

## WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"Yes," said a man, as he bent his elbow to raise the twentieth glass, "it's overwork that kills."

Old bells can be made as good as new ones. Old belles can't.

When parents yield up their daughters in marriage, they do it with misgivings.

Don't put off until to-morrow that which you can do to-day, unless you are going into the poetry line.

One-half of the bees in San Monica, Cal., were lost last year, says an exchange. Hope it was the tail half.

Suicides are more frequent in spring-time, but true inwardness only comes with the green apple season.

A Piqua girl, who had a quarrel with a lover, remarked to a friend that "she wasn't on squeezing terms with that fraud any more."

The great journalists are rapidly dropping off. Raymond, Bennett, Greeley, and now Bryant. And our physician has advised us to take exercise.

A preacher who believed that fire insurance was defying the Lord, is now living in a barn until his congregation can find him another house.

"How one thing brings up another!" said a lady absorbed in pleasing retrospection. "Yes," replied the practical Dobbs, "an emetic, for instance."

When a loafer enters the sanctum of a busy editor, and the editor says, "Glad to see you're back," what does he mean?

A barefoot girl kicked a burglar out of a house, and an observing male went behind the barn and wept.

Topic: Geological discussion. Principal—"Was it colder or warmer a hundred years ago than at present?" Pupil (honestly)—"I really don't recollect, sir."

That was a good Detroit boy who told his father that if he would buy him a pony, he would let him have the use of it when it was too rainy for good boys to be out.

What is that which no man wants, which, if any man has, he would not part with for untold wealth? A bald head.

"Brilliant and impulsive people," says an exchange, "have black eyes." Impulsive people are only too apt to get black eyes.

A Texan man shot his opponent in a duel, and is now writing a poem about it. It looks as if the wrong man had been shot.

The six-foot-two young man who went out in Sunday's rain in his new white flannel suit, is now advertising for a three-foot-and-a-half circus dwarf who wants to buy second-hand clothing.

A young lady told her lover that she liked Shakespeare very much, and that she read it when it first came out." Then she proceeded to scan a magazine to see what the winter styles were.

The reason an urchin gave for being late at school, Monday, was that the boy in the next house was going to have a dressing down with a bed-cord, and he waited to hear him howl.

One of our fashionable youths donned his first silk hat and cigar, Saturday evening. He got along well enough with the cigar, but he had to give up the hat—it made him sick at the stomach.

A negro boy was driving a mule when the animal suddenly stopped and refused to budge. "Won't go, eh?" said the boy. "Feel grand, do you? I s'pose you forgot your fadder was a jackass."

Most old-fashioned people have come to the conclusion that one can have religion and a cushioned church pew, too, but it took a good many back-aches to convince them.

## A BOY WITH A HEART.

The other day a bit of a boy called at the side door of a good-looking residence, and told such a sorrowful story that the lady of the house was not stingy in throwing provisions in his basket. Happening to look into the front yard, after a few minutes, she saw the strange boy mixed up with her three or four children, and she called out:

"Boy, what are you doing there?"

"Feedin' these half-starved children," he promptly replied.

"But those are my children," she indignantly exclaimed.

"Makes no difference to me," he said, as he broke of another piece of cake.

"When I find a young 'un cryin' for bread, and ready to swear that he hasn't tasted pie for over a year, I'm goin' to stop business and brace him up. Haven't you got a clean white waist which I could put on this dirty little boy?"

She looked up and down to see if any canvassers for the poor heathen were in sight, and then she grabbed the broom and ran that sympathetic boy out of the yard.

OUR STATE MOTTO.—The Latin motto of Oregon engraved upon our State seal is: "Alis Volat Propriis," which translated into English, means "She flies with her own wings," or, in other words, "She goes it alone."

The "Boss Tramp," otherwise known as the "Oregon Mechanic," and ex-editor of the defunct *Labor World*, is haranguing small crowds at Sacramento, California.

ACIDULATED WATER FOR SICK ANIMALS.—A contributor writes as follows:

When an animal is laboring under any protracted disease and is feverish and thirsty, I recommend that an occasional draught of acidulated water be offered, and if the animal will partake of it much good may be expected from it. In human practice we find that when the patient is feverish, and labouring under an alkaline diathesis, acidulated drinks are indicated, and very frequently prescribed, and thus the fire of the fever is lessened and the thirst quenched. A very excellent and acidulated drink may be made as follows; Take of sulphuric acid one ounce; water two gallons. Two such doses per day will suffice for cattle or horses. This mixture also possesses tonic properties, and is highly serviceable in disease of typhoid character, and in cases of debility; especially when the patient sweats profusely. It is useful also in diabetes, bloody urine, passive hemorrhages from whatever part they may arise. In cases of diarrhea it has a very marked effect; yet in the latter case the quantity of water should be lessened.

I advise our farmers who are in locations where the services of a veterinary surgeon cannot be obtained, to keep a small supply of sulphuric acid on hand, for it might be the means of often saving the life of a valuable animal. The acid must be kept in a bottle with a glass stopper, and if the farmer has no graduating glass to measure the quantity, let him pour a small quantity at a time into the water, and when a slight acid taste is secured, that is all that is wanted. A drachm or so, more or less, will do no harm.

THE FIRST WEDDING.—We believe in brevity, in coming to a point at once in wasting no time. We, too, like short courtships, and in this Adam acted like a sensible man—he fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have popped the question almost immediately after meeting Miss Eve, and she, without flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in the world, we have had our own thoughts, however, and sometimes, in a poetical mood, wish we were the man that did it. But the deed is done—the chance was Adam's and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden. Adam's was private. No envious aunts and grunting grandmothers. The birds of the heavens were the minstrels, and the glad sky flung its light on the scene. One thing about the first wedding brings queer thoughts to us in spite of its scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to marry; some two or three days old, according to the sagest elder; without experience, without a house, a pot or kettle; nothing but love and Eden.