

THE END OF IT

Was Equally Disastrous to Both Parties

By CLARISSA MACKIE

They argued all the way home on the superior merits of their own breed of chickens. Frank Preston was for Rhode Island Reds, and he established his assertions with items from a fat notebook that disconcerted Bert Lynwood and quite bored their fellow customers, who were trying to read the evening newspapers.

Bert Lynwood said his notebook was lame. As it was of ledger size he could not very well carry it to and fro to business each day, but he was willing to prove that his own White Wyandottes could not be beaten as egg producers and that his profits at the end of the year would exceed those of his neighbor.

"Prove it, then," challenged Preston smiling.

"Will you come over after supper?" asked the other, unimpressed.

"Yes."

To the relief of their fellow passengers, the two chicken farmers changed the subject, and no more was said about the matter until they parted at the Preston gate.

"See you later," said Lynwood as he went on to his own place.

"Be sure to have that ledger ready," scoffed his neighbor.

"I collected forty eggs today," announced Mrs. Lynwood as they sat down to supper.

"That's doing pretty good," said her husband. "I don't believe Preston's eggs are shelling out any better than that."

"We're just even now. Mrs. Preston counted her hens, and she has the same number as we have. And it's the funniest thing, Bert—day by day we collect the same quantity of eggs. There are the same number of lazy hens in each yard." Mrs. Lynwood laughed cheerfully.

"Humph!" grunted her husband, with a doubting glance at the ledger he had enthusiastically tugged home when he went into the chicken raising business. He wished now that he had bought a notebook that would be in proportion to the small results he had achieved. He was not satisfied with what he had accomplished, and he had not yet balanced his book to find out where he stood. Now he hurried through his supper in order to strike some sort of a balance before Preston appeared with his well rounded facts.

"Preston's coming over after supper to compare his books with mine," he explained as he took down the ledger from its shelf, beside the books on poultry raising and stacks of government reports on the same subject. "He still believes his Rhode Island Reds are the egg producing wonders of the world."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Mrs. Lynwood as she cleared the table. "As if anybody would prefer those homely white Wyandottes. They look so pretty, but they don't grow grass, do they, Bert?" She glanced at her husband's shoulder, and together they looked out of the window at the flock of white fowls trooping across the grass toward the chicken yard.

"They do," agreed Lynwood, with a return of his old enthusiasm. "But you know it isn't the color alone, Flora. This particular strain of fowl is adapted for producing large quantities of eggs. Of course they're only been laying since March, and we can't tell just what the profit will prove to be by the end of the year in September. Now, I've got to show Preston that I'm beginning to make something. He claims he's cleared \$23.20 so far, and it's only July."

"Did he count in the feed and the cost of the chicken houses?" asked Mrs. Lynwood.

"He says so. Let me see. Corn for eight months, ah hum." Lynwood set down the figures with a distrustful side glance at the meagre record of egg receipts on the opposite page.

At the end of a half hour he looked up from his ledger with a worried frown creasing his brow. "Flora, just add this up will you please. It can't be possible that we're \$2.32 short after all these eggs we've been getting?"

Mrs. Lynwood came obediently and verified her husband's figures. "Two dollars and thirty-two cents short of what you've paid out," she said vexedly. "I suppose Mrs. Preston will crow over me."

"Cack! you mean," said Lynwood dryly as he tucked his book under his arm and went out to the chicken yard. "It's up to Preston to do the cackling, and here he is now."

His wife went into the house and from a window watched the two men, deep in discussion over Lynwood's ledger.

"Two thirty-two, eh?" grinned Preston. "Don't talk to me about White Wyandottes, Bert. If you'd had my sort you'd-be showing some profit by this time. How many eggs have you had altogether?"

"Two hundred and two dozen," announced Lynwood. "And I guess you have had about the same. My wife says she and Mrs. Preston have tallied accounts."

"Name hers," returned Preston, with a puzzled glance at his notebook. "Fussy isn't it, old man? We've had

about the same amount of feed, and I know our yards cost about the same. Kept track of all the eggs you gave away or used?"

"Every one at the market price," asserted Lynwood firmly. "Better go over your own accounts again. Preston. Maybe you've made an error in adding your columns."

Once more Preston ran his pencil up and down the page of his fat notebook. He paused and repeated the operation. He whistled sharply and carefully added up other columns and compared them with his sum total. If he had been some man he would have changed the subject and diverted his neighbor's attention. But Frank Preston was as straight as his neighbor, and after he had made a final calculation he lifted a pair of sheepish eyes and said bluntly:

"It's on me, Bert. I've made a mistake in my figures. Instead of being \$23.20 ahead of the game I'm \$2.32 short, same as you."

"Wow!" shrieked Lynwood exultantly, tossing his book in the air. "Isn't that the darnedest you ever heard?"

They agreed amicably that it was a very singular coincidence and compared notes until the shadows on the grass grew long and the snow white chickens had all gone to roost. Then they fell to discussing the merits and otherwise of their respective breeds in matters of general utility and almost immediately they were involved in another heated argument.

"Show me!" boasted Lynwood. "Show me a cleaner, more delicate chicken for eating than the White Wyandotte!"

"Pooh, Bert. It's a matter of tradition that yellow legged fowl are the only kind for eating—yellow legged and yellow skinned. Take the best kind of eating fowl, add the qualities of one of the best egg producers and you have a champion all around chicken. Just for mere weight alone I could—"

"Show me," repeated Mr. Lynwood firmly. "You go home and get your rooster, your big boss one, and I'll put my big white Jumbo chap on the scales to beat him."

"Done!" snapped Preston, leaving the fence that divided the two places.

Presently he returned with a protesting air of rich reddish brown plumage from which darted an indignant red crested head.

"But he weighs twelve pounds," announced Preston as he snatched a heavy tin from behind the legs of his rooster and laid the bird on the scales. "Ten and a half is mine. Bert. If you can, Bert!"

Lynwood borrowed the rubber band to confine the legs of his champion bird and placed it on the scales. Preston scratched around the floor noisily.

"Ten and a quarter, ten and a half pounds," tied again, Preston. Lynwood removed the band and dropped his bird off the floor. "I say can't you foundered funny isn't it?"

"Rather queer. I'll admit," said the other obstinately. "But you can't always tell whether a bird is edible by its weight. Point of the chicken is picking his bones, you know. Now, there's nothing gamy about a White Wyandotte."

"That remains to be seen," said Lynwood loftily as he bent down to pick up his rooster. He jumped aside with sudden agility. "Look out! Grab your bird if you can, Preston!"

But Preston couldn't, and neither could Lynwood. The two cocks came together with lowered heads and muttered squawks. Then they flew up and backward, spins out and the battle was on.

The two owners attempted to rush in and separate the contestants, but were only severely scratched for their pains. Savagely the two cocks fought in the confined space. Their claws rattled on the floor and then tore cruelly at each other. The air was thick with feathers and angry utterances.

Once the white cock beat his antagonist to the farthest corner of the room and Lynwood could not suppress a laugh. "White said White Wyandottes were not gamy?" he asked.

"You know I meant favor," retorted Preston doggedly.

"I say, Frank, this can't go on, you know. This is a sort of cockfight I suppose," protested Lynwood. "Just throw this blanket over them, and I'll try and fish one of em out with this crab net."

He flung down a long pole with its handle net on the end, and when Preston had tossed the horse blanket over the fighting cocks and muffled the sound of combat Lynwood pried up one corner of the covering and tried to separate the roosters.

But he was too late. The battle had been short but a deadly one. Both were victorious, both were beaten, both were dead.

The chicken farmers stared speechlessly at each other and then at the dead kings of two poultry yards and fell dumb. The door of the tool room slid open and the indignant faces of Flora Lynwood and Mrs. Preston looked in on the scene of carnage.

"What brutality!" half sobbed the former.

"A cockfight!" cried Mrs. Preston with a withering glance at the two men. Then Preston tried to explain the situation.

"You are both to blame, just the same," asserted Mrs. Lynwood when he had concluded. "If you hadn't kept up this silly rivalry about those two breeds of chickens it would never have happened. I hope you're both satisfied. The roosters are dead, and if the police had been informed of what was going on I'm afraid Mr. Preston would have to spend that \$23.20 profit in paying a court fine!"

The two ladies swept away and left the chicken farmers firing each other.

"Tied again!" muttered Preston. "Guess we better quit, chicken talk and discuss baseball or some other safe topic, eh, Bert?"

Lynwood's solemn handshake was an agreement.

THE LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK

By TIMOTHY CAHILL

The story of the man who converted Ireland from the religion of the druid to Christianity dates back so far that we are dependent for it upon legends handed down through fifteen centuries.

One night in the early part of the fifth century when the good people of the little town of Bononia, on the coast of Gaul (France), were asleep in the rude dwellings of that day there suddenly came from the shore a shouting and the clatter of arms. The citizens composing a Roman colony, knew that some enemy was upon them and sprang from their beds and seized their swords and shields to make a defense. But they were soon overpowered by pirates. Bononia was destroyed and its people either massacred or sold into slavery.

Among the killed were a Briton who belonged to the Roman army, his wife (a beautiful Gallic woman, who had been a slave, but who had been freed by the Briton in order that he might marry her and all their children, except a son, a youth, who was taken aboard the pirate ship. He was carried to Ireland and sold into slavery in what is now the county of Ulster and was set to work attending the pigs of his master's estate.

We first hear of the young slave by the name of Patrick, but whether this was his original Roman or Gallic name we do not know. His dress was a goatskin, his shelter a cave, his food oats, and his warm water.

Adversity is the most potent cause to turn men to religion. Patrick prayed long and earnestly. Being the son of a Roman, he derived the strength of Rome.

The announcement that was made to St. Patrick that he was marked to die, the day was made to him, one night when he was asleep. He heard strains of music. A soft light illumined his cave. A young man dressed with celestial brightness holding a harp beat over him. "I am the angel of victory," he said, "and bring you consolation. Then the angel vanished, and there was only the dark walls of the cave.

But from this time Patrick found happiness. While tending his swine upon the mountain, he says, "I played a long time ere dawn. Snow much cover the earth, rain fall, the frost freeze my nose, no sleep at night, needs. The spirit warmed me. I heard angels singing within me. The angel of victory often appeared to him and one day said to him:

"Hitherto thou hast wept out for thyself. When thy weeping for thy neighbor shalt behold the sun of everlasting life."

The wretched state of those about him, the poverty, the slavery of the people, had a marked effect on St. Patrick. He was moved to rid Ireland of their social and religious thraldom of latter being in the keeping of the druid. But when he considered that he was nothing but a slave and a swineherd he knew that he could accomplish nothing except with divine assistance.

This is how he became convinced that such assistance would be given him: One evening while he slept he saw Jesus walking before him. His figure was radiant, and a beam of light shot from his heart and filled Patrick's with heavenly joy. When the youth awoke he was aware of his mission. "At last," he exclaimed, "I have beheld him with my eyes. I have received him into my heart. It is he. The Christ has come to my aid. I am free, and I will make my brethren free."

But there is a break in the legend before he set about his work. Being by the sea, he saw a ship with sailors aboard who were about to set sail. He tried to take him with them. On the voyage he was recaptured by pirates, and this time was sold into slavery in Gaul. Ransomed by friends, he returned to a monastery. But he did not forget the sorrows of the Irish people and while in the monastery was preparing for the great work of his life: the liberation. Then, when he was ready, he went back a free man to Ireland.

The British isles were at that time subject in religious faith to the druids. At Stonehenge, in England, there remain today immense rocks, some standing upright on one end some a flat stone supported by others, like a table which are supposed to be connected with druid worship. What these huge monoliths meant has passed away with the melting of the centuries since the primitive worshippers adored their gods and made their sacrifices within the sylvan forests of Britain and Ireland. It was the mission of St. Patrick to place in their stead the emblem of the cross. This work he accomplished as a preacher and a teacher. He worked upon the lower classes: Women, children, outlaws, the lesser grade of chiefs, all listened to him.

The legend goes on to say that one day St. Patrick met two daughters of King Leogair, wishing their wedding robes in a pool, and he converted them to Christianity. Their father was the chief ruler of Ireland, and his palace stood overlooking the plain of Tara. Every third year at the vernal equinox

a pyre covered with flowers was lit upon the terrace. The king and his subordinate sovereigns with the druid at midnight set fire to the pyre. On the plain below the chiefs, with their armies assembled, witnessed the religious ceremony with acclamation. The fire was extinguished and other fires lighted all over Ireland, marking the beginning of the Celtic year.

At one of these ceremonies, when the druid high priest, Dubtak, was about to set fire to the pyre, the king noticed a white light in a field where slaves were buried. He asked the druid what it meant. "It is the light of the man with the crooked staff whose coming we have predicted," replied the priest. "Do not permit him to come here or he will have dominion over us all."

Then the king directed St. Patrick to be forcibly brought before him. The holy man appeared bearing a taper, attended by his disciples holding torches, and when the king angrily asked him what these lights meant he replied:

"Thy pyre means idolatry and hatred. We Christians, who worship the true God, carry with us torches on the night of our Lord Jesus Christ's resurrection."

"Why do you come into my kingdom?" asked the king.

"I call God and the angels to witness that I have no other aim than that of proclaiming the gospel and its divine promises in returning to the land where I was a slave. Who forced me to come? Is it not through love and pity for this nation that I labor?"

St. Patrick's words and influence created a division among the chiefs, some siding with him, while others sided with the druid priests. Nevertheless, King Leogair concluded to burn him to death.

Now, the druid priest, Dubtak, had a daughter, Bridget, who was used to accompany her father at religious ceremonies, playing upon the harp and singing the deeds of the heroes, as American Indians were wont to sing of their own deeds. When the pyre that was to burn St. Patrick was ready Bridget said to her father:

"I know the power of joy (the verbena which joins hearts, I know the power of gold (the elagol which opens the eyes and the mind to the future) but this man possesses a mysterious power which saith from death—the power of everlasting life. If you burn him let me be burned with him, for I have seen his crucified God. His name overpowered me with his sorrow; he hath thundered with his lightning."

The people were convinced that Bridget was a prophetess and saw with divine eyes. But King Leogair was not minded to give up the religion of his forefathers. "Will thou suffer," he said to Dubtak, "this wizard to seduce the souls of our daughters? Go thou and wrestle with him on the Eagle's mountain and let our gods overthrow him."

So the saint and the druid ascended the mountain, and the latter commanded the engines, which whirled about the head of the Christian, shrieking and threatening, to test him. But they were not able to get near enough to him to do so. Then a tempest arose, the rocks of the mountain were cloven, phantoms of dead heroes appeared and glared, while Dubtak called upon them to "put the man of evil omens to flight." But St. Patrick put forth his hand and a ray of light darted from each finger and the thumb. Then the tempest and the phantoms vanished, giving place to a warm, starlight night. A perfume emanated from the mountain, a flock of white doves flew by, and a great star appeared in the heavens.

"Is yonder world inhabited by thy God?" asked Dubtak.

"It is the throne whence he descended," replied St. Patrick. "It is the star of the Magi drawing the world after it. It showed the divine child to the wise men of the east and the west."

The druid could not draw his eyes away from the star so bright had it become, and he confessed that the god of the Christian was mightier than the god of the druids. St. Patrick thereupon asked him if he would be baptized, but before he would consent he asked what would become of the heroes, his ancestors—where would Finn and Ossian dwell? St. Patrick told him that they would remain in hell, where upon Dubtak declared that he would have nothing to do with the saint or his god, but would abide with his friends. With this he left the saint, and was never seen again.

With the departure of the most faithful of the druids the religion fell into decay, being superseded by the more vital faith of Christianity.

One day Bridget, who became an indefatigable worker in the cause of the new religion, saw St. Patrick coming toward her, an old man.

"I have converted Ireland," he said, "and my work is finished. My limbs tremble; my eyes are dim. Take thy harp, Bridget, so that in thy song I may once more find a ray of light before I find the sun that never shall be darkened."

And Bridget said: "I have sung long enough. Thousands of my sisters have liberated, but no more does my harp give me comfort. My soul is sad, for thou hast doomed my father, Dubtak, and the old heroes sleeping under the sacred stones to the everlasting shades."

To this St. Patrick said sadly: "The time is come. I must go my way unto thee. Farewell, my daughter."

St. Patrick left no trace other than a spiritual one on Ireland. His grave even is unknown. Bridget in a dream saw him sitting beside her father in a bark, while Ossian and Finn surrounded them. The angel of victory was the boatman. Then the bark sprang its sails like a great bird and sped away.

After seeing this vision Bridget died comforted.

MRS. MULLIGAN'S VIEWS

By F. A. MITCHEL

The mining camp of Lucky Gulch was a much more peaceful place than could be found in those early days anywhere in the gold districts of Colorado. The reason of this was that many of the miners were married, and their wives exercised a salutary influence on them and the other inhabitants. But one day the habitual quietude of the place was disturbed by the arrival of a big man, who announced himself as hailing from the state of Ohio, and he soon made it known that he was quite "able to take care of himself," which meant that he carried a clip on his shoulder and invited any one and every one to knock it off.

He had some money, with which he bought a claim; and, having built himself a cabin, proceeded to dig for a fortune. The shortening of names was a feature in the mining camps of those days, and the big fellow soon came to be known as Ohio.

From the moment he came into the camp the peace and prosperity that had pervaded it gave place to a militant condition. The men were much the same as the gun population of new countries, but had been mollified by the women. Ohio threw them back into their primitive condition.

The result was that very soon every married man was trying to prove that he was at the head of his house, which meant that he was, excessively disagreeable. Where peace and good will had reigned in the cabins angry voices were heard and occasionally a sound indicating that some heavy missile had been thrown and struck a wall instead of an intended victim.

As was to be expected, the women of the place soon came to consider Ohio their natural enemy. Word was passed among them one morning after the men had gone to work that there would be a meeting in one of the cabins to consider methods of getting rid of the trouble maker. Some dozen wives got together, but it is questionable if woman's greatest strength lies in deliberate assemblies. At any rate, in this instance a great deal of time and talk were expended in suggestions that were absurd. One woman proposed that they pour boiling water on Ohio, another that they attack him with batpins, another that they refuse to speak to him.

The latter of these propositions was voted down on the ground that he wouldn't care whether they cut him or not, but the real reason was that it is natural for woman to admire power in men, and some of those present secretly admired the disturber.

At last Mrs. Mulligan said: "Ladies, I don't see as we can do anything at all, at all. Before I married my Mike I gave 'em rope enough to go all over the world if he wanted to. He got to thinkin' he was a prize at a county fair. I just let 'em go on in that comfortin' delusion till after we was married, and then I brought 'em to his senses at the first crack of the whip. If you want to lasso Ohio, my advice to you is for some of you to marry him."

The only drawback to this plan was that there was no unmarried woman in the camp. Such as had come there from time to time were not calculated to increase the respectability of the camp, and they had been warned away by the wives—a warning the latter seemed to be able to make effective in dealing with their own set. Therefore, though all the ladies agreed that Mrs. Mulligan's plan was the only plan, it could not be carried out in this case for the want of material.

So the terror of Lucky Gulch continued to bulldoze the men and to set them against their wives. Every day the condition of the camp grew worse. Some whose holes in the ground were not panning out well, urged by their wives, who had suffered under the malign influence that had come upon them, gave up their ventures and moved away. Others began to talk of following, and it looked as though Lucky Gulch would be abandoned and forever afterward known as Unlucky Gulch.

About this time Ohio announced that he had reason to believe he had struck paying dirt and was going down to Denver with some samples of ore for assay and in the hope that he might get the necessary funds with which to develop his mine. As he passed out of the town on his way down the gulch he was followed by a chorus of male dictions on the part of the women each one of whom expressed the hope that he would not live to return. He grinned at them and said that he would surely come back if only to give each and every one of their cowardly husbands a thrashing. This angered the women all the more, and an occasional stone followed their taunts.

Peace reigned again in Lucky Gulch from the moment Ohio left it. He had been gone a week when a man came from Denver, who reported that Ohio's samples of ore had assayed \$400 to \$600 to the ton. He had succeeded in borrowing capital with which to develop the mine and would soon be back to set upon the work.

A wall went up from the women of the place, who foresaw that if they could only influence him to be strong, he would be strong before it would now be the strong

er. A group of them were talking hard on the road running through the cabins when a small woman, weighing less than 100 pounds, was seen walking up from the station, where the stagecoach had just stopped.

"Can you direct me to the cabin of Joe Wheeler?" she asked when she reached the group.

The women looked at one another inquiringly. None of them appeared to have heard of Mr. Wheeler.

"He came here some time ago from Ohio,"

"Ohio?" exclaimed a chorus of voices.

"Oh, he's gone to Denver. But he's coming back to develop his mine. He's been getting capital for it."

"Yes, I've heard about that," remarked the stranger in a quiet voice. "Which is Joe's cabin?"

They pointed to Ohio's abiding place, and the woman went on, directing her steps toward it. One of the others called after her:

"You'd better not interfere with anything that belongs to Ohio. He's just awful."

"Is he?" said the other in the same modulated voice, and proceeded on her way.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the woman who had warned her. "If she touches anything there, when he comes home he'll kill her."

"Don't you believe it," said Mrs. Mulligan. "It's my opinion that there's something in the comin' of this kiddy. If a man hasn't got anything there's nobody to take an interest in 'em, but just as soon as prosperity comes to 'em a woman appears, and it's likely that she's got a string tied to 'em. I'm thinkin' that the kiddy's goin' to flip his wings, so he won't be flyin' so high as he was."

The stranger, finding Ohio's door secured with a padlock, left it to return with a bit of iron, with which she removed the staple; then went in and deliberately took off her hat and wrings. Women in the surrounding cabins were eying her with wonder, while groups of citizens were gathering to see what next would happen. But the stranger went about making herself comfortable, apparently unconscious of the awful doom hanging over her.

"There'll be a murder," exclaimed Mrs. Walker.

"Don't you believe it," said Mrs. Mulligan. "She's his wife."

"How do you know that?"

"I can tell. Because she's not a-fraid of 'em. She's got a cinder in 'em, you may be sure. Mebbe it's an unpaid alimony; mebbe it's bigamy; anyway, she's got the whip hand of 'em and like enough without either the alimony or the bigamy either. Wait and see."

The stranger was seen to be hunting in Ohio'sarder. She got out a can of tea and other articles and proceeded to prepare a meal. When she brought forth a ham that had not been cut and began to silver savory slices a shiver passed over the lookers-on. Ohio had secured the ham at a great price before leaving and had warned the camp that if he found on his return that it had been molested he would break every bone in the body of the molester.

The next day when the stage arrived Ohio was aboard. Several persons who remarked him hurried up the gulch to spread the news and see the fun when he found his cabin had been jumped. The consequence was that every man, woman and child turned out and gazed about the Ohio homestead. When the proprietor came up and saw the crowd he asked what was the matter. Being told that his cabin had been opened, his supplies used and his ham eaten in his anger rose, but when he learned that his ham had been cut and partly eaten he roared like a bull, rushing to his cabin, he opened the door, which the lady within had hastily shut behind him. When the audience were cut off from witnessing what was going on inside, most of them listened for shrieks, but no shrieks were heard. Ohio and the jumper remained unseen for some ten minutes; then the two came out together. The change in the former was marvelous. He had entered the cabin like a lion and had come out like a lamb.

"Gents and ladies," he said, "allow me to introduce to you all my wife."

"Loving wife," the stranger sussestated.

"My loving wife," Ohio went on. "For several months I've enjoyed—at a look from the wife he changed the word enjoyed to suffered—a period of single blessedness."

"Cursedness," the lady suggested.

"Cursedness I am happy to say that I shall have her assistance in working and developing my mine, which has thus far made a fine showing. I hope you'll all come and pay your respects to Mrs. Ohio—I mean Wheeler."

That was the last of the domination of the people of Lucky Gulch by Ohio. In Mrs. Wheeler he found a tamer that made him very tractable. It turned out that she held over him no such cudgel as unpaid alimony or bigamy, but ruled him just as other wives rule their husbands. No one could understand why he had been impelled to dominate the camp before the arrival of his wife till Mrs. Mulligan, with that remarkable introspective perception of hers, explained the phenomenon.

"It's this way," she said. "When we marry the men there's no peace in the family till we break 'em in to married harness. Then they amble along peaceful enough. But once in awhile they like to get out like a horse turned into pasture and kick up their heels and roll. A man in such a frolic likes to get back to bossin' again and isn't satisfied unless he shows what an awful tyrant he is. But he knows his master, and when she puts the bit in his mouth he takes to it as easy as a baby to the bottle."