

THE FAMILY JEWELS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF L. SCHUCKING.

CHAPTER V.

Mons. d'Avelon sought his apartments after conducting Max to his; Valentine and Ellen following soon after.

In her room Valentine found the windows still open; they overlooked the courtyard. She peered out into the darkness and found that the clouds which had over-shadowed the sky the whole day without disturbing themselves, had grown denser and now entirely obscured the sky.

Valentine heeded not the silent patter of the rain-drops on her damp curls, but hung listlessly in the window—suddenly she started to her feet with an exclamation of surprise; there was something unusual in the dense blackness over yonder—the yellowish glow that ever and anon illumined the sky with fitful flashes, caused by the furnaces of the iron works at Givres, which lay just beyond the hills opposite her window, and which had so often reminded her of Vulcan's forge by its gigantic fantastical flashes above the horizon.

What had become of the glow that never faded only from Sunday until Monday? Had the men 'struck'—or had the war suddenly called them from their sooty labor? Had either of these occurred Gaston would certainly have told her; and this singular occurrence cast another load upon her already over-burdened heart.

Valentine here crept through a narrow opening in the hedge and almost flew between the carefully trimmed garden beds. At the end of the garden they reached a little wooden lattice gate; this she opened and began to ascend the path over the hill which it was impossible for Max to distinguish through the short crisp grass, but which his conduct threaded as deftly as if the bright noon-day sun beamed over-head. At last they reached the dripping shrubbing that cast a shower of cold rain drops on the hurrying pair at every step.

Valentine quickly grasped her lamp, then as quickly put it down, and hastily slipping to the door opened it noiselessly and peeped into the hall. She beheld Ellen still dressed, hastily descending the stairs carefully shading her lamp. With abated breath Valentine stole into the corridor, then down the stairway into the hall below from whence she could see into the dining room.

She saw Miss Ellen tread noiselessly as a cat across the salon to the glass door leading to the terrace; saw her withdraw the heavy iron bar and unlatch it so that it would open noiselessly, and then turn and retrace her steps with a satisfied expression in her pale face—her share of the slyly schemed plot was fulfilled! Valentine crouched lower in her concealment, and waited until Miss Ellen had ascended the stairs and entered the room; then the girl rose from the floor and passed her hands feverishly over her brow while she bit her lips to repress the cry of angry indignation that surged through her whole being.

"Won't you tell me where you are taking one? Tell me now what has caused your anxiety; and why you think a whole company are pursuing me?" he begged. But she hastened on silently as if she had not heard his words.

"Valentine, pray tell me—or do you desire that I shall follow you farther, trusting you silently?" "Am I not trusting you?" she demanded suddenly.

"Yes—yes, by heaven you are! and this trustfulness has made me so inexpressibly happy, that the danger from which you wish to shield me is entirely forgotten. I cannot realize that there is any danger; it has, as yet, only revealed itself in the shape of a lantern and the baying of a watchdog."

"And yet you must have faith in me—for I tell you, you are in the utmost danger—I do not ask me, we only lose time in talking—besides, I do not wish to tell you more just yet. Hasten, we are near your place of refuge."

The path here suddenly grew steep; they were obliged to proceed with the utmost caution over the slippery moss, holding on to the branches above them as they made the descent.

For several minutes they suddenly crept down the difficult path, then they

"Can you not believe me when I tell you your life depends on an immediate flight?" she whispered almost angrily. Max's head disappeared without another word and in a few moments the sash was thrown back and Max sprang to the ground beside her.

"Follow me silently," she whispered in a half-trembling, half-commanding voice as she turned to leave the courtyard.

"Do you mean to lead me through this rain—why you have no shawl, nothing to protect yourself," exclaimed Max.

"The rain will not hurt me," she returned shortly, walking rapidly before him, "and I am not cold."

"Where are we going?" asked Max following the light figure with difficulty. "Pray tell me the cause of this strange flight—what danger threatens me?"

"Will it not suffice if I tell you—my God is it already too late?" she cried halting suddenly. "Look there!" she added in a distressed whisper, pointing through the courtyard gate from which a narrow road led through the fields toward Void, a road used exclusively by the farm teams that were too heavy to use the graveled avenue leading to the terrace.

"Don't you see yon light?" she whispered, unconsciously grasping his arm.

"I see a light moving—it looks like a lantern."

"They have already blockaded the way the way to Void and that escape is cut off for you—perhaps they have already surrounded us!—oh what shall we do? But there is one way left—come—come quickly," and turning she ran swiftly toward the gate through which Max and Gaston had passed that afternoon.

"Is there a whole regiment advancing?" asked Max rather comically as he stumbled after her over the unfamiliar path.

"Yes—perhaps."

"Franciscans?"

"What has the name to do with it—hark! do you hear nothing?" she added hastily stopping shortly.

They were between the hedges that bound the road on either side.

"I think I can hear the sound of distant tramping—but the damp atmosphere smothers every noise and makes it difficult to distinguish anything—I may be mistaken but I think there are many feet," he added musingly.

"Yes there are—come—come!"

Valentine here crept through a narrow opening in the hedge and almost flew between the carefully trimmed garden beds.

At the end of the garden they reached a little wooden lattice gate; this she opened and began to ascend the path over the hill which it was impossible for Max to distinguish through the short crisp grass, but which his conduct threaded as deftly as if the bright noon-day sun beamed over-head.

At last they reached the dripping shrubbing that cast a shower of cold rain drops on the hurrying pair at every step.

Valentine heeded this as little as the wet grass on the hill; a strange thought occupied her brain excluding all else—the darkness, the stranger's opinion of her conduct, her flying alone at midnight with an unknown officer—all—was forgotten save the insane desire to find a refuge for her companion.

The summit was now gained and they stood upon the level clearing, breathless and fatigued. In daylight a fine view of the surrounding country was to be seen from this point, but the darkness was too dense for the eye to discover the line that divided earth and sky.

Ever and anon the will-o'-the-wisp light they had seen would flash faintly beneath them; and now through the murky night air came the long baying of a huge dog which seemed to rise from the gash down which Valentine contemplated leading her companion; had they not changed their course and ascended the hill they would now perhaps be where the dog was barking.

These sounds renewed Valentine's terror; she once more pressed forward to the other side of the hill.

"It is wonderful how accurately you know the path through this forest," exclaimed Max. "I cannot see it at all."

"I ought to know it well, for I have used it since I could walk," returned Valentine as she bent back a wet branch which covered Max with a shower as it rebounded.

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The path here suddenly grew steep; they were obliged to proceed with the utmost caution over the slippery moss, holding on to the branches above them as they made the descent.

For several minutes they suddenly crept down the difficult path, then they

once more stood upon level ground in the bottom of a deep ravine. Max could distinguish the steep sides of the opposite declivity. Valentine now turned to the left and proceeded through the ravine; then over a rocky stretch of ground, upward a few steps, and Max perceived the opening of a yawning cavern.

"You must conceal yourself in this grotto," said Valentine peremptorily. "Is this the 'maid's grotto'?"

"It is. Do not be afraid to enter, though not farther than about a hundred or a hundred and fifty steps, for the abyss with the subterranean lake begins there."

"And in this hole you wish me to burrow like—"

"You must seek safety here—" she interrupted. "You will be perfectly secure for they will not think of searching for you here"—and she laughed a low triumphant laugh—"the grotto has a firm iron-bound door which you can secure inside. Take care of yourself and when the danger is past I will come—or send some one to release you. And now farewell—pray be of good cheer and God be with you—adieu!"

But Max had seized her hand and held it firmly.

"You cannot mean to leave me in this wretched hole without the faintest suspicion of what all this means?—what is the cause of your anxiety?—who is the enemy from whom I must flee into this Stygian cavern?"

"You will have ample time to answer these questions in your own mind," she returned withdrawing her hand. "Do you think I would have asked you to fly were it now an overpowering danger that threatens you? Rest assured you shall be released the instant those villains have been convinced that you are safe with your friends in Void; and now"—she added with a peculiar tremble in her voice—"now, once more farewell—do not neglect to close and bar the door, it may prove a difficult matter for it has not been closed for many a day; do not make the least noise and take care of the abyss—once more God be with you—farewell!"

and she vanished through the darkness ere he could speak.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

The long vexed question as to the title of Mr. J. M. Hutchings to land in the Yosemite Valley, has just been decided by the United States Supreme Court. Mr. Hutchings had made a settlement before the tract was granted to the State of California, to be held perpetually as a Public Park. He had entered on the lands intending to purchase under the pre-emption law, and claimed that Congress could not divest his incipient title in the manner in which it was done, and that the Government was bound to protect him at all times toward to the perfection of his title, after he had complied with the requirements of law, and paid for his land.

The judgment of the lower court sanctioned the grant to the State, and held that the inchoate title of the plaintiff was no obstacle in the way. The judgment is affirmed, the Supreme Court holding in substance that a settlement upon the public domain does not confer such right upon the settler as will prevent Congress in its discretion from disposing of the land for other purposes. Congress is not restricted in the power to dispose of lands by sale or donation by pre-emption rights. The case is disposed of on the principles laid down in the several cases against Frisbie, in California.

This decision carries with it all similar claims, and secures the appropriation of this great tract, embracing some of the most wonderful natural scenery in the whole world, to the purpose to which it has been dedicated, its preservation for all private uses. We sympathize with Mr. Hutchings, who has done more than any other man to bring the valley into notice, and to attract to it the increasing number of visitors who make the pilgrimage. He ought to be remunerated in some way, for he deserves well from the people if not from the government. But it is eminently desirable that the intention of the government in making the grant, should not be frustrated by any private claims. The State of California is now free to take complete possession, and we hope that it will at once proceed to execute the trust. There is scarcely a more attractive spot to be found in the world, certainly none having grander scenery; but the approaches to it are exceedingly difficult, and the accommodations for visitors in the valley, miserable. Several thousand dollars should be expended annually in improving the paths to and in the valley, and the State can easily provoke private enterprise for putting up and maintaining a good hotel, or more than one. We hope the Golden State will not be slow to make this remarkable spot still more attractive and accessible to all classes of travellers. Hitherto it has required a vigorous constitution to make the tour even from San Francisco.—Y. Y. Observer.

Stokes and Foster.

A New York Sun reporter, who has been interviewing these murderers, thus tells his history: The news of the decision in the Foster case does not produce a perceptible effect on Stokes, who is as cheerful and confident as ever. The flood of visitors who wish to see him was yesterday in nowise lessened. Persons obtain admission to the prison on the plea of a desire to see some one else, and once inside they strive to get a glimpse of Stokes. Several friends and relatives called yesterday to see him, among them his steadfast brother Horace,

who had long sat with him. Later, Mr. Townsend and Mr. Dos Passos, of his counsel, called and remained some time. The District Attorney is still engaged in the examination of the bill of exceptions. Judge Boardman, it is now expected, will arrive in New York on Saturday, and the bill will then be submitted to him. The decision will not be known until next week. Early yesterday afternoon the iron bedstead on which Stokes has slept was removed from his cell to make room for a higher one. While the workmen were engaged setting up the new one, Stokes stood in the corridor and conversed with his friends and counsel. He talked fluently and pleasantly, had about him the same air of an athlete, the same nerve, and while he took an eager interest in the consultation of his counsel, he did not seem to doubt that the result of the proceedings would be favorable to his expectations.

Foster was calm and collected as he stepped from his cell. His face did not reveal any trace of his knowledge that he is already under the shadow of the gallows. Doubtless he has hope that something may yet be done, although but one possible chance of escape remains to him—Executive clemency—which no one seems to expect will be interposed. Foster is spoken of by the keepers as a man of unfinching nerve. When he went out for his walk yesterday morning he was as self-possessed as ever, and talked freely and pleasantly with those prisoners whom he knows.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

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Loans and Discounts \$106,965 12 Overdrafts 908 40 U. S. Bonds to secure circulation 120,000 00 U. S. Bonds and Securities on hand 15,000 00

Due from National Banks 3,194 86 Due from State Banks and Bankers 1,025 79 Banking House 14,374 54

Furniture and fixtures 2,976 08 Current expenses 2,298 65 Premiums 173 21 Cash Items—Stamps 1,533 21

Due to National Banks 6,399 00 Fractional Currency, (including nickels) 79 29 Specie—Coin 5,240 80 Legal Tender Notes 18,120 00

\$286,546 79 LIABILITIES. Capital Stock \$200,000 00 Surplus Fund 22,941 86

Discount 3,566 67 Exchange 1,888 79 Interest 106 98 Profits and Losses 340 31

National Bank circulation 106,965 12 Dividends unpaid 1,025 79 Individual Deposits 33,392 83

Due to National Banks 6,399 00 Due to State Banks and Bankers 3,429 89 \$286,546 79

State of Pennsylvania, I, Edward Hoopes, Cashier of the National Bank of Beaver County, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. EDWARD HOOPES, Cashier. Subscribed before me this 6th day of January, 1873. MILTON TOWNSEND, N. P. Correct—Attest: BENJ. WILDE, R. B. HOOPES, Directors.

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