

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.,
Central Point, Oregon.

More Than Enough Is Too Much.

To maintain health, a mature man or woman needs just enough food to repair the waste and supply energy and body heat. The habitual consumption of more food than is necessary for these purposes is the prime cause of stomach troubles, rheumatism and disorders of the kidneys. If troubled with indigestion, revise your diet, let reason and not appetite control and take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and you will soon be all right again. 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 206 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.

For Chronic Diarrhoea.

"While in the army in 1863 I was taken with chronic diarrhoea," says George M. Felton of South Gibson, Pa. "I have since tried many remedies but without any permanent relief, until Mr. A. W. Miles, of this place, persuaded me to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, one bottle of which stopped it at once." 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. 61f

Why Colds are Dangerous.

Because you have contracted ordinary colds and recovered from them without treatment of any kind, do not for a moment imagine that colds are not dangerous. Everyone knows that pneumonia and chronic catarrh have their origin in a common cold. Consumption is not caused by a cold but the cold prepares the system for the reception and development of the germs that would not otherwise have found lodgment. It is the same with all infectious diseases. Diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles and whooping cough are much more likely to be contracted when the child has a cold. You will see from this that more real danger lurks in a cold than in any other of the common ailments. The easiest and quickest way to cure a cold is to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The many remarkable cures effected by this preparation have made it a staple article of trade over a large part of the world. 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.

Lame Back.

This ailment is usually caused by rheumatism of the muscles of the small of the back, and is quickly cured by applying Chamberlain's Liniment two or three times a day and massaging the parts at each application. For sale by Mary A. Mee.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

- AN - UNFINISHED PROPOSAL.

By C. B. LEWIS.

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When mothers put it the way they do we must sympathize with them more or less, especially when the mother is a widow. It isn't through any spirit of avarice that she would have her daughter marry rich. It is simply that the money may be in the house when the man comes around with the gas bill. It isn't because of snobbishness that she would prefer to be the mother-in-law of a duke rather than a commoner, but dukes are said never to call their mothers-in-law old cats.

It isn't from any desire to smash romances or break hearts that they lug the daughter of twenty off to Europe in hopes she will forget the man of twenty-five to fall in love with a suitor of sixty. It is that the dear girl may have a grandfather, a father and a husband all in one.

Such were the guiding principles of Mrs. Deland, relict of Judge Deland, and it is requested that a fair percent of the readers of this story become her partisans and give her a fair show.

Of course the daughter, Clara, had received the education given to all young girls whose fathers or mothers are able to pay for the same by the square foot, and she had arrived at the age of twenty without causing any particular worry to anybody when she met young Albert Lee. They called him young Lee because he was only twenty-two and because there was an old Lee, who was sixty.

Young Lee was still at college, and it was with an unsettled question as to what profession he would select to make his way through life. In an indefinitely definite way he had been paying his attentions to Miss Clara for several months before the widowed mother, with a woman's intuition, aroused herself to the realization that her lamb might be stolen away. Then, like a dutiful mother, she began making inquiries and scolding her daughter at the same time.

It did not take long to exhaust the schedule of inquiries. Young Lee was all right socially, and his sixty-year-old father would leave him a comfortable property when the reaper came, but there was no telling whether he would pass away at sixty-one or eighty-five.

It was long odds for a mother with a business head on her to take. She at once put her foot down, and of course it was the wrong foot. She began by criticizing the suitor and ended by announcing that she would rather see her daughter in her grave.

There were arguments, protestations, tears. A girl who is beginning to feel the impulses of love may be argued or bulldozed into silence, but to convince her is quite another thing.

After a few minutes Clara had nothing further to say, and in her exuberance over her triumph the mother announced an early trip to Europe. Young Lee would not follow. The excitements and enjoyments of London, Paris and Berlin would quite drive him from the daughter's mind, and some day that daughter would kneel at the maternal feet and exclaim:

"Bless you, mamma, that you have caused me to forget that penniless young man and engaged me to the living remains of an ancient lord, duke or count!"

The living remains appeared in London. He was Lord Somebody or other. The only certain thing about his age was that he was over sixty. The only certain thing about his attentions to the daughter was that he believed the mother far richer than she was and that he had several mortgages on several ruined castles that he wished to repair.

After the first meeting, which came about through accident, mildred was in evidence at brief intervals during the tour, lasting three months and more. He received all proper encouragement from the mother, and there were times when the daughter sat and looked at his dyed hair and false eyebrows and panted wrinkles and was amused.

In due time, which was a day or two before the ladies sailed for home, he made his proposal. It was first made to the mother, who received it smilingly; then to the daughter, who also smiled a little, but prevaricated by saying that she didn't know her own heart.

Mildred was in duty bound, as gallant remains are, to say that he would give her time, and Clara looked back at London from the decks of the steamer and congratulated herself that this ended it all.

That was where she was just as much mistaken as her mother had been. They had been home only four weeks when mildred put in an appearance at the American manor house. It was no one's business but his own how he had managed to raise the cash for the trip. There are money lenders in London who will take long chances. His love had not grown cold with the departure of Miss Deland.

Just as the mother had figured on, young Lee had not followed the couple abroad. There are postoffices all over the civilized world, however, and a slangy girl might have said that it was a cold week when Clara didn't receive and answer a letter from a certain New England college town?

She may have even met young Lee after her return. They may have met and strolled on the broad highway

leading to the village—just a little stroll and just a little talk. If so, the mother didn't know anything about it. Mildred had arrived to renew his proposal, and not three days had passed when the mother wanted to know what the daughter's answer was to be. "If he proposes to me again I shall accept him," was the prompt and unexpected reply.

No more arguments, no more protestations, no more tears. The mother simply threw her arms around her daughter and murmured that she was the sweetest, dearest daughter in the whole world and then went off to inform mildred that he had a cinch. A cinch, it may be explained, means a good thing—you are the only iceman on the route.

Nothing has heretofore been said as to Miss Deland being the sole owner and chauffeur of an electric runabout, and even now the name of the maker will not be announced except at regular advertising rates.

When she realized that a second proposal from mildred was inevitable, she chose her own ground to receive it. That is, she invited the living remains to take a trip with her over the highways. Had he been a young man of thirty he would have scented devilry in the air. Had he been a few years older he could not have managed to climb into the vehicle.

For the first mile of the trip he hung on with a death grip and said nothing. Then, as no calamity happened, he got over his scare a bit and proceeded to observe:

"My dear and charming Miss Deland, you remember that in London—"

The dear and charming one steered the vehicle over the humpy ground beside the track, and the bumps and bounces that followed kept mildred in terror for the next five minutes. He had not been smashed up or thrown out, and he began again:

"I make no excuse for following you to America. As I told your dear mother in London—"

The electric started for the ditch, and Clara screamed, and for a few seconds there was every promise of a tragedy. Mildred gasped a prayer and dug in his toes, and when the vehicle was once more in the straight and narrow path its conductress said:

"I think it was your talk that confused me, but I will do better henceforth. You were saying that you told or I told or mother or some one else told somebody something in London."

"Yes. Is it positively necessary, my dear Miss Deland, to drive this vehicle as if we were racing with a locomotive?"

"Oh, not at all, my lord. You were saying—"

"I was saying to your mother that I had met my ideal at last and that—"

This time the electric left the road and brushed the hazel bushes, and no man would have kept his nerve and made a marriage proposal then. Mildred thought it was all over, and it was fully five minutes before he could swallow the lump in his throat and gasp out:

"My dear, if we were to take a slower pace I believe I should enjoy the ride more. I felt it my first duty to let your mother know what my feelings were toward you, and then—"

"Why, you don't call this fast going, do you?" interrupted the girl. "We have simply been lingering. I will now show you the speed I generally ride at."

She showed him. He figured it out that it was a thousand miles an hour, but of course it was only twenty. He needed encouragement to go on, and Miss Clara gave it to him by observing:

"Yes, you spoke to mamma, and then—"

"Then, my dear, I had the courage to—"

Away went the machine for a telegraph pole, and the living remains forgot his dignity and cried out in apprehension. He was gathering himself for a jump when the vehicle missed the pole by all of three-eighths of an inch and was guided back into the road running on two wheels.

"You had the courage to—"

queried Clara when things were going right again.

"Yes, my dear girl, I had the courage as well as the honor to ask for a private interview with you, and when it had been accorded I—"

At this point the runabout shot to the right, shot to the left, jumped ahead and then made a sudden sweep and headed for home. It came to a halt for just three seconds, but that was plenty of time for mildred to tumble out and remark:

"The scenery is so beautiful here that I think I will walk back to the house."

"But when the private interview had been accorded—"

"Yes! Um! Yes, I think I will walk."

"Well?" asked the mother when the daughter reached home.

"He never proposed. He didn't half propose," was the answer, "and now if Mr. Lee calls and you like him half as well as I do—"

"Clara, you go to your room. Mildred leaves tomorrow. You have frightened him out of America."

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