

## Double Dealing.

If we knew, when walking through the  
Through the dark, dusty way  
That some part of wondrous whiteness  
Close beside our pathway lay,  
We should have to turn our heads  
To look at it with wondering eyes.  
We should have to look around us  
To see if any one was near.  
We should have to look at each other  
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"Geoffrey, you have fairly taken my  
breath away," Gladys whispered, "and yet  
and yet—"  
His eyes lighted up at her words.  
"And yet—Gladys—what?" he breath-  
ed eagerly.  
"Your bright head dropped lower to hide  
yourself in her cheeks, but there was  
no shrinking from him, as there must  
have been had not her heart responded to  
his appeal."  
"And yet I know that you are far dearer  
to me than a brother could ever be," she  
confessed.  
He dropped her hands, and the next  
moment his arms were around her.  
He drew her closely to his wildly bound-  
ing heart and laid her head upon his  
breast.  
"My own darling! that means that you  
love me even as I love you! Oh, Gladys,  
how I have longed to hear this confession  
from your lips, and yet I have never dared  
to betray the affection that has become a  
part of my very life."  
"I have not, Geoff," Gladys asked, a  
mischievous smile wreathing her red lips.  
"However, he would not let her return to  
Brooklyn, where they were received with  
many smiles and significant glances, for  
both August and Gladys had been greatly  
benefited by the prospect of a union between  
these two, upon whom all their fondest  
hopes had so long been centered.

CHAPTER XVI.  
OUT OF COLLEGE AT LAST.

Two years sped rapidly away, but they  
were improved to the utmost by both  
Gladys and Geoffrey in their efforts to  
secure a solid education. They saw but  
comparatively little of each other during  
this time for Geoffrey was so busy with  
his studies that he could not spare time  
for anything but his books. But they corre-  
sponded regularly, each bearing from the  
other every week, and their letters were a  
source of great comfort and joy to both.

Everest Mapleson, too, worked harder  
during these two years than he had ever  
done before.

His ambition had been fired by what  
Gladys had said to him that evening at  
Mrs. Brewster's reception, and he had de-  
termined that he would bend all his  
energies toward securing the first honors  
of his class.

He was more strenuous in this purpose  
than he would have been if Geoffrey had  
not been so successful in gaining the first  
honors; for when the juniors became  
seniors, their young hero took his place in  
the class with a record to show that he  
would be no mean antagonist.

Young Mapleson flushed an angry red  
the first time they met in the class, and  
retained Geoffrey's greeting with a haughty  
superior nod.

They had not met since the evening of  
Mrs. Brewster's reception, and the present  
greeting was a good deal more than a  
passing acquaintance upon every possible  
occasion.

During his long vacations he had man-  
aged to follow the Huntresses to the seashore  
or mountains, and he had been thrown  
much together. His shorter recesses al-  
ways found the young man in the city of  
New York, where, being a favorite in  
society, besides diligently cultivating Miss  
Loring's acquaintance he managed to see  
a good deal of the young lady.

But as yet he had not succeeded in  
establishing himself upon very intimate  
terms with her.

Gladys always treated him courteously  
and in a friendly way, but he never seemed  
to hold him at a distance, and he had as  
yet never presumed to address one word  
of love to her.

It chafed him that he had not been  
able to do so. It galled him to think  
that he could not conquer her unvarying  
reserve, and make her yield to his ad-  
vances that had never yet failed to win  
whenever he had made up his mind to win.

He still cherished his secret hatred for  
Geoffrey, and was always on the alert for  
any opportunity to vent upon him, but no  
opportunity had presented itself since the  
evening of the reception, and he had been  
forced to conceal his feelings as best he  
could.

He had tried several times when in New  
York, to find the flower-woman, Margery,  
indeed, he never passed a flowerstand  
without peering beneath the hat or  
bonnet of the vendor in search of the  
sorrowful and wrinkled visage.

But he had never seen it since that first time  
on Broadway, and he feared that he would  
never see it again.

He was now only about three  
months before commencement at Yale,  
and every ambitious student was doing his  
best to acquire himself honorably.

Geoffrey however had not been obliged to  
work nearly so hard this year as during  
the two previous ones; there had been  
the test of his course, and he strained  
every nerve.

It had been a little doubtful at the  
close of his last year about his entering  
the senior class.

The professor, fearing for his health,  
had advised him to relinquish his purpose  
to do so. Mrs. Huntress, too, was anxious  
about him, for he had been losing flesh  
and color for some months, but Geo-  
ffrey, very quietly remarked, in the presence  
of the professors, that he would do his  
best to overcome the ailment, and he had  
been able to do so.

The result was that Geoffrey passed his  
examinations without a condition, and  
then he would be a bona fide senior.

He would be a bona fide senior, and  
again sent him to a pleasant spot in the  
country with a tutor, a boat and a couple  
of horses, and the coaching went on as  
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and decision that made Geoffrey regard  
her with surprise.  
"Why, Gladys, what would people  
think of me if I should ask you to marry  
me before I am a senior?" he asked.  
"I do not expect you will do that; but  
comfort and elegance are not necessarily  
one and the same. With the comfortable  
home provided, we will begin life in  
comfort and elegance, and a pleasant  
career hand in hand; it is not a mutual  
love where one gives all and the other  
nothing."  
"My darling, I had no idea there were  
such intensely practical ideas in this small  
head of yours," said Geoffrey, laughing,  
but with a very tender smile.  
"Had you not? Well, then, perhaps, I  
may astonish you again some time," she  
returned, laughing, too. "But she said  
add, 'I think we are both rather premature  
in our plans, considering that we have  
two years more of school before us. Be-  
side it is time I was getting ready to go  
home with you, and we must not sit here  
talking longer.'"  
"Lately, however, he would not let her return to  
Brooklyn, where they were received with  
many smiles and significant glances, for  
both August and Gladys had been greatly  
benefited by the prospect of a union between  
these two, upon whom all their fondest  
hopes had so long been centered.

CHAPTER XVI.  
OUT OF COLLEGE AT LAST.

Two years sped rapidly away, but they  
were improved to the utmost by both  
Gladys and Geoffrey in their efforts to  
secure a solid education. They saw but  
comparatively little of each other during  
this time for Geoffrey was so busy with  
his studies that he could not spare time  
for anything but his books. But they corre-  
sponded regularly, each bearing from the  
other every week, and their letters were a  
source of great comfort and joy to both.

Everest Mapleson, too, worked harder  
during these two years than he had ever  
done before.

His ambition had been fired by what  
Gladys had said to him that evening at  
Mrs. Brewster's reception, and he had de-  
termined that he would bend all his  
energies toward securing the first honors  
of his class.

He was more strenuous in this purpose  
than he would have been if Geoffrey had  
not been so successful in gaining the first  
honors; for when the juniors became  
seniors, their young hero took his place in  
the class with a record to show that he  
would be no mean antagonist.

Young Mapleson flushed an angry red  
the first time they met in the class, and  
retained Geoffrey's greeting with a haughty  
superior nod.

They had not met since the evening of  
Mrs. Brewster's reception, and the present  
greeting was a good deal more than a  
passing acquaintance upon every possible  
occasion.

During his long vacations he had man-  
aged to follow the Huntresses to the seashore  
or mountains, and he had been thrown  
much together. His shorter recesses al-  
ways found the young man in the city of  
New York, where, being a favorite in  
society, besides diligently cultivating Miss  
Loring's acquaintance he managed to see  
a good deal of the young lady.

But as yet he had not succeeded in  
establishing himself upon very intimate  
terms with her.

Gladys always treated him courteously  
and in a friendly way, but he never seemed  
to hold him at a distance, and he had as  
yet never presumed to address one word  
of love to her.

It chafed him that he had not been  
able to do so. It galled him to think  
that he could not conquer her unvarying  
reserve, and make her yield to his ad-  
vances that had never yet failed to win  
whenever he had made up his mind to win.

He still cherished his secret hatred for  
Geoffrey, and was always on the alert for  
any opportunity to vent upon him, but no  
opportunity had presented itself since the  
evening of the reception, and he had been  
forced to conceal his feelings as best he  
could.

He had tried several times when in New  
York, to find the flower-woman, Margery,  
indeed, he never passed a flowerstand  
without peering beneath the hat or  
bonnet of the vendor in search of the  
sorrowful and wrinkled visage.

But he had never seen it since that first