

**CAMILLA**  
BY BEATRICE MAREAN,  
Author of "The Tragedies of Oakhurst," "Won At Last," "Her Shadowed Life," "The Fireman's Heart," "When A Woman Loves," Etc., Etc.  
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Respectfully Dedicated to  
CAPT. AGGUSTUS OSWALD MACDONNELL, SENIOR,  
of Jacksonville, Fla.  
By  
THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW GOVERNESS AT BEAUMONT.

"I have always heard it asserted there is no household, no matter how happy and free from friction that household may be to the eyes of the world, but what has its skeleton in the closet; but Governor Murriatte and myself have been married fifteen years and if there is a skeleton in our closet we have not become aware of its existence as yet," Mrs. Murriatte remarked one afternoon to Mrs. Cameron, as the two ladies sat in Mrs. Murriatte's boudoir. The room was a veritable nest of rose satin and gold, and as the two ladies sat there, talking leisurely, and now and then stitching on the embroidery held in their hands, they fell to discussing a case of domestic infelicity which had recently been made public in the neighborhood.

"I fear that there are not many exceptions to the rule, but certainly your case is one of them," Mrs. Cameron replied. "Just think of it, fifteen years of domestic felicity, and yet you have never had a sorrow to bear, never a bereavement, serious financial loss or even a serious illness to darken the sunlight of your home. How thankful you should be."

Mrs. Murriatte laughed and said, "I am thankful, but don't you think Mabel, that when one has been as happy as I have been, one grows to look upon happiness as one's birth-right and becomes rather selfish and unsympathetic to less fortunate ones?"

"There is no danger of you ever reaching that stage, Alva, but I have often wondered what effect a great sorrow would have upon you," Mrs. Cameron said thoughtfully.

"Perhaps I should grow bitter and revengeful; who knows?" answered Mrs. Murriatte seriously.

"That does not seem possible, you might die of a broken heart, but for you to grow bitter and revengeful, it seems to me, would be an utter impossibility. But why are we discussing such remote possibilities as your unhappiness, I wonder, laughed Mrs. Cameron.

"I came upon a passage in a book I was reading last night, which rather startled me," said Mrs. Murriatte thoughtfully, and, ignoring her friend's question. "The author said, 'I have noticed for some mysterious reason, which no mortal can fathom, it appears to be the will of heaven, when one is able to say 'I am happy' when one is almost confident, believing one's happiness to be as firmly fixed as earthly happiness can be; then is the time for one to be the most watchful, for then is a change most likely to be at hand.' Indeed, it has seemed to me that this feeling of security, or rather of content with things as they are, is in itself an indication of a near approaching change. Instantly I applied the passage to my life and asked myself if there was anything in my life which I would have changed, and my heart answered, 'not one thing.'"

Before Mrs. Cameron had time to reply, footsteps were heard approaching outside and a child's voice floated through the closed door, saying: "Mother, may I come in?" "Certainly darling," Mrs. Murriatte answered.

The door was pushed and Imogen, Mrs. Murriatte's only child, came into the room. She was a bright, sturdy girl of fourteen years and well grown for her age. Her eyes were blue and her hair fair, and her mouth had a saucy, piquant look. She held in her hand a book strap full of books. After she had kissed her mother and Mrs. Cameron affectionately, Mrs. Murriatte asked:

"Are you just home from school, my precious?"

"Yes, and oh! what do you suppose father told me just now?"

"Has your father come home,"

the mother asked, glancing toward the door as if she expected him to make his appearance.

"No mother, he drove up and brought me home from school, but what do you suppose he told me as we came along?"

The girl had seated herself at her mother's feet, and lovingly at her face, as she reiterated the question.

Her abundant hair was combed back from her face and fell in dark rich waves to her waist, while her hands were clasped in her mother's lap.

Mrs. Cameron thought that she had never beheld a prettier picture than that made by the mother and child, as they sat thus in an unstudied attitude so full of grace, while the beams of the western sun stealing softly in through the oriole window of rich stained glass, fell about them in soft rays.

Mrs. Murriatte laid her fair hand sparkling with diamonds upon her darling's head and drew it lovingly over the sunny hair, saying laughingly:

"I have no idea, my pet, I suppose he told you a great many things."

"Yes he did, but I have forgotten everything he told me except one thing which pleased me so much," the girl replied.

"And what was that?" the mother asked indulgently.

"He said that my governess would be here in the morning, and that I should have all my lessons at home, and not have to go to school again until I am eighteen; won't that be jolly? just to stay at home all day, and have a sweet old governess whom I can inveigle into anything." And Imogen sprang up and began to execute the latest steps she had learned at dancing school, humming a waltz gaily as she did so.

"You would better not rejoice until you see if you like the change," answered her mother smilingly. "You have never tried a governess yet and you may wish yourself back in Madam Clayton's school, when you have given her a trial."

"Oh, I shall be able to manage Miss Bennett," laughed the gay hearted girl, as she gathered up her hat and books. "I must go now and practice my music until five o'clock, and then father is going to ride with me. Goodbye ladies until tea time," and the irrepressible Imogen made a sweeping courtesy and went out of the room, while her clear voice floated back in the notes of some sweet old song which had been sung to her as a lullaby.

CHAPTER VIII.

RAY CAMERON.

"So you have decided to have a governess for the girl have you?" asked Mrs. Cameron as the door closed on Imogen's retreating form.

"Yes, her father preferred that she should pursue her studies in this way instead of going to school," Mrs. Murriatte answered. "For my part, I thought she was doing very well at Madam Clayton's school. I have no decided objections to a governess, however, so Governor Murriatte engaged one at once."

"How was he able to secure the services of a governess on such short notice?" asked Mrs. Cameron with the freedom of an old friend and confident.

"She comes from St. Joseph's convent at St. Augustine, having graduated at that institution of learning with high honors last spring, and the Mother Superior recommends her very highly to us. It seems that the young lady, who is an orphan, was placed while very young under the Mother's care, and she has grown up and was educated in the convent," Mrs. Murriatte replied.

"Bennet," repeated Mrs. Cameron, while her memory took a backward glance, as she tried to remember where that name had become famil-

iar with her. Then, brightening up she continued, "Oh! yes; don't you remember Alva, Bennett was the name of the woman who came here ten or twelve years ago and after engaging needle work from several ladies sent the work home unfinished and left so suddenly?"

"Yes, I remember her name was Ruth Bennett. It is quite a coincidence that our new governess should be named Bennett, too," Mrs. Murriatte replied.

"I am to have a new governess; she will be here this afternoon," announced Imogen to Ray Cameron as the two children sat together on one of the deeply shaded side piazzas at Beaumont.

The boy was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron. He was Imogen's senior by three years and was a bright, jolly and intellectual lad; the joy and pride of his parent's heart.

Ray and Imogen had grown up together and had always been the very best of friends. They had their little squabbles, of course, as children will, but these passed quickly and always seemed to add another link to the chain of affection that bound the boy and girl together.

"A governess, eh?" I'll bet that she is old, crabbed and ugly, wears false teeth, a false front, paints her cheeks and talks through her nose," answered Ray teasingly.

"She is no such a thing," said Imogen, with a fine disregard for grammatical rules. "Do you suppose that my father would engage that sort of a person for my governess?"

"Well, what does she look like? Come now, let's hear a description of her ladyship's charms," the boy said, banteringly.

"I have never seen her myself, but father has and he says she is a very nice and pleasant faced girl, replied Imogen with a pout on her red lips.

"A girl, eh? she isn't an old maid then who will badger you to death trying to get you into her prim ways, and who will say whenever I come to have a jolly frolic with you on the porch here, 'Miss Imogen, go to your room this instant. I am astonished at you to be out here talking to a rude, lubberly boy.'"

"She had better not say that to me, no matter whether she is young or old, handsome or homely," answered Imogen, with a dangerous sparkle in her eyes.

"What would you do if she should?" he asked, showing his white teeth in a broad smile.

"What should I do? I would straighten myself up very straight and look her in the eye and say, 'Miss What-ever-your-name-is, my father did not employ you to insult my friends, and if you cannot be more polite and lady-like I shall have to dispense with your services.'"

"I'll bet my pony that would settle her," laughed Ray.

"Don't keep on saying, 'I'll bet you,' it is very ugly the little lady said, reprovingly.

"Oh, if you are going to lecture me I'll go home," he said, and jumped out of the hammock in which he had been briskly swinging; he picked up his hat and started towards the front piazza.

"How do you expect to improve your speech if you won't permit anyone to correct you, Ray?" she said with fine assumption of womanly manners, as she followed him to the front entrance.

Before he could reply a carriage halted in front of the gate and Imogen saw that it was her father and a young lady.

"Oh! Ray, she has come—my governess has come, the girl whispered, and the children retreated to the side porch, and watched through a small aperture in the green vines, which hid them from the front view, as Governor Murriatte sprang out of the carriage and assisted the young lady to alight.

"My! ain't she a stunner?" whispered Ray as the stranger came up the broad walk by Governor Murriatte's side.

"H-u-s-h! H-u-s-h! Ray, she may hear you. Isn't she sweet, though?" "Just as pretty as a doll," was the whispered comment.

"Dolls are not pretty, they look insipid, you foolish boy," Imogen

said, never letting an opportunity pass to reprove her boy companion.

"Well, she is as pretty—as pretty—as I don't know what, nearly as pretty as you are Imogen," he said saucily.

"Then she must be a beauty," giggled Imogen, as the stranger crossed the broad piazza with Governor Murriatte and entered the house.

"I'm going now," Ray said. "Good-bye, Imogen, be good to your pretty governess," and he put his hat on his head and ran down the steps, untying his handsome saddle horse which stood pawing the ground outside the gate, he sprang into the saddle and galloped away, while Imogen with a demure face, went inside to be introduced to her governess.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When You Have a Cold.

The first action when you have a cold should be to relieve the lungs. This is best accomplished by the free use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. This remedy liquefies the tough mucus and causes its expulsion from the air cells of the lungs, produces a free expectoration and opens the secretions. A complete cure soon follows. This remedy will cure a severe cold in less time than any other treatment and it leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition. It counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. For sale by all druggists.

Congratulates Ocala.

Knoxville, Tenn., Feb. 15.

To the Editor of the Ocala Banner: I see in today's Washington news that Ocala has been allotted \$75,000 for the purpose of erecting a government building. As an old resident of Ocala and a taxpayer there, I wish to extend to you and the citizens of Ocala my very heartiest congratulations at their good fortune.

It has been several years since I have had the pleasure of visiting the scenes of my boyhood days, but I trust ere long to again shake hands with my own and my lamented father's old friends, among whom was yourself.

With very kind regards and good wishes, I remain, yours truly,

ALBERT W. FOX.

New Steam Laundry.

Ocala's steam laundry has made her famous and now she is to have another one and will become more famous still. The brick pillars for the new enterprise have already been placed in position and the building will immediately follow. It is located on the east side of the A. C. L. railway between the Tea Pot Grocery warehouse and the S. S. & W. railway depot. The proprietors are Messrs. S. R. Whaley and A. A. Winer.

Pirating Foley's Honey and Tar.

Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for the genuine. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered as no other preparation will give the same satisfaction. It is mildly laxative. It contains no opiates and is safest for children and delicate persons. Post Office Drug Store.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Blalock left Monday for a delightful tour, on which they expect to visit their children and friends at Gainesville, Ocala, West Palm Beach and other points. Their son, the jovial doctor, assures us that his parents will not spend more than a month at the Royal Poinciana while at Palm Beach. —Madison Enterprise. Mr. and Mrs. Blalock have two daughters and one son in this city—Mrs. W. C. Bull, Mrs. George Taylor and Dr. Fred Blalock—whom they will visit.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Estil Mathers, of Micanopy, and Mr. Marvin Price, of High Springs, at noon on Wednesday, March the first. Miss Mathers is well known in Ocala and is related to the family of Mr. D. A. Miller of this city. Her friends here will wish her much happiness in her married life.

Tomato Plants For Sale

A limited number of plants saved from the freeze, Acme and Beauty, should be 8 to 10 inches high by Feb. 20, best seed, \$1.75 per M. 5000 lots \$1.65. Cash with order. Egg plants \$3.50 per M. J. R. Davis, Bartow, Fla. 2-12 6td-2tw

SOME LAME LOGIC.

Sam Russ, the "short talk" man of the Times-Union, its chief editorial writer, and one of, if not the best, informed political writers in Florida, asks the following question and volunteers this assertion, evidently intending it for the action of the Marion county democratic committee in declaring vacant the seat of Hon. C. M. Brown as state senator from Marion county, and petitioning the governor to call an election to name his successor: "Has a county executive committee the authority to declare vacant a seat in the state senate? Isn't the senate the judge of the qualifications of its members? Certainly it is demoralizing to find a democratic committee beseeching the governor to take authority never given him by law. If a governor had the power to 'purge' a legislative body would he not become a Cromwell on occasion? And how can democratic advocates such usurpation?"—Miami Metropolis.

The democratic executive committee of Marion county has no desire to usurp the functions of the state senate or to exercise any authority that does not belong to it.

Hon. C. M. Brown has permanently withdrawn his citizenship from this county and the democratic executive committee has officially notified the governor of this fact because it knows that the senate is not authorized by law to call elections to fill vacancies even in its own body. The democratic executive committee knows that the governor is empowered to perform this duty. If he calls an election and Mr. Brown's successor presents his credentials to the senate that body is still invested with all of its prerogatives—it can either turn him down or seat him. This is all there is to it.

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Mrs. Etta Brown writes—St. Louis, Mo., June 10, 1904. "I have been using your Satinola, Egyptian Cream, Soap and Nadin Face Powder and like them all very much. This is the first summer since childhood that I have been without freckles. I am 37 years old and have a better complexion now than when a girl."

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FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR stops the cough and heals the lungs.

SKIN DISEASES

Altoona, Pa., June 20, 1903. I was afflicted with Tetter in bad shape. It would appear in blotches as large as my hand, a yellowish color, and scale off. You can imagine how offensive it was. For twelve years I was afflicted with this trouble. At night it was a case of scratch and many times no rest at all. Seeing the good the medicine was doing, a friend who was taking it for Eczema, I commenced it, and as a result the eruption began to dry up and disappear, and to-day I am practically a well man. Only two tiny spots are left on the elbow and shin where once the whole body was affected. I have every confidence in the medicine and feel sure that in a short time these two remaining spots will disappear. S. S. S. is certainly a great blood purifier, and has done me a world of good. I am grateful for what it has accomplished, and trust that what I have said will lead others who are similarly afflicted to take the remedy and obtain the same good results that I have. 125 East Fifth Ave. JOHN F. LEAR.

While washes, soaps, salves and powder relieve temporarily, they do not reach the real cause of the disease. The blood must be purified before the cure is permanent. S.S.S. contains no potash, arsenic or mineral of any description, but is guaranteed purely vegetable. Send for our book on the skin and its diseases, which is mailed free. Our physicians will cheerfully advise without charge any who write us about their case. The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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