

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. Clark, 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. Zirkle 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 \$19.00 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. 61f

Subscribe for the HERALD.

..A Shock..

(Original.)

We were leaning over the front gate. I held both her hands in mine and looked into her moonlit eyes. I was twenty, she not quite eighteen. I was going west to seek my fortune. When I had made a competence—I couldn't bear to consider more than three months sufficient for the purpose—I was to return and take her back with me.

"Life in the meanwhile," she said, "will be one long period of waiting."

"It will seem an age to me."

"You will be engrossed in business. That will make you forget."

"I shall never forget. I shall lay down thirty days for each month on paper and each morning check one off. To see them disappear will be my only comfort."

There was silence for awhile. A distant clock struck 11.

"In seven hours my train will be pulling out of the station. I have yet to pack."

"Must you go?"

"Yes. Farewell."

But another hour passed, and I was not gone. The same clock struck 12. I drew her to me. There was a long, long kiss. Then I turned and without looking back hurried away.

A month of daily letter writing, a month of alternate day writing, a month of weekly writing—the three months that I had laid out wherein to attain the wherewithal to bring her to me—had passed, and I had only just found a position giving me \$15 a week. The correspondence died a peaceful death. There were no reproaches on either side. I had found a pleasant set of young people with whom I had become intimate, and my sisters wrote me that a great deal was going on at home. In youth associations are forming and reforming rapidly. One autumn it is Charlie and Will and Tom and Lucy and Mary and Fannie; the next spring it is Charlie and Arthur and Pete and Ethel and Maud and Kate.

Youth is but a kaleidoscope—the same colors under different groupings. Two years after leaving home I could not tell who wrote the last letter, she or I. Three years and I couldn't have told whether her eyes were black, brown or hazel. Five years, and one day in ransacking among a lot of rubbish I came upon her picture—the picture I had dreamed over for hours at a time. I was astonished that I should ever have thought it beautiful.

She married and went to another city to live. I didn't hear her married name, or if I did I forgot it. It was twelve years from our parting over the gate before I saw her again. It was at a summer resort. I had become infatuated with a girl of twenty, fresh as a new blown rose, and when the hot season came I followed her to the country. She was chaperoned by her aunt, Mrs. Schenck, apparently about forty, with grizzly gray hair, a pinched expression and a sharp voice. She had five children, all of them with her, and no nurse. Surely was not that enough to spoil any woman's attractiveness?

I became engaged. It was evening, and I was obliged to leave the next morning. I told my story and was accepted at the last moment before my departure and as everybody at the hotel was going to bed. When I set off for the train she went with me down to the gate, and we stood leaning over it, I without, she within. I held both her hands in mine and looked into her moonlit eyes. I assured her that I should look forward to her return to the city with eagerness, and she promised to cut short her stay in the country. We heard a locomotive whistle, a distant rattle, drawing nearer, and a train stopped at the station below; then presently the moon shone on something white, and a woman came up the path.

"Oh, Aunt Juanita," exclaimed my fiancée, "where have you been?"

I started. I had cause to remember that name—that uncommon name—Juanita.

"To the postoffice to get Frank's letter. He always posts it to come on this train."

"I'm so glad you're here that you may congratulate us on our engagement. It only occurred a few minutes ago. I am so happy."

"I rejoice with you, my dear. I know just how happy you feel, because your lover made me feel just as happy a dozen years ago."

"You are"—I exclaimed.

"Certainly I am."

"Oh, aunt, what does this mean?"

"A case of puppy love between two puppies."

"And did he—surely he did not play you false?"

"No more than I did him."

"Singular," I interposed, "that I didn't recognize you."

"Not at all. A woman, especially a married woman with five children, grows old very quickly, while a man usually stands still till he is past forty." Then, kissing her niece, she said to her: "I wish you every happiness, dear. I can conscientiously recommend your lover and assure you that you will be happy with him. And I ought to know, for I have tested him myself as a fiancee."

I departed in a singular state of mind. My happiness had received a shock. I regretted nothing. I did not blame myself nor my first love. Thus far I had lived under the impression that elderly people had come from some far distant land with which the rest of us have nothing to do. Here was one of my own generation who had passed in a twinkling, it seemed, from the bud to that bloom wherein the petals fall.

HORACE B. GAYLORD.

The Workingman's Vote.

There may be danger that the idea of a workingman having a peculiar political status will be overdone in this country. It hails from countries where the workingman is always a workingman, always expects to be and brings up sons to follow his footsteps in the same class. Except in a few localities, in this country the workingman is first a citizen impressed with the political views of his neighborhood, and he seldom becomes a narrow minded thinker in politics. If he has small hope of getting out of the toils of wage labor himself, he wants his children to make progress, and the general questions of social progress and opportunity will appeal to him more strongly than the so called class issues involved with labor. While the wage question is of first importance, the workingman cannot always be so sure that his vote will increase his wages as he can that it will improve the social and educational advantages of his children and promote the local prosperity of his town, county or state.

The average American workingman either owns a home or hopes to. His associates in church and other social societies are not all of the same wage earning grade as himself. Some are better off, and he emulates but does not envy them. What interests his community interests him, and he reasons from the bottom up when he is deliberating how his vote in a given election will do him the most good. He may be impressed with economic theories, and he would vote them were he as sure that they would work out well as he is that a certain school measure or road measure or town improvement measure will benefit his children or his little home investment. His interest in these matters often determines his immediate political associations, and it is not easy to get away from voting year after year with pretty much the same crowd and paying chief attention to those issues in which the crowd is interested. And the American workingman is proud of his American citizenship and next to his immediate local political interests probably thinks more about that than about any abstruse question of economics. Probably the average \$2 a day man is more concerned with the national dignity on election day than the \$200 a month man. The less he has of the world's goods the more he enlarges upon the sentimental benefits that fall to his lot. He first of all wants to be a citizen of a great and free and progressive nation. After that is settled he will look after the minor question of how much he is to get out of it day by day.

This dual view of public affairs makes it exceedingly difficult to put through an actual rally and deliverance of a large labor vote. The laborers are there and the votes are there, but the issues and problems presented all along the line, from the very door of the workingman up to the last hall of legislation where his vote is to be represented, are divers and complex. He is not a secret society man under constraint nor a political club member who must vote as he is told or lose his job. All the deliverable vote in this country can be delivered anyway, no matter who is running or what the platform. And wherever the workingmen's votes are deliverable they are to be found in the vote of the party with which they have long been affiliated through interest and sentiment since their voting days began. No great slump of the labor vote has ever been effected, and it is doubtful if it can be as conditions are in this country at present.

For permitting Lemoine, the diamond faker, to go at large after his arrest and ultimately to escape the law a Paris judge was suspended for three years. Had it happened in France instead of America the recent escape under the very eyes of the court of New York's famous flat burglar, Jack Gormley, might have served an impressive purpose.

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 Liqueurs that we handle. You'll do the same after trying them.

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There is no need of anyone suffering long with this disease, for to effect a quick cure it is only necessary to take a few doses of

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In the world's history no medicine has ever met with greater success.

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