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MAGNANIMOUS MR. HANLEY.

M. F. Hanley, who is holding up the city of Medford through the injunction granted by Judge Hanna and by an endless array of legal quibbles, successfully delaying the completion of Medford's new gravity water system, kindly offers—like a Greek bearing gifts—through his attorney, A. E. Reames, to allow the city to enter his premises and construct a surface pipeline to his irrigating ditch, half a mile or so below the city's proposed point of diversion.

Mr. Hanley's offer is almost, but not quite, as generous as his celebrated Wasson canyon proposition, wherein he wanted to sell 160 inches of water to the city for 300 inches, and it further throws him into the spotlight of beneficence.

Of course, if the city accepted Mr. Hanley's bounty, it would amount to a recognition of Mr. Hanley's water rights, and would be a point in his favor in the litigation he intends to bring against the city's water rights.

Of course, when the public-spirited Mr. Hanley or his neighbor, Mr. Slinger, who also has an interest in the irrigation ditch, desire to irrigate, there may not be water enough to go around, but the city could easily await their convenience.

Of course, to lay wood pipe upon the surface as suggested by the benevolent Mr. Hanley and submit it to alternate wet and dry periods, would completely ruin the city's water main, but a mile and a half of 16-inch pipe is a mere trifle, and the city ought to be glad to sacrifice it to enjoy the privilege of drinking the same water that Mr. Hanley's cows do.

Of course, Mr. Hanley does not want to hold the city up. That is the reason why he has so vigorously helped every move the city has made to secure a right of way over his land. It was because of his high regard for the people of Medford that his attorney last June opposed the city's effort to make a deposit to enter the premises; because of this overweening desire to help the city that he later objected to the city's filing a bond; it was due to his effort to do the square thing by the municipality that he refused to acknowledge the legality of Judge Coke's term of court and refused to accept the \$600 a jury placed his damages at; and it is also an earnest of his regard for Medford that he will contest the city's water rights.

Only in some public way can Medford's appreciation of Mr. Hanley's liberality and practical assistance in completing the gravity water system be shown, and no fitter memorial could be suggested than his statue to mount the granite block fountain at Main and Central avenue. Out of the fountain should gush a stream so that the public might know when Mr. Hanley was irrigating.

Animals and Instinct.
 It is a mistake to imagine that animals are prevented by instinct from eating injurious food. A chicken will drink paint; a cow partakes of water in which noxious chemicals have been washed; ducks cheerfully swallow snails and choke themselves in the process. No; animals, like children, need watching.
 Recently numerous cases of poisoning in ducks, which followed the consumption of cabbage leaves, have attracted much attention. A few hours after feeding poisoning has manifested itself by loss of appetite, great weakness, tottering steps and sometimes death. From time immemorial ducks have thrived on cabbage leaves. The poultry farmers were greatly puzzled.
 Then it was discovered that various caterpillars were concealed in the cabbage leaves; hence these tears. But the point is that, far from instinctively detecting any danger and behaving accordingly, the ducks consumed great quantities of the leaves with much apparent relish.—London Answers.

Pleasure and Sacrifice.
 An alert little five-year-old was visiting a city park with her mother for the first time. She had noticed the beautiful red and white swan boats as they passed through in the morning, and her mother had promised they should come back after the shopping was done and have a ride.

Shortly after dinner they stood on the bridge over the lagoon watching the boats below and listening to the cry of the barker as he tried to induce the passing crowds to patronize his swan boats.
 But when her mother started toward the boat landing little Elsie declared very vigorously that she did not want to go at all and, as her mother urged her, broke forth in tears.
 This sudden fear was so different from her former eagerness that her mother could not understand it until she noticed the boatman's call.
 He was crying: "Come along! Come along! Ride clear round the pond. Only 5 cents for ladies and gents! Children thrown in!"

Apples as Omens.
 In parts of England many quaint superstitions still center round the apple. Apples hung on strings and twirled before the fire are said to fall off in the order that the marriages of the various owners will proceed. An apple eaten before a looking glass is supposed to give a view of the inquirer's future husband, who will be seen peeping over lady's shoulder. Peel safely taken from an apple, tossed three times round the head and thrown to the ground unbroken forms the first letter of a future lover's name. A more recent, though hardly more serious, custom necessitates a bowl of water in which are floating a number of apples. Mothers must drop forks into

the bowl from a distance of about four feet. If the fork pierces an apple the feat is believed to protect the performer's children from catching cold.—London Scraps.

Early English Scare.
 In 1370 a report was circulated that "certain galleys, with a multitude of armed men therein, were lying off the foreland of Thanet," and an order was at once issued that "every night watch shall be kept between the Tower of London and Billingsgate, with forty men at arms and sixty archers." The watch was kept in the following order: "Tuesday, the drapers and the tailors; Wednesday, the mercers and the apothecaries; Thursday, the fishmongers and the butchers; Friday, the pewterers and the vintners; Saturday, the goldsmiths and the saddlers; Sunday, the ironmongers, the armorers and the cutlers; Monday, the tawers, the spurriers, the bowyers and the girdlers." Even in 1616 pirate vessels were captured off the Kentish coast, between Broadstairs and Margate.—London Chronicle.

George III. and the Wigmakers.
 When George III. ascended the throne of England his wealthy subjects were beginning to leave off wigs and to appear in their own hair, "if they had any." As the sovereign was himself one of the offenders, the peruke makers, who feared a serious loss of trade, prepared a petition in which they prayed his majesty to be graciously pleased to "shave his head" for the good of distressed workmen and wear a wig, as his father had done before him.
 When the petitioners walked to the royal palace, however, it was noticed that they wore no wigs themselves. As this seemed unfair to the onlookers they seized several of the leading processions and cut their hair with any implement that came most readily to hand.
 From this incident arose a host of curious caricatures. The wooden leg makers were said to have especial claims on the king's consideration, inasmuch as the conclusion of peace had deprived them of a profitable source of employment; hence the suggestion that his majesty should not only wear a wooden leg himself, but enjoin the people to follow his laudable example.

As Others See Us.
 "The man who can pick out the best picture of himself is a rare bird," said a photographer. "Even an author, who is reputedly a poor judge of his own work, exercises vast wisdom in selecting his best book compared with the person who tries to choose his best photograph. Every famous man or woman who has been photographed repeatedly has his or her favorite picture. Usually it is the worst in the collection. It shows him or her with an unnatural expression, sitting or standing in an unnatural attitude. The inability to judge of his best picture must be due to the average man's ignorance of how he really looks, or perhaps it can be partly attributed to a desire to look other than he does. A stout man will swear that the photograph most nearly like him is the one that makes him look thin, a thin man the one that makes him look stout, the solemn man selects the jolliest picture, the jovial man the most cadaverous.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Famous Quotation.
 A story about Keats is quoted by the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson in his "Lives" of disciples of Aesculapius. Mr. Stephens, a friend of the doctor, once told him that one evening at twilight when he and Keats were sitting together in their student days, Stephens at his medical books, Keats engrossed in his dreaming, Keats called out to his friend that he had composed a new line—"A thing of beauty is a constant joy."
 "What think you of that, Stephens?"
 "It has the true ring, but is wanting in some way," replies the latter as he dips once more into his medical studies.
 An interval of silence, and again the poet, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." What think you of that, Stephens?
 "That it will live forever."
 A happy prophecy indeed!

The Forests on the Niger.
 The insects of Africa are expert disease carriers, and they come in such numbers on the Niger that one hardly dares to use one's lamp or go too near a light of any sort at night. These forests on the Niger are deadly places for all their haunting attraction and take a big toll both of European and native life. Yet the first three days on the Niger, with all its mud and its smell and its mangrove flies and its frogs and its crickets, are enough to give the newcomer an inkling of the drawing power, the fascination, of what is probably the most unhealthy country in the world.—W. B. Thompson in Blackwood's.

Dodging a Slander.
 During a suit for slander brought in an Ohio town one of the parties was asked by the presiding magistrate: "Is it true, as alleged, that you declared that Thomas Mulkins had stolen your pocketbook?"
 "Your honor," responded the man,

"I did not go so far as that. I merely said that if Mulkins had not assisted me in looking for the pocketbook I might have found it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Before and After.
 She was a frivolous, fashionable young woman with beaux galore, but one man with only a small income seemed to be the favorite.
 "You'll have to work hard before you win that girl," said his mother.
 "And a good deal harder after you win her," answered his father, who knew what he was talking about.

His Poems.
 "May I offer you this little gift, Fraulein Kate?"
 "Excuse me—I never take presents from men."
 "But it is only a copy of my book of poems."
 "In that case I will accept. I thought it was something valuable."—Fliegende Blätter.

The Place For It.
 An old Scotswoman was advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon. She answered briskly, "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

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27 acres, 4 miles south of Medford, across road southeast from the Burrell orchards; 5-room house, good barn, chicken house, 9 acres of 3-year-old pear orchard, 15 acres alfalfa, large vegetable garden; berries, etc. Price \$6500.

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