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Also just opened up, as fine a line of Raisins, Currants, Citron, Figs, Lemon and Orange Peel, Nuts, etc., as ever came to Ocala.

Old English Plum Pudding

Imported Cluster Raisins and Figs in one pound boxes. Fresh Hecker's Buckwheat in all size packages, Prunes, Aricots, Peaches, Maple Sugar, Yankee Pop Corn, Cranberries, Samp, Cream Farina, Ralston Health Food.

Edam, Pineapple, Roquefort and Luncheon Cheese.

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The Marion Hardware Co.

OCALA, FLORIDA

CARRY AT ALL TIMES A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Doors, Paints, Builders Hardware, Sash, Oils, Farm Implements, Blinds, Varnishes, Carpenters' Tools, Saw Mill, Phosphate and Turpentine Supplies.

Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Leggings, Hunting Coats, Gun Cases

State agents for and carry in stock Implements and Gasolene Engines of the International Harvester Company.

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ROLLINS COLLEGE

FLORIDA'S OLDEST COLLEGE

College, Academy and Schools of Music, Expression, Fine Arts, Domestic and Industrial Arts and Business.

Carnegie Hall and third men's dormitory now going up; electric lights; steam and furnace heat; large faculty; perfect health conditions; fine gymnasium, athletic field, tennis courts, golf links, baseball and basketball teams champions of Florida this year. Nearly a quarter of a million dollars endowment; expenses moderate; scholarships available. Christian but undenominational; stands for

CHARACTER CULTURE CONDUCT

Next Session Begins October 7. For Catalogues Address the President, WM. F. BLACKMAN, Ph. D., WINTER PARK, FLA.

SERVIANS PLANTING MINES

Budapest, Nov. 14.—Through an accidental explosion in the river Drina, near Zevornik, yesterday, it was discovered that the Servians are planting mines in all the streams between their country and the province of Bosnia, which Austria recently annexed. The government began an investigation at once and if the results bear out the fears, it is believed that nothing can keep the people from invading Servia.

LOST IN TOWN

One black dog with white breast and white around toes; one black bitch; both about year old. Will pay good reward for both of them. Henry Gordon, Ocala, Fla.

A SOCIAL SNARL

"Now," said Jack Mumblepeg, as he folded a tabulated return of the election and put it in his inside pocket, "is a good time to start a campaign against the conventions where the people are called upon to entertain in their homes the visiting delegates. I announce my candidacy for president of the United States on the platform that a convention worth attending is worth the delegates going to hotels and boarding houses and paying their own expenses. My sister Malvina who keeps house for me, has thrown the shack open seven times in the last four years to groups of people we never heard of before and didn't know anything about. Every time she had to rid up things before they came and after they went away, and the meat and grocery bills while they stayed were something to astound her. When I kicked, as I did, being a coarse and ignorant and unappreciative man—she fired up and said that she did not want all the other sisters to think she was mean and stingy. She added that they did not think any too much of me, and if it wasn't for her work in this direction we would soon be looked upon as social outcasts. At this point she showed lachrymatory symptoms, and I carved with as much grace as I could. The only chance I see for relief is to throw the custom into politics and make it a party issue. That will at least let out all the people who favor the reform. Please mention my candidacy and say I will issue a platform as soon as we come back from the convention at Gainesville for the amelioration of the suffering cross-eyed children in Georgia who have been trying to keep up with the state election returns."—Tampa Times.

A SURE-ENOUGH KNOCKER

J. C. Goodwin, of Reidsville, N. C., says: "Bucklin's Arnica Salve is a sure-enough knocker for ulcers. A bad one came on my leg last summer, but that wonderful salve knocked it out in a few rounds. Guaranteed for piles, sores, burns, etc. Twenty-five cents at all drug stores."

LOST—Between public square and high school, a yellow canvas auto cover. Reward for return. E. C. Smith.

NOTICE

The registration books of the city of Ocala open October 7th and close November 14th, 1908. Persons desiring to register will please call at city clerk's office between the dates aforesaid. H. C. Strunk, City Clerk, and Ex-Officio Supervisor of Registration of the City of Ocala.

The Port of Missing Men.

By Meredith Nicholson.

Author of "The House of a Thousand Candles."

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Chapter XVIII

AN EXCHANGE OF MESSAGES.

"W HO am I?" asked John Armitage soberly.

He tossed the stick of a match into the fireplace, where a pine knot smoldered; drew his pipe into a glow and watched Oscar screw the top on a box of ointment which he had applied to Armitage's arm. The little soldier turned and stood sharply at attention.

"You are Mr. John Armitage, sir. It is the rule of the country."

"Thank you, Oscar. Your words reassure me. There have been times lately when I have been in doubt myself. You are a pretty good doctor."

"First aid to the injured. I learned the trick from a hospital steward. If you are not poisoned and do not die you will recover—yes?"

"Thank you, sergeant. You are a consoling spirit, but I assure you on my honor as a gentleman that if I die I shall certainly haunt you. This is the fourth day. Tomorrow I shall throw away the bandage and be quite ready for more trouble."

"It would be better on the fifth."

"The matter is settled. You will now go for the mail, and do take care that no one puts you on the way. Your death would be a positive loss to me, Oscar. And if any one asks how my majesty is—mark, my majesty—pray say that I am quite well and equal to ruling over many kingdoms."

"Yes, sire."

And Armitage roared with laughter as the little man, pausing as he buckled a cartridge belt under his coat, bowed, with a fine mockery of reverence.

"If a man were king he could have a devilish fine time of it, Oscar."

"He could review many troops, and they would fire salutes until the powder cost much money."

"You are mighty right, as we say in Montana, and I'll tell you quite confidentially, sergeant, that if I were out of work and money and needed a job the thought of being king might tempt me. These gentlemen who are trying to stick knives into me think highly of my chances. They may force me into the business." And Armitage rose and kicked the flaring knot.

Oscar drew on his gauntlet with a jerk.

"They killed the great prime minister—yes?"

"They undoubtedly did, Oscar."

"He was a good man; he was a very great man," said Oscar slowly and went quickly out and closed the door softly after him.

The life of the two men in the bungalow was established in a definite routine. Oscar was drilled in habits of observation and attention, and he realized without being told that some serious business was afoot. He knew that Armitage's life had been attempted and that the receipt and dispatch of telegrams was a part of whatever errand had brought his master to the Virginia hills. His occupations were wholly to his liking; there was simple food to eat; there were horses to tend, and his errands abroad were of the nature of scouting and in keeping with one's dignity and in a soldier.

He rose often at night to look abroad, and sometimes he found Armitage walking the veranda or returning from a tramp through the wood. Armitage spent much time studying papers, and once, the day after Armitage submitted his wounded arm to Oscar's care, he had seemed upon the verge of a confidence.

"To save life, to prevent disaster, to do a little good in the world, to do something for Austria—such things are to the soul's credit, Oscar." And then Armitage's mood changed, and he had begun chaffing in a fashion that was beyond Oscar's comprehension.

The little soldier rode over the hills to Lamar station in the waning spring twilight, asked at the telegraph office for messages, stuffed Armitage's mail into his pockets at the postoffice and turned home as the moonlight poured down the slopes and flooded the valleys.

At the gate of the hunting park grounds he bent forward in the saddle to lift the chain that held it, urged his horse inside, bent down to refasten it, and as his fingers clutched the iron a man rose in the shadow of the little lodge and clasped him about the middle. The iron chain swung free and rattled against the post, and the horse snorted with fright, then at a word from Oscar was still. There was the barest second of waiting, in which the long arms tightened and the great body of his assailant hung heavily about him; then he dug spurs into the horse's flanks, and the animal leaped forward, with a snort of rage; jumped out of the path and tore away through the woods.

Oscar's whole strength was taxed to hold his seat as the burly figure thumped against the horse's flanks. He had hoped to shake the man off, but the great arms still clasped him. The situation could not last. Oscar took ad-

vantage of the moonlight to choose a spot in which to terminate it. He had his bearings now, and as they crossed an opening in the wood he suddenly loosened his grip on the horse and flung himself backward. His assailant, no longer supported, rolled to the ground, with Oscar on top of him, and the freed horse galloped away toward the stable.

A rough and tumble fight now followed. Oscar's lithe, vigorous body writhed in the grasp of his antagonist, now free, now clasped by giant arms. They saw each other's faces plainly in the clear moonlight, and at breathless pauses in the struggle their eyes maintained the state of war. At one instant, when both men lay with arms interlocked, half lying on their thighs, Oscar hissed in the giant's ear: "You are a Servian. It is an ugly race."

And the Servian cursed him in a fierce growl.

"We expected you. You are a bad hand with the knife," grunted Oscar, and, feeling the bellowslike chest beside him expand as though in preparation for a renewal of the fight, he suddenly wrenched himself free of the Servian's grasp, leaped away a dozen paces to the shelter of a great pine and turned, revolver in hand.

"Throw up your hands!" he yelled.

The Servian fired without pausing for aim, the shot ringing out sharply through the wood. Then Oscar discharged his revolver three times in quick succession, and while the discharges were still keen on the air he drew quickly back to a clump of underbrush and crept away a dozen yards to watch events. The Servian, with his eyes fixed upon the tree behind which his adversary had sought shelter, grew anxious and thrust his head forward warily.

Then he heard a sound as of some one running through the wood to the left and behind him, but still the man he had grappled on the horse made no sign. It dawned upon him that the



The animal leaped forward with a snort of rage.

three shots fired in front of him had been a signal, and in alarm he turned toward the gate, but a voice near at hand called loudly, "Oscar!" and repeated the name several times.

Behind the Servian the little soldier answered sharply in English:

"All steady, sir!"

The use of a strange tongue added to the Servian's bewilderment, and he fled toward the gate, with Oscar hard after him. Then Armitage suddenly leaped out of the shadows directly in his path and stopped him with a leveled revolver.

"Easy work, Oscar! Take the gentleman's gun and be sure to find his knife."

"The task was of Oscar's task, and he made quick work of the Servian's pockets."

"Your horse was a good dispatch bearer. You are all sound, Oscar?"

"Never better, sir. A revolver and two knives"—The weapons flashed in the moonlight as he held them up.

"Good! Now start your friend toward the bungalow."

They set off at a quick pace, soon found the rough driveway and trudged along silently, the Servian between his captors.

When they reached the house, Armitage flung open the door and followed Oscar and the prisoner into the long sitting room.

Armitage lighted a pipe at the mantel, readjusted the bandage on his arm and laughed aloud as he looked upon the huge figure of the Servian standing beside the sober little cavalryman.

"Oscar, there are certainly giants in these days, and we have caught one. You will please see that the cylinder of your revolver is in good order and pre-



The huge figure of the Servian standing beside the sober little cavalryman.

pare to act as clerk of our court martial. If the prisoner moves, shoot him."

He spoke these last words very deliberately in German, and the Servian's small eyes blinked his comprehension. Armitage sat down on the writing table, with his own revolver and the prisoner's knives and pistol within reach of his available hand. A smile of amusement played over his face as he