



A Great Intrigue, OR, THE Mistress of Darracourt.

CHAPTER XVII.

He turned to the sideboard and got her some wine, and she drank it almost at a draught.

"Where have you come from?" he demanded. "What is the matter?"

She laughed and wiped her lips with her lace-edged handkerchief.

"I have come from the woods. Can any one hear us?" she broke off, glancing round her suspiciously.

"No one," he said, impatiently; "they are all in bed."

She sank into a chair and threw the cloak from her throat.

"I have good news for you," she said, still panting a little. "Everything has worked for us—everything! Every little incident and accident!"

"Well—well!" he demanded impatiently.

"If they had known my plot and wished to help it forward they could not have acted better than they have done."

He stood over her, his hard, keen eyes glittering. A clear was in his hand, and he went and lit it at the lamp. It marked very finely the regard and respect he had for her, his tool and accomplice.

"Go on," he said, coolly.

"Wait!" she retorted. "I have been working while you have been lounging and smoking here. I have been to the woods, assisting at a love scene between your future wife and—Harry Herne!"

He bit the cigar viciously and clinched his teeth.

"Curse him!"

"I have moved you at last, have I? Well, you can curse him safely now, for he is out of your hearing."

"What?"

"Yes, he has gone!"

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"Gone?"

"Gone at last, and for good," she retorted. "I have seen him pack up and start, and he is not the sort of man to come back. Before to-morrow night he will be miles away. Such men, desperate men, always go abroad. He will have sailed before she can know that he has gone."

"She does not know, then?"

"No," she replied, with an evil sneer. "She thinks that she has bound him to her, body and soul. And so she would have done if the poor fool had a little less honor. A very troublesome thing this honor, my lord! How glad we should be that we don't possess it; you and I!"

He went to the sideboard and filled a glass with brandy and drank it.

"I am ready," he said. "She went to him there, you say, at this time of night, and alone?"

"Yes, she went to him, and alone! Wonderful, isn't it, for a proud woman like Lucille? But you must punish her for it in the future. Now come, there is no time to lose."

"No," he said, moodily.

Then he went to the plate closet, and drawing out the key, arranged the word.

The panel moved slowly and smoothly back, and the two stood and looked at the glittering shelves.

"Choose the largest," whispered Marie Verner. "That vase there," and she pointed to an urn of antique look.

He nodded and took it from its place.

"Now take half a dozen of the others to your room and hide them," she said. "Take the best."

"I know—I know!" he said, impatiently.

"Well, off with you, then," she said, imperiously, "there is no time to lose. Wait!" for he had accompanied her to the door. "Don't go in that gleaming shirt front. A gamekeeper could see you a mile off."

He nodded again, his face pale and working, and taking up his overcoat, put it on and turned up the collar.

"That is better," she said, with a laugh. "Now if Hope, the keeper, should see you, he won't have so good a mark to aim at. Are you ready? Thank follow me!"

With the cup under his cloak, the marquise passed out after her and both went in the direction of the hut.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Marie Verner slept little for the remainder of that night, and before the rest of the house was stirring, and while Lucille lay rapt in that slumber which love sends to its favorites, Marie got up, and bathing her face to remove if possible the dark marks under her eyes, she dressed and knocked at Susie's door.

"Come and help me pick some flowers for Miss Lucille's table," she said, in a low voice. "I will wait for you in the hall."

She heard Susie spring out of bed and answer, "Yes, miss," with delighted alacrity, then went downstairs. Her face was pale, there was a hard look in her eyes, and the thin lips were tightly closed over the small, even teeth. This that she was about to do was a risky deed; one false step, one incautious movement, and the delicately-laid plot would fall like a house of cards, and bury her under something heavier than cardboard. But as she heard Susie's voice on the stairs she forced her face into a smile, and hummed cheerfully:

"Here you are, then, Susie; you haven't been long."

"Oh, no, miss, I was afraid you'd get tired of waiting and go without me. It was very, very kind of you to let me come. This way, Miss Marie, all the best roses are on the south side of the garden."

"We'll go there afterwards," said Marie Verner. "I want some convolvuli from the park fence."

"Very well, miss," said Susie, and with her basket on her arm she tripped light-heartedly by her side.

They reached the park fence, and were busy cutting long sprays of the convolvuli when they heard a step behind the hedge, and saw the marquise approaching.

Susie drew back respectfully, but not out of hearing, and Marie nodded with a charming air of surprise as he raised his hat and extended his hand.

"Good-morning, Lord Merie. How early you are. Susie and I thought we should have the whole world to ourselves this morning. Why, what

is the matter? Has anything happened?" she broke off, abruptly, for the marquise stood regarding her with a pale and troubled face.

He bit his lip, and tried to smile carelessly.

"Well, yes, something has happened, Miss Verner," he replied; "but I don't think I ought to spoil your morning's ramble with so vulgar a business."

"Oh, what is it?" she demanded.

"You must tell me now you have raised my curiosity. I hope it isn't anything serious, though."

"Serious—well, rather," he said, slowly, as if reluctant to tell her.

Susie was drawing farther away with respectful delicacy, but Marie called to her.

"Hold these scissors, Susie," and Susie was obliged to come back and stand close beside her. "Nobody—dead" asked Marie, gravely.

"No," he said; "no one is dead. It is just like this, Miss Verner: I have met with a heavy loss."

"Oh, I am so sorry," she exclaimed, sympathetically. "It must be horrid to lose a large sum of money. That is the calamity which poor people like myself can't experience. But I am sorry."

"Thank you," he said. "I am grateful for your sympathy. But it is not money; it is something I value far more, Miss Verner. The plate-closet has been broken into and a quantity of the oldest and rarest of the articles has been stolen."

Marie Verner stared. Susie dropped the scissors, and stood pale and open-mouthed.

"You—you are joking!" exclaimed Marie Verner.

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Joking! I wish I were!" he responded. "No, it is sad and sober truth, Miss Verner. The plate-closet has been visited by some one, and I am minus some beautiful and costly heirlooms. It is not the mere material value of the things that I care about; although that is considerable, but they—the pieces that are stolen—have been in the Merle family for years, some of them for centuries, and I could not replace them if I were to expend a hundred thousand pounds."

"Oh, dear, dear!" she murmured. "How dreadful! When did you find it out?"

"Just now," he replied. "Half an hour ago, I got up to do some fishing—you know the fish rise in the early morning—and I went for my rod which I keep in the small dining room."

"Yes, yes," she said, impatiently.

"My rod in the dining room," he continued, slowly, like one repeating a lesson. "As I crossed the room I noticed that the panel door was slightly open, and thinking that I had left it so by mistake I went to close it. Something, I don't know what, made me throw it back and look inside; then I discovered my loss."

"Dear me, how shocking! And to think that the words I said so jestingly and lightly the other day should come true! Don't you remember that while you were showing the plate I said some one would find out the secret of the lock and steal it all?"

"Yes, I remember," he said, smiling gloomily; "and you have proved a true prophet; some one has stolen it."

He leaned against the fence and tilted his hat on one side with an abstracted, worried air, and there was silence for a minute, Susie still standing pale and amazed.

"And whom do you suspect?" asked Marie Verner, in a low voice.

"Have you any suspicions at all?"

"Yes, I do suspect some one," he said.

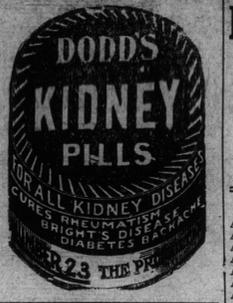
"Do tell me!" she exclaimed. "I won't say a word."

"Oh, I will tell you," he said, drawing a little closer so that Susie, pale and trembling, could hear every word.

"Miss Verner, from what little I have read of burglaries, I am convinced that they are perpetrated by some one who knows the place to be broken into, and that the affair is usually planned out beforehand. The house is watched, and all that kind of thing, you know."

"Yes, yes," she assented. "And has the Hall been watched?"

"Judge for yourself," said the marquise, slowly, and in a low, troubled voice. "Last night my butler, while strolling round the conservatory walk,



found a man concealed in the angle of the wall, watching the plate-room."

"Oh!"

"Yes, Forbes stepped cautiously up to him and laid a hand upon his shoulder, and the man proved to be a person well known—too well known—in the neighborhood. He explained his presence there by saying that he had followed a dog from the woods. Forbes, who is a simple sort of man, accepted the excuse at once, and had no suspicions of the man's real business there, notwithstanding that the fellow bore a shady character, and that Forbes, who had been out some time, had seen nothing of any dog."

"And—and he let him go?"

"He let him go," said the marquise, slowly, "suspecting nothing and taking no precautions, as he should have done. I overheard a part of the conversation, and saw the man, and I am as much to blame as Forbes, for I also took no precaution—and now my plate has gone."

There was silence for a moment.

"You saw him as well as Forbes?"

"I did."

"And, of course, if he was caught you could swear to him?"

"Of course. I saw him quite plainly; I heard his voice. I know the man quite well, and so do you."

"Do I really? You make me feel quite uncomfortable!" and she gave a little shudder. "Do tell me who it was."

"I know no reason why I should not," he answered, after a moment. "The man was Harry Herne."

Marie Verner uttered a low cry of amazement.

"Harry Herne!" she exclaimed.

"Oh!"

(To be Continued.)

Advertisement for Lazzell's MASSAITA Talcum Powder, featuring an image of the product and text describing its benefits.

Advertisement for Books Worth Reading, listing various titles and authors.

Advertisement for Garrett Byrne, Bookseller & Stationer, listing various books and services.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Aug. 31st, 1914.

- A Adams, James, Pennywell Road
Adams, Joseph, Pennywell Road
Adams, Jas.
Appley, Fred A.
Anderson, R.
Anderson, Miss R., P. O. Box 476
Aylward, Hanna, Reant's Mill Rd.
Adams, George, card, Queen's Rd.
Auckinleck, Jas., Pennywell Road
Adey, Miss Cora J.
Allen, Mr., King's Road
Alcock, Gladys, Springdale St.
Abbott, Amelia, Bond Street
Bragg, Miss Annie, Gower Street
Barrett, Cyrus, George's Street
Barrett, Harvey, George St.
Bartlett, Malcolm, Gower Street
Bryant, Wm., St. John's
Barnes, Madge
Barnes, Miss Ada, Allandale Rd.
Bell, Jas., Nagle's Hill
Benoit, Elliott, care Gen'l Delivery
Berry, Miss Edith, Hotel Royal
Berkley, Mondon, Field St.
Brien, Miss Annie, Duckworth St.
Boone, Andrew, cards, P. O. Box 59
Buchanan, Mrs. Richard
Baxton, G. A. J.
Brusheit, Miss Minnie, New Gower St.
Butts, Miss M., card
Butcher, Miss, Gower St.
Burry, Miss Maud, Freshwater Road
Butler, Phillip C., Duckworth St.
Berr, Patrick
Carter, Ralph H., card, late Truro
Chafe, Beatrice, Queen Street
Canning, Wm.
Clark, J., card
Clancy, Mrs. M. A., Hayward's Ave.
Cobbold, Alexander, New Gower St.
Corgett, Mrs. Allandale Road
Cook, Mrs. Pierce, Maxse St.
Colgrove, Richard
Cooney, Mrs., Field St.
Colridge, Archibald, Bannerman St.
Candow, David, slip, New Gower St.
Corbett, Miss Alice
Cole, Miss S., card, Pennywell Road
Covey, Mrs. James, Bond Street
Connors, Martin
Cowan, Walter, late Toronto
Dawe, Roland, care of R. N. Co.
Day, Master Wm., St. John's West
Dawe, Miss Emily, Gower Street
Daniels, Peter, card, Water St. West
Davis, Miss Lizzie M.,
Derrick, Harry, card, New Gower St.
Dwyer, Miss Mabel, Pennywell Rd.
Driscoll, T., Cornwall Avenue
Driscoll, Mrs. Herbert, Cornwall Ave.
Dicks, Mrs. Minnie, New Gower St.
Donovan, Mrs. Jas., Pile's Hill
Doran, John W., care P. Office
Dunne, Emily, Gower Street
Duffett, Thomas
Duke, Miss Annie, Alexander St.
Dahall, Mrs. B., Hamilton St.
Ellis, J. Ernest, care Gen'l Delivery
Fewer, Peter, care of G. P. O.
Fleming, Mrs. Thomas, card,
Hayward's Avenue
Fitzgerald, Wm., Carter's Hill
Field, Wm. P.
Flossie, Miss Flossie
Fox, Mrs. Fred, Mullock St.
Flood, Mrs.
Foley, Mrs. Patrick, Quidi Vidi
Frost, Sydney, card
Fowler, Capt.
Furlong, Miss Rose, Freshwater Rd.
Fitzgerald, card, Cochrane St.
Griffin, Wm.
Griffiths, Miss Amey, New Gower St.
Greening, Miss Muriel, Box 75
Gillis, Joseph R., care G. Delivery
Goss, Miss Lizzie, Waterford Hotel
Gronchey, Horatio, care R. N. Co.
Groves, John
Goodwin, Miss Amelia
Guest, W. T.
Hartigan, B. A.
Harris, Miss Lizzie, ret'd.
Hansford, Geo., Pile's Hill
Hennebury, Wm., Freshwater Road
Hennessey, John, Angel Place
Healey, George, J., Water St. West
Hickey, Wm. J.
Hippesley, Mrs., Cabot St.
Holmes, A. H., Pleasant St.
Hollahan, Joh., care Ed. Hollahan,
Hobbs, Wm., care General Delivery
Hopkins, Carrie, Musgrave Terrace
Howard, Daniel
Hobbs, Wm., care Gen'l Delivery
Housie, Mr., Military Road
Holmes, Miss Susie, Waterford Bridge
Hunt, Bennett
Hubley, R. A.
James, Wm. P., care G. S. Campbell
Johnson, Miss Lillian, card
Johnston, J. H.
Johnstone, J. R., care Gen'l P. Office
Johnson, Miss Bessie M.
Jones, Ambrose, Quidi Vidi Road
Jeanes, Fannie, Circular Road
Johnson, Mrs. H. M.
Johnson, Mrs., Sarah
Kelly, Wm. M.
Kensally, Miss Bride
Kearsey, Wm., Pennywell Road
Kelley, Patrick, Hutchings' Street
Lynch, Andrew
King, John
Lawlor, Mrs. Walter, Pleasant St.
LeRue, Walter E.
Lewis, Mr., care Gen. Post Office
Lewis, Mrs. Kollip, Georgestown
Lee, Miss Susie, Water Street
Leahy, Mrs. Mary, Casey's St.
Leonard, Miss Lillian, Simms' St.
Lynch, Andrew
Lynch, James F.
Little, Miss May
Lyons, Michael, Victoria Street
Lousack, Miss Lizzie
care of Wm. Noseworthy
Long, Miss G. Brazill's Square
Lodge, Fred C., care Job's Office
Lynch, William, care Reid Co.
Longworth, Marian, "Avalon"
Louis, Caleb, Mullock Street
Long, Gerlie, Brazill's Square
Long, John, Prescott Street
Long, Mrs. S. A., Gower Street
Learning, Miss Maria, Circular Rd.
Mahon, Richard
Mahon, M.
Maynard, F.
Martin, Mrs. Theo., care G. P. O.
Martin, Blanche, care Thos. Martin
Martin, Mrs. Jessie
late Gen'l Hospital
Mahon, Richard
Marshall, Mrs. A. M., care G. P. O.
Meyers, John, Spencer Street
Maynard, D.
Miller, John
Miller, John S.
Moss, Bernard, McDougall Street
Moffett, J. A., care Gen. Delivery
Moon, Miss M.
Molloy, J. J.
Morgan, M., care G. P. O.
Murphy, Mrs. Anastasia
Murphy, Miss Jane, care Gen. Delivery
Murphy, Peter, Brine Street
Mallard, Mrs. Hugh
Martin, Miss Mary, Duckworth St.
Morris, A., Bond Street
Nielsen, Miss T., Central St.
Nichol, Richard
Norris, Charles
Thomas, Moses
Noseworthy, E., Johnson's Lane
Nottall, Mrs. John, Williams' St.
Noseworthy, Miss Bessie, Gower St.
Norman, Mrs. Ellen, Pleasant Street
Norman, J.
Noonan, E., Barnes' Road
Nugent, Miss Nellie, Cabot Street
O'Grady, Miss Theresa, Hoylistown
Oldford, Bert, care Harvey & Co.
O'Neill, Miss Aggie
care Mrs. J. Curtin,
St. John's West
Oldford, Miss Hannah, Barnes' Road
Oldford, Miss Ella, Maxse Street.
O'Neill, George, (card).
O'Neill, James
O'Neill, Edward.
O'Neill, Miss Annie, Central Street.
O'Brien, Miss M., Fairville.
O'Reilly, Michael.
Oliver, T. J.
O'Neill, Miss Margaret, Barnes' Road.
O'Donnell, Mrs. Hae.
Osmond, Mrs. A. Gower Street.
O'Connell, Mrs. P. J.
Parrell, Miss Katie,
St. John's West
Parsons, Mrs. Wm., 5— Street.
Pack, Mrs. Edwin.
Parsons, M., New Gower Street.
Parsons, Eric, Barnes' Road.
Payne, T. V.
Parsons, P., (card), Duckworth St.
Parsons, Miss M., care of G.P.O.
Parsons, D. J.
Parsons, Mrs. Thos., Spencer Street.
Pelly, Walter, care of Gen'l Delivery.
Perry, Miss Jennina, Harvard's Ave.
Penny, B. George's St. East.
Penny, J. J.
Penny, Miss Grace, Gower Street.
Perry, Joseph, (Reid's Station).
Penney, Miss E. L., Gower Street.
Penney, Miss E., Hoylistown.
Penney, B., George's Street.
Pike, Mrs. Wm., Allandale Road.
Powers, Miss Violet, (card) Water St.
Percey, Allan, Notre Dame Street.
Percey, Sam.
Prince, Miss Mina, care
Wood and Kelly.
Pittman, Mrs. Ann, Duckworth St.
Pittman, Miss Bessie, LeMarchant Rd.
Penney, Mrs., Spencer Street.
Ryall, James A., care G.P.O.
Ralph, Reuben, Convent Lane.
Ryan, Miss Rose, Bond Street.

- Rankin, Mrs. Phoebe.
Waterford Bridge Road.
Ryan, Miss, (card), Military Road.
Reeves, P., Duckworth Street.
Reid, Mrs. Wm., Convent Lane.
Reid, Mrs. E., Brine Street.
Reader, Miss Winnie, Rocky Lane.
Reid, Flossie, Circular Road.
Reid, Elzezer.
Reader, Mrs. Arthur, Theatre Hill.
Reid, Mrs. H., (slip), Circular Road
Ridout, Alfred, late s.s. Stella Maria.
Roberts, Geo., Burton's Pond.
Ross, A. M., Gower Street.
Rogers, Mrs. R., Barter's Hill.
Robert, P. J.
Rolf, John.
Rourke, Jas., care R. N. Co.
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Rogers, Stephen, Brazill's Sq.,
and Springdale Street.
Rousell, Edward.
Roste, Miss Bessie, Lime Street.
Russell, George.
Ratner, Mrs. Barbara.
Sharpe, Miss Alice.
Sparks, David, Barnes' Road.
Strong, Miss E., care Maxse Street.
Swann, Wm.
Saunders, E. W., Hayward's Avenue.
Spracklin, G. G.
Stalling, E. J.
Samuelson, F., Freshwater Road.
Seymour, Miss (card), Duckworth St.
Shoshan, Miss Annie.
Sheppard, Ernest, Water Street.
Sheppard, R. W.
Spencer, J.
Smith, Sarah A.
Stickling, Wm.
Stickling, Benjamin.
Skiffington, E. D.
Smith, J., care G.P.O.
Smith, James B.
Snow, Gerlie, care James Wiseman,
Collins' Lane.
Snow, Patrick.
Stoyles, Gordon, Quidi Vidi Road.
Strong, Miss E., (card), Carleton St.
Snow, C. E., (retd.).
Scott, John, (Exchange Building).
Slocum, Mrs. Wm.
Short, Miss L.
Sorries, Miss G., care I. Jeanes.
Strong, E. A., Cochrane Street.
Snow, Elzezer, George's Street.
Strong, E. A.
Timmins, David, (card).
Telfer, J. A., Prescott Street.
Trauner, Edward, Hamilton Street.
Thistle, Mrs. A.
Tilley, Miss Bella, Spencer Street.
Thompson, L. M., s.s. "Glencoe".
Thompson, Wm.
Tobin, P. J.
Thomas, Moses.
Thomas, Geo., Freshwater Road.
Thompson, C. K.
Thomson, Walter, Adelaide Street.
Tuma, S. E.
Vavasour, S., Parade Street.
Vickers, Miss Nora, Plymouth Road.
Vickers, Miss Lucy.
Waterman, Mrs. J. C., Monkstown Rd.
Walsh, C. N., Crosbie Hotel.
Wallis, A. L., Gower Street.
Walsh, Miss Emma.
Watson, James H., (late Halifax).
Wackham, Mrs. Thomas, Flower Hill.
Wadden, Jos., (card), Theatre Hill.
Wall, Miss M., Convent Square.
Wall, Miss M., Circular Road.
Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road.
Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Road.
Warren, K.
Walsh, James P.
Watson, Miss Effie, (card).
Weir, E. T., Newtown Road.
Walker, Mrs. Jessie, Middle Road.
West, St. Clair, care Post Office.
Wheeler, Mrs. Barbara.
West, E.
West, Mrs., Convent Lane.
Williams, Miss Barbara.
Wickford, Miss Mary, Young Street.
Wills, James.
White, Bell, Bond Street.
Williams, John, Pennywell Road.
White, John, care Capt. Wm. Davis,
Freshwater Road.
White, Miss Fannie, Gower Street.
Winsor, Miss Mary Jane, (card),
Charlton Street.
Williams, Allan.
Winsor, Susan, (card), Williams St.
Winnick, Jack.
White, Wm.
Winsthorpe, Miss Bessie, William St.
Woodford, Mrs. Mary, Young Street.
Wolf, J., Forest Road.
Wood, Mrs. Wm. M., King's St.
Wa'erman, Mrs. J. S., Monkstown Rd.
Young, John G., Duckworth Street.
Yonden, Thomas Mrs., Sebastine St.
Young, Lizzie, (card).
Yetman, Mrs. John, Quidi Vidi Road.
Young, Elsie, Job's Street.
Youden, Thomas, Casey St.
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Advertisement for William Adolphus Turnpike, featuring the text 'Does It Hurt You to Laugh?' and 'William Adolphus Turnpike'.

Advertisement for Dicks & Co., Ltd., featuring the text 'Does It Hurt You to Laugh?' and 'William Adolphus Turnpike'.

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