THE NEWS

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THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

THE NEWS

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

Volume XII. *CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1890.* *Number 31.*

AVENGED AT LAST;

Or, a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH"

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CHAPTER V.

During the journey to San Paola on the following day, Joel Wilcox took the opportunity to have a good long talk with Percy Lovel and ascertain what that young man knew about the many transactions which had taken place between Velasquez and Crandall.

Sometimes the young Englishman got very communicative for he was naturally a free open-hearted sort of a fellow, not more than twenty-seven years of age, or thereabouts.

Wilcox liked him so well that he asked Lovel to give him a little of his history. Said Lovel: "If I tell you my history you may not think so well of me after you hear it as you do now."

"Oh, I dare say, like most young men who drift to Frisco, you have led a kinder wild life, but it is evident you were primed with a pretty good education before you started in on it," was the response.

"Yes," said the Englishman, "I suppose that's so, and since I left Oxford I have seen life through the kaleidoscope of many promiscuous journeyings. I left home before I was twenty, got through a good pile of money in Paris and Brussels and then suddenly found myself in New York. I played the races, gambled and knocked around from one job to another and altogether led a Bohemian life. But I feel like sobering up now; it isn't necessary for a fellow to be a vagabond all his life, and I'm ready for the change. It isn't more than three weeks since I handled the chips for the last time, but I have done with it for keeps. By the way, the very last game I sat down to was in the same room that Velasquez frequented and he dropped over five thousand dollars that night. It was the same evening he sold the mining stock. He often used to come to that den, and some of the boys there know a good deal about him, but I very much question whether any of them would tell you much."

"Good," remarked Lovel's newly found friend. "I'm glad to hear that your are tired of your wild life, and, what's more, I believe you. So from now on you will please consider yourself private secretary to Joel Wilcox. I never did put on airs before, but I guess I can't too old to begin. Is it a go?"

"Why, you astonish me, Mr. Wilcox; but I will try to deserve your confidence."

"All right, I count myself a pretty good judge of a man when I see one, and I think that so far as I am concerned, I am safe in engaging you for an unlimited period. In any question we can settle as we go along," added Wilcox in a jovial manner.

"But what," he continued, "was that you said about Velasquez being known by the boys in the gambling house?"

Percy then repeated what he had already recounted, and Mr. Wilcox said that the knowledge might be useful in hunting down the rascal.

As both Mr. Wilcox and the Englishman were good talkers the conversation was kept up in a lively manner, and it was not long before Wilcox knew all about Percy from his childhood up.

As the train pulled up at San Paola Mr. Wilcox said: "Ah! I guess, my boy you've been more of a fool than an intentional scamp."

The remark was full of truth, for Percy Lovel was never really bad, only one of those lads so especially common among the better English classes who become utterly reckless in the eager pursuit of "folly as it flies." Yet through all his ups and downs he was nonchalant, easy-tempered and cool as an iced cucumber. Always he could find time to part his hair in the right place, no matter if the house was on fire; but he could also be relied upon to reach the outside safely. And no matter where or how deep he would sink in life's turbulent waters, he invariably came to the top again smiling.

MRS. DELARO HEARS THEM AT THE DOOR.

Always philosophically contented, he never lost his temper or became unduly excited, and after a varied experience covering a range of occupations, from speculator to book-canvasser, he floated into Crandall & Co.'s office, and from there, as we have seen, to his present position. And this last move was to change the whole course of his life.

When Joel Wilcox went to bed that night he felt certain that Anton Reyman's release was near at hand. He was now entirely confident that Velasquez had murdered Delaro, but he was not the man to act rashly or with undue haste.

So he concluded to sleep on his recent discoveries, and make disclosures later.

Next morning he and Percy Lovel started over to see Mrs. Delaro. She met them at the door and said, "Oh! Mr. Wilcox, I'm so glad you have come. Something of great importance has transpired."

They walked into the house and into the library, where Mr. Wilcox was astonished to see one of the workmen from the cellars seated. The door was closed, but, at Mr. Wilcox's request, Lovel was allowed to remain in the room.

"This man," said the unhappy widow, "has brought something here which will probably prove beyond a doubt who it was that killed my dear husband. Yesterday one of this man's boys was bathing in the stream which flows at the foot of the hill yonder," said the lady, pointing from the window as she spoke, "and, in diving to pick objects from the mud in the bottom of the river, found this weapon."

Here Mrs. Delaro produced an ivory handled stiletto upon the handle of which was carved the initials "L. V."

"Great guns," exclaimed Wilcox, "we shall prove that snake guilty sooner than I expected."

Then a long conversation ensued and the workman was asked to repeat his story to Wilcox, and so much engrossed did everybody become in the recitation that in the excitement of the hour it was forgotten that Lovel had not been introduced.

But Mr. Wilcox soon made amends for his forgetfulness and told Mrs. Delaro of the value of his newly-formed acquaintance.

There was much to be said about the new clew and Velasquez's former history, and Percy warmed up and became almost enthusiastic over his prospective work.

They discussed how every thing should be arranged. On the morrow they proposed to go to the lawyer at Santa Rosa, and inform him of the new developments.

They supposed naturally that Velasquez had little idea of his crime being discovered so soon, if ever, and that he was probably on his way East. So they did not raise a hue and cry at once but decided that it would be far wiser, and more prudent, to be sure they were right before going ahead.

The next day they all started for Santa Rosa, the county seat, where the trial was to be held, and Wilcox was at last full of hope that the unfortunate Anton would soon be released.

A consultation was held with the lawyers, but they did not deem it wise to take steps to secure a warrant for Velasquez's arrest; they advised waiting until after the trial of Anton Reyman.

The trial was set for ten days later, and at that time nearly every adult inhabitant of San Paola went to Santa Rosa.

The witnesses who had appeared before the coroner and the grand jury were again called, and during the first part of the proceedings there was only a repetition of the former evidence at the inquest, no new disclosure being made. But there was a tumult of excitement when Percy Beaufort Lovel had been called and his testimony taken.

What he said furnished unexpected development to all except the principals in the drama and created not only surprise, but intense indignation among the people.

Then the boy who had found the stiletto was called and examined. The weapon was produced and the servants of the Delaro household were called to testify that they had seen the weapon several times lying on the bureau in Mr. Velasquez's room.

Other witnesses followed, who spoke in glowing terms of Anton's character, and then the judge commenced to charge the jury. He told them that the guilt could not be justly transferred from the shoulders of the prisoner to those of Velasquez on the evidence given and made prolonged reference to Anton's angry talk with Delaro and the fact that he followed the murdered man out of the cellars.

The judge was just suggesting the reasonableness and probability of Reyman having committed the foul deed, when Percy Lovel, who had been carefully scrutinizing the stiletto, interrupted.

The young fellow had noticed that the point of the weapon was broken. Only an extremely small fragment of the point was missing, but it was large enough to be noticed. He handed the larger to the lawyer for the defense and drew his attention to the fact. The lawyer understood its purport in a moment.

In a rather rude and hasty manner, but such as the occasion demanded, he called upon the judge to desist in his summing up, and asked that further evidence be taken.

The judge, who was strictly impartial, remarked that in such a case it was hardly possible that so blunt a point could have penetrated the dead man's body as deeply as Delaro's wound, but that this was a matter worthy the utmost consideration of the jury.

"Yes, indeed it is, your honor," said the lawyer for the defense; "but permit me to suggest that measures be at once taken to find the point of this weapon before this man Reyman is unjustly convicted. The most likely place to find it would be in Delaro's body, and if it is, then there will not be much doubt as to the identity of the actual murderer."

"It seems hardly credible that it could have broken off inside of the body," suggested the judge; "we can consult some professional advice on the matter."

"Then the best man to get that advice from is Joel Wilcox," was the lawyer's reply.

"Let Joel Wilcox be called to the stand," said the judge to the usher.

Upon being sworn Wilcox gave his opinion, as an old blacksmith and as a man who had worked all kinds of both iron and steel, hot or cold. Said he: "If the point of the stiletto had not been properly tempered, it is highly probable that in striking against a bone in a man's body it would break off."

"Then the body shall be exhumed and the piece of steel sought for," said the judge. Whereupon the court adjourned until the following day.

That afternoon the body of Delaro was exhumed and sure enough, the piece of steel was found sticking to the bottom of the left shoulder blade.

The doctor produced the fragment next day in court and it was found to fit exactly to the stiletto.

Then the judge completed his charge, but on vastly different lines, the consequence being that Anton was discharged without the jury once having to leave their seats.

The crowd cheered him as he went out and one of the first men who met him was Joel Wilcox.

"Anton," he said, "it was I that bought the Pasola vineyards, and I hope, my boy, you will go back to your old place and manage it for me."

It was a light-hearted and yet a sad party that went back to San Paola that night, for few of them had yet forgotten the memory of their lost friend. And Wilcox, kind old fellow, that he was, went that night to try and console the desolate widow, and informed her that he had arranged to render all possible assistance to the detectives in capturing the murderer.

At the conclusion of the interview, at which Percy Lovel was present, they all decided to leave San Paola at once—Mrs. Delaro to go to her friends and Wilcox and his young aide to follow in the wake of the guilty man.

CHAPTER VI.

"If Mr. Wilcox and Percy are not back here in a week we might as well return to New York. It is getting late in the season, and really, mamma, I can not endure much more of the noise and bustle of this hotel."

"Have a little patience, child, we may hear from them any day."

"Oh! mamma, if you could only know how tired I am of being incessantly followed and shadowed by suitors of all sorts and conditions and of being made love to by old men and smooth-faced youths, you would say go at once, and let Mr. Wilcox follow us."

"My child. It would never do to act as you would have from them. There is no use in anxious but to wait."

"Yes, I know, just as you say, mamma, but I am very anxious for a change."

The last speaker was Armida Delaro. Between two years had elapsed since she left the vineyards and blue skies of the Pacific shore, and now she was grown into one of the most perfect of God's creatures, a beautiful woman. The rich Southern blood which she had inherited from her parents tinged her cheeks with a subdued flush of perfect health. She was a tall, graceful girl, and a perfect type of Southern beauty; though a decided brunette she was not so dark as to be distinguished for it. With her beauty she seemed to have inherited also the sweet disposition of her mother, together with the frank open-heartedness of her father.

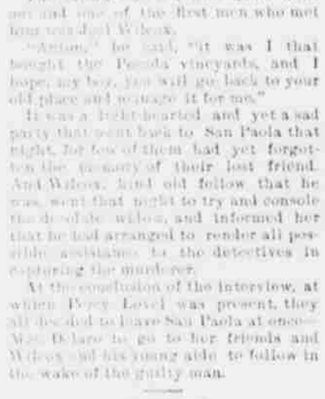
Mother and daughter were sitting in a private parlor forming one of their suite of rooms at the West End Hotel, Long Branch, where they had been spending the summer. It was only during the last two years that Mrs. Delaro had enjoyed much of her daughter's society, for they had necessarily been thrown very much apart owing to the mother's set determination to personally assist in the search for her husband's murderer.

This employment, which had kept her traveling all the time, combined with the fact that Armida had been attending school at a convent near to Paris gave them very little opportunity of being together.

Mrs. Delaro really showed very little sign of the struggles she had undergone in her features, though a close observer might have noticed a settled and determined expression which told without the aid of words that she was a woman living with a purpose.

And indeed her purpose was stern as ever, for as she sat on this bright September morning talking to her daughter, her thoughts were far away with her two staunch friends, Joel Wilcox and Percy Lovel, who had left her two weeks before to follow up a clew at New Orleans. They had only written twice since their departure, and even then had given no particulars, so that she was anxious and longed to know whether or not they were meeting with success.

Often and often had she waited like this before, but her interest had never flagged, nor her desire for vengeance become less keen. When in conversation with her two loyal friends she always public hopeful, of the ultimate success of her life work and had frequently insisted that she fully expected to see Leon Velasquez face to face before death should call her to meet her husband.



"HAVE A LITTLE MORE PATIENCE, DAUGHTER."

Of one thing she had been scrupulously careful, and that was to have no word regarding her husband's cruel death uttered in the hearing of her daughter. Still, Armida knew of the manner in which her father had come to his sad end.

But to the girl the tragic affair had never been so real and terrible as to her mother, and in recent years, as the matter was never referred to in her presence, the whole story, which so much affected her entire life, was buried in the oblivion of shadowy youthful memories.

The conversation at the opening of this chapter might lead one to imagine that Armida was of a rather peevish temperament, but such was not the case. She had just cause to complain, and was literally bored to death. She had been sought after by every unmarried wearer of pantaloons and suspenders during her stay at the Branch. Races one day, a garden party the next, then a ball, followed by yachting excursions and a hundred other inventions for killing time.

At all such society events, her presence was looked upon as a positive necessity, until at last the poor girl was almost tired out. No wonder then that she was anxious to get away from it all and seek that rest in New York which was absolutely impossible at a place like Long Branch.

Just as the concluding words fell from Armida's lips there was a knock on the door, which was answered by the maid, who took a card from the bell-boy and handed it to her young mistress.

Armida glanced at it languidly and then turning to her mother with a piteous gaze on her sweet face said:

"Another infliction."

"Who is here now, my dear?"

"That horrid, vulgar Mr. Blodger, who is so fond of saying: 'Ladies, Mr. Stephen Blodger at your service!'"

Here Armida rose from her reclining posture and gave an imitation of that gentleman's unique style of introducing himself; then turning to her maid she said:

"Tell the boy to show him up."

As the boy went away, something like a gurgling titter sounded as if coming from that progressive youth. In less than a minute the caller was at the parlor door, which showed that he must have waited either outside, or very near the elevator, for he certainly did not have time to come from the office.

The visitor was a man weighing something in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds, and had a face as round and as red as the setting sun on a winter's day. Step by step he had risen from the lowest ranks, until he had finally attained the mighty distinction of being a millionaire, said millions having been acquired by the practical application of the science of turning tallow into soap.

In his early days he had known Mr. Wilcox intimately, and the acquaintance had recently been renewed with pleasure on both sides. Consequently Mrs. Delaro and her daughter felt it incumbent upon them to entertain the gentleman when he called.

Since converting his soap-boiling business into a stock company and then selling out his interest at an enormous profit, Mr. Blodger had found a great deal of time on his hands. His wife had long since passed to the "better land," and as he had no relatives to hamper him he devoted his time pretty much to his own company and that of his fifteen year old boy, who was, at least physically, following in his father's footsteps, bidding fair to outrival the celebrity of the Fat Boy in Pickwick.

The elder Blodger had, like many of his ilk, in these his later days of wealth and leisure, turned his attention to books and study in the fond hope that he might pass for an educated man in that society toward which his inclinations and ambition now led him. The result was that smattering of superficial knowledge which is so exceedingly dangerous; for in his unguided search in the higher realms of knowledge the soap Blodger had not deemed it necessary to improve his grammar, and as a consequence his conversation oft-times embelished a strange conglomeration of the classic sciences and fine arts, dished up in miserably bad English.

Recently this genius had developed into a poet and he was never seen out without his scrap book under his arm, in which he had pasted his own efforts, written on foolscap in a large, round hand, together with numerous choice pieces which he had clipped at odd times from the columns of the Sunday papers. As this worthy individual entered the parlor he bowed low and said with a broad smile, precisely as Armida had mimicked him a moment before:

"Good morning ladies; Mr. Stephen Blodger at your service."

The two ladies returned the greeting and the usual every day questions regarding health and the weather having followed, Mr. Blodger drew from the side pocket of a loud-patterned tourist jacket which he wore, a tablet, and said: "Ladies, I have been sitting in quiet seclusion upon the sands shadowed by a large sun umbrella and my thoughts. As my eyes wandered across the broad expanse of ocean, the grand emotions of my soul and I was at once inspired to write an ode to the Atlantic. Here is the first stanza in its unfinished state:

"MR. STEPHEN BLODGER, AT YOUR SERVICE, LADIES."

"Atlantic! broad and vast expanse
Oh! what lies beneath your waves?"

Here Armida interrupted the reader, saying: "You will pardon me, I know, Mr. Blodger, because you have come here to court criticism, but do you not think that 'Soothing, boiling foam' reminds one rather unpleasantly of a soap boiling process?"

"That may be, but we can modify most painting, Miss Armida. This is only in the rough." Then he continued:

"Upon whose bosom white winged ships
By day and silent do ride."

"There," said Mr. Blodger, as he completed the first stanza, "I think that will work up into something very neat, not to say beautiful."

"Very," said Armida and her mother in unison, but whether they were in earnest or not would have been difficult to determine from the manner in which they gave their assent.

"You did not know that I am also a poet, did you?" said Armida to Mr. Blodger.

"Indeed I did not. But I am really not surprised that we can add poetry to your many accomplishments," he gallantly, if awkwardly, responded.

"Well, I can not exactly be called a poet," was the reply, "but I occasionally indulge in clothing my thoughts in rhyme. Sometimes I really do feel sentimentally poetical, and again at other times I am afraid my crude efforts are the result of indigestion or something equally unpleasant. However, I write my verses and leave my friends to judge of the propelling power."

Armida passed into the adjoining room and soon returned with a scrap of paper on which were penciled a few lines.

"Here," said she, "is something I jotted down last night after you left. Shall I read it to you?" And somehow there was a merry twinkle in the girl's eye, which passed unnoticed, however, by the soapstake Blodger.

"I shall be delighted to hear you do so," was Mr. Blodger's response. So in a clear, sweet voice, in which the slightly mocking tones could only have been discerned by far sharper ears than Blodger possessed, Armida read, as follows:

I have lovers and beaux half a dozen,
Who pester me day by day—
Not to mention a gay, handsome cousin,
Who is always about in my way.
But they bore me so much with their chatter
And worry me half to death,
That it's really a wonderful matter
I preserve on one spasm of breath.

For, you know, your young, highly dressed dandy
Is not my ideal of a man
(Although I confess he comes handy
When we wish some amusement to plan);
I fancy a man who is portly,
Whose hair has a tinge of gray,
Who walks right near closely and courtly,
Offers his arm with "allow me, I pray."

I mean who can never be twitted
With being too fresh or too green;
A man who knows handy to quit
Every scrape of years he has been;
A man who can feel like a father
As well as a heart-broken swain,
With a sigh let you know that 'tis rather
Tiresome to stay out in the rain."

Which the soft light of evening is fading
And hushed is the noisy earth,
When darkness would come in to shading
And hide all the scenes of mirth;
When the quiet hour of twilight is soothing
To souls
And sweeter through the silence sounds
Love's low-toned whispered words.
Yours truly and two hundred pounds

During the reading Mr. Blodger sat entranced, and as she finished he murmured:

"Beautiful." Then, continuing in a louder key, "Why don't you send that to Harper's, Miss Delaro; they would jump at the chance to publish it. The sentiment is admirable and so gratifyingly expressed."

"Oh, I'm not at all anxious to rush into print," was the reply.

"On the contrary, you ought to be delighted to give such literary treasures to the world," responded the old widower, who secretly felt that Armida had taken a graceful way of paying him a compliment, never dreaming that he was the butt of a joke in rhyme.

"The world would be all the better off if not oppressed with such effusions," she quietly replied.

During this time Mrs. Delaro had remained in passive silence, but she now spoke up quickly and asked: "Do you ever have your poems published, Mr. Blodger?"

"Well, I have sent many in for consideration, but I fear that they do not get the attention which they merit and are cast aside," he answered.

"That appears strange. Surely your name in itself should command a fair and impartial examination of your literary work?"

"Yes, that may be, but you see, mom (Mr. Blodger was lapsing into the soap business again), I'm only known as a soap boiler, and editors have no use for such as we. We may, and do, have matter to send in which possesses merit, but no money can make these ink-slingers print it with a name like Blodger at the foot."

"That is a pity. I fear the reading public in that way is the loser of some rare gems," said Mrs. Delaro.

"True enough, but there is no help for it," sadly replied the poet. Then he continued: "Some day I will publish my collection, at my own expense, and so give it to the world."

With these words he picked up his hat and bade the ladies a courteous adieu.

As soon as he had departed Armida burst into a fit of immoderate laughter. "His carelessness is too much for me! I can not help laughing. Pardon me, mamma," she said.

Mr. Blodger had not been gone very long when the bell-boy again came to the door and handed in a telegram for Mrs. Delaro. She opened it hurriedly and, as she read the contents, an eager, almost anxiously

"What is it, mamma?" anxiously asked Armida.

"It is from Mr. Wilcox, my dear. He and Percy will be here in two days, and we go to New York."

But she made no allusion to the fact that they had been lead off on a false clew, and for the fiftieth time had scattered her gathering hopes.

Reduced Rates to the North Pacific Industrial Exposition, September 25th to October 25th.

For the North Pacific Industrial Exposition to be held at Portland, the Union Pacific will sell tickets from all ticket stations on rail lines of the Pacific Division, from September 25th to October 25th, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at the low rate of one and one-fifth fare for the round trip, with fifty cents added for admission to the Exposition.

Call on any agent of the Union Pacific System for detailed information.

T. W. LEE,
Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Any one with defective eyesight can be suited with the right pair of eye glasses or spectacles at the watchmaker's at Canyon City.

Reduced Rates to the Northwest Industrial Exposition, October 1st to October 31st.

For the Northwest Industrial Exposition to be held at Spokane Falls the Union Pacific will sell tickets from all ticket stations on rail lines of the Pacific Division, from October 1st to October 31st, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at the low rate of one and one-fifth fare for the round trip, with fifty cents added for admission to the Exposition.

Call on any agent of the Union Pacific System for detailed information.

T. W. LEE,
Gen'l Pass. Agt.

To the Delinquent Tax Payers of Grant County, Oregon.

In accordance with the recommendations of the grand jury and the order of the County court to the Sheriff of Grant county, to collect all delinquent taxes, you are hereby notified that all delinquent taxes must be paid on or before the 1st day of November, 1890, and that interest will be charged for the collection thereof after that date.

O. P. Chrisman,
Sheriff Grant County, Or.

Canyon City, Or., Oct. 7, 1890.

Sick in Out of Gear,

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BRONCHITIS | Threat Affection
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