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MONEY TO LOAN

ALSO, REAL ESTATE AGENT

H. E. BRADLEY, Photographer

FIRST-CLASS WORK AT LOW PRICES.

Six Doors North of Bank, Buchanan, Mich.

Remove all OFFENSIVE ODORS

From Your Homes, PREVENT DISEASE,

By Disinfecting and disinfecting all impurities caused by the decomposition of animal matter, or the fermentations of vegetable substances.

American Disinfectant

Instantly deodorizes and disinfects any material it comes in contact with, no matter how filthy, soiled or soiled.

For Undertakers' Use

It is extremely valuable, as it prevents all odor and decomposition, and obviates the necessity for any other disinfectant.

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Poetry.

THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim, On a rich man's table, side by side.

One was ruddy and rosy as a rose, And one was clear as the crystal glass.

Said the glass of wine to the water brother, "I'll tell you how I feel in each other."

"I can tell of banquet and revel mirth, And the prosiest and grandest souls on earth."

"I have taken many an honored name, I have taken virtue and given shame."

"I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste, Far greater than king or monarch's feast."

"Or than any army beneath the sky, I have made the arm of the driver fall."

"I have made the heart of the soldier melt, And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me!"

"I have made the heart of the peasant melt, And the wail of the orphan was sweet to me!"

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Story.

NELLIE DARE'S LOVE.

It was a March morning, and yet the sky was as blue as in June.

Manfred Lowth stood on Wilson's hill, looking down upon the city.

It gleamed with a beautiful green, the plain and the hills, green with their covering of pine forests, rose still and stately beyond.

The "dull-gray meadows" within sight had peaks of snow upon them, and the breeze brought the atmosphere of snow from the mountains, though the sunshine fell so bright.

Manfred Lowth stood with his arms folded across his breast, and his tall, powerful figure outlined against the clear sky.

As he stood thus, still and resolute in his solitude, with his absorbed, masterful eyes, and a face of Spartan firmness, he looked every inch a king.

It was his thirty-third birthday. There may have been something sad in the thought to him, for he was usually alone in life, and the circumstances which gave a sense of airy freedom at thirty, bring a feeling of desolation at thirty.

Possibly Manfred Lowth had committed himself, as an honorable man he had committed himself. He had no right to say such a thing in such a tone, unless he meant what he said.

So he stood, half-dreaming, looking down at Nellie's sweet, agitated face.

She was lovely. As he knew her, she was a sweet, innocent, affectionate girl; but the thought of marrying her never entered his head until that moment.

His ideal was older, graver, as one to understand him thoroughly must have been. He fancied a face of more power, deeper eyes, and a stronger effect; but if he read aright the eyes and lips before him, their meaning was very sweet and thrilling.

Nellie blushed with distress under his eyes. He searched her face resolutely. Such a face had deceived him once, when he was a mere boy, and loved with his passionate first love. He dropped her hands at last, and stopped back.

"Are you going to school this summer?" he asked, plucking a dry leaf from a geranium on the window sill.

"Yes, I graduate in July."

"Oh, yes; I had forgotten. And in July comes your birthday?"

"Yes; I am eighteen in July."

She was womanly for her age after all. If he could only be sure that she was not as light-hearted as she was fair! But that pretty way of tossing back her curls was Bessie Bradford's own. He did not wish to be fooled twice by the same style.

So he chatted about the school exhibition, the closing of the library, and the military review in April, and finally took his leave.

"He thinks me only a child, and I love him so," she murmured, sobbing bitterly. "I hate my baby face! And he always finds me doing some childish thing. I wish I were dead."

She cried herself nearly ill, but escaped undetected to her room when her brother came in. The next day she heard that Manfred Lowth had gone to New York.

The spring wore on. Nellie Dare grew pale and grave. Her mother became anxious. Nellie was surely studying too hard; she never could bear the excitement of the exhibition.

So Nellie was taken abruptly from school, and sent to Nahant.

Nahant's sea breezes had no effect. Nellie's chaperone, Mrs. Bertram, of Boston, recommended tonics and bathing, drives and rickshaws, and did her best to have her prescriptions carried into effect; but Nellie, undisturbed, everything listlessly, and finally began, in answer to her aunt's expostulations, to be let entirely

