

# A Good Investment

May be found in our Residence and Business Property in

## CENTRAL POINT

THE most rapidly growing town in the Rogue River Valley. NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST in lots and blocks before the Fall rush of homeseekers have picked out the choice property. Central Point is the most centrally located town in the valley and is the hub of THE RICHEST FRUIT, DAIRYING, FARMING and MINING REGION on the Pacific Coast. Its climatic, commercial, social and educational advantages are unsurpassed and at the present low prices, every parcel of our property is a RARE BARGAIN.

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## CENTRAL POINT TOWNSITE CO.

CENTRAL POINT, OREGON.



To obtain satisfactory results silage must be in perfect condition when fed. Since fermentation soon takes place when silage is exposed to the air the silo should not be of too great diameter. Not more than eight square feet of surface should be allowed for each cow in winter; then, when feeding forty pounds of silage per cow, a layer about one and one-half inches deep should be fed off daily. When silage is fed in summer it is advisable that the exposed area be not over half this size, so that a layer three inches deep may be used daily. However much stock is to be fed, a silo twenty to twenty-two feet in diameter is as large as should be built. If a silo is of greater diameter than this, much of the silage is at too great a distance from the door, increasing the labor of removal.

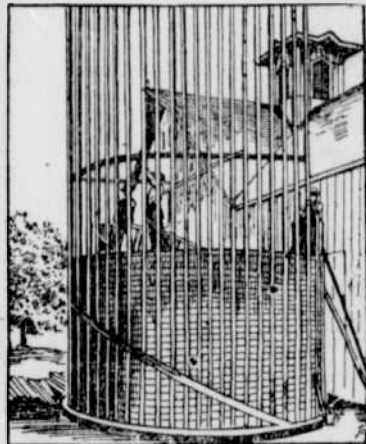
The deeper the silo the greater the pressure and the more compactly will the silage be pressed together, hence the larger the amount that can be stored per cubic foot. For example, a silo twenty feet in diameter and forty feet deep will hold twice as much as one of the same diameter and twenty-five feet deep. This shows the economy of reasonably deep silos. To be well proportioned the height should not be more than twice the diameter. No silo should be less than thirty feet deep, and to get sufficient depth for a silo not over twelve feet in diameter it may be placed four or five feet in the ground.

### Silo Building in Brief.

Wall of the Silo.—To preserve the silage perfectly the silo wall must be rigid and air tight.

Location.—That the labor of feeding may be reduced to the minimum the silo should be placed as near the manger as possible.

Form of Silo.—It is practically impossible to construct a square wood silo



SILo UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

with rigid walls, and as silage usually spoils more or less in the corners it is perfectly clear that the round silo is the only proper form.

Proportion and Capacity.—The deeper the silo the greater the pressure and the more compactly will the silage be pressed together. To be well proportioned the height should not be more than twice the diameter.—Wilbur J. Fraser, Illinois.

### The Gentle Obligations of the Cow.

In our herd improvement we will breed and feed for such size only in the dairy cow as shall enable her to perform the physical labors we put upon her. We will remember that, unlike the poet's "man with the hoe," she is not "brother to the ox," but his sister, and that upon her in no strenuous physical sense rests the yoke or the burden of the ox. Her obligations are the gentler, more refined ones of maternity. She should not be the producer of the raw material on the farm or its harvester. She is the changer of the crude material into the highest quality of finished food products. Truly one of nature's greatest wonders is the work of the cow! In our breeding, therefore, we will want to produce a cow of robust health without in the least unnecessary degree sacrificing her femininity. We will try to more encourage and stimulate her ability to consume, digest and assimilate the products of our fields in the largest profitable quantities.—W. F. McSparan in Farm and Fireside.

### Winter Dairy Course.

The next winter dairy course at Cornell university is announced to open Dec. 6 and close Feb. 27, 1907, which is four weeks earlier than has been the custom, but appears to be preferred by the short course students.

### A Good Little Cow.

It is not always in the high walks of dairy life that all of the good cows are found. Sometimes blue blood and excellence are discovered in humble lots, remarks a Hoard's Dairyman correspondent. Neighbor Isham last fall bought a little Jersey cow of unknown history and breeding for \$35. In the seven months since this little cow has supplied a family of seven, five of whom are children, with milk, and the balance has been sold, the sales to date amounting to \$64. If the next five months turn out as profitably as they now promise, \$100 is going to be hard hit by this little yaller cow.

### Neat Butter Package.

Neatness of package has much to do with the increased consumption of butter. Butter, if put up in prints, should be wrapped in parchment paper to preserve it. Prints should be rectangular and have a neat, trim appearance. Whatever may be the condition, the man that puts his butter up in the handsomest packages will sell the most butter if other conditions are equal.

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## A Delayed Wedding

[Original.]

Mr. Melancthon Peter—his name should have been Peter Melancthon, but it wasn't—had called on the morning of his wedding for a final word with his fiancée in order to make sure that nothing had been forgotten. They were to be married at high noon, and it was now 11 o'clock. But the groom was in costume, even to the boutonniere, and the bride needed only to put a few finishing touches to her toilet.

After giving and receiving a few final reminders Mr. Peter, accompanied by Miss Blossom, his bride to be, went into the hall and through the front door, backing himself out in order to keep up his instructions and his eyes on his fiancée till the last moment. He descended the steps in this reverse order, then turned, and the door closed at the same moment.

Now, in anticipation of a coal strike Miss Blossom's father was getting in his annual supply of fuel. A coal wagon had just driven away, and the heaver had forgotten to replace the lid on the coal hole. The consequence was that as Mr. Peter turned and took a step forward he felt himself sink, and in another moment he was knee deep in a coal heap.

The only injury he suffered was scraping the skin off his left arm. He looked up and saw that he could almost reach the sound opening above him, but to do so would require a jump. To jump on a heap of coal is like jumping on a quicksand.

When he was thinking what to do suddenly the lid was clapped on the coal hole. Some one passing had seen the opening in the sidewalk and, supposing he was doing a kindly act, put on the lid. Mr. Peter cried out, but too late. The benefactor—to some one else than Mr. Peter—passed on.

From an anticipated wedding ceremony in a fashionable church, in the presence of a fashionable assembly, to a coal hole even with the lid off and sunlight is not a pleasant transition, but with a closure and darkness Mr. Peter found it harrowing, especially as he might not get out in time for the wedding. It is singular what thoughts will pass through the brain at such a time. Many a person upon learning of some calamity has had an absurdity thrust itself into his brain. Mr. Peter was a college bred man and, being impressed with the readiness with which he had reached his present position, remembered an adage of the ancients, "Easy is the descent to hell." This he kept repeating—or, rather, he kept repeating itself without asking his permission—till he was reminded that he had better be devising some method of escape.

But there was no escape. The only egress was a chute for the coal, but this was not practicable for Mr. Peter,

because it must be opened from the outside. In fifty minutes his wedding would be due. He saw the people assembling, the bride and her attendants going to the church, then waiting for him in the vestibule; ushers going to the doors and looking up the street for him, anxious faces; the bride troubled and finally in tears.

This is what Mr. Peter saw in the coal hole, and it was what occurred. He took no note of time till a clock in a church tower near by struck the hour of 12. Then he knew that the wedding party was waiting that period of suspense which must lead to he knew not what had begun.

At the last stroke of the clock he heard a step in the adjoining apartment—doubtless the cellar. Only a board partition separated him from it. He cried out. There was an interval of silence, then a voice:

"What is it? Who is it?" Mr. Peter, dreading lest the person would take to flight, cried lustily for help. After some delay the coal chute, which fortunately was above the partially filled bin, was opened by a servant, and Mr. Peter stepped out.

The first thing he did was to look at his watch. It was five minutes past 12. Dashing up the stairs, he gained the bathroom, and a glance in a mirror showed him a dusky face. Plunging in and his hands into a basin of water, he buttoned his coat as high as possible over his smudged collar and, descending with lightning speed to the street, ran toward the church. On the way he passed an empty cab, which he hailed, and a few minutes later dashed up to the church.

Three ushers were straining their eyes up and down for him. Mr. Peter was hustled inside, where he was greeted by the bride to be with a mingling of anger, tears and sighs of relief. There was no time for explanations, since the guests had already been kept too long waiting. Mr. Peter took his proper position, with his supports, on the opposite side of the vestibule, there was a creaking of the organ bellows, and the divided wedding party, uniting in the center aisle, advanced to the strains of a wedding march.

Mr. Peter's coat being black and his trousers dark gray, his shirt collar being largely covered and his sleeves pulled down over his cuffs, showed no marks of his residence in a coal bin. But Mr. Peter was badly rattled. He made the responses wrong, fumbled in his pocket for the ring and when he found it dropped it. Coming out an extreme nervousness induced him to throw open his coat. As he passed down the aisle the assembly tittered. His entire front—collar, neck, scarf, light buff waistcoat—were smudged from top to bottom with coal dust.

"What in thunder does this mean?" asked his best man when they reached the vestibule.

"Fell in a coal hole," was the laconic reply. TURNER C. HOYLE.

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### Bybee Ranches for Sale

From and after this date, I will sell to the best advantage, and for cash, all or any portion of those two certain ranches known as the Bybee River Ranch, at the Bybee bridge on Rogue river, consisting of 1240 acres, and the Bybee Antelope Ranch, consisting of 1560 acres. With the Bybee River Ranch will be sold that portion of the crop upon the part purchased. This ranch is partly under irrigation and more can be put under irrigation. Address me at Agate, Oregon. 12-1f F. E. BYBEE.

### For Sale.

Six acres fine land in Jackson county. Three acres in bearing fruit balance in high state of cultivation. Good, new 5-room house, good barn, wagon and buggy sheds etc. On main county road, one-half mile from depot, school, post-office. For further particulars apply at Herald office.

### Will Pay Promptly.

The management of the Central Point Creamery wish to announce that patrons will be paid in full for cream furnished up to October 31st, as soon as the accounts can be made up after the first day of November. The work of making up statements will necessarily take a few days, but all patrons may expect payment before November 10th

### FOR SALE.

Clean, seed rye. S. M. NEALON, Table Rock