

The Deeds You Fall to Do,
It isn't the thing you do dear,
It's the thing you've left undone
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.
The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartless counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time nor thought for,
With trouble enough of your own.
The little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

A Treacherous Trick

Maudie Trevelyan's black eyes were flashing with mischief as she sat at the table, and she stood beside the lounge over which George May's new dress was lying—a dainty white Swiss, trimmed with Valenciennes ruffles, sheer and pure as foam-sparkles.
"Of course you like it, Maudie? You couldn't help admiring it, could you?" George's glad, eager voice was so sweet, so girlish, that its very gay freshness stung Maudie Trevelyan.
"Oh, yes, it is very elegant indeed—rather elaborate, perhaps, for the occasion."
George touched the soft material tenderly.
"White is never too elaborate, Maudie; and it costs so little—nothing for the making. Do gratify me by praising it unreservedly, Maudie! Tell me you think it will be becoming and stylish for the reception at the Larches!"
She was such a sweet, honest little player, not in the least ashamed of wanting to be told her new dress was lovely, and when she lifted her bright little face, with its clear complexion and sparkling eyes, Maudie could hardly refrain from striking it.
For since Sydney Elviny had shown himself somewhat fascinated by those same sweet, honest eyes, and George's pretty, winsome ways, Maudie had known what it meant to hate with a deep hatred and desperate jealousy.
From the very first Maudie had so greatly admired Mr. Elviny, and he had seemed to equally admire her.
He was very handsome and attractive, and just such a gentleman as would naturally attract such a dashing stylish girl as Maudie. Maudie herself as pretty as a beautiful, dark-eyed and luxuriant, blue-black hair, cream and rose complexion, and a proud, well-cut mouth, could make her.
She had made a grand triumph at first to Maudie, and Elviny had chosen her as a special recipient of his attentions, although he was by no means exclusive. Then the triumph had been changed to happiness, as she found out more and more of his good qualities, and his sweetness of temper, and grace and charm, and how he had come to love him with all her strong, passionate heart. Then, right in the midst of all the happiness she was experiencing, George May intruded—plain, yet bright little George, with her unassuming ways, so winsomely sweet, her honest joyous nature.
She had come to spend a month with her cousin, who was one of Maudie's friends, and naturally, in the course of time, met Mr. Elviny; and when it was evident to every one that Sydney was attracted by the charm of her manner, and even headed, jealous Maudie, could accuse them of being sought more.
"But it will come to more! Mr. Elviny is so delighted with her, and she—she little cat—pretends she values him, and admires her, and all the time she uses all her skill to entrap him."
Maudie really meant what she had told herself, this bright morning, while she stood looking at George's new dress, made to wear at the reception, and to which she had been talking for weeks, and which she knew would be so beautifully becoming to George's fair, sweet face, with its thoughtful eyes, and her soft brown hair, that she wore so unlike the other girls were theirs—no elaboration of curls, and pins, and braids, but partly over her pretty forehead, and drawn in loose, natural waves of her face to the back of her shapely head, where it was caught with a knot of some bright ribbon.
And this fair, gentle girl was to go to the reception, and Sydney Elviny would see her, and admire her, and single her out, perhaps, for special attention, and, likely enough, under the influence of her pretty, bright ways, make love to her.
It almost maddened Maudie to think of it. It was a matter of almost indifference to her that she would be equally well dressed and certainly handsomer than George; she had no thought excepting that George was her rival, and, if she proved a successful one, Maudie's own misery was insured.
There were such thoughts as these trooping through Maudie's brain as she stood looking at the foamy white silk dress.
Then, as she turned away, there was a flash in her eyes—a flash and a sparkle of satisfaction—for something had occurred to her almost like an inspiration; and her pretty, eager face was eloquent of it as she walked down the street.
"George May shall not have the pleasure of wearing her new dress and fascinating people generally—and Sydney Elviny in particular! She shall stay away from the reception at the Larches—I will keep her blind! And then—once out of sight—I'll risk her being out of Mr. Elviny's mind. I'll see to it that she has no chance to regret her absence."
Her eyes were bright with determination and excitement as she walked

along, and were brighter still when she stepped into a telegraph office, and wrote a message that read, "Come home at once," and was signed with the initials "C. M."
Maudie looked very pretty and bewitching as she handed her message through the operator's window.
"I want this sent to Philadelphia, please, and immediately re-telegraphed to this address," and she gave the address of "George May, care of Mrs. M. Leighton, 114 Paxton Street."
While the operator was reading the telegram, Maudie said, by way of explanation:
"It is only a little joke—just for sport. What is the charge?"
After she had paid for the duplicate telegram, she walked out of the office, feeling that, without committing any serious sin, she had quite effectually prevented any intercourse between Sydney Elviny and George May.
"Of course she'll think the dispatch from her brother, this 'Cal' whom she is holding much about, and she'll rush off home posthaste. Once there a hundred miles away, Miss George won't return to finish the visit to Mrs. Leighton, while I—well, the sun will shine, and I will make my hay. I will win Sydney Elviny!"
And she went leisurely on home, quite content with her contemptible little game.
Several hours later, the telegram from Philadelphia came to George, alarming her, as telegrams have a trick of doing, and in this special instance, she herself by its vagueness and terseness.
"I do wonder what can be the matter? It's from Cal, of course, and something terrible must have happened, or they would never have sent for me. Oh, dear! you don't suppose anything is the matter with Maudie?"
The sweet, quivering lips were very piteous in their appeal to Mrs. Leighton, and Mr. Elviny, who had been there when the message came, felt how blessed a pleasure it would be to take the girl to his heart and try to comfort her.
"You can't go before to-morrow morning, at any rate, George; so be patient, and hope for the best."
"But it is such a long, long time to be in suspense—to be wondering and fearing! Mr. Elviny, don't you think I might telegraph to know what the matter?"
Mr. Elviny sprang to his feet at once.
"Certainly, Miss George. There is no need for you to be in a state of suspense all night and until you reach home to-morrow. I will run down to an office where an especial friend of mine is operator, and he'll send a message and insist on a speedy answer. Give me your brother's address, please."
He took it from her eager, trembling lips.
"All right—Calvin May, 1217 Cradock street, Philadelphia. I'll be back as soon as possible."
He saw the thankful look in her lovely, wistful eyes as he took her little hand.
"It may be only a trivial matter, after all, George. At any rate, fretting won't help it."
He had never called her "George" before; nor had he ever pressed her hand so warmly, and even amid the thought of a great thrill of happiness, how splendid he was.
And Mr. Elviny rushed off down to the very office where, a few hours before, Maudie Trevelyan had written and had dispatched her sham message.
The same young fellow sat there, reading an evening paper, when Elviny dashed in.
"Hello, brace! Busy? Wires clear for this?"
He penciled his words on the blank, and thrust it in the window.
"That's all right, Syd. I'll go right on. Funny, isn't it? The last message I sent was a duplicate telegram, signed 'C. M.', and was addressed to a person whose name is the same as that you have signed here—'George May.' It was addressed in care of Mrs. M. Leighton."
"A telegram from here, signed 'C. M.', and re-telegraphed back to Miss George May? Who sent it?"
"It was Miss Trevelyan who sent it, to be re-telegraphed back from Philadelphia here. I sent the dispatch down to you. Didn't the young lady get it?"
Mr. Elviny was looking at his friend while he spoke, with a quiet, stern expression on his face. He was surprised, somewhat bewildered, and indignant at the poor joke he began to understand had been played on George May, and then he remembered her piteous, wistful face, her eyes bright with tears, her sweet, pleading voice; and he grew almost desperately angry with Maudie Trevelyan.
"A thousand thanks for your kindness, Frank. You have explained away a terrible, and brightened things considerably in general. I won't send my telegram. Good-night, old fellow!"
When he returned to Miss Leighton's parlor, George was there alone, waiting in nervous eagerness for the news from home. She sprang to meet him, and remembered her telegram.
"Oh, Mr. Elviny! Please tell me at once—please tell me! No matter what it is, I want to know."
He linked his arm in hers, and led her to a chair.
"There has been a mistake, George. There has been no telegram for you from your family. Everything is all right with them. Everything will be all right with me, my darling, if you will only tell me you can love me! George, little girl, have I surprised you? Had you no idea I meant to try to win you for my own little wife, George, will you be my wife, darling?"
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