

CENTRAL POINT HERALD

S. A. PATTON, 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"

FOR MORE FIRE PROTECTION.

The action of the City Council in establishing a fire limits and framing more stringent building ordinances is indeed commendable, and too much cannot be said in their favor on the subject. It is quite true that they will be taken severely to task by a few of their actions but the majority of citizens will stand with them and uphold them in it.

Central Point is now becoming a town of such size that we must begin to pay some attention to the outward appearance of our little city and the first step should be the improvement of the main street of the town. If conditions were permitted to continue as they have been in the past, and a property owner was allowed to erect any kind of a building that pleased his fancy, it would be many years indeed, before our town could boast of any beauty. But the beauty of the town is not the most important factor by any means. The safety of the property owners along that street, and all other streets of the town, must be taken into consideration, and so long as the old conditions were allowed to exist nothing on the whole street would be safe from destruction by fire. Of course it will take many years before the general appearance of the street is changed but so long as there will be no more wooden buildings erected the evil will not be increased.

And while we are discussing the safety of our property it is not amiss to say a word to the merchants along Main street in regard to the rear of their store buildings. In many places papers and old boards are allowed to accumulate until they form veritable hot beds for fire, and were these piles of dirt to become ignited another disastrous fire would result. Our City Council can legislate against these evils, but the property owners must join with them in the enforcement of the laws and the protection of property.

Proper Treatment For Dysentery and Diarrhoea

The great mortality from dysentery and diarrhoea is due to a lack of proper treatment in the first stages of the disease. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is a reliable and effective remedy and when given in a reasonable time will prevent any dangerous consequences. It has been in use for many years and has always met with unvarying success. For sale by Mrs. A. Mee.

The decision of Judge Gallway relative to the Crater Lake road appropriation matter, perpetually restraining the state from paying out money, seems to be generally popular, especially among the rank and file of tax payers. We did not know that Judge Gallway, Attorney McMahon and Editor Gill constituted the "rank and file of tax payers" in Oregon.

A Comforted Woman

It is always found in the same house with Ballard's Snow Liniment. It keeps every member of the family free from aches and pains. It heals cuts, burns and scalds and cures rheumatism, lumbago and all muscular soreness and stiffness. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. Sold by Mrs. A. Mee.

THE BARRIER

By Rex Beach

Copyright, 1906, 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.)

"Now that we've come to threats for me talk. I offered to marry you and go the square thing, but if you don't want to I'll pass up the formality and take you for my squaw, the same as your father took Allina. Just remember you're alone with me in the heart of a wilderness, and you've got to make a choice quick, because I'm going ashore and make some breakfast as soon as it's light enough to choose a landing place. If you agree to come quietly and go through with this thing like a sensible girl I'll do what's right, but if you don't then I'll do what's wrong, and maybe you won't be so d—d anxious to tell your friends about this trip or spread your story up and down the river."

She saw Runlon gazing over his shoulder in search of a shelving beach or bar. They rounded a bend where the left bank crumbled before the untrusting teeth of the river, forming a brilliant cascade of foam, fallen fire washed in the current. The short side of the curve protected a gravel bar that made downstream to a dagger-like point, and toward this Runlon propelled the skiff. The girl's heart sank.

The mind of Poleon darted worked in straight lines. Moreover, his memory was good. Stark's statement, which so upset Gale and the lieutenant, had a somewhat different effect upon the Frenchman, for certain facts had been impressed upon his sub-consciousness which did not entirely jibe with the gambler's remarks, and yet they were too dimly engrained to afford foundation for a definite theory. What he did know was that he doubted. Why? Because certain scraps of a disjointed conversation recurred to him, a few words which he had overheard in Stark's saloon, something about a Peterborough canoe and a woman. He knew every skiff that lay along the water front, and of a sudden he decided to see if this one was where it had been at dusk, for there were but two modes of egress from Flambeau, and there was but one canoe of this type. If Necla had gone up river on the freighter, pursuit was hopeless, for no boatman could make headway against the current, but if, on the other hand, that cedar craft was gone—He ran out of Stark's house and down to the river bank. It was just one chance, and, if he was wrong, no matter. The others would leave on the next up river steamer, whereas if his suspicion proved a certainty, if Stark had led to throw them off the track and Runlon had taken her down stream—well, Poleon wished no one to hinder him, for he would travel light.

The boat was gone. He searched the fine backward, but it was not there, and his excitement grew now, likewise his haste. He stumbled up to the trading post and around to the rear, where, hidden up, lay his own craft, a birch canoe, frail and treacherous for any but a man schooled in the ways of swift water. He laid it carefully in the whispering current, then stripped himself with feverish haste, for the driving call of a hot pursuit was on him, and, although it was the cold, raw hours of late night, he whipped off his garments until he was bare to the middle. He seized his paddle, stepped in, then knelt amidships and pushed away. The birch bark answered him like a living thing, leaping and dancing beneath the strokes, while ripping, rising ridges stood out upon his back and arms as they rose and fell.

Runlon drove his Peterborough toward the shore with powerful strokes and ran its nose up on the gravel, rose, stretched himself and dragged it farther out, then looked down at Necla. "Well, what is it—yes or no? Do you want me for a husband or for a master?" She covered in the stern, a pale, fearful creature.

She cast her despairing eyes up and down the river, then at the wilderness on either shore, but it was as silent and unpeopled as if it had been created that morning. She must have time. She would temporize, pretending to yield, and then betray him to the first corner. A promise exacted under duress would not be binding. "I'll go quietly," she said in a faint voice.

"I knew you'd see that I'm acting square. Come! Get the crap out of yourself while I make a pot of coffee." He held out his hand to assist her, and she accepted it, but stumbled as she rose, for she had been crouched in one position for several hours, and her limbs were stiff. He caught her and swung her ashore. Then, instead of putting her feet to the ground, he pressed her to himself roughly and kissed her. She gave a wild cry and fought him off, but he laughed and held her the closer.

"No, no, no!" she gasped, writhing like a wild thing, but he crushed his lips to hers again and then let her go, whereupon she flew away from him

MEDFORD FURNITURE COMP'Y THE ONLY COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN S. ORE.

We are now prepared to furnish your home from cellar to garret—Stoves, Ranges, Graniteware, China, Tinware, Washing machines, Lawn mowers, Garden tools, Furniture, Carpets, Wall paper. In fact anything you may ask for, kept in a first-class up-to-date house furnishing establishment.

FREIGHT PAID TO ALL RAIL ROAD POINTS IN SOUTH ORE.

MEDFORD FURNITURE COMP'Y

The Complete House Furnishers And Undertakers

painting disheveled, her eyes wide and filled with horror. She scrubbed her face with the back of her hand, as if to erase his mark, while he reached into the canoe and brought forth an ax, a bottle of food and a coffee-pot. Then, still chuckling, he gathered a few sticks of driftwood and built a fire. She had a blind instinct to flee and sought for a means of escape, but they were well out upon the bar that stretched a distance of 300 feet to the wooded bank. On one side of the narrow spit was the scarcely moving, half stagnant water of a tiny bay or eddy; on the other the swift, gliding current tugging at the beached canoe, while the outer end of the gravelled ridge dwindled down to nothing and disappeared into the river. An instant later, when he turned to the clearer water of the eddy to fill the coffee-pot, she seized her chance and sped up the bar toward the bank. The shingle under foot and her noisy skirts betrayed her, and with an oath he followed. It was an unequal race, and he handled her with rough strong hands when he overtook her.

"So! You led to me! Well, I'm through with this foolishness. If you'll go back on your word like this you'll 'bawl me out' before the priest, so I'll forget my promise, too, and you'll be glad of the chance to marry me."

"Let me go!" she panted. "I'll marry you. Yes, yes, I'll do it, only don't touch me now!" He led her back to the fire, which had begun to crackle. She was so weak now that she sank upon the stones shivering.

"That's right. Sit down and behave while I make something hot to drink. You're all in." After a time he continued as he busied himself about his task: "Say, you ought to be glad to get me. I've got a lot of money, or I will have, and once you're Mrs. Runlon nobody'll ever know about this or think of you as a squaw."

He was still talking when the girl sprang to her feet and sent a shrill cry out over the river, but instantly he was up and upon her, his hand over her mouth, while she tore at it, screaming the name of Poleon Doret. He silenced her to a smothered, sobbing nuzzle and turned to see, far out on the bosom of the great soiled river, a man in a bark canoe. The craft had just swung past the bend above and was still a long way off, so far away, in fact, that Necla's signal had not reached it, for its occupant held unwaveringly to the swiftest channel, his body rising and falling in the smooth, unending rhythm of a master boatman under great haste, his arms upflung now and then as the paddle glinted and flashed across to the opposite side.

Runlon glanced about hurriedly, then cursed as he saw no place of concealment. The Peterborough stood out upon the bar conspicuously, as did he and the girl. But the chance remained that this man, whoever he was, would pass by, for his speed was great, the river a mile in width and the bend sharp. Necla had cried Poleon's name, but her companion saw no resemblance to the Frenchman in this strange looking voyager. In fact, he could not quite make out what was peculiar about the man—perhaps his eyes were not as sharp as hers—and then he saw that the boatman was naked to the waist. By now he was drawing opposite them with the speed of a bound.

The girl, gagged and held by her captor's hands, struggled and moaned despairingly, and, crouching back of the boat, they might have escaped discovery in the gray morning light had it not been for the telltale fire—a tiny, crackling blaze no larger than a man's hat. It betrayed them. The dancing craft upon which their eyes were fixed whirled about, almost leaping from the water at one stroke, then came toward them, now nothing but a narrow thing, half again the width of a man's body. The current carried it down abreast of them, then past, and Runlon rose, releasing the girl, who cried out with all her might to the boatman. He made no sound in reply, but drove his canoe shoreward with quicker strokes. It was evident he would effect his landing near the lower end of the spit, for now he was within hearing distance and driving closer every instant.

Necla heard the gambler call: "Sheer off, Doret! You can't land here!"

She saw a gun in Runlon's hand, and a terrible, sickening fear swept over her, for he was slowly walking down the spit, keeping abreast of the canoe as it drifted. "Keep away or I'll fire!" threatened Runlon again, and she screamed: "Don't try it, Poleon! He'll kill you!"

At her words Runlon raised his weapon and fired. She heard the echoes behind reverberate with the echoes like a sounding board, saw the white spurt of smoke and the skitter of the bullet as it went wild. It was a long shot and had been fired as a final warning, but Doret made no outcry, nor did he cease coming. Instead his paddle clove the water with the same steady strokes that took every ounce of effort in his body. Runlon threw open his gun and replaced the spent shell. On came the careening, crazy craft in a sidewise drift, and with it the girl saw coming a terrible tragedy. She started to run down the gravelled ridge behind her enemy, not realizing the value or moment of her action nor knowing clearly what she would do, but as she drew near she saw Runlon raise his gun again and without thought of her own safety threw herself upon him. Again his shot went wild as he strove to hurl her off, but his former taste of her strength was nothing to this now that she fought for Poleon's life. Runlon snarled angrily and thrust her away, for he had waited till the canoe was close.

"Let me go, you devil!" he cried and aimed again. But again she ran at him. This time, however, she did not pit her strength against his, but paused, and as he undertook to fire she thrust at his elbow, then dodged out of his way. Her blow was crafty and well timed, and his shot went wild. Again he took aim, and again she de-

WANTED! BY THE BUTTE FALLS LUMBER CO.

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

Table with 4 columns: Item, Butte Falls, Eagle Point, Central Point or Medford. Includes items like Rough Lumber, Sided 1 side, Sided 4 sides, No. 1 Finish, No. 2 Finish, No. 3 Finish, Flooring vertical grain No.1, Flooring vertical grain No. 2, Flooring flat gr. No. 1 20 00, Flooring flat gr. No. 2 20 00, Flooring flat gr. No. 3 15 00, House lumber 4x5 etc 13 00, Shiplap, No. 1, Shiplap, No. 2, Sugar pine shingles No1 2.50, Sugar pine shingles No2 1.75, Apple Boxes, Pear Boxes.

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

B. J. AYDLOTT

Cement Worker

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

Screen Doors, Window Scaens, Hardware, Mechanics' Tools

Carload of Fruit Jars Just Arrived

OUR PRICES ARE LOW, OUR QUALITY OF MERCHANDISE IS HIGH. CALL ON US

W. C. LEEVER

The Hardware Man

Central Point Oregon

Read THE HERALD

\$1.50 Per Year

Not Sisters

Now and again you see two women passing down the street who look like sisters. You are astonished to learn that they are mother and daughter, and you realize that a woman at forty or forty-five ought to be at her finest and fairest. Why isn't it so? The general health of woman is so intimately associated with the local health of the essentially feminine organs that there can be no red cheeks and round form where there is female weakness.



Women who have suffered from this trouble have found prompt relief and cure in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives vigor and vitality to the organs of womanhood. It clears the complexion, brightens the eyes and reddens the cheeks.

No alcohol, or habit-forming drugs is contained in "Favorite Prescription." Any sick woman may consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. Every letter is held as sacredly confidential, and answered in a plain envelope. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R.V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N.Y.