

CAMILLA

(FROM PAGE 4)

as the lady and her companions
led the platform.

Johnston followed closely by Mrs.
Muriatte, carried the unconscious
aboard, the sleeper, and laid her
dearly on the lower berth he had
secured. The car bell rang, and the
conductor shouted 'all aboard', and
the curtain fell on another act in the
life of Governor Muriatte's life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

VENGEANCE IS MINE AND I WILL
REPAY."

The early morning sun was flooding
the room with an avalanche of
brightness on the morning of Mrs.
Muriatte's flight, as Governor Mur-
riatte rode up to the avenue gate
which was promptly opened for him
by the waiting groom. The gentle-
man dismounted wearily and tossing
his horse reins to the boy walked
to the house. The elasticity of
his quickness which had always
characterized his footsteps had de-
serted and his steps were as slow and
heavy as those of one who was en-
feebled either by old age or severe
illness. His face was pale and nag-
ged and his eyes shone with an
unnatural lustre. He met Dr. Clifford,
his family physician, coming down
the steps.

"Good morning Governor," the
doctor said, cordially extending his
hand. "I am happy to be able to
inform you that I found Miss Bennett
in a condition much improved this morn-
ing."

"And I think, sir with careful
attention the young lady will be well
in a couple of a week and possibly
sooner."

"I am thankful to hear you say so
doctor," Governor Muriatte replied,
"I thought last night that her death
was only a question of a few hours."
"Indeed I thought as much my-
self," replied Dr. Clifford, "and was
ever more astonished in my life than
this morning when I found her
conscious and with all her symptoms
wonderfully improved—but Govern-
or, you are sick yourself," the doctor
broke off to say. "Your hands indi-
cate fever and you are looking alto-
gether out of sorts, let me see your
tongue please. Ah! I knew it; you
are threatened with fever. I will give
you a prescription, and you must go
to bed and keep quiet to day."

Governor Muriatte, who was too
thoroughly wrecked to understand
what the physician was saying, me-
chanically took the slip of paper ex-
tended him and said: "Very well,
doctor. You will be in again this
afternoon I suppose?"

"Yes about 4 o'clock. Good morn-
ing sir," and the good natured phy-
sician went on his way, while the
master of Beaumont wearily ascend-
ed the steps.

"Has your mistress come down
stairs yet?" he inquired of an negro
house maid who was dusting the hall
furniture.

"No sah, but Miss Bennett is bet-
ter and the doctors says she gwine
be lib s'art," the girl added joyfully.
The gentleman made no comment,
but hanging his hat on the hall rack
passed into the dining room.

"Is breakfast ready?" he inquired
of another negro girl who was
placing covers on the table.

"Yas sah."

"Has Miss Imogen come down
yet?" he further inquired as he
seated himself at the table.

"No sah, not yet."

"Order Johnston to bring in break-
fast and then go and tell your young
mistress that breakfast is ready," he
said.

"Yas sah" and the girl courtesied
and quit the room.

Presently the cook came in bring-
ing breakfast.

"Good Mornin Guv'nor," courtesied
the cook, "I doan't know where dat
nigger Johnston is dis mornin'.
I can't find har nor hide ob him I
think he must'er run away las night,
for his clothes am gone." She
passed the food on the table as she
glanced at the girl who had been to
inform Miss Imogen entered.

"Miss Imogen haint in her room,
she informed her master.
Go and see if she is in her
room or Miss Bennett's room,

and ask her to come to breakfast,"
he said impatiently

"I've dun been in all de rooms sah,
an can't fin' Miss Imogen any whar?"
"Is Mrs. Muriatte up stairs?" he
asked anxiously.

"No sah, an' Polly say she hab'nt
seen the Mistress since ten o'clock
las' night, sah," replied the girl.
"Come, and pour my coffee", he
said shortly.

The girl did as she was bid, and
stood behind his chair and waited on
him until he had finished his light
meal. Then he left the diningroom
without a word, and the girl muttered
to her self as the door closed behind
her master:

"Pears like Miss Bennett gittin'
hurt has dun gone an' combusticated
dis whole family. Can't fin' de Mis-
tress, an Miss Imogen no whar and
de Lawd only nose what eber cum ob
dat crazy nigger Johnston, an come
to think ob it, I haint seen Diana
dis morning. I wonder what dis all
do mean nohow?"

Governor Muriatte went immedi-
ately to his daughter's room, the
door stood open and he walked
in. The bed and the whole room
were in disorder, he looked into the
dressing room, it was likewise desert-
ed and still, then he went to the suite
of rooms occupied by his wife. They
were in perfect order but there was
a silence and desolation brooding over
the apartments which struck a death
like chill to his heart. He turned
away and went to his wife's boudoir.
The door stood ajar and he entered
the beautifully furnished apartment.
Everything within was in exquisite
order, except that the leaf to the
writing desk was down and a chair
was drawn up to it, as though some
one had lately been using the desk.

Scattered about were inlaid ink-
stands, silver-backed blotters, hand
painted pen-wipers, "gold pen stand
and a tiny tray of shining pen points,
while lying in full view was a letter
addressed to himself in his wife's
handwriting.

His cheeks blanched and his hands
trembled, as he hastily broke the
seal and read the following broken
and disconnected sentences:

"I do not reproach you for what
you have done. If you have one
spark of conscience left it will reveal
to you the unpardonable sin you have
committed against your wife and
child and against the laws of God
and man. What a fond trusting
fool I was! God pity me in this aw-
ful hour of my awakening! From
this night you are as dead to me and
your daughter as we are dead to you.
Do not attempt to follow us. We
will never return, and I pray God
we may never look upon your face
again."

"The most bitter task that was ever
placed upon woman to perform lies
before me; that of unveiling the per-
fidy of the father she loves to my
daughter. But it must be done, in
order that the blame of our separation
may rest where it belongs.

"For the world's opinion I care not.
What is its praise or blame to me
who must forever carry the burden
of a broken heart and ruined life?
There is only thing that saves me
from a suicide's grave and that is my
daughter. Thank God, that I appreciate
this one blessing which He has
vouchsafed me, and by this I am
saved by the unpardonable sin of self
destruction."

"I am going to my old home, but
again I entreated you not to follow
me. Nothing you may ever say, no
explanation that you could ever make
would restore you to my confidence.
You have committed a sin against me
which tears of penitence can never
blot out and prayers of forgiveness,
should you offer them, would never
reach my heart.

"Farewell until we both shall stand
at the judgment bar of God. ALVA"

No moan, no word, no sigh, escap-
ing the man's lips as he finished read-
ing the bitter letter. He stood for a
moment as if completely stunned by
the blow, then sinking down into the
chair his wife had occupied when she
had penned the unforgiving lines, he
folded his arms upon the desk and
bowed his head upon them. What
thoughts were passing through the
unhappy man's brain who shall con-
jecture?

But above their harrassing torment

the words of Ruth sang, as clear and
true, as the notes of a silver bell.

"Vengeance is mine," and when your
day of reckoning comes, you will beg for
the very rocks to fall upon you and hide
you from the eyes of an avenging God."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not Written by the Editor of the Ocala
Banner.

Thirty-five years ago I saw crude
oil selling in Oil City for two cents a
gallon, while refined oil was selling
in New York, Philadelphia and Buf-
falo for 25 cents a gallon—and people
who had been paying a dollar a gal-
lon for whale oil called it cheap.

When I told a dear old lady in New
Bedford about oil running out of the
ground in Pennsylvania the old whale
boat captain's wife said:—

"What! oil running out of the
ground?"

"Yes, madam, I saw it."

"Wall, wall, wall," she said wring-
ing her hands, "when they get oil out
of the ground what will the poor
whalers do for a livin'!"

Meeting Mr. Rockefeller on the
street car one day I said:—

"How can you do it—sell kerosene,
Mr. Rockefeller for a cent a pound?"

"It's the pipe lines, Eli," he said
smiling. "Why, you couldn't take
water out of the Allegheny river, put
it in oak barrels, and ship it to New
York in freight cars for a cent a
pound. I have spent millions and
millions for pipe lines. I've raised
the price of oil at the wells to the
producers and lowered it to the con-
sumers. Do you think I've been do-
ing wrong all these years?"

"Mr. Rockefeller," I said, "it seems
to me that when you take \$30,000,000
worth of crude oil out of the ground
in America, pipe it to New York, and
send it to Mediterranean ports, India,
Siam, China, Manilla, Corea, and Ja-
pan, and bring back \$50,000,000 in
gold, and give it to the United States,
well, I think you are a pretty good
citizen. In ten years you enrich your
country \$500,000,000."

"No," said Mr. Rockefeller, "I
simply do business wholesale. The
house painter makes \$1.50 per day each
on ten journeymen. I make 20 cents
a day each on 300,000 workmen. Is
it wrong to do business wholesale, or
should I throw away my pipe lines,
and return to shipping oil in oak bar-
rels on freight trains and let the peo-
ple pay for it?"

And this, alas! is the depraved man
who has won the love of Sabbath
school scholars! This is the rascal
who has endowed wicked churches
and missions, fought against intem-
perance, endowed thirteen million
dollar colleges, and now offers to
bribe Christian missionaries to con-
vert the innocent heathen into meek
and gentle followers of Christ.

And they cried out, "Crucify him,
crucify him!"—Mellville DeLancey
Landon (Eli Perkins) in New York
Evening Telegram.

Catching the Advertising Spirit.

The city of Dallas, Texas, has a
population of 45,000, but it is pursu-
ing a plan which is certain to in-
crease that number by many thous-
ands within the next few years. Un-
der the management of a well organ-
ized and public spirited committee,
\$2,500 has been spent recently in ad-
vertising the town and surrounding
country. The result has been so
gratifying that citizens have decided
to retain the committee and provide
it with \$30,000 a year for the next
five years, the entire amount to be
spent in telling the world of the ad-
vantages of that part of Texas in
general and the city of Dallas in par-
ticular.—Toledo (O.) Blade.

Dallas is certainly getting busy and
if she continues along her present
lines she is likely to be kept so.
Keep your eye on Dallas and watch
her grow.

Tom Watson, in the May number
of his magazine, says that the "im-
partial judge" is one of the jokes
of our civilization, which nobody laughs
at because we have agreed that it is
not a joke. Nevertheless, he says the
"impartial judge" is brother to the
"non-partisan editor" and twin
brother to the "disinterested office
seeker."

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
For the Kidneys and Bladder

REPLY TO.

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, of "Fren-
zied Finance" fame, printed a great
many letters in Everybody's Maga-
zine written to him by various pub-
lishers throughout the country. but
he omitted to print the one sent him
from the business office of the Ocala
Banner. The correspondence is as
follows:

LAWSON'S TELEGRAM.

"Boston, Mass., Jan. 29, 1905.
"Banner, Ocala, Fla.:
"Exact knowledge 'trusts' will
cause American people peaceably, leg-
ally revolt. I give it in February
Everybody's Magazine; cost me \$40,-
000 or \$50,000. Won't you add your
mite by calling attention to 'The
Magic Jimmy?'"

"THOMAS W. LAWSON"
THE BANNER'S REPLY.

"Ocala, Fla., Jan. 24, 1905.
"Publisher Everybody's Magazine,
New York, N. Y.:
"The telegram from Thomas W.
Lawson announcing that the Febru-
ary Everybody's Magazine would
contain certain of his articles, and
asking us to add our mite by calling
attention to it, was duly received.
As we do not receive the magazine
in exchange for these mites, and Mr.
Lawson has not offered it to us in
this instance, it certainly seems as
though he is attempting to hold up
the newspapers in very much the
same manner that he accuses his
former associates with holding up the
public. To say the least, he has lost
none of his 'nerve.'"

"Yours truly,
"THE OCALA BANNER,
"P. V. Leavengood, Bus. Mgr."

Taken Up

At Townsend & Co's turpentine camp
near Norwalk, one brown mare mule
fourteen hands high, seems to be
about fifteen years old. Owner can
get same at Townsend's turpentine
camp. 4 28 tf

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DRESSED

Dry Siding, Flooring and Ceiling
B. H. Seymour,
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Serrulata or Saw Pal-
metto combined with
Fruit Acids and Aro-
matics. There is noth-
ing in Metto that will
harm an infant, but for
all that, it will!

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Banish Fatigue
Build Tissue
Stimulate the Liver
Act Directly on the Kidneys

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IS GUARANTEED 3 YEARS OLD.
Copper distilled in the good old fashioned style
over an open fireplace which gives a delicacy of
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Order to-day and we will ship in plain case one
gallon of this excellent Whiskey express pre-paid
for \$2.25.

Harris Favorite Rye
11 Years Old
4 Full Quarts, Express Pre-paid, \$3.00
This fine old Rye Whiskey has no equal no matter
what you pay. It is the kind of mellow taste,
good, too, for medicinal use. We will also ship 1
gallon Cobb County and 1 quart Harris Favorite
Rye together for \$3.00, express prepaid. Send us
your trial order to-day.

OUR GUARANTEE. If you are not entirely
pleased and our goods are not as represented, we
refund your money by airt mail. We make no
C. O. D. shipments. Our references: Third National
Bank or Express Office. Send Express or Postoffice
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The Great Southern Mail Order House.

EXPRESS PREPAID.	Full Quart Measure.			
	Per Gallon	Four Quarts	Six Quarts	Per Case
Hatchett's Private Stock	\$4.00	\$4.00	\$6.00	\$12.00
Hatchett's That's Whiskey	4.50	4.50	6.90	13.75
Hatchett's Old Rye	3.20	3.20	4.80	9.60
Eureka N. C. Apple Brandy	4.75	4.75	7.00	14.00
N. C. Apple Brandy	3.25	3.25	4.85	9.70
Eureka Malt	4.00	4.00	6.00	12.00
Eureka N. C. Peach Brandy	4.75	4.75	7.00	14.00
N. C. Peach Brandy	3.25	3.25	4.85	9.70
Eureka N. C. Corn	3.00	3.00	4.50	9.00
Eureka N. C. Corn XXX	2.75	2.75	4.15	8.30
Eureka N. C. Corn XXXX	2.50	2.50	3.75	7.50
Old Crow Bourbon	4.50	4.50	6.75	13.50
Sunny Brook Rye	3.75	3.75	5.65	11.30
Sunny Brook Sour Mash	3.75	3.75	5.65	11.30
Echo Spring	4.50	4.50	6.90	13.75
Silk Velvet	5.00	5.00	7.50	15.00
Oak and	3.75	3.75	5.65	11.30

Gin From \$2.50 to \$3.50 per Gallon Delivered.
Save twelve labels of Hatchett's Private Stock and secure a bottle free. Save twelve
labels of Hatchett's Old Rye and secure a bottle free. Save twelve labels of Hatchett's
That's Whiskey and secure a bottle free. Save twelve labels of Eureka N. C.
Corn and secure a bottle free. Save twelve labels of N. C. Apple Brandy and secure
one bottle free. Save twelve labels of Eureka Malt and secure one bottle free. Price of
all goods bought at company's store are 10c per gallon less than when delivered. No
charge for jugs, boxes or drayage. All of my bottles are full measure. All standard
brands of whiskies sold over my bar at 10c per drink—10 for 1 dollar 5 for you. All
wines quoted on application. We also carry cheaper liquors than those quoted
special prices on large quantities; packed any sizes desired. Money refunded if goods
not satisfactory.

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EXPRESS PREPAID.	Bulk goods—Jugs free—Not prepaid.
Full Qt. Measure	\$1.50 per gallon
Hunting Club Rye	\$2.00 per gallon
Nelson County Rye	2.00 4.25 7.50
Monogram Rye	3.20 4.50 8.00
Hamm's 44 Rye	3.75 5.00 9.50
Social Drops	4.50 6.50 12.00
Malt Whiskey	3.75 5.00 9.50
Peach Brandy	2.75 5.00 9.50
Apple Brandy	2.75 5.00 9.50
Holland Gin	2.80 4.25 7.25
Geneva Gin	3.75 5.00 9.50
North Carolina Corn	2.50 4.00 7.00
Mountain Corn	3.75 5.00 9.50
Jamaica Rum	2.00 4.25 7.50
Medford Rum	3.75 5.00 9.50
Grape Brandy	3.75 5.00 9.50
King of Kentucky Bourbon	3.75 5.00 9.50

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