is in St. Louis. In winter we get a fair supply of eggs, but do not make a specialty of winter eggs. We seldom lose fowls from disease, lice or predatory animals. We have always adhered to the hen while brooding, and have been as successful as we expected to be. The main point is to give the broods good care while they are young.

We have never tried doctoring poultry. If a chicken is seen to be ailing we cut off its head. We use crude carbolic acid in the drinking water. White Leghorns are best for eggs and early maturity, but I had to discard them on account of their flying into my hot beds, as the products of my hotbeds bring me much of my returns for work. We believe that the Cochins or feathery

who would otherwise have to considerably increase the amount usually paid for foods purchased; and if drought were to follow in summer this amount would be still further increased, thus reducing the profit derived from the dairy herd and other classes of live stock on the farm.

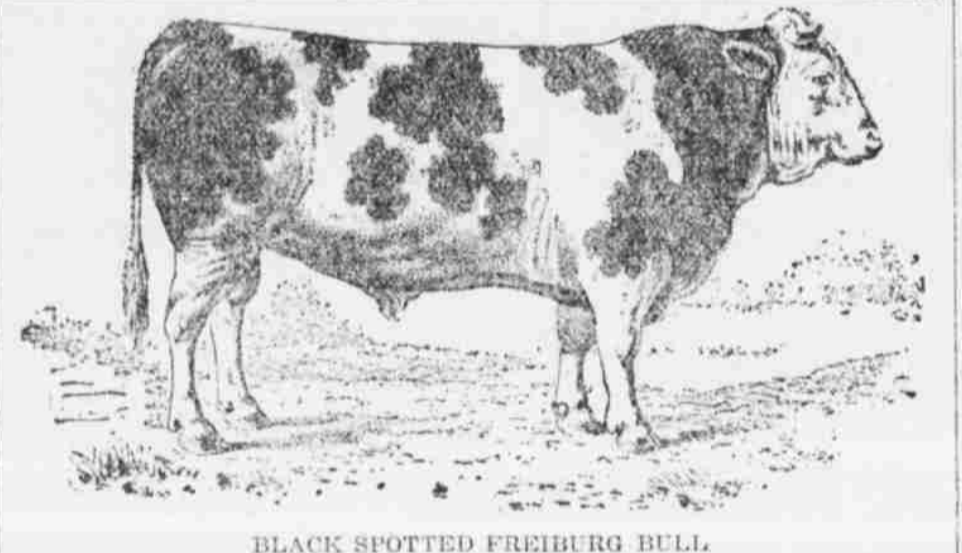
Silage is about the best basis for forming a ration for all kinds of farm stock that the stock-owner could wish for, as it supplies the place of grass in the winter food of stock, and can partly, or entirely, replace roots and hay. It would not be necessary to reduce the area under crops or pasture, but simply to reduce the area of meadow land and grow leguminous crops instead. The food supply would be thus increased, and a reserve supply provided in case of drought or failure of crops. Silage would be given in the long state, thus dispensing with long hay or straw, and both sweet and sour silage could be made. Sweet silage would be used for all classes of breeding stock and sour silage for all classes of store and fattening stock, and either kind, when properly made, will keep for years. Silage increases the quantity of milk when given with discretion, and butter from cows fed on good silage has the quality, color and flavor that pertain to it in summer.

By practicing this system of ensiling fodder crops, the clay-land farmer is able to provide winter food for his stock on land otherwise requiring to be left fallow in summer; and the light-land farmer is able to winter a larger sheep stock when he is solely dependent upon his root crop for food.—The Dairy, (London, England).

Black Spotted Freiburg Cattle.

This is a Swiss breed. The United States consular report says of it: There are several off-shoot breeds derived from the pure Bernese, known as the Freiburg, the Frutiger, the Illiez, and Ormond breeds, but they are all more or less inferior to the pure original race. As a principle, cross-breeding has failed in Switzerland, and the best results have always been obtained from in-breeding from the pure original stock.

Of these minor spotted breeds, the only one that deserves notice here is the Freiburg, which originated in the canton of that name, and is still bred there in great purity, although even there it is gradually giving way in the best herds to the light colored Saanen and Simmenthal variety.



BLACK SPOTTED FREIBURG BULL.

legged fowls have no business on a farm. Their feathers are a great nuisance in muddy times. On town lots they may be all right.

The Egyptian Poultry association of Southern Illinois held their second annual show in Marissa late in December. They had a grand show of poultry. There were 636 birds exhibited. Among them were three Buff Cochins from England of past year's hatch. Mr. Hemleib, of Litchfield, Illinois, was judge.—J. B. Matthews in Farmers' Review.

How to Win Eggs.

Every poultry keeper now wants eggs, because they are scarce and bring a good price. Of course it is impossible to get as many eggs at this season as in summer, simply for the reason that winter and cold weather are not the natural times for birds to lay, but yet, given good stocks and conditions as nearly approaching summer as may be, and the hens will prove fairly prolific. A warm, light, sunny coop is very essential. The house must be snug, yet have ventilators that may be opened in mild weather, for bad air is a very bad thing indeed for any species of animal life. Be sure also the coop is dry. A damp house means colds, roup, and no profit. Grain is cheap, so feed the best and a variety also. A good morning mash is made as follows: Take 4 parts bran, 4 parts ground oats, 3 parts corn meal, and 1 part linseed meal. Then combine with the grain mixture just as much boiled potatoes, turnips, or carrots as you use of grain. Mix all in boiling water, salt and pepper lightly, and finally add a little meat scraps or green cut bone. This makes a royal winter's breakfast for poultry and will bring the eggs if anything will. Scatter a few handfuls of whole wheat and oats about the coop a few times a day to keep the hens scratching. Feed lightly on whole corn at night. Remember a cabbage once in a while.—W. P. Perkins in Farmers' Review.

English View of Silage.

To obtain a supply of suitable food all the year round is not always an easy matter; therefore, a few suggestions on this important subject may be useful to dairy farmers who plan out in their minds a possible food supply to carry their stock through another year. Owing to unforeseen events taking place which may seriously reduce the amount of food expected on the arable land, it is certainly advisable to have a reserve supply of food ready for use at all seasons of the year. In the case of a late spring, a supply of silage will be found of great service to the dairy farmer,

Poorly Supplied Creameries.

We receive a great many complaints from farmers where new creameries have been established. In most instances the creameries are not to blame. The farmers have not yet furnished the conditions whereby they can make the most profit out of the creamery. They are furnishing half the amount of milk they should furnish. There are thousands of farmers with 200 acres of land, who are keeping not more than 10 or 15 cows. The making of the milk from these few cows costs them nearly double per pound what it would if they made four times as much. Then they blame the creamery for not giving them a better profit. They say the creamery is charging too much for the making of the butter; when it is hard to see how the creamery can live with the small amount of business there is to be done. There are thousands of these no-profit creameries all over the land. The farmers about them keep two acres to do the work of one, and two cows to produce what one cow should produce. Every thing in and about that creamery is marked by a lack of good, intelligent, dairy sense. How can such men expect figs from thistles, or profits from ignorance of sound dairy conditions?—Hoard's Dairyman.

Dairy Instruction at Lansing.

Last week a representative of the Farmers' Review visited the Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing. The college is certainly doing a great work in its various branches, but the appliances for dairy instruction are very limited. The dairy students certainly do not have a fair show under such conditions. There is no branch of agricultural science more useful than that of the dairy, and it seems a great mistake not to at once enlarge this department of the college. It may be that some plan is on foot to better matters, but if so we have not heard of it. The professors that have the control of the dairy work there must labor under great disadvantages. We can only hope that conditions will soon change for the better.

A Palm Needs Fresh Air.

The air where a palm is kept must be moistened by the evaporation of water about the plant, or by the application of it to its foliage. Fresh air must be admitted to take the place of that whose vitality has been burned out by too intense heat. The plant must have a place near the window, where direct light can exert its beneficial effect on the soil. Care must be taken to give only enough water to keep the soil moist. Good drainage must be provided also.—Washington Star.

Antidote for Carbolic Acid.

There seems to be no restrictions to the sale or use of carbolic acid, one of the most powerful and dangerous poisons known, and the result is a large number of cases of accidental poisoning are reported. Dr. Edmund Carlson recommends cider vinegar as the best antidote.—Popular Science News.

Free to "Comrades."

The latest photograph of the Hon. I. N. Walker, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. Write to F. H. Lord, Quiney Building, Chicago, and you will receive one free.

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Spring

Is the time for purifying the blood, cleansing the system and renewing the physical powers. Owing to close confinement, diminished perspiration and other causes, in the winter, impurities have not passed out of the system as they should but have accumulated in the blood.

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