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Main Street, Central Point

Fresh Confections

Cool weather is coming on, and with it our new assortment of the finest candies ever shown in Central Point.

You Can't Beat Them

G. S. MOORE, At The Old Stand

Read THE HERALD
\$1.50 Per Year

TOO MUCH GOOD LUCK

By FLORA MILLIGAN.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

"I maintain," said Brown, "that life is a game of cards. It consists of two parts—skill and luck."

"How about the condition of life into which one is born?" said Jones.

"That's a part of the luck. A man is born into certain circumstances in lieu of cards and certain ability in lieu of skill."

"And is opportunity a part of the cards?"

"Yes; that is to be counted with luck."

"Suppose one has plenty of skill, but no opportunity?"

"He is in the same fix as a skillful player whose cards are bad."

"Gentlemen," said a seedy individual at a neighboring table—they were in a cafe—"pardon the interruption, but I couldn't help hearing your conversation, and I am interested in its purport. Permit me to add one statement to those you have made. It is this—a man's game may be spoiled by too much luck."

"That is his own fault," said Brown. "He shouldn't lose his head."

"One may be ruined by good luck and not be at the slightest fault."

"That statement on its face is incorrect, a contradiction," replied Brown.

"Do so," said Jones. "If you satisfy us in the matter you may order the best dinner the house affords and I will pay for it."

"With a bottle of champagne as my contribution," supplemented Brown.

"Done," said the stranger. "Had it not been for too much good luck I should now be dining and winning others instead of accepting your bounty, giving you nothing but an illustration in return. When I was a young man my father, dying, told me that his brother, my uncle, who was a millionaire bachelor, intended to make me his heir and I must be very circumspect in my treatment of him. I had sense enough to see the situation and—"

"Overdid it," Brown put in. "You disgrusted him, and you?"

"Not at all," the stranger went on. "I grew very fond of him and did not need to pretend to be interested in him. He was smart enough to perceive this, and we grew nearer together every day. The old gentleman was very fond of playing poker hands for a small stake. Every night before he went to bed he insisted on my sitting down with him for an hour at this diversion."

"I see," said Brown. "You were silly enough to let him win, and it angered him."

"Or to win his money," added Jones. "I must do either one or the other, gentlemen, and so I did in the end, but I shall come to that in a moment. For a time the game wavered between us. Sometimes my uncle and sometimes I would be ahead. But one night, the fatal night," the stranger moaned, "I held a full hand of aces against my uncle's full hand of kings. Naturally we both bet high—that is, for a game intended only to help pass an hour before going to bed—and of course I won."

"The next deal fell to my uncle, and neither of us got more than a single pair. I then dealt and gave my uncle four tens and myself a royal flush. I did not bet high, but when I showed down my uncle looked surprised. His next deal was unimportant, but at my next I gave him three aces and myself four queens."

"Oh, well," protested Brown, "if a man has a mind to do that sort of thing he can't blame his luck."

"I was neither. I knew nothing about putting cards where I wanted them. Had I known I should have given the winners to my uncle. I had simply struck a remarkable run of luck. I was horrified at it and would have been delighted to change it, for I saw that my uncle was beginning to think that I was cheating him. I took advantage of one low hand he dealt me to bet high, but only made matters worse, for he held lower cards than I."

"And so it went on. Every time I dealt I saw my uncle watching my fingers with a terrible suspicion on his face."

"Why," interrupted Brown, "didn't you bet low?"

"So I did on one occasion. I held three tens and bet a mere trifle. My uncle held four nines, and when he saw that I had stayed out, he holding his only big hand, he assumed that I did so with a knowledge of where the cards lay."

"And so the game went on, I always topping him, seeing a fortune pass away from me and having no power to stop the luck that was ruining me. How I wished that I had learned dealing cards professionally so that I could have given my uncle better cards than mine! At last he rose from the table and, pointing to the door, said: 'Go, and never let me see your face again!'"

"The next day he changed his will, and a week later he was dead."

"The stranger ceased to speak. Brown looked at Jones, and Jones looked at Brown. Then they called the proprietor and paid the bet. But they did not remain to see the stranger eat. As they passed out he followed them with a corner of his left eye, but said nothing."

"What lesson," said Jones, "do you draw from this episode?"

"That it is singular how some men who have been given high cards in the game of life will play them for such small stakes."

"Just so," replied Jones.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN H. SMITH

STERN RESOLVE.

I'M weary of worry and wearing a face
As long as the road to Cheyenne,
Of cooking up troubles that never occur
And working them over again,
Of letting the little and no account ills
My feelings like sandpaper rub,
Of being downhearted with this and with that—
It's me for the Don't Worry club!

So easy it is to be all in a stew,
To sputter at nothing at all,
To be in hot water at least to the neck
Through trines, no matter how small;
To conjure up shadows foreboding and dark
And give them a being to shun,
To pack airy notions about on our back
As though they were weighing a ton!

We get without effort a peach of a grouch,
Allowing our fancies to dwell
On things that are hardly worth thinking about,
Some mischief for a nickel would sell,
That mischief we constantly turn in our minds
Until like a mountain it seems,
And matters as large as the point of a pin
Play hob in the night with our dreams.

Avant, then, ye worries! Begone from my sight!
I'll have you no more in my train,
No more will I put on my glasses to look
For things over which to complain.
The Don't Worry club has a member in me.

The primrose lined passage is plain,
No matter what comes, be it little or great,
I'll smile, though it gives me a pain.

Gaging the Price.

"I can't talk to you. My time is worth money."

"I'll buy an hour of it."

"All right."

"Got change for a nickel?"

Found a Way.

"True happiness," said the garden philosopher, "consists in doing good to others."

"Does it?" dubiously asked the man with the ingrowing grinch.

"It does," replied the philosopher.

"Not for rational people," said the grinch. "I sat down with a street car hog today and kept jabbing him with my elbow and stepping on his toes until he wanted to fight. Say, I haven't been so happy for six months."

Imitative.

"That hat tag says 'Marked Down to 88%' I saw it myself last week for seventy-five."

"That is easy to understand."

"I can't see why he calls it marked down."

"He has been reading about the tariff lowering."

Still Hungry.

"I hit the boss for a raise today."

"Did you get it?"

"I should say not."

"Maybe his breakfast didn't agree with him."

"I guess it did, for I thought he was going to eat me up on top of it."

Different Location.

"Did Longfellow write 'Waiting at the Church?'"

"He did not."

"I thought he did."

"Well, you are mistaken."

"Oh, that's so. He was the fellow who stood on the bridge."

Preparation.

"What business did you advise him to go into?"

"The butter business."

"Does he know anything about it?"

"He ought to. He is a most persistent butter in."

Uncomfortable.

With pad on knee
And pen in fist
I try to give
My brain a twist.

I try to work
An item out
And think of what
To write about.

I try to turn
The current on,
But find the spark-
ing plug is gone.

I only think
It's hot and dry
And dry and hot—
And so am I!

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

A lazy man leaves his glasses at home when looking for work.

Don't worry unless you can draw a salary for it.

Give a calf plenty of rope and he will tangle your legs.

Don't cry over spilled milk. Maybe it was only chalk and water.

Some men have been quite successful in minding their own business, while others have been able to pay a man a salary for the same.

Touch a conceited man's vanity or a stingy man's pocketbook if you want a quick response.

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and
General Teaming
"WE PLAY NO
FAVORITES"
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ICE COLD SODAS, CREAMS AND ICES
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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,

July 31, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Ada C. Dittsworth of Peyton, Oregon, who, on August 25, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 1423 (S. R. 4241) for S. E. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4, Sec. 20, Tp. 35 South Range 2 East, W. M., has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. H. Canon, U. S. Commissioner, at Medford, Oregon, on the 15th day of September, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: J. F. Dittsworth, Frank Dittsworth, Luther East and John Richardson, all of Peyton, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

CONTEST NOTICE
Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,

Aug. 16, 1909

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Thomas W. Goffrey, contestant, against Homestead Entry No. 13194, made October 25, 1903, for S. 1/2 of Sec. 26, Twp. 34 S., R. 2 W. Williamette Meridian, by Warren W. Rainey, contestee, in which it is alleged that said Warren W. Rainey has abandoned his said homestead for more than one year last past; that he has made no improvement on his homestead for more than four years prior to this date; and that said alleged absence was not due to his employment in the army or navy of the United States in time of war.

Said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock, a. m., on September 25, 1909, before W. H. Canon, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Medford, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 11 o'clock, a. m., on October 9, 1909, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roseburg, Oregon.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit filed July 29, 1909, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

J. M. Lawrence, Receiver.

CORDWOOD WANTED—Enquire at Central Point Bakery.

221f

SIRENS AND SONS.

Edward Gotobed for the last eight years has been a bedroom steward on the Atlantic liner Minneapolis.

William F. Baker, the new police commissioner of New York, succeeding General Bingham, has worked his way up from a department clerkship.

Daniel A. Adys, the colored attendant at the American Geographical society, New York, has been with the society for twenty-eight years. He knows more about the society than most members.

Herbert Samuel, who was recently named as chancellor of Lancaster, with a seat in the cabinet, is the first Jew to attain to that distinction in England. He is only thirty-three years old and has been in parliament six years.

The new Mexican ambassador, Francisco de la Barra, has a thorough acquaintance not only with the problems that affect the relations between this country and Mexico, but with Latin American and pan-American problems generally.

Vice President Sherman has already achieved a reform in the senate. He wore a plain business suit when he began to preside over that assembly of the potent, grave and reverend, and his example has well nigh banished the historic black Prince Albert coat.

Marshall Field was a commercial traveler. So also were John Wamsutter. So also were Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, and Richard Cobden, the famous English statesman and writer. Ex-Governor Frank Black of New York followed "the road" with his sample cases before beginning his legal and political career.

Things Theatrical.

Margaret Anglin has a play from the French called "The Rival."

J. H. Gilmour is to appear in a one act play called "The Anniversary."

James Galloway will play Seth next season in "Way Down East" for his twelfth consecutive year.

William A. Howell will play the title role in "Henry VIII," in which Louis James will star as Wolsey.

An American woman named Miss Andrews has established herself as a theatrical manager in London.

Corinne has been engaged by the Messrs. Shubert for a musical comedy they will produce early next season.

Mr. W. J. Ferguson has been engaged by Mr. David Belasco to create an important role in "Is Marriage a Failure?" to be produced next season.

CENTRAL POINT LODGE NO. 193

I. O. O. F.

Meets every Saturday evening at 7:30 p. m. in A. O. U. W. Hall, corner Second and Pine Sts. Visiting brothers are specially invited to meet with us when in town.

JAS. E. GRIEVE, GEQ. L. FORD,
Secretary. Noble Grand.

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