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F. B. Gravelly Tobacco Company
Danville, Virginia

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O. G. LUEHRS PRESCRIPTION SPECIALIST

AFTER THE YEARS

By WALLACE A. MARTIN.

(Copyright, 1918, by Western Newspaper Union.)

"Everything satisfactory, Mr. Bliss?"
"Better than that. You've done wonderfully fine. Twelve thousand dollars out of an investment of four! What's your bill?"

"The usual five per cent on the original capital."

John Bliss pocketed the draft that had just arrived from New York by mail, and drew out his own check book, filled out a blank and handed it to the broker.

"Oh, say!" in sincere surprise exclaimed the latter—"a thousand dollars!"

"It's worth it to me," averred his generous client. "There's a restriction I want to make: I don't want the public, and especially my wife, to know of this transaction. Of course, it was open and above board, and square and legitimate, but I don't want to be classed as a speculator. It places me at a point I've been trying to reach for years. I intend to make things a little more comfortable for Nancy. Comfort—I'll make it luxury, if the dear thing will let me!"

It had excited and enthused him to make a big stake all at once. It had warmed his heart to think of Nancy. They had been married for thirty years. Their only boy had just enlisted for the war. During the thirty years, husband and wife had been real workers. For ten years both had settled down into a routine existence. With daylight John was at his farm work. Before daylight Nancy was up and around, preparing breakfast and starting the manifold household duties of the day.

So it had come about that greetings had become purely informal, and companionship unconventional and commonplace. He had long since forgotten to kiss her, and she had accepted the lack of demonstrative affection as latent sentimentally obscured by pressing demands for labor. She was firm at times, stern, but never cross or perverse, while he valued her sterling qualities of sacrifice and toil at their true worth.

But now with a positive relief from the fear of old age, penury, a new spirit was born in John. He was quite gay and light-footed as he proceeded to the bank to deposit his draft. He was clear-eyed and smiling as he entered the house, inspired with secret plans for giving Nancy the surprise of her life when the right moment arrived. She was keen-minded enough to note his unusually jubilant mood.

"Letter from Arnold," he announced. "Just got it at the post office. He's been promoted to a sergeantcy."

"He deserves it, and won it—I am proud of the boy," commented Mrs. Bliss, with feeling. By the way, Miller was here today with his estimate for painting the house.

"We'll let the man we sell it to arrange that," observed John, and Nancy stared at him.

"You're not thinking of that, are you?" she inquired, eyeing him closely.
"Why, yes. Tell you, Nancy: I've been saving up and accumulating. I've had a little business windfall, and I see my way clear to build on the village lot. It's your right, girl, to have it a little better and easier. You've done more than your duty all these years, and I want to see you have a little comfort and happiness."

Her faded cheeks glowed momentarily. The lines of her face softened. He had not called her "girl" for twenty years! His hand rested caressingly upon her arm and she quivered.

"I'd like to have some of our old friends to a sort of party, soon," proceeded John. "We'll have to go out more than we do, when we live in town, you know, and get into the new house."

"Don't go beyond your depth," she said.

"I'll not; did I ever? I'm thinking of how you will enjoy having a little rest from the grind, and a hired girl, and the right kind of clothes. You ain't as young as you once was, but you're as straight as an arrow, and I always held, was a pretty woman."

"Nonsense!" derided Nancy, but the compliment was sweet to her. Then, a week later, when some dozen or more friends passed a social evening at the old farmhouse, and John danced twice, bright and sprightly, with two of his boyhood flames, Nancy experienced quite a pang of jealousy, and was duly started at the growing high spirit of her usually preoccupied helpmeet.

One day she rested a hand on his shoulder to reach over and adjust a window shade. Her cheek was tempting near to him. He uttered a chuckle and kissed her.

"Smack!" He drew back with a tingling cheek from the impetuous slap. Poor soul! Innate modesty, prim disdain of sentiment through twenty years had made her take even the congenial salute as an unwarrantable liberty! Then, overcome with a mighty revulsion in feeling, she burst into tears.

He caught her hand and pulled her to his knee. "Reckon I deserve it—neglecting you so long, Nancy," he said in a low, intense tone; "but that dear cheek is just as velvety to me now as when I courted you in 1885, and I love you ten times more!"

She hid her face on his shoulder with a sigh of ineffable rest and trust. Her lips rested upon the still tingling cheek and soothed it, and the old love awoke like some new spirit of delight in her lonely soul.

Ex-Mayor Mitchel of New York Killed.

Lake Charles, La.—Major John Purroy Mitchel, former mayor of New York, was killed at Gerstner aviation field here when he fell 600 feet from the airplane in which he was riding. An examination of the wrecked machine developed that the safety belt was unfastened at the time of the accident, causing Major Mitchel to fall from his seat as the plane went into a nose dive. Major Mitchel was an officer in the aviation section of the signal corps and has been training at Gerstner field.

R. W. JONES
WATER
ONTARIO LAUNDRY

One of a Series of Informative Articles on Dental Hygiene—No. 2

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Proper training and care of the teeth in childhood establish habits they will appreciate in after years. A few minutes' flossing with the tooth-brush each morning and night—a visit to a good dentist at intervals—will save lots of unnecessary pain and avoid poor health which will surely follow neglect of the mouth and teeth.

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