



Profit By the Experience Of Others. Wear the Best Make.

Sole Agency at
J. M. NEELY'S,
THE SHOE AND HAT MAN
Merchants' Block. Ocala, Fla.

Mrs. Ella Erven, of Ocala, is visiting Mrs. F. E. Harrison, of Citra.

In his report, printed elsewhere, Superintendent Carn makes a good showing.

Mr. J. W. Sylvester, of Jacksonville, spent Sunday with his family in Ocala.

Borated Talcum Powder, nicely perfumed, 10c per box, at Tydings & Co's drug store.

Geo. Wray, the expert tuner of the Halifax Music House, Daytona, is in town. Leave orders at Weihe's.

Mr. T. A. Chasting, of Jacksonville, is in Ocala repairing spotted and defaced mirrors. He has good testimonials.

Mrs. E. W. Agnew had the misfortune to sprain her ankle Monday and is compelled to walk on crutches.

The Best Prescription for Malaria. Chills and fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 20c. †

Under the direction of Councilman Martin and Street Commissioner Dodson, the Taylor pond, in the north end of the city, is being drained. It looks as if the work is going to be entirely successful.

WANTED—Two reliable traveling salesmen in each state; permanent position; salary and expenses; experience not absolutely essential. Address Carolina Tobacco Works Greensboro, N. C. 9-14

Besides those mentioned in another column, Messrs. Geo. H. York, E. D. Mell and the S. S. S. Company have contributed to the happiness in our sanctuary and incidentally to our expansion.

Family Jars are more often the result of indigestion than anything else. Dyspeptics are usually irritable, nervous, cranky individuals who make trouble for all those around them. Dr. Loyal Ford's Dyspepticide makes the stomach right and restores health and happiness in the household. Anti-Monopoly Drug Store.

Clubs of Five. To the friends who will forward us a club of five cash subscribers we will send the Ocala Banner a year free!

You Know What You Are Taking When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic, because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. 50c.

Plants, Plants! 30,000 Big Boston Lettuce Plants. 50,000 Bermuda and Creole Plants. Besides other plants that will soon be ready.

For sale at J. B. SUTTON'S Seed Store, 28 and 30 Exposition st.

Notice of Stockholders' Meeting. Notice is hereby given that the regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Ocala Water Company will be held at the office of R. L. Anderson, the president of said company, in the city of Ocala, Fla., on Wednesday, the 20th day of February, 1901, for the election of officers and such other business as may be necessary to transact.
R. L. ANDERSON, President.
J. A. CAMPBELL, Secretary. 2-1-31

Religious Lectures. Rev. John B. Harney, a member of the Baptist Society of New York City, has been lecturing in Ocala all the week on topics connected with the Catholic church, such as the following: Is one church as good as another? The Church and the Bible. The Infallibility of the Pope. The Confession of Sins. The Real Presence, etc. He is an able, forceful and impressive speaker.

WANTED—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; \$200 salary per year, payable weekly, \$5 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona-fide definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANBARD HOWSE, 34 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO. 1-18-01.

Florida State Fair.
To the Editor of the Banner:
In the Ocala Banner of January 18, is instituted a square of two inches of the most influential words to Florida residents and non-residents that could be encompassed at this time, which is to instigate a state fair in Florida.
Florida has been wrestling a long time to rid itself of mistakes made years ago. The time has arrived when Florida can now compete, financially and socially, with her sister states, and the work is judiciously commenced. The good road system has the sway, and the Banner is coupled with the coming Florida display. Ocala is entitled to the claim, and the Banner will not miss its aim. A state fair in or near Ocala would induce thousands of visitors every year. The Banner will stay at its post we know in this matter.

Yours truly,
DAVID HULSE.
Pisgah, Butler Co., O., Jan. 25.

It Girdles the Globe
The fame of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, as the best in the world, extends round the earth. It's the one perfect healer of cuts, corns, burns, bruises, sores, scalds, boils, ulcers, felons, aches, pains and all skin eruptions. Only infallible Pile cure. 25c a box at Garrett & Gerig's.

The White Man's Burden
is usually indigestion, which means no appetite, sleeplessness, irritability, weariness of body and brain. Dr. Loyal Ford's Dyspepticide is a new and perfect cure. It aids digestion, tones and regulates the stomach. In

Griner Farm.
Special Correspondence Ocala Banner.

The farmers are all busy in this section planting cane, corn, wheat and oats.

We are having hog killing times out this way—all of us have some bacon in cold storage.

Our "greens" will soon be ready to thin out.

Mr. A. B. Hsells came up from Cordeale to visit friends and relatives last week.

Mr. Joe Goolsby spent Sunday in our community. Wonder what is the magnet.

Miss Minnie Hattell and Mr. J. Colbert came down from Sparr Sunday. We are always glad to see old friends. Come again.

Quite a large congregation gathered to hear Brother Graham's sermon last Sunday, but owing to the inclemency of the weather he unavoidably disappointed his friends.

Mrs. B. H. Leitner is reported to be quite indisposed this week.

Highland catfish seem quite plentiful near Silver Springs run.

Nearly everyone has just recovered or is taking the grip.

The many friends of Mr. Jim Luffman were agreeably surprised when they were presented to his charming bride Sunday afternoon. They were very quietly married in Anthony Sunday morning by Rev. Mr. Graham. The bride, Miss Annie Colbert, is a sweet, lovable young lady of many accomplishments, while the groom is well and favorably known as a gentleman of sterling qualities. We wish them both a long, happy and prosperous life.
PUNCH.

Blown to Atoms.

The old idea that the body sometimes needs a powerful, drastic, purgative pill has been exploded, for Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are perfectly harmless, gently stimulate liver and bowels to expel poisons matter, cleanse the system and absolutely cure constipation and sick headache. Only 25c at Garrett & Gerig's drug store. 1

Cathedral Church Choir.
Harrison Bros' Minstrels carry as a special feature the celebrated Cathedral Church Choir, who are collectively the highest priced group of colored singers traveling. Each member is a graduate of the Conservatory of Music, and they render many of the famous songs, including "The Holy City." The Harrison Bros. give a free parade on show day, which concludes with a cake walk on the street. On Monday February 4.

E. L. GROSS,
Commission - Broker,
Manufacturer, Merchant and Shippers' Agent.

Have ready sale for all Florida Productions. Special demand at present for new Florida Syrup, Clay Peas and Florida Peanuts.

Quotations on Request.
Correspondence Solicited.

E. L. GROSS,
TAMPA - - - - - FLORIDA.

References—Exchange National Bank, any railroad agent or wholesale merchant in the city.

THE STORY OF L'AIGLON
A Translation of THE GREAT FRENCH ROMANCE
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY F. A. MITCHELL.

[Continued from last week]

CHAPTER VII. COLETTE.

A few words will suffice to explain the presence of the young girl in the apartment of the Duke of Reichstadt. Colette, the daughter of a soldier during the time of Napoleon, had nothing of the timidity of the young girl of today. Besides, the brief time which remained did not admit of hesitation or scruples. The preparations for taking away the duke had all been made, the day had been fixed, and it was too late to recede. It was her part to act rapidly and without hesitation or fear. Unhappily, the interview between the duke and Colette in the wood had been interrupted. Reichstadt, carried away by enthusiasm for Colette, had no objection to the plan, but was too much excited to remain sufficiently long in the park to permit the young girl to give him any explanation of the details. It was to repair this omission that Colette, intending to instruct the duke, had entered his apartments and had been witness to the sacrilegious search of Metternich and Otto de Falkenstein. When she heard the last part of the conversation between the two and understood that the secret of the conspirators was known, a cold perspiration stood upon her forehead. She seized upon the entrance behind her to sustain herself.

But how, considering that the door had been locked (the two accomplices having been obliged to force it in order to carry out their infamous project), had Colette been able to enter and conceal herself in the duke's apartments?

It was thus: When the Emperor Napoleon, the conqueror of the Austrians, fixed his residence, between two victories, at Schonbrunn, he occupied the apartments which by chance years afterward fell to his son. But the officers of the staff necessarily coming to him at all times, their general, who wished to be alone, putting aside ceremony, was accustomed to descend into the park to breathe the night air and drive away the austere thoughts which are the companion of power. So he caused to be constructed a secret passage, concealed by tapestry. Silvere, whom the emperor had attached to his person and from whom he had nothing to conceal, knew of this passage. When, therefore, Colette returned to the cottage after her interview with Reichstadt and told her adopted father that she had failed to fully accomplish her mission, Silvere did not hesitate to confide the secret to her. Colette profited by the information and on the night of the ball stole through the passage to the apartments of the prince to deposit the letter of the conspirators. The presence of Metternich and Otto and their discovery of the plot, which would ruin everything, instantly changed her plan. Taking counsel with no one but herself, she replaced in her bosom the letter which she had taken out. Then, approaching the table and seizing a pen which lay upon a silver casket, she wrote with a feverish hand:

Messieurs—Meet us tomorrow night, the 6th of May, not at midnight, but at 10 o'clock. At the ruined convent of Camaldules. Your highness must be accompanied by some one. I insist that it be the Count de Falkenstein.
COLETTE.

Then, raising the bronze mask, she placed the note where it would be found.

Knowing by the sound of carriage wheels that the guests were departing, the ball was finished and the duke would soon return, she raised the hangings and disappeared, saying: "I have two hours—two hours. God is just. Hope!"

A league from Schonbrunn, in a wooded valley separated from Wagram by high hills, stands the Monastery of Camaldules. It was built in the early part of the twelfth century by the followers of St. Romuald and had passed through many revolutions and wars. Its location at some distance from the road had been a safeguard, the avalanche of armies which for centuries had passed and repassed its walls not suspecting its existence. It was not until the imperial wars, when laborers were needed, that the monks left the monastery and dispersed to other abodes of their order. The monastery, thus abandoned, fell a prey to the ravages of time. Its bells were silent, the organ was mute, and moss grew in its ruined cells.

But the ruin was not absolutely deserted. One of the monks, almost a hundred years old, obtained permission from his superiors to await death in the cloister where he had lived. In his youth he had studied the effects of herbs and had numerous patients among the poor. He also acquired a knowledge of the treatment of wounds and made a reputation which at last extended beyond his first limited field. Silvere, who was suffering from numerous wounds, having heard of the monk physician, visited him and received beneficial treatment. After that the two met often. Although living different lives, there grew up between the lonely old creature a sincere friendship. On bright days the soldier, seated on a broken column, told stories of his battles to his companion. The monk, counting the beads of his rosary, often interrupted him to

speak of God. When night came, they bade each other adieu, the soldier-gardener returning to the chateau, while the hermit entered his abode and stretched himself on a mat of rushes, which, with a rustic bench, was the only furniture in his narrow cell. During these visits Silvere came to know all about the monastery and its most secret recesses.

One winter night (it was Christmas eve; the snow had been falling for several days and made the roads impassable) the monk insisted that his friend should sleep at the monastery. Silvere allowed himself to be persuaded, so cold was the night, though he would have preferred his own bed to the hard couch offered him by his host and to this rickety abode. He tried to sleep, but in vain. The bells of Vienna, calling the faithful to midnight mass, came lightly muffled by the intervening hills. Not being able to sleep, he was tossing on his couch when the door opened, and there, by the light of a torch, he saw the monk beckoning him to rise and follow him. Silvere rose, and the two, climbing over the wreck of cloisters, entered the chapel.

The monk, taking a crowbar from under the altar, pushed aside a large stone running on grooves, which, with the aid of the instrument, could be easily displaced. An icy draft, impregnated with the odor of decaying flesh, blew in their faces, and they instinctively recoiled. The monk first recovered his equanimity and, followed by the soldier, advanced to the opening. By means of a ladder they descended

to a subterranean chapel, the walls of which were of rarest marble. At one end of the chapel was an altar, covered with vestments and such things as are used in masses for the dead. A crucifix was covered with a crape. There were also wax tapers and silver candlesticks. On the farther side of the choir, placed on oaken supports, their cowls covering their foreheads, were a hundred monks, who seemed to be awaiting the signal of their abbe to sing the hours.

Silvere looked upon the spectacle with astonishment, but the odor of putrid flesh rendered any prolonged stay in the chapel dangerous. The monk realized the danger on seeing the light of the torch grow dim. Seizing the soldier by the arm, he drew him quickly to the foot of the ladder, and both remounted to the domain of the living. The monk moved the stone into its former position and replaced the crowbar under the steps of the altar. Then turning to Silvere he said:

"My friend and brother, when I insisted on your keeping me company to-night I had grave reasons for doing so. It is time that I should explain myself. My years are numbered, and I believe that death is not far away. You are courageous and will be faithful to an oath. Will you swear upon the crucifix which is before us that when I am dead you will take me in your arms and place me in the empty cell at the right of the choir? I have endured to live here alone that I might at last rest there. I await your answer."

Silvere, deeply touched by the words of the monk and understanding the attachment of the hermit for the place where he had passed his life, gave the required promise, and when, a few days after, the hermit died he deposited his remains beside his former comrades. This is how Silvere came to know the monastery in all its various parts and why he had chosen it as a rendezvous for the son of Napoleon and the generals. We shall see later on what use they made of the subterranean chapel.

[Continued next week]

The Railroad Restaurant feeds the hungry and gives rest to the weary.

COMING!

HARRISON BROS' NEW AND ANCIENT SOUTH.

In Their Waterproof Canvass Theatre
LARGEST MINSTRELS TRAVELING!
70 PEOPLE 70

Performances at 2 and 8 p. m. Admission reduced to 25c.

<i>Funny Comedians</i>	<i>Sweetest Singers</i>
<i>Grotesque Dances</i> Of Colored Race	<i>Strictly Refined</i>
<i>Parade at Noon</i>	<i>Cake Walk on Street</i>

OCALA, MONDAY, FEB. 4.

Parade halts at the Ocala House, where men and women in full dress give a sample of Madison Square Cake Walk. Hear the Cathedral Church Choir.

Show grounds on Plant System railroad, opposite Silver Springs & West-ern railway passenger depot.

OCALA LUMBER COMPANY.
(Also Successor to Yankee Novelty Works)

Rough and Finished Lumber, Mantels, Sash, Doors, Church Seats, Tables, Door and Window Frames, Railings, Pulpits, Bedroom Suits, Kitchen Tables and Safes, Moldings, Turned Work, Scroll Sawing, Lath, Shingles, Etc.
PATENT BEE HIVES A SPECIALTY.
Estimates promptly furnished.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE

In connection with Plant System. Schedule effective Nov. 25, 1900.

	No. 28	No. 32	No. 34
Leave Port Tampa	7:25 a.m.	7:25 p.m.	7:25 p.m.
Tempa	8:00 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	8:00 p.m.
Lakeland	9:20 a.m.	9:20 p.m.	9:20 p.m.
Ocala	1:45 p.m.	1:45 p.m.	1:45 p.m.
Jacksonville	8:00 p.m.	8:33 a.m.	8:33 a.m.
Sevannah	1:45 p.m.	1:45 p.m.	1:45 p.m.
Charleston	6:45 a.m.	5:22 p.m.	5:22 p.m.
Richmond	7:25 p.m.	4:00 a.m.	4:00 a.m.
Washington	11:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.
Baltimore	1:05 a.m.	5:27 a.m.	5:27 a.m.
Philadelphia	3:50 a.m.	11:12 a.m.	11:12 a.m.
New York	6:53 a.m.	1:45 p.m.	1:45 p.m.
Boston	3:00 p.m.	9:30 p.m.	9:30 p.m.

No. 34 Daily, Florida and West Indian Limit.
- Vestibule coaches Jacksonville to Washington.
- Pullman drawing room buffet sleeping cars Port Tampa, Tampa and Jacksonville to New York without change. Connects at Washington with Colonial Express, via steamer "Maryland" for Boston. Only one night on the road.
No. 35 Atlantic Coast Line Express, connects with trains from all points in Florida, and connections made for all points in the Carolinas and Virginia. Through Pullman buffet sleeping cars Jacksonville, via Richmond and Washington, to New York.

For Pullman reservations, rates and all other information apply to
F. C. BOYLSTON, Agt. S. P. COLLIER, Jr., Sol. P. A.
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