

happy day when I knew you loved me, 'Guy could never have married an ugly girl. He worships beauty.' May some happier love replace that of

IRENE."

The servants were summoned, and could only say that Miss Curtis drove away in a hired hack.

Mrs. Hazleton thought at once of the uncle's letter, but she had taken no notice of the address, but remembered the name—Hugh Conway.

"It is a comfort to know there is a home open to her," he said sadly. "But she is mine. I have been a foolish fob, with my absurd talk about my sensitive nature recoiling from personal deformity. I will find her, I must."

One year passed, and in the little town of Deepdale, and the country seat of Col. White, a gay party had assembled to pass the summer. Clara White, a sparkling brunette, was the acknowledged belle of the gay circle; and rumor coupled her name with that of Guy Hazleton, one of her father's guests.

Those who knew Guy Hazleton before Irene Curtis fled from his mother's house would scarcely recognize him now. He had become an earnest, thinking man, something of a politician, and had resumed the study of law, meaning to adopt it as a profession. It was not an easy matter to coax him from his mother and his office, to visit at Deepdale, but he had consented to spend a month there, and the gossips had decided Clara's black eyes to be the magnets that drew him from his seclusion.

"Will you ride to the village with me?" said Clara as she rose from breakfast one morning; "I have to buy some trifles, and want an escort."

"I am at your service," said Guy, readily. "This is my holiday. But I want to send a despatch, if you will go to the office with me."

The shopping over, the despatch came next in order, and the young people entered the little office where the wires connected Deepdale and the metropolis.

"How soon can I have an answer from New York?" asked Guy, as he handed a slip of paper to the lady who answered his tap at the office window.

Clara shuddered as she saw the face of the operator, and even Guy's heart thrilled at the painful spectacle.

"In about an hour," was the answer.

"Can we wait here?"

"Certainly."

The window was closed, and Guy placing a chair for Clara resigned himself to an hour of waiting.

In the little office, the telegraph operator sat down, faint and white, looking at the despatch, which was directed to Mrs. Hazleton, and worded thus:

"Went to Auburn yesterday. Hugh Conway is dead. No trace of I——. Have you any news?"

Answer. GUY.  
Auburn! The village where she had sought and found a home with her uncle, learned his business, and left upon his death. How had Guy traced her there, and why had he done so? The message was sent, and silence reigned in the little office.

From the outer room, came a murmur of voices, and Irene heard Clara say:

"I have had no chance to speak to you since you came from Auburn, Cousin Guy. No success?"

"None! and a whole year has passed since Irene fled from me."

"And you love her in spite of that alteration?"

"Does it not make her a thousand times dearer?"

"I wonder if Charlie would love me as well, if I were to be disfigured," said Clara.

"If he would not, his love is not true. Did I love only Irene's beauty, my love would now be dead. But were she hideous beyond description, my heart will be hers till death stills its throbbing."

While he yet spoke, a gentle hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he looked up. A tall, black-clad figure stood beside him; a pale, agitated face looked into his.

"Has my answer come already?" he asked.

A gentle voice answered:

"You see how fearfully I am altered, since you do not even recognize me, Guy."

In an instant, his arms were around her.

"How you have suffered, my darling. Your heart is unaltered, Irene?"

The carriage took two ladies back to Col. White's. The telegraph office had a new operator, and Guy Hazleton had a three-mile walk home. Did he know how he walked? Did he think of time or space?

Col. White claimed Irene as

Clara's guest, until Mrs. Hazleton could be summoned to a double wedding, when a young gentleman claimed Clara's hand, and Guy Hazleton married the only love his heart had ever known—Irene.

#### ADVICE FOR LOVERS.

Young woman, beware of the man who seeks to bind you to a long engagement. No matter what this pretext may be, his motive is almost always a selfish one.

He is either too lazy to work for a family and too fond of his bachelor indulgence to be willing to renounce them for the purer and calmer joys of a married life, or is a base scoundrel, seeking only to win your affections and your confidences by fraud of a promise which he never intends to make good.

Somebody will ask us what we consider a long engagement. We reply, a year is quite long enough for all purposes, and if it runs beyond that time, it is too long.

A girl "engaged" is subject to all the disadvantages. She must stay at home, except when her intended sees fit to take her out, and she must repel all courtesies from other gentlemen, because Tom will be jealous.

No man who is young and well and has a good moral character is too poor to marry a girl who is his equal in these respects, provided he loves her truly and is beloved by her in return.

For, if they do truly love each other, they will be willing to bear and forbear, to work for each other, to pull together, to paddle hopefully their own domestic canoe, and Fate, however relentless she may seem to be, seldom fails to yield success to those who toil for it with fearless hearts and willing hands.

You must be willing to bear reverses. You must expect disappointments. You must be ready to meet ill-luck and endure poverty if need be. Don't expect things to make themselves unless you help them. Whatever you have must be worked for, and if it is worth having it is richly worth working for.

So now, young man, this is our advice to you. If you love a young girl tell her so manfully, with no cowardly beating about the bush.

If she says she does not reciprocate your love it won't kill you. Not at all. There are others just as good as she.