

THE ELITE

Millinery and Furnishings

Everything in the store reduced in price

MILLINERY SALE

All trimmed hats at a big reduction

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

L. & G. B. Anderson

Benton County Lumber Co.

Manufacturers of all kinds of

Fir Lumber, Mouldings, Cedar Posts, Sawed and Split. Cedar Shakes

Dealers in

Doors, Windows, Lime, Brick Cement, Shingles, etc

Occidental Lumber Co.

Successors to:
Corvallis Lumber Co.

We are here to supply your needs in the Lumber line. Please call on J. B. IRVING for information and prices. And take notice that if we have not got exactly what you want we will get it for you.

G. O. BASSETT, Local Mgr.

WOODS BROTHERS GENERAL REPAIR SHOP

Prompt attention given to repairing all kinds of gasoline engines, autos, bicycles. Plows and axes sharpened. Saws filed. All work guaranteed satisfactory and done on short notice. Give us a call. We can please you. Located back of Beal Bros' blacksmith shop on Second street. Phone No. 3145 Ind.

Woods Brothers CORVALLIS, OREGON

The Best Paint

There is no better paint made for appearance and durability than

Acme Quality Paint

Specially prepared for exterior and interior use. "FLOOR VARNISH THAT WEARS"

A. L. Miner

WALL PAPER AND PAINT STORE
Second Street, Near Palace Theater

YOU GET WHAT WE GET AND WE PROVE IT

Our books are open for your inspection. **VEAL** Buyers name given if wanted. We not only get top prices, but you can satisfy yourself absolutely at any time that you get what we get. **PROMPT CASH RETURNS** **CHICKENS** Ship your produce to us. Write to us now for coops, tags, etc. **SOUTHERN OREGON COMMISSION CO.** W. H. McCORQUODALE, Prop. 95 FRONT ST., PORTLAND, OREGON

HERCULES' WARNING.

By F. A. MITCHELL.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

In a garden behind one of the principal dwellings of the ancient city of Herculaneum sat a youth and a maiden. Beside the girl, its base resting on the marble seat, stood a harp, the strings of which she now and again struck plaintively. Above them to the east towered the cone of the Vesuvian volcano, to the west reposed the pale blue waters of the Mediterranean, while to the south were visible the tiled roofs of the temples of the neighboring city of Pompeii.

"Heraclia," said the youth gloomily, "this intention of your father to make you a priestess in this religion of the Egyptians will surely bring down upon him the wrath of the true gods. Yet it may be that you and I shall go free to wed in a foreign land."

"Have you consulted the oracles, Gavius?"

"No; but Hercules, from whom your city was named and whose name your father gave to you, last night appeared to me in a dream and told me this."

"Oh, Gavius, be not deceived! There is no hope. Tomorrow, as surely as Jove dwells on Olympus, I must go to Pompeii to be initiated in the mysteries in the temple of Isis there. My father, like many others, is infatuated with the worship of this foreign goddess, and though I have wept and pleaded with him he will not forego his intent."

"Trouble will surely come from this slight to the true gods. The senate at Rome has forbidden it."

"Nevertheless there stands the temple at Pompeii on the slope near the amphitheater. You may see its roof."

Meanwhile the young man was regarding the summit of Vesuvius, which was emitting fitful puffs of smoke.

"I have not for several days," he said, "liked the looks of the mountain. I fear the earthquake. Do you know, Heraclia, I have a feeling—perhaps it has been planted within me by the immortal gods—that in some way the volcano is connected with our fate—that rather than see you a priestess of a false goddess Hercules will emerge from the crater, descend upon her temple and destroy it."

"And us, too, perhaps," replied the girl, giving a frightened look up at the cone, which at that moment uttered an ominous growl.

"Enough of these melancholy words, dear heart. With our approaching eternal separation and the volcano muttering above us I am plunged in gloom. Sing the song I love so well, that old air brought by your ancestors from the isles of Greece. It may be the last time I shall hear it."

The girl commenced to sing in a low, plaintive tone, accompanying herself on her harp. The air, though monotonous, was sweet, rising and falling at intervals. The words were a recital of their grief at their coming separation. The song served to deepen their gloom. When it ceased Gavius clasped Heraclia in his arms, and they wept silently. Then after an impassioned farewell they separated.

The next day, as Heraclia, under the guardianship of her family, was leaving for the temple of Isis, Vesuvius gave a shudder, then sent up that column from the bowels of the earth which destroyed the cities at its base. Gavius, maddened at the prospect of losing his love, collected a number of his friends who were opposed to the worship of the Egyptian goddess—among them priests from the temple of Jupiter—and, sallying from his house, on the main street crossing Pompeii north and south, turned into the one leading to the Herculanean gate. There, supported by his band, he stood ready for a desperate attempt to rescue Heraclia on her entrance into the city.

But Heraclia did not come. At the hour appointed for her initiation both Herculaneum and Pompeii were being covered by showers of ashes and earth rained down from Vesuvius, while the mountain roared and the earth quaked.

Gavius started to Herculaneum to die with his love, but in the darkness lost his way. Fainting, he lay stupefied by gases from the volcano, but was taken up by one of his slaves and carried to the sea. Later when all was again serene he went and stood on the crust above the buried Herculaneum. There wandering, he was regarded by those who were trying to dig their way down to where they might recover treasures as having lost his mind through the terrors attending the late eruption. When night came they left him there and found him there again in the morning. The only words he was heard to say were:

"O Hercules, direct me!"

On the evening of the second day after the eruption as the twilight deepened Gavius was still wandering above the buried Herculaneum. The sea, the mountain, the ground on which he stood, were still. A stream had flowed on either side of the site of the town. Wandering aimlessly toward one of these streams, out of the silence there came to him a sound. Gavius listened and heard the plaintive strains of harp strings. Then came a human voice singing. He knew the song Heraclia sang at their parting.

Guided by the sound, he went down near the bank of the stream. Coming to a small aperture, he widened it, digging his way into a stone hut. There he found Heraclia. She had been taken there by a peasant, who had left her to go for succor and had not returned. The hut had been covered by a stream of mud from the volcano.

Gavius' dream was fulfilled. He took Heraclia to Greece, where he built a temple to Hercules.

SPECIAL

Shirt Waist Sale

The event o. the season. This line of Shirt Waists includes the very latest styles, the most seasonable materials and the lowest prices. The ladies can find here a selection suited to every taste. Come while this special sale lasts and secure the best bargains.

MEN'S SUITS

LATEST COLLEGE CUTS

When you buy your clothes here you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are correctly dressed and that you have saved money on your outfit.

LADIES, DON'T FORGET

That our **NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE** is a standard make and that you can buy one for \$25 to \$35. They are equal to machines costing twice the money.

J. H. HARRIS

PLAN YOUR VACATION NOW at our expense

A CHOICE OF FOUR

FREE TRIPS

IS OFFERED YOU

SEATTLE DURING ALASKA-YUKON EXPOSITION

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

YOSEMITE VALLEY

LAKE TAHOE

ALL YOUR EXPENSES PAID

IF YOU HAVE FRIENDS IN THE EAST WHO WANT TO VISIT THE PACIFIC COAST WE CAN ARRANGE IT

This is your Opportunity

For complete information address

Sunset Travel Club

Room 16, Flood Bld'g
San Francisco

THE DAILY GAZETTE

ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME