CENTRAL POINT HERALD

S. A. PATTISON, PUBLISHER.

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Entered as Second-class Matter, May 4, 1906, at the Post Office at Central Point. Oregon, under the Act of Congress of little gtrl, and I like her. I told her I March 3, 1879.

"5,000 IN 1912

GOVERNMENT COMPETITION.

Many merchants complain her." about mail order house competition, but the operation of these ful as a fawn. She's white too. Nohouses dwindle in comparison to body would ever know she was s what a printing office is up against. The post office depart- ingly in a gentle tone that Runnios ment has not only distributed had never heard before. circulars and cards in every post I thought you had passed that stage No office, not only advising every one to buy stamped envelopes, but agreeing to print a return med way." "Til lay rou a little eight to five that Burrell has thrown her down." chuc card upon lots of 500 or more. kled Runnion Not satisfied with this they are now sending out circulars in government envelopes, on which is printed, in place of the usual stamp, "Penalty for private use stamp, Penalty for private use village at the mouth of the creek until Fluto avoid payment of postage, high up on the slopes she saw Alluna \$300." Now, mind you, here is and the little ones. She climbed up to Ho the great government of the United States trying to monopo- valley, with the great stream flowing lize the envelope business of the half a mile beneath her. She stayed country. The name of every patron of the post office is furnish- bending with their burden of blue, she Su ed free, the letters are mailed picked no berries, but fought resolute in the storm and enveloped by through a dozen varying moods that Ap free, the stamp and envelopes cost nothing, and the people pay for the making of the envelopes, printing of circulars, etc. The only reason we can see for this extra effort to dispose of envelopes is that a company in Dayton, Ohio, has secured the gov- heard the familiar cry of "Steam ernment contract, and are push- boooat!" and by the time they had ing the business at the expense with the plaint of wolf dogs. There of the people of the United were few men to join in the welcome States of America; and manifestly to the injury of the printing the animals came trooping lazly to the trades. The people should know this and every senator and representative in congress should take action in the matter.-Ex.

THE BARRIER By Rex Beach Copyright, 1966, by Harper & Brother

He shrugged his shoulders. "I guess you'd have a hard time breaking in among the 'bontonners.' But what's the use of thinking about it? This is your country, and these are your peo-

A morbid desire was upon her to track down this intangible racial distinction, but she saw Runnion, whom she could not bear, coming toward them, so thanked Stark hurriedly and went on her way. "Been making friends with that

squaw, ch?" remarked Runnion casually

"Yes," replied Stark, "She's a nice didn't have any part in that miners' meeting affair." "Huh! What's the matter with you?

It was all your doing." "I know if was, but I didn't aim it at her. I wanted that ground next to Lee's, and I wanted to throw a jolt into Old Man Gale. I couldn't let the girl stand in my way, but now that it's over I'm willing to be friends with

Ro "Me too. By heaven, she's as grace-Ireed." "She's a good girl," said Stark mus

"Getting kind of mushy, ain't yeu'

old man.

"I never thought of that. You may

be right. "If it's true I'll shuffle up a hand for

that soldler. Meanwhile Necla had passed on out FI of the town and through the Indian them and seated herself where she could look far out over the westward Sh there all the morning, and, although Su mirrored themselves in her delicate face. It was her first soul struggle, but in time the buoyancy of youth and the almighty optimism of early love prevailed. And so she was in a hap-pler frame of mind when the little company made their descent at midday.

Sh

Pe

Medford

As they approached the town they reached home the little camp was noisy today, every ablebodied inhabitant having disappeared into the hills, but bank and sat down on their haunches, watching the approaching steamer, in their soft eyes the sadness of a canine race of slaves.

tion. The deserted aspect of the town puzzled the captain of the steamer, and upon landing he made his way at once to John Gale's store, where he learned from the trader of the strike and of the stampede that had resulted. Before the recital was finished a man apbroached and spoke excitedly:

"Captain, my ticket reads to Dawson, but I'm getting off here. Won't you have my outfit put ashore?" He was followed by a group of fellow passengers, who made a similar re-

CENTRAL POINT HERALD, THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1909.



at prices stated below:

	Butte Falls	Eagle Point	Central Point Medford.
ough Lumber	\$10 00	\$16 00	\$18 00
zed 1 side	12 50	18 50	20 00
zed 4 sides	15 00	20 00	22 00
o. 1 Finish	22 00	27 00	29 00
o. 2 Finish	18 00	23 00	25 00
o. 3 Finish	15 00	. 20 00	22 00
ooring, vertica grain No.1		30 00	32 00
ooring vertical	1		
grain No. 2	20 00	25 00	27 00
ooring flat gr. No. 1 20 00		25 00	27 00
looring flat gr. No. 2 20 00		25 00	27 00
ooring flat gr. No. 3 15 00		20 00	22 00
ouse lumber 4x5 etc 13 00		18 00	20 00
niplap, No. 1	25 60	30 00	32 00
niplap,"No. 2,	20 00	25 00	27 00
igar pine shingles No1 2.50		3.50	4.00
igar pine shingles No2 1.75		2.75	3.00
pple Boxes	7e	7 1-2c	Se
ear Boxes	61-2	7	71-2
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Rough Lumber \$11.00 per M at our Derby yards

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

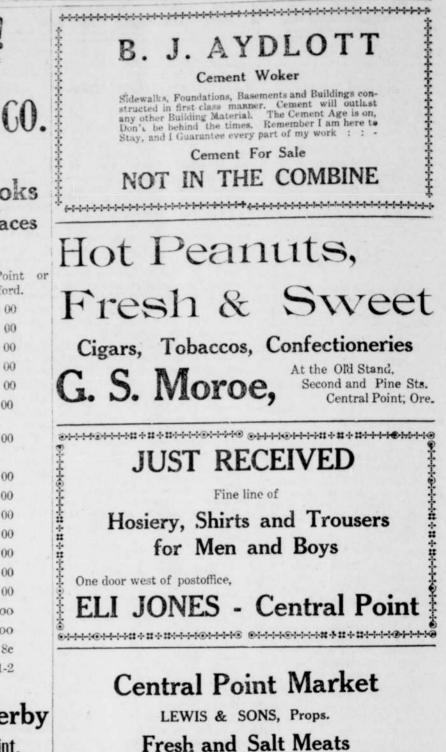
Complete List of Dry Stock Always on Hands Let Us Figure On Your House or Barn Bill Write or phone Butte Falls Lumber Company, your order to

Eagle Point "Then why in h-I didn't you "I don't know. I sin' never try it."

fellers tell me long ago?" "Well, it is, and now that I've arriv-The scanty ounce or two of gold ed I'm goin' to change my ways com from his claim lay in the scales at the plete. No more extravagance in mine post, where every newcomer might ex-I'll never lend another cent." amine it, and, realizing that he was a "W'at's dat?" ejaculated Doret in never ending source of information, amazement. they fawned on him for his tips, brib-"No more hard luck stories and 'huring him with newspapers worth \$1 ry ups' for mine. I'm the stony hearteach or with cigars, which he wrapped

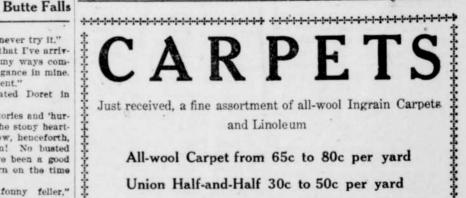
ed jailer, I am, from now, henceforth up carefully and placed in his mackiworld 'thout end, amen! No busted naw till every pocket of the rusty garment bulged so that he could not miners need apply. I've been a good thing, but tonight I turn on the time sit without losing them. They dwelt lock.'

upon his lightest word and stood him gosh! You're fonny "Ba up beside the bar, where they filled langhed Poleon, who had lent the one him with proofs of friendliness until eyed man much money in the past and, he shed tears from his one good eye. like others, regarded him not merely Cautiously at first he let out his as a bad risk, but as a total loss. wit, which was logy from long disuse "Mebbe you t'ink you've been a spen" and as heavy on its feet as the jump- t'rif' all dese year." ing frog of Calaveras, but when they Doret took the hero of the day by laughed at its labored leaps and sallies the arm and led him to the rear of the his confidence grew. With the regustore, where he bedded him on a pile larity of a clock he planted cigars and of flour sacks, but he had hardly reordered "a little more hard stuff." turned to the bar when Lee came veering out of the dimness, making for the while his roving eye rejoiced in lachrymose profusion, its overburden losing light like a ship tacking toward a bea itself in the tangle of his careless con. "What kind of flour is that?" he beard. By and by he wandered spluttered. through the town, trailed by a troop "Dat's just plain w'eat flour.' of tenderfeet, till the women marked "Not on your life," said the miner, him, whereupon he fled back to the with the firmness of a great conviction. post and hugged the bar, for he was "It's full of yeast powders. Why, it's a bashful man. When Stark's new r'arin' and risin' like a buckin' hoss. place opened it offered him another I'm plumb seasick." He laid a zigzag



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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 subseribers.

(Continued.)

He said that he had; that for twenty years he had been on the frontier and knew it from west Texas to the circle.

"I've never known anything except this." She swept the points of the compass with her arm: "And there is so much beyond that I want to know about. Oh; I feel so ignorant! There is something now that perhaps you could tell me, you have traveled so much."

"Let's have it," said he, smiling at her seriousness.

She hesitated, at a loss for words, finally blurting out what was in her mind:

"My father is a squaw man, Mr. Stark, and I've been raised to think that such things are customary."

"They are in all new countries," he assured her.

"But how are they regarded when civilization comes along?

Well, they aren't regarded, as a rule. Squaw men are pretty shiftless, and people don't pay much attention to them. I guess if they weren't they wouldn't be squaw men.

"My father isn't shiftless," she challenged, at which he remained silent, refusing to go ou record. "Isu't a half breed just as good as a white? "Look here," said he. "What are

you driving at?"

"I'm a 'blood,' " she declared recklessly, "and I want to know what peo ple think of me. The men around here have never made me feel conscious of R. but"_

"You're afraid of these new people who are coming, els? Well, don't worry about that, miss. It wouldn't make any difference to me or to any of your friends whether you were red, white, black of yellow

"But it would make a difference with some people," insisted the girl.

"Oh, I reckon it would with eastern people. They look at things kind of runny. But we're not in the east." "That's what I wanted to know. Nice people back there wouldn't tol-

erate a girl like me for a moment, would they ?"

one of them said. "Me, too," another volunteered. "This

strike is new, and we've hit her just In time.

Outside a dozen men had crowded "No Creek" Lee against the wall of the store and were clamoring to hear about his find.

Stark wasted no time. With money

quest.

in his hands, he secured a dozen men who were willing to work for hire, for there are always those who prefer the surety of ten coined dollars to the hope of a hundred. He swooped down with these helpers on his pile of merchandise that had lain beneath tarpaulins on the river bank since the day he and Runnion landed, and by midafternoon a great tent had been stretched over a framework of peeled poles built on the lot where he and Necia had stood earlier in the day. Before dark his saloon was running. To be sure, there was no floor, and his polished fixtures ooked strangely new and incongruous, but the town at large had assumed a similar air of incompleteness and crude immaturity, and little won der, for it had grown threefold in half

a day. Stark swiftly unpacked his gambling implements, keen to scent every advantage, and out of the handful of pale faced jackals who follow at the heels of a healthy herd he hired men to run them and to deal. By night Flambeau was a mining

camp.

CHAPTER X.

MEADE BURRELL FINDS & PATH IN THE MOONLIGHT.

O CREEK" LEE had come into his own at last and was a hero, for the story of his long ill luck was comm gossip now, and men praised him for his courage. He had never been praised for anything before and was uncertain just how to take it.

"Say, are these people kiddin' me?" he inquired confidentially of Poleon. "W'y? Wat you mean?"

"Well, there's a feller makin' a speech about me down by the land-

"W'at he say?"

"It ain't nothin' to fight over. He says I'm another Dan'l Boom, leadin' the march of empire westward. Certainly sounds good, but is it on the fevel?"

"Waal, I guess so," admitted Poleon. The prospector swelled with indigna-

retreat, of which he availed himself, course for the door. for some time. But hate in the evening he reappeared at Old Man Gale's "I'm goin' to get somethin' for this store, walking a bit unsteadily, and as stomach trouble. It's fierce." He de he mounted the flight of logs to the scended into the darkness boldly and door he stepped once too often. stepped off with confidence-this time "What's become of that fourth too soon. Poleon heard him flounder

step?" he demanded sharply of Poleon.

"Dere she is." said the Frenchman. "I'm blamed if it is. You moved it umph. since I was here."

other.

Whn'd I tell you? You put that "I'll bave 'im put back," laughed the "I'll bave 'im put back," laughed the whistling blithely, if somewhat out of

"Say, it's a grand thing to be rich. tune, he steered for the new saloon to get something for his "stomach trou-

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some derangement or dis-

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"W'ere you goin'?" asked Poleon.

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every modest woman. We shall not particularize here as to the symptoms of those peculiar affections incident to women, but those wanting full information as to their symptoms and means of positive cure are referred to the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser-1008 pages, newly revised and up-to-date Edition, sent free on receipt of 21 onecent stamps to cover cost of mailing only; or, in cloth binding for 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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<u></u>

Garden Tools ing about, his indignant voice raised irascibly, albeit with a note of tri-

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garden.

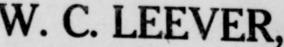
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