

THE FAMILY JEWELS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF L. SCHUCKLING.

CHAPTER II.

La Ferme des Auges was not situated on the main stream of the Meuse; but on an inlet that was surrounded by gradually rising ground, crowned by dense forests, the only outlet being at the northeast where the waters of the inlet joined those of the river. This protected situation contributed greatly to the fruitfulness of the charming little mountain sheltered nook; rows of carefully pruned fruit trees flourished in the fields; a stately avenue of nut bearing trees led to the mansion which was surrounded by a large garden, whose arrangement displayed the taste of the century past; prim yew hedges and quaint geometrically formed beds, interposed with dingy looking arbors. A broad flight of stone steps led to the terrace upon which stood the house—not such a one as the character of the garden would lead one to expect—a rococo castle, with stately wings and projecting towers; but a simple unpretending villa, a single story with a high mansard roof, white washed, with green jaconies. Instead of wings, only a small conservatory on one side and an aviary on the other.

All this Daveland observed as, accompanied by Hartig, he rode through the chestnut avenue the next day to pay his first visit to the Ferme des Auges. Max had persuaded Hartig to accompany him, giving as his reason for fulfilling his promise to Mons. d'Avelon so soon, that Void was the most tiresome place in the world; and secondly that it would be very interesting to become familiar with the "interior" of a French family; and lastly that because this Mons. d'Avelon's face possessed a singular attraction for him—perhaps out of pure love of contradiction, because Southern had opposed him. Enough, our landwehr Lieutenant, accompanied by the scholar of the company, arrived at the court of the Ferme; and after delivering their horses the servant were conducted to the terrace in front of the villa.

Here they found two young ladies seated at a round cast iron table; a gentleman stood before them speaking earnestly, in whom Max recognized the driver of the chaise, and in one of the ladies, the original of the portrait.

The other was a dark, rather faded beauty; she looked like a native of Albi on; a delicate featured face surrounded by curling locks; a rather stiff, repellent manner and censorious glance that seemed to find fault with the world in general, was Daveland's mental observation.

He approached the group with a certain embarrassment as he perceived a not very friendly reception from the gentleman who measured his words with a courteous inclination of the head Daveland gave him their cards and explained the object of their visit. The gentleman with cold politeness bade them be seated, and left them to seek Mons. d'Avelon, throwing the cards upon the table as he turned to go.

"You live in a little paradise," said Max, after they had seated themselves at the invitation of the ladies, "and I've no doubt you feel yourselves very fortunate in being protected from the ravages of the war by these hills."

"We have certainly never had any of the enemy here until to-day," returned the younger lady, then continuing with a smile, "and the first who have ventured here greet us with friendly eyes—not so, Miss Ellen?" to that lady.

"You know as a Briton I am neutral, Valentine," returned Miss Ellen quietly. "Very kindly said," said Daveland bowing; "I do greet you with a friendly eye because it is entirely well, and once more capable of looking out for fortune or misfortune."

"Ah, can one have an eye to misfortune?" asked Valentine a little mockingly. "Certainly; the eye is the medium of the sense over which we have the least control. It often betrays what we would not have revealed for the world, and often receives impressions we would not have willingly accepted at any price—because they are impressions that make one unhappy."

"The ear is not any better—it hears many things that give us unhappiness—"

"Especially in modern times," added Miss Ellen stiffly.

"And there is feeling," continued Valentine. "We have discussed sight and hearing, let us discuss the sense of feeling—surely there is no more neutral conversation than that about the five senses. Germany is the land of sentiment, and you gentleman can tell us much about that which we know nothing—about this German heart of cast steel," she added bitterly in a lower tone.

"If the German heart is encased in such a coat of mail why challenge it? With people of such a feeling one had better be at peace," retorted Max.

"We have been deceived—we believed all the maidens, over there, to be Gretchen and all the gentlemen Werthers."

"But never recollect that Werther understood how to use powder and lead," interposed Hartig dryly.

There was a certain comicality in the murderous accent with which Hartig uttered these words, that called a smile to even Miss Ellen's prim lips.

"True, we never thought of that," said Valentine; "nor that the other type of the German, Faust, murdered Gretchen's

brother, and never went abroad without the devil at his side."

"And since then you see Mephistopheles beside every German?"

"Oh no, since then they do not need such a mentor! his lesson fell on too fruitful ground."

"And yet I wish I possessed the power to summon him, like my namesake in the 'Freischutz,' to assist me to parry your cruel speeches."

"Have you not your friend to assist you?" she asked glancing at Hartig with a slightly contemptuous smile.

"In a battle with ladies one does not choose to ask their friends for assistance—that, I believe, is the rule in the perpetual warfare between the sexes."

"Are they in perpetual warfare?"

"Yes—first because they never understand each other, and then because the fairer sex are conscious that they must acknowledge themselves the weaker side, sooner or later."

"What a strictly German idea!" she exclaimed a little impatiently. "Then even cupid wears a helmet in your land?"

"Like the Grecian Eros—yes. And so everywhere. Our planet has maintained its assigned orbit between Venus—and Mars; this has been its destiny for ages and will be for ages to come. Should love at first be conducted like a carnival jest, in which each party prepares itself with masks, to sport with bouquets and comets, then the struggles will come later, when marriages—"

"Then it will be all the more terrible, owing to the marriage of the opposing parties," interrupted Hartig again.

At that moment Mons. d'Avelon ascended the terrace steps, accompanied by the gentleman who had gone in quest of him. He was clad in a loose, gray coat and pantaloons and white straw hat; and as he came forward to greet his visitors, took the large pruning knife in his left hand to extend the right. After welcoming them cordially he turned to Miss Ellen and bade her see that dinner was prepared for their guests, then introducing the young gentleman as Gaston de Ribeauville, opened the conversation by inquiring for the latest political news.

"We must settle that before we attend to less important matters," he added pleasantly, "for I hope the gentlemen will give me the pleasure of showing the manner in which we conduct the agriculture here in the region of the Vosges—you will find it very difficult, and much better than they do it in Germany—at least I think so," he added sharply. "Do you bring any news of more German victories?"

"Why do you say German victories?" asked de Ribeauville sharply.

"My dear Gaston, you must admit that the victories have been German nearly every time," he answered shrugging his shoulders. "I do not wish to discuss my opinions about it, nor will I do so before these gentlemen. The Germans will conquer, and we must submit, notwithstanding all those fine speeches in our journals; you see these fine talkers don't understand the situation. The French achieved great things once; they once had a real field genius—there never was a greater—who overthrew the rotten and worm-eaten world of their neighbors; and then the dogma, that the French are the first soldiers in the field, originated! But I tell you the French are not a nation of warriors—they never were and never will be. The history of France is but a history of great battles—lost. From Poitiers and Crécy to Pavia, to Ramillies and Malplaquet, to Minden and Rossbach, to Vittoria and Waterloo, to Worth and Sedan—what defeats! Leaving the first Napoleon out of the question, does their historical importance depend upon these victories?—certainly not!"

"What a paradoxical assertion!" exclaimed Gaston with a sarcastic smile.

"I only assert that the nation is not a warlike one, and in this particular is no match for the Germans."

"Permit me to offer my opinion," interrupted Max. "You cannot deny that the French are a chivalrous people."

"And does not chivalrous mean brave?" exclaimed Valentine.

"Chivalrous means knightly, Fraulein. This gallantry, in other words, chivalry, was most perfectly and exclusively practiced in France; feudalism reigned nowhere so absolutely. And one of the greatest blessings of this feudalism was that it punished every commoner who presumed to carry arms—for this reason the multitude became unwarlike."

"Was this not the case in Germany?" asked Gaston, for the first time addressing Max.

"Unfortunately not so much as I would have wished. A remnant of feudal times still remains in our odious, to me, custom of shooting every franc-tireur we catch. Still it was not as bad with us as in France, and our people firmly adhered to the right of carrying arms to defend their country; should a war of the peasantry break out our people would show that they knew how to defend their homes—even our nobility could not be trained in tame courtesies by a Richelieu or Louis the Fourteenth; in short—"

"We savages are a better people in every sense of the word," interrupted Hartig in German.

Gaston de Ribeauville shrugged his shoulders, but Mons. d'Avelon nodded approvingly as he replied:

"There is truth in all this; but you must yield the glory of being the first to destroy this wretched feudalism to France; it is exterminated, root and branch in this country, while you still have a lot of

this middle-aged nonsense oppressing the masses; for instance, the right of primogeniture, entail, feudal tenure, etc., etc. All such miserable laws—which may God confound—have ruined and destroyed whole families!" As he spoke the last words with a sudden acrimony he carelessly took up the cards Gaston had thrown upon the table.

What ailed the man? Why did he stare at the card bearing "Max Daveland" on its smooth surface, with such a strange expression in his features?

There must have been something terrifying in the characters, for his hand trembled violently as he dropped the card and a tawing pallor spread over his face.

Only Max beheld the strange behavior as he glanced at him ere he answered. Mons. d'Avelon rose suddenly, and hastened into the house, and Valentine, thinking her father had but gone to bring something quietly continued the conversation, speaking in the tone of disdainful superiority she had at first assumed.

Valentine d'Avelon seemed to have been differently reared from the shy, French girls of the upper classes; those mute paragons of cloister-like pensiveness. Her great, inquiring eyes were fearless and unembarrassed as they met Daveland's glances; that gentleman found her entrancing spite of her evident hostility to his nation.

In the meantime Miss Ellen, who was returning from her errand to the kitchen, had entered the salon leading to the terrace. To her surprise she beheld Mons. d'Avelon seated in a low fauteuil, his head bent forward as his eyes stared fixedly at the floor. With a quick step she was beside him, and laying her hand familiarly on his shoulder, whispered softly:

"What is the matter, my friend? In heaven's name tell me what ails you? You are as pale as death—are you ill?"

"No—no—!" he almost gasped, shaking off her touch. "Leave me, Ellen—yes I am unwell, but it will pass directly—indeed—only send these Germans away—invent some plausible excuse—only get rid of them—immediately—no—no—come back! I don't mean that!"

Ellen stared at him in bewilderment. "Go and ascertain from what part of Germany they came—be careful, discreet; then come and tell me—but as you value your life, don't let them suspect—will you?"

"I will not—but tell me what is the matter with you—you are ill!"

"I am not ill—only a little faint. It has gone now, and I will go myself—come and be silent!"

He sprang to his feet, passed his hand hastily over his forehead and shook himself as if shaking off a troublesome burden; then he walked quickly out of the salon.

When Mons. d'Avelon joined the group on the terrace, a pause had just fallen on the conversation; Max's glance rested absently, as if lost in thought, upon Valentine's nimble fingers, as she busily assorted the silks for her embroidery; while Hartig calmly surveyed his *vis-à-vis*, Mons. de Ribeauville, whose handsome but rather *blanc* face was turned from him.

As the master of the house seated himself, he glanced searchingly at the faces of each; they seemed not to have noticed his abrupt departure or return. As if relieved he leaned back in his chair and after a little pause asked carelessly, while he shielded his face from Ellen's scrutinizing glance:

"The gentlemen have not told us from what part of Germany they come—they wear the Prussian uniform, but Prussia is so large now."

"I am from Kolnberg—the original Prussia," said Max hastily. "My comrade was born in Tilsit near the Russian border. We both held civil offices at home; he that of a schoolmaster, and I am in the office of the Administrator of the Province."

He glanced significantly—almost threateningly at Hartig who was staring at him in consternation.

"But your name is Daveland—I think I once knew a Rheinisch family by the same name," said d'Avelon.

"Very likely," returned Max. "I have heard that there is a family of the name in the Weser neighborhood; they are, however, no relation. They may have been connected in ancient times—you know in the days of Teutonic knightlyhood, our eastern regions were populated from the western boundaries of Germany."

Max delivered these words in the same seemingly careless manner with which Mons. d'Avelon had questioned him, and only Miss Ellen noticed how visibly the old gentleman's face brightened. His voice assumed its clear, pleasant tones as he rose and asked the gentlemen to accompany him in a tour of inspection around his estate until dinner.

His farm was his pride, he added laughingly, he had earned it himself—yes, had cultivated and improved it himself; and he was certain his guests would have but this opportunity to admire such agricultural success. So jestingly running on he led the way into the garden, while Gaston, who had declined going, looked after the three with a not very favorable glance.

"What a queer fancy! the idea of obtruding those Germans on one?" he muttered resentfully.

"'Twas less a fancy than a clumsiness which brought them here," Mons. de Ribeauville retorted Valentine pointedly.

"Are you so certain that it was a clumsiness, Valentine?"

"I don't think that you would have ventured to injure any of these Germans intentionally, since they are the rulers here."

"You are very ready to acknowledge their supremacy here," he exclaimed angrily.

"One cannot change facts—even your valiant corps of Neufchateau franc-tireurs cannot do that, Mons. Gaston," was the quick retort.

"We are waiting until the corps has organized and allied with that of Langres—but first, in your father's opinion the French are ever destined to defeat," here he laughed sarcastically—"I presume we are too chivalrous to be brave."

"Your behavior to our guests plainly demonstrated that that term was not applicable to you!"

"I saw that your conduct rendered any courteousness on my part superfluous; you did all in your—"

"For heaven's sake do cease your interminable wrangling!" interrupted Miss Ellen. "Can you not see, Valentine, that Gaston is only speaking out of jealousy?"

Valentine shrugged her shoulders, and was silent, while Gaston rose and paced the terrace once or twice, then entered the house.

"Your father will have the opportunity of practicing his German, now that he is alone with those officers. He must have been in Germany a long time to learn to speak it so fluently, and like it so much," said Miss Ellen after a pause.

"A couple of years I believe," answered Valentine absently; "his guardian sent him to an agricultural school there."

"To Germany? How singular!—why there are better agricultural schools in Belgium, and in England."

"Probably—but the science of the business is perhaps better taught in Germany."

For a few moments Miss Ellen pondered, then again:

"Has he never said anything about any remarkable occurrence, or adventure that happened him while there?"

Valentine looked at her inquiringly: "What do you mean, Ellen?"

"I thought perhaps that these Germans had recalled something to his memory—reminded him of something not very pleasant, for his curiosity concerning the nativity of this Herr Von Daveland was not as careless as it seemed. I should not be surprised if he had once loved a fraulein von Daveland while in Germany; or perhaps betrayed a lady of that name—or shot a Herr Von Daveland in a duel."

"What a lively imagination!" laughed Valentine, "you had better ask him—he has no secrets from you," she added with a slight tremor around her lips.

"He has one," said Ellen thoughtfully, "depending upon your work."

A servant at this moment approached bearing Mons. de Ribeauville's excuses and adieu, urgent business called him home.

"So much better!" said Valentine with a sigh of relief as the boy withdrew. "Gaston was very disagreeable to-day." Miss Ellen cast a reproving glance at her as she returned sharply:

"You must confess that you treated him shamefully."

"Humph—and if I did; he will come back again," she sighed, and the two worked on in silence, until Mons. d'Avelon and his guests returned from their tour. Miss Ellen looked up in surprise at the evident familiarity with which the master of the Ferme treated Herr Von Daveland, how remarkably unassuming in his opinions of the questions of the day. As they joined the ladies their conversation, which had been conducted in German, once more returned the French tongue in which it was continued during the meal, which had been prepared in the unostentatious dining hall adjoining the salon, Daveland, much to his discomfort found little opportunity to address himself to Valentine who was *vis-à-vis* she seemed to listen attentively to his words, and when she ventured a remark occasionally, Max detected the kindness in her voice; her former tone of disdain had entirely disappeared. The change electrified him and he spoke with an ease and fluency that astonished even himself.

"How fluently you speak our language," said Mons. d'Avelon with a glance of admiration.

"Do you think so? I felt rather awkward at first, but I now feel like a rider who has considerable trouble to subdue a stubborn horse, and succeeding, takes pleasure in making him curvet and prance at will—knowledge is skill, and the consciousness of knowledge comes to us only in moments of inspiration. I can understand now—" here he fixed his eyes on Valentine's face—"why it is said that every art must have its inspiring muse."

"Ah—now you are not speaking good modern French, let recede, *siècle de Louis quinzè*, which is entirely obsolete," exclaimed Valentine flushing slightly.

"Am I? Well I have always found that the French of those days was purer, honest and more comprehensible than that of modern times—so I must beg your indulgence should I relapse into it again."

"But you must exclude mythology—"

"'Apropos of mythology!" interrupted Mons. d'Avelon, "you inquired the distance to Domremi yesterday. It is a mile from here to Vaucouleurs, and four from there to Domremi. If you wish it we will take you there!"

"Unfortunately we are compelled to refuse your kind offer," said Hartig before Max could reply. "It is six miles from

Void and we have not the permission for such an extended excursion to-day."

"And it might not be safe for the gentlemen; you know that Neufchateau, which they would have to pass, is occupied by our people," said Miss Ellen, quietly.

"Hum!" exclaimed the master of the house, shrugging his shoulders. "I suppose Gaston has some influence over them. But if you think it too far to Domremi, you would at least wish to visit the Maid's Grotto—it is but a quarter of a mile from here."

"What is this Maid's Grotto?" asked Max.

"A curious cave with some remarkable stalactites," answered Valentine, "in an abyss, in the back part of it has a small lake, which is the subject of many old traditions among the peasantry. On certain days and hours, if one asks a question down this abyss, spirit voices will answer. Joan d'Arc is said to have addressed this oracle; it is one of the curiosities of our neighborhood, which you should see."

"I should like above all things to ask this oracle my fate," exclaimed Max, laughingly.

"We shall do so—the grotto is in the boundaries of the farm des Auges, and we in consequence, are the best guides to it," said d'Avelon.

"It is too late, indeed twilight is already falling and we must be off," persisted Hartig.

"Then we must return at an earlier hour to-morrow, so we can make the visit to the cave before dinner. Will you not promise to come, gentlemen?"

Max's glance sought Valentine's face and reading an approval of her father's invitation in her large eyes, answered:

"If I was not afraid of tiring you by such an early repetition of our visit to-day, nothing would give me more pleasure than to promise."

Then it is given and accepted, "exclaimed Mons. d'Avelon, rising, at a signal from Miss Ellen, who seemed to do the honors of the table, and shaking Max's hand heartily.

A quarter of an hour later our two young officers found themselves in their saddles, riding toward Void. As they left the Ferme, Hartig exclaimed with a burst—as if he could keep silence no longer:

"What in the name of all the gods and goddesses made you deny our Saxon blood, and tell these *parley vous* such egregious lies about our coming from somewhere in the back part of the geography?"

Max was silent for a moment, then:

"Will you promise to keep my reason for doing so a secret?"

"Certainly."

"I can only tell you this much now: that a ring on Fraulein Valentine's finger caused my mendacity."

"Hum, how mysterious that sounds—a ring eh?"

"Which means that you are infatuated with Fraulein Valentine and don't want them to know your birth. Is there anything to conceal?"

"From these people—yes," answered Max absently.

"Singular! and why?—True, I forgot, that a wealthy Frenchman will only bestow his daughter upon one who is as well to do as himself. Marriage with these is simply a matter of convenience. He! ha! you want to win this girl, spite of your poverty—truly, Daveland, I believe you have lost your senses. She is charming, indeed, but I can't understand how one could lose one's wits over even such superlative loveliness."

"Have I lost mine?"

"No offense—but I think you have. I never seen you so excited, so eloquent, so attractive as to-day; and of course in your state you could not make any observations."

"Be it that for the leisure hours your taciturnity gave you."

"And you may thank your stars that I improved that leisure."

"Pray what did you observe?"

"That they at first received us very coolly—especially Mons. de Ribeauville, who is rather young to be a friend of the father, consequently he must be an admirer of the daughter; he evidently invoked all the misfortunes, that Omin in the 'Rape of the Seraglio' has in his register, on our heads. That they did not take any pains to conceal their hostile feelings until that moment of singular alteration—we school teachers would call it a *peripetie*—when they saw that you had fallen in love with Fraulein Valentine with almost incredible rapidity, at which Mons. d'Avelon withdrew into the salon, where he and Miss Ellen—I saw them through the window—held a council of war, by which they no doubt decided to profit by your weakness, and through Valentine inveigle you into their net, and when confident that we were securely in their toils, Mons. Gaston de Ribeauville was to appear on the scene with his brave franc-tireurs—did you not hear how inadvertently d'Avelon betrayed his future son-in-law's connection with the franc-tireurs? Very well, he would have appeared with his brave horde and deprive Germany of two of her most illustrious warriors—one a fluent French scholar, the other a most excellent philologist—thus robbing the world of the righteous hopes it had entertained of us—in other words, to murder us in cold blood and fling our miserable bodies into the abyss of the Maid's grotto, where no human eye could ever discover us. This is what

I observed," he added in a confident tone.

Max laughed constrainedly, but was silent.

"Now can you deny that Valentine played the part of a siren?" continued Hartig argumentatively, "and that their inviting us to come so soon again was very singular?"

"Do you really believe that Mons. de Ribeauville is an admirer of Fraulein Valentine?" asked Max suddenly, not heeding Hartig's questions.

"Humph! then this is the only thing that has made any impression on you, of all my observations? Yes—depend upon it, he is her admirer—her betrothed more like."

Max urged his horse into a gallop abruptly terminating Hartig's assurances. TO BE CONTINUED.

New Advertisements.

JAMES CALDWELL & CO

Invite special attention to their

NEW STOCK OF WINTER GOODS.

JUST OPENED.

IRISH AND FRENCH POPLINS,

REPPS AND VELOURS,

CASSIMERES,

DRA DE FRANC MERINOS,

EMPIRE CLOTHS AND SATEENS,

All the new shades.

BLACK ALPACAS AND MOHAIR LUSTRES

BLACK SILK WARP CASHMERES,

EMPIRE CLOTHS AND MERINOS.

BLACK SILKS,

[A very large stock of all the best makes.

A LARGE STOCK OF

FANCY DRESS SILKS

At \$1 per yard.

PONSON CELEBRATED

BLACK MANTILLA VELVETS,

Black and Colored Velvets for Trimming, &c.

BLACK SILK VELVET CASHMERE, CLOAKS AND FOLIOISES,

CLOTH CLOAKS AND SATEENS

In great variety.

A large stock of Fashionable Furs, in medium and fine quality.

BLACK GUIPURE LACES, BLACK THREAD LACES, BERTHAS AND CAPES.

Blankets and Flannels,

CLOTH AND CASSIMERES.

The above stock comprises the

FINEST IN THE CITY.

Which we offer at the lowest market prices.

118 & 120 FEDERAL STREET,

Allegheny City, Penna.

LIST OF CAUSES

For Trial at Adjourned Court, Jan. 1873.

FIRST WEEK—COMMENCING JANUARY 13.

James M Burns vs Hugh Anderson, George Graham vs Samuel Wood's ex'rs, Perry Brown et al vs Charles Grim, Ben Chew's adms vs Wm Jenkins, Catherine Marker et al vs C & P R R Co, J G Nye vs Jordan C Nye, P H Stevenson vs Henry Cowan, Albert Knarr vs Philip Eschenbirt, Albert Knarr vs Eschenbirt and wife, Thos Evans et al vs Andrew Stewart, John W Inman vs Wm Garvin, Henry Wagner et al vs J Welch et al, T W Anderson vs Henri C Lenz, John B McMillen vs R H Huddleston, Miller, Dobson & Trux vs Kooker & Brobeck, George Graham vs John Conway et al, Jacob Stahl et al vs James Porter, Joshua Calvin vs James Calvin's ex'rs, Anon Doutt et al vs John McMahon, Walter Johnson vs John Bunn, Henry Collins vs Jacob Young, Dennis Laney et ux vs Milo A Townsend, John C Laney vs Wm Barnes, R A McCullough vs L E Kone & Co.

SECOND WEEK—COMMENCING JANUARY 20.

R P Covert vs Borough of North Brighton, Snowden Bros vs Cheney & Troth, R Steinfield vs John Wiley, Isaac A Hancy et ux vs C W Taylor, J D Walker vs Chamberlin White et al, W M Duncan vs G L Eberhart, Wm F Elliott vs Wm Davison's admr, John C. Humphrey vs Blake & Fessenden, Alex Nickle vs P H Stevenson, John J Mitchell vs James H Gillis, Clark Uselton vs Joseph Morgan, Miller & Co vs Isaac Scott et ux, Ann Miller vs Jacob Miller, Hammon Bank vs A Inman, Walter E Bro vs George Post, Walter E Bro vs John Lance et al, Thomas McBride vs James Allen, Walter E Bro vs James Pezale, Walter E Bro vs Henry Phillips, David Musser vs S M Gordon, Albert E Evans vs J H Harrah, J G Elliott vs F Knowlton, Peter W Keller vs Patterson Mitchell, Commonwealth vs Alex Robertson, Miller & Trux vs T J Chandler et al, J Walker & Bro vs L E Kone & Co, G S Fulmer & Co vs Tim McCarty et ux, Coy, Noble & Co vs Sylvester Hunter, Coy, Noble & Co vs Thomas Pennington, Coy, Noble & Co vs J R Crane, Coy, Noble & Co vs Noble, Angel & Co, delectio JOHN CAUGHEY, Frothy.

STRAY BULL.