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THE NEWS

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"

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CHAPTER VII.

Another fruitless search. Days of anxiety proved only to prove in the end that the new clew was a false one. The amateur detectives had been to New Orleans, had watched for several days a man with an iron-gray mustache and beard resembling Velasquez whom they found in that city. From New Orleans they had followed him to Cuba only to discover that he was an innocent Cuban who had been out on a protracted spree.

It was one more added to the many disappointments they had already experienced; so with sad hearts they left the Crescent city and returned to join Mrs. Delaro and her daughter at Long Branch.

Their presence was never more welcome, for the widow was secretly longing for a change of scene, while Armida had openly expressed the same desire.

It was about an hour after dinner of the day on which they returned. Mr. Wilcox was up in the parlor relating his useless adventures and fruitless chase after the innocent Cuban to Mrs. Delaro, and Armida was keeping Percy Lovel company while he smoked a cigar on the piazza. The two last named sat near to an open window of the ball-room, and, as they talked, watched the couples who were already assembling to take part in the German that evening.

During the interval which had elapsed since Percy met Mr. Wilcox in San Francisco the Englishman had grown quite stout and had very much improved his appearance by cultivating a beard.

As he sat near to the lovely girl to-night no one would have remarked that there was a great disparity of age between them—that is to say the fact would not have struck a casual observer very forcibly.

Percy had grown into a handsome, broad-chested man, and possessed a healthy appearance which denoted that he had forsaken most of the foolish ways of his youth and was living as a reasonable-minded man should do. He was a pleasant and fluent conversationalist; though he never unpleasantly obtruded his opinions. He conducted himself with that *sang froid* for which most Englishmen are, for some reason or other, said to be celebrated.

THEY SAT WATCHING THE COUPLES ASSEMBLE IN THE BALL-ROOM.

If he had any sorrows he never expressed them. Armida had tried once or twice to get the affable "secretary" to give her an account of some of his early history, but she soon discovered her questions pained him and now forebore to touch upon the subject.

Between Armida and Percy a bond of friendship seemed to have been formed, which, although the expression may be considered stereotyped, is best described as that of an older brother to a sister.

They had long called each other by their first names and had both drifted into the habit quite unconsciously and in an unaffected, innocent manner.

Percy had just finished his cigar and they had each risen to promenade a little while before joining the older people.

Just as they moved away Armida laid her hand on Percy's arm and said: "Do you see that elderly gentleman standing near the musicians?"

"The tall one with the dark beard?" asked Percy.

"Yes, that is the man I mean."

"Why?" said Percy. "Do you know him?"

"I was introduced to him the other evening and he has pestered me with attentions ever since. He came here first the day after you left for New Orleans."

"Is there any thing very unpleasant about his attentions?" was Percy's next question.

"Decidedly so. He is a man toward whom I formed a dislike at first sight, and besides, he dyes his beard. Somehow I never could like a man whose beard was black all over except at the roots."

"You must be of an ultra-observing nature," remarked Percy.

"That is one of the things any woman will observe," was the reply. Then she continued: "His attentions are the more objectionable because they are so marked. Were he to see me now he would be out here in a moment asking me to dance. I really imagine, if the truth were known, that he is at an age when dancing is one of the last things which would be expected of him."

"Who is he?" asked Percy.

"He was introduced to me as Mr. Emerick, and he volunteered the information that he is engaged in the shipping trade with South America. His place of business is in New York, I believe."

Percy had been intently watching Mr. Emerick during this conversation and was getting interested.

"Is he an American?" he now asked.

"No, he is not, but it would be difficult to tell what his nationality really is. He speaks perfect English, but there is just a touch of foreign accent in his speech. Myself, I should judge him to be Italian."

"Do the people who introduced you to him know any thing of his history?"

"I never asked," answered Armida. "When we were introduced the lady who performed the ceremony did not speak very clearly, and he persists in addressing me as Miss Marlow. Up to the present I have no intention of correcting the error, thinking his occasions for speaking to me likely to be very few, and indeed they will, as we are going away in a day or two."

"MISS MARLOW, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING?"

"It may be imagination," said Percy, "but there is something familiar to me in that man's movements; at times he moves in a manner which I recognize, and, then, again, he seems to act as though in an unnatural manner. However, I suppose it is, if anybody at all, some one I met in Paris in the days of long ago. Any way, there is no reason why we should watch him; your interest in him is only slight and I have none whatever. So let us move on." With these words they moved away.

An hour later they were back in the same spot, and as they sat talking the gentleman whom they had watched earlier in the evening came round them and stood beside their chairs almost before they had noticed him.

"Good evening, Miss Marlow. Where have you been hiding yourself of late? Your presence has not graced the ball-room during the entire evening."

"No, I have [illegible] The hard [illegible] words has slipped [illegible] pardon me—Mr. [illegible] introduce Mr. Lovel."

The two gentlemen [illegible] ings, and the elder man [illegible] charming young [illegible] in [illegible] of our [illegible] Percy. Will you not [illegible] in the ball-room?"

"I fear you have mistaken the lady's name," said Percy, looking his listener straight in the face; "her name is not Marlow, but Delaro."

The stranger seemed confused, apparently on account of his blunder, but he quickly recovered his polite composure and profusely apologized to Armida.

"I hope you will allow that it was quite a natural mistake," he said. "I trust I am pardoned; the fact is that a pistol shot was fired near to my left ear when I was quite young which deafened me, and as I stood to the right of the lady who introduced me to Miss Delaro, the mistake is accounted for. Am I pardoned?" he asked, turning to Armida.

"Certainly," was the reply.

The tall stranger did not remain long in their company after that. A few ordinary civilities were passed and he left them, ostensibly to return to the ball-room, but Armida afterwards remarked to Percy that he had not done so.

"I share your dislike for the affable gentleman," said Percy, as he and Armida returned to their rooms.

Late that night when nearly everybody had gone to bed Percy went to Mr. Wilcox's room to have a few words with that worthy individual.

"Won't you smoke a cigar, Percy?" the old man asked.

Percy accepted one, and when he had lit it he threw himself back in his chair and opened up quietly by saying:

"Mr. Wilcox."

"Well, my boy," for he still called Percy a boy, "I am all attention; what's in the wind, another clew?"

"No, not this time. We are called upon to protect and not to prosecute," said Percy.

"Who claims our protection?" asked his friend and counsellor.

"Armida Delaro," was the reply.

"Who has designs on that sweet creature?" asked the millionaire. Then Percy told all he had seen and heard that night.

"This mysterious man is undoubtedly bestowing his attentions on Armida for a purpose of his own, and as it only distresses her we must stop it."

"You seem very much afraid that Armida is falling into danger in that man's presence, but don't you think that she is able to care for herself?"

"That may be," said Percy, "but if I mistake not that man is a designing old villain and the less he sees of Armida the better. I do not like his looks and he reminds me too much of the man we are looking for."

At these words Mr. Wilcox sat bolt upright in his chair. He was full of interest now.

"How do you mean? Does this fellow resemble Velasquez in features?" he asked.

"As I never had much opportunity nor was ever sufficiently interested in Velasquez' features to examine them I can not positively say, but if this man looks like him he certainly does not walk like him, for Velasquez stooped a little and this man is upright almost to absurdity. No, what I mean is that his character and method of action is not such as I should imagine Velasquez' to be. I only wish he had been Velasquez."

"Guess I'll have to take a good look at that gent in the morning and see what he looks like. It won't do to have any suspicious characters buzzing around Armida, even if they are ship-owners."

"Armida says he has invited her and her mother to take a few days sail in his yacht."

"Did she accept?"

"No, she gave a quiet but very positive denial. He also told her some story about having a wife years ago in Italy, and altogether has been quite communicative with her," said Percy, between the puffs at his cigar.

"Well, we can make it impossible for him to get another chance of annoying her during the remainder of our stay here, and when we get back to New York it is hardly possible that he will meet us."

"One good thing about it is that our address is not yet settled upon, so we can not give it to him," was Percy's last remark. Then the subject changed a little, although Armida was still the one discussed.

Mr. Wilcox leaned on the table, and with a pleasant smile on his face he looked across at the man seated opposite to him.

"Percy," he said, "you are a good deal older than Armida, but tell me now, like a man, don't you love her?"

The question was so sudden that Percy was nonplussed. He blushed, glanced at his feet, and then up at his employer, who should more properly be called his friend; then he answered frankly: "Yes, sir, I do."

"Just what I have imagined for some time," said the old man. Then he remarked inquiringly: "But you have never told her of it?"

"No, I never have, and for the present I do not intend to do so."

"For what reason?"

"First and foremost, I am too poor."

"That is no reason at all. You have sacrificed your future to help me, and I am responsible for your poverty, and in like manner I am morally responsible for your future well-being and shall make it my business to see that you get your share of the good things of this world. I have plenty and to spare and I guess when you want to marry Armida, you can have all the money you want for the asking."

This was a long speech for Mr. Wilcox to make. [illegible] in good faith [illegible] Percy [illegible] probable [illegible] I should be still as [illegible]"

"Nonsense, Percy; you have ability and [illegible] Haven't I followed your advice in all my investigations, and haven't they paid well in nine cases out of ten?"

"Still I was only doing my duty to you as your servant."

"Percy Bamfort Lovel," said the good-hearted millionaire, "I have often told you that I object to the word servant being used and applied to yourself. It may 'go' over in England, but it don't go here, so please don't use it."

Now Percy knew that when Mr. Wilcox addressed him by his full name the old gentleman was annoyed, so he felt he must do something to please him and bring him back to his usual even temperament. "It is kind of you to place such entire confidence in me, Mr. Wilcox," he said, "but even if I did accept your assistance I could not ask Armida to marry me at present. I have sworn to myself to follow up every trail I find until that vile Velasquez meets his deserts and until we find him or proof of his death I can not settle down. At any moment I might have to go off to a distant part of the country or abroad and under such circumstances a wife would be a burden. Moreover, my thoughts are so intent upon the work of running her father's murderer to earth, that in my abstractedness at times she might think that I did not love her. Then there is another matter quite worth consideration: Suppose she would not have me?"

"Hardly any fear that she would refuse you, my boy. I can't see through a brick wall, but I can see through a ladder, and if that girl is not in love with 'the secretary' I am very much mistaken," remarked Mr. Wilcox.

"You have never heard Armida talk about an Englishman's love, though," remarked Percy.

"Can't say I ever did," was the reply.

"Why, she says an Englishman's love is the most cold-blooded kind of love in the world. One night she became quite enthusiastic. She had been reading an Italian love story, about a young couple who committed suicide in each other's embrace because their parents would not let them wed. I said that I thought an Englishman's love was as true if it was not as demonstrative as any other man's; but she put her hands on my shoulders and looked me in the eyes and said with an intensely dramatic effect: 'You Englishmen do not know what love is. Love which is love is only known beneath the sunny skies of my father's native land.' Her words had quite an effect upon me for a time and I almost felt as though I really did not know how to love, but when I have accomplished, with your assistance, the desire of my heart, I will prove to her that I at least can love."

As Percy uttered his last words Mr. Wilcox looked at him with an admiring glance and said: "Percy, my boy, I believe you."

By this time each had finished his cigar and they parted for the night—Mr. Wilcox promising to take a good look at Mr. Emerick next morning.

But when the next morning came he was doomed to disappointment, for on inquiring for Mr. Emerick at the hotel office he and Percy were told that the gentleman of that name had left on the early morning train for New York.

Neither could have explained exactly why, but each felt a keen disappointment that they did not see the reputed wealthy ship-owner again. Besides they were puzzled to understand why he should have made such a hasty departure. They did not gain much satisfaction from the clerk, for that functionary said he did not know the reason, except that Mr. Emerick had told him he was called to New York on business.

In an hour the ship-owner had almost passed from their thoughts and they began to make preparations for their own departure on the following day.

CHAPTER VIII.

In one of the darkest parts of Pearl street, New York, a section of the street made dark by the elevated railroad, not a great way from the Battery, there is an old-fashioned building which doubtless has a history of its own, but which was many years ago converted into mercantile offices. Not so very long since, on the glass door of a room on the second floor, the following lettering might have been read: "Emerick & Co., South American Merchants." On the left-hand corner was painted in smaller letters: "Julius Emerick," and on the right was the name "Henry Howe," indicating that these were the names of the two partners in the firm.

Inside this room, seated at his desk in a private office partitioned off with glass, sat Julius Emerick, the senior member of the firm. It was the afternoon of the day on which that gentleman had made a hurried departure from Long Branch. His sudden return had upset the calculations of the clerks and two out of the three whom the firm employed were away to a base-ball game at Staten Island. The discovery of this fact when he came down to the office after lunch had irritated Mr. Emerick beyond measure, and the solitary clerk who had been left in charge was having a rather unpleasant time of it with his employer. Emerick was naturally an irritable man, and to-day he acted in an excessively disagreeable manner.

"Gooch," he called out to the clerk.

"Sir?" was the submissive response.

"Has the Trinidad cleared?"

"Yes, sir, she cleared this morning, and every thing is ready. She sails this evening at sundown."

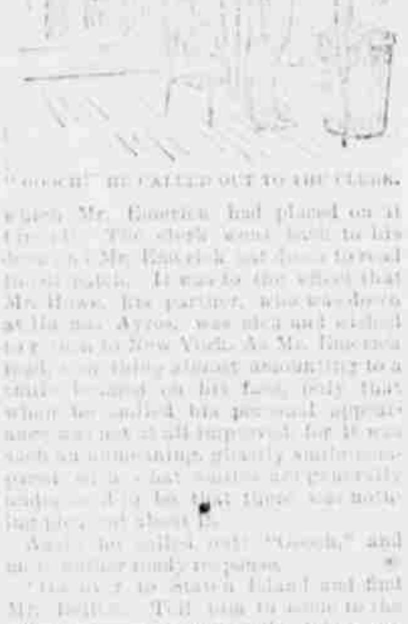
"Have we received any dispatches from Mr. Howe lately?"

"Only the one lying on your desk, sir, which has not yet been opened. It came in about one o'clock, after the other clerks had gone away."

Mr. Emerick walked to his desk, and at once called out in a sharp tone: "There is no dispatch here."

"It must be there, I placed it on your desk myself, sir."

Then the clerk began to look for it and found it almost immediately. It was covered up by a pile of papers which Mr. Emerick had placed on it himself. The clerk went back to his desk and Mr. Emerick sat down to read the dispatch. It was to the effect that Mr. Howe, his partner, who was down at Buenos Ayres, was sick and wished to return to New York. As Mr. Emerick read, something almost amounting to a smile [illegible] on his face, only that when he smiled his personal appearance was not at all improved, for it was such an unmeaningly ghastly smile [illegible] that there was nothing [illegible] about it.



"GOOCH!" HE CALLED OUT TO THE CLERK.

Again he called out "Gooch," and received a rather ready response.

"Go over to Staten Island and find Mr. Bellow. Tell him to come to the office without a moment's delay, no matter how interesting the game may be."

"All right, sir," replied the clerk.

"But before you go ring up a District Messenger boy. I want to send a note to Captain Deere. I am going to sail for Buenos Ayres on the Trinidad to-night, and there is not a minute to be lost. Take a cab to the ferry and do not let any thing interrupt you. Use every effort to find Bellow at whatever expense. I will be here in the office to meet him at five o'clock."

Gooch went off to fulfill Emerick's bidding and the merchant sat down to write a note to send over to Captain Deere at the Brooklyn dock, telling him to prepare quarters for himself. In a few moments the note was on its way and Mr. Emerick busied himself for an hour arranging various matters. Then he went out to send a cablegram to his partner advising him that he would soon leave Buenos Ayres at his [illegible] he proposed to start immediately to take charge of their office there. After doing this he jumped into a cab and was driven to his apartments, where he soon had every thing packed and was ready to start on his voyage.

In the meantime Gooch was hunting all over the base-ball ground to find Mr. Bellow, the managing clerk. He was all of a flutter with excitement and the minutes were flying past with aggravating rapidity. It was after four o'clock before he found his man, and then the two ran down to the landing and just managed to catch the ferry boat. Another instant would have been too late; as it was, they had to jump aboard the boat at the imminent risk of falling into the water. The bystanders laughed at their actions and shouted after them, but they heeded not. They reached the office a few minutes before five o'clock and found their employer awaiting them. He did not waste any time upbraiding Mr. Bellow for leaving the office during his absence; time was too precious. He spoke sharply enough, however, when he said:

"Gooch, you stay and look after the office, and you, Mr. Bellow, jump into the cab with me and I will give you your instructions as we ride."

The instructions which he had to give were brief but positive. No one was to know where he had gone and his reasons, he said, were purely personal. He would attend to the business of the house in Buenos Ayres, but his name would not be used conspicuously. As they alighted from the cab at the dock, Mr. Emerick looked around for a newsboy to buy an evening paper. He did not see a boy but approached a middle-aged woman who was calling out "Evening Telegram," in a voice rendered husky by constant shouting. He had bought the paper and was walking away when the woman dropped her papers and, running after him, shouted: "Alphonse! Alphonse!" in a wild yet almost joyful manner. She caught up with him and laid her hand on his coat sleeve, but he rudely shook her off and said: "Hands off, woman. What do you mean?"

SHE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM AND LAID HER HAND ON HIS COAT-SLEEVE.

"Alphonse, don't you know me?" she piteously cried.

But she did not have the opportunity to hear the reply, for the dock policeman assuming she was [illegible] laid rude hands on her and sent her [illegible] the gates.

"Let me follow him; he is my husband," she said.

"A rather likely story. Why that is Mr. Emerick, the wealthy merchant and owner of the cargo in the Trinidad, lying at the dock yonder," replied the policeman.

"He is not. He is Alphonse Bregy, my husband, who deserted me many years ago—it must be twenty—and I will follow him."

"You're crazy, woman," was the rough reply.

By this time quite a crowd had gathered and a lot of Italian newsboys were fighting over the newspapers which they had stolen from the poor woman when she dropped them.

The crowd only laughed and jeered at her, which so enraged the poor woman that she became almost frantic, and, in wild, despairing accents cried out: "Oh, my God, I wish I was dead!"

With these wild words she rushed off towards the water's edge as though to jump in, but a man in the crowd intercepted her and in the next moment a policeman arrested her on a charge of disorderly conduct.

The woman who caused all this disturbance had sold newspapers in Brooklyn to gain a livelihood for the past sixteen years. No one knew and few cared to know where she came from or any thing of her history. The only name she was called by was "French Emilie," though her speech only slightly indicated her nationality. She once had been a good-looking woman, but her features showed signs of dissipation which were sometimes so much intensified as to make her appearance horrible.

Once she had grown communicative and told some other woman who also sold papers near to Fulton Ferry that she was married in New York more than twenty years ago. Her husband, she said, had deserted her and her boy baby soon after the birth of the latter, and she had never heard of him since. The baby had grown into a fine fellow who had found employment in a New York office, but growing tired of city life, had gone West to the mining districts of Colorado, since which time she had never heard a word from him. This was all that anybody knew about French Emilie's history.

As the unfortunate creature was being locked up in the police cell, the "Trinidad" was steaming out into the East river and Mr. Emerick was fairly on the way to South America.

Mr. Bellow rode back to Pearl street wrapt in contemplative thought. He had always thought his employer a strange man, but knew nothing of his history other than Mr. Emerick himself had related. Mr. Howe, the junior partner of the firm, had built up a reputation by working his way in an incredibly short space of time from the desk to the position of manager in a large shipping house, and having had a [illegible] had resolved to go into business for himself, so he chose the South American trade, with which he was perfectly familiar.

[illegible] but being [illegible] sufficient to purchase a vessel upon which he had set his heart, and still [illegible] he had advertised in the columns of a New York paper for a partner. The result was that he formed a [illegible] agreement with Mr. Emerick, who had just returned from abroad, where he said he had [illegible] a large amount of money [illegible] American mining stocks. Mr. Emerick had given as his reason for embarking in trade that, being tired of [illegible] speculation, he wished to settle down in some legitimate business.

The partnership appeared to be a pleasant one, for as far as there had never been any trouble. The firm prospered, and a [illegible] after it commenced operations Mr. Howe went to Buenos Ayres to open up a branch office and had remained there until the present time.

Mr. Howe's opinion of his partner was that he was a rather eccentric individual, which opinion would doubtless be confirmed upon his receipt of the cable message [illegible] Emerick's sudden intention of coming to Buenos Ayres to exchange places with him.

He [illegible] this sudden and unexpected [illegible] from his partner, but [illegible] and inexplicable.

The following morning French Emilie was brought up before the police magistrate [illegible] with disorderly conduct. [illegible] but [illegible] woman, and having no money, she was sent out to the workhouse to work out her fine.

[illegible] that same morning a young man sat in the office of a cheap hotel near the Ferry reading the morning paper, which he suddenly clutched tightly and stared at in an incomprehensible manner. He was reading the police news and had just come to a paragraph stating that Emilie Bregy, better known as "French Emilie," had been arrested and fined for disorderly conduct the night before. The report went on to state that the poor crazy woman had followed Mr. Emerick, a prominent New York merchant, claiming that he was her husband who had left her years ago.

The young man who read the paragraph was none other than Eugene Bregy, the son of the poor woman. He had only just returned from the West, where he had saved a few hundred dollars, intending to embark in some kind of business in New York or Brooklyn.

After reading the account in the paper he knew in a moment that his poor mother had become the victim of the officialism embodied in a blue coat and silver buttons. He at once sought the police office, but was told he would have to wait until the following morning when he could pay his mother's fine and she would be released.

He lost no time doing so when the next morning came and he soon took his overjoyed mother to the miserable garret she rented in the Eastern district. As quickly as possible mother and son cleared out every thing worth taking and moved into a cheap flat in more comfortable quarters. Next followed explanations. Eugene told how he had written to his mother from Colorado, but she declared that his letters had never reached her. Then he related the story of his adventures in the mining regions, and after he had told all he had to say, he quietly reproved his mother and charged her with having given way to drink. She [illegible] and said: "How could I help it? Deserted by my husband and then by my son, I felt alone in the world, and could no longer resist the temptation to drown my sorrows. Like many other unfortunate ones I gave way to strong temptation and sought [illegible] in the dram. Now, that you have returned to me, I will mend my ways and liquor shall never touch my lips again."

"I hope it never will, mother," [illegible]

Eugene was a fine-built, muscular young fellow, hale and hearty, deep-chested, and worked very steadily in his [illegible]. He had mixed with some rough [illegible] in the Wild West, but [illegible]

"[illegible] mother, what was that about your claiming a Mr. Emerick as your husband?"

"As I live, Eugene, that man was your father. No matter how many years have elapsed, no matter how he treated me, no matter what has passed since then, I am positive that I am not [illegible] and I am going to make some inquiries quietly and see if I can find out something about him. The policeman said his name was Emerick and that he was a merchant who had chartered that big steamer lying at the docks. I suppose by this time he is far out at sea, but we can easily find something out about him now that we know the name."

"AS I LIVE, EUGENE, THAT MAN WAS YOUR FATHER!"

"You can depend upon it, mother, that if he is my father and a wealthy merchant, I want to know the truth about it."

"If he really is my husband, and your father, [illegible] my boy, [illegible] pills again [illegible]"