



A MODERN LOVE STORY.

From Goodform Magazine. CHAPTER II.

"Don't cry, Nellie," he said. "It's all right. I'm not going to bother you any more. I shan't ask you to marry me again. Five proposals from one man are too many. But, Nellie, since you won't have any thing to do with me while those blamed things are rejected, will you have pity on me when one is fully, by way of further apology, "I accepted ?"

Nellie dried her tears. She look ed at him very earnestly.

JAMES R. WAITE,

Manager of Waite's Celebrated Comedy Co., Premium Band and Orchestra.

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Sold on a Positive Guaranter.

WORK FOR

DR MILES' NERVINE AND BE CUPED." In where there

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pervous exhaustion, brought on by the of the business engaged in, I would

You will remember the condition I was in five invisio, when I was afflicted with a combina-

"Gordon," she said. with becom ing solemnity, "I promise you that once I find my foot planted securely on the ladder I will marry you. You see, dear, it would never do for me to marry you just because 1 was making a failure, would it? Of course, if nothing is accepted within a reasonable space of timewhy, then, you needn't wait. I shall never marry unless I'm a success. And if I've begun to be one in six months-why, you may come baok ."

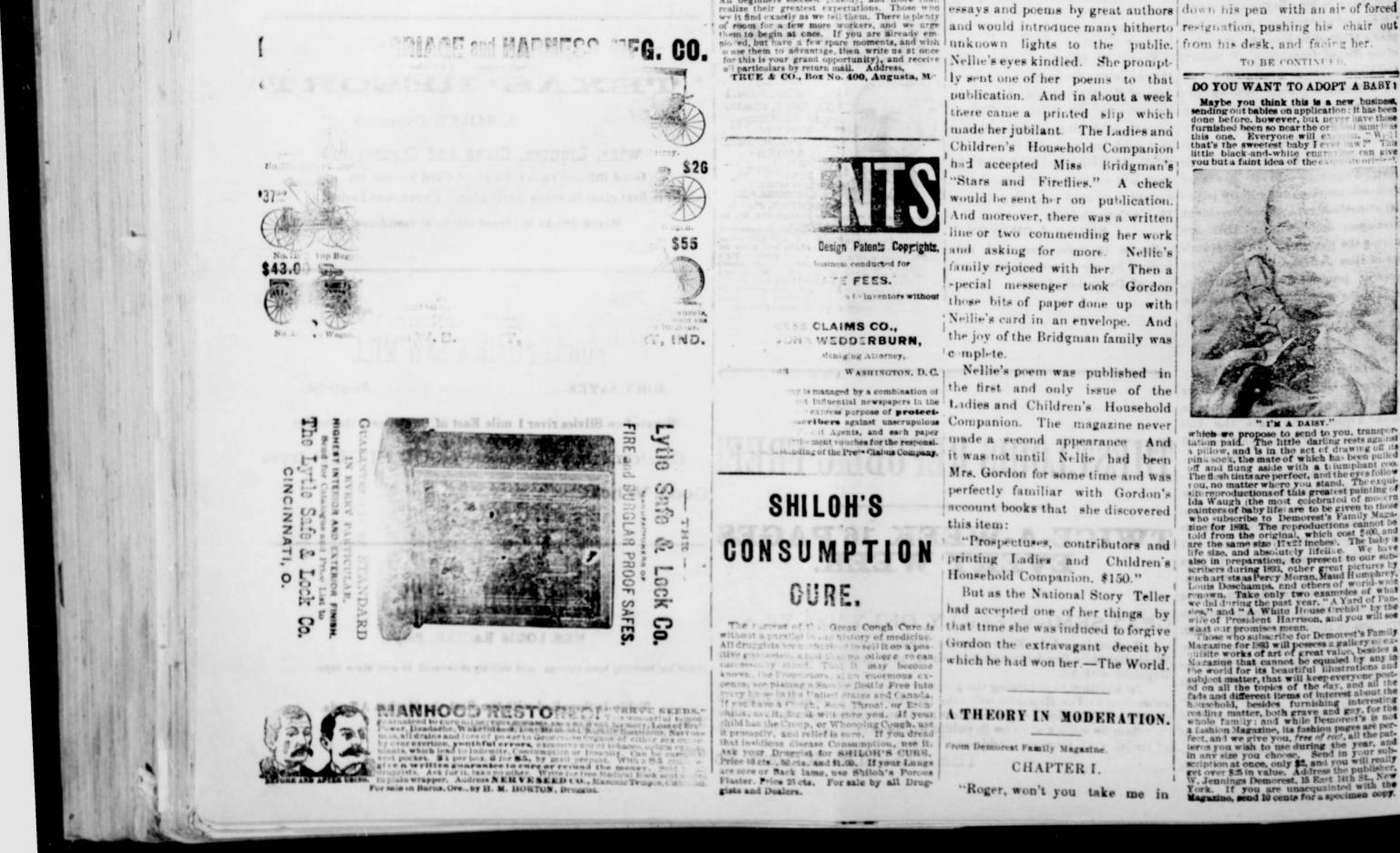
Of course it was a ridiculous bar. gain, but Nellie was very much in earnest about her work in those days, and Gordon was very much in love with Nellie.

The weeks passed on. Every for she had interrupted him at a day Nellie worked at the foolish, moment when his whole mind had feminine-looking little desk. Al- been concentrated upon the elucidamost every day the postman tion of the theme before him, and brought in a bulky envelope which he was reluctant to leave it. He contained one of Nellie's efforts and was considerably her senior, and a polite printed regret that the not being a man of a demonstrative great magazine to which she had nat in the request coming at such sent it could not use it. One day an inopportune moment seemed there came a thin envelope. It in-jutterly childish and trivial, and closed a glowing prospectus of a unworthy of the intrusion Howmagazine about to be issued. It ever he reflected upon her youth told how it would contain stories, and impulsiveness, and finally laid essays and poems by great authors down his pen with an air of forced and would introduce many hitherto resignation, pushing his chair out

your arms and tell me that you love me? I'm so homesick today." "'Homesick,' Cicely? Nonsensel child, this is all strained sentimentality upon your part. Pray why should you be homesick? Is not this your home, here with me, your husbaud? And am I not doing everything in my power to make you feel happy in it?"

"Yes, oh yes, forgive me," she hastened to say; then added, dole miss the boys so much today, and -and mamma. They"-with a slight sob in her voice, "they all seem so far away from me. and and it does seem as though I never before realized how widely separated the East is from the West. Won't you take me in your arms a moment, Roger, please?"

Mr. Roger Whitlock looked up from the writing of one of the most engrossing chapters of his novel, to where his young wife stood with her small, trembling hand resting coaxingly upon the edge of his desk, and her brown eyes regarding him wistfully. He held his pen, with the ink drying upon it. in one hand, while the other kept in place upon his blotter the page of mauuscript upon which he had been at work He seemed a trifle annoyed, as well as surprised. at this request issuing from the lips of his wife,



If you are unacquainted with the

wife of President Harrison, and you will see what our promises mean. Those who subscribe for Demotest's Family Manzatine for ISG will possess a gallery of ex-misite works of art of great value, besides a Marzatine that cannot be equiled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep everyone post-ed on all the topics of the day, and all the fads and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family: and while Demorset's is not a fashion Magnitie, its fashion pages are per-fect, and we give you, free of cost, all the par-terns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your sub-scription at once, only \$2, and you will really get over \$55 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the

I'M A DAISY. The little darling rests against illow, and is in the act of drawing of its sock, the mate of which has been pulled a pillow, and is in the act of drawing on her pink sock, the mate of which has been pulled off and flung aside with a triumphant coa. The flush tints are perfect, and the eyes follow you, no matter where you stand. The exqui-site reproductions of this greatest painting of Ida Waugh (the most colebrated of modern nainters of baby life) are to be given to these who subscribe to Demorest's Family Mana-zine for 1893. The reproductions cannot be told from the original, which cost 540, and are the same size 17x22 inches³. The baby is life size, and absolutely lifelike. We have also in preparation, to present to our sub-scribers during 1893, other great pictures by such art ists as Percy Moran, Maud Humphrey, Louis Deschamps, and others of worid-wide renown. Take only two examples of what we did during the past year. "A Yard of Pan-des," and "A White House Grehid" by the wile of President Harrison, and you will see what our promises mean.

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