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CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH  
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The Subscriber has on hand Top Buggies, Concord and Driving Wagons, of different kinds, Truck wagons, Carts, &c., &c. of his own Manufacture. Stock and Workmanship guaranteed, all of which he offers at reasonable prices and on liberal terms.  
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Stands at the head of all blood medicines. This position it has secured by its intrinsic merit, sustained by the opinion of leading physicians, and by the confidence of thousands who have successfully tested its remedial worth. No other medicine so effectively  
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"There can be no question as to the superiority of Ayer's Sarsaparilla over all other blood-purifiers. If this was not the case, the demand for it, instead of increasing yearly, would have ceased long ago, like so many other blood medicines, which have been abandoned as worthless."  
—F. L. Nickerson, Druggist, 75 Chelsea St., Lowell, Mass.  
"Two years ago I was troubled with scrofula. It was all over my body, and I could not get any rest. I tried many of the best blood-purifiers, but they did me no good. At last I bought Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and used it as directed. I am now perfectly cured, and I can say that it is the best blood-purifier I ever used."  
—J. S. Bart, Upper Kew-Forest, New York.  
"My sister was afflicted with a severe case of scrofula. She was all over sores, and she could not get any rest. I bought Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and used it as directed. She is now perfectly cured, and she can say that it is the best blood-purifier she ever used."  
—ALEX. ROBINSON, Chatham, June 20, 1892.

**Selected Literature**  
THE NOBLEMAN.  
I deem the man a nobleman  
Who stands up for the right,  
And in the work of duty,  
Finds pleasure and delight.  
Who wears the stamp of manliness  
Upon his brow,  
And never yet was known to do  
An action mean and low.  
I deem the man a nobleman  
Who strives to pit the weak;  
And in the work of duty,  
Would kind forgiveness seek.  
Who sees a brother in all men,  
From peasant unto king,  
Yet would not crush the meekest worm  
Nor harm the weakest thing.  
I deem the man a nobleman  
Who is bold of his kind,  
Who shows by moral excellence,  
His purity of mind;  
Who lives alike through good and ill  
The firm unflinching man,  
Who lives the cause of brotherhood,  
And aids it all the way.  
"FOR DAD'S SAKE."  
(Continued.)  
That takes a long time; but it is done at last. Several small piles of copper, the Scotchman's shilling by itself, two silver shillings and five three-penny pieces—total eight pence—were placed in the pocket of the man. "Oh, Mab, let me have that!" "When the tired and over-excited child is at least cooled to bed, Mab sits down by her earnings and gazes upon them pitifully.  
"For dad's sake! she murmurs huskily. It is all I can do for him now! And on Saturday the milkman is paid.  
In spite of her success, Mab dreads the long weary evenings in which she walks miles and sings she cannot tell how many songs; and yet the money is so welcome, so necessary. For, as 'dad' grows weaker, his appetite fails more and more, and he fancies things such as he used to like in the old days. And thus the weary time passes.  
As about three weeks later when, as Mab sits one dark afternoon bending, she thinks of some plain work, an unbidden knock comes to the door of her little sitting room; it has been preceded by a heavy thud, and she has been dreaming too deeply to hear it by a momentary performance on the street door knocker.  
Come in! says Mab languidly, without raising her eyes.  
But she does raise them a moment later, and opens them wide in astonishment when an unexpected voice says close beside her.  
"Mab, won't you even look at me?"  
And then the tall handsome well-dressed stranger throws his arms round her, kissing her cheek, and she cries upon his breast.  
"How did you come?" Mab says at last. "I am very foolish, but you surprised me! How did you find me out?"  
"Through Mrs. Boswell, you proud little soul, and then only after infinite pains and trouble. Why did you not write to me as you promised, Mab?"  
His hand is touching her hair carefully—he has in the most absolute matter of fact taken possession of her; and Mab submits, a little bewildered, very shy, but on the whole, gladly. It is very nice, after she has been struggling on alone for so long, suddenly to have a comrade who seems both able and willing to share her burden.  
"I meant to do so," she answers slowly; "but when I got back after staying with Mrs. Ayreough Leigh last summer, somehow everything was so much worse, so much poorer and meaner and more wretched than I had even thought it before! I felt it had been a mistake to leave it at all, but I don't want to make any more of it. He is still ill, Rex—oh, so! And you know I was to come out—I told you about it—sing at a concert; and Mr. Clarke thought I should do so well!"  
"I remember I hated the very idea of it," Rex answers.  
"Well, I failed—I broke down absolutely! My voice seemed to go, and I thought I should have to try, to run away. I don't laugh at me, Rex?"  
"Laugh? he cries. 'Not I, little one! But do not think me a brute if I say I am better pleased than if you had succeeded. I should hate my wife to go in for that sort of thing. I will be your audience, darling, when you feel inclined to sing; and there is very little fear of my not being an appreciative one. My wife's voice must be for me alone, and my friends, of course—not for the British public."  
"May I see Mr. East? Rex Jocelyn goes on. "I want to make matters all once satisfactory, darling. I could not stand another six months such as the past six have been, with nothing to com-

fort me for my loss of you but the cruel hard-hearted little note you wrote begging me to forget you—as if I could! and adding that you would try to do the same. Cruel child! Did you succeed, Mab—a little, I should say."  
"Mab is not quite sure—she has been so ill, and life has been so hard at times, and even love does not always seem quite such a necessity as a little money to pay the bills or buy new boots for Patty, who wears her's out cruelly fast. But love is very nice too; so she makes a rather fluttering little hand and touches for an instant the face that is leaning so eagerly above her.  
"It is pleasant to have you here, she murmurs softly; and he makes her a deep bow and kisses it tenderly.  
"Now take me to kiss your dad," she says joyfully.  
"But Mab does not lead the way; she only looks at him a little wistfully and gravely.  
"Not yet," she whispers, a little brokenly. "I have—there is something I must tell you first."  
"There's not another fellow, is there?" Rex cries a little anxiously; and Mab smiles in spite of herself.  
"No," she answers demurely; "I don't think I have been so much as admired by anybody since you last saw me. Oh, yes, she adds a little wistfully, "I had an admirer! But he was a politician, and he never saw my face, I know."  
Rex stares in amazement.  
"Now you are talking riddles," he says, with some vexation. "Let me see if your father will be more easy to understand when I tell him."  
"You must tell him nothing to day, says Mab, with a new decision. To-morrow you may come if you wish and tell dad anything you please, but not today—not till—"  
"Tell what?" he asks.  
"Tell you have come tonight to hear me sing; she answers; and, as her head is bent as she speaks, he cannot see her lips are trembling.  
"But I thought you told me you were not singing?" he cries, amazed.  
"At concerts," she answers. "It is not as a concert tonight that I am going to sing, but at—in Merrieth Square."  
She has named haphazard one of the squares through which she and Patty have sometimes wandered in their nightly rambles.  
"Oh," he answers comprehendingly. "I see now! A soiree—that sort of thing? But they will not let me in if I am not with the people. What is the number of the house?"  
"Yes—a three," Mab says, with a tremulous little smile; "only please do not expect the booted leg of mutton and trimmings."  
"But I do not understand yet," he persists; but Mab silences him again with the same fluttering little hand.  
"Will you not wait till to-night to understand?" she murmurs. "Please! And I promise that, if you will be in Merrieth Square to-night at nine, you shall hear me sing your favorite song. Last summer that was 'Robin Adair.' Has a new favorite taken its place yet?"  
"No," he answers with a lover's extravagance; "I want nothing better or sweeter on this earth than to hear you sing Robin Adair, Mab!"  
"Then to-night you will be perfectly happy," she says, with a strange little smile.  
As she does not move, he sees he must go.  
"One kiss," he pleads—"one kiss to take away my, darling!"  
But she refuses him.  
"Ten to-morrow," she answers—"not one to-day," and, in spite of his prayers and protestations she is firm.  
When he has reached the door, she calls him back again, and he thinks it is to give him at last the token of her tenderness for which he has so vainly asked; so he comes gladly, though smiling a little at the simple subtlety of woman. But she only lays her hand upon his cheek and says very earnestly, looking into his face the while—  
"Will you try to remember to-night if anything should vex you—and if you are angry I should be exceedingly sorry—that it has been for dad's sake?" Then she stares at her in wonder, she adds not a little proudly, "And, if it had to be done again I would do it gladly—for him!" Then Rex goes.  
"It is a foolish fancy of hers," Rex says to his companion. "Of course it can make no possible difference in my affection for her whether she sings well or ill. Still it will be awkward for me if there should happen to be any one there whom I know or whom I love, and I—might meet afterwards in society. However she wishes it."  
Archer Greville's deepest brown eyes gleam with a little amusement; but he only says—  
"Poor girl! And the father is ill, you say, and she was brought up differently."  
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She has named haphazard one of the squares through which she and Patty have sometimes wandered in their nightly rambles.  
"Oh," he answers comprehendingly. "I see now! A soiree—that sort of thing? But they will not let me in if I am not with the people. What is the number of the house?"  
"Yes—a three," Mab says, with a tremulous little smile; "only please do not expect the booted leg of mutton and trimmings."  
"But I do not understand yet," he persists; but Mab silences him again with the same fluttering little hand.  
"Will you not wait till to-night to understand?" she murmurs. "Please! And I promise that, if you will be in Merrieth Square to-night at nine, you shall hear me sing your favorite song. Last summer that was 'Robin Adair.' Has a new favorite taken its place yet?"  
"No," he answers with a lover's extravagance; "I want nothing better or sweeter on this earth than to hear you sing Robin Adair, Mab!"  
"Then to-night you will be perfectly happy," she says, with a strange little smile.  
As she does not move, he sees he must go.  
"One kiss," he pleads—"one kiss to take away my, darling!"  
But she refuses him.  
"Ten to-morrow," she answers—"not one to-day," and, in spite of his prayers and protestations she is firm.  
When he has reached the door, she calls him back again, and he thinks it is to give him at last the token of her tenderness for which he has so vainly asked; so he comes gladly, though smiling a little at the simple subtlety of woman. But she only lays her hand upon his cheek and says very earnestly, looking into his face the while—  
"Will you try to remember to-night if anything should vex you—and if you are angry I should be exceedingly sorry—that it has been for dad's sake?" Then she stares at her in wonder, she adds not a little proudly, "And, if it had to be done again I would do it gladly—for him!" Then Rex goes.  
"It is a foolish fancy of hers," Rex says to his companion. "Of course it can make no possible difference in my affection for her whether she sings well or ill. Still it will be awkward for me if there should happen to be any one there whom I know or whom I love, and I—might meet afterwards in society. However she wishes it."  
Archer Greville's deepest brown eyes gleam with a little amusement; but he only says—  
"Poor girl! And the father is ill, you say, and she was brought up differently."  
"Do I not tell you?" Rex answers. "I want to make matters all once satisfactory, darling. I could not stand another six months such as the past six have been, with nothing to com-

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