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I guarantee Satisfaction on every job and respectfully solicit a share of your patronage

OLD PRICE STAND, PINE STREET
CENTRAL POINT, OREGON

Central Point Real Estate Company

C. S. SANDERSON Manager

WE SELL DIRT! DIRT! DIRT!

We are in the Dirt business to stay and we should be favored with your business as it was our money that we have spent in advertising in Eastern Periodicals that has raised the price of land in this valley. It is our business and energy that is helping you and we are entitled to your support—and not the Curb Stone Broker. Lands and City Property for sale. Loans and Insurance. Rentals and care of property.

Try an Ad in THE HERALD

Central Point Meat Market

W. D. Lewis & Sons, Proprietors

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Columbia Brand Hams, Bacon and Lard, Bolognas, Boiled Ham, Cottage Shoulders and other specialties

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR THE ASHLAND CREAMERY BUTTER

Choicest cuts of Beef,
Pork, Mutton and Veal

Central Point Meat Market

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

MR. BOWSER PEEVISH

Irritated by Warm Weather and
One Mosquito.

HE MAKES LIFE UNBEARABLE.

Refuses to Eat Wife's Pie—Ordered
One of Whortleberry and Was Garved
"Huckleberry"—Arrested as Burglar
by Mistake.

By M. QUAD.
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary
Press.)

IT had been a hot day, and Mr. Bowser came home sticky and out of sorts. Mrs. Bowser saw how things were even before he had entered the gate, and she shaped her policy accordingly. She got him downstairs and through dinner without an outbreak, and then she fell down. That is, the cook brought on a huckleberry pie for dessert. It had been made because Mr. Bowser had asked for it. Something like a smile came to his face as he saw it, and he would have enjoyed it had not Mrs. Bowser said:

"You see, dear, we remembered your favorite. I hope it is as good a huckleberry pie as your mother used to make."

"Huckleberry?" he queried as he drew back. "Mrs. Bowser, if you can speak the English language, I wish you would do so."

"Why, what is wrong?"

"There is a berry called whortleberry. You have no more license to call it a huckleberry than you have to call it a crabapple."

"But the grocer and lots of other people call it huckleberry."

"What the grocer and lots of other people call things is nothing to me. I asked you to make a whortleberry pie. The cook has made a pie of something else, and it can therefore be removed."

"You surely are not going to stick at such a trifle as that," said Mrs. Bowser. "If you want it whortle-



HE PACED BACK AND FORTH IN HIS CAJAPET SLIPPERS.

why, whortle it shall be. I have seen red blackberries, but I ate them just the same as if they were black."

"The damage has been done, and my appetite is gone. You and the cook can huckle down your huckleberry pie. I will go to the bakery and buy one made of whortleberries."

It was no use to argue with a peevish man. He refused the pie, and after getting upstairs he complained of the taste of his cigar, the matches that had to be scratched twice over and the clock that had lost two seconds since morning. The more he complained the more he ached to pick a fuss, and Mrs. Bowser was finally driven to silence. Before bedtime Mr. Bowser, who sat on the front steps alone, had had rows with two melon peddlers and a stranger looking for a man named Smith. There was a long breath of relief as the lights were turned out, and for an hour after getting to bed Mr. Bowser slept soundly. Then of a sudden he awoke and called out:

"By the seven horned cats, but there is a mosquito in this room!"

"Yes, there may be one," sleepily replied Mrs. Bowser.

"But what is it doing here? How did it get in? Am I to be kept from my needed sleep on account of a mosquito?"

"If you keep quiet it will bite me and then go away. It only wants one bite."

"Keep quiet! I keep quiet for an infernal mosquito! Not on your life! I am no such man. Mrs. Bowser, you have had the screen out of one of the windows. You deliberately took it out to let a mosquito in. You wanted me to be inoculated with fellow fever."

"You are talking very foolishly. The mosquito has found some opening and squeezed in. The screens don't fit any too tight anyhow."

"And the hardware man warranted them proof against any sort of insect. I want a few words with him over the telephone."

Cells Past Store After Hours.

It was half past 10 o'clock, but Mr. Bowser piled out of bed and downstairs and made the telephone jingle. He got the central office all right, but was told that the hardware store was closed. When the girl had given this information she asked:

"Is it anything very serious?"

"Certainly it is," was the answer. "I buy screens warranted to keep out mosquitoes, and here one of the infernal pests is prowling all over the house and gnawing its teeth."

"That's awful. If you have got 12

red woolen shirt around, just set fire to it and make a smudge."

Mr. Bowser thought he heard a snicker over the wire as he was shut off, and it didn't help his irritated feeling a bit. He hustled upstairs to find that Mrs. Bowser had fallen asleep again, and he turned on the gas, seized a pillow and woke her up as he battered the walls with it. He found no skeeter and was finally induced to darken the room and get into bed. An hour passed, and then Mrs. Bowser's ears were saluted with:

"By thunder, but I won't stand this another minute!"

"What is it now?" she asked.

"It's that infernal skeeter after me again. It's almost bitten me to the bone."

"You mean mosquito, Mr. Bowser. There is no such word in the English language as skeeter. If whortle is not huckle, then?"

Mr. Bowser jumped out of bed, and after looking around for a moment he caught sight of the vicious and malign creature on the ceiling over his head. It glared defiance at him. He stood on a chair and struck at it, but it was gone.

"If you'll come to bed," said Mrs. Bowser, "I will stay awake until it flies down and then kill it with my hand. You are making a great fuss over one little insect."

Refuses to Sleep—Leaves Home.

"And I'll make a greater!" he shouted. "There'll be no going to bed for me until I have had its life. I go and buy screens to protect every window and door. The hardware man lies to me. I just get to sleep when I am attacked and chewed and bitten and driven from my bed. Do you think I am going to stand that? You may, but I won't."

But the skeeter couldn't be found. It had retired to find a grindstone to sharpen its teeth on. Mr. Bowser sat down on the side of his bed and watched and listened until sleep overcame him. He was nodding when he was ferociously attacked again, and he yelled out until he could be heard across the street.

"Now that it's full of blood it'll go away," consolingly observed Mrs. Bowser as soon as the row had settled down a bit.

"He can go to Texas! I have been so chewed and bitten that it's no use to try to get any more sleep. You can stay here and be devoured alive if you wish. If I can live till morning to interview that hardware man it's all I ask."

"But what are you going to do?"

"What does any man do when driven from his home? I shall walk the streets till daylight."

Mrs. Bowser coaxed and protested, but it was useless. In a half dressed state he passed downstairs to the kitchen and then emerged into the back yard. He was a martyr. He knew he was, and he enjoyed the feeling as he paced back and forth in his slippers over the grass. The cats knew he was a martyr as well, and they looked down on him from the tops of the fences and made no sound. At length Mr. Bowser wearied of the yard and opened the alley gate and passed out. All was quiet and serene. Not an owl hooted or a skeeter buzzed.

"Now, then, I've got you!" suddenly exclaimed a voice in his ear as a policeman seized and whirled him around. "Wh-what's this?"

"I was laying for you, and now I've got you. Come along."

"But what is it? Who do you take me for?"

"For the thief that has been breaking into barns along this alley. I've got you dead to rights, old man, and you needn't try to play innocent."

"But I am Bowser."

"You may be billings for all I care. I just came out of my gate there. Can't you see that I'm not dressed?"

"But what are you doing in the alley at midnight?"

"The skeeters drove me here. I got screens, but the man lied to me. Come back to the house with me, and I'll prove who I am. The idea of taking me for a thief!"

"Oh, I've seen just as innocent talking old codgers as you sent up for ten years. We'll see if you are lying."

Mrs. Bowser had to dress and come down, and a neighbor had to be aroused to give his word, and then the officer went off saying:

"Well, I didn't get you with the goods on, but I believe you are a sleek, slick old chap."

"And now that I've killed that skeeter will you come to bed?" added Mrs. Bowser.

Half an hour later the city was again sleeping the sleep of the just, and "whortle" and "huckle" had passed into oblivion.

Gumdrops.

Will—I see that Cook says Peary stole his supplies.

Phil—Sorter like takin' candy from a baby, eh?—New York Tribune.

Soliloquy of the Pole.

I'm discovered
At last.
After centuries
Fast.
But why all this
Muss?
Why need be
This fuss?
I have stood here
Alone
While the world years
Have down,
Been comfy
And nice.
Kept well packed
In ice.
But why all
This row?
What do they
Want now?
They marched up,
These men,
They marched down
AGAIN.
—Baltimore American.

FERGUSON & MURRAY

LIVERY
and
General Teaming
"WE PLAY NO
FAVORITES"
CENTRAL POINT :: OREGON.

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O. B. NASH, PROP.
FINEST CANDIES
ICE COLD SODAS, CREAMS AND ICES

Short order meals and lunches. Table board by day or week. Our place is neat and clean, our service prompt and courteous, our prices are reasonable. Give us a trial.

Geo. Ross Bldg. Corner First and Pine Sts.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
July 31, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Ada C. Ditworth of Peyton, Oregon, who, on August 29, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 14213 U. S. R. 04211, for N. E. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4, Sec. 20, Tp. 33 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. Cannon, U. S. Commissioner, at Medford, Oregon, on the 14th day of September, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: J. F. Ditworth, Frank Ditworth, 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. Godfrey, contestant, against Homestead Entry, No. 13194, made October 26, 1903, for S. 1/2, E. 1/2 of Sec. 26, Twp. 34 S., R. 2 W. Willamette 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 abandonment 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. Cannon, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Medford, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 11 o'clock, a. m., on October 3, 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 30, 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. 22tf

Not Satisfactory.

"Yes, my son was troubled with rheumatism, and the doctor recommended football."

"Did he play?"

"Yes."

"Did it break up the rheumatism?"

"No; it broke up two ribs, but never reached the rheumatism."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ceremony.

"Have you given up your idea of communicating with Mars?"

"No," answered the punctilious professor. "But owing to the scientific importance we have given this planet it seems proper that earth should stand on its dignity and let Mars speak first."—Washington Star.

Cruelty to Animals.

Dolly Frog—Why in tears, Molly?
Molly Turtle—A horrid boy carved the date of my birth on my back so that I can't keep my age a secret.

Why? Oh, Why?

"It seems strange," remarked the observer of events and things, "that when a man reaches for a shirt he often finds it buttonless, but when he is called upon to button up his wife's dress in the back he finds every one of the ninety-six buttons in place."—Yonkers Statesman.

Polaritis.

"My husband is suffering from polaritis."

"Polaritis! What sort of a disease is that?"

"It's a new disease. I'm beginning to doubt everything he tells me."—Detroit Free Press.



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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Drs. Anderson & Pollnitz

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Work guaranteed. Prices right.



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