

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.

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. 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.

HIGH TIME.

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"Then I suppose it's no use to argue?"  
"Not the slightest. When a Millard makes up her mind it stays made up, and I made up my mind yesterday, Bobbie."

"You mean your Aunt Isobel made it up for you," Robert Ashton answered, looking at Katherine Millard as she perched beside him in the bow of the boat. The wind blew her hair into distracting ripples. She put back a strand of it as she faced him, replying:

"She did have a good deal to do with it, I'll admit. But, after all, she has lived much longer in this world than I have and has gained more wisdom."

"Yes, worldly wisdom."  
"Isn't that often another name for common sense? Besides, there are moments when I feel that she knows me better than I know myself. I do love the et ceteras of life so, Bobby! Love in a Harlem flat would never do for me. I want all the pate de fois gras of existence and none of the rye bread. And you know from the first I've never given you the least cause for hope. I've always been perfectly frank with you, haven't I?"

"Always."  
"Then I can't see why you should protest so much."

"Well, for one reason I hate to see you flinging yourself away on old Senator Rathbone."

"Thank you!"  
"And, for another, what man gives up the girl he loves without a struggle? It isn't human nature to forego a thing simply because it's beyond your reach. And then there's a third reason. We could be so gloriously happy!"

The girl averted her eyes.  
"Couldn't we?" he persisted.  
"I don't know"—she faltered.

"Ah, but you do know! You know we're one in everything. That's why I dare to persist so much. We like the same things. We like the same people. We have the same sense of humor—except in the case of Senator Rathbone!"

"Bobbie, if you make fun of my friend I won't take you sailing again."  
"But, Katherine!"

"Now, Bobbie!" For a second time she faced him squarely. "I've told you my mind's made up, and I mean what I say. You've been a good friend to me, and I've enjoyed the times we've had together. But if we're to be good friends still this kind of thing can't keep going on. Don't you see how hard you are making it for me? Either you must promise me not to mention it again or I'll have to give up seeing you entirely."

"All right," he replied, with that characteristic boyishness that women always found so adorable in him. "I'll be good."

He nodded at her smilingly, and she told herself that, after all, he was only a boy with a boy's ardor—twenty-five and not yet grown up! But that was because she was looking at his smile and not at what lay in his eyes.

She let out the main sheet of the White Lady until the spray dashed across the bow of the trim little craft. It was a gray day, with a hint of rain in the air and the sea gulls hovering inland—such a day as sends the usual summer resort to a cozy chair by flickering logs with a novel close at hand and the fisher folk out to open sea with the promise of a heavy catch.

Between gray green water and slate gray sky the White Lady seemed the only thing afloat as she skimmed and tacked and lifted on the crest of the waves. They were racing to windward now, and the homes of the shore dwellers faded in the distance. Here and there stood the solitary houses of fishermen; then these, too, became fewer.

The shore rose to bare, rocky headlands capped with stunted pines—gaunt, jagged rocks with the water creeping at their base. Islands rose, mere specks in the distance, only discernible because of the surf that played about them or the dwelling or two that reclaimed them from utter loneliness. The White Lady throbbed and flew, so tense, so alive, so seemingly a part of the elements, that it was hard to believe her a thing of wood and canvas.

"Look out!" sang Ashton as the boat came suddenly about. "That was a pretty close shave."  
"Who sails with me holds life in fee," laughed Katherine, intoxicated with wave and wind and foam.

"There is such a thing as common sense," quoted Ashton.  
But the wine of the sea was in Katherine's blood. She rounded another fat rock triumphantly.

"Careful!" cautioned Ashton.  
"Afraid?" she taunted, with uplifted chin, and then laughed as scarlet surged across his keen young face.

"Sail where you like! I don't care!" he cried.  
"You think," she scoffed recklessly, "that just because I'm a girl I can't manage my own boat. Why, rounding these rocks is a perfect game for me! I've done it lots of times. Of course I know the summer people are warned against it. But I'm not a summer person at heart. I'm what Captain Davy calls a regular salt, and I allow no mutiny on the part of my crew. So there! And whoever accepts my invitation to sail accepts the risks that accompany it. Sing ho, sing ho, for a sailor's life, sing ho, sing ho, for a—"

They both knew what had happened when the boat jarred from bow to stern, knew it before the bitter sea water dashed in their faces as they struggled toward a flat rock that uprose from the sea. When they reached it, it was the girl who spoke first.

"Well?" she said gamely, and then beneath her breath, "If I had had sense enough to obey!"  
"If I had only jerked the tiller from you!" he said in answer. But neither of them spoke what was uppermost in their minds.

No hope to try for the shore, with its steep cliffs where the water rolled and eddied, and the rock on which they stood was always covered at high tide. Already the water oozed and gurgled about its crevices. With every wave it rose a fraction higher. The tide was coming in.

"If only some one would see us," whispered the girl, "some passing boat or"—The words died in her throat. The lonely expanse of water showed no hopeful sail. Ashton was staring at a speck that showed in the far distance—Deerhaven island. When he spoke all the boyishness was gone from his voice.

"There's only one way, Katherine. Would you rather I tried for it, or shall we stay here together?"  
"I'd rather you tried for it," she said bravely, seeing as well as he that there was not a moment to lose.

"You can watch my coat and shoes till I come back." His voice rang cheerfully. "I'm in splendid practice; swam a couple of miles only the day before yesterday." He did not add that Captain Davy had followed with a dory. "Keep up your heart, girl!" he cried, with a touch of his old gaiety.

"And you?"—She would have cheered him on, but words failed her.  
"I'll remember that it's for you I'm swimming. The biggest breakers in the world won't make me forget that."

He waved her goodbye as if he were off for a pleasure jaunt, and she watched him as he struck out squarely, making every stroke count.

The long swing of the seas rolled between them, widening the space until her straining eyes could discover him no longer. The water lapped and gurgled about the rock on which she stood, rising ever higher. There was something hungry in the way the little waves crept up, reaching greedily. She tried to think of other things, to watch for a sail. From far away came the sound of surf breaking slowly against the reefs and now and again the mournful, lonely note of the bell buoy.

Slowly the water rose. It touched her ankles, her knees. The lift of each oncoming wave nearly took her off her feet. At that new panic seized her. If she were swept from the rock, what then? Gropingly and numb with cold she reached for the long growths of seaweed with which the rock was covered. Lengthened out they came almost to her shoulders. She twisted her hands in them and waited.

There came the moment when the water reached her shoulders, and each new wave made her shut her eyes and breathe gaspingly. She had long since given up hope of rescue. There remained but one thought—that whatever came she must stay where they would find her.

After all, drowning was not so hard. After the first deep strangling breath she felt herself slipping into unconsciousness. Snatches of past events, trivial and vivid, shone before her for a moment; then all merged into the blackness that closed her round.

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