

CENTRAL POINT HERALD

S. A. PATTISON, PUBLISHER.

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"5,000 IN 1912"

STOP THE PRACTICE.

The fallacy of allowing children to ride on delivery wagons and drays, especially where the drivers are careless and the teams are not safe, was again demonstrated last Friday, in the case of Roy Reddick. While the lad was not seriously hurt yet it only shows what might have been. Young boys can be seen every day jumping on and off of wagons at a risk of life and limb, and the practice should be brought to a sudden stop. If it cannot be accomplished in any other way then the City Council should take the matter up and pass an ordinance covering such cases.

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 effectual 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 Mary A. Mee.

One hundred and fifty Boston girls recently kissed the mayor of that town. Poor Captain Hobson is certainly losing prestige.

The Oregonian shrinks from mentioning some bad places in the pavements in Portland because it is "village journalism." If metropolitan journalism forbids the mentioning of the needs of public improvements then we prefer to stay in the rural class.

One of the latest developments in the Harry Thaw case is that Harry once refused to take a drink with a certain inn-keeper. Now we know he's crazy.

W. J. Bryan has written a letter to President Taft asking that the people be allowed to vote for the election of United States senators. W. J. is beginning to see things like "our George." Its a good way—and the right man usually gets there.

An eastern man has invented a motor that he claims will travel a million miles a minute. Gee that ought to get a man to work on time.

Its going to take some clever shuffling to get Mr. Payne's name back on the tariff bill, says an exchange. "We hardly think Mr. Payne will want his name there after Aldrich gets through with it."

Hill is casting longing eyes at Central Oregon, says the Woodburn Independent, one of the papers that persistently fought the Crater Lake road appropriation. Get an injunction. You mossbacks don't want any public improvements in Oregon anyway.

A man was killed at Seattle last week in a sham battle. There are other things that are just as good as a "noiseless fourth."

A Contented Woman. 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 Mary A. Mee.

THE BARRIER

By Rex Beach

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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 subscribers.

(Continued.)

"It's the mission boat!" cried Neela. "It's the mission boat! Father Barnum will be aboard."

"She waved her arms madly and mingled her voice with Poleon's until a black robed figure appeared beside the pilothouse."

"Father Barnum!" she screamed, and, recognizing her, he signaled back.

Soon they were alongside, and a pair of Siwash deck hands lifted Neela aboard. Doret following after, the painter of the Peterborough in his teeth. He dragged both canoes out of the boiling tide and laid them bottom up on the forward deck, then climbed the narrow little stairs to find Neela in the arms of a benignant, white haired priest, the best beloved man on the Yukon, who broke away from the girl to greet the Frenchman, his kind face alight with astonishment.

"What is all this I hear? Slowly, Doret, slowly! My little girl is talking too furiously for these poor old wits to follow. I can't understand. I am amazed. What is this tale?"

Together they told him, while his blue eyes now opened wide with wonder, now grew soft with pity, then blazed with indignation. When they had finished he laid his hand upon Doret's shoulder.

"My son, I thank God for your good eye and your clean heart. You saved our Neela, and you will be rewarded. As to this—this man Runton, we must find him, and he must be sent out of the country."

It required some pressure to persuade the Frenchman, but at last he consented, and as the afternoon drew to a close the little steamboat came scudding and wheezing up to the bar where Runton had built his fire that morning, and a long, shrill blast summoned him from the point above. When he did not appear the priest took Poleon and his round faced, silent crew of two and went up the bank, but they found no sign of the crippled man—only a few rags, a trampled patch of brush at the forest's edge, and that was all. The springy moss showed no trail. The thicket gave no answer to their cries, although they spent an hour in a scattered search and sounded the steamboat's whistle again and again.

"He's try for walk it back to camp," said Doret. "Maybe he ain't hurt so much, after all."

"You must be right," said Father Barnum. "We will keep the steamer close to this shore, so that he can haul us when we overtake him."

And so they resumed their toilsome trip, but mile after mile fell behind them, and still no voice came from the woods—no figure hailed them. Doret, inscrutable and silent, lounged against the pilothouse smoking hummerlike cigarettes which he rolled from squares of newspaper, his keen eyes apparently scanning every foot of their slow way, but when night fell at last and the bank faded from sight he tossed the last butt overboard, smiled grimly into the darkness and went below.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RUNTON FINDS THE SINGING PEOPLE.

"NO CREEK" LEE came into the trading post on the following morning and found Gale attending store as if nothing unusual had occurred.

"Say! What's this about you and Stark? I hear you had a horrible run in and that you split him up the back like a quail!"

"We had a row," admitted the trader. "It's been a long time working out, and last night it came to a head."

"Laid—ee! And to think of Ben Stark being licked! Why, the whole camp's talkin' about it! They say he emptied two six shooters at you, but you kept a comb, and when you did get to him you just carved your initials on him like he was a basswood tree. Say, John, he's a gonner, sure."

"Do you mean he's—passing out?"

"Oh, no. I reckon he'll get well, from what I hear, though he won't let nobody come near him except old Doc. But he's lost a little, and that ends him. Don't you savvy? Whenever a killer quits second best it breaks his hoodoo. Why, there's been men layin' for him these twenty years from here to the Rio Grande, and every feller he ever bested will bear of this and begin to grease his holster; then the first shave tall desperado that meets him will split in his eye just to make a name for himself. No, sir! He's a spent shell. He's got to fight all his battles over again, and this time the other feller will open the ball. Oh, I've seen it happen before. You killed him last night, just as sure as if you'd hung up his hide to dry, and he knows it."

"I'm a peaceable man," said Gale on the defensive. "I had to do it."

"I know! I know! There was witnesses. The drummer at the fort saw it, as I hear."

The other man quiesced silently. "Well, well! Ben Stark licked! Can't get over that. It must 'a' been

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most the next instant he was on his feet again, saying to the trader, as he had said it a score of times already: "Runton comes to me, Gale! You understand he's mine, don't you?"

"The old man nodded. 'Yes; you can take him.'"

"Well, who do I get?" asked Lee. "You can't come along," the trader said. "We may have to follow the bound claim to the States. Think of your mine."

"To blazes with the mine!" exploded the shaggy prospector. "I reckon I'm kind of a daddy to your gal, and I'm got to be in at the finish."

Suddenly the lieutenant uttered a cry, and with a bound Gale was beside him.

"Look! Over the point! Down yonder! I saw smoke!"

The three stared at the distant forest fringe that masked the bend of the river until their eyes ached.

"You're tired, my boy," said Gale. "Wait."

He obeyed and finally over the treetops saw a faint steamer of black.

"It is! It is!" cried the soldier. "I'm going for my war bag." And before the steamer had hove into sight he was back with his scanty bundle of baggage, behaving like one daff, talking and laughing and running here and there. Lee watched him closely, then went behind the bar and poured out a stiff glass of whisky, which he made Burrell drink. To Gale he whispered a moment later:

"Keep your eye on him, John. He'll go mad at this rate."

They waited, it seemed interminably, until at last a white hull slowly rounded the point, then shaped a course across the current toward the other bank, where the water was less swift. As it came fully into sight Gale swore aloud in despair:

"It's the mission boat!"

"Well, what of that?" said Burrell. "We'll hire it—buy it—take it!"

"It's no use. She ain't got but three dog power to her engines," Lee explained. "She's a down river boat—has to run with the current to move."

"We can't use her," Gale said in reluctance. "She'd only lose time for us. We've got to wait for one of the A. C. boats."

"Wait!" cried Burrell. "We've done nothing but wait, wait, wait! Let's do something!"

"You go back yonder and set down," commanded Lee. "We'll have a boat before long."

The arrival of the tiny mission steamer was never of sufficient importance to draw a crowd to the river bank, so the impatient men at the post relaxed interest in her as she came creeping up abreast of the town. It was little Johnny Gale who first saw Neela and Poleon on board, for he had recognized either Barnum's craft at a distance and stationed himself at the bank hand in hand with Molly to bid the good, kind old man welcome.

The men inside the house did not hear the boy crying Neela's name, for his voice was small, and they had gone to the rear of the store.

"Understand? You leave Runton

Remedies are Needed

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