

Observatin 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.
31ct

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 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.

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. 6tf

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.

THE ROAD TO A MAN'S HEART.

By JENNIE LEE.

Copyrighted, 1903, by Associated Literary Press.

Elizabeth Hardcastle Yorke of Richmond, Va., has moved to the exclusive town of Middleville. She was a widow of twenty-seven and was a descendant of the first families of Virginia, and never for a minute did she let you forget the deep blue of her blood, the devotion of her late lamented husband nor the amount of money she once had. Middleville turned up its nose figuratively when she settled in its midst, while the inhabitants did the same thing literally. Elizabeth's manner was too imperious for their northern independence; she laughed too much for a widow bowed in grief, and the fact that her old colored mammy called her "Miss Lizbeth" made them almost doubt whether a Mr. Yorke had ever existed.

The only thing which could be said in her favor was that she attended church regularly and contributed liberally to all the festivals. Such was the tolerant situation when the Rev. Dr. Botcher called to make his parolial visit.

"I'm so glad you came to see me," Elizabeth was saying. "I always did love ministers. They're so old-fashioned and queer."

The Rev. Dr. Botcher had been twirling his cane as an inspiration to starting an agreeable bit of conversation. At this speech he stopped twirling it and grasped its handle somewhat firmly.

"Really, do you?" was the sum total of his answer.

"Supper is just this minute ready, doctor," continued Elizabeth. "Lay down that foolish old cane and come in and have some of mammy's blueberry cakes. They'll just make you wish you never had to go home."

The man made some weak comment about not expecting to stay, but he was swept into the cool dining room and was eating cake and sipping iced tea before he could remonstrate.

"I really came to see about those flowers planted along the line of your lawn," began the doctor.

"Aren't they just too lovely?" chimed in Elizabeth. "My husband used to say I had a most artistic eye for color."

"Yes, they are pretty; but, you see, they are planted on the lawn that belongs to Mrs. Murray—over your line, you see."

"Yes, I believe she has been saying something to that effect," said the charming widow. "But I thought it was awfully nice of me to fix up her place so prettily even if it was encroachment. Don't you?"

"Well, I hadn't looked at it that way," agreed her divine company. "But really I must be going home, as we have prayer meeting tonight."

Mrs. Yorke bade her visitor good night and urged him to drop in again any time he was hungry for cakes. Elizabeth was smiling to herself with something of satisfaction when she heard footsteps on her porch. She went to the open door and met Mr. Murray, husband, and evidently the much lesser half of Mrs. Murray, her next door neighbor.

"How perfectly lovely of you to call, Mr. Murray," exclaimed Elizabeth as she extended her hand to add to her cordial welcome.

"Er—yes—that is, I came over about that row of dahlias you planted over there on our—"

"Oh, that's all right," interrupted Elizabeth. "You're quite welcome to them. You see, I have so many, and I want my neighbors to enjoy some of them. But, dear me, do sit down and I'll call mammy to give us something to eat." And she disappeared, to return in a few minutes.

At her heels came the dear old mammy laden with a tray of raspberry shrub and a huge cocoonut cake that looked like a ball of snow.

Mr. Murray found himself seated before an old hickory table in an arm-chair eating cake and drinking the shrub. "Finding himself" may seem an inadequate explanation of how he got there, but that is what he told Mrs. Murray on his return home.

Mrs. Murray was watching the couple from the corner of her own veranda, and when Mr. Murray returned snacking his lips and Mrs. Murray noticed a flake of cocoonut on his vest she called him to account for his fruitless call.

Saturday noon found Elizabeth digging among her flowers. Her sweet voice was humming "Way Down in Carolina," and as she sifted from one rosebush to another she looked almost like some white spirit among the gardens of earth. Her task was interrupted by mammy.

"Miss Lizbeth, de town mayor done call. Come right in, honey, and see what he want."

Elizabeth gathered up in her arms the roses she had been cutting for the house and walked around to the front of the cottage. The town mayor was good to look upon. The greatest compliment that Elizabeth could pay him was the silent comment she made to herself—that he did not look like the rest of Middleville.

"Is this Mrs. Yorke?" asked the man as she approached.

"It certainly is," acknowledged Elizabeth as she bowed before him. "And this is Mr.—Mayor—shall I call you?"

"My name is Waring," announced the mayor as he met the piercing gaze of the widow. "I came on a rather unpleasant errand. You see, I receive all the complaints of the townspeople,

and Mrs. Murray, your neighbor, you know—"

"Isn't she dear!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Such a nice neighbor! But come along in to luncheon, for mammy's popovers will be spoiled if we stand here much longer."

Waring said he wasn't hungry.

"That's just the point," cried Elizabeth, with enthusiasm. "You will be if you come into the house the smell mammy's popovers, corn pudding and, best of all, ice cold mint juleps! Come right along and tell me your complaints at the table."

"But, Mrs. Yorke," interrupted Waring, "I couldn't think of imposing on a stranger in this way."

"Imposing?" echoed Elizabeth. "Lafdy me! If you knew how glad I am to have some one to eat with me!" She dropped into one chair at the table and motioned him to the other.

As a boy Waring had visited in the south and had never ceased talking about the corn pudding which even his mother could never make with any degree of success.

Mammy's corn pudding was the same kind as that which he had eaten in years gone by, and instead of the complaints of his townspeople the mayor told most interesting tales of his boyhood—how he had roamed from one state to another, how he loved the south and its people, how he had settled in Middleville and taken up polite farming to kill time and how the people had made him mayor.

Not until after luncheon, when the mayor and the widow were seated on the shady porch and Waring caught sight of Mrs. Murray leaning over the hedge of dahlias, did he remember why he was a guest of Mrs. Yorke. Believing in the eternal fitness of things, Waring realized that this was not the time to push his complaint, and he left after many hearty thanks and more complimentary speeches.

Sunday morning found the altar in the little church laden with dahlias—gorgeous red and white blossoms, hanging their heads in reverence to the text, taken from the twenty-third chapter of the Proverbs and the third verse, "Be not desirous of his dainties, seeing they are deceitful meat."

Waring attended church as part of the duties of his office, and this Sunday he walked home with his hostess of yesterday. He wanted to leave her at the gate, but Elizabeth protested.

"Do come in as an act of charity. You see, I've not been well, and our old home doctor ordered me to some quiet country place to rest up. So mammy and I landed here. But, oh, I'm just nearly dead with lonesomeness, although I do feel the change has done me good. Come along and have a bit of our fried chicken, won't you?"

He came that day, and he came again.

The women of Middleville were still skeptical of Mrs. Yorke, but in mixed debates the men stood up for her, and some of the married men went so far as to say disagreeable things to their wives.

The mayor was seldom at his office, he was seldom found at home, and the day came when he must be seen at once. Mr. Murray knew where to find him and hurried down the street toward Mrs. Yorke's little cottage. Just at the gate he met the Rev. Dr. Botcher, about to make his second call on the new parishioner. Together they walked down the broad lane. They were not disappointed. The widow and the mayor were on the porch together.

"We were just talking about you," exclaimed Elizabeth as she greeted the minister.

"Just in time," called out Waring, and the newcomers noted the blush that overspread the already pink cheeks of Elizabeth.

Mr. Murray lost no time in telling Waring what he wanted.

"But you know I resigned my office last week. You see, I'm going on a long trip," announced Waring.

"Trip?" echoed Dr. Botcher. "Surely you're not starting on another one of those lonely globe trotting trips of yours, Jack?"

"This one won't be lonesome, 'cause I'm going to take a wife along to cheer me up. That's what we were talking about when you came along. How about a little wedding in the church, eh?"

They could not see the beaming face of Elizabeth, for her back was turned to them. She was busily engaged in spreading a white cloth over the hickory table in the corner of the porch, and mammy was making various trips back and forth to her own mysterious storehouse.

Origin of the Postal System.

The wonderful postal system, which has reached out until it includes every country on the face of the earth, had its beginning in the mind of an ingenious Frenchman.

In 1658, early in the reign of Louis XIV., M. de Velayer established a private penny post. Boxes were set up at the street corners for the reception of letters, and offices were opened in various quarters of Paris. Collections were made once a day from the street boxes, followed many hours later by a single delivery, and thus the first post-office in the world was established.

M. de Velayer was so greatly encouraged by the success of his enterprise that in order to develop it still further he printed certain forms of billets or notes which were intended to cover all the ordinary requirements of business in great towns. These forms contained blanks which were intended to be filled up by the pen with such special matter as might be necessary to complete the writer's object. The idea at once became popular, and the printed forms accompanied the expansion of the postal service throughout the larger cities of France, and it was many years before they fell into disuse.

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