

CENTRAL POINT HERALD

S. A. FATTISON, PUBLISHER.

An independent local newspaper devoted to the interests of Central Point and the Rogue River Valley. Published Every Thursday. Subscription price, \$1.50 per year, in advance.

Entered as Second-class Matter, May 4, 1906, at the Post Office at Central Point, Oregon, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

"5,000 IN 1912"

Two thousand people arrived in Portland Sunday from the East looking for homes in Oregon. Many others have come since that date, it appearing that most of those taking advantage of the cheap rates on the railroads waited until almost the last day before starting. The arrival of so many people in Portland at this time means that they will scatter out to all parts of the state within a few days and the Rogue River valley will no doubt attract its quota. Everyone now here should be prepared to extend a hearty welcome to the newcomers and do his best to convince the visitors that this is the best valley on earth. Central Point and the Rogue River valley need more people and the present is the time for all of us to do our part in that direction.

THE BARRIER

By Rex Beach

Copyright, 1908, by Harper & Brothers

This story began in the Herald on March 11, 1909, and will be continued to the end. Back numbers of the Herald furnished free to new subscribers.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX. THE AWAKENING.

EARLY the next morning Corporal Thomas came into the store and found Necla tending it while Gale was out. Ever since the day she had questioned him about Burrell this old man had taken every occasion to talk with the girl, and when he asked her this morning about the reports concerning Lee's strike she told him of her trip and all that had occurred.

"You see, I'm a mine owner now," she concluded. "If it hadn't been a secret I would have told you before I went, so you could have been one of the first."

"I'm goin' anyhow," he said, "if the lieutenant will let me and if it's not too late."

Then she told him of the trail by Black Bear creek which would save him several hours.

"So that's how you and he made it?" he observed, gazing at her shrewdly. "I supposed you went with your father?"

"Oh, no! We beat him in," she said and fell to musing at the memory of those hours passed alone with Meada, while her eyes shone and her cheeks glowed. The corporal saw the look, and it bore out a theory he had formed during the past month, so as he lingered he set about a task that had lain in his mind for some time. As a rule, he was not a careful man in his speech, and the delicacy of this maneuver taxed his ingenuity to the utmost, for he loved the girl and feared to say too much.

"The lieutenant is a smart young fellow," he began, "and it was slick work jumpin' all those claims. It's just like him to befriended a girl like you. I've seen him do it before."

"What?" exclaimed Necla. "Befriended other girls?"

"Or things just like it. He's always doin' favors that get him into trouble."

"This couldn't cause him trouble, could it, outside of Stark's and Runyon's grudge?"

"No, I reckon not," assented the corporal, groping blindly for some way of expressing what he wished to say. "Except, of course, it might cause a lot of talk at headquarters when it's known what he's done for you and how he done it. I heard somethin' about it down the street this mornin', so I'm afraid it will get to St. Michael's and then to his folks."

"I don't understand," said Necla. "He hasn't done anything that any man wouldn't do under the same circumstances."

"No man's got a right to make folks talk about a nice girl," said the corporal, "and the fellow that told me about it said he reckoned you two was in love." He hurried along now without offering her a chance to speak.

"Of course that had to be caught up quick; you're too fine a girl for that."

"Too fine?" laughed Necla.

"I mean you're too fine and good to let him put you in wrong, just as he's

too fine a fellow and got too much ahead of him to make what his people would call a messy alliance."

"Would his people object to—such a thing?" questioned the girl. They were alone in the store, and so they could talk freely. "I'm just supposin', you know."

"O Lord! Would they object?" Corporal Thomas laughed in a highly artificial manner that made Necla bridle and draw herself up indignantly.

"Go ahead and tell me; I won't be offended," insisted the girl. "You must. I don't know much about such things, for I've lived all my life with men like father and Poleon and the priests at the mission, who treat me just like one of themselves. But somebody will want to marry me some day, I suppose, so I ought to know what is wrong with me." She flushed up darkly under her brown cheeks.

Corporal Thomas began to perspire uncomfortably, but went on doggedly: "I'm goin' to tell you a story, not because it applies to Lieutenant Burrell."

"Of course," said the girl.

"—but just to show you what I mean. It was a good long spell ago, when I was at Fort Supply, which was the frontier in them days, like this is now. We freighted in from Dodge City with bull teams, and it was sure the fringe of the frontier—no women, no society, nothin' much except a fort, a lot of Indians and a few officials with their wives and families. Now, them kind of places is all right for married men, but they're tough sleddin' for single ones, and after awhile a feller gets awful careless about himself. He seems to go backward and run down mighty quick when he gets away from civilization and his people and restaurants and such things. He gets plumb reckless and forgetful of what's what. There was a captain with us, a young feller that looked like the lieutenant here and a good deal the same sort—high tempered and chivalrous and all that sort of thing, a West Pointer, too, good family and all that, and, what's more, a captain at twenty-five. Now, our head freighter was married to a squaw, or leastways he had been, but in them days nobody thought much of it any more than they do up here now, and particularly because he'd had a government contract for a long while, ran a big gang of men and critters and had made a lot of money. Likewise he had a girl, who lived at the fort and was mighty nice to look at and restful to the eye after a year or so of cactus trees and mesquite and buffalo grass. She was twice as nice and twice as pretty as the women at the post, and as for money—well, her dad could have bought and sold all the officers in a lump, but they and their wives looked down on her, and she didn't mix with them none whatever. To make it short, the captain married her. Seemed like he got disregardful of everythin', and the hunger to have a woman just overpowered him. She'd been courted by every single man for 400 miles around. She was pretty and full of fire, and they was both of an age to love hard, so Jefferson swore he'd make the other women take her, but soldierin' is a heap different from any other profession, and the army has got its own traditions. The play wouldn't work."

"By and by the captain got tired of tryin' and gave up the attempt—just devoted himself to her—and then we was transferred, all but him. We shifted to a better post, but Captain Jefferson was changed to another company and had to stay at Supply. Gee, it was a rotten hole! Influence had been used, and there he stuck, while the new officers cut him out completely, just like the others had done, so I was told, and it drifted on that way for a long time, him forever makin' an uphill fight to get his wife recognized and always quitin' loser. His folks back east was scandalized and froze him cold, callin' him a squaw man, and the story went all through the army, till his brother officers had to treat him cold in order to keep enough warmth at home to live by, one thing leadin' to another till he finally resented it openly. After that he didn't last long. They made it so unpleasant that he quit the service—crowded him out, that's all. He was a born soldier, too, and didn't know nothin' else nor care for nothin' else; as fine a man as I ever served under, but it soured him so that a rattlesnake couldn't have lived with him. He tried to go into some kind of business after he quit the army, but he wasn't cut out for it and never made good as long as I knew of him. The last time I seen him was down on the border, and he had sure grown cultus. He had quit the squaw, who was livin' with a greaser in Tucson."

"And do you think I'm like that woman?" said Necla in a queer, strained voice. She had listened intently to the corporal's story, but he had purposely avoided her eyes and could not tell how she was taking it.

"No! You're different, but the army is just the same. I told you this to show you how it is out in the States. It don't apply to you, of course."

"Of course!" agreed Necla again. "But what would happen to Lieutenant Burrell if—if—well, if he should do something like that? There are many half breed girls, I dare say, like this other girl, or—like me."

She did not flush now as before. Instead her cheeks were pale.

"It would go a heap worse with him than it did with Captain Jefferson," said the corporal, "for he's got more ahead of him, and he comes from better stock. Why, his family is way up."

"I never thought of myself as an Indian," said Necla dully. "In this country it's a person's heart that counts."

"That's how it ought to be," said the corporal heartily, "and I'm mighty sorry if I've hurt you, little girl. I'm a rough old rooster, and I never thought but what you understood all this. Up here folks look at it right, but outside

WANTED!!
BY THE
BUTTE FALLS LUMBER CO.

Buyers for
Lumber, Shingles Box Shooks
At their yards at the following places
at prices stated below:

| | Butte Falls | Eagle Point | Central Point or Medford. |
|-------------------------------|-------------|-------------|---------------------------|
| Rough Lumber | \$10 00 | \$16 00 | \$18 00 |
| Sized 1 side | 12 50 | 18 50 | 20 00 |
| Sized 4 sides | 15 00 | 20 00 | 22 00 |
| No. 1 Finish | 22 00 | 27 00 | 29 00 |
| No. 2 Finish | 18 00 | 23 00 | 25 00 |
| No. 3 Finish | 15 00 | 20 00 | 22 00 |
| Flooring vertical grain No.1 | 25 00 | 30 00 | 32 00 |
| Flooring vertical grain No. 2 | 20 00 | 25 00 | 27 00 |
| Flooring flat gr. No. 1 | 20 00 | 25 00 | 27 00 |
| Flooring flat gr. No. 2 | 20 00 | 25 00 | 27 00 |
| Flooring flat gr. No. 3 | 15 00 | 20 00 | 22 00 |
| House lumber 4x5 etc | 13 00 | 18 00 | 20 00 |
| Shiplap, No. 1 | 25 00 | 30 00 | 32 00 |
| Shiplap, No. 2 | 20 00 | 25 00 | 27 00 |
| Sugar pine shingles No1 2.50 | | 3.50 | 4.00 |
| Sugar pine shingles No2 1.75 | | 2.75 | 3.00 |
| Apple Boxes | 7c | 7 1-2c | 8c |
| Pear Boxes | 61-2 | 7 | 7 1-2 |

Rough Lumber \$11.00 per M at our Derby yards

Mills at Butte Falls and Derby
Yards at Butte Falls, Derby and Eagle Point.

Complete List of Dry Stock Always on Hands

Let Us Figure On Your House or Barn Bill

Write or phone your order to **Butte Falls Lumber Company,**
Medford Eagle Point Butte Falls

It's mighty different. Eve don't half understand."

"I'm glad I'm what I am," cried the girl. "There's nothing in my blood to be ashamed of, and I'm white in here." She struck her bosom fiercely. "If a man loves me he'll take me, no matter what it means to him."

The corporal slid down from the counter where he had been sitting. "I'm goin' to hunt up the lieutenant and get him to let me off. Mebbe I can stake a claim and sell it."

The moment he was gone the girl's composure vanished, and she gave vent to her feelings.

"It's a lie! It's a lie!" she cried aloud, and with her fists she beat the boards in front of her. "He loves me! I know he does!" Then she began to tremble and sobbed, "I'm just like other girls."

She was still wrestling with herself when Gale returned, and he started at the look in her face as she approached him.

"Why did you marry my mother?" she asked. "Why? Why did you do it?"

He saw that she was in a rage and answered bluntly, "I didn't."

She shrank at this. "Then why didn't you? Shame! Shame! That makes me worse than I thought I was. Oh, why did you ever turn squaw man? Why did you make me a breed?"

"Look here! What ails you?" said the trader.

"I've just begun to realize what I am. I'm not respectable. I'm not like other women and never can be. I'm a squaw—a squaw!"

"You're not!" he cried.

"No honest man can marry me. I'm a vagabond! The best I can get is my bed and board, like my mother."

"By heaven! Who offered you that?" Gale's face was whiter than hers now, but she disregarded him.

"He can play with me, but nothing

more, and when he is gone another one can have me, and then another and another and another."

"That's all infernal rot," he said. "There's fifty good men in this camp would marry you tomorrow."

"Bah! I mean real men, not miners. I want to be a lady. I don't want to pull a hand sled and wear moccasins all my life and raise children for men with whiskers. I want to be loved—I want to be loved! I want to marry a gentleman."

"Burrell!" said Gale.

"No," she flared up—"not him nor anybody in particular, but somebody like him, some man with clean finger nails."

He found nothing humorous or grotesque in her measure of a gentleman, for he realized that she was stung to a pitch of unreason and unnatural excitement and that she was in terrible earnest.

The old man hesitated. "I'll own I was wrong," he said finally, staring out into the sunshine with an odd expression. "It was thoughtless and wrong, dead wrong, but I've loved you better than any daughter was ever loved in this wide world, and I've worked and starved and froze and saved, and so has Alluna, so that you might have something to live on when I'm gone and be different from us. It won't be long now, I guess. I've given you the best schooling of any girl on the river, and I'd have sent you out to a convent in the States, but I couldn't let you go so far away. I loved you too much for that! I couldn't do it, girl. I've tried, but you're all I've got, and I'm a selfish man, I reckon."

"No, no! You're not!" his daughter cried impulsively. "You're everything that's good and dear, but you've lived a different life from other men, and you see things differently. It was mean of me to talk as I did." She put her arms around his neck and hugged



Patriotism

The stomach is a larger factor in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" than most people are aware. Patriotism can withstand hunger but not dyspepsia. The confirmed dyspeptic "is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." The man who goes to the front for his country with a weak stomach will be a weak soldier and a fault finder.

A sound stomach makes for good citizenship as well as for health and happiness.

Diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are promptly and permanently cured by the use of

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
It builds up the body with sound flesh and solid muscle.

The dealer who offers a substitute for the "Discovery" is only seeking to make the little more profit realized on the sale of less meritorious preparations.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book, or 31 stamps for the cloth bound. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

B. J. AYDLOTT
Cement Woker
Sidewalks, Foundations, Basements and Buildings constructed in first class manner. Cement will outlast any other Building Material. The Cement Age is on. Don't be behind the times. Remember I am here to Stay, and I Guarantee every part of my work : : :
Cement For Sale
NOT IN THE COMBINE

Hot Peanuts, Fresh & Sweet
Cigars, Tobaccos, Confectioneries
G. S. Moroe, At the Old Stand, Second and Pine Sts. Central Point, Ore.

JUST RECEIVED
Fine line of
Hosiery, Shirts and Trousers for Men and Boys
One door west of postoffice,
ELI JONES - Central Point

Central Point Market
LEWIS & SONS, Props.
Fresh and Salt Meats
Beef, Pork, Mutton and Veal.
Highest Market Price Paid for Beef, Pork and Mutton.
We invite your patronage. **CENTRAL POINT, ORE.**

CARPETS
Just received, a fine assortment of all-wool Ingrain Carpets and Linoleum
All-wool Carpet from 65c to 80c per yard
Union Half-and-Half 30c to 50c per yard
Best Grade Prints Linoleum 16-4 80c per yard
Good Grade Linoleum 8-4 55c per yard
Good Japanese Matting 25c per yard
Why go away to buy your Furniture, when you can get it
AT YOUR DOOR?
Spot Cash—One Price
CENTRAL POINT FURNITURE STORE
T. M. JONES, Proprietor.

Garden Tools
Anything you may need for beautifying your yard, lawn or garden.
House Cleaning
Paints, Stains and Varnishes
Make the old house look like a new one
Sporting Goods
Finest line of trout flies and all fishing tackle.
W. C. LEEVER, The Hardware Man