

IF WE DIDN'T HAVE TO EAT.

Life would be an easy matter
If we didn't have to eat.
If we never had to utter.
"Won't you pass the bread and butter."
Likewise push along the platter
Full of meat?
Yes, if food were obsolete
Life would be a jolly treat,
If we didn't—shine or shower,
Old or young, 'bout every hour—
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—
'Twould be jolly if we didn't have to eat.
We could save a lot of money,
If we didn't have to eat.
Could we cease our busy buying
Baking, broiling, brewing, frying,
Life would then be or, so sunny
And complete;
And we wouldn't fear to greet
Every grocer in the street
If we didn't—man and woman,
Every hungry, helpless human,
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—
We'd save money if we didn't have to eat.
All our worry would be over
If we didn't have to eat—
Would the butcher, baker, grocer
Get our hard-earned dollars? No, sir!
We would then be right in clover
Cool and sweet.
Want and hunger we could cheat,
And we'd get there with both feet,
If we didn't—poor or wealthy,
Halt or nimble, sick or healthy—
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—
We could get there if we didn't have to eat.

CONNUBIALITIES.

Justice of the Peace Reynolds, of Denver, though newly appointed, is already popular as a marriage knot tier. He outdoes the word "obey" from the ceremony, saying he does so in defence to the general opinion of Colorado women.

Dr. N. G. Woodward, of Defiance, O., sent a wedding invitation to a cousin fourteen years ago. The invitation went astray until last week, when the doctor received a check for \$2,000 as a marriage gift.

A Providence woman can boast of having been married six times and at her last wedding four of her former husbands were present and acted as ushers. The fifth sent his regrets and a present and an invitation to the bride and groom to spend their honeymoon at his house.

A Missouri man who is in jail for the trivial offense of marrying four wives within a year and without doing anything whatsoever toward supporting the great American divorce industry, very chivalrously offers in return for his liberty to get divorced from the first three women and support the fourth.

The connection between tomatoes and matrimony may not be evident at first sight to the unobservant, but the Chicago girl who found at the bottom of a South Water street basket of the new variety of love apples a note from a farmer, answered it and got a husband will be able to explain the matter to all interested. The marriage took place at Cobden, Ill.

HOW TO SOLVE IT.

Kansas City Star: "The whole trouble," said Secretary Alger at Detroit Sunday, has been in the volunteer troops not knowing how to care for themselves."

WANTED—100,000 VOLUNTEERS
For the United States army, to serve for two years, or until the end of the war, or until death does us part. Must be not less than 18 nor more than 38 years old, and must be fully provided with the essentials for taking care of themselves:

1. Medicines, ice and milk.
 2. Water.
 3. Rations.
 4. Transport ships.
 5. Suitable clothing.
 6. Healthy camp grounds.
 7. Hospitals.
 8. Surgeons.
 9. Ambulances.
 10. Tents, cots and blankets.
 11. Competent officers.
- Wages, \$15.00 a month and the gratitude of a great nation.
RUSSELL A. ALGER, Secretary of War.

BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN.

The preacher will not reap wheat if he sows sand.
A man may know the time card and yet miss the train.
The dews of morning are angels' tears for the deeds of the night.
The smaller a man's heart, the bigger a dollar looks in his eyes.
The mill wheel may make the noise, but the water does the work.
Too many want to have the victor's crown without the soldier's wounds.
Talk about "looking for opportunities of doing good!" We may as well talk about looking for fire-wood in a forest or for water during a flood. The world is full of such opportunities.

The Dearest Girl—What makes you old bachelors say such horrid things? Married men do not talk that way.
The Savage Bachelor—No; we only say what the married men think.

FRATILE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Harry," said the teacher, "in your essay on 'George Washington' you say that he never went fishing. What authority have you for making that assertion?" "Why," replied Harry, "haven't we been taught that he never told a lie?"

A little boy had been sent to the corner grocery to get some eggs and on his way back he dropped the basket containing them. "How many did you break?"

"Nellie, dear," said the indulgent father to his 4-year-old daughter, "if you like your new dolly, you ought to come and put your arms about my neck and give me a real nice kiss." Nellie complied, but as she did so she remarked: "Oh, papa, I does dest spoil you dweadful!"

Of course it happened when there was company present.

"Mother," said Willie's elder, who had been reading a nautical story, "what is a spanker boom?"

"You bet I know," broke in Willie vociferously.

Then they all made haste to change the subject, not because Willie knew, but because he thought he knew.

An exchange says that a little girl in Hillsdale, Mich., petitioned the Lord for fair weather and the next morning the sun shone bright and clear. She told of her prayer to her grandmother, who said: "Well, now, why can't you pray to-night that it may be warmer to-morrow so grandma's rheumatism will be better?" "All right, I will," was the response, and that night as she knelt she incorporated this request in her little prayer: "Oh, God, make it hot for grandma."

The young king of Spain is a bright boy. The following anecdote is told about him by the Madrid correspondent of the London Telegraph: "One afternoon King Alfonso, on returning home from a walk, ascended the staircase and looked in vain for the officer who should have been in command of the royal guard on duty. The king called for an adjutant and asked him the name of the officer on duty that day. 'It is Captain X., your majesty.' 'Will you kindly remember me to Captain X., then, and tell him I often think of him, though I have not had the pleasure of seeing him for quite a long time.'"

A little girl, about 9 years of age, was obliged, for some time, to endure the nagging annoyance of a maiden aunt, relates an exchange. The child puzzled her little mind as to the best means of getting rid of her tormentor, and at last hit upon a plan which, she thought, would have the desired result. She spent the whole of one morning writing a letter, and, having finished it, she disappeared in the garden. In the course of the afternoon her mother asked the gardener what Alice had been doing, and was surprised to learn that she had dug a deep hole and put a letter in it. A search was made, and the following epistle was discovered, addressed to the potentate of the nether regions at his official residence: "Dear Mr. Satan—Will you kindly come and take away Aunt Jane? She is a very fussy person, and does worry me so. Alice."

FLOATING MIRTH.

"Girum," said Asbury Peppers, relapsing into the dialect of his native farm, "a fresh porched egg."
"I presume you mean 'pouched,'" said schoolma'am boarder.
"Was that not what I said?"
"No; you said 'porched.'"
"If I said porched," replied Mr. Peppers, ralling nobly, "I meant one that had just been shed."

The man who wants the earth probably never stopped to think what the taxes would be.

A five-foot man has to have courage to walk down the street with a woman who is five feet eight.

"You notice the stage is set with a marine scene?"
"Yes, I just wondered why."
"Oh, that's to make it less embarrassing for the actresses who have to appear in tight."

Hewitt—I sat at the table next to yours at the restaurant yesterday and don't see how you could laugh at the stale stories that Guet was telling.
Jewitt—He was paying for his dinner.

"What sort of a nation is Holland?" ask the snake editor.
"At the present it is a coronation," replied the horse editor.

"There are times when it seems as if the line from St. John, 'It is more blessed to give than receive,' should be changed to read, 'It is easier to give than to receive.'"
"Mention such a time."
"When advice is the subject under discussion."

The Parson—I'm going to have a tough job of saying any thing good of the late Brother Blaggles.
His Wife—You might say a more deserving person has not died in a long while.

"I can't blame the young women for falling in love with the soldiers," remarked a neighbor who had dropped in for a few minutes.

"Neither do I," answered the other, who always had a tired expression. "A few months of government rations ought to keep a man from complaining of home cooking for the rest of his life."

"What can equal the warmth of a true woman's love?" asked the dearest girl.
"Her temper," replied the savage bachelor.

The Husband—My dear did you get any good from the sermon today?
The Wife—I did; I am fully convinced that I might be worse than I am.

"What did your wife say to you when you got home from the club at such an unearthly hour this mornong?"
"Oh, ask me something easy."
"What would you call something easy?"
"Well you might ask me what she failed to say."

My father-in-law is really a simpleton. The other day I wrote him that my pecuniary embarrassment was turning my hair gray, and what do you suppose his answer was? He sent me a bottle of hair dye.

"Why do you think he is such a remarkable man?"
"He is the only one I ever knew who had nerve enough to make the responses in the marriage services loud enough so that any one could hear him."

Maud—I think it perfectly disgraceful! Her fiancé hadn't been dead six weeks when she married the other man.
Mable—But you know her trousseau would have soon gone out of fashion.

"I wonder," said Mr. Blykins, in a pensive tone, "why it is that children are so anxious to forsake all their joyous freedom from care and be grown men."
"Maybe," answered his young son, "it's because grown men get attention and sympathy when they have a stomach ache, instead of being laughed at."

There are some men in the world so good that when they are seen on the streets after 9 o'clock it is wondered who is sick at their house. It is known they must be going for a doctor.

Clara—I see Cynthia has decorated her room with guns, pistols, swords and the like.
Cora—Yes; she always has been a great girl for having arms around her.

"And you took part in the destruction of Corvera's fleet? How glorious to shed one's blood for one's country. Your name is in the list of the heroes, then?"
"No, ma'am. I wasn't one of the heroes. I was down in the stoke hole, sheddin' seven gallons of pers'piration."

"Paulo!" she cried, coming forward. She was very pale as she greeted him. For his necktie was violent enough to take the color out of anything. Even the wall paper suffered.

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Steamer Almota leaves Riparia Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:45 a.m., after arrival of train from Spokane and Portland. Leaves Lewiston, returning, Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8 a.m.

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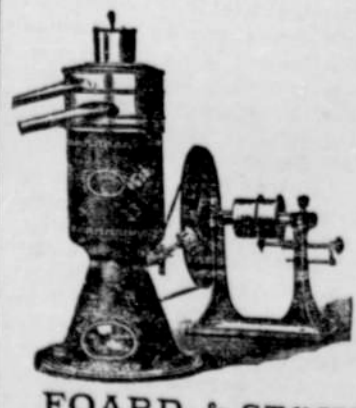
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