

THE LITTLE PAPER PRINTED WHERE YOU USED TO LIVE

'Tisn't filled with cuts and pictures nor the latest news dispatches; And the paper's often dampened, and the print is sometimes blurred. There is only one edition, and the eye quite often catches Traces of a missing letter, and at times a mis-spelled word. No cablegrams nor specials anywhere the battle rages The makeup is mayhaps a trifle crude and primitive. But an atmosphere of homelife fills and permeates the pages Of the little country paper, printed where you used to live.

How the heart grows soft and tender while its column's you're perusing, Every item is familiar, every name you know full well, And a flood of recollection passes o'er while you're musing On the past, and weaves about you an imaginative spell. You can see the old home village, once again in fancy; seeming To be clasping hand of neighbor, and of friend and relative; And their faces rise before you as you're idly, fondly dreaming, O'er the little country paper printed where you used to live. —Kansas City Journal.

LONG WALKS IN THE CITY

"There is no reason," says a St. Louis teacher of athletics, "why people should buy a lot of expensive apparatus in order to get exercise. Any one who chooses to take the trouble may have all the exercise he wants, without spending a cent for appliances. Of course they are good in their way, and there are a great many young men who will take little or no exercise at all, unless stimulated by rivalry and the desire to make a record at the gymnasium, but for the man who does not care for these things, but who does find himself benefited by exercise, appliances are all but useless. "There is no better exercise for the general health and physical development than walking. If the business men of this city would walk down to their offices every morning and back again in the evening, they would add years to their lives. Two daily walks of one to two miles each are enough to keep any one in good health, and will cure most cases of dyspepsia without the aid of medicine. Most people remember Archbishop Kenrick, who, though feeble of constitution, very thin and apparently weak, attained an extreme old age by careful adherence to plain, simple diet and a regular daily walk. Every afternoon at 4 o'clock he left his house at Sixteenth and Chestnut, walked over to Olive, then out to Grand avenue, then back, generally

Grip Pains

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—ADELLA LANE, Portage, Mich.

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by way of Pine. No matter what the weather, so long as the sidewalks were not icy, this was his daily jaunt, a distance of about two miles. After he moved out to his new house on Lindell, he arranged another route, which he followed until his infirmities compelled the discontinuance of all outdoor exercise. There is nothing like walking in the open air to brush the cobwebs out of one's brain, but instead of following a given route day by day, it is better to choose every day a new course, where something unexpected may be seen, which will call off the mind from its pre-occupation. Going over the same course makes walking a mere mechanical performance, good enough perhaps for the muscles, but lacking that stimulus which makes outdoor exercise a relief for the mind, as well as for the body."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A NEW USE FOR M. D.'S

Raymond Hitchcock, the comedian who is now on a starring tour through the west, was recently invited as the guest of honor to the Country club, about five miles outside of San Francisco, after the performance. As Mr. Hitchcock knew from previous experience that a cabman would ask a fortune to carry him out to the club, he looked up the address of a physician near the theater, and after the close of the show he went around and rang the bell. The doctor opened the door personally, and Hitchcock said:

"Doctor, you're wanted immediately out near the Country club. Can you come right away?"

"Certainly, sir. Just step inside a moment while I phone for my auto. We'll be there in a jiffy."

It was a good five miles to the Country club. Just beyond stood a cluster of suburban homes. "The yellow house on the left there," said Hitchcock, as he got out of the machine. "By the way, I forgot to ask you the amount of your fee."

"Four dollars," said the doctor. The comedian peeled off four one dollar bills and passed them to the doctor.

"That will be all, thank you, doctor. None of these pirate hackmen would take me out here for less than fifteen."—Harper's Weekly.

MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE

Queen Victoria had had, doubtless, some recollection of the theories of the divine right of kings, so when Mr. Gladstone, then prime minister, brought her a paper to be signed, she said:

"I can not sign it. That does not represent my sentiments."

"Madame," said the premier, "you must sign it."

"Do you say MUST to me, Mr. Gladstone? I am the queen of England."

"Madame, I am the PEOPLE of England. Sign."

And she signed.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CONGREGATION LAUGHED

A revival meeting was in progress and Sister Jones was called upon for testimony. Being meek and humble, she said: "I do not feel as though I should stand here and give testimony. I have been a transgressor for a good many years and have only recently seen the light. I believe that my place is in a dark corner behind the door."

Brother Smith was next called on for his testimony and, following the example set by Sister Jones, said: "I, too, have been a sinner for more than forty years, and I do not think

it would be fitting for me to stand before this assembly as a model. I think my place is behind the door, in a dark corner, with Sister Jones."

And he wondered why the meeting was convulsed with the laughter of those who came to pray.—Houston Post.

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