

**Observin 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.,  
31tf Central Point, Oregon.

**Good for Biliousness.**

"I took two of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets last night, and I feel fifty per cent better than I have for weeks," says J. J. Firestone, of Allegan, Mich. "They are certainly a fine article for biliousness." For sale by Mary A. Mee. Samples free.

**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

**Best Treatment for a Burn.**

If for no other reason, Chamberlain's Salve should be kept in every household on account of its great value in the treatment of burns. It allays the pain almost instantly, and unless the injury is a severe one, heals the parts without leaving a scar. This salve is also unequalled for chapped hands, sore nipples and diseases of the skin. Price, 25 cents. For sale 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. 6tf

**A Traveling Man's Experience.**

"I must tell you my experience on an East bound O. R. & N. R. R. train from Pendleton to La Grande, Ore.," writes Sam A. Garber, a well known traveling man. "I was in the smoking department with some other traveling men when one of them went out into the coach and came back and said, 'There is a woman sick unto death in the car.' I at once got up and went out, found her very ill with cramp colic; her hands and arms were drawn up so you could not straighten them, and with a deathlike look on her face. Two or three ladies were working with her and giving her whiskey. I went to my suitcase and got my bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy (I never travel without it), ran to the water tank, put a double dose of the medicine in the glass, poured some water into it and stirred it with a pencil; then I had quite a time to get the ladies to let me give it to her, but I succeeded. I could at once see the effect and I worked with her, rubbing her hands, and in twenty minutes I gave her another dose. By this time we were almost into La Grande, where I was to leave the train. I gave the bottle to the husband to be used in case another dose should be needed, but by the time the train ran into La Grande she was all right, and I received the thanks of every passenger in the car." 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

**For a Sprained Ankle.**

A sprained ankle may be cured in about one-third the time usually required, by applying Chamberlain's Liniment freely, and giving it absolute rest. For sale by Mary A. Mee.

**A Bloodless Execution**

(Original.)

Two friends were discussing the possibility of killing a perfectly well man without doing him the slightest bodily harm, without frightening him to death or by tempting him to dissipation. One claimed that death could not be brought about except by some overt act to produce bodily injury.

"A man can be killed," the other contended, "simply by going through the form of an execution."

"That would be by shock."

"Not at all. He shall know beforehand that he is not to suffer the slightest bodily harm."

To illustrate the last speaker told the following true story:

Lang Ting Fung of San Francisco, washie-washie man, called Charlie Fung by his "Melican" acquaintances, was accused of revealing the secrets of the Ti Whang society, of which he was a member. Summoned before the society to answer to the charge, he was assigned counsel and duly tried. Though ably defended, he was convicted of having revealed certain methods of the San Francisco Chinese underground railroad for smuggling Chinamen into the United States. The punishment was death, and the sentence was to be carried out immediately in the presence of the assembled members of the society.

"Call the executioner," said the presiding officer in solemn tones that reverberated through the silent hall as if some one had struck a gong.

A big Chinaman entered from another room, carrying one of those large sharp double edged swords with which culprits' heads are stricken off in China. Over his face he wore a wooden mask representing distorted features. The culprit was led into the middle of the room and forced on to his knees. Another Chinaman, also on his knees before him, caught him by his pigtail and drew his head down so that the neck was laid bare to the ax. Then the smock was pulled over his shoulders. The executioner, taking the handle of his sword in both hands, threw himself into position, raised the weapon, swung it high over his head and brought it down. When within more than a hair's breadth from the neck it suddenly stopped. From that point it was slowly and carefully lowered till the edge rested on the culprit's neck. Then he held it that it might not cut the skin.

Now, in China, whether from the great power of these societies, from ineffective law, or what not, the culprit's head would have been separated from the body. But in America different conditions exist. There are not only judges and juries who do not respect the decrees of Chinese secret societies, but John Chinaman has no pull with them. A headless murder would not only lead to the punishment of those instrumental in it, but would be prejudicial to the continued efforts of thousands of the copper colored brethren in America who are washing hard night and day for a living.

The executioner after holding the sword upon the culprit's neck for a few moments removed it and, resting its point on the floor beside him, turned to the judges and said:

"The traitor is dead."

The executed man arose to his feet and looked about him. No one interfered with him, for he was dead. No one saw him, for he was dead. He said something to a man near him. The man made no reply. Why should he reply to a dead man? The members of the society were arising from their seats and leaving the hall. The decapitated man called to one who had been his bosom friend, but without avail. Death separates the quick and the dead, be they friends or enemies.

Charlie Fung followed the others out into the street. There he saw a poster proclaiming to Chinatown that he had been executed that evening. A policeman, seeing the notice, to him unintelligible, with Chinamen standing about it, wondered what the yellow devils were up to now. Could he have read it he would doubtless have carried a dreadful story to police headquarters. The dead man wandered about like a ghost from the spirit world. No one saw him; no one spoke to him; no one gave him a smile or a frown.

If he had had money, he might have returned to China, but would he have fared any better there? Would not an agent of the society he had betrayed follow him and do really the work that had been done figuratively. No; Charlie was dead, and nothing could bring him to life.

If Charlie was not really dead, he was really dying—that is, he was getting into a condition where death would be preferable to life. The posters announcing his execution remained on the walls, and, go where he would in Chinatown, he saw them. They were the only mention of himself that he encountered. In all other respects he had passed into oblivion. He was thirsty, but no one would give him a drink. He was hungry, but no one would give him bread or meat.

At last Charlie could endure the strain no longer. He wandered off into the "Melican" district and procured a revolver. It was supposed he stole it. Going back among those who had been his fellow Chinamen, he sat down under one of the posters notifying them that he had been executed, put the revolver to his head and effected in reality the execution that they had effected in form.

Not only is it possible to kill a person without doing any bodily harm, but death so inflicted may be made more cruel than any physical torture that has ever been invented.

HELEN INGTEHART.

**A Story of Blackie.**

Professor Blackie of Edinburgh, a martinet in the class room, was one day hearing a class with the individuals of which he was not acquainted. Presently a student rose to read a paragraph, his book held in his right hand.

"Sir," cried the professor in his autocratic way, "hold your book in your left hand!"

The student was about to speak, but the professor stopped him with a peremptory command:

"No words, sir; your left hand, I say!"

Then the student held up his left arm, which ended at the wrist.

"Sir," said he, "I hae nae left hand." Before the professor could speak there came a perfect storm of hisses from the class, and when he did speak the hisses drowned what he said. Then he left his place and went down to the student whose feelings he had unintentionally hurt, threw his arm around him and drew him close.

"My boy," said the professor, speaking softly, yet being heard by every one in the room, "you'll forgive me that I was overwrought. I did not know! I did not know!"

Then he turned to the students, and, with a look and a tone that came straight from the heart, he said:

"And let me say to all of you that I am glad to be shown that I am teaching a class of gentlemen!"

**Limitations of Practice.**

In an Iowa town an action for ejectment was tried "by the court without a jury," the suit having been brought by a religious society to recover possession of a cemetery. The defendant, a physician in active practice, had bought the ground for the use of the society, but when afterward he severed his connection with the organization it was discovered that he had taken the title in his own name and evidently intended to hold on to it. After duly weighing the evidence the court ordered judgment for the plaintiff, stating briefly the reasons for the decision, whereupon defendant's counsel desired to be more fully enlightened in the premises.

"Certainly," said his honor. "In addition to what I have already said, there are but two other reasons. One is that the church seems to need a cemetery, and the other is that the doctor has failed to show that his practice is sufficiently large to necessitate his maintaining his own burying ground."

**Art Comes High.**

"A New York lady," said a Parisian, "once ventured to remonstrate with Paquin because he had charged her \$700 for a ball dress."

"The material," she said, "could be bought for \$100, and surely the work would be well paid with \$50 more."

"Madame," said Paquin, with his graceful air, "go to your American painter, Sargent, in his little Tite street studio and say to him: 'Here is a yard of canvas, value 50 cents, and here are colors, value \$1. Paint me a picture with these colors on this canvas, and I will pay you \$1.75.' What will the painter say? He will say, 'Madame, those are no terms for an artist.' I say more, I say, if you think my terms too high, pay me nothing and keep the robe. Art does not descend to the littleness of haggling."

**The Best Way to Starve.**

If one feels bound to undertake starvation for a period, it is best, a trained physician tells us, to make the process not quite complete by eating a little at the usual intervals of fasting absolutely for a comparatively long time. This makes freak treatment quite harmless. Physiologists find that as the body is starved fat and sugar disappear first, and then the minor organs are drawn upon to support the brain and heart, continuing until no more material can be spared. Exhaustion is then very near.

**Did as He Was Told.**

A well known Brooklyn clergyman in a talk to his Sunday school urged the children to speak to him whenever they met. The next day a dirty faced urchin accosted him in the street with:

"How do, doc?"

The clergyman stopped and cordially inquired, "And who are you, str?"

"I'm one of your little lambs," replied the boy affably. "Fine day! And, tilting his hat to the back of his head, he swaggered off, leaving the worthy divine speechless with amazement."

**Gazelle Hunting.**

Gazelles in Nubia are hunted by a powerful breed of hounds in build somewhat heavier than a greyhound. In spite of being far swifter than the bound the gazelle falls a victim from the nervous habit of constantly stopping to look back to see if it is pursued. It also expends its strength by taking great bounds in an almost vertical direction, thereby not only losing time, but exhausting itself, so that it is overtaken without difficulty.

**A Game of Chance.**

"I suppose," said the stranger within the gates, "the lid is on all games of chance in this town."

"Don't you believe it, stranger," rejoined the native. "The marriage license office is still wide open."—Exchange.

**Wisdom From a Babe.**

"What would you do, my boy," asked a professional vocalist proudly, "if you could sing like me?"

"Have some stinging lessons!" replied the lad.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The honor we receive from those who stand in fear of us is not true honor.—Montaigne.

**MEDFORD DOMESTIC LAUNDRY.**

Glen Fabrick, Prop.

All kinds Laundry work solicited

Leave package at Stone's

barber shop or see T. J.

Kelso who will call for

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Work guaranteed. Prices right.

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Guaranteed to fit glasses so they will never need to be changed.

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Business and Shorthand Training,

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Six months' scholarship - - \$45.00.

Nine months' scholarship - - 60.00.

**NOTE THE SPECIAL:**

All students who secure a nine months' scholarship and enter September 7th will be entitled to be combined course to July 1, 1909, including books and stationery, \$25.00. This gives you an extra month.

**Investigate and Come.**

Address P. RITNER, Pres.

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Drop me a Postal and I'll Call All Work Fully Guaranteed

JOHN ALBERT, Central Point, Oregon.

**DIARRHOEA**

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

**Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy**

In fact, in most cases one dose is sufficient. It never fails and can be relied upon in the most severe and dangerous cases. It is equally valuable for children and is the means of saving the lives of many children each year.

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

PRICE 25c. LARGE SIZE 50c.

Sold by Mary A. Mee.

**Virgin's Best FLOUR**

X X X X BRAND

When you buy Flour always ask for a sack of the peerless VIRGIN'S BEST X X X X BRAND

**"Made in Central Point."**

Patronize Home Industries and Help Build Up Your Own Town.

**Virgin's Best.**

**OUR ICE CREAM!**

Have you tasted it? Did you use it last Summer? If you did you will be a customer this Summer, for everybody says it

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**Singletrees, Doubletrees, Neckyokes**

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