

▲ 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.

Copyrighted 1905 by the Author and Published in The Ocala Banner By Special Arrangement.

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

CHAPTER XIX. THE ACCIDENT.

Onward the party of gay equestrians swept, borne by the galloping hoofs of their spirited steeds. Across clear, cool streams, over green hills crowned with trees, and past fertile fields and fruit laden orchards they took their merry way, through the sunshine of that summer's afternoon, while no dark shadow of the sorrow they were advancing rapidly to meet rose warningly before them. It came like a thunderbolt coming from a cloudless sky on a calm summer day.

Miss Bennett's horse, which had always been considered surefooted, stumbled and fell while galloping and with the rapidity of lightning the fair rider was thrown with great violence over the animal's head, face downward upon the hard ground.

Captain Hazelton who was riding by Miss Bennett's side sprang hurriedly to the ground, and his horse, joining the frightened one that had thrown the young lady, both animals galloped madly away.

Miss Bennett lay where she had fallen, motionless and breathless and as Captain Hazelton lifted her in his arms her features were set and death-like and a small stream of blood was issuing from a wound in her right temple.

The rest of the party reined in their horses and hastily dismounting came to Captain Hazelton's assistance with horror depicted on their countenances.

Every effort possible under the circumstances was made to revive the injured girl, but no sign of returning animation rewarded their frantic efforts.

"Oh, my God! she is dead!" Imogen cried in a voice of agony, and then the terrified girl began to wring her hands in an uncontrollable fit of grief and alarm.

Mrs. Cameron threw her arms about the girl and did all she could to comfort and soothe her, although her own heart was torn by doubts and fears.

"I do not think she is dead, my darling," the good lady said, "and you must try and control yourself so that we may devise some plan for getting the poor sufferer home and under a physician's care."

"I will gallop home for assistance," Ray said, springing into his saddle.

Captain Hazelton stopped him. "No," he cried, "that will take too much time. Dismount, Ray, and I will take your horse and carry Miss Bennett home in my arms."

"Can you do it, safely?" Mr. Cameron inquired with great anxiety in his voice.

"Certainly," replied the young captain, and Ray hastily dismounted while his mother, sitting down on the ground, took the girl's head in her lap, and Captain Hazelton sprang into Ray's saddle.

"Put her into my arms," the young man said calmly, and Mr. Cameron and Ray lifted the form of the unconscious girl and placed it in front of Captain Hazelton, who, putting one arm around it firmly, put spurs to his horse, and the next moment disappeared in the direction of Beaumont.

The runaway horses were captured and in a few minutes all were in their saddles galloping swiftly homeward.

What a change the last half hour had witnessed. A passerby would not have recognized in this pale faced party the merry hearted equestrians who had swept down the road scarcely an hour since.

Imogen's face was bathed in tears and now and then she burst into sobs and broken lamentations. Ray rode near her horse's head with his hand on the animal's bridle; all that ruddy color had fled from the boy's face and his fine eyes were filled with sympathy for his companion's sorrow.

"Oh, Ray! if she is dead it will

break my heart, and I shall not want to live another hour," the girl sobbed.

"Hush, Imogen, hush, I cannot bear to hear you talk in this manner. I do not believe Miss Bennett is dead, but even if she is we must try to meet this sorrow bravely. You know that life is full of accidents and bereavements, and we have to stand them some way," the boy comforted and philosophied.

"I cannot stand it. If she is dead I feel as if I had been instrumental in bringing about her death," wept Imogen.

"Imogen! you instrumental in bringing about Miss Bennett's death? The very idea is absurd," exclaimed Ray impatiently.

"Let me tell you how it was, Ray," she said in a choking voice. "Miss Bennett did not wish to go north with us this summer, but wanted to spend her vacation at St. Augustine, in the convent. If she had been permitted to carry out her wishes, she would not have been with our riding party today and would have escaped the accident. But I would not let her have her way. I insisted selfishly that she must go with us to Virginia until I gained her consent, and this terrible accident is the result," and poor Imogen's tears flowed afresh.

"You had nothing to do with it," Ray denied stoutly, "and you must not think you had. God knows it will be hard enough for you to bear if Miss Bennett's accident results fatally, without accusing yourself in this fashion. Shall you be able to ride farther? If so, we will hurry up and get home and learn the worst."

She bowed her head in assent. He removed his hand from her horse's bridle and they dashed away leaving the others far in the rear.

The sun was sinking behind mountains of gorgeously tinted clouds, which formed soft, elegant draperies that were flung across the couch of the king of day, when Governor and Mrs. Murriatte stepped into their waiting carriage to take their evening drive.

"Which road would you rather take, my love?" he inquired kindly, as he took up the reins.

"Imogen and Miss Bennett requested me to drive out on the old shell road to meet them on their return," she answered.

He turned his horses' heads to the left, and touching them with the end of the whip lash, said: "That is a lovely road and I am sure we will enjoy the ride."

They had only driven about half a mile when the thundering of horses' hoofs fell upon their ears.

"The party must be returning," Governor Murriatte remarked.

"It is early for them," his wife answered. "They did not expect to return until half past seven o'clock and its only half past six."

They had come into a straight stretch of road in which the view for a considerable distance was unobstructed. The beautiful trees on either side of the road met overhead forming a lovely archway of living green while the light beneath them was dim and shadowy.

Near and nearer came the sound of flying hoofs, and a moment later a horseman dashed into view.

"Why what is this?" exclaimed Governor Murriatte, half rising to his feet as his eyes pierced the distance between them and the approaching horseman.

"Great God! there has been an accident. It is Captain Hazelton and he is carrying a woman in his arms. Some one has been thrown and injured."

Mrs. Murriatte half stood up and held to the side of the rapidly moving carriage.

"Oh, God in heaven! If it should be Imogen!" she gasped, and began to sway from side to side, while her face blanched to a deadly whiteness.

"Sit down!" he commanded, keeping a tight rein on the fast moving horses, "you will fall out of the carriage."

She sank back into the cushions while a sigh of relief escaped her lips and a prayer of thanksgiving welled up from her heart. She had caught sight of a green riding habit, the skirt of which was fluttering in the wind as the horse neared them, and she remembered that the color of Imogen's habit was blue. She grew so strangely quiet that her husband, thinking she may have swooned, glanced apprehensively into her face as the horseman drew rein by the side of the carriage.

Captain Hazelton's face was as white as that of the insensible young woman who lay helpless and limp in his arms, as he said hastily: "Miss Bennett was thrown. We thought she was killed, but thank God, she is reviving."

"And Imogen?" gasped Mrs. Murriatte.

"Is safe and returning with the others. Shall I carry Miss Bennett to Beaumont? Her wound is bleeding profusely," he said hurriedly.

"Certainly. We will follow you immediately," Governor Murriatte said with dry, parched lips and in a voice that was weak and husky. He rounded his horses out between the large trees as he spoke and the next moment they were in the road following the flying horseman back to Beaumont.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sciatic Rheumatism Cured.

"I have been subject to sciatic rheumatism for years," says E. H. Waldron, of Wilton Junction, Iowa. "My joints were stiff and gave me pain and discomfort. My joints would crack when I straighten up. I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm and have been thoroughly cured. Have not had a pain or ache from the old trouble for many months. It is certainly a most wonderful liniment." For sale by Anti-monopoly drug store.

You can get fine pigs from Webb & Slaughter, Lafayette, Ala. 4 14 2t

Ocala and Her Automobiles.

Miss Jefferson Bell, in one of her interesting and chatty letters from Tallahassee to the Florida Sun—Claude L'Engle's bright newspaper—has the following to say of interest to Ocala people:

I am human enough to be rather pleased to announce that once, and only once, for all I know, Sam Russ, the infallible Sam Russ, has made a break! In his bright lobby gossip mentioning Mr. Wartmann's automobile bill he says that he hears that Ocala has but one automobile. Be it known that I as well as Mr. Brown, keep my citizenship in Marion county, and know whereof I speak. Mr. Russ overlooks the fact that Ocala has a large percentage of opulent citizens who have more money than they know what to do with, consequently the automobile craze is in full blast there. There are perhaps twenty machines in and around Ocala and from the number of accidents caused by the meetings of unsophisticated country nags and gasoline buggies there is considerable necessity for some law setting a reasonable limit upon the rights and privileges of the fortunate few who are able to own a machine.

Frightful Suffering Relieved.

Suffering frightfully from the virulent doisons of undigested food, C. G. Grayson, of Lula, Miss., took Dr. King's New Life Pills, "with the result," he writes, "that I was cured." All stomach and bowel disorders give way to their tonic, laxative properties. 25c. at Tydings & Co.'s drug store, guaranteed.

Write Webb & Slaughter, Lafayette, Ala., for prices on Poland China Pigs. 4 14 2t

Mr. Thomas J. Owen is erecting a pretty cottage on his lot on Magnolia street. This makes the third building to be erected in that vicinity within the last couple of months, besides the improvements on the Florida House and the Hotel de Kaiser. There seems to be no idle spot within our city limits.

E. C. SMITH.

C. V. ROBERTS

SMITH & ROBERTS.

Funeral Directors and Licensed Embalmers.

Latest Methods. Best Goods. Work Guaranteed
Telegraph orders receive prompt attention, and embalming done anywhere on short notice.

OCALA FURNITURE COMPANY.

ELIZABETH V. TOMPKINS & CO.

DEALER IN

Real Estate and Investments.

Property bought and sold. Satisfaction guaranteed. Information furnished on request, or call cor. Ft. King Ave. and Magnolia streets. Lock Box 821.

STEWART FRUIT CO.

BALTIMORE

Finest Fruit and Produce store in America
Leading house in Baltimore.
Ask the Ocala Banner.

MARYLAND

Oranges, Pineapples, Southern Fruit and Vegetables.

Wanted:

Successfully handled by **BARNETT BROS.,** 159 South Water St. Chicago, Ill.
Established 1866. Commission Merchants
Reference: American Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago, Ill.
Live representatives wanted everywhere.

McMillan Bros.

Southern Copper Works

Manufacturers of Turpentine Stills and General Metal Workers.

Old Stills taken in exchange for new ones. Patching through the country a specialty. Orders by mail or wire will receive prompt attention at either of the following works

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
JACKSONVILLE, FLA

SAVANNAH, GA.
MOBILE, ALA