

CAMILLA

BY BEATRICE MAREAN.

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Respectfully Dedicated to
CAPT. AUGUSTUS OSWALD MACDONNELL,
SENIOR,
of Jacksonville, Fla.
By
THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XIII. IMOGEN'S JOY.

When the family assembled around the tea table two hours after Imogen's stormy interview with her mother, the girl was in exuberant spirits.

She had shed bitter hysterical tears, over the danger that threatened her peace of mind in the proposed dismissal of her beloved governess; but this danger, through her fond mother's indulgence, had been turned, turned aside at least for the present, and with the hopeful spirit of youth, which does not long harbor dark forebodings, her mental horizon was now cleared of all shadows. So she laughed and chatted with her father, Miss Bennett and Ray Cameron, who happened, as was no unusual thing, to be spending the evening at Beaumont.

Mrs. Murriatte, who had of late fallen into a strangely quiet manner, was more silent than usual on this evening, and a close observer would have detected in her flax, blue eyes, signs of recently shed tears.

Governor Murriatte, who had made it one of the rules of his married life to leave his business cares behind him when he entered his home, addressed several pleasant remarks to his wife, but finding her not in a conversational mood, he devoted himself to the young people with his usual good natured politeness.

Imogen and Ray had been talking together for a few minutes, and their remarks, made in rather low tones, had not been overheard by their elders, when Imogen, speaking across the table to where Miss Bennett sat, said suddenly: "Miss Bennett, did you ever promise to keep a secret for any one?"

The governess started while a startled look came into her face, and her eyes, as if drawn by an overpowering magnetic attraction, sought those of Governor Murriatte with a look of alarm. She colored vividly and then dropping her eyes on her plate, forced herself to answer, calmly: "Why do you ask, Miss Imogen?"

"Because Ray declares that girls can't keep a secret, and I know they can and do keep secrets. Is this not so, mama?" she asked appealing to her mother.

Mrs. Murriatte had grown pale, almost to the verge of fainting, for she had seen the significant glances which had passed between her husband and her daughter's governess when Imogen's sudden question had taken Miss Bennett so unawares.

"Ray will change his mind in regard to ladies' secretiveness when he has grown older and has more experience," she answered smiling faintly, as she made a move to leave the table, and led the way to the drawing-room.

"Miss Bennett, please play the new music we received yesterday. I want Ray to hear it," Imogen requested, as she placed some sheets of music on the music rack.

Miss Bennett politely acquiesced, and seating herself at the grand instrument, and ran her fingers lightly over the keys. Governor Murriatte came up behind her and turned the music for her and Mrs. Murriatte, who had seated herself at some distance from the piano, imagined that whenever he bent forward to turn the leaves of the music a few softly spoken words passed between him and the fair performer.

moment almost an impossibility without revealing the true cause for it.

There is no anguish that inflicts the inhabitants of God's beautiful earth which can compare in intensity of suffering with that felt by a loving heart when the conviction is forced upon it that the object of its affections is unworthy the love we have bestowed upon it. Perhaps for years this love has been the sum of our existence, the guiding star of our lives. Both are extinguished in a moment, and we are left with our souls enveloped in a gloom darker than the midnight of a tempestuous night, and we tell ourselves over and over again that for us all earthly things have ended; that we cannot face another day, and we blindly beseech the angel of death to cut short our existence which henceforth can be naught to us but a state of bitter suffering. Thoughts of murder and suicide surge through the distracted brain, or we fly to the drunkard's cup to drown our woe, forgetting in our madness that all our suffering has been brought about by our direct violation of the divine commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

So far Mrs. Murriatte's love for her husband had been all sufficient for her happiness. Around this earthly object the tendrils of her heart had become so closely interwoven that the sunlight of God's love had been effectually excluded, and now when the hour had come in which the shifting sands upon which the foundation of her happiness had stood receded, strewing the ground about her feet with the pitiful wreck of her dead hopes, she was indeed desolate and alone.

Imogen, who had been studying her mother's features gravely, while the music filled the drawing-room, and floated through the open windows into the still night air disturbing the feathered songsters asleep in their leafy beds outside into many an answering note, left Ray's side, and sitting down on the sofa by her mother, stole her fair young hand into hers with a sympathetic pressure.

The girl vaguely realized that her mother was not happy, but the problem of this unrest was more than her young and inexperienced heart could solve.

A ring from the door bell echoed through the house and the next moment a servant announced, "Mr. Whitham."

Governor Murriatte left the piano, and, advancing to meet the visitor, shook hands with him with the cordial hospitality of a true southerner, and Miss Bennett rose with the others to welcome the guest.

Mr. Whitham was no stranger at Beaumont and the bright blush which mantled Miss Bennett's face as she greeted him, made Imogen and Ray exchange knowing glances.

"Those two will make a match, yet!" whispered Ray to his confidant, Imogen, as, later in the evening, their heads were bent closely together over a portfolio of engravings, while the others were discussing a subject too obtruse for their young heads.

"Who? Janus and Hygeria?" she asked with a feigned look of innocent surprise.

"Little humbug, you know whom I mean," he said laughing and coloring.

"Oh, of course, you meant Janus and Hygeria, for were we not looking at and discussing these mythological characters when you startled me by the remark: "Those two will make a match, yet?" Imogen said, pretending to pout.

"I beg your pardon, Madam. No doubt my remarks were rather mixed," Ray said, bowing with mock gravity, "but it was your ladyship's governess and Mr. Whitham to whom I referred; any one with half an eye

can see that their case is growing serious."

"Not on her side," said Imogen with a half jealous flash of her bright eyes across the long drawing room where Miss Bennett sat, her delicate features glowing with animation as she joined in the interesting conversation.

"Well he is awfully sweet on her," the boy insisted laughingly.

"There is no use for him to waste his time in that direction," said the little lady, dislaintfully.

"Doesn't she like him?" questioned Ray.

"Oh, she likes him well enough, but she doesn't love any one except her naughty pupil, nor never will love any one else, I hope," she said earnestly.

"What will she do when her 'naughty pupil' falls in love and marries?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"No danger of that; I never intend to marry; and Miss Bennett and I will be bachelor girls together and keep dogs, cats and canaries by the dozen to pet and care for. You must come and visit us then, Ray, and see what prim little old ladies we will be," she said, laughing merrily.

"Will you be after the pattern of the woman of the 'twentieth century'?" he asked teasingly.

"Not in the sense you mean. We will be as I have assured you, just two prim old bachelor girls, devoted to each other, and to our dogs and cats, flowers and birds. We shall not want to vote, lecture, nor navigate the ship of state, but will leave all this worry to the unfortunate ones of our sex who have a taste for such things. We shall read about the ambitious women, of course, and feel sorry for them because Mother Nature made such a mistake when she made them females, and they would so much rather have been men," she said demurely.

"The future will show whether your picture is drawn true to life 'a petit Amie,'" he said laughing, as he arose to take leave; "and may I be there to see and to compare prophecies with you? Then we shall discover which one of us was the real prophet," and bidding her and the company good night, the boy was soon in the saddle with his horse's feet clattering in the direction of his home in the city.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BASKIN

The nomination of Dr. J. G. Baskin for the office of state senator was announced to Dunnellon's citizens in the early hours Wednesday morning by the cheers of our delegation on its return from the convention at Ocala. At first the division between the two candidates was pretty even, but the Baskin delegates were strongly for Baskin while those of the opposition were wavering.

Dunnellon is coming strongly to the front with the sheriff and state senator both from here. We are glad to see that the ability of our people is at last being appreciated and that we are allowed to share in the offices at the disposal of the people.

We do not doubt that our new senator will prove himself the peer of any in our legislative halls. He is clearheaded and able, familiar with the needs of the people of our section and in a position to work for what will suit them.—Dunnellon Advocate.

Painfully Hurt.

While operating a saw in the pattern department of the Ocala Foundry and Machine shops Saturday morning Mr. Will J. Morris had the misfortune to be struck a terrific blow in the face by a piece of wood which in some way got tangled up in the saw. The blow broke the bridge of the nose, split his lip and also tore the flesh from the side of his face. The unfortunate young man was immediately taken to the office of Dr. Hood, in the Yonge building, and placed upon the operating table by Drs. Van Hood and A. L. Izlar, and his face was put in as good shape as it is possible for the most skillful surgery to do.

Everybody ought to take the Ocala river trip once every season—at least once in a life-time.

SOME "FLORIDA INCIDENTS."

How a Florida Judge Tried to Have Himself Brought Officially Before Himself on a Writ of Habeas Corpus.

Written especially for the Ocala Banner.

XI.

In 1868 James T. Magbee, who had affiliated himself with the republican party for the sake of the "loaves and fishes," was appointed by Governor Harrison Reed, judge of the sixth judicial circuit, with headquarters at Tampa.

Judge Magbee, in addition to being a hard drinker, was domineering to the verge of tyranny, and resenting the feeling which he knew the people of his circuit entertained toward him, he showed a disposition to harass and oppress them on every occasion.

During the New Year holidays of 1873-74 the judge proceeded to "tank up," and becoming involved in a street row, was arrested by the marshal and hauled up before the mayor who, in those days, in addition to his other duties, exercised the functions of a police magistrate.

The mayor imposed a fine upon his honor for being drunk and disorderly, which fine he not only refused to pay, but became so abusive and insulting in his language that the mayor ordered him locked up in the town jail until morning, which was done.

Early the next morning the sheriff waited on the mayor and marshal and served them with a document purporting to be a writ of habeas corpus, demanding them to produce the body of James T. Magbee before James T. Magbee, judge of the sixth judicial circuit of Florida, instanter.

Of course, these officials paid no attention to the paper, and at 10 o'clock, the judge having sobered up, paid his fine and apologized for his language of the day before, and everyone supposed the incident closed.

Little did they know the depth of Judge Magbee's vindictiveness. On the first day of the succeeding March term of the circuit court the sheriff arrested the mayor and marshal and took them into court, when they were charged with contempt, not for laying their hands on the judicial ermine, but for their refusal to obey the writ of habeas corpus of the court.

The defendants were represented by Governor H. L. Mitchell and Col. John A. Henderson, then the leaders of the South Florida bar.

The mayor was James E. Lipscomb, a prominent young merchant of the town, and the marshal was Owen H. Dishong, who some years ago succeeded in getting his picture in all

the illustrated papers of New York City while he was sheriff of DeSoto county.

After delivering himself of a very lengthy harangue on the sin of disobedience to judicial mandates Judge Magbee wound up by sentencing the culprits to pay a fine of one hundred dollars each, and, in addition thereto, to incarceration in the Manatee county jail for ten days (there being no jail building in Hillsborough county at that time.)

Governor Mitchell and Colonel Henderson appealed to the judge to stay the enforcement of his sentence until an appeal could be taken to the supreme court stating to him that owing to the state of public feeling on the subject, they feared that trouble would otherwise result, but Judge Magbee refused to entertain the asking and arbitrarily ordered the sheriff to send one of his deputies with them forthwith to Manatee.

Lipscomb was a very nervous, high strung man, with an almost uncontrollable temper when aroused. Seeing a man standing nearby with a shot gun, which he happened to have taken into the court room, he snatched it from his hands, saying, "If I have to go to jail I'll go there for blowing out your internal brains, you old scoundrel!" and had it not been for the quickness of his friends in disarming him, he would undoubtedly have shot the judge on the bench. When the gun was taken away from him he walked in front of the bench and for ten minutes poured upon Judge Magbee's head the most terrific storm of imprecations it has ever been my fortune to listen to, and with a defiance to the court and all its myrmidons he walked out of the court room followed by the marshal.

As soon as the judge recovered his breath he instructed the sheriff to summon every man in the county able to bear arms as a posse comitatus to assist him in carrying out the sentence of the court, but every squad which came in promptly notified Sheriff Hay that they were on the other side.

Realizing that it was impossible to execute his orders through the "power of the county," Judge Magbee appealed to Marcellus L. Stearns, then governor of the state, for leave to call out the state troops, which Governor Stearns refused to do.

There the incident ended. In fact there was nothing more to be done.

Judge Magbee realized that he had reached the limit of oppression and tyranny beyond which a long suffering people would not permit him to go, and that any future effort to enforce his sentence would probably cost him his life. There is hardly any doubt that such would have been the result, as the people of Hillsborough county had suffered so much from the depredations of carpet-bag and scalawag officials until they felt that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue.

At the ensuing session of the legislature, in January, 1875, the house of representatives preferred articles of impeachment against Judge Magbee for various "high crimes and misdemeanors," and he resigned in order to avoid a trial.

Judge Magbee died in 1885 of alcoholism, in fact all the principal characters in the drama are dead, but the older residents of Tampa will long remember the occurrences, and the deep, though subdued feeling of indignation which permeated the community at the time; and the fact was chronicled in nearly every law magazine in the country that "A circuit judge in Florida had issued a writ of habeas corpus to produce his drunken carcass before his judicial presence."

SOUTH FLORIDIAN.

Women's Kidneys.

Women are more often afflicted with kidney disorders than men, but attribute the symptoms to diseases peculiar to their sex, while in reality the kidneys are deranged. Nervousness, headache, puffiness or dark circles under the eyes, pains in the back are signs of kidney trouble that must not be ignored or a serious malady will result. Foley's Kidney Cure has restored the health of thousands of weak, nervous, broken down women. It stops irregularities and strengthens the urinary organs. It purifies the blood and benefits the whole system.

Hotel de Kaiser

Some time early next week Mr. Robert Kaiser, the proprietor of the Florida House, who has given it the excellent reputation it enjoys, will move into the building just south of it, and owned by Mr. H. C. Jones.

Mr. Kaiser has secured a lease on this property and will continue the hotel business, for which he seems eminently fitted. His new hotel will be known by the name of Hotel de Kaiser. The new building will contain, besides kitchen, excellent and well ventilated dining rooms, parlors, sitting rooms, halls, etc., twelve well furnished and well lighted bed rooms.

Mrs. Kaiser will personally superintend the culinary department, and persons stopping there will be assured of a good table, indeed as fine as any in the city.

With Every Meal

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