

The LUCKY SHAMROCK

By Beatrice Odle

"A" N' so he found the lucky shamrock an' married the princess. But sure, who is ever completely happy in this world? After several years he lost it and with it half his contentment. It has never been found, but some day, Danny, maybe ye'll find it, an' Danny darlin', if ye do find it, guard it well!"

Danny Malloy was recalling an Irish fairy tale his mother used to tell him. The tears gathered in his eyes and overflowed. When would she tell the tale to him again—ah, when? She had been dead these three years and the little boy she used to love had grown up since she left him. His father he could scarcely remember. What had become of him?

"What? A great big boy like you crying? Cheer up! Smile, red-headed son of Erin! Tomorrow is St. Patrick's day. Jolly chap, Pat!"

"P-paper, s-sir?" stammered Danny, confusedly.

"Well, yes, that's what I stopped for. But I hate to see a lad crying, especially the night before St. Patrick's day. Out with it—what's the matter?"

Danny drew back colorfully. Then, seeing the commiserating expression in the kind eyes of the gentleman, he answered confusedly: "I was thinkin' of me mother, sir, an' wonderin'—"

"She is dead, then, poor lad?" asked the man huskily. Danny looked up quickly. Were those tears he saw in the stranger's eyes? Before he had recovered from his astonishment, the man turned and walked away.

"Paper, boy, and be quick—gracious! are ten-dollar bills so plentiful that you leave 'em lying around so careless?"

"Ten dollar what did you say, sir?"

"On this stack of papers; here, you idiot, put it in your pocket," and the man thrust a bill and a penny into the newsboy's hand.

"Good thing for you I'm an honest man instead of a policeman," he remarked before he left.

Danny stared unbelievably at the wealth in his grubby fist, and muttered dazedly to himself, "Am I awake? Sure, did I steal it? Oh, the gent left it; guess then was tears, all right."

"What you doin', boy—talkin' in your sleep? Slip us a paper, pronto; I want to catch a train."

Something lay on the sidewalk which glittered in the blaze from the thousand electric lights that lit the street. He stooped and picked it up.

"Oh, mother, I have found it! Can it be true? Yes, 'tis the lucky sham-

rock itself!" he murmured, gazing intently at the green enameled watch charm in the shape of a shamrock which he had picked up. The roar of the elevated trains, the shouts of drivers, the clang of street cars fell on deaf ears. Danny heard again the voice of his mother; he did not see the crowds of hurrying people, for he was back again in a cozy room, sitting with her by the window and she was speaking. He listened:

"It has never been found, but some day, Danny, maybe ye'll find it, an' Danny darlin', if ye do find it guard it well."

"Yes, mother, dear." The sound of his voice startled him. He heard again the clamor of the city. He saw once more the hurrying people; he opened his hand and looked again at the bauble. "Danny, ye are a fool," he said to himself; "this is just a piece of jewelry that somebody has dropped," and he put it carelessly in his pocket.

St. Patrick's day brought sunshine and good luck to Danny Malloy. He was standing on his usual corner selling papers to one and another—almost everybody wore a silk shamrock in his buttonhole—when he saw a gentleman approaching. Where had he seen him before? Not until he spoke did Danny recognize the sympathetic man of the night before.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, lad!"

"Same to you, sir. And, say, mister, here's a ten-dollar bill you left by mistake."

"Why, here's an honest lad, to be sure! No, my boy; I left it, but not by mistake. And now, lad, maybe you'll tell me whether you found aught beside? A watch charm it was."

"Well it be a shamrock, mister?"

"Yes, yes; did you find it?" inquired the man eagerly.

"Here it is, sir."

"It's the very one, lad. Then, half to himself—"It's my lucky shamrock! Poor Eileen!"

"What did you say, mister?" asked Danny excitedly.

"I said this is what I lost—"

"No, sir," interrupted Danny. "'Twas something about the lucky shamrock."

"And what about that, boy?" asked the man in some confusion.

"Oh!" moaned the boy, "an' she told me to keep it if ever I should find it. But, sure now, how was I to know 'twas the lucky—"

"What are you saying?" questioned the man suddenly and sharply. "Who told you to keep what?"

"Me mother—the lucky shamrock, to be sure."

"What's your name?" hoarsely asked the man.

"Danny Malloy," answered the boy, looking at the man in no little surprise. Then he drew back in awe. What was in the man's face? He was strangely drawn to him—why? He felt fearful and very queer. The man suddenly took his hands and looked into his face. Danny started

and tried to wrench himself free.

"Don't be afraid, lad. Was your mother Eileen Malloy? You needn't answer, boy; I see it in your face. My son, don't you know your father? Look at me closely. I want you—will you come home?"

And then Danny knew why he had been so attracted by this man; why he had seemed familiar. For one instant his inward eye beheld a wonderful picture. It had been taken by that insatiable photographer, Time; by him developed, printed and pasted irretrievably in the book of life. It is seldom the happy lot of a mortal to catch a glimpse, ever so transient, of the finished pictures in this book. Only on an occasion like this will Time, for an instant, turn back the leaves.

A laughing baby sat on the knee of a big, blue-eyed man, and the man's wife—Danny's beautiful, black-haired mother—watched them.

Danny knew his father had come for him. He threw his arms around his father's neck and cried as he had in the far-away past, "Daddy!"

"Come home, lad," said his father in a voice that shook.

That night, sitting on his father's knee, Danny said, "What made you think I was your son?"

"Because you mentioned the 'lucky shamrock' Dan. 'Twas your mother's favorite story, and she told me one day that I'd surely find it. I laughed, but she tossed her head in her sunny way and two weeks later I found this watch charm on my desk. I went to her, but she only said: 'You didn't believe me, Dan. You've found it. Sure, what had I to do with it?' and she would never admit she put it there. Then afterward we quarreled, Danny, and I went away. But never mind, I'll tell about that some other time."

"Father," said Danny gravely as he looked for the twentieth time, "Your Mother's Favorite Story" wonder, at the pretty furnished room and remembered the rest of the house, to him a fairy palace, "father, mother was right. 'Twas the lucky shamrock you lost and I found. This is what she said:

"Some day, Danny, maybe ye'll find it. An' Danny darlin', if you do find it, guard it well. We must do that, father, mustn't we?" And his father answered earnestly and solemnly, "With our lives, my son."

Ireland's Harp.

Since time out of mind it has been the custom to associate the harp with Irish music, perhaps because the harp is the emblem upon the flag of Ireland, or perhaps because "the harp that once through Tara's halls its soul of music shed" has echoed through the succeeding ages, stirring the imagination to vision of past glories. At all events, in spite of the fact that the origin of the harp antedates the earliest records of civilization and that now the harp has become almost extinct in Ireland, it seems probable that the historic association will persist.

with his brother Robbie on Sunday.

Jesse Wallace who has been working at the Last Camp during the past few weeks left for Condon Sunday.

John Kelly made a trip to have a look at his sheep at Cecil Friday, returning to Heppner the same day.

Jim O'Connor of the Last Camp left for Heppner Thursday where he will spend a few days.

Mr. Miller of Hardman made a business call in Cecil Friday.

R. S. Wilson was doing business in Boardman Thursday returning Friday.

Oral and Clifford Henriksen had a busy day Sunday trying out their new Ford car.

C. Kearne came in from Oregon City to help at the Willow creek ranch for an indefinite period.

Mrs. A. E. Nash was an Arlington visitor Friday.

Miss Hazel Winter is very busy these days at the Fairview ranch.

Roy Scott, who has been serving with the Ninety-first division in France and just having received his discharge was visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hynd Tuesday and Wednesday. Roy told several interesting and thrilling tales of his experiences in the trenches but says of all his travels there was no place that looked so good to him as dear old Oregon.

THE BARBER GOT A JOB

John T. Kirk who has been missing from his usual haunts around Heppner all winter, reappeared the other day but so disguised by a five-inch whisker that his wife didn't know him and before he could properly identify himself and gain admittance to his own domicile he had to visit a barber and give up six bits for a shave. The barber says it was something like cutting through a barbed wire entanglement in No-Man's Land but when he finally got through the disguise he found the same old, jolly smile that never does come off. Mr. Kirk has been acting as chaperone on a sheep ranch near Hardman and he looks as though the life agreed with him.

CECIL ITEMS

Miss Easton spent that week-end in Arlington visiting friends.

Hazel Deane of Morgan was doing business in Cecil Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Farnsworth accompanied by Mrs. Karl Farnsworth and children were doing business in Cecil Monday.

M. V. Logan, of Portland, late of Cecil, accompanied by Wm. Dodson, also of Portland, came in on the local Tuesday and were guests of J. W. Osborn during their stay in Cecil.

Wm. Blaine, of Walla Walla, arrived in Cecil Wednesday to work on the Butterby Flats for Jack Hynd.

John Holton, of the John Kelly Open Air Sanitarium at Cecil made a hurried trip to Heppner during the week.

Miss McMorris of Condon arrived during the week to take charge of the Rhea Siding school.

W. G. Hynd, Ed. Kellogg, T. H. Lowe, accompanied by Miss Violet Hynd were Sunday visitors at the R. S. Wilson home.

Willie George Wilson was visiting a short period.

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Mr. and Mrs. R. A. McFadden of Elgatinville were Arlington visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Minor accompanied by Miss Blanche Minor came to Cecil Saturday on their way from Portland leaving on Sunday for Heppner where they intend spending a few days.

W. G. Hynd and E. Kellogg were over from Sand Hollow Saturday and spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Lowe of Cecil.

Mrs. Peter Nash spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. John Nash of Ewing.

Jack Fenwick was an Arlington visitor Sunday.

Miss Hoeter Logan and Master Billy were visiting their old friends in Cecil Sunday.

Walter Pope was visiting with Mr. and Mrs. White of Heppner Junction Sunday.

Miss Etta Barnes left for Lone on Sunday where she intends to stay for

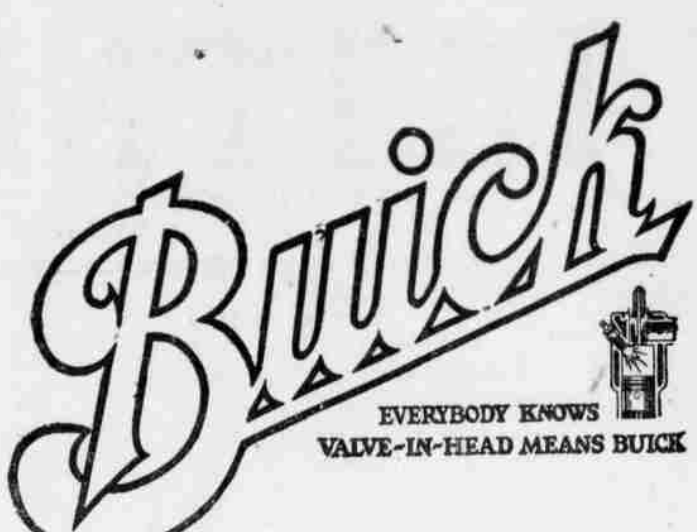
"It's your own money you're spending," says Barney McGee

Go ahead and chew your sweet, sticky plug, if you like it. But there isn't an ordinary tobacco that's one, two, three with Real Gravely. The real good tobacco taste stays with it.

Good taste, smaller chew, longer life is what makes Genuine Gravely cost less to chew than ordinary plug.

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Plug packed in pouch



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Five Passenger Open Model H-Six-45.	\$1739.25
Four Passenger Closed Model H-Six-46.	\$2241.29
Five Passenger Closed Model H-Six-47.	\$2454.00
Seven Passenger Open Model H-Six-49.	\$2036.37
Seven Passenger Closed Model H-Six-50.	\$2835.59

HEPPNER GARAGE

ALBERT BOWKER, PROPRIETOR

GRAND BENEFIT

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Given by the Heppner Civic Improvement Club for the benefit of

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At the Morrow County Fair Pavilion

Tuesday, March 17

This dance has no connection with the Hibernian celebration All proceeds go to the Band

GOOD MUSIC TICKETS ONE DOLLAR