

CAMILLA

BY BEATRICE MAREAN.

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Respectfully Dedicated to
CAPT. AUGUSTUS OS
WALD MACDONELL,
SENIOR,
of Jacksonville, Fla.
By
THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE RIDING PARTY.

Imogen had gained her point. She was not to be separated from her beloved governess, her face wore its usual smiles and she was her bright self once more. The day set for the last horseback ride of the season was delightfully fine, one of those bright but deliciously cool days such as one often experiences in mid summer in this semi-tropical land.

The sky was as softly, tenderly blue as the color of an infant's eyes and over its surface floated now and then patches of fleecy, filmy clouds, small flecks of radiance that resembled a shower of blossoms fallen from some far away invisible flower land.

A flood of melody rained down from the branches of the grand old trees from many a feathered songster's throat, and the soft wind that fell with a caressing touch bore the perfume of a thousand flowers in its breath.

Busy preparations were in progress at Beaumont incidental to the early flitting of its inmates.

Mrs. Murriatte with a brighter face than she had worn for months flitted from room to room of the grand old house, and her husband catching a glimpse of her bright face as she passed in and out, and remembering her promises of the day before, went on his way with a great burden lifted from his heart.

"It was so sweet of you and papa to persuade Miss Bennett to accompany us this summer," Imogen paused to say to her mother whom she met on the stairway as the girl, in full riding costume came tripping down the stairway, "the idea of her shutting herself up in the convent for three months instead of going with us was absurd. Don't you think so, mama?"

Mrs. Murriatte sat down on the stairs as though suddenly overcome with fatigue or weakness, and Imogen sat down upon the steps on which her mother's feet were resting, and looked up into her handsome face with affectionate eyes.

"Do you not think you have acted rather selfishly to regard to this matter, Imogen?" she asked, ignoring her daughter's question.

Imogen's face clouded; "I do not feel as if I had, mother," she answered. "Of course, I am very anxious to have Miss Bennett accompany us, but if in doing so, it would have conflicted with her happiness or her interests in any way, I should have yielded to her wishes in the matter without a complaint."

"Perhaps it would have been better for you, Imogen, if Miss Bennett had carried out her first plan for the summer," Mrs. Murriatte said thoughtfully.

"Why, mama?" the girl asked. "To speak frankly, Imogen, you are becoming inordinately fond of Miss Bennett and the painful conviction is almost forced upon me that she is winning your love from your mother, and this in itself can bring you naught but unhappiness," said Mrs. Murriatte advisingly.

Oh! no, no, mother! exclaimed Imogen, "no one on earth could win my love from you."

"Then why were you in such despair when you thought I should be your companion this summer instead of Miss Bennett?" her mother asked.

"It was not that fact which troubled me, mother darling; but you see I wanted you both," Imogen said indignantly.

"But do you remember asking your father to permit you to spend your vacation at St. Josephs convent with Miss Bennett if she could not be induced to go with us," Mrs. Murriatte said calmly.

Imogen whisked a tiny bit of paper from the stair carpet with her riding whip, a slight flush arose to her oval cheeks as she answered:

"Yes mother, but I was so terribly

disappointed that I hardly knew what I was saying, but have no fears my sweet mother no matter how much I may admire or love another, you are always first in my heart, even before papa; he comes next, and then Miss Bennett and Ray Cameron, all in regular order. Oh, I have plenty of room and a distinct place for each one of you in my heart," she laughed, "and the place held sacred to one can never be trespassed upon by another."

The sound of the opening and closing of a door in the corridor above and light footsteps along the hall caused mother and daughter to glance up just as Miss Bennett, dressed as Imogen, in a dainty riding habit, appeared at the head of the stairs.

"The gentlemen are coming with our horses, Imogen," she said, "and we had better go down at once, I think, and not keep them waiting for the afternoon is waning."

How beautiful she looked with her face all aglow with health and happiness. Her habit of dark green broadcloth fitted her slender figure with a glove like neatness, and her riding cap of the same hue and texture sat jauntily upon the bright hair which lay coiled like a rope of gold at the back of her head. In one daintily gloved hand she held the skirt of her habit, and in the other a gold mounted riding whip, the latter having been the gift of her betrothed the day before he left home for New York, where he had gone on business, and who was to join later the Murriatte party at Old Point Comfort.

Mrs. Murriatte and Imogen rose as Miss Bennett came tripping down the broad staircase.

"I wish you were going with us, Mrs. Murriatte," she said smiling and pausing a few steps from where the lady was standing. "I am sure you would enjoy it, the day is so lovely; and Mr. and Mrs. Cameron are with the party."

"Yes, they sent me a note this morning urging me to go," Mrs. Murriatte replied, "but I do not enjoy equestrian exercise as much as I once did and declined the invitation in favor of a drive with Governor Murriatte later on in the evening."

"Perhaps you shall drive out on the old shell road to meet us; we shall be returning about seven o'clock," suggested Miss Bennett.

"Do so, mother, won't you, dearest?" urged Imogen.

"Perhaps we will," she answered, bending her stately head to receive the kiss that Imogen was standing on tiptoe to give her.

The trio descended the stairs and Mrs. Murriatte walked with the young ladies out on the piazza, and they ran down the steps and were met by Capt. Hazelton and Ray Cameron, who were coming to escort the ladies to their horses.

Mrs. Murriatte watched through the mellow sunlight as the girls were assisted into their saddles, and with Mrs. Cameron waved their handkerchiefs to her in a parting salute. The gentlemen lifted their hats, the horses were marched two abreast, and the merry cavalcade, with many a merry laugh, mingling with the sharp clatter of horses' hoofs, swept gracefully away and was soon lost to view down the green avenue of forest trees.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. Frank Lytle, of Stanton on Lake Weir, has purchased from Mrs. Susan Pyles the residence in the second ward now occupied by Mr. Will Dillaberry and will move his family to this city in the fall. The purchase was made through the firm of Ditto & Maloney. Mr. Lytle and his family will be a very pleasant acquisition to Ocala, and will receive a warm welcome here.

RETURNING THE BATTLE FLAGS.

The battle flags around which the brave men of the south gathered in a four years' conflict with the brave men of the north, but which for forty years have been in the hands of the nation, are now being returned to those who fought under them, that they and their children may rejoice through this token that the sectional bitterness is no more.

It is forty years now, or will be very soon, since the civil war ended. At its close the two sections of a once united country looked upon each other with a hatred and bitterness that promised to be undying. In the south this hatred and bitterness were to be expected. But when men like Horace Greeley and Charles Sumner tried to bring about kinder feelings in the north toward those who had once been friends, but later became foes, the war spirit turned against them and behaved towards them as though they had been traitors instead of the noble patriots they were. Horace Greeley found himself assailed with every weapon that malicious ingenuity could devise, and it may be said that he died of a broken heart. Charles Sumner, who had proposed the return of the battle flags to the south, was censured by a vote of the Massachusetts legislature, and he did not live long after that.

But times have changed. What the nation refused to do in the days of Greeley and Sumner, what it refused to do during the days of Grover Cleveland's administration, it has now done. The vote to return the battle flags was unanimous in both houses of congress.

The return of these battle flags will heal every wound caused by the war. There will be no more bitterness, no more sectional hatred. North and south are reunited in fact as well as in name. Future battles, should future battles be necessary, will be fought not against one another, but shoulder to shoulder against a foreign foe. In the councils of the nation both the northern patriot and the southern patriot must unite for the purpose of making our common country great and glorious. Matters of policy, expediency and principle shall be decided by the men of all sections, and not of any one section. And in this happy return to an era of good feeling, when men from the north and men from the south may and do stand upon common ground, all men will rejoice.—Portland (Ore.) Evening Telegram.

Good Roads Will Connect Good Towns.

E. C. Smith and J. H. Spencer, of Ocala, are in the city. The former is a member of the Ocala Furniture Company, as is associated with Mr. Spencer under the firm name of Smith & Spencer, dealers in automobiles and gas and gasoline engines. They came from Ocala on one of their Glide touring cars, making the time from Ocala to Micanopy, partly over a sandy road, in a few minutes over three hours.

Messrs. Smith and Spencer have come for the purpose of introducing their machine, and will remain for two or three days.

"I note with a great deal of interest that Alachua county people have the good roads fever," remarked Mr. Smith. "It's the best thing in the world for the advancement of a community, as has been demonstrated in Marion. I hope the time will come—and I believe it will, and not very far distant—when Ocala and Gainesville will be more closely bound as neighbors, when our Ocala and Gainesville friends may visit each other more frequently. When the roads are in proper condition it will be an easy matter for your people to breakfast at home, eat dinner with their Ocala friends, spend a pleasant day and return in plenty of time for supper. This is bound to be accomplished by an automobile trip over properly constructed roads, and it will not be many years before you will see it."—Gainesville Sun.

The election of a democratic mayor of Chicago shows that there is an abundance of vitality and virility in the democratic party. It only needs direction and concentration.

AN AMUSING GAME

Two Home Teams Play Baseball for the Benefit of the Hospital.

It was lots of fun.

The movement to secure funds for the Marion County Hospital was eminently successful. The attendance was large, and the game was very exciting from start to finish. The Use-To-Be's understand the game, and did their best to keep the Never Wases from attempting To Be. The younger men had the advantage, though, in being fresher in the art and having had more practice.

The game started with the Use-To-Be's at the bat, and before the inning was ended Gerig, Camp and Chambers had crossed the plate. They were able to keep the Never Wases from scoring in the first inning. In the second inning Prof. Workman made a desperate effort and reached first, but was left on base while the next three men were retired. The newer aspirants were more successful, and tallied one run in this inning.

The third inning resulted in a blank for the Use-To-Be's, while their opponents sent two more men around the bases and tied the score. This state of affairs did not last long. The fourth inning saw the Use-To-Be's send Crom and Drake all around and added two more tallies to the score of the older men. Several close and exciting plays occurred, and created much amusement when men on both sides were seen rolling around in the dirt. The boys did not score in this inning, so the U. T. B.'s were two runs to the good.

After this the U. T. B.'s had many men on the bases, but were not able to get them all the way around, while the N. W.'s added to their score until they had piled up 12 tallies.

Excellent work was done on both sides, the U. T. B.'s hitting the ball, fielding and running bases well. The throwing of Mr. Warren, who did the back stop work for the U. T. B.'s, was excellent, and he ruined the base-running aspirations of a number of the W. B.'s best runners.

Colonel Duval was on the slab for the U. T. B.'s, and seemed to have all of his old-time pluck and endurance. Pretty fielding and throwing came from the infield composed of Gerig, Camp, Crom and Brewer, while their outfield was there to do their share. Preachers, lawyers, school teachers, merchants and miners showed that they had not forgotten what they learned on the baseball field in other days. One very pretty double play was made by Professor Workman, unassisted.

The score—
Use-To-Be's.....3 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 9—8
Never Wases.....0 1 2 0 0 4 3 2—12
Umpire—Geo. K. Robinson.

Amount turned over to the hospital by Gatekeeper Martinot, \$42.

Mrs. Welsh Entertains.

Mrs. Christy Welsh, of Cornell, entertained the young ladies' card club Friday afternoon at the home of Misses Sara and Violet Harris. Only the members of the club and Mrs. Welsh's sister, Miss Edna Delp, of German Valley, N. J., were present. There were three tables of progressive whist and the games were greatly enjoyed. Miss Gary won the prize for points, a lovely little pink silk work apron while Miss Woodrow won a beautiful silk lap apron and "catch-all" for winning the most games. Cream and cake, salted nuts and candy were served after the games.

Mrs. Welsh's guests were Misses Delp, Sara and Violet Harris, Louella Gary, Valeta Potter, Janie Woodrow, Sue Barco, Mary Anderson, Johnnie Liddon, Esther Weather, Hattie Dye, Gertrude Pereda and Mrs. D. S. Woodrow.

Cumulative Testimony.

We know two drummers that spend \$35,000 in Texas advertising one pill made in Chicago, and the same is being done in every state in the union. The proprietor is a millionaire. He started seventeen years ago with a hand grip, and this same grip—what did it? Judicious advertising.—Richmond Coaster.

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