

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.

For the Next 30 Days

We are offering choice business lots at from \$150 each and upwards, and choice residence property at \$50 and upwards. Now is the time to invest, before an advance in prices is made.

Call on or address:

CENTRAL POINT TOWNSITE CO.
CENTRAL POINT, OREGON.

When the Bees Swarmed

(Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Sutcliffe.)
Fourteen times the paymaster and his safe and escort passed over his route and returned smiling. When they started out for the fifteenth trip "Mexican Charlie" had his plans all laid. He was a Mexican half breed, and when you have such a man look out for deviltry. He was a hanger on around the stage stations for a hundred miles up and down the line. He was a gambler, a horse thief and suspected of murder, and he had the necessary qualifications to make him a leader of other bad men. He was two months making his plans, and they were laid for the complete wipe out of the entire party. He didn't propose to leave a single man alive to identify him afterward.
When the roundup was completed the outlaw gang numbered an even twenty men, and all were armed with Winchester and revolvers. The route was gone over and the spot finally settled on for the attack was midway between Forts Davis and Concho. There the rude mountain road wound upward for half a mile, to pitch suddenly into a ravine with walls fifty feet high and its length half a mile or more.
To collect nineteen outlaws together, hide them away for a week, hold them steady and fit out a part of the number with horses and arms was no slight undertaking, but the half breed successfully accomplished it, and that without arousing suspicion. On the first day of a certain July the outlaw band was posted in the ravine, and the major left Fort Davis at an hour to bring him to the spot at about noon. Whites and Indians were at peace and the country quiet, and the paymaster and his escort had not the slightest hint of the reception the outlaws had in store for them.
It may have been known to the mountain Indians that the caves and crevices in the walls of the ravine were inhabited by wild bees, but it certainly was not to the whites. They had bred and swarmed there for years. On this July day there was an angry buzzing high above the heads of the outlaws, but they gave it no attention. The rocks were warming up and the bees getting ready to swarm. Scouts had been sent forth to find other crevices and report, and thousands upon thousands of the hot headed insects were ready to swarm out and follow their leaders to new homes. Stretched on the shelves or posted behind bowlders, the outlaws were waiting for their prey. They got the signal that the escort was coming across the flat; then that it was toiling up the long hill; then, after a moment's wait, that it was about to enter the ravine. The half breed had told

his men over and over to fire to kill, to wipe out every soldier at the first volley, but he told them again. There were twenty bullets for eleven men and every outlaw having a rest for his rifle and a target not twenty feet away.
Of a sudden one of the bee scouts settled down on the bare hand of one of the outlaws. He sought to flick it off, and the insect stung him and flew away. It would seem as if it flew up to the others and warned them of the trespassers and incited them to battle. Within a minute a perfect cloud of them descended. They were angry and excited and looking for a fight. The outlaws could make no defense against such an enemy. In thirty seconds they were almost literally covered and being knifed in a score of places, and just as the two troopers at the head of the escort reached the head of the ravine the ambushers fell down it with shouts and yells of pain and terror.
Their horses were half a mile below. The bees followed the men to the horses and attacked the latter, and in a few seconds there was a wild stampede. Some of the animals came up the ravine, and some went down, and the shouts of the outlaws were echoed and re-echoed by the shrill neighs of the half maddened horses.
The paymaster could not tell what had taken place, except that the wild bees had come out. He was forced to order a retreat, and there was no pause until the outfit had dropped back a full mile. Then scouts were sent forward and after a time made a pretty good guess as to what was up. The bees seemed to be out in millions. The roar of their wings as they buzzed up and down was like a strong wind in the treetops, and as swarms met swarms they fought among themselves until the rocky trail was covered with their bodies.
Not until near sundown did the insects seek their new homes and quiet down and allow the escort a chance to pass unscathed. At the lower end of the ravine were two dead men—outlaws who had been stung to death. Farther down were three men who were blind, helpless and raving. Rifles, belts and camp outfit had been thrown away, and not one of the desperadoes had got away on a horse. Of the horses the escort captured nine. The others had gone tearing over the mountains in mad flight. Of the fifteen men who got away nothing was heard again. All were terribly stung.
The particulars of the plot were learned from the three captured alive, and they got a dose of military law to keep them out of mischief for a long time after. Each one asserted that he would rather have fought three Indians single handed than have encountered the bees. The half breed had planned well, but he had not taken the wild bees into consideration.
H. QUAD.

PROFESSIONAL

WM. W. P. HOLT, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon
EAGLE POINT, OREGON

LODGE DIRECTORY.

TABLE ROCK LODGE NO. 81, A. O. U. W.

Meets second and fourth Mondays of each month at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brothers cordially invited. Hall corner Second and Pine Sts.
W. H. NORCROSS, Recorder. W. W. SCOTT, Master Workman.

CENTRAL POINT LODGE NO. 193 I. O. O. F.

Meets every Saturday evening at 7:30 p. m. in A. O. U. W. Hall, corner Second and Pine Sts. Visiting brothers are specially invited to meet with us when in town.
S. A. PATTON, Secretary. LEE WATKINS, Noble Grand.

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.
12-14 F. E. BYBEE.

Excursion to San Francisco.

Messrs. T. K. Bolton and Emil Peil will run another of their popular holiday excursions from Ashland to San Francisco and return, this season, leaving Ashland Wednesday, December 26, 1906, on the noon train. Round trip tickets, \$15.00, good for fifteen days. You should take advantage of this opportunity to see the wrecked city. Tickets now on sale at Freeman & Wiley's, Central Point. 31435

FOR SALE.

A fine lot of full blooded Poland China pigs. Call at the Prall farm, one mile south from Central Point, for prices, etc. J. H. PANNER. 33434

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

FERT PARAGRAPHS.

A square deal nicely rounds out a friendship.

When you get something for nothing the something is generally nothing.

Having the ceremony performed in an automobile is a case of marrying in haste.



It is easier to go to the theater in the rain than it is to go to church under like circumstances.

What a lovely disposition the weather must have. It never talks about people, although they are continually talking about it.

Somehow the artistic features of autumn leaves do not appeal to the man who has to rake the lawn.

If you really want to know what the wild waves are saying, tame them with some of Mr. Rockefeller's oil and ask them.

We hear a good deal about trust busting, but were you ever invited to the funeral of a genuine octopus?

Wouldn't it be a great joke on us if we were to wake up some morning and find that the good time coming had already passed?

The Hugless Waltz.

Several light stepping gentlemen who without knowing it are about 33-777.228 years ahead of their time, and who call themselves the Dancing Masters' association, have met and very solemnly pronounced a divorce between the waltz and the hug.

Doubtless their intentions are the very best, but if they think that a waltz is a languid conversation over a long distance telephone they have several large and noisy facts concerning human nature to learn.

If they think that the spirited young man is to be content to look at his lovely partner through a long distance telescope as they glide through the mazy waltz they have not had a heart to heart talk with the youth of America lately.

It may be that the waltz needs reforming and needs it badly, but the only way to do it is to prohibit all those under eighty years from engaging in that dance.

Another Guess.



Tricks of the Memory.

Scientists have discovered that the memory is stronger in summer than in winter. That is easily explained. It is much simpler to remember to bring home a quart of ice cream than a ton of coal. Most any dub has the price of the ice cream in his pocket, but it takes a man who is intimate with high finance to rustle the price of a ton of coal off-hand.

Of course it simplifies matters if a man has credit with a coal man who has a telephone, but how few of us have reached that delightful stage in the seventh heaven of bliss.

In summer the memory has more outdoor exercise, while in winter time the task of dodging Christmas duties is enough to drive any mild mannered memory to nervous prostration. That may not be the explanation. Memory plays us some queer tricks, but you will notice that seasons do not make much difference on the memory of your creditors.

For Business Reasons.

"He is starting out as a beauty doctor."
"But a beauty doesn't need a doctor."
"I know it, but if he called himself an ugly doctor who would patronize him?"

Easy if You Know How.

"He was able to save \$5,000 a year out of a \$3,000 salary."
"He must have been a financial genius."
"No; just a common politician."

In His Line.

The baker had a happy home, but things were going slow. Of course he had enough to eat, but he was kneading dough.

Coasting.

First Dynamiter—I may be called the Great Awakener.
Second Dynamiter—I am more popular than that; I am a great nerve specialist.

All Kinds of Repair Work
Promptly Done

Satisfaction
CENTRAL

Jeffrs & Peart
General Blacksmiths & Woodworkers
HORSESHOEING A SPECIALTY
We treat you and your horses right

Do You Need
FURNITURE OR CARPETS?
See Weeks & Baker

Their Goods are First-class

MEDFORD - - - OREGON

G. S. MOORE

DEALER IN

Cigars, Tobaccos, Confectioneries and Soft Drinks
ICE CREAM PARLORS IN CONNECTION

Post Office Buidlug : : : Central Point, Oregon

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS ONLY WHITE HELP EMPLOYED

HOTEL PLEASANTS

Central Point, Oregon

Rates—\$1.00 Up.
Special by the Week

SPECIAL ATTENTION
PAID TO TRAVELING MEN

Downing & Emry

Real Estate Agents Central Point
We now have the exclusive sale of some fine alfalfa farms, grain and fruit lands, stock ranches, unimproved timber lands and gold-bearing quartz ledges, partly developed. Business and residence property at reasonable prices. We respectfully solicit the homeseekers' patronage. Our motto is, "Small Commission and Square Dealing."

Sanderson & Sons Contractors and Builders

The reasons why you should contract with us to build your house are—
Our work is executed with neatness and dispatch and completed in a workmanlike manner.
PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED
CENTRAL POINT - - - OREGON

D. C. GRIM

City, Draying and Transfer

All Kinds of Hauling
Promptly Done.

CENTRAL POINT, OR.

WM. A. AITKEN

SANITARY PLUMBING

Pipes, Fittings and Plumbing Supplies.

West E street, opposite depot.
MEDFORD, ORE.

FOR SALE.

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

Removed to New Building

With my fine line of
Fruits, Confectioneries
and Fresh Bread.

I have added a first-class
Lunch Counter.

F. H. WEBB

FOR SALE—A six-room dwelling in Central Point, in good repair. Barn, good water, some fruit. A bargain. Inquire at this office.