

Flanagan's Boy

Story of St. Patrick's Day

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Larry will never be coming home," sighed Dennis Flanagan as he looked out into the March twilight. "It's five years since he went away to seek his fortune, Molly, and do you never wonder what he's found?"

Molly Delaney looked at her uncle through unshed tears.

"I am always wondering that, Uncle Dennis," she answered.

"Light the lamp, Molly, and read his latest letter," requested Dennis.

When the lamp was lighted it disclosed a comfortable sitting room, clean and cozy and warm. It showed Dennis in his big rocking chair, his helpless rheumatic feet propped on a stool. Lovely Molly Delaney, with her misty black hair and her Irish blue eyes, sat down at the table and opened the worn envelope that contained Larry Flanagan's letter and read:

Dear Father—Although it's five years since I left you with high hopes in my heart that my returning would be soon, I fear that I must wait a little longer before seeing your dear face again and feeling the hearty clasp of your hand. God is an alluring jade. She has led me a pretty chase in this bleak, cold country, and now she is only just in sight. Please God, when next I write it will be to tell you that I have struck it rich, that I am coming home to buy a grand house for you and Molly, and we will all be happy together. Remember that I promised Molly that when I came home I'd bring her a bunch of emerald shamrocks, the real jewels, and not they are just within my reach. A boy from Hazenville is due here tomorrow, and with his coming I expect to hear direct news from you both. With love from your dutiful son, LARRY.

Molly lifted her eyes and looked across the table at Dennis Flanagan.

"Uncle Dennis, I'm afraid that Larry will never come home," she whispered. The old man lifted a tremulous hand. "Hush, child; I've a feeling that Larry will come back to us. I had a dream last night. I thought there came a knocking at the door and I opened it to see our Larry. Instead of wearing fine clothes and a silk hat, poor Larry was in rags. And instead of pinning a bunch of emerald shamrocks on your bosom, where they'd be out of place on that flimsy cotton gown, my dear, our poor Larry carried a little pot of the living green plant from old Ireland. And then I woke up."

Molly was sobbing softly.

"I don't care how poor he is, Uncle Dennis, if he will only come home to us."

"No more do I, childie," whimpered Dennis.

"Don't sorrow, Uncle Dennis," comforted the girl, slipping to her knees beside him. "Larry will soon come home. If you last quest for gold should prove useless, I can see him turning about and coming back to us. Between the lips of his letter I could read that he was hungering for the ones he had left behind."

"God bless you, daughter," smiled Dennis more cheerfully.

The Alaska twilight had fallen swiftly like a dull gray blanket tossed over the frozen world; then a ghostly moon appeared over the eastern mountains and revealed bleak expanses of glistening snow and the dark masses of pine trees.

Under the shoulder of the hill crouched a little cabin, and before the blazing fire on its hearth two young men were sitting. The "boy from Hazenville" had arrived, and Larry Flanagan was listening to his story of home and the home folks.

"And my old father helpless with the rheumatism?" repeated Larry incredulously. "Why, Mike Dolan, the old scout never wrote a word of it to me! But, thank heaven, the railroad stocks will keep him comfortable, but—"

Mike Dolan looked at the big framed man, whose brown hair was graying on the temples and whose handsome face had taken on new lines of doggedness during the past five years. Was it possible that Larry did not know that the little western railroad had blown up and that old Dennis Flanagan's stock was worthless?

"Larry," he interrupted soberly. "didn't you know that the railroad busted and your father lost every penny?"

"You lie!" cried Larry savagely, for he was struck to the heart by the news. Mike Dolan smiled pityingly.

"It's all true, Larry, and what's more true is that your little cousin Molly is a wonderful girl. When the bad news came the lass opened a millinery shop, and with her clever fingers she certainly has made money hand over fist. She's taken good care of your father, and—"

"Whisht, man," cried Larry in an agonized tone, "I cannot bear to hear any more! Look at me, Mike Dolan! Laugh at me! I came away to make my fortune. I said when I returned I would bring Molly a bunch of shamrock made from emeralds, with diamond dewdrops on 'em, and look at this!" He swept his arm in a gesture that included the four corners of the rough cabin. "Me, still striving to make good that promise, and Molly—sweet little Molly Delaney—not bothering her dear head about emeralds or diamonds, but doing her duty day by day. Laugh at me, Mike Dolan, for I am a blind fool!"

But Mike Dolan did not laugh.

On the 17th of March Dennis Flanagan

and his niece sat down to supper. All day long Dennis had listened for the postman's ring at the doorbell, but in vain. There came a newspaper from his old home in County Antrim, Ireland, but beyond that there was nothing. Always before they had received some word from Larry in his faraway home, and, though the delay might be attributed to the mails and the heavy snowstorms reported in the northwest, Dennis was heavy hearted.

"May the blessed saint whose day it is protect him wherever he is!" sighed Dennis as he took a cup of tea from Molly's hand.

"I'm sure we will hear from Larry in the morning," cried Molly hopefully.

"Look, Uncle Dennis, at the sweet pot of shamrock I brought home."

Dennis looked at her keenly.

"Molly, lass, and do you not pine for the real emeralds, the jewels that Larry promised?" he asked.

Molly laughed scornfully. Her cheeks flushed rosy, and her blue eyes shone with love for the absent lover-cousin.

"Uncle Dennis, you make me ashamed! Don't you believe I'd rather see a lad who has two green eyes—eyes the color of that bunch of shamrock—than all the jewels in the world? Those emerald eyes of Larry Flanagan's are the only jewels I would wear against my heart!" She bug her head in sudden sweet shame.

Dennis wrinkled his hand was stretched across the table toward her.

"Then, Molly, lass," he whispered, "maybe it'll come all right, for again I dreamed the dream of Larry coming home, poor and needy instead of rich and—"

"Who wanted him rich, Uncle Dennis?" cried the girl hotly. "We were satisfied, you and I. We pleaded with him not to go away and leave us. But there; perhaps it was for the best, but there is an ache behind it all!"

"What is that?" Dennis lifted his head.

"The music of the band. The knights of green are parading. Shall we go down to the corner of the street and watch them, Uncle Dennis?"

"Yes. 'Twasn't so many years ago that I marched with 'em meself on St. Patrick's day, and Larry—I hoped by this time he would be back among them, brave in a green and gold uniform. Help me on with my overcoat, dearie."

So the old man, leaning on the arm of the slender, upright girl, went down to the corner and with swelling heart watched the passing of the gallant knights who marched in honor of the good St. Patrick.

As the tail of the procession passed out of sight Dennis Flanagan and his niece turned toward home.

Molly knew that the old man's heart was far away in Alaska with the beloved son, who was vainly seeking the will of the wisp, gold.

Tonight gold and the luxuries it brings seemed a tiny thing to the girl with the aching heart.

Again they were seated about the glowing little stove in the sitting room when there came a soft knocking at the door to the porch.

Molly crossed the room and opened the door only to fall back against the lintel white lipped and staring.

"Uncle Dennis, Uncle Dennis, I'm seeing visions!" she sobbed, pointing to the snow covered porch.

Dennis hobbled to her side and saw the form of a man huddled on the door mat.

"Poor soul!" he muttered, turning the face toward the light, and then he fell back, with a startled cry.

"Heavens, Molly, it's our own Larry! 'Tis my dream come true!" he moaned.

Molly recovered her courage when she realized that she was actually needed to alay suffering. She rubbed the cold face with snow and poured a strong stimulant through the white lips. After awhile Larry opened his eyes, smiled, shook himself and slowly staggered to his feet.

When he was safely inside, supported on either side by father and sweet-heart, he looked down at them from tender green eyes, that were rarely beautiful.

Dennis and Molly looked at him hungrily.

Larry, who had gone forth so gallantly to seek his fortune, who had promised to bring back emerald shamrocks to deck his sweetheart's breast—Larry was shabby and obviously poor and undeniably hungry, for he was thin and pale and worn.

But he was Larry, come home to them once more!

Clasped in his father's trembling arms, Larry soothed the old man's excitement, while Molly hurried to and fro making a pot of strong coffee and broiling a piece of beefsteak.

When she had set the table with the meal Larry's eyes beckoned her across the room, and she came and stood before him.

"Molly, darling," said Larry in a low tone, "my fine promises are for nothing. I come home poorer than when I went away, and the emeralds I was to bring home, lassie"—his voice shook—"are missing. I find you have been as a daughter to my father. My heart is broken with the shame of it all, and—"

Molly's soft hand closed his lips.

"Be still," she smiled at him, while Dennis chuckled in his corner. "Be still, Larry. You have brought home jewels to the worth more than emeralds. Your true eyes of emerald green are my jewels, and your love and constancy shall always grow green in my heart, and the little bit of living green yonder"—she pointed to the shamrock on the table—"is more to me than life-leaf gems or cold gold."

While Larry held her close to him Dennis nodded his head at his son.

"'Tis true, lad. A good woman is above rubies, but our little Molly is far above rubies and cold and emeralds."

"TIZ" FIXES TIRED, SORE, SWOLLEN FEET

Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, swarty feet, smelling feet, tired feet.



Good-bye corns, callouses, bunions and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. "TIZ" is magical, acts right off. "TIZ" draws out all the poisonous exudations which pull up the feet. Use "TIZ" and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel. Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" now at any drugist or department store. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.

COL. ROBERT BINGHAM IS SUED FOR \$10,000

J. F. Gryder Brings Action in Superior Court for Damages.

J. F. Gryder filed a complaint in the office of the clerk of Superior court yesterday in which he seeks damages in the sum of \$10,000 from Robert Bingham for personal injuries, alleged to have been received while in the employ of the defendant.

It is set forth in the complaint that the plaintiff was in the employ of the defendant and his duties were to milk several cows every day. This was to be done in a stable at the Bingham school and the milk brought to a storeroom adjoining the mess hall of the school, where it was the duty of the plaintiff to weigh each bucketful on scales on the porch of the storeroom. It is set forth.

While in the discharge of his duties, it is claimed, the plaintiff on October 13, 1913, was bringing two bucketful of milk, one with eight gallons and the other with four gallons, to the porch to be weighed, when on stepping on the porch the rotten planks gave way and he was violently thrown upon the porch and permanently and seriously injured. It is set forth that the plaintiff's back was wrenched and spine fractured and dislocated, causing him to be permanently injured and to lose much time from his work and depriving him of the opportunity to make a living for himself and family.

The complaint states that it was the duty of the defendant to furnish the plaintiff with a safe place to work and that in not so doing he was careless and negligent.

Jones & Williams represent the plaintiff in the action.

COMMITTEE TO LOCATE SITE FOR NEW SCHOOL

Will Report to Education Board on Site for Grace High School.

A committee from the county board of education and Superintendent Hipps went out yesterday to Grace to make final arrangements for the location of the new High School, which the board will erect in that district. It is expected that the committee will decide upon the site and report the matter to the board at once.

It will be remembered that The Gazette-News carried a story several weeks ago describing this proposed school in detail and telling of the wonderful advantages it would be to the children of that district. It is the purpose of the school board to make the new Grace school one of the best county high schools in the state and everything will be done to carry out this idea.

At the meeting of board yesterday morning, nothing but routine business was transacted, although the board was in session until 12 o'clock.

W. E. N. Ingle was appointed this morning by the board as committee-man from the Inanda district.

A Question of Weight. Teacher—How many ounces in a pound? Boy—Well, ma says it depends on where you deal!

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP

For coughs, colds, soreness, bronchitis, croup, influenza, whooping cough, measles cough, and for asthma and consumptive coughs in all stages of the disease. Good for man, woman and child. Nothing better. Price, 25 cts.

NO MORPHINE OR CHLOROPHORM

I had a cough for four weeks, but after taking two bottles of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup the cough was all gone! James W. Boyd, 123 & 124th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SAMPLE SENT FREE

Write for 15c bottle. Enclose this paper. Address to Dr. J. C. Bull & Co., BALTIMORE, MD.

SUFFRAGE SUPPORTERS URGING THEIR VIEWS

Appear Before House Committee in Interest of the Amendment.

Washington, March 4.—Supporters and opponents of the proposed constitutional amendment for woman suffrage crowded into the house judiciary committee hearing yesterday for another battle of words. Representative Mondell of Wyoming, said that experience with suffrage in his state prompted him to urge its extension. The women of Wyoming, he said, voted in quite as large a proportion as men.

Mrs. Antonette Funk of the National Women's Suffrage association declared there was not a state where the majority of legislatures elected within the past twenty years had been responsive to the people's will.

She suggested that by congressional action, "you remove the barrier of legislatures so that the people, upon a direct petition may vote on this question."

"The greatest obstacle in the way of securing to women the right to vote," she declared, "is in the provisions of those constitutions which make so difficult the option of constitutional amendments. There is injustice in these provisions. To nullify them by a federal amendment would not be an interference with state's rights. It simply would be giving the people the right to make such laws as they desire in respect to voting."

GWALTNEY IS APPOINTED TO SUCCEED CAPT. RICE

Commissioners Name new Convict Boss—Bridge Contract Is Awarded.

Several important matters were decided by the board of county commissioners at the session yesterday.

J. A. Gwaltney was appointed to succeed Captain J. W. Rice as the head of convict camp No. 2. Captain Rice having resigned yesterday morning. Several men made application for the place.

Peter Kernan, a local contractor, was awarded the contract to construct a concrete bridge over Bee Tree, just above Swannanoa. The new bridge will be 45 feet long, 10 feet wide and eight feet high. Work will begin on it just as soon as the weather permits and it is thought that the job will be completed in about three weeks. The decision to build this bridge of concrete was reached by the board after much discussion as to the merits of steel and concrete. It was finally decided that as the concrete bridge did not have to be repaired or painted it would be the cheapest in the end.

The matter of appointing the 60 odd road supervisors for the county was taken up and all the old men were re-appointed with the exception of two. Ben DeBruhl was appointed in place of O. L. Hunnicutt and J. M. Wright was appointed to fill the place held by J. E. Gwaltney.

WM. GEORGE SCORED BY INFORMAL JUDGES

New York, March 4.—William R. George, founder and former head of the George Junior Republic at Freeville, N. Y., is further scored by the findings of three informal judges in a report made public here. The present investigation was conducted under joint auspices of committees representing the Freeville institution and the National Association of George Junior Republics.

It concerned itself with three charges, two of which the judges sustained. On a third—a charge that George was the father of a girl's child—Scotch verdict of "not proven" was returned. The charges sustained were that George had made improper overtures to another.

The judges who passed on the charges were Joseph H. Choate, Jr., Samuel Seabury, state Supreme court justice, and Miss Lillian Wald, a social worker. An erroneous report from Ithaca Sunday night said that the judges in this hearing had rendered a decision acquitting George.

FEDERAL FUNCTION, SAYS ATTORNEY THOM

Washington, March 4.—Alfred P. Thom, general counsel of the Southern railway, testifying yesterday before house commerce committee, said he believed the federal government should have exclusive power to provide for regulation and issuance of capitalization by railroads in interstate traffic. He contended that to allow this power over interstate roads to both the interstate commerce commission and to the various state railroad commissions, would be an unnecessary and annoying duplication of a great work, and that it was exclusively a federal function.

Protests Against Burnett Bill.

Washington, March 4.—Germany has protested against the provisions of the Burnett bill to require immigrant ships to carry a United States health inspector. The question of authority over foreign ships this involved in the protests by both Italy and Germany.

THE FAIR

12 South Main St.



Just Received

A full line of Ladies' New Spring Suits and Coats, all Parisian models, no two alike.

Millinery

Our Spring Stock of Millinery is Complete. We have a large selection of Parisian models. Come and See Them. They are now on display.

SECRETARY BRYAN HAS ANOTHER GRANDCHILD

Washington, March 4.—A new baby girl, at Secretary Bryan's home yesterday delayed a conference with the British ambassador and also the cabinet meeting.

Mr. Bryan telephoned his office and the White House, that he would be late and announced the birth of a girl to his daughter, Mrs. Richard L. Hargraves of Lincoln, Neb. Mr. Bryan now has six grand children.

To Elect Senator.

Montgomery, March 4.—Governor O'Neal has announced he would call a special election for May 11 for selection of a senator to fill the unexpired term of the late Joseph F. Johnson.

Southern Train Derailed.

Folkston, Ga., March 3.—A dozen passengers sustained bruises and other minor injuries when Southern railway train No. 30 from Jacksonville to Columbia was derailed near here at noon today.

BANKRUPT NOTICE.

United States of America, Western District of North Carolina, ss. In the United States District Court in and for said District. In the matter of Frank Bela Poteat, bankrupt.

Petition for Discharge. To the Honorable Jas. E. Boyd, judge of the District Court of the United States for the Western District of North Carolina.

Frank Bela Poteat, of Bakersville, in the county of Mitchell and state of North Carolina, in said district, respectfully represents that on the fifteenth day of October last past he was duly adjudged bankrupt under the acts of congress relating to bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property, and has fully complied with all the requirements of said acts and of the orders of the Court touching his bankruptcy.

Wherefore he prays that he may be decreed by the Court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said bankruptcy acts, except such debts as are exempt by laws from such discharge.

Dated this 27th day of February A. D. 1914.

FRANK BELA POTEAT, Bankrupt.

Order of Notice Thereon. Western District of North Carolina, County of Buncombe, ss. On this 3rd day of March, A. D. 1914, on reading the foregoing petition it is

Ordered by the Court, that a hearing be had on the same on the 7th day of April, A. D. 1914, before F. W. Thomas, as Special Master, at his office, 33-34 American National Bank building, in Asheville, in said district, at ten o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in The Gazette-News, a newspaper printed in said district, and that all known creditors and other persons in interest may appear at the said time and place and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered by the court, that the special master shall send by mail to all known creditors copies of said petition and this order, addressed to them at their places of residence as stated.

Witness the Honorable James E. Boyd, judge of the said court, and the seal thereof, at Asheville in said district, on the 3rd day of March, A. D. 1914.

Attest: J. M. MILLIKEN, Clerk. By W. S. HYAMS, Deputy Clerk.

TRUSTEE'S SALE. By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust made by Z. V. Goldsmith and wife, S. K. Goldsmith, to the undersigned trustee, dated the 5th day of February, 1913, and duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Buncombe county, N. C., in book of mortgages and deeds of trust No. 90 at page 254 to which reference is hereby made, and default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured by said deed of trust whereby the power of sale therein contained has become operative, said undersigned trustee will, on Saturday, the 28th day of March, 1914, at 12 o'clock, noon, sell at public auction for cash, at the court house door in the city of Asheville, county of Buncombe and State of North Carolina the following lands and premises, situate, lying and being in the county of Buncombe and State of North Carolina, adjoining the lands of Will Glass, Penland, Ray and others and being the same lands and premises conveyed to Hannah Glass by Geo. C. Stewart by deed dated September 15th, 1880, and duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Buncombe county, N. C., in deed book No. 44 at page 59 et seq., to which reference is hereby made for metes and bounds.

This February 26th, 1914. GWYN EDWARDS, Trustee.

PHONE YOUR "WANT ADS." TO 202.

New Spring Goods

In all departments we have received attractive late styles, the pick from many importers' and manufacturers who rank away up for ability in their respective lines.

The invoices for many more have come, so the next day or two will furnish large additions to the stock.

Ready-to-Wear Hats E. P. Reed Shoes

In the Hats, for ladies and children, and the Reed Low Outs for ladies you will find a number of prime effects at prices most reasonable, we assure you.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS—BUTTERICK FASHIONS—BUTTERICK DELINEATORS.

These meritorious items are enjoying their usual popularity or more. Great Enterprise with long experience to build upon has made the Butterick name famous the world over. April sheets should reach us March 13th to 15th.

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