

THE SHAMROCK.

There is a legend that when St. Patrick began to talk to the pagan Irish of the Trinity they would not listen to him until the happy thought struck him of illustrating the doctrine by means of the Druid's sacred plant—the shamrock, or small white clover. The three leaves growing on one stem used as a symbol made his teachings clear, and the shamrock became henceforward sacred to St. Patrick. It is said by others that the shamrock is worn on St. Patrick's Day to represent the cross. It is a curious fact that the trefoil is called shamrock in Arabic, and that it was held sacred in ancient Persia as emblematical of the Iran Triads. Pliny, in his natural history, says that serpents are never seen upon trefoil, and that it is an antidote to the bite of the snake and the sting of the scorpion.



There's a sweet little spot away down by Cape Clear,
Sure, it's Ireland herself, to all Irishmen dear—
Where the white praties blossom like illegant flowers,
And the wild birds sing sweetly above the round towers,
And the dear little shamrock, that none can withstand,
Is the beautiful emblem of old Ireland.



In his hat good St. Patrick used always to wear
The shamrock whenever he went to a fair,
And Nebuchadnezzar no doubt highly prized
A bit of the blossom when he went disguised,
For the blossom of beauty itself might expand
When bedecked by the shamrock of old Ireland.



When far, far away a sweet blossom I've seen,
I've dreamt of shillalabs and shamrocks so green,
That grow, like two twins, on the bogs and the hills,
With a drop in my eye that with joy my heart fills,
And I've blessed the dear sod from a far distant strand,
And the beautiful shamrock of old Ireland.

Dean Swift's Shortest Sermon.
Dean Swift once preached a charity sermon in St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin, the length of which bored some of his



hearers so greatly that their comments reached his ears. The next time he preached a charity sermon in the cathedral he took for his text the words, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." Repeating this text with emphasis the dean said, "Now, my beloved brethren, you hear the terms of the loan; if you like the security, down with the dust." The contribution was a large one.

O'Leary's Retort to Curran.
John Philpot Curran, the noted Irish barrister, and the no less renowned Father O'Leary met at a dinner one day, in the course of which Curran said to the priest:
"Reverend father, I wish you were St. Peter."



"And why, counselor?" asked O'Leary.
"Because," was the reply, "in that case you would have the keys of heaven and you could let me in."
"By my honor and conscience," said the divine, "if I had the keys to the other place it would be better for you, for then I could let you out."

A Sweet Irish Girl.
Och! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me,
For she's pretty,
She's witty,
She's hoaxing,
She's coaxing,
She's smiling,
Beguiling to see, to see,
She rattles,
She rattles,
She dances,
And prances,
Och! a sweet Irish girl is the darling for me.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE SAINT.

The Name of Patrick Perpetuated in Many Lands.

The footsteps of St. Patrick may be traced almost from his cradle to his grave by the names of various places which he visited during his life. Assuming his origin to have been Scottish, traces of his life begin in Dumbartonshire, Scotland, where the legendary place of his birth is known as Kilpatrick (cell or church of Patrick). Dalpatrick (the district or division of Patrick) is in Lanarkshire. Craighadrig (the rock of Patrick) is near Inverness. There are two churches called Kirkpatrick—one at Irongray, in Kircudbright, and another at Fleming, in Dumfries.

The place he sailed away from is known as Port Patrick, and the place where he first preached in England is called Patterdale (Patrick's dale), in Westmoreland. He founded another Kirkpatrick in Durham, and visiting Wales walked over a causeway now covered by the sea and forming a dangerous shoal on Carnarvon bay, which became henceforth Sarnbadrig (Patrick's causeway). He sailed for the continent from Llan-Badrig (the Church of Patrick), in the island of Anglesea.

When he went to Ireland he first landed at Innispatrik (the Island of Patrick), and next at Holmpatrik on the opposite side of the mainland in the county of Dublin. On the Isle of Man he founded another Kirkpatrick, near Peel, and later he landed on the coast of Ireland, in the county of Down, where he converted the Chief Diuna and baptized him on his own threshing floor, the name, Sabbal-Patrik (the barn of Patrick) perpetuating the event. From there he went to Temple-Patrik, in Antrim, and thence to a lofty mountain in Mayo, which has ever since been called Craigh Patrick.

In East Meath he founded an abbey called Domnachadroig (the Church of Patrick), and built a house in Dublin where St. Patrick's cathedral now stands. In an island of Lough Derg, in the county of Donegal, there is a St. Patrick's purgatory; in Leinster, St. Patrick's Wood; at Cashel, St. Patrick's rock, and there are St. Patrick's wells scattered by the dozen all over Ireland. His death is said to have taken place at Bridget, where the remains of St. Bridget and St. Columb were laid beside him.

A more curiously derived name than any of these is that of Struill, applied to a well known place near Downpatrick. This name was originally Struth-shuil (Stream of Blood), and is said to have been derived from the following circumstance: St. Patrick was baptizing a converted pagan chieftain at this place and inadvertently rested the iron point of his crozier on the chieftain's great toe, causing a serious wound, from which the blood flowed freely. The chieftain, however, in his ignorance of the rites of Christianity, bore the pain without flinching, and his fortitude has been commemorated as above set out.

O'Connell and the Fishwife.
It was O'Connell who had the celebrated altercation with the fishwife on a wager. O'Connell knew well the effect of polysyllables on the ignorant ear. The spirited discussion in which he opposed the language of Euclid against billingsgate wound up as follows:

Fishwife—Go rinse your mouth in the Liffey, you nasty ticklepitcher. After all the bad words you speak it ought to be filthier than your face, you dirty chicken of Beelzebub!



O'Connell—You're a most inimitable periphery! A convicted perpendicular in petticoats! There's contamination in your circumference, and you tremble with guilt clear to the extremities of your corollaries! You are a porter swiping similitude of the bisection of a vortex!

At this the fishwife aimed a saucepan at O'Connell's head, and he was declared winner.

St. Patrick's Jawbone.
For many years a family in Belfast, living in very humble state, were in possession of a silver shrine inclosing what was said to be the jawbone of St. Patrick. This relic was believed, and if it be still in existence is probably believed to this day, to possess potent virtues. A writer of some thirty years ago tells how he was taken when a child to see the relic, which was exhibited with signs of great veneration. At that time it contained but one tooth, though in the memory of persons then living it had contained five. Three had been given to members of the family who had gone to America, and the fourth was deposited under the altar of the Roman Catholic chapel at Derraghly. The writer says:

The curiously embossed case has a very antique appearance, and it is said to be of immense age, but it is, though certainly old, not so very old as reported, for it carries the "Hall mark" plainly impressed upon it. This remarkable relic has long been used for a kind of extra judicial trial, similar to the Saxon corned, a test of guilt or innocence in a certain form of words, supposed to be an asseration of the greatest solemnity, and liable to instantaneous supernatural and frightful punishment if falsely spoken.

Responsibility of Saloon Keepers.

The Harrisburg Independent speaking of the the peril that attends saloon keeping and the constant danger this class of persons are in of transgressing the laws, says: "During the late quarter sessions court Dauphin county landlords of saloons and restaurants within its limits had another experience of the many ways in which they can be entrapped into trouble which prevents them from having renewals of license, or if they succeed in securing such privileges, the cost to which they are put to before it is accomplished is ruinous in character. When it is considered that a tavern license costs \$500 a year in a city, \$250 in a borough and \$75 in a township, men who hold such privileges and desire to have them renewed, can't be too careful in managing their business. If they or their employes sell to a drunkard, whatever injury befalls such a miserable creature after he has received a drink, the seller of it is responsible for all damage he incurs and from which his family is made to suffer. The supreme court has affirmed the constitutionality of this act, while the law against selling to minors makes a landlord liable to a loss of his license as well as to fine and imprisonment. This shows the necessity of care and vigilance all the while on the part of men who hold licenses to sell intoxicants. In no business is there as much danger incurred by people who transact it as in the liquor trade. It not only costs a heavy sum of money to secure a license to sell intoxicants, but it costs even more to escape trouble when the law is violated to hire attorneys to enable a man to escape the penalty of violating the license laws. The road of a tavern and saloon keeper is indeed a hard one to travel, not only to keep within the law but to elude conspiring young men who want to secure drink, as well as to frustrate the plots of policemen who try to get landlords into trouble for the money there is in the work.

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Beef Will Go Up.

A telegram from Cincinnati says: A beef famine is coming; at least prices are going to be higher than for years, if the opinion of a very intelligent cattle buyer who travels Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky and Indiana is worth anything. In addition to a personal knowledge of the stock on hand in those States, the gentleman has an extensive list of correspondents in other States. He says that for five or six years the price of cattle has been so low that all the small farmers have ceased to raise them and devoted their attention to other products. The result is that thousands of farmers who sold from ten to 100 head each year have now not a hoof. It is the discovery of this which has already sent up the price of beef. Unlike the hog crop, the stock cannot be renewed in a few months, and therefore the price of cattle will advance a long time yet.

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La-Gripp" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c. at C. A. Kleim's Drug Store.

The Scientific American, or Town Topics for the coming year can be obtained cheap at this office. 1f.

A Woman's Letter.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:
"If any one wants to know how good your medicine is, just refer them to me.

"I was so low, people thought I never could get well again.

"The trouble was in my womb, causing bearing-down and severe backache. I was so nervous and irritable my people could hardly live with me. Sometimes I would almost fall down, I was so dizzy, and how I did lie awake nights! I thought I should go crazy!

"But now all that is changed, and I am a well woman. I owe all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Now, when I do not feel just right, I take a bottle of your medicine and a box of your pills. They never fail."
—Mrs. L. Travis, Thurlow, Pa.

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS. Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.



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