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

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

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CHAPTER X. "Non est vert, Non est vert," sang Percy Lovel, in a rich voice, full of pathos. Certainly he seemed to feel what he sang, and accompanied himself on the piano in a perfect manner. As the last notes died away he turned round on the stool and noticed that he was not

"How long since you returned, Armida? I did not hear you enter the room." "No, you were too much engressed in your song to notice any thing else. But how is it, Percy, that you always sing such sad songs? One would imagine that there was some terrible grief gnawing at your heart, when you sing those songs-you do it with what seems to be so much real feeling."

"If I do I can not give a more than ordinary reason for it. I passionately love music, and my whole soul responds when I commence to sing." replied Percy. Continuing, he asked: "Anve you been to the hospital again

to-day?"

"Yes, I was there for over an hour. I saw toat unfortunate young man's mother, a French lady, whom I should imagine was at one time in circumstances far superior to her present condition. Even her son seems to possess a bearing which is hardly compatible with their surroundings." "Did you learn any more of their his-

tory?" asked Percy. "Nothing; but I promised to call some time at the store and have a long talk

Ith Mrs. Bregy." Percy was silent a few moments; but

"Armida, I have been thinking that I would like to have a talk to that lady and her son some time. In fact, I have made up my mind to do it. Their strange connection with Mr. Emerick puzzles me and my curiosity impels me to learn more."

"What is your motive, Percy?" "You will pardon my abruptness, Armida, but for the present it must remain a secret; in due time you shall know all."

"No doubt you have excellent reasons," answered the unsophisticated

Changing the subject, Percy asked if she could tell whether Mr. Wilcox was in the house or not. Armida replied: "I saw him a moment ago in the library."

"Then if you will please excuse me, I will go to him, as I wish to speak with him on his business." With these words Percy left the room. He had not gone more than a moment

when Mrs. Delaro entered the room where Armida sat alone. "Well, my dear, and how did you find the patient to-day?"

"Me was very much improved, mammg, and will leave the hospital in a few days."
Armida, we must try to do something for that young man; It is not right that

recomponsed." "But they will not take money; what then can we do?" said the girl. "We must put our heads together and

devise some means. By the by, my dear, was that Percy who went across to the library a moment ago?"

"Yes, he has gone to talk business with Mr. Wilcox."

"Then I must go too, for I also have some business matters to attend to this morning, and I need Percy's assistance." With these words the widow rose to go.

"As usual," said Armida, with a pretty pont, "I' am always left out in the cold. Why can not I know something of what transpires in these conclaves you are always having?"

"It is hardly necessary that you should be troubled with any business matters," said Mrs. Delaro as she left the room.

Shortly afterward Armida ordered the carriage and went down-town to do some shopping. For the past few months they had been living in a handsomely furnished house near Gramercy Park. Armida and her mother passed their time very much in each other's company, and the days went by pleasantly enough, except for the fact that thoughts of great and lasting trouble continually recurred 'to Mrs. Delaro's mind, often making her sad even in her daughter's company. Mr. Wilcox and Percy found plenty to occupy their time attending to various business matters when they were not bas trying to get a fresh clew to Mario Delaro's murderer.

This morning there was to be a consultation of the three interested persons regarding the recent developments in connection with the Bregy's.

"If Mr. Emerick is Alphonse Bregy and this woman's husband, then he certainly can not be Velasquez," argued Mr. Wilcox.

"Yet," said Percy, "there may be other information to come which will change our opinion. For my part I am now too thoroughly interested in knowing who this Mr. Emerick really is to let the matter drop. His actions from first to last during the brief time that we saw him were of a character which gave me dark suspicions, and if there is a way to find out who he really is I am going to do it. I am afraid I do not dare to even hope he is the man we want, but I have become so imbued with the detective spirit that I am anxious to satisfy my own curiosity."

"I would suggest," said Mrs. Delaro, wisely, "that we send for Eugene Bregy and his mother and ask them to tell us all they know. Mrs. Bregy will doubtless give us their history and Eugene may have found out something, the knowledge of which will be worth pos-

"That is undoubtedly the proper course to pursue," remarked Mr. Wil-

"Then it can not be done toe soon," segred Persy. "I era net oven go to

steep at hight without aims man emcrick's image before me, and something Percy. tells me be is hiding from us or from some one."

It was several days before Eugene was The neighbors stared hard enough when drawn up in front of the store door to be some weeks before I can start" convey them to the temporary home of our California friends, and some queer

which the French woman gave herself. Upon reaching the house they were consultation immediately commenced. Mrs. Bregy had very little to tell con-

cerning her history prior to the time her husband descrited her. She related which she had been invited by some friends from her own country, and told the story of their brief courtship and finally of her marriage to Alphonse Bregy. But she either could not or would not tell whather husband's business was. She said that for the first six months of their married life he was a loving husband and treated her kindly, but afterwards he began to go away for a week or two at a time and grew cold towards her. Finally, about a month after Eugene again returned. After that time she never heard of her husband but once who had been out to Denver. This man | now. asserted positively that he saw Alphonse Bregy in that city, but that he could not get to speak to him. "That," concluded Mrs. Bregy, "was all I ever heard of him, and I had given up all hope of ever seeing him again until I met him a few months ago at the dock in Brooklyn."

"Was there any thing peculiar in his general bearing?" asked Percy.

"Yes, he stooped a little, but showed it more especially when he grew tired of wearing his shoulder-braces and would would them for a day or two," answered Mrs. Bregy.

Then Mr. Wilcox asked what steps they had taken to discover who Mr. Emerick really was since he went away on the "Trinidad."

"All that has been done I did myself," said Eugene. "I went down to the office of Emerick & Co. on Pearl street and the clerk told me that Mr. Emerick was in Buenos Ayres." Eugene then recounted what he had heard while the door was closing.

After this very little information of importance was gained from the mother and son, but before they left, after being entertained during the evening by Mrs. Delaro and Armida, Mr. Wilcox said to Mrs. Bregy: "Inasmuch as the carelessness of our coachman was the cause of your son's accident, and as you persistently refuse any recompense, you must allow me to do one thing." "What is that, Mr. Wilcox?" said

Mrs. Breav in a pleasant manner. "You must permit us to make some inquiries regarding this Mr. Emerick and give us permission to find out all we can about him," he replied.

In a grateful tone the woman replied: 'Any information you may be able give to me, no matter how scanty in detail, will be gladly received and acknowledged."

As the mother and son were being driven home, Mr. Wilcox and Percy sat in the library still talking about Emhe should suffer so much and not be

"There is a mystery attached to all of it," said Perev to Mr. Wilcox. "If you could have only seen the fellow Emerick, it might have cleared up doubts, but as the matter now stands we can do nothing but speculate."

"Very true, but if for no other reason than to oblige this poor woman we must now follow him up. Do you suppose there is any possibility of Emerick returning to New York in the near future?"

"That is something that mystifles me," said Percy. "Why should a presumably reputable merchant have reason for keeping his whereabouts a secret? Eugene Bregy called at the office



"THEN IT CAN NOT BE DONE TOO SOON," URGED PERCY.

and was told that Mr. Emerick was in South America. I called to make the same inquiry and was told he was in Europe. Probably neither of their replies was the truth."

"Still it will not be hard to determine on the most favorable chances," said Mr. Wilcox. "The man has no business in Europe, and, as we know, he has an office in Buenos Ayres. The latter would undoubtedly be the most likely place to find him."

"Then what do you propose to do?" said Percy.

"That is for us now to decide," re-

plied the old man. "I will make a proposition," said Percy, "that I go alone to Buenos Ayres and find out just where this man is, who he is and what he is doing. My further actions must depend to a large extent

on what I discover." "Good," said Mr. Wilcox, "and in the meantime, I will keep a sharp lookout

to see if he returns to New York." "But what excuse shall I have for going?" asked Percy. "It will not do to

let too many into the secret." "You can soon frame an excuse. have, as you know, a large interest in a up his mind to drop into the place for they went out to the merchant's house. beef extract company down there and an hour. He was quite alone and, sit- Percy was left to himself for about half

"Yes, and you can go just as soon as you please."

"As a first step, I will go down-town able to come up to the Delaros' house, in the morning and find out the best and quickest means of reaching Buenos they saw him and his mother seat the ... Ayres. Steamers sail so seldom for solves in the stylish victoria which was these South American ports that it may

By noon the next day Percy had made arrangements to sail on the Amaremarks were passed about the airs zon leaving in four days' time for Rio de Janeiro, whence he would have to reembark for the River Plata. That waited patiently and, after the performat once ushered into the library and the same night Percy and Armida were engaged to go to a ball at the Metropolitan Opera-House.

They had not been drawn far into the maelstrom of New York society but the incident of meeting him at a ball to their life was not without some little pleasures of the kind and this was one of the exceptional occasions. This would probably be Percy's last opportuntty of escorting Armida anywhere during that season. The ball passed off pleasantly, but several times during the evening Percy felt that the attentions door where he met a lady just coming which Armida was receiving from a crowd of admirers worried him censiderably and he began to wonder whether it would be safe to leave her among such a crowd of eligible men. During was born, he went away and never his absence she might possibly meet one who would capture her free heart. In that case she would never know that and that was from a French plasterer, he had loved her unless he told her

Many times during the evening Armida found him sitting in a quiet place apparently lost in thought and once she accused him of being exceedingly dull. But Percy had made up his mind what he would do, and on the way home from the ball he began to put test questions



HE NOTICED PERCY AND ARMIDA IN EARNEST CONVERSATION.

was that as they each sat in the parlor warming their toes over a register previous to retiring, Percy declared his passion. It was only the old story told perhaps with slight variation, but before he had finished Mr. Wilcox, who had heard their voices, came down to have a parting word. It was past his usual time for retiring, but he had waited to see the pleasure-seekers return as he knew they would not remain very late and oven now it was only a little after one o'clock. He came downstairs almost noiselessly and as he reached the door of the parlor he noticed Percy bending very closely over Armida engaged in earnest conversation. The old fellow was angry with himself for interrupting so interesting a scene, but having entered he could not at once withdraw. "Ah," he thought, "this is encouraging."

Armida soon retired and left Mr. Wilcox and Percy to have a talk before going to bed. Percy did not tell Mr. Wilcox what happened and a desultory conversation relative to Percy's departure was indulged in and they separated for the night.

"Alas, how easily things go wrong-A word left out or a sigh too long-

The bright sun chased away by the rain-And life is never the same ngain. How near, that night, Percy was to winning Armida for his wife will never be known. That was his last chance to be alone with her for many a long day -a chance spoiled quite inadvertently by the just man who would have wished to do such a thing.

Two days later he was on his way to South America.

CHAPTER XI.

When Percy arrived at Buenos Ayres he did not rush with precipitate haste to Emerick & Co.'s office; he took up his quarters at a quiet English hotel and then went systematically to work to find out what he could about Mr. Emerick. There was little to be learned, however, for all he could hear was that Emerick lived in quiet seclusion in a handsome modern residence lying to the north of the town, which had been previously occupied by Mr. Howe, his partner, and family. When not at business Emerick was reported to spend his time at this house, where he would sometimes entertain a few friends, particularly some Spanish gentlemen, who, strange to say, were not admitted to the better society of | Buenos Ayres. To these guests of Emerick's the houses of the civil authorities were not open, neither did any of the numerous wealthy foreign residents invite them to their tables. Yet it was no uncommon thing for them to spend the evening and greater part of the night at Mr. Emerick's house, and one of the servants had once told a confidential friend outside that their amusement consisted almost entirely of playing cards, drinking wine and smoking. Yet Mr. Emerick was exceedingly strict in his attendance to business and was regularly seen at his desk in the office of Emerick & Co., in a large four-story modern business block situated near to the customhouse. Only very seldom did the merchant appear at the theater. Occasionally he could be seen at an Anglo-German concert hall, but not often, and then he was usually alone and would drink his wine in a little private box morning of his appointment for the card and go quietly home.

That night arter his arrival at carenos subput twedtier, bluce and author armen

effort see all that was going on yet not attract particular attention to him-

He had been scated there about an hour when, happening to look up, his eyes rested upon the familiar form of Mr. Emerick standing up in one of the boxes. He was just arranging his chair so that he could sit behind the curtains and not be visible to the audience but Lovel noticed that he was alone and had a single bottle of wine before him.

Percy failed to get a glimpse of him again during all that evening, but he ance, he still lingered hoping to see the merchant pass out. He had to wait some time and in parts of the hall many of the lights were being extinguished before Mr. Emerick arose to leave. When he did he moved about as though afraid of being seen. It was hardly the place where one would expect to see a person of his position and that was probably his reason for his cautious movements. Percy followed his man rather closely as he went towards the stage out. Together they walked across the Plaza and found a conveyance which was evidently waiting for them, for, without a word to the driver, they took their seats and were driven away.

"The more I see of this man the more of a mystery does he become to me; but I would like to get a good look at him face to face once," soliloquized Lovel.

The opportunity was not long delayed, for a few days later Percy was scated on one of the marble seats in the shade of the Paradise trees on the Plaza Victoria when who should approach but Mr. Emerick. Percy was reading a portion of a London paper which had arrived on the last mail, and was handed to him by an English army officer at the hotel. He hardly know how to accost Emerick, but resorted to very simple tactics by asking him in the free and easy manner which he had acquired in America, if he would permit him to take a light from his eigur. Mr. Emerick at once drew out a gold match box and supplied the want.

"You are a stranger here?" he said to

"I am, indeed. I arrived bere only a fow days since," roplied Percy, at tho same time feeling devoutly thankful that Mr. Emerick had not recognized him. It was so dark on the piazza at Long Branch, the only place where Mr. Emerick had met Percy, that it was a safe risk to take, and it had apparently passed safely.

"Have you any acquaintances in Buenos Ayres?" was Mr. Emerick's first

"None, whatever," answered Percy; "I am here to see the country, and do not intend to remain long." "Where are your staying, may I ask?"

"At the Hotel Victoria," was the re-"Then you are an Englishman, I pre-

sumo?" "Yes," answered Percy without alluding to his long residence in America. "If you ever find the time hanging

heavily on your hands while here," said Mr. Emerick, "drop in at my office and see me." Saving which he drew out a card and handed it to Percy. "May I nationality. inquire your name?" he asked as he handed the card. "Byron Huntly," responded Percy.

"I am sorry I have no card." This was the assumed name under which Percy had registered at the hotel and the one by which he was traveling. A few days later he called at Mr. Emerick's office and look lunch with that gentleman. He also accepted an invitation to meet a few gentlemen at Mr. Emerick's house that evening.

Nothing could have suited Percy better than this. He went and stayed late. Poker was the order of the hour, and Percy left a winner to such an extent that he felt in honor bound to accept the invitation pressed upon him to attend again a week later and give the losers an opportunity to recoup their

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

"Mr. Huntly," he said, "let me caution you to be very careful when you go to Mr. Emerick's next week. There were one or two gentlemen in that party to-night who are adepts at handling the cards and I have just cause for being suspicious even of Mr. Emerick himself. It is not perhaps the essence of honor to speak ill of one's host behind his back. You are a stranger and may have plenty of money which you can afford to lose, but my suspicions that the play at Mr. Emerich's house was not always fair, were confirmed to-night



HE DREW OUT A CARD AND HANDED IT TO PEECY.

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

When evening came Mr. Emerick Ayres, our friend Lovel casually made called for him at the hotel and together that will furnish a plausible reason for ting at a side table partially hidden by an hour before dinner, and he occupied mest of the time with his thoughts. He

that this man Emerick was the man be was searching for, yet he could not give up the idea that Emerick was in hiding for some purpose of his own. Therewas a slight resemblance to Velasquez, as he remembered that rascal, but so long a time had clapsed since he used to watch the high play at the gaming house in San Francisco that it would be dangerous to accuse this man of being Maclo Delaro's murderer and then discover that he was altogether mistaken. Besides, in regard to finding out whother

on which to work. The early part of the evening passed pleasantly enough. Percy continued to win and so did the gentleman who had given him the warning on the last occasion of their playing. But after midnight-the turn came. In an incredibly short space of time the Spaniard's pile was reduced to almost nothing, and Percy also played a losing game. All of a sudden he detected the unpleasant lieve," said the druggist, "that some fact that they were being cheated. When he made this discovery he did not besitate a moment, but threw down his cards and refused to play. The Spanfards and Mr. Emerick stared at him in amazement and asked the reason. Leaning back in his chair and quietly light-

Every man except the Spaniard who had warned Percy jumped to his feet. "Sir," they said in unison, "what do you mean by this insult?" "Precisely what I said," the cool and undaunted

ing a cigar, he said, as he puffed away

without the slightest regard to conse-

quences: "Eccause this game is crook-

Englishman replied. "Such insults may pass unnoticed in England," said Mr. Emerick, with assumed haughtiness, "but here things are different. The insult which you have offered us can only be wiped out

in one way." "On the modern French plan or in the stern reality?" asked Percy, who could not resist the temptation to burl a sneer at the man for whom he had conceived such a strong dislike.

"We have but one plan here," spoke up a tall, mustached Spaniard, "and that is to fight to the death."

"Undoubtedly a very good one, too, but do you propose that I should fight each of you singly, will you all pounce upon me at once, or do I take my choice of opponent?" was Percy's reply, made as easily as though he was engineering his way on an unfamiliar street. Tao Spaniards at once commenced speaking rapidly to each other, at the same time casting angry glances at Percy, but he never flinched.

During this conversation Percy's thoughts chased each other through his mind with lightning swiftness. If he fought, his opponent must be this man Emerick. And what if Emerick should prove the better man? In that case it might never be learned who he really was. He felt that he had made a mistake in offending these hot-headed Spaniards. True, there was one who but even he could not be relied upon. Driven. The compulsion which usually Percy had no faith at all in mon of their

In a few moments they ceased their confab, 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 bo allowed to choose or prepare to be treated as a coward and a liar."

"It is hardly pessible that I shall choose the latter," answered Percy. "It is not exactly natural to an Englishman to back out when there is any fighting 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. Then Lovel pondered for a moment before he proceeded to name his opponent. Each of the Spaniards stood eying him as much as to say: "Oh, please take me; I would like to spill a little of your cold English blood on the fertile plains of this Republic; only give me the chance.' The coolest of the lot was Mr. Emerick. who seemed as unconcerned and indifferent as Lovel bimself. But Percy was

not considering whom he should fight; on that point his mind was fully made up. He had other thoughts in his mind. He seemed, as it were, in a trap. He knew full well that if he farther incurred the anger of these men he might naver leave the place alive, and his body might float out on the next tide to the ocean. It was a bold break he was about to make, but it meant a great deal. If he was to be killed, he wanted to know who killed him. If he killed, he proposed to know whom he had killed. He stood creet, his enemies being on one side the table and himself on the other.

Looking Mr. Emerick straight in the eyes he riveted that gentleman's gaze in such a manner that there was no escape. Then in a clear, calm voice be uttered the words: "Leon Velasques, I will fight you."

But if Mr. Emerick was indeed Veeffect, for not a muscle of the merroom; to whom do you refer?"

"To you," answered Percy; "but I wish."

own, but our seconds will make arrangements, and I am prepared at any time to meet you." was the reply. The tall Spaniard and the gentleman whom Percy had named as his second then held a cousultation and soon de-

place at daylight in a secluded spot to the northwest of the town. Percy chose to fight with rapiers, as he was tolerably skillful in the use of those weapons and felt more certain of

at once made their departure. There was still time for a few hours' sleep, and But no sooner had Percy and his

friend departed than the tall Spaniard

DIDN'T KEEP A DIRECTORY.

A Druggies, Whose Store Adjoins a Large Dry Goods House, Has No Picule. "I would like to look at your direct ory. pleasa," said I, the other day, on

entering a drug store on Sixth avenue. near Ninetsenth street. The mae behind the counter looked up with a weary expression and quietly

shook his head. "What's Sie matter," I asked. "Don't

you keep a directory here?" Again the head shake was repeated,

and then I sought for an explanation. be was the woman Bregy's husband or 'You see," said the druggist, "we are not, he possessed no clew of any kind right in among all these large dry goods stores, and as their customers are mostly ladies of more or less leisure, our place would be fairly overrun with women all day long if we had a directory there in the window.

"Yes," he went on, "we did keep a directory once, but it got to be such an intelerable nuisance that we either had to stop it or close out our business. I bewomen like to go into a drug store and look over the directory. Not, mind you, because they really wish to find out any addresses, but simply from pure cussedness. Maybe they think it looks businesslike. And then, you know, a drug stere is a great place of rendezvous for the ladies who do shopping, and studying over a directory helps them to kill time if the other party is late.

"You have no idea," he went on, "of the number of women who stop in here every day and ask foolish questions. Why, cornetimes when I tell them we don't keep a directory they ask me whether I know where so and so lives. and a thousand and one questions bedies that might be answered in the directory, but which they never stop toconsider. And then these women come in here and want to leave their bundles while they do their shopping elsewhere. They hold regular conversation bees, and interfere with castomers passing in and out, and fairly worry my life out with their petty questions and annoyancea.

"Stamps, did you say, miss?" he added, turning to address a young lady who had just entered. "No, miss; we do not

keep stamps. "I'd have to keep a branch postoffice up here," said the druggist as the young ady went out, and then he turned to some score or more of ladies who were waiting to receive attention .- New York

The Vice of Idleness.

It is exceedingly difficult to undertand the cause of this vice, or of its reported increase, but we incline to believe that while it is in a few a sort of disease, it is in the majority nothing but a low form of selfishness, curable only by punishment, whether the natural punishment of starvation or an artificial one. The man hates the self suppression involved in work just as a savage does, but he can suppress himself if he chooses, and invariably does choose, if for any reason he passes under the terrible would probably render him assistance, | though avoidable discipline of a convict upon the talle takes the form of had

> and it is not sufficient. Such wants are all horrible things, but they are none of them so herrible as steady work, which presses and tortures. and almost maddens the really idle, just re civilization, which is its essence, is a multitude of small restraints, does the waze. They will not put up with the to the time necessary to teach . but it is endurable, and will ther break away into the desert, often a treet, where there are only bread to eat

food, bad lodging and want of tobacco,

on Sweetntor. bbbage Palm Tranks for Submarine Use. One hundred thousand ranning feet of almotto logs will be shipped right away rom Brunswick to Santiago, Caba, This a new article of export from this state. cal bids fair to become an important actor in increasing Brunswick's already

and water to drink and no shelter, but

vacre there also is no work to do. -Lon-

normous timber and lumber trade. Mr. W. F. Carnegie, the millionaire fon man, is largely interested in an iron mine near Santingo, and the order was made by his company. A great part of the timber is to be used in the construcion of cribs to inclose a harbor near the nines in which ships can load. The rest will be converted into piles for building milroad across quite a large body of

A gentleman well informed in such entters said that this material would ast an indefinite length of time under rater, but could not very well stand exposure to the gir. It is almost proof gainst the attack of worms, and is enirely free from barnucles. And while t will no doubt finally succomb to thesa two destroying agencies, yet there can be no doubt of its lasting at least twice as long under water as any other kind of wood. -Brunswick Times.

The Youth's Encwledge.

Is it that the average youth of today knows more geography in a minute than lasquez, Percy's words took no apparent his father, when he was a schoolboy, knew in ten years, or is it that the father chant's face moved as he replied: forgot nearly all of his knowledge im-"There is no one of that name in the | mediately after closing the covers of his big geography? However that is, one thing is certain-that nine youngsters will fight you under any name you out of ten who can't count so many years as they have fingers can "floor" their "I fail to understand why you should whole grown up families on mountains, address me by any name other than my lakes, rivers and streams, cities, towns and villages and boundaries. They not only do this persistently and uncompromisingly, but they take particular delight in making their sisters' callers flush to the roots of their hair with their terribly erudite questions.-New York cided that the meeting should take

The Navy of China.

So far as the power of the fleet is concerned China is the eighth in rank. But the lack of proper organization, equipgetting fair play. All arrangements ment and personnel renders her fine ves-being completed, Percy and his second sels practically valueless for purposes of sels practically valueless for purposes of war. It may be said that China has no army, only collections of uniformed men, Percy decided to take advantage of it. and that she has no navy, but simply a number of naval vessels, with some of the inhabitants on board.—New York