

Doctry.
SADNESS.
You ask me to sing, and I sing you
A song of the years that are dead,
A wall of despair and of sorrow,
A sigh or the tears that are fled;
And my heart of the sorrow knows nothing,
Feels naught of the pain that I sing,
I am young—I have not grown weary
Of life in life's beautiful spring.
You may ask me to play, and I play
My fingers bring in minor notes
From the keys; and deep chords full of sadness—
Are mingled with heart-bronk strains.
And yet I have never learned sadness—
My life is a bright summer's day;
And all the heart-breaking I know of
Is in the sad music I play.
I would read—and my hands turn the pages,
And the book seems to open at will,
As some poem that teaches of suffering,
Or some tale that tears my eyes ill,
Yet my heart finds no answering echo
To the path and the sorrow I find;
For my past is the past of childhood—
No gloom weighs upon my young mind.
Why is it of music or reading,
The sorrowful part seems to be
A part of my very existence,
The part which belongs unto me?
Is that in the face of the sun
Dark storm-clouds hang over my way?
Is sorrow but availing my coming,
To darken my life's pleasant day?
Shall I find my full measure of sadness
As onward the years roll on?
Shall I feel all the weary heart-breaking
That I find now in story or song?
Will some one weep of my sad story
Whose heart in youth's springtime is glad,
Even as with my heart filled with gladness,
Make music so solemn and sad.

Literature.
DOUBLE DEALING.
CHAPTER IX.
A STRANGE ENCOUNTER.
Several days went by, and Geoffrey heard nothing more either of or from the sophomore who had attempted to kiss her.
Neither did he meet any of them on his way to or from his recitations, and he hoped that the occurrence would gradually be forgotten and occasion no more trouble.
He did not mention it to any one, and he bore none of the actors any ill-will, for he knew that having had been an established custom in many colleges, and that every freshman was liable to be subjected to the ordeal. The lot had fallen to him for one, and he knew that in a position to allow his uninvited guests to do all the fun they could out of the affair, yet an intolerance of anything like down-right insult, he felt that he should not permit the matter to be revived again, he pursued the even tenor of his way, and troubled himself no more about it.
But the affair was destined to be more serious, eventually, than he imagined an occurrence of that kind could ever become.
Young Mapleson realized, as soon as his passion began to cool somewhat, that he should be obliged to relinquish all thoughts of retaliation for a season, for none of his comrades would bear him in any plan for revenge; and he turned in his heart that there should yet come a day of reckoning between himself and Huntress for the indignity to which he had been subjected before his companions.

Young Mapleson realized, as soon as his passion began to cool somewhat, that he should be obliged to relinquish all thoughts of retaliation for a season, for none of his comrades would bear him in any plan for revenge; and he turned in his heart that there should yet come a day of reckoning between himself and Huntress for the indignity to which he had been subjected before his companions.
He was furious with them for not having done as he wished, and he raved over the affair all the way back to his room after leaving Geoffrey's room.
But they made light of it, and tried to pass the whole thing off as a joke. This only enraged him the more, although he began to see the wisdom of keeping silent about it, since he could get no sympathy from them.
There is no telling what rash act he might have committed, if he had not been allowed to go and come as usual whilst this fierce mood lasted. But he had wrought himself into an excessive perspiration, and then going out into the night air afterwards, he had taken a violent cold, and for three weeks he was confined to his room with a threatened fever.
At the end of that time, although his anger had not abated one whit toward Geoffrey and he was no less determined to have his revenge, he had come to see the wisdom of remaining quiet, and he might round indignantly upon his pursuer in his own breast and watch his opportunity to strike the foe down at some time in the future, when the blow would be felt with bitter force.
So, upon recovering his usual health, he resumed his studies and his intercourse with his fellow students as if nothing had occurred to ruffle him, and those who had participated in the hazing of Geoffrey Huntress imagined that the unpleasant affair had blown away forever and become a thing of the past.
Thus the fall and winter passed. Meantime Gladys was winning golden opinions for herself at Vassar.

Sturdy was a perfect delight to her, consequently excellence in every department was but a natural result.
The name of Gladys Huntress became the synonym for all that was learned and brilliant in her class, and there was not one who did not predict that the first honor would be conferred upon her at the end of the course.
No one appeared to be jealous of her either on account of it, for she was a general favorite with both teachers and scholars, always having a pleasant word and a kind smile for everybody.
During the recess which occurred between the winter and spring terms of her second year at Vassar, she was in New York city for a few days with her chosen friend and roommate Addie Loring.
There was considerable shopping to be done to prepare for the warm weather, dress-making to be attended to, besides a round of social duties, and the two girls were all the time in a delightful flutter of business and pleasure.
One morning after a long siege of shopping, feeling both tired and hungry, they entered an uptown cafe to obtain a lunch and rest a little before going home.
At the cashier's desk near the door, as they stepped inside, there stood a tall, handsome young man in the act of paying for his dinner.
Gladys caught sight of him instantly, and she started and flushed a vivid crimson.
Then a smile of joy illumined her whole face as she sprang forward, and laying her hand lightly on the young man's arm, exclaimed in delighted tones:
"Why Geoffrey, where did you drop from? I imagined you a solitary recluse at Yale, and hard at work over Latin and Greek, to gain time as you wrote in your last letter."

The young man turned quickly as the sweet lady-like voice fell upon his ears, his whole body thrilling at that light touch upon his arm, and found himself face to face with the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.
A tall, slender, perfect form, clad in a bewitching suit of midnight grey, stood before him. Her smile back was proudly poised on a pair of graceful shoulders, and crowned with a jaunty turban of grey velvet in which there gleamed a scarlet feather. The face was delicate in outline, with lovely features and a complexion of pure white and rose. Her eyes of dark blue were lighted with surprise and gladness, her lips wreathed with a smile of welcome which parted them just enough to reveal the small, milk-white teeth between.
A look of admiration shot into the young man's eyes, and then they began to gleam with amusement.
He raised his hat with all the gallantry of a young man in love, and bowed low, as he replied:
"You have made a slight mistake, lady. I do not answer to the name by which you have addressed me, and might be tempted to do so, perhaps, if I could thereby secure the pleasure of your acquaintance. Allow me," he concluded, drawing a card from his pocket-book, and respectfully presenting it to her.
"At the first sound of his voice Gladys was conscious that she had made a dread-

ful blunder, and she was instantly covered with confusion.
She knew at once that this man could not be Geoffrey, and yet who was he? So like him in face and form, with his very eyes and hair, and that familiar way of throwing up his head when suddenly addressed!
"Evelyn Mapleson, Richmond, Virginia," he read upon the card that he had given her, and instantly she started, almost shoving through her mind:
"Can it be possible that he and Geoffrey are identical?"
She said, recovering herself somewhat, while she searched his face for something by which she could distinguish him from Geoffrey.
"I beg your pardon, Mr. Mapleson," she said, "but I have never seen you before. I beg your pardon, Mr. Mapleson," she said, "but I have never seen you before."
"Mr. Geoffrey Huntress that I mistook you for him."
She had been about to say "my brother!" but suddenly she checked herself, for since Geoffrey had shown so much of his heart to her and she had begun to analyze her own feelings toward him, she had been very shy about calling him brother.

"Ah! Mr. Geoffrey Huntress," repeated Evelyn Mapleson, with a quick flash from his eyes, while his keen mind at once made a broad guess, and argued therefrom that this beautiful girl must be either the sister or the cousin of his enemy. "I have met that gentleman, for I also am a student at the same college, and—and—and—" "My holdness—I presume I now have the pleasure of meeting his sister, Miss Huntress."
"No, I am not his sister, Mr. Mapleson," she said, with a smile, and going in, little surprise flashes, "but we are members of the same family and I am not Miss Huntress."
"Yes, yes, indeed, you are cousin," he pressed. Huntress once told me that he was reared by an uncle. I am sorry, upon my word," he went on, with an appealing look, "if our singular resemblance has caused you any annoyance to-day, pray think no more of it since it is a very natural mistake. We are often addressed by each other's name—indeed we are known at Yale as 'the mysterious double.'"

All the time the young man was speaking he was closely observing the young girl.
He had noticed her fluctuating color when she spoke of Geoffrey; he remarked the tender inflection of her voice as she uttered his name, and how eager she had been to correct his mistake in supposing them to be brother and sister.
"They are cousins—perhaps not first cousins either—and the girl loves him," she said to herself, "of course he returns her affection—no fellow in his senses could help it. I wonder how it would work if I should try my own luck in this direction. I have never paid out that old grudge against him, and this would be a fine way to settle it."
But Gladys' all unconscious of this secret plotting against her own and Geoffrey's happiness, looked up with a merry smile at his last words to her, and remarked:
"The resemblance is surely very striking, although your voices are unlike. I knew the moment you spoke that I had made a mistake, and my apparent rudeness must have been quite startling to you," she said, with a smile, and she remembered how eagerly she had approached him and laid her hand upon his arm.

"No, indeed—you are very hard upon yourself, Miss Huntress. Believe me, I shall consider the incident a most fortunate circumstance, if I may be allowed to consider it as a formal introduction to you and thus secure the pleasure of your acquaintance."
He was so gentlemanly and affable, so refined in his language and manner, that Gladys thought him very agreeable, and since he had shown her Geoffrey's picture, she thought there could be no possible harm in receiving him as an acquaintance.
Still she was not quite sure that it would be proper, and she made her a little guarded in her reply.
"I am always glad to meet any of Geoffrey's friends," she said, with one of her charming smiles, "but if she could have known how he cringed under her words, and what venal hatred was ranking in his heart against him who was her lover, she would have flung him in dismay."
But nothing of this nor of the miserable plot which was rapidly taking form in his mind appeared on the surface, while, he said to himself, "I will let my dear friend Gladys turn quickly and drew Addie Loring to her side, saying:
"Allow me to introduce my friend—Miss Loring," and he bowed to her, and lifted his hat in acknowledgment of the presentation, while he was still inwardly chafing over that last guarded speech of hers.
"She wouldn't look at me if she knew the truth," he thought, "and that clever cousin will be letting it all out when he learns that we have met. Never mind. I will make him pay for this. He shall do me by to ingratiate myself with her before he finds it out; she's duseely pretty, and it would suit me finely if I could cut him out."
He detained the young ladies for a few moments longer—for he had the power of making himself very agreeable when he chose—then Addie Loring pointed with a little gleam of watch and remarked, with a look of surprise:
"Gladys, dear, we promised mamma to be at home by four, and it is nearly three now, while we have dinner yet to get. Mrs. Brevor's reception."

Evelyn Mapleson's heart gave a great bound at these last words, for the friends at whose house he was visiting also had cards for Mrs. Brevor's reception, and he mentally resolved that he would grace that lady's elegant drawing-room with his presence that evening, although he and Al. Vanderstrat had previously planned something entirely different.
He took pretty Miss Loring's hint, however, begged pardon for having detained them so long, then made his adieu and passed out of the cafe, while the young ladies moved forward to an empty table, where they chatted over the strange encounter in their own peculiar style.
Later Gladys began to wonder why Geoffrey had in his letters never mentioned Mr. Mapleson and the wonderful likeness between them.
"I am sure," she said to herself, "that he has never said anything about it," she mused, "for he must have had some suspicion that the remarkable resemblance cannot be accounted for. Even the sight of her is enough to make the heart of any one glad. What would it be to have her in one's home all the time, I wonder?"

CHAPTER X.
MRS. BREVOR'S RECEPTION.
Gladys Huntress was very beautiful that evening when she entered Mrs. Brevor's drawing-room, leaning on the arm of Mrs. Loring, who was to present her to their hostess, while Addie and her mother followed close behind.
Her dress was blue, of elegant surah, which fell in soft, graceful folds around her, her long train making her slender, perfect figure seem almost frail.
"It was cut, front and back, with a V-shaped bodice, and this was filled in with a profusion of soft filmy lace, gathered close about her white throat, and fastened at the bust with a row of gleaming pearls. Her hair was drawn up and fastened in a coronet, with a few soft, silken curls curving charmingly about her pure forehead.
There was not a flower nor an ornament about her anywhere except that string of pearls, but the very simplicity of her toilet was artistic and just adapted to enhance her beauty of face and form."
Evelyn Mapleson saw her the moment that she entered the room; indeed, he had been watching for her a half hour or more, and his eyes glowed with admiration.
"She is a hundred fold more lovely than I thought her this afternoon," he said, under his breath, "I shall love that girl if I could have her for my wife. And why not? I believe I will not my-

self regularly at work to win her; thus I shall not only secure a charming little wife, but accomplish my revenge also, for the indignity that I have received from his hands."
He watched Gladys, while she was presented to the hostess, and was charmed with the ease and grace of her manners.
"She belongs to a distinguished and noble family; she has been well reared," he continued, "even my critical and aristocratic mamma could not fail to be satisfied with her as a daughter, although she is not particularly partial to Northern women. She reminds me of some one, too. I wonder who it can be? There is something strangely familiar in the proud bearing that she carries herself."
He moved toward another portion of the room, as he saw Gladys and her friends pass on, and seeking Mrs. Vanderstrat to the lady, was the mother of Mr. Albert Vanderstrat, Everest Mapleson's chum and special friend at Yale, he asked:
"Do you know the party of people who have just entered—that gentleman with three ladies?"
"Oh, yes; they are the Loring. Mr. Loring is a wealthy Wall Street broker. His wife is a daughter of the late Col. Elwell, and their daughter, Miss Addie, is a charming young lady, not to mention the fact that she is the only child and the heiress of a large estate."
"Introduce me, will you?" asked Everest, eagerly.
"To be sure I will; but is it the money or the beauty that attracts you most?" he asked in ridicule.
"I will tell you later," retorted the young man in the same vein; "but you did not say who that young lady is who accompanied them?"
"His attention had only just been drawn toward her."
"No, I do not know myself; she is a stranger, but a very lovely one, she is not. Really, I do not believe there is another lady in the room so beautiful. Come, I have a curiosity to know who she is myself, and we will beg Mrs. Loring for an introduction."
Thus Everest Mapleson managed to secure a formal introduction to the Loring and Gladys, through one of the leaders of New York society.

He knew that there could be no exceptions taken to any one whom Mrs. Vanderstrat vouches for, and therefore the young girl would have no objection to avoiding him on the score of not having been properly presented to him.
But she received him very graciously, and even referring to a laughing way to their previous meeting earlier in the day, thus showing him she would not have been the least bit prudish about recognizing him even without Mrs. Vanderstrat's presence.
He soon after searched out his friend Al, whom he presented to Miss Loring, and then left him to be entertained by her while he devoted himself exclusively to Gladys.
They danced together several times, and he managed to secure her company during supper, while they were at a social chat in Mrs. Brevor's charming little picture gallery, where there were several works of rare value.
But the only picture which Everest Mapleson seemed to consider worthy of his regard was an exquisite face, framed in lustrous brown hair, with the bluest eyes that he had ever seen, and whose very expression only served to draw toward her.

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"I saw that picture when I was a child, and it has been my dream since," he said, "I have never seen another so beautiful."
"I am glad to hear that," said Gladys, "for it is very rare indeed. The artist is a famous name."
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"Then come and call upon us, Mr. Mapleson," the young ladies will be together for a few days longer," said Mrs. Loring, who had overheard his remark; and having learned from some of the friends that he belonged to one of the F. V.'s, she was anxious to cultivate his acquaintance, for Addie's sake.
"Thanks, Mrs. Loring," the young man returned, with an exultant thrill, "I assure you I shall need no second bidding."
He stepped back, lifted his hat respectfully to the party, and they drove away.
But his face darkened as he retraced his steps to find his friend, Al Vanderstrat.
"It is evident that this Northern beauty thinks that there is no one like Geoffrey," he muttered, a hot flush of anger rising to his brow. "Confound the fate that ever made him my double. I could trample him beneath my heel. Mapleson blood in his veins, indeed! It is plain to be seen that she knows nothing of that lazling scrape, luckily for my plans, for I'm bound to cut him out of her. I'll marry Gladys Huntress before she has been six months out of school."

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"If you suffer from dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; and if there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice being changed and having a nasal twang; the breath offensive; such and taste impaired; experience a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough, and general debility, then you are suffering from chronic nasal catarrh. Only a few of the above named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case at one time, or in one stage of the disease. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above named symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, \$500 reward for a case of catarrh which their druggists at only 50 cents.
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"Possibly," Gladys returned, thoughtfully, and yet she was impressed that there was more in it than Mr. Mapleson appeared willing to allow.
She did not feel well enough acquainted with him to speak of the mystery surrounding Geoffrey's parentage and his early life. It is doubtful if she would have told him, under any circumstances, because of Geoffrey's sensitiveness upon the subject, still, she was strangely impressed by their resemblance.
"You are at Vassar, I understand?"
The young man resumed after a brief pause, and evidently desirous of changing the topic of conversation.
"Yes; this is my second year at the college."
"Indeed I and so it mine. Are you taking a four's course?"
"Yes; I preferred to take the regular curriculum rather than any special course."
"When you will graduate about the same time that I take my degree at Yale," said Everest Mapleson, smiling, "and I may presume so far, I should be happy to exchange tickets with you for the commencement of that year."
"Thank you, Mr. Mapleson; that is rather a long look ahead," Gladys answered, with a light laugh, "but no doubt, I shall be at the commencement at Yale, as Geoffrey will probably arrange for me; however, I will try to secure a ticket for you to come to Vassar, if it would afford you any especial pleasure."
"It certainly would, Miss Huntress, and I shall not forget your promise," he replied, with a look that brought a deeper color to her face.
She was not aware that his presence, in the event of her graduation, would contribute to her enjoyment, for, even now, there was something about him which at times repelled her.

"I have rarely enjoyed a pleasanter evening, Miss Huntress, and I hope we shall meet again before I leave this city," he said as he handed her the extra wrap which hung over his arm and stood a moment beside the carriage door.
"Then come and call upon us, Mr. Mapleson," the young ladies will be together for a few days longer," said Mrs. Loring, who had overheard his remark; and having learned from some of the friends that he belonged to one of the F. V.'s, she was anxious to cultivate his acquaintance, for Addie's sake.
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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
'88 Winter Arrangement '89
On and after MONDAY, November 20th, 1888, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:
Trains will leave St. John:
Day Express, 7.30
Accommodation, 11.30
Express for Sussex, 16.33
Express for Halifax & Quebec, 18.00
A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.30 Train to Halifax.
On TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Montreal.
Trains will arrive at St. John:
Express from Halifax & Quebec, 7.00
Express from Sussex, 9.30
Accommodation, 13.30
Day Express, 19.20
All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent, Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., Nov. 20th, 1888.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.
ALL RAIL LINE.
Arrangement of Trains--In effect Jan. 7th, 1889.
LEAVE FREDERICTON:
(Eastern Standard Time.)
7:00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.
8:45 A. M.—Express for Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West; St. John, Bangor, Portland, Boston, Woodstock, Fredericton, etc., Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points North.
12:30 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.
ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:
11:35 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.
3:10 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. John, Bangor, Portland, Boston, Woodstock, Fredericton, etc., Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points North.
6:30 P. M.—Express from St. John, and intermediate points.
LEAVE GIBSON:
6:50 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points North.
ARRIVE AT GIBSON:
4:45 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points North.
H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division, A. S. HEATH, Gen'l. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

DR.