

Bellefonte, Pa., March 13, 1903.

HIS STEPMA

I knowed a little codger once, As ornery as could be He'd chaw and swear, run off from school, And pester beast and tree; Kept all the neighbors' dogs afeared And half their windows broke: There couldn't for that Tommy Tuff One praisin' work be spoke.

But by and by-his ma was dead-His pa met Widder Green And courted her; she parleyed some, 'Cause Tommy was so mean. But last she said she'd give consent If neighbors, friends, and kin Would promise to let meddlin' out While she broke Tommy in.

These mentioned, knowin' things was bad Saw somethin' must be done, So ail agreed to keep hands off And let his stepma run The youngster : well, she used the twig

A little but not much; But, gracious! How she used the ax And 'tater hoe and such She kept that boy a choppin' wood

And doin' turns and chores, And hein' corn and garden sass And scrubin' steps an' floors Till he was glad to go to school To get a little rest :

Yet she was monstrous kind and good on as he'd done his best. His busy hands stirred up his wits, And soon that boy at school Was leadin' all his classes; him

They used to call a fool! He studied doctorin', got to be A most uncommon man,
All 'cause his stepma worked the vim That once to meanness ran.

The nerve that playin' hookey takes Might turn a whole school down, And that which breaks a winder light Might sometimes build a town. There's lots of ornery little tykes A loafin' 'round the streets

Need only work to make 'em men. Instead of triffin' beats. -Emma Ghent Curtis in the Denver News

THE CONVERSION OF ELVINY.

A Story of the New Mennonites

"Amaziah, you dare read off your com-position now," said Eli Darmstetter, addressing the largest pupil of the class that sat before him in his school-room, one warm afternoon in April.
Eli taught the free school of Canaan, a

small country district in southeastern Penn sylvania, and though he was a graduate of the "Millersville Normal," he had not lost his native provincial tongue, a unique dialect grown out of the free translation into English of what is known as "Pennsylvania Dutch." Neither had he lost, in the dignity of being the district teacher, the familiar designation of "Eli," not only because he had all his life lived in the neighborhood, but also because most of his pupils' parents professed the ascetic New Mennonite faith, and the custom of that sect in addressing all men by their Christian names (based on the Scriptural injunction, "Call no man master") had become the conventionally polite form of the

Amaziah cleared his throat, stole a hasty oring deeply rose to "read-off" his compo-

Amaziah was a stalwart young man of twenty; his sun-browned face and hands bore evidence that he was a son of the soil, and his countenance, though somewhat heavy, was so open and honest, his eyes and mouth so kindly, that the heart of that comely Elviny warmed to him.

This youth of twenty and damsel of sev enteen were by no means excentionally old pupils in the Canaan district school, the short winter term of six months giving so little opportunity for an education that many of the sons and daughters of the district farmers availed themselves thereof till

even a later age.

Amaziah in a loud though embarrassed voice announced his subject and read his production.

"THE STUDY OF GEOGRAPHY.

The study of Geography which so many people delight in studying. Is studied in all most all parts of the Earth and has been studied since the beginning of the World already. Without Geography we could not get along yes so very well still, for if we wanted to go to Philadelphia. We might go to Harrisburg in a mistake not knowing what direction Philadelphia was from us. When Columbus sailed from Spain in search of the new World. He raight of went in the opposite direction if He had not of studied Geography before he undertook the expedition. Geography is off great importance to travelers that have to travel all over the World for if they did not know where the places they wanted to travel was They might of never found the places they wanted to trav

Amaziah had often said that he would rather plow for a week than write one composition. The above had been an especial y strenuous effort. made in the hope that Elviny "wouldn't think he was so wonderful dumb, for all he couldn't speak off pieces of poetry as good as her."

He looked vastly relieved as he sat down and he listened and watched with closest attention as Elviny in her turn gracefully rose, and, placing the tips of her fingers on her lips, coughed genteelly before commencing to read :

"SINGLE LIFE.

"Single life is the happiest life that ever was spent when you are single you can go where you please and stay as long as you please. When you are single you have nothing on your mind still to bother you. Single life is the sweetest life that ever was spent. When you are single you can do as you please and have nothing to bother your mind at all."

Without so much as glancing toward Amaziah to note the full effect of these radical sentiments, Elviny complacently resumed her seat. As for him, he found himself so painfully surprised at learning that such were the views of the girl with whom he "kep' steady comp'ny," that he had no attention to give to the remaining compositions of the class.

On their way home from school, in the April afternoon sunshine, he expostulated

"Elviny," he said reproachfully, as side by side they walked on the high, wide pike "the way you spoke in that there compowas something shameful!" didn't think to hear you read off such thoughts as them.

"Och, don't be so dumb, Amaziah," El-

thing that person writes off in a composi-tion. I had to write off somepin then, and it was so warm I couldn't think what for thoughts to write. There for awhile I had a mind to put down how solemn it was to get married. But then it come to me," she said seriously, "how it would be a good deal more solemn not to get married. So I just wrote off them thoughts about sin

Amaziah's face lighted up with relief.

'I'd have thought you meant it, and I was bothered something wonderful already.

There had been a tacit engagement of marriage between these two ever since four marriage between these two ever since four years before, when Elviny was thirteen and Amaziah sixteen. It had happened one summer evening while they had been swinging together in a hammock by the front gate of Elviny's home. She had suddenly and unexpectedly said to Amaziah:

"Say, will you be mad if I tell you some nin, Amaziah?"

pin, Amaziah?"
"N-aw!" in a tone of affectionate scorn at the suggestions. "Let it out!"
"Say—I love you!"
"Aw—I knowed that already. Say! will you be mad if I tell you somepin, Elvi-

'No; go on; tell me oncet."

"I love you." The understanding thus established had grown clearer every day and hour of the

past four years.
"If them books is heavy for you, you'd better leave me carry 'em,'' Amaziah rather bashfully proposed, as Elviny, to relieve her right arm, transferred her pile of school-books to the left. Amaziah always felt embarrassed when he tried to be gal-

"Well," she conceded, letting him take them, "if you want. It ain't particular to

"What for book is this here that you're got covered? Oh, 'rithmetic. Do you know, Elviny," confidentially, "that's the only book I'm handy at? All the other

sooner write off compositions than anything else in school; I'm most always got so many thoughts that way it comes easy to me still. But say, Amaziah, ain't you glad school's goin' to be done next week? And me and you'll never go to school any more. Och, but I'm glad!"

"Then we'll keep comp'ny reg'lar, ain't? A maziah affectionately demanded, coloring and looking self-conscious. "Soon's we're done school? You'll leave me set up with you Saturday nights, still, ain't you will, Elviny?"

This privilege had not yet been granted Amaziah, as, in the etiquette of Canaan, it would have been irregular for him to have "set up Saturday nights," with Elviny un-til both of them had finished their school-

ing.
"Who else would be settin' up with me but you?" Elviny answered, with an embarassed little laugh. "Don't be so dumb."

Amaziah laughed too and blushed again, and glancing behind him on the pike, to make sure he was unobserved, he pressed his sweetheart's hand as it hung by her side. She returned the pressure, then of a sudden she drew away from him bashfully and for a moment they walked on in a rather strained silence.
"It's warm, ain't?" he presently haz-

arded. Elviny started at a something unusual in his tone; something which betrayed the fact that for some reason he was not at his ease with her. She knew in a flash what had come into his mind, and, instinctively

"Whether it's warm?" she repeated inquiringly. "Yes, I believe it's warmer than what it was right away this morn-

"You think," she said, a slight surprise in her voice as she examined the sky. Does the noospaper call for rain?"

"I didn't see the noospaper this morning then, but the sky looks for showers. I'm afraid. I wisht it didn't for I got to help Pop through-he's plantin' in the garden this evening, and if it rains we'll have to come in and leave it rain-and then we won't get done already. "I wisht, too, it won't rain, so you'll get

done once." "Yes, anyhow," nodded Amaziah.

"Ain't this a hilly road ?" Elviny quickly asked, to stave off the disagreeable she knew was impending. "It makes me some tired to walk from William Penn "William Penn was the name o home.' the school-house.

"Yes," answered Amaziah, "there's hills a-plenty all along this here road. Why there's hills on the pike already when you're only at Noo Danville. Say, Elvi-

He turned upon her with decision. and she winced as from a lash. "There's just only but one thing, Eliny that I wisht --viny, that I wisht -'Now, Amaziah, I know what you're at

—you needn't say nothin' about that !" El viny tried to check him. "I don't want to hear to it!"

Amaziah set his jaw obstinately. "It's time me and you had this thing here out and done with it," he affirmed. "I like you better'n any girl in Canaan District, but I ain't goin' to waste my time settin' up Saturday evenings with a girl that's likely any day to give herself up and put "Is your". on them darned Noo Mennonite little white caps and gray dresses with them fool ish-lookin' caps! I know them Noo Mennonites!" he defiantly exclaimed, his resolution to speak his mind at the highest. Elviny turned pale at his look and tone of determination. "You folks is Noo Menno-nites from way back to your great grandfather already, and when it's in a body's blood that there way, they're bound to give themselves up sooner or later-unless they promise they won't never! I'm afraid of

it for you, Elviny."

"A body to hear you talk, Amaziah, would think it was the small-pox, anyhow 'stid of religion!" Elviny almost sobbed.

"Yes, and I'd anyhow as soon it was the small-pox! Elviny, I'd as soon see you dead as see your pretty face in one of them

"Amaziah! I ain't goin' to listen to sich talk! You speak something shameful!" "Well, I like you 'cause your pretty, and if you went and made yourself ugly by wearin' them caps and capes and dull colbe any comfort for a feller in bein' married

ors, and if you went and turned plain and wouldn't never no more go to town with me to see a circus or a county fair or have our photographs took or whatever, where'd Elviny, I tell you now, straightforward, I don't want to be married to no Noo Mennonite. And if I ain't to marry you, I don't want to waste any time settin up with

you Saturday's."

"Then you needn't. I guess I can find a plenty others that wants to set up with

mebbe find others that want me to set up with 'em, Elviny, so far forth as that goes' he retaliated.

'You'll be keepin' comp'ny, I guess with Sallie Haverstick then !" Elviny.

"It's very probably," he relentlessly ac-knowledged, "unless you pass me your prom ise you won't never, as long as you live, put on one of them little white caps with "But, Amaziah, how can a body tell

whether or no she'll ever come under con-viction and be led to give herself up?" Elviny reasoned with him. "I might never, mebbe. Then again, I might anyday. You might mebbe sometime come under conviction yourself. A body can't tell of them things. I can't choose you instead of Christ can I? I think you are now, onreasonable.'

"You pass me your promise, you won" never put on them little white caps with strings—that's all I got to say. Anything you want me to promise back again, I'll say yes to. If you'll pass me that promise Elviny, I'll marry you and be the best husband to you that anybody kin."

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Elviny knew full well the force of these words, for Amaziah always meant just what he said, and always stuck to it. Moreover, he would be fully able to carry out his promise to be a good husband to her, for he was the only son of a farmer, who owned three large, rich farms, and was therefore, in the language of the neighbor-hood, very "well fixed."

"If it weren't in all you folks to turn plain, Elviny," Amaziah firmly continued "I'd never have no fears of such a giddyheaded girl like what you are turnin' for it's your nature to be wonderful fashsome time or 'nother in their life give their "I'm different to what you are, she said:
"I always thought 'rithmetic was an awful hard book. When it ain't so warm I'd sooner write off compositions than are in the serves up then. And I ain't runnin' no such risks. You pass me your promise you'll never wear a white cap with ties, or I'll go and keep comp'ny with Sallie Haverstick or whoever."

"I tell you, Amaziah," Elviny said brokenly. "How can a body make such a promise like what that is? If I ever came under conviction——"
"Then join the Methodists or the Bap-

tists. I pass it as my opinion that there's good in all religions. You can have religion without turnin' plain. The Methodists stays fashionable after they are convicted of their sins."

"But if ever I was to come under conviction, Amaziah, I couldn't never hold to the things of the World no more. It wouldn't be accordin' to Scriptures, deed'n it wouldn't," she pleaded with quivering lips. "O,

Amaziah ! They had turned from the pike into the lane leading to Elviny's home, and the girl suddenly stopped short, leaned against the fence, bent her arm over her eyes like a child, and sobbed. Amaziah's kindly face twitched with sympathy for her trouble as

he awkwardly stood before her.
"I guess you think I'm usin' you mean,
Elviny," he said tenderly, but with no relaxation of his firmness. "But it's for the happiness of both of us in the coming future before us, Elviny. I couldn't be contented married to no Noo Mennonite. I took back her word to me." couldn't like you if you didn't act and dress fashionable like me."

plain," Elviny pleaded. "Mebbe," she said hopefully, "the Spirit won't never lead me to see the light."

takin' no sich risks. You pass me your-

digression. The woman was dressed in the "plain" garb of the New Mennonites—a straight gathered skirt, an untrimmed waist extending below the belt (to distinguish them from the Old Mennonites, whose basques end at the belt) a three-cornered cape of the same material as the gown, and a lit tle white cap with flying ties. At a first glance Mrs. Dinkleberger's face appeared to be common-place enough, stolid, heavy, uninteresting; but a closer examination revealed in her otherwise dull eyes a look that only a deep experience of life can give to any countenance; that look which shows that through some channel the soul has sounded its own nether foundations and has laid hold upon a Reality which only those who lose themselves in the larger life of the

Divine can ever find. "Well," she said in a mild voice. yous home a'ready? It's only a quarter

"We come right away out then," said Elviny, speaking cheerfully to hide the signs of her weeping. "Ain't we did, Amaziah? Are yon pickin' the lettuce for market, Mom?"

"Yes, I thought I'd do it for Pop: then it would be done." "Why didn't you wait till I come help you through oncet? She does too much still," she added explanatorily to Amaziah. "Ever since she had the peenoo-mony, it makes her so tired 'till she

gets the work through."
"Yes, I'll be glad when Elviny's done school oncet, so she's can help me still. We got such big washin's—'till each has

their pile, the wash is big already."
"That's what Mom says still," said Ama ziah sociably. "And she ain't no daughter to help her-only a dopplig(awkward)

'Is your hired girl now a doppel, Amaziah?" Mrs. Dinkleberger asked with in-

'Wonderful." Amaziah ruefully answered. "Why, here one day last week she put butternilk in Pop's tea, and fast as Mom gets things redd up still, she gets them all through-other. Mom wishes she'd leave oncet. But she won't send her off 'cause it gives you such a name with the neighbors, you know, that way, for not bein' able to keep your hired girl. So Mom leaves her stay right on, for all it gives her so much extra work to have ber, and makes her tied down so close."

"Don't she never get away still?" Mrs. Dinkleberger asked sympathetically.

"Oh, now and again she gets to go some.
But she never was one of them to go much

that way. But you come to see her once, ain't? Don't look on turns." 'I don't know but what I will, for all don't go much neither, since I turned plain now four years back. And I have to wait still for Pop to drive the horse, 'cause our horse he can't be drove by no women, he still makes so ugly for me at the railroad crossin'. Why one muddy day he made so awful for me when he seen the cars that the

buggy was all over dirt." "Now, think!" said Amaziah in surprise "Well," he added, "mebbe some day when I'm drivin' over here, Mon'll come along,

"Yes, anyhow," answered Mrs. Dinkleberger hospitably.

"But I don't know just when it'll suit for the horse," Amaziah said, glancing at Elviny with a meaning look, as who should

Elviny with a meaning look, as who should say "It'll suit for the horse to haul me over here when you pass me that promise.

Selected to find the force in the horse to haul me over here when you pass me that promise.

Selected to find the force in the horse to haul me over here when you pass me that promise.

Communication passed between the King's seat and the camp, and after refusing to extinguish his fires St. Patrick went cloth dipped in vinegar. winy said, poking him impatiently with her elbow. "A body don't have to mean everyed. But he held out. "And I guess I can here when you pass me that promise.

to go in now and make supper. Won't you come in, Amaziah, and set awhile?" "Saddy (thank you), but I can't just so

very convenient to-day. Good-bye."
"Good-bye, Amaziah, then."
She turned to go, but Elviny checked her. "Wait for me, Mom, and I'll carry

the lettuce in for you."

Hurrying through the gate she held out her hands for the dish-pan. She did not want to be left alone with Amaziab. She on his sh want to be left alone with Amaziab. She knew him of old—he would stick to his point—and she was afraid to trust herself with him lest she should rich.

come along then in. You can make the fried potatoes for me for supper."

Without looking at her lover, Elviny took the books from his hands over the

"Promise, Elviny," he whispered, as he gave them to her. "Go on, dear! That you won't never wear one of them—." Elviny shook her head, the tears rising

again to her eyes.
"You think it out and write me off a note then," was his parting admonition. And Elviny left him and bastened after her

Elviny had known from the first that when Amaziah took that tone of firmness with her she would, in the end, do what he demanded of her. So she was not surprised at herself when that night, sorely nite garb evidently standing to him for a

But Amaziah's joy in his conquest was short-lived. When two evenings later, being Sunday, he betook himself, clad in the 'fashionable' apparel his soul loved, to the home of his sweetheart, he found her so pale, so silent, so woebegone, that he was stricken with remorse and sorrow for her. They did not discuss, or even mention, the be "contented" again with such a load of sin on her conscience as that promise seemed to be.

"It is cheering to know that the mark of authenticity has been placed on all this of mind, as he wended his way homeward even by that body of men whose mission in in the moonlight. "What's a body to

He realized, as time went on, how great proof of her love she had given him, and this increased tenfold his already strong devotion to her. But as week after week he saw her, under the effect of her burden of his own conscience began to trouble him. "She thinks she's choosed me before Christ," he mused. "And it's near mak-in' her sick! Poor thing, she won't never be contented no more, I'm afraid, 'till she's

Tugging at his own heart strings was the ress fashionable like me."

"But mebbe I'll never be called to turn lain," Elviny pleaded. "Mebbe," she lid hopefully, "the Spirit won't never lead self to that point of self sacrifice. Her relief would be so great that she might be ne to see the light."

"But then again mebbe It will. I ain't lief, in her thankfulness to the Lord, to ness and extremely bad taste in basing ease with her. She knew in a flash what had come into his mind, and, instinctively she tried to fight off the dangerous subject which she felt he was taking courage to takin' no sich risks. You pass me your—

takin' no sich risks. You pass me your—

takin' no sich risks. You pass me your—

there comes your Mom.''

The sudden appearance at the fence of a stout woman holding a dish-pan full of let
which she felt he was taking courage to the comes your Mom.''

The sudden appearance at the fence of a stout woman holding a dish-pan full of let
faith of her fathers. In time, perhaps, she notably that of the serpents—are not menwould get used to it and cease to fret. would wait.

"But I wisht I could see her lookin' contented once again," he said to himself one Saturday evening, as, with little pleasure in his visit, he walked up the lane to her "Blamed if I wouldn't most be willin' to do anything to see her lookin'

contented again.' He was destined to have this generous wish of his put to the test sooner than he had counted on. When, ten minutes later, Elviny walked into the parlor to receive him, he knew, in a flash such as seldom came to his monotonous, slow moving mental life, that never had he seen her more beautiful than she appeared to his eyes this night. She was robed as she had never been before. A light gray skirt hung straight from her waist, and a plain, untrimmed, close fitting basque brought out the beautiful womanly development of her bust and shoulders, and was not concealed by the little three cornered cape that lay

over the basque. The letter of her promis , to Amaziah had been that she would "never wear one of them white caps with ties"—but O, the subtlety of the daughters of Eve and the fatuity of the sons of Adam !—an Indian mull cap, not white, but of the faintest shade of gray and having no ties, covered

her head. However, her "plain" clothes were not the greatest change he found in her. What was this new light in her eyes that looked gious feeling. up at him with such deep happiness shining in their clear beauty? A feeling of awe fell upon Amaziah. Had Elviny in-deed got religion? "You see, Amaziah"—he heard her soft

voice speak as though coming from a distance, for there was a loud singing in his head that kept him from hearing her clearly—I'm keepin' my promise. I ain't wear-in' one of them little white caps with ties. This here's a tinted gray cap and ain't got no ties. The Scriptures haven't got nothinabout the color nor the ties, only that a woman's head shall be covered because her hair's a pride to her and pleasing to the eye.

"Are you turned plain, Elviny?" Amaziah managed to ask in a half whisper.
"I've give myself up, Amaziah," she replied with pale faced, clear eyed resolution. "I ain't broke my promise to you, and never will. I'll always wear these here tinted caps without ties to 'em. Now you have the dare to take me, or leave me be.' 'Are you contented again, Elviny?"

"I never knowed before what happiness it was to be had in this here life. It's all in servin' the Lord, Amaziah. I had such a troubled conscience—it was a wonderful troubled conscience I had this here while back already. And my fashionable distributions of the success of his mission was complete and within a century the island had turned to Christianity. back already. And my fashionable clothes they condemned me something turrible. But it's all over now, Amaziah. I've give myself up and I'm dressin' plain, and I'll

Thus had Elviny followed out the invincible law of her being; for the offspring of New Mennonite stock inherit, from an an-Thirty Years' War, a persistency in "re-verting to the original type" that is in their very life blood, and needs only some stress of circumstance to bring it out in

unhappy. Amaziah's face manifested no less misery, but he remained firm.

"Well," said Mrs. Dinkleberger, "I got to go in now and make suppose Wen!"

you," was Amaziah's stolid comment upon Elviny's sublime renunciation.

Elviny slowly revolved herself for inspection. When her back was to inspect to go in now and make suppose Wen! Elviny's sublime renunciation.

Elviny slowly revolved herself for inspection. When her back was towards him, Amaziah measured her shapely form with his masculine eye, then suddenly put his arms about her and held her close to his

breast.
"It becomes you something surprising, Elviny!" he whispered ecstatically. "You never looked as pretty before. And I never liked you as good as what I do to-

She turned in his arms and laid her head

with him lest she should yield.

"You'll have enough to do carryin' them school-books Amaziah's holdin' for you," said her mother. "Take 'em from him and the World, no more. And you're in the World, you know. So we'll have to be

"All right, Elviny," Amaziah heartily responded. "Ill make it suit just as soon as I otherwise can! We'll be married till the back end of August already !"-By H. R. Martin in McClure's Magazine.

Ireland's Patron Saint.

Life Story of the Great Apostle of Erin. A Youth Passed in Slavery. Remains of the Churches Built by the Saint are Still to be Found in the

If you will go on a careful journey through Ireland you will find at divers places, particularly in the counties of Meath and Munster, the traces of many very ancient buildings. These remains do not approach the dignity of ruins. You will find parts of a giant wall hidden deep against her conscience, she despatched a note to him, giving the promise that he had required, namely, that she would 'never wear one of them little white caps with for it's your nature to be wonderful tashionable, and you're much for pleasureseekin' that way. "But," he continued with stern emphasis, "I never knowed a son or daughter of a Noo Mennouite that didn't tes," this particular feature of the Mennouite that didn't tes," this particular feature of the Mennouite that be localities; remnants of brass work in these localities; remnants of brass work symbol of all the asceticism and narrowness of that New Mennonites' life.

But Amaziah's joy in his conquest was with the utmost reverence, for on these sites fifteen centuries ago stood the buildings in which the first words of Christianity were spoken to the inhabitants of Ireland.

In still another part of the island, at a place called Downpatrick, you will find a place where they say the grass grows greener and the clover is more luxurious painful subject of the promise; but Amaziah felt convinced, after a two hours' fruitless country. Here lies buried the man who felt convinced, after a two hours' fruitless endeavor to make her "act sociable and pleasant," that poor Elviny would never be trongered by the fruitless buried the man who made the buildings and who, within them, taught the lessons of Christianity

THE GREATEST MISSIONARY.

life appears to be the scientific destruction of our best delusions. That Saint Patrick was in reality Apostle of Ireland is established beyond a doubt; that he was one of thegreatest missionary that the world knows has long been recognized. In his day the march of Christianity was almost invariably guilt, grow thinner and paler and sadder, accomplished with war and bloodshed. It is a matter of historical knowledge that Ireland was completely and rapidly evangelized in the fifth century. The converion of the nation was effected absolutely without war or the horrors of martyrdom.

The manner and means of this accomplishment are somewhat obscure. What we do know is that St. Patrick displayed to the natives an imposing physique and laudable examples and that he was eloquent and courageous. His detractors have tioned in works or records of authority nor are they credited or considered by Irishmen who have at heart the fullest appreciation

of the work of the great apostle.

Perhaps the best elogium on his life and services might be written after a study of the manners of his well defined mission and the lasting impression it has produced on succeeding generations during fifteen centuries. Whether we look for his story amid Irish folklore, or whether we find it in authentic scientific records, we cannot be but impressed with the details of a life whose surpassing romance is overshadowed only by its dignity and nobility.

Ireland, Scotland and France each claims

to be the birth place of St. Patrick, but it is most probable that he was born somewhere in the south of Scotland. His father was well-to-do and filled an office somewhat similar to that of the provincial Roman magistrate of the time. When he was 16 he, with his sister, was stolen by a wandering band of Irish brigands and sold nto slavery in Ireland. In his "Confession," a personal narrative which is one of the two remaining records from his hand. he says: "I. Patrick, a sinner, rudest and least of all the faithful * * * when 16 years of age * * * knew not the true God and was brought captive to Ireland with many thousand men." He escaped from bondage when he was 23. In the meantime, while tending his master's flocks on

gious feeling.

His life after his escape is somewhat obsoure. On the word of some authorities he went to Rome and was commissioned by Pope Celestine to return to Ireland. Others say he went to Britain, where he was tutored by Celtic bishops. In either case, he returned to Ireland and began his missionary work when he was 42 years of age, landing in Ireland about 432 A. D. He was tall and spare and wore a white tunic with a cowl. His early hardships must have fitted him well for his subsequent works of exploration, and he visited every part of the island, making converts and building churches. The seriousness of this work is evident

when we consider the nature of the people with whom he had to deal. The Gaels were not unlike the ancient Greeks. A fierce and war-like people, confined within narrow limits, they found pastime in warfare, and devoted the repose following strife to martial poetry, music and oratory. The people as a whole were characterize by the unthinking recklessness of rude soldiers combined with a high appreciation ed to Christianity.

In the numberless stories told of his

career as a missionary it is often hard to distinguish fact from fancy. There is one, however, that has every semblance of truth never walk no more in the paths of this in its relation to the spirit and ways of the world." time and the character of St. Patrick himself. Shortly after his arrival in Ireland he camped with his followers at the mouth of the Boyne. It was the eve of Easter, and he lit fires on the banks of the river. cestry whose loyalty to conviction made and he lit fires on the banks of the river. them victims of the persecutions of the Not far away was the seat of Laeghaire, the

toward the King's abode. He strode to a point facing the King, and deliberately de-nounced that despotic monarch while he exhorted the court. His attitude must have excited the admiration of the grim warriors who surrounded him, while his eloquent exposition of the beauties of the faith and the glories of the Christian's heaven must have touched the hearts and fired the imaginations of the bards and

His first converts were a distinguished warrior and the chief poet of the island. They arouse when he entered. "The others," say contemporary accounts, "remained seated with their chins on their shields." St. Patrick's age at his death is estimated variously at 85 to 110 years. It is probable that he lived to be a very old age.

STORY OF THE SERPENTS. The remarkable absence of snakes from Ireland has been attributed to Saint Patrick. Distinguished Irish scholars and prelates refuse to consider the question seriously, maintaining that the name of Saint Patrick should live on grander and more practical grounds. From time immemorial, however, the fact has attracted attention. In old records it is stated that a handful of Irish dust if placed on the head of a snake would prove fatal. There is a story of how frogs, brought to Ireland for experimental purposes, were no sooner landed than they turned over on their backs, burst and died.

In 1835 the learned Thomas Bell, of Scot-

land, representing a philosophical society of the time, endeavored to disprove the assertion that snakes cannot live in Ireland. He brought into the country six healthy reptiles, which he liberated amid congenial surroundings. For a long time the experiment received a great deal of at-tention, and it was said the reptiles were

multiplying rapidly. In his own account, however, the learned gentleman tells us that the snakes were no sooner set free than four of them were killed by persons unknown, having been found with battered heads along the roadway. The other two were never heard

In the Irish language, with its wealth of forgotten and unappreciated music, there is to be found no word for serpent. "Crooked terror" or "Crooked poison" is the literal translation of the usual term for snake. As Saint Patrick went about and fearlessly destroyed the idols of the snake wor-

shippers, it is quite possible that the idea became prevalent in this manner, or was the result of figurative forms of speech. No matter what form the discussion may ssume it takes little from our reverence or appreciation of the great apostle. His expedition to Ireland was vastly greater in purpose and achievement than the expedition of Caesar and Alexander. He ac-complished the orderly and magnificent conquest of a nation which, in centuries unlimited, was to spread his name over

continents then unknown.

All Erin's Son's are in Clover on the Seventeenth. Thrill as you will over the "dear little

shamrock," you are in all probability a bit shady on the subject. Most of us are content to know that it is the emblem of Ireland, a small trefoil plant, and that it is in some mysterious way connected with the Saint who freed the abused island of at least one plague—snakes— the real ones, that is; it has been whispered that an occasional son of the sod still sees imaginary ones, which really would not seem to contradict their poet who wax-ed warm about their love of honor and vir-

At any rate, good St. Patrick himself, while making constant allusion to the Tripartite life, or Trinity, never so much as mentions the shamrock or seamorogue (young trefoil, in Gaelic).

We do, however, draw the line at the pedantically learned ones who tell us that any trefoil will do! Those of us who love the little emblem

even the least bit will have the real thing or nothing at all. And the real thing, so far as we can learn, is vix trifolium mimus, which, when it deigns to blossom at all, shows delicate bits of yellow bloom. We settle upon this

because it is the variety upon which Ireland's peasantry hangs its faith. Now, many an unsuspecting believer has trifolium repens palmed off upon her—or him. It is a white flowering Dutch clover, and in its extreme youth looks like the real thing. And, curiously enough, it often serves when its leaves are even pur-ple or brown, and in its four or five-leafed

form, too. There is said to be a connection between the shamrock and the strawberry leaf of the heralds, but for the present we are content to be assured by Mr. Britten, of the British Museum, that the dainty little trifolium mimus is the bit of greenery to which to pin our faith just now. There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,

'Twas St. Patrick himself sure that set it;

And the sun on his labor with a pleasure did And the dews from his eyes oft did wet it. It thrives through the bog, through brake,

through the mireland, And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland. The sweet little shamrock, the dear little sham

The sweet little, dear little shamrock of Ireland

Rather Droll.

Some Real Remarks by Real Boys and Girls. When my little brother was 5 years old he had the misfortune to fall from the secoud-story porch of a flat in which we were

Our aunt, who is a minister's wife, was calling a few days afterward, and in speaking of the accident, said:
"Well, Orr, if you had died when you fell the other day you would have gone to

Heaven, wouldn't you?" Without hesitating he replied: "Oh! but I didn't fall that way."

Reciprocity. The simple principle that one man's ppinion is as valuable as that of his neighbor did not meet the approval of the professional man in this story from the Chicago

"These shoes, doctor," said the cobbler, after a brief examination, "ain't worth mending." "Then, of course," said the doctor, turn-

ing away, "I don't want anything done to "But I charge you fifty cents just the same."
"What for?"

"Well, sir, you charged me five dollars the other day for telling me there wasn't anything the matter with me." -Fresh paint stains will almost al-

ways yield to a brisk rubbing with a soft