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THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

It is a newspaper for the people, laboring for the people and voicing the sentiments of the people of its own Grant County.

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AVENGED AT LAST; Or, a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH" (Copyright, 1890.)

CHAPTER I. If the wings of the morning and the feet of the evening were the same, even then there should be some who would not be there.



When a revolting sight meets the gaze amid surroundings where the hands of industrious settlers have been busy doing their utmost for the moment we know not how to act or what to do. We stand and gaze in horror, as if struck dumb, until the actual truth which has burst suddenly upon us is made clear and indubitable, when we begin to use our reasoning powers, and look for cause.

Such an experience was that of Antonio Reymon on a bright July morning, as far back as 1878.

Antonio was the foreman of the Posada wine cellars. Three years before he had left his home on the Rhine, and had come to tempt fortune in the land of the setting sun.

From that day until the one in the early morning of which we had him wending his way to work he had given his master faithful service and had been rewarded accordingly.

Antonio was in a gay mood this morning. He had breakfasted well and had kissed his young wife and year-old babe when he parted from them with such bright smiles as he had not worn for many a day.

Antonio had been born in the midst of beautiful rural scenery, but nature had not lost its charm for him. He was never weary of gazing admiringly at the beautiful landscape which lay stretched before him.

therefore with his last remaining strength dragged himself to the soft, fertile soil which he had for so many years tilled.

Who has not at one time or another experienced the awful, inexorable sensation which now held full sway over simple-minded Antonio?

Yesterday, Mario Delara, in the warm glow of perfect health, happily unshod to-day a soulless corpse, ghastly and livid!

He examined the breast of the dead man, but found no wound; then he noticed that the blood had flowed from beneath the left shoulder and he knew that Mario Delara, the beloved of all who knew him, the man who never flinched to face his enemy, had been struck from behind.

At last, however, he awakened to the necessity of the hour and arose to look around. There was not a being in sight, so without stopping for further reflection he hastened in the direction of the cellars, the entrance to which was scarcely a stone's throw from where he stood.

Neither of the three could advance any reasonable theories. The old man knew everybody for miles around, but could not remember that Mario had an enemy. Antonio had known the dead man for more than two years, and had never heard a bitter word spoken of him, while the youngest man of the three only knew that during the short time he had been there he had received his pay regularly, and had heard his employer spoken of as a good fellow.

It seemed as though neither of them would ever tire of talking about him, and when they ceased for a moment to indulge his character they would endeavor to speculate on the probable cause of the murder, but no tangible theory presented itself to either of their minds.

A strong arm and hand, which had not erred in its purpose. It was useless to speculate; there was nothing to say in the matter except the plain, terrible truth that it was a well-aimed blow.

The officers noted all the particulars which they possibly could, and the doctor, having taken a diagram of the exact position of the body, there was nothing left to do but to remove it.

While the expression on his face was not repulsive, it was of a kind which would cause a man to exercise extreme care and caution in dealing with him.

As the party with the wagon drew near to him he stopped his horse and inquired: "What is the meaning of this crowd early in the morning?"

"The corporal replied to his inquiries: "Mr. Velasquez, I am sorry to have to tell you that Antonio Reymon has this morning found the dead body of your friend and partner Mr. Delara in his own vineyard, and we are now removing it to the jail."

"What have you lying in the wagon?" responded Velasquez, "and are there any marks of violence?"

"But, my god!" exclaimed Velasquez, "can it be possible that a gentleman who bore the good will of every body as Mario Delara did, can have been slain in cold blood?"

"We have carefully searched and can find nothing," was the reply. "And what are you now going to do with the body?" pursued the questioner.

"We are going to take the body into the town and prepare for an inquest," he was answered. "Magnificent, Mr. Velasquez, will you kindly undertake to see that the news is gently broken to his wife—your soul?" asked the officer.

every point and was turning out satisfactory wines, he found that the poor wines which many of his competitors were putting on the market had caused the people to speak disparagingly of domestic wines, so that the trade in them was considerably fallen off.

Blinded with his good fortune, he conceived the idea of becoming part owner and manager of one of the largest wine-growing concerns in Sonoma County, and in an evil hour took into partnership a Portuguese named Leon Velasquez.

But Mario's refusal secured a good purpose for, after this, Velasquez was not so important in his demands on the financial resources of the firm.

Mario was a careful man and invested his money very cautiously as fast as he made it, but Velasquez was given to rash speculation, and frequently lost large sums of money dabbling in mining stocks in San Francisco.

Mario Delara had built himself a pleasant home on the hillside a little below San Paolo. To this home he took a lovely wife, by whom he had one child, a daughter, who was at the time of her father's death about eight years old.

Leon Velasquez, on the other hand, possessed a history which was quite unenviable. He had made his first bow in San Paolo with a profusion of money and the appearance of one whose path in life was particularly smooth and easy.

As related, he soon became the partner of Delara, and at the time when the partnership was formed he appeared to be a man of about thirty-five years, though none ever knew his exact age.

It looked as though his ascending in this quiet Posada vineyard was a forced one, though it had apparently enough of direction or force to keep entirely from the outside world.

He was, in short, an inveterate gambler, and would resort to any means in order to gain the material with which to tempt fortune's cards.



drifted West, but he always, however, managed to keep his photograph out of the various rogues' galleries.

Bleeding somewhat seared, and fearing lest his phenomenal luck should desert him and leave him at last in the hands of justice, he concluded to try a few years' seclusion in the valley of the Sonoma.

He had realized on his own share of the deal in which Delara was interested, but Delara had not yet cashed his bills.

"Velasquez was in a bad mood, and ready to meet and emerge with a frank or violence which he started back in Santa Rosa.

"Mario had been very proud of his lovely wife and child, and was the tenderest of husbands.

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After a long discussion Velasquez consented on condition that Delara would give him a note for the amount then and there, for which he would make over a receipt. The papers were drawn up to be filed out and signed in the presence of a day of law.

After such had he a cigar and drank some of the wine, Delara arose to start. "If you ever see my company," said Velasquez, "I will work with you."

There was not much said between the two men on their walk towards the town and on beyond. In the cellars, their respective work was left to discuss.

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