Serious Accident.

W. H. Norcross met with a serious and painful accident Tuesday when by a mis-step he fell from the haymow of his barn to the ground below a distance of 16 feet. He landed on his head and neck and was rendered unconcious Dr Rawhouser was summoned and responded promptly and did everything possible to make the patient comfortable. He was resting easy yesterday and it is believed that aside from the shock and bruises his injuries are not serious.

Water Situation.

W. I. Vawter, of Medford, is advocating to the water committee of the city council that the best proposition for securing water is to bring in Big Butte creek. This is the same proposition which was made by the Herald several weeks ago, this paper proposing that the three towns, Medford, Central Point and Jacksonville, should join forces and bring in Big Butte water by pipeline and supply all the towns of the valley with an abundanee of pure mountain water, besides a big surplus they would have to sell for irrigation and domestic uses to suburban homes between the three towns. The Herald believes in co-operation in a proposition like this one and believes yet that its proposition, or something similar to it, will be adopted.

Why Is Woman?

Having ranged over the whole field of speculation as to what woman is, the college professor now undertakes to answer the question which has puzzled the philosophers of all ages and tell why woman is what she is. Professor G. Stanley Hall declares that woman has two souls and maybe more than two; that she may love and hate, feel joy and sorrow, at the same time and not even be conscious that she is the subject of conflicting emotions. In this way he would explain the world old allegation that woman is perverse, fickle and deceitful. The woman is not so, but her "affinity" soul may be, and she is not responsible, for she may not know of the sidestepping of her other self.

Not satisfied with telling why woman is, an English psychological sharp, Dr. Thomas Claye Shaw, drops a hint as to how she may be changed—that is, if change shall seem worth while. This professor says that woman's moods, her tears, her intensity, "her fondness for clothes and diamonds" and the general mystery of her nature, result from an overdevelopment of certain emotions. Let those so inclined assume that it is time to call a halt in this overdevelopment. These matters generally regulate themselves, and already there is at work the athletic development to counteract the inherited muscular weakness which, according to Dr. Shaw, "has obliged her to resort to artifice to gain her ends." In order to gain her ends by muscular strength woman must become an amazon, and those who prefer an amazon to the present creature of alleged "obstinacy, sympathy and jealousy" will need to speak up or the count on woman haters will never be polled.

It is difficult to decide which is the stronger in these professors that they essay to analyze the general mystery of woman in this fashion, their conceit or their courage. It is often said that woman is the world's victim, and the modern college professor seems not inclined to spare her from psychological vivisection. Perhaps man is an open book and so perfect withal that he offers no temptation to the moralizing scientist. However, it is pertinent to note that at the present time the national administration and at least half of the states are trying to hammer men into doing what is good for them and to prohibit them from doing what it is said by the men themselves they harm themselves in doing. The spectacle may not have any mystery in it for a scientist, but to the average observer it seems very funny. Here is what Thackeray, the learned Dr. Shaw's fellow countryman, said of his own sex many years ago: "Which of us can point out in his circle many men whose alms are generous, whose truth is not only constant of its kind, but elevated in degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and small?" Perhaps the future woman professor will take up the hunt for Thackeray's man and tell the world why he is, if found, and also why he is not, if missing.

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Unwise Combination.

To the mind of Mrs. Abigail Jennings there was a sort of disloyalty in admitting to any outsider that a native of Willowby could be really eccentric. As for anything beyond eccentricity, Mrs. Jennings would never have admitted it, even in the case of Miss Rachel Gregg, who was frankly called crazy by the summer visitors.

"Now, Mrs. Jennings," said one of the boarders, "do you really mean that you've never known Miss Gregg to do anything that you'd call crazy?"

"No, I haven't," said Mrs. Jennings, with a firm and unyielding expression about her prominent chin.

"Why, what do you think of her sending that bag of eggs over to the Corners to Mrs. Cole right in the box with her laundry work and never telling the stage driver and letting him throw the box right off?" inquired the summer boarder. "Mrs. Cole says there's one shirt waist she'll never be able to wear again."

"Well," said Mrs. Jennings calmly, "I should say about that as I have about a number of little things Rachel does and has done. She may lack in wisdom and forethought now and again. But, then, who doesn't, I'd like to know?"—Youth's Companion.

Showing Our Monkey Blood.

The batsman, congratulated on his home run, slapped himself proudly on the chest and began to boast of still finer home runs that he had made in the past.

"Did you see that gesture, the stricken breast?" said an ethnologist of Harvard. "Whenever we make that gesture in our vanity we prove the Darwinian theory up to the hilt.

"You know the gorilla. Kipling and Du Chaillu describe him—an enormous ape that in his indomitable bravado beats his breast with a sound like the rolling of the muffled drums of Memorial day.

"As big as a bull, as swift as a cat, as powerful as an elephant, the gorilla believes himself unconquerable, and in the vain glory of that belief he inflates his lungs and beats his swollen breast till the jungle rings like a gong.

"We in our moments of foolish and excessive vanity inflate our lungs and slap our swollen breasts.

"Thus, alas, we show the monkey blood in us."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Too Much Music.

"I like churches to provide fine music at all times," said a prominent clergyman, "but there are cases on record where the music has been given too prominent a place.

"An eloquent brother divine from South Carolina once told me that going to preach at a strange church he was taken aside by a deacon, who whispered:

"'Beg pardon, sir, but I must ask you not to preach longer than ten or twelve minutes. It's the music that the people come here for.'

"That was wrong. But worse still was the case of a supply preacher in a church famous for its authems and choruses. The stranger, not noticing the scraping and tuning of fiddles, rose and began to preach, when the choir leader jumped up and shouted angrily to him from the choir loft at the other end of the church:

"'Sit down, man! When it's your turn we'll tell you.'"

Joys of the Interne.

"If you could see some of the vicious home treatment applied to cuts," the young interne at Bellevue said, "you'd wonder at the comparatively few cases of tetanus. If a playful mongrel pup snaps at you, the east side knows that the only thing to do is to put some of the hair of the dog that did the biting—the hair must be from that particular dog—into the cut. They come with incisions reeking with all the filth imaginable—the dirtiest cobwebs from the garret, for instance, which are even more popular as a poultice than those made of a chew of tobacco. Two boys came in recently the same day with cuts to which cigar butts had been bound down because, they explained, they don't chew tobacco. You can't convince the east side that it's wrong. Don't waste time, but clean the wound scientifically, pray for good luck and yell 'Next!'"—New York Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

English as Sung.

I live opposite to a school where music is carefully and constantly taught. The children have acquired the difficult art of dropping a semitone a minute. But the accent employed is even more interesting than the tone system. Here is a favorite school song:

Flahrs, luvly flahrs, in a garden yeh my see,
The rowses there with their reuby lip,
Penks the 'unny by loves teh sip,
Teulips, teulips, gy as a butterfly's wing,
Merrygolds rich as the crahn of a king,
Rich as the crahn of a king,
But none seh fair teh me,
None seh fair teh me,
As these wildwood flahrs,
Sweet wild flahrs.

—London Academy.

The Tip Terror.

"Give me a penny, sir, for something to eat."

"But you've got sixpence in your hand now. What's that for?"

"Oh, that's to tip the waiter, sir."—London Globe.

Beezlumbots Bad as Dialect.

Southern people have much to bear—the articles in the magazines, for example, in which northern contributors try to put out negro dialect! It's enough to give one the beezlumbots.—Galveston News.

There is none made so great but he may both need help and service and stand in fear of the power and unkindness even of the meanest of mortals.

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