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THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

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

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH"

CHAPTER XI.

When Percy arrived at Buenos Ayres he did not rush with precipitate haste to Emerick's house...

An intelligent Spaniard of about Mr. Emerick's own age accompanied Percy part of the way home and grew very confidential.



HE DREW OUT A CARD AND HANDED IT TO PERCY.

These words set Percy thinking, but they of course did not deter him from going to Mr. Emerick's on that night week.

During the time which intervened he took a trip up the Rio de la Plata to one of the river ports, and returned on the morning of his appointment for the card party.

When evening came Mr. Emerick called for him at the hotel and together they went out to the merchant's house.

Every man except the Spaniard who had warned Percy jumped to his feet. "Sir," he said in answer, "what do you mean by this insult?"

"You are a stranger here?" he said to Percy. "I am, indeed. I arrived here only a few days since," replied Percy.

contact, and Mr. Emerick, acting as spokesman, said: "We have decided that you must either name one of us gentlemen to fight with weapons which you shall be allowed to choose or prepare to be treated as a coward and a liar."

"It is hardly possible that I shall choose the latter," answered Percy. "It is not exactly natural to an Englishman to back out when there is any fight in prospect, so I accept your proposition. This gentleman on my right will perhaps act as my second."

The man alluded to was the one he had walked home with a week before, and he agreed to act for Percy.

"You will have to fight him if he does," said the Spaniard, in a sneering tone. Now, if there was any thing under the sun which Mr. Emerick disliked it was a fair, stand-up fight, no matter what the weapons were.

While those words were being uttered Mr. Emerick's face was livid, he clinched his fists and betrayed an intensely excited state of mind.

Another half hour and he would have finished the work he had made up his mind to accomplish that night. But not he was doomed to another interruption. A gentle tap on the door, an inquiry: "Who's there?" and there came a reply in a soft voice of a woman.

"What do you want here?" said Mr. Emerick in his sternest tones. "I want to see you, Mr. Emerick, and you are not to be disturbed," was the woman's quiet remark.

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Once he heard his second's voice exclaiming, but only for a second. He withdrew and struggled, paying no attention to the injunction of his captors, given in Spanish, telling him to keep quiet.



ONE OF THEM STRUCK HIM A HEAVY BLOW ON THE HEAD.

He remembered no more until some hours after, when he came to his senses with a terrible pain in his head, and realized that he was being conveyed in some vehicle without springs over a very rough road.

Meanwhile, Mr. Emerick returned to his house, settled with the Spaniard who had engineered the outrage on his behalf, and appeared at the usual time at his office as if nothing out of the ordinary course had happened within the past few hours.

He was little afraid that any disclosure would be made, for he knew full well that the Spaniard would never dare to say a word of what had happened, lest the other members of the gang should injure him.

Still his business was worth saving or selling, and whatever the secret history of this man Emerick, and what ever the reasons he had for playing hide-and-seek with his fellow-men, he was undoubtedly a clever man of business, and he had no great risk that he would be injured by revealing his secrets.

Preparations for his departure kept Mr. Emerick at his office all day and for the night for the next few days. He had decided to sell out his business entirely and was disposing of his stock and real estate as rapidly as he could.

One night as he sat at his desk, very late, he heard a knock on the door and upon opening it was confronted by the tall, scrawny Spaniard who had lived the man to make away with Percy Level.

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your contract if I pay you?" "My word of honor as a gentleman and soldier."

"You honor! A man whose hands are as deeply dyed in blood as yours can not know much of honor."

"I have sufficient left to stand my ground and fight fair when occasion demands it," was the retaliatory response which Mr. Emerick heard as he met the Spaniard's withering gaze.

"I shall refuse to pay you until I know positively that this Mr. Huntly as he calls himself is dead," was Mr. Emerick's reply.

"Then the prisoner will be set free at once and take the first boat back to this city."

"Let him come," said Mr. Emerick, defiantly.

"You will have to fight him if he does," said the Spaniard, in a sneering tone. Now, if there was any thing under the sun which Mr. Emerick disliked it was a fair, stand-up fight, no matter what the weapons were.

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Oh, no, Julius Emerick, you can not shake me off so easily!" Belle Lorimer was thoroughly aroused now and she glared at her deceiver like a tigress. No remark escaped him, however, and under the pretense of not listening he continued writing with assumed indifference.

"It is such flint-hearted villains as you who make women's hearts grow cold also. You lead us on to hopes of a better and purer life only to dash them away when you throw us aside, as a child does a discarded toy."

"Yet you go forth into the world and a place in society is willingly made for you respectful treatment meets you on all sides and your past actions are never referred to—while we poor women, who in an unguarded moment lay ourselves out for the pleasure of the world, are forever condemned, and the mud which smirches our garments leaves a stain which can never be washed out. Why is it so none can answer. All that the world does is to keep on throwing mud at the poor defenceless woman and flounce the demon who has caused her downfall."

"What has all that eloquence to do with the present case?" asked Mr. Emerick, looking up from his work.

"Every thing," replied the woman, who was now thoroughly exasperated. "You led me to believe that you were in earnest and now you tell me you were joking. Do you suppose I am going to submit to such treatment without a murmur? No, indeed. Either you marry me and take me with you to New York, or you do not go yourself. On that I am determined."

"I am interested to know how you will prevent me from going, my fair tigress," he replied.

"The means will be forthcoming," was the answer.

"My dear woman, you might as well attempt to stop the flow of the La Plata river as to try and thwart the plans of Julius Emerick. I shall go and nothing will prevent me—your interference will count as naught."

"The interference will not come from me directly," responded the actress.

"Then will you kindly inform me from what source I may expect it?" he asked.

"Yes, I will, and you shall have a chance of escape," was the woman's reply.

"Name the chance and you shall know my resolve in a moment," said Mr. Emerick.

"The actress was sitting on the opposite side of the desk and as she gazed at the heartless man before her she seemed to transcend him with her look. She was quieter now and calmly commenced:

way down they had called for the captain of the vigilantes and he approached Mr. Emerick, saying quietly in Spanish: "I wish a word with you."

"Certainly I do," replied Mr. Emerick. "I have just received a letter from him bearing the name Nicholas postmark. It is about to take a trip into the interior and will not be back, probably, for several weeks."

"As he uttered these words he drew the letter from his pocket, and offered it for inspection. Several of the bystanders looked at it, but as none of them knew the supposed Mr. Huntly's hand-writing, none could dispute the genuineness of the letter coming from him."

"This clears up all the mystery," said the captain as he walked away. Belle Lorimer without a vestige of color in her cheeks, was left alone beside Mr. Emerick. "I will be revenged for this," she hissed in his ear. Then she followed him.

"THIS CLEARS UP ALL THE MYSTERY," SAID THE CAPTAIN.

lowered the captain of the vigilantes along the pier.

Mr. Emerick proceeded to Montevideo, where he hoped to catch the regular steamer for Rio de Janeiro.

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