Stanhope, busy with the mi'k -pans. THE OLD CLOCK'S SECRET.

"Yon shall marry Godfrey Marsh Marcia," Mrs. Stanbope said setting her reeth together, in that grim fashion of bers, which told that her mind was fully made up. "He is rich. He can give you a home second to none in all the country round. He can give you position and influence."

"I flon't want a home, if I have got to marry for that, and nothing else," answered Marcia, bitterly. "I don't care for all the position and influence Godfrey Marsh can give me, if I have got to ac nept him with them. I hate him. If I married him I would not live with him a yPar."

"You are a foolish girl," her mother answered, sternly. "A very foolish girl. There isn't another girl in Hilbury that wouldn't jump at the chance you have. And I don't believe you will let it slip ont of our hands when you think it over as a sensible girl should."

"I shall never change my mind," answered Marcia, with something of her mother's grim determination in her voice. "Never.'

"You are thinking of Dick Gresham of course," sneered Mrs. Stanhope. ""He is a much more desirable fellow than Godfrey Marsh, I suppose. I infer that you would not hesitate to accept the post tion and influence he could give you, as Mrs. Gresham."

"I have never said anything of the kind," answered Marcia, with a rising flush. "He has never asked me to say anything of the kind, and I certainly shall wait till I am asked. Dick Gresham is an honest, respectable man, and the peer of Godfrey Marsh in every way. Godtrey Marsh's money I count out of the question entirely."

"I understand how the case stands, said Mrs. Stanhope, sternly. "I have told you before, and I repeat it again that you may understand me fullynever, with my consent, shall you marry Dick Gresham I don't believe he cares half as much for you as you do for him. If he docs, he dosen't show it as most men are apt to do, and you will save a good deal of goesip if you keep your fancy for him a little more to yourself. People

Marcia sat and thought. Those last words of her mother's might hold a good times woudered if Dick Gresham did care for her as she acknowledge to herself that she cared for him? He was not like most men. It was not in his nature to be demonstrative. Perhaps he was waiting to be sure of his own heart-and of her regard for him. She had been with him a good deal. She had wondered more than once if he loved her. If he did, he had never told her so. She believed that he did, however. There was the rattle of carriage wheels at the gate. She looked out with a frown been lost for fifteen years. gathering on her face. She knew who was there, well enough. "Is Marcia at home ?" she heard Godto admit her visitor, hardly conscious of frey Marsh ask her mother. If she is, I what was doing, but acting more from should like to take her out for a drive this force of habit than anything else. afternoon

"He never cared for me. I I'm sure? Marcia whispered to her pillow that night, and they cried berself to sleep.

It was a pleasant afternoon in October when Mrs. Stanhope died. The sky was break. full of dreamy vagueness-a haze through which the sunshing filtered goldenty, and hid the mountains far off, and made the bills near by seem like the hill of some ghostly land. The leaves of the old chest nut by the door were dropping softly and with a slow rustic that kept time to the

ticking of the clock in the corner. Mrs. Stanhope had been failing slowly short." for years. Her life had faded as the day fades ; you scarcely can tell that the light

is going out, but the first thing you know which a crowd of workmen were gathered in loud discussion. On the top of the it is gone. It was so with her. The light was almost gone out, now. It only chimney stood Angus McDonald, far be- Physician's Bill, bought anywhere in flickered for a moment ; then there would be darkness. the most skillful of the workmen, had "Marcia," she said faintly. "Well, Mother ?"

you. I ought to have told you long ago. was to let himself down had slipped and State.

Dick Gresham left a letter for you when fallen, where it lay in a heap. he went away. I read it, and hid it in Jessie covered her eyes with her hands, KLUTTZ'S DRUG STORE the old clock. It is there yet. When I "Lord help me!" she prayed from the am gone, find it and read it. But not depth of her heart. A sudden thought is the place to buy anything that you

till then, Marcia." She looked up plead- came as the answer to her prayer. ingly into Marcia's face.

A man stood on the threshold. "Marcia," he said, and held out his

hand. "You don't know me, I guese. I

am Dick Gresham. I came back to-day.

I heard of your mother's death, and I

knew you'd be lonesome, and I thought

perhaps you'd be glad to see an old friend,

"Oh, Dick, Dick !" she cried, and then

broke down in true woman fashion.""

have just found the letter you wrote and

eft for me before you went away. I

never knew there had been one until three

days ago. You can't blame me for not

writting, as you asked me to, Dick," and

then the face of this woman, whose years

were thirty-five, and out of whose heart

you would have supposed all girlish

romance had fled, grew suddenly hot with

sweet shame to think of what her words

sure you loved me, Marcia, but the letter

I looked for never came, and I thought

your mother had got you thinking as she

did. So I gave up hoping for that which

I took it for granted I had lost, and I

stayed away because there was nothing

to draw me back here. A month ago I

got it into my head that I wanted to see.

Hilbury again, and I came back. They

told me that you were Marcia Stanhope

ing, in the first place, and it don't take

much to set a man to hoping again, after

GO TO WORK !- Loafers, loafers

black and white, shabby and genteel,

"God sent me, I guess," he said, with a

wonder what sent you here to night ?

so I made bold to come."

meant

"No, not till then," Mareia promised, stocking, man, and tie a bit of mortar to to a thousand pounds of White Lead. with a strange feeling of expectancy, re- the end of the yarn, and let it down to From a dose of Castor Oil to a hundred gret and anger at heart. What did that me."

hidden letter have to say ? Perhaps - Off came one of Angus' blue socks, and then she tried to put all thought of it knitted of the best yarn, spun by Jessie out of her head until the time came for berself. He raveled it out, tied on the her to know what Dick had to say. Bit mortar, and let it down to the ground.

Meanwhile Jessie had sent for a ball of she could not do that. By-and-by Mrs. Stanhope said she stout twine. The end of the twine she wanted to go to sleep. Marcia arranged tied to the end of the yarn. her pillows, and the sick woman closed "Now, draw the yarn up slowly," she

said. Augus followed her directions, her eyes wearily. She slept long and well, f r she never | and as the yarn went up higher and higher, and higher, she let out more and more

woke again. The funeral was over. And then came twine from the ball in her hands. What that awful sense of desolation which fol- steady hands they were ! no tangling of lows "after the burial." Whoever has the twine nor dropping of the ball. If other Handkerchief Extracts. passed through this experience of life can she had been unrolling a clothes line, she never forget the dreary lonesomeness, the could not have done it more quietly. At solemn silence that is about the house. last Angus called out :

The world seems to have stopped for a "Allright, I have got the twine; now what are you going to do?" little time. Tick, tick ! the old clock kept repeat- "Tie on the rope," called Jessie." ing that night, and Marcia went to it to There was not a sound among the

And then Mrs. Stanhope went out, and solve the mystery it held. She took off crowd; you could have heard a pin drop the old door, and removed the curiously as with breathless interest, they watched sor, STERLING, PONCINE, CARBOLIC, and carved front. In the bottom covered her at work.

with the dust of fifteen years, she found She tied the rope and the twine together deal of truth in them. She had some the letter she had never known of for so as firmly as any sailor could have done. to 75 cents a cake.

A MAN RESCUED.

Jessie McDouald was hard at work at he washiub, one day, when her little son Fergus came rushing into the room crying as if his poor little beart would

"Daddy'll die up there," he sobbed: "they can't get him down."

"Die ! up where ?" exclaimed Jessie, wringing the soap off her hands and wip-FACTS ! ing them upon her apron. "On the top of the factory chimney, the rope has slipped down and they can't get np another, and the ladders are all too

KLUTTZ'S DRUG STORE. Jessie flew out of the house and ran to the largest, and oldest established in Salisbury the foot of the new factory chimney round

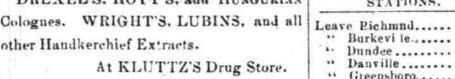
pared to duplicate any Merchant's or yond the reach of help, to all appearances. Christendom.

When the staging was taken down, he, KLUTTZ'S DRUG STORE, has been left to do some last bit of work. By done, is doing, and intends to do. the "There is something I want to tell a strange accident the rope by which he largest Drug trade in this section of the

want from a Corn plaster, to a \$7 box of "Angus," she called, "unravel your perfumery. From a paper of Lampblack ounces of Quinine. From a tooth pick to a Pocket Book. No bragging either, but solid facts. To prove it, call on, or write to THEO. F. KLUTTZ

> Wholesale & Retail Druggists, Salisbury, N. C.







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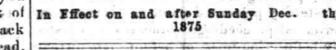
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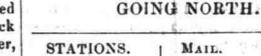
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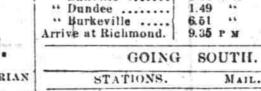
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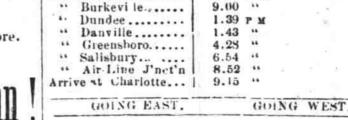
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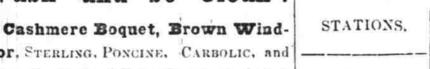


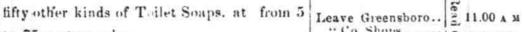


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"Yes." she heard her mother reply. "I'll call her.

of'I won't go she thought, hurriedly with a little angry gesture. Then she thought better of that decision. It would offend her mother if she refused, and their life was not a very harmonious one of late. And perhaps Dick Gresham might see them, and conclude to speak

So she got ready and went. While she was gone, Dick Gresham

come to see her. Mrs. Stauhope met him coldly, but politely. He inquired for Marcia.

"She has gone out to ride with Mr Godfrey Marsh," Mrs. Stanhope answered, with an inward chuckle at the discomfited look on Dick's face.

"I am very sorry," he said _"I wanted to see her very much. I am going away this evening, and I do not know how long-I shall be gone, nor how far I shall go. I wanted to say something to great gladness in his face, and he caught her before I went.". Dick knew that her to his beart, and kissed her. "I was Mrs. Stanhope bated him. He felt it But he was frank and houest with her. "I can't say when she will be back." Mrs. Stanhope said. "I think Mr. Marsh stops to expect tea. From that, I infer that they will be gone most of the after-

"Yes, quite likely," answered Dick, absently. "I shall not see her, then, but I might write what I wanted to say, and leave it for you to give her."

"Yes, you could do that," she said "you will find pen and paper in the secretary there."

"It's the best I can do," thought Dick. he thinks he's given it up, for he can't "I'd much rather have said it; but, if I forget." can't do that I'll have to do the next best And so, after fifteen years, the old clock gave its secret up, and two bearts thing." came together to never be parted more.

He wrote down what he came to say to Marcia Stauhope, and sealed it in an envelope, upon which he wrote her name. "If you will give it to her," he said, laying it down upon the table by Mrs. black and white, shabby and genteel, on every corner of every street of every Stanhope "you will be doing me a town and city in the south. Pious favor. I rather not tell you what I have loafers and profane, humble loafers written, though perhaps you have a right some and vain. Ragged and dirty

to know. Marcia may tell you."

Eagereyes watched it ascend, higher, She read it through with a curious higher, higher, until Augus called out : blending of pleasure to know that Dick "All right, I've got the rope, stand had loved her, and bitter regret for what from under." she had lost. If she had only known

He secured the rope, came down hand them ! Now her life must go as it had over hand -- ah ! one can't tell about such gone so long, but she should have it to things ! The workmen cried like children, think of that he had loved her ! and pressed round Augus and Jessie with She laid her head down against the old words of praise and affection. Then some clock and cried softly. His love would one wiser than the rest said, "Let them go have been so sweet. It would have made home alone."

life so pleasant. But it was lost. It had And in the little kitchen the husband and wife and child knelt, and thanked There was a knock at the door. She God that their hearth was not made desogot up drying her eyes hastily, and went late !

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yet, and I think that set ne to hoping a little. You see, its hard to give up hopsioner's),

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