With Tessa As Proxy.

By JEROME SPRAGUE

"Tessa," said Miss Mason, with decision, "you are not making that bed properly.

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Tessa, tucking in the sheet of the doll's bed, raised limpid, inquiring

"I told you I wanted hospital corners."

Tessa wavered, curied a small red lip and overflowed

"Don't cry-oh, Tessa, don't cry!" Miss Mason expostulated as the small pink aproned atom flung herself at full length on the floor.

Tessa did not move. "Well, I shall have to let Mary Brannigan do it," said Miss Mason. Mary Brannigan and Tessa Votoldi being sworn rivals in the affections of the settlement teacher, the small Ital ian raised a calculating eye. Mary, every red curl bobbing, every freckle radiant, already had hold of one corner of the infinitesimal sheet.

Then Mary pulled and Tessa pulled. "Perhaps you'd better let Tessa finish it, Mary," said the teacher weakly. Mary blazed wrathfully. "Aw, she don't know how!"

"Oh well," Miss Mason sighed, "see if you can make it, Mary. Tessa can watch you and tell you if you don't do it properly."

Tessa, sobbing a soft accompant ment to Mary's bedmaking, squealed suddenly:

"She's gotta the hem out-a side." "Oh, Mary," said Miss Mason re-proachfully, "I thought you could do

"An' I can," said Mary, "but won't," and straightway, like a small fury, she tore the bed to pieces and flung the mattress on the floor. The twenty small girls of the little

housekeepers' class looked at the teach er with expectant eves.

"Oh, Mary!" quavered Miss Mason. She felt unequal to discipline. It was



"I LOVE-A YOU," SHE MURMURED PER-

very hot, and the room was close, and the children had been restless and fussy all the morning. "Oh, Mary," she quavered again as

round clerical collar poked his head in at the window. "Can't you and the little girls come

over and have lunch with my boys in the parish office?" he asked. A sigh of blissful anticipation issued

from twenty throats. "They have been so naughty!" Miss

Mason hesitated. "I don't know whether I should let them." Twenty pairs of eyes reproached her, and the young rector said, "No one

ought to be naughty on such a day." "Well, if you will promise to be very good," Miss Mason finally decided. And, like lion and lamb, Tessa and Mary led a decorous procession.

The young rector's class in woodcarving were having sandwiches and cake and lemonade, provided by the ladies of the parish. There was a big pitcher of lemonade, and the ice tinkled deliciously as the biggest boy filled twenty glasses for the twenty little

The young rector, beaming with enthusiasm, sat down beside the little of the article offered for sale. The settlement teacher. "It's lovely work, Miss Mason," he said.

Marion shook her head. "Oh, no, it isn't," she said; "it's horrid. They are so ungrateful. I wish I was out on a hotel porch in my best linen frock, with my hair marcelled and with the waves beating a soothing accompaniment to the conversation of some intelligent masculine."

With a twinkle in his eye, the young rector asked, "Can't I masquerade as an intelligent masculine?"

"Oh." Miss Mason conceded, "you might. But I'm not dressed for the part. Shirt waists and serge skirts and tan shoes, and dusty ones at that"she poked out a small foot in a shabby shoe-"are not the attire of attractive-We planted vegetables in the school garden all the morning-beans and things-until we were grubby." "I don't believe you would be really

happy on that hotel porch," asserted the young rector as he sat on the edge of his desk and looked down at her. "I should! I want to be care free

and frivolous-and to forget the problems of the suffering and the sub-merged people. I want to go where every one is clean and the air is pure and where I can breathe." As she eaught her breath sharply he bent over her with a sudden tender light in his

"Poor little woman!" he murmured. "Don't pity me," Miss Mason said, with flaming cheeks, "but I do like pretty things. Why, I am a different creature in my pink dimity. You've never seen me in it, have you?"

He smiled down at her indulgently. "No," he said slowly, "but I saw you once in an old white linen that had been torn and trampled, and you held

in your arms a little child that you had saved-and you were beautiful"-"Oh, that was Tessa," Miss Mason said quickly, "the morning the fire engine horses ran away. It was a won-der we weren't both killed."

"I saw you for the first time, and knew then that I had found what I had been looking for all my life." Her startled eyes read the meaning in his, "Oh, no, no," she protested, "I am not good enough. I am vain and frivolous and I long for the flesh-

He went on steadily. "I have see you since then every day teaching your little girls to be tidy and sweet and good, and I have wondered at your bravery-when you might be luxury, cool and comfortable."

"So might you," she reminded him "How many men of your talent and influence would have chosen a downtown church?" "Oh, that," he put it away lightly,

"I like it, and I am a man-but not many women would do it." "Don't," she said tremulously; "don't praise me." And she rose and went to meet Tessa, who was coming toward

her, sobbing, "Oh, Tessa! Crying again?" It was discovered after some ques tioning that Tessa's conscience was hurting her. She was sorry, she whis-

pered, that she had been bad. "Poor baby!" Miss Mason crooned as she gathered the small culprit in her arms, "Dear heart!" And the wet cheek lay against her own.

As they sat in the alcove the stained glass window of the parish office made a background of sapphire light, against which Miss Mason's fair hair one like a halo. Tessa, smiling and forgiven, lay with her limpid eyes

The rector, still seated on the corner of his desk, looked at the pair with thoughtful eyes, "Do you really think you would be

happy on the hotel porch?" he probed.
"It would be cool," Miss Mason said
wistfully, "but I should miss the
love," and her eyes went toward the children playing peacefully at the end of the room.

"Whose love?" he asked boldly. Tessa's eyes opened sleepily. love-a you!" she murmured fervently. The eyes of the rector held the eyes of the little teacher masterfully.

"You say it like that!" he com "Oh, I-I can't," she breathed, a pink and white and tremulous, "but Tessa shall be-my proxy!"

About Strawberries.

Many persons have wondered how strawberries got their name. They in other languages. On the contrary, pains. I am never without it." Sold their fragrance mainly is set forth in by Chas. N. Clarke. their fragrance mainly is set forth in the names by which they are called in non-English speaking lands. The old Anglo-Saxon form was "streaw It seems probable that the "straw" is the long stem of the vine, which runs along the ground. Some have thought, however, that in ancient times the Anglo-Saxon berry hunters brought the berries home or sent them to market upon straws. The explanadon that the word is a corruption of "strayberry," due to the running habit of strawberry vines, is believed to be rroneous as well as that which would derive the name from the habit of placing straw among the plants to keep the berries off the ground.

Coronets of dukes are adorned with strawberry leaves, though authorities on heraldry insist that they are not strawberry leaves at all, but merely conventional leaves which popular fancy has turned into the foliage of the favorite berry. However, strawa young man in a panama hat and berry leaves are actually borne by the house of Fraser of Lovat as a punning allusion to the family name, since "fraises" is French for strawberries.

When Richard le Gailienne first visited this country he was introduced at one of the clubs to a gentleman who delights in elaborate funmaking and does it all with an intensely sober face. After the first formalities were over the humorist asked the poet

"Well, Mr. le Gallienne, how is the poetry business?" Mr. le Gallienne surveyed the face of

his questioner and, seeing nothing in the countenance to enlighten him, replied, with dignified seriousness; "I should hardly speak of poetry as a business. "Why not?" said his interlocutor.
"The grocer sells groceries, the mer-

chant dry goods and you sell rhymed stuff. The market rates you obtain vary with conditions and the quality mented when inquiry grocer is compli is made as to the conditions of the grocery trade. Why not the poet when asked about his business his sonnets, lyrics, ballads and other forms, which are often sold at a ruinous sacrifice?" Mr. le Gallienne stared, still perplexed at this harangue, when the half suppressed laugh of the listeners cleared the air and the humorist himself smil-

ed. The poet woke up and said, with an air of great relief: "Oh, I see; you are joking!"-Judge.

F BHealth in the Canal Zone. The high wages paid make it a mighty temptation to our young artisans to join the force of skilled workman needed to construct the Panama Canal. Many are restrained however by the fear of fevers and malaria. It is the knowing ones—those who have used Electric ones—those who have used Electric Bitters, who go there without this fear, well knowing they are safe from malarious influence with Electric Bitters on hand. Cures blood poison too, biliousness, weakness and all stoms h, liver and kidney troubles. Guaranteed by Chas. N. Clarke druggist. 50c.

A Modest Man. There's the man behind the gun When the battle bugle blows. And the man behind the plow Where the thriving wheat crop

And the man behind the throttle As his engine onward goes.
But, as for me, I'm just plain Brown.
The man behind his nose.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Lost and Found.

Lost, between 9:30 p. m., yesterday and noon to-day, a billious attack, with nausea and sick headached. This loss was occasioned by finding at Chas. N., Clarke's drug store a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, the guaranteed cure for billiousness, malaria and jaundice. 25c.

When Gunpowder Was New.

A curious feature about the evolution in methods of hunting was the

Make

hesitation with which gunpowder was taken up by the great nobles. Not only did it take quite a century to familiarbe hunters with it, but the evidence that has come down to us shows that the humble classes were the first to use it for shooting game. Maximilian, ardent sportsman that he was, tells us himself that he could shoot farther and with greater accuracy with his crossbow than his keeper could with the fire tube. To prove this he tells us the well known story of a certain chamols standing at 200 fathoms, which, after being pronounced as too far off by his henchman, who was armed with one of the first sporting firearms mentioned in print, comes tumbling down, pierced at the first attempt by the emperor's bolt. From other sources we learn of strict measures being adopted to prevent poachers and "wood loafers" using firearms, and this at a period when princes still used the cumbrous crossbow and spear. It was only in the last quarter of the sixteenth century that firearms had ousted other weapons for certain forms of the chase, the deer battue being among the latter.-Gentleman's Magazine.

The Poisonous Black Sea.

The Black sea, which in some parts has a depth of more than 6,500 feet, is by sulphureted hydrogen wherever the water is deeper than 1,200 feet. This accounts for the curious fact that there is no organic life below that depth, excepting perhaps some bacteria of very low order, impregnated with sulphur. The causes for this phenomenon are explained by the quick outflow of the fresh water through the Bosporus, while salt water coming from the Mediterranean enters through a deeper current into the depths of the Black sea. The waters on the surface are, therefore, controlled absolutely by horizontal currents of considerable force, and vertical currents which might carry the noxious gases from the bottom to the surface and fresh oxygen from the surface to the bottom are hardly ever noticeable. The water at great depths is so saturated with sulphuric gas by the disintegration of organic matter sinking to the bottom by reason of its weight that no fish or other living being which needs oxygen for its organic system can exist beyond a stated

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was the greatest general the world has ever known. Bahard's Snow Liniment is the greatest Liniment. Quickly cures all pains. It is within the reach of all. T. H. Pointer, Hampstead, Texas, writes: "This is to certify that' Ballard's Snow have been so called by Anglo-Saxon Liniment has been used in my house people for hundreds of years, but no hold for years and has been found to b corresponding name for them appears an excellent Limiment for rheumatic

A Pazzier



First Diner Out-I shay, ole chap d'you know Wilshon? Second Diner Out-No. Whatsh ish

name? First Diner Out-I dunno.-Tatler.

She Pinned a Rose on Me. She sweetly bit the stem off short And pinned a rose on me; She had to slightly raise her head. For she was small, you see And we were all alone just then. She sweetly bit the stem off short And pinned a rose on me.

from the blood, and unles they do this good health is impossible. Foley's Kid-ney Cure makes sound kidneys and will positively cure all forms of kidney and bladder disease. It strengthens the whole system. Clarke Drug Co.

Divorce Not Recognized. "The old man's got his immigration

papers, ain't he?" "Yes, but the old lady's waitin' at the station where he takes the train." -Atlanta Constitution.

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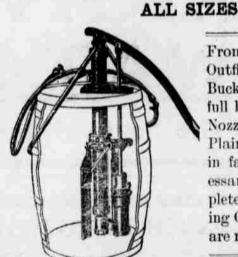
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