

What is Best for Indigestion?

Mr. A. Robinson of Drumquin, Ontario, has been troubled for years with indigestion, and recommends Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets as "the best medicine I ever used." If troubled with indigestion or constipation give them a trial. They are certain to prove beneficial. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. Price, 25-cents. Samples free at Mary A. Mee's drug store.

Observation Cars.

On and after November 15, 1907, the observation cars between Portland and Oakland California, on trains Nos. 15 and 16 will be carried through instead of being cut out, as heretofore, at Roseburg.

Southbound, under this new arrangement, passengers holding proper transportation and Pullman accommodations may occupy these cars on the night leaving Portland until reaching Eugene at 12:32 a. m.

FRED PARKER, Agt. S. P. Co.,
31st Central Point, Oregon.

A Faithful Friend.

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy since it was first introduced to the public in 1872, and have never found one instance where a cure was not speedily effected by its use. I have been a commercial traveler for eighteen years, and never start out on a trip without this, my faithful friend," says H. S. Nichols of Oakland, Ind. Ter. When a man has used a remedy for thirty-five years he knows its value and is competent to speak of it. For sale by Mary A. Mee.

Methodist Church Services.

Preaching services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and every other Sunday evening at 7:30.

Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10:00.

Epworth League at 6:45 every Sunday evening.

Junior Epworth League at 3 p. m. every Sunday.

Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30.

Chronic Diarrhoea Relieved.

Mr. Edward E. Henry, with the United States Express Co., Chicago, writes: "Our General Superintendent, Mr. Quick, handed me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy some time ago to check an attack on the old chronic diarrhoea. I have used it since that time and cured many on our trains who have been sick. I am an old soldier who served with Rutherford B. Hayes and William McKinley four years in the 23rd Ohio Regiment, and have no ailment except chronic diarrhoea, which this remedy stops at once." For sale by Mary A. Mee.

New Clubbing Offer.

For a limited time we offer the Central Point Herald and the Thrice-a-Week World (New York) each one year for \$2.15. This means 208 papers at a cost of only a cent apiece.

Central Point is going to improve more during the present year than in any year in its past history. You will need the Herald to keep posted on what is doing at home.

A presidential election is coming on this year and you will need the Thrice-a-Week World to keep you posted on national affairs, especially regarding the political situation in New York. Better subscribe today.

Diarrhoea Cured.

"My father has for years been troubled with diarrhoea, and tried every means possible to effect a cure, without avail," writes John H. Zinkle of Phillips, W. Va. "He saw Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy advertised in the Phillipian Republican and decided to try it. The result is one bottle cured him and he has not suffered with the disease for eighteen months. Before taking this remedy he was a constant sufferer. He is now sound and well, and although sixty years old, can do as much work as a young man." Sold by Mary A. Mee.

Summer Excursion Rates to Newport.

To afford an opportunity to the people of this locality to visit the coast during the Summer months, the Southern Pacific Company will sell round trip excursion tickets from Central Point to Newport and Yaquina Bay points for \$10.00 for the round trip daily from June 1st to October 15th. These tickets are good for return passage for six months from date of sale. Tickets good only for continuous passage each way, except in cases of serious illness of ticketholder or member of his family, when stop-overs or extension of limit may be arranged. For further information, address or call on

FRED PARKER, Wm. McMURRAY,
Agent, G. P. & T. A.,
Central Point, Ore. Portland, Ore.
6th St.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

A LESSON IN DETECTIVE WORK.

[Original.]

How did I happen to go into the detective line? I was put in it by a singular coincidence. I had no more idea of being a detective than being president of the United States. I never developed any fancy for such work, never read detective stories or took any interest in the methods of how real cases were managed. What I did hear of such matters they filled me with a belief that this business of noticing how far a match was burned or which end of a cigarette was lighted first to gain a clue had nothing to do with tracing criminals.

One day I was in a street car going home from a bank where I was employed on a fairly good salary when I saw a man fumble in his pocket for change to pay his fare. A few minutes later a woman picked up a folded bill off the floor and handed it to him, asking him if he hadn't dropped it. He unfolded it, cast a glance at it, paled slightly and handed it back to her in a hurry, denying the ownership. The woman asked one or two people sitting near if they had dropped it, but they all said they thought they had not. I asked the woman to let me see it. It didn't take me long, backed by my banking experience, to decide that it was counterfeit.

This was the first time I ever showed a faculty for detective work. I noticed that no one showed any unusual emotion in looking at the bill except the man who was supposed to have dropped it; therefore there was a probability that he was a counterfeiter. But I said nothing, simply handing it back to the woman.

But my curiosity had been aroused. Curious to follow up the matter, when the man who had paled got out I got out, too, and followed him at a distance. He entered a hardware store, where he purchased several articles. I didn't know what they were, but one of them was a hammer with a big end suitable for beating anything flat. Another was a crucible for melting metals. When he went out I snatched the bill he had paid the salesman, expecting to see a counterfeiter, but in this I was disappointed. It was good money.

Well, I tracked the fellow to a room at the top of a business building, where he had a shop. I knocked at the door. He opened it, but did not bid me enter. I told him I had something to say to him and wished to go inside. He said he was making a certain contrivance that was not yet patented and no one was allowed to enter the premises where the work was done.

Mind you, I was no detective. I was merely indulging my curiosity. A detective would have gone away and come again prepared to act as an officer of the law. I simply accused the man of counterfeiting, stating what I had seen in the car.

He stood looking at me a few moments appalled, then said, "What's Moll Brown going to give you for helping her?"

"I don't know Moll Brown," I replied, "and I'm in no one's employ in this matter. I'm only doing it for fun."

"Come in here and satisfy yourself," he said.

I went in and found an article for sweeping floors manufactured and in process of making. Then he explained:

"Moll Brown was the woman who tried to fix the counterfeit bill on me. I was intimate with her once and was to have married her, but I found out she was bad and shook her. She's sworn to have her revenge."

Resolved to follow the matter up, I took Moll Brown's address. I felt sure she had got the counterfeit bill from some one interested in making or passing it, or both, and couldn't refrain from getting at the bottom of the matter. I cooked up a reason for making her acquaintance and went to see her. At this point I began some real detective work. I got her confidence and told her that I was looking for some easy way of making money. After a good deal of beating about the bush she agreed to tell me where I could get some "queer" to put out and gave me the address of the man I had shadowed. I didn't want any better proof of his story. She was bent on his ruin and would have included me if it suited her convenience. I delayed about going to the man she named and continued to watch her.

Accident helped me. One evening when I visited her a man called on her whom I spotted at once. I went away, leaving him with her, and when he came out shadowed him. He went to a place that I fancied, putting this and that together, might be a den of counterfeiters. I put the police on to the matter. They surrounded the building where the supposed den was, then closed in and, sure enough, trapped a party at work making spurious bills.

If the woman in their secret had not been bent on getting revenge, they might all have been making false money to this day. The woman was convicted with the rest, and the man she tried to injure was the most grateful fellow to me you ever saw. As for me, well, having got a taste for detective work, I accepted a position in an agency.

The case has influenced all my subsequent work. I never consider a clue, especially one that seems very plain, of much value until I have proved it to be such. What I rely on most is the want of stamina among those who are guilty of crime in standing by each other. Another valuable lesson I learned from the case is that revenge often plays an important part in fixing crime with where it is and where it is not.

MERRICK AUGUR.

The Treasury Vaults.

The first question the average visitor to the United States treasury building asks is, "Couldn't burglars tunnel under the vaults and rob the government?" Well, that is not likely. An armed guard sits beside the vaults. Every twenty minutes he is required to ring an alarm just to show that he is awake. An armed patrol makes the rounds hourly. Secret service men in plain clothes, with concealed weapons, keep watch and ward outside and inside the building. As to tunneling, the officials hold that if a man by any possibility should manage to bore underneath a vault the heavy metal would crush him to a jelly, thus administering a lasting gold cure. Even if the tunnel burglar should get away with his life he could not get away with much gold. Ten thousand dollars in double eagles weighs thirty-eight pounds. Forty million dollars in gold certificates of the \$10,000 denomination weighs eleven and a half pounds. Even burglars prefer the gold certificates to the real thing.—Buffalo Times.

Journalistic Revenues.

The curious boycott of the press in the Berlin parliament had a precedent in the mother of parliaments, the British house of commons. A writer in Harper's Weekly recalls that the person involved was no less a celebrity than the late Daniel O'Connell. He condemned the inaccuracy of the parliamentary reports, but he forgot to make allowance for acoustic difficulties and the buzz of intervening conversation. He charged the reporters with the malicious suppression of his speeches, and the gallery then refused to report him at all. Dan stormed and thundered in vain, even moving that the ringleaders be brought to the bar of the house. Finally he apologized, and all was well. Lord Lyttleton in 1871 fell foul of the press in the same way, and the late Lord Montagu had his name omitted from London newspaper reports for two years because he said something the reporters did not like.

A Misplaced Pin.

"I was in an uptown tea room where the scenery is all out of proportion to the amount served you," said a New York clubman. "I was dallying with some ice cream when my spoon struck a common, everyday pin in the bottom of the frozen stuff. I gave a little wave, and a waiter slipped to my side. 'See, a pin in this ice cream,' I said. 'Why, I might have swallowed that.' He took the glass and disappeared. When he returned he reminded me of an undertaker, he was that solemn. 'That pin has lost a man his job, sir,' he said. 'Well, I replied, 'I am sorry for that, but it might have cost me my life, when you come to think of it.' 'Yes, sir,' said the waiter meekly. Then, 'You see, sir, most of the folks that eat here just slip their ice cream and don't chew it.'—New York Times.

Growth of Pity.

No one formerly looked on with any pity or even horror at punishments which are now found too dreadful for description. Men were broken on the wheel, were burned at the stake, were racked, were cut up alive. No one seems to have felt any pity for their agonies. Men were put into noisome prisons, where, with bad air and insufficient food, they died unnoticed and unpitied. It is very different now. Human hearts are more tender.

She Voted.

"What was the topic of debate in our club today?" asked one member of the feminine society.

"The topic of debate," was the response. "Why—er—let me see—I can't remember what the topic was. But I voted on either the positive or negative side of the question. I forgot which."—Washington Star.

The Problem Solved.

Newed—My wife has a habit of taking money from my pockets when I'm asleep. Oldwed—Mine used to do that, too, but she doesn't any more. Newed—How do you prevent it? Oldwed—I spend every cent I have before I go home.—Chicago News.

An Exception.

"Ah, kind friend," said the minister, "it is deeds, not words, that count."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the woman. "Did you ever send a telegram?"—Detroit Free Press.

Among Table Ornaments



a well-filled decanter has first choice among "choice spirits." That "little drop of something" that sounds so vague and mysterious, has really a definite meaning when it is bought of us. It then means "something good." Everybody likes to blow their own horn, but our customers are the ones that give us the most praise. They swear by the high quality Wines and Liquors that we handle. You'll do the same after trying them.

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