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By a Hair's Breadth

By D. H. TALMADGE

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It once happened that a boy wandered away from his home, thus produc ing distraction therein. He was a little boy, and his years were few. He was gone for hours, many hours, of daylight and darkness, and during the interval between his going and his coming, for he returned safe and sound at last, his mother was prostrated with nervous apprehension and his father's face aged plainly. The alarm bells were rung; the community postponed its business affairs and joined in the search; the schools were dismissed, and children vied with men and women to find the missing, but they were un-

uccessful. They found upon the river bank tracks nade by the boy's small shoes; they ound his straw hat floating upon the surface of the stream in a heap of driftwood; they found, trampled in the sand of the shore, a paper bag bearing he name of a local confectioner, who estified that the boy had purchased a enny's worth of caramels that day. And suspicion became conviction-the boy had been drowned!

The river was dragged until the ight came down, and one boatload of determined spirits worked grimly with the chains and hooks by the flickering light of lanterns until the clocks struck 12. Then, discomfited, they retired to await the sunrise.

That was a night long to be remembered in the town. It was a night of speechless agony in the boy's home and of sorrow broken slumber in the homes of other boys. There is something peculiarly sad in the thought of a child's form alone in black waters under a starless sky or-and this was the faintest of hopes-in the thought of a child wandering alone in the darkness, crying out his terrified little heart, stumbling here and there, not knowing which way to turn.

Tears were many in the town that night, but none flowed in the boy's home. Eyes were dry there and hot. Lips there were dry and burning. lour after hour the father paced the door, looking neither to the right nor to the left, his sweat cold hands clinched, his breath bursting from him as from one who strives to the limit of endurance at some manual undertak-

The clocks struck 3. The front door opened and closed with a bang. A cry ndescribable was sounded. The boy was in his father's arms.

At daybreak the good news went forth, and the story was told and told



HE RAN TO THE FORM AND KNELT BESIDE IT again how the boy had gone to the river to fish and had crawled out upon log the better to get his ridiculous ent pin of a book within reach of the big, big fish. Thus he told the tale himself. The log had not been fastened securely, and it had sailed away with him, far, far away, miles and miles, almost to Europe, he thought. He was not frightened much. It was fun until the river ran between high bluffs over great stones and the log dipped and pitched and rolled. He fell off at last, and a man who had been watching him from a cave up in the bluff came rushing down and waded and splashed and swam after him and pulled him out, and turned him upside down and spanked him to get the water out, and carried him to a cave, and built a fire and dried his clothes, and fed him some luscious dried beef and crackers, and finally, long, long after dark, put him upon his back and gave him a dandy ride home.

"He was a real nice man," said the boy in concluding the account. "He told me stories of kings who had heaps of money and of queens who had so many jewels they didn't know what to do. I told him I'd bet they didn't have any more money than my papa or any more jewels than my mamma, and he seemed greatly interested. He didn't ome clear to the house with me. He out me down at the corner and told me

scoot, and I scooted." "Heaven bless him!" said the boy's parents fervently. "We should like to see him and thank him for the great

"I wish you could," returned the boy earnestly, "He was such a nice man." One night about two weeks later the boy's father was awakened by the sound of a rising window sash, and he crept from his bed and took a revolver from a bureau drawer. Softly he

amination in a case of death from Heart Disease with-out finding the kidneys were at fault." The Kidney medicine which was first on the market, most success the market, most successful for Heart Disease and all Kidney Troubies, and most widely imitated is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

passed down the stairs, but not so soft ly that he was not heard by a man standing by the sideboard in the dining room. The man fired a pistol, and the boy's father fired in return. The first shot had no effect. The second had. When the boy's father turned on the electric light, the man was lying upon the floor bleeding.

"You've fixed me, I guess," he said, grinning in a ghastly sort of way. "You've hit me in a nerve center or something. I'm paralyzed. I can't

"Serves you right," grimly commented the father of the boy, and he telephoned for the police.

But before the police came there was a sound of swishing garments upon the stairway, and the boy entered the room. His eyes were wide with wonder as he looked from his father to the form upon the floor. Then with a little cry he ran to the form and knelt "Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" was the groaning response.

"How are you, kid?" "Real well," replied the boy. Then he turned toward his father. "This is him," he announced simply.

The boy's father was much affected. "What!" he ejaculated, "Him! Oh!" He also knelt by the wounded man's side, saying nothing, only trying to stanch the flow of blood, and while he worked the police arrived.

He arose, confronting the officers. "I have made a terrible mistake," he said to them. "I thought this man was an enemy to my household, and he was not. You are not needed. I'm sorry I put you to so much trouble. If one ot you will step to the telephone and tell Dr. Bigley to come here at once, I shall be obliged. After that you may

health in that home. He was there three weeks. He should, for the sake of the story, have gone into the world a better man, but he did not. Six weeks afterward he was arrested in another city on a charge of burglary, convicted and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. A short time prior to his arrest the boy's father received a letter from him, inclosing \$15 in currency. It said:

Dear Sur—Heres for my bord durin my plesant stay at yure house. Ide like to square the docs bill to but Ime flyin to lite. Regards to kid. Yures truly,

JAMES BROCKLES. The father of the boy read the letter

everal times and pondered much. "The man's bad tendencies," he told himself, "outweigh the good by only the fraction of a bair. Poor fellow!"

HER FIRST VISIT.

"This is where the laws are made," said Mr. McBride to his wife, as he howed her congress at work. "And which is the framing department?" asked Mrs. McBride.

Het husband looked puzzled "I read in the papers that laws were framed in Washington, you know," she explained.

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Very small and as easy to take as sugar. CARTER'S FOR HEADACHE.

VER FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR CONSTIPATION FOR SALLOW SKIN.

CURE SICK HEADACHE

His Imitation of a Bad Prize Fighter Ad-

One of the funniest bits of characer work with which the late Billie Emerson (well known to Canadian theatre goers) used to convulse his audiences was his imitation of a bad prize fighter, or rather the played-out prize fighter whose last stunt is stage managing sparring exhibitions. That veteran press agent, Hugh Coyle, furnishes the following accurate reproduction of it:
"For the benefit of the ladies of

the audience, who never take the advantage of witnessing a sparring exhibition, I will give an imitation of a master of ceremonies of one of those events, making a public apology for the absence of one of the principals through an accident the

'Av coorse his name is on- the bills, and yees'll all expect to see him. (Side steps.) "But iv there's anything that we

can do to make the uxabition a grond success ye can bet ye're sweet life we'll do it. D'y'sce? (Uses his hands.)

tive.) 'Thin he got to skylarkin', and dis-loc-a-tid one of his shoulders, so he will not be able to spar to-night. (Prepares to exit.)

overlook-(hesitates)-"'An' that everything will go c-o-n-g-e-n-i-a-l and r-i-g-h-t- (more

'Meself and Duffy'll do the windup. (Ducks his head and vanishes.)' This, with - Emerson's inimitable dry Irish cough, grimace and walk in delivering the foregoing, was one of the choicest bits in his extensive repertory.

allowed to give personal reminiscences, but unfortunately they are not the only ones who do give them. "How well I remember your fa-ther, when I was a little girl!" lately said an elderly woman to a Newcastle clergyman. He used to come often to our house to dinner. were always delighted to see him

but the narrator remained gravely unconscious of the interruption. "I remember what a hearty appe-tite he had," she continued blandly. It was a real pleasure to see him eat. Why, when mother would see him coming along the road of a morning she'd send me running out to cook and say : "Tell Mary to put on just twice as much of everything as she had planned, for here is Mr Brown coming to dine with us ! The eminent son endeavored to preserve a proper expression recon-tenance at this interesting remini-

"You are so much like your father, won't you come home and dine with us after the service ?"-Tit-

A Shrewd Market Woman.

The shrewdness and loquacity market women-a craft numbering more members in the old world than in the new-are proverbial; and the following anecdote, in Mr. Doran's book on "Table Traits," bears witness to the justice of the reputation: A member of the sisterhood, in Bristol, England, had a ten-pound bank note, and wished to exchange it for gold, which was then at a high premium. Accordingly, she en-

The quick-witted woman, without exhibiting any disappointment, thereon asked the cashier to let her have ten of the bank's one-pound notes in exchange, being completed, the old woman taking up one of the provincial notes, read aloud the promise en-

kle, "now gi' me good for your note,

There was no resisting this appeal, and the market woman departed in

Great Pedestrian. A well-known story of Bishop Phil-

diplomatically, but without any untruth when a very homely baby was presented for his admiration, 'Well that is a baby!'

telling how remarkable it was.
"Can't it walk?" asked the bi-

"Dear me! dear me! said the bishop, absently. "What a long way he must have got!"

BILLIE EMERSON'S DROLLERY.

evening previous:
"Ladies and Gentlemen: I am very sorry indeed to hav' to inform ye's that Mr. Hickey will not be able to spar to-night. (A woe-begone look.)

" 'He wint out las' night wid some uv the b'ys, and got a little bit too much of the b-o-o-z-e. (Becomes

'Hopin' av coorse that vees'll' all

hesitation)-

The Bavoe of the Reminiscent. It is tactful people who should be

children and all."

"That is very pleasant to hear," said the clergyman, with a smile;

scence, but his composure was sorely tried when, with great cordin the lady said

tered a bank and made known her request, to be met with instant re-

graved upon it, to pay the bearer in "Very good," said she, with a chucor I'll run to the door and call out, 'Bank's broke!'

Divorce Increases Suicide. A German statistician has been collecting facts that deal with the relation that suicide bears to divorce. In Prussia, it seems, out of 1.000, 000 persons 348 women committed suicide after being divorced, as com-pared with only 61 married women. while the men were in the propor-tion of ten divorced to one married tion of ten divorced to one married suicide. Divorce is a sign of unhappiness, the unhappy are naturally most prone to self-slaughter, and therefore—but the syllogism does not need completion. It would appear that many of those who do not commit suicide go mad. In Wurtemberg there are in the sevens 2024 at there are in the asylums 3,024 divorced persons, against 233 married, 416 celibates and 676 widows and widowers.

lips Brooks represents him as saying

And the parents were delighted.
Hardly so well-timed was the remark of another bishop to the proud mother of a two-year-old. The child was not present but the mother was

shop.
"Walk!" exclaimed the mother.
"Why, he has been walking six months!"

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