

# Like the Diamond

**Like the Diamond**  
Ceylon Tea cannot be successfully imitated—the label might be imitated, but the quality of tea never.

Sold only in lead packets; 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c per pound. By all grocers.

## ZELDA DAMERON

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

(Copyrighted by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

Her heart beat fast as she went downstairs. Her father sat in the sitting-room as he always did, waiting for her to come to breakfast; but as she stood upon the threshold, whence she had often called her good morning, he did not look up from the newspaper with his usual smile. She was touched by the pathos of his figure. He seemed older, more shrunken; his profile, as the early light gave it to her, was less hard. His lean cheeks had the touch of color they always had in the morning from his being brushed back with something more than its usual uncompromising smoothness. A certain primness and rigidity in him which had often vexed her, struck only her pity now.

"Father!"  
He rose and turned toward her with a pathetic appeal in his eyes.  
"Good morning, Zee," he said. Habit was strong in him and they usually went to breakfast as soon as she came down. He took a step now toward the dining-room.

"Father, I wish to speak to you a moment," she said kindly, and he paused.  
"I am sorry for what happened last night. I was not quite myself. I said things that will always trouble me if you—unlike you can forgive me. I was wrong—about everything. You must let me help. I can help you in any way."

He said nothing, but stared at her. "What angered me was that you weren't kinder to me. He is violent—but if things haven't gone well with you, I wish to share the burden. No, I mean it—that I am sorry—let me be quite good friends again."

She went up to him quickly and took his hand.  
"Father," she said.  
"Zee, my little girl—my little girl," he began brokenly, touching her cheeks with trembling hands.

"Yes, father," she said, wishing to help him.  
"I have been very wicked; I have led a bad life. I must not harm you; I am not fit."

"You are my father," she said, and touched his forehead with her lips, wondering at herself.  
She led him to the table and talked to him brightly on irrelevant matters. The situation was not at all plain. She usually visited the kitchen after breakfast to make her list for the grocer; but this morning she went back to the sitting-room with her father. The autumn morning was cool, and she bent and lighted the gas. "Now," she said, quickly and smiling at him, "there are those bothersome business matters that we were talking about last night. I wish to sign the deed."

He shook his head.  
"You can't do it, Zee. You have brought the fire of the deed upon the kindling in the grate—half had already been destroyed."

"That is precisely what I want. I shall make a new one," she said, in a matter-of-course tone. "I wish you would tell me, so that I may understand just what it is that has happened."

"It's a long story. I thought I should be able to make a great fortune for you. I was greedy—my greed."

"Let us use ugly words about ourselves, father. A great many people lose their money. It isn't so terribly terrible. Only there mustn't be any further trouble."

"What I propose—to shield the deed—is a grave matter—I have betrayed you—I have betrayed your mother's trust. I have robbed you."

"I haven't been robbed, father, and I don't intend that anybody shall use such words to me. We shall make a deed; no one need ever know that anything has happened."

"You are kind; you are more than generous, Zee; but I was when I asked you to recreate the trust last night. I am a bad man; I must face my sins; I have been living a lying, evil life. I am a thief, worse than a thief. My father can't be a thief," she said.

"I am a thief—your uncle will be that I am punished. And it will be better so if only I did not drag you down, smirch your name."

Her strength—her readiness to meet the situation grew as she saw his weakness.  
"How bad is it, father; have we anything left? Don't be afraid to tell me. It's concerning you must avoid me. I haven't a thing."

Her tone reassured him; he lifted his head with more courage.  
"This house—the place in the country—they are free. They are yours today. My investments—they hesitated and blinked at the word—they can't come back to injure you."

"Then this house and the farm are still ours."  
"They are yours, not mine. I have wasted so much. It was a fortune—nearly half a million dollars when I began throwing it away."

"I don't believe you're very much. When you haven't a million you're—you're not in it!" and she laughed. "The loss of anything else isn't worth crying over. And the money you might have made a great deal more out of it."

He flinched, knowing how culpable he was, but her generosity and kindness were lifting his spirit.  
"I have given an option on a piece of ground—you may know it—out by the creek, and have received \$1,000 on account of it. It may be binding on you. It grew out of my necessity. It is not fair for me to talk to you of these things at all. You should take advice of some one else—just as though there were no sort of the between us."

"We are not going to do it that way," said Zee, decisively. "We are going to understand this between ourselves. Now this strip of ground that has been practically sold. What is there about that?"

"The money should be returned, or offered to them. Balcomb was managing it—"

"Mr. Jack Balcomb?—then, of course, it wasn't regular."

"It was my fault, Zee."

"I don't believe it. He was contriving a pitfall—that is what might have been expected of him. And he came to our house and pretended to be our friend!"

"Yes; he pretended that; but I pretended much more. Deceit is something that feeds on itself."

He repeated the words. "It feeds on itself," as though he found satisfaction in them. He was quite willing to bind a bargain—his hand was in Zee's hands. The very way in which she asked questions was a relief to him.

"Mr. Balcomb gave you \$1,000 to bind a bargain—his hand was in Zee's hands. The very way in which she asked questions was a relief to him."

"I think I understand that. But there are three other things that must be paid? And if we still have two houses we can get money for them. We must face the whole matter—please keep nothing back."

"I have told you everything. I have squandered your money in speculations—gambling in the name of it, but I have kept the farm and this house, untouched. Everything else has gone, and I have given an option for the sale of that piece of ground on the creek. And I sold a block of lots belonging to you, in an irregular way. I could not sell property without an order of court—that was required by your mother's will; but my necessities were great, and Balcomb arranged an abstract to suit himself—but I let him do it. I am the guilty one; it is my crime."

"Let us not use unpleasant words. It's my birthday. I'm quite grown up now, and you must let me help—or help!"

"Yes; but not Rodney; not your uncle," he said suddenly. "He is violent, very violent. He would have no mercy on me. And I am an old man, and broken, very badly broken."

He settled back in his chair despairingly.  
"I shall have to tell Uncle Rodney; but you need have no fear of him. I promise you that."

"He is very violent—he and I have never been friends." I shall take care of him. He and I understand each other perfectly," she added, and smiled to herself.

"Mr. Carr is your lawyer, isn't he?" she asked.

"Yes; but he has been away. I took advantage of his absence to do things he would not have sanctioned."

"There is Mr. Leighton."

"No, no, not that man!" She had tried to avoid any reference to the in-laws she had married, but the mention of Leighton's name brought the whole wretched scene clearly before her again. It was he, more than any one, that she related on.

"I'm sorry you feel toward him as you do, father. I believe that we might trust him. I look upon him as a friend."

Ezra Dameron was weak and the talk was wearying him. He closed his eyes and rested his head on the back of the chair, moving it from side to side restlessly.

He was silent for a moment; then he brought his eyes to her and said, "Zee," he began haltingly—"Zee, I'm sorry I spoke of him as I did. I was quite out of my senses. He is a friend, a very good friend."

"Don't trouble about anything, father," she said, and went to her room for her wraps.

Ezra Dameron was beaten and he was not heroic in defeat. He was stunned by the failure of his gambling operations. He had lived so entirely in dreams for a year that it was difficult for him to realize the broad daylight of a workaday world. Echoes of the harsh things that had passed between him and the child of his own blood but a few hours before still haunted him. She had summoned the apparition of her dead mother and had called him a liar; and he had insulted her in the harshest terms he knew; but he was now leaning upon her helplessly. He did not know, and he could not understand, the motives that were prompting her. He had thrown away her money, and she did not arraign him for it; she was even devising means of covering up his ill-doings; and the fact that one could overlook and pardon the loss of a fortune was utterly beyond his comprehension.

When she came down, her father was still sitting as she had heard him, with a look of unutterable dejection on his face.

## M'CLARY TEAM TOOK THE DOUBLE-HEADER WITH THE PERRIN NINE

**Ragged Fielding Marked the First—Losers Started Second With Rush of Runs.**

The McClary nine were in clover yesterday, and added two games to their string, taking a big lead over the other teams in the City League. The attendance was not large, owing to counter attractions and the threatening weather.

Early was in the box for the foundry men in the first game, and he pitched good ball. Only three hits were made off his delivery, and at all times was master of the game. Perrins made a poor exhibition of fielding, eight errors being enough to lose any game. Clarke held the lead down well, but could not overcome the fielding errors. Perrins shifted their players, White being at third and Dunn at short, both for a few days; but neither had played the position for some time. Bennett was nearly put out of business in a collision with Dunn, while both going after a fly. Bennett's nose was badly injured. The score:

lose any game, Clarke held the leaders down well, but could not overcome the fielding errors. Perrins shifted their players, White being at third and Dunn at short. Both had a bad day, but neither had played the position for some time. Bennett was nearly put out of business in a collision with Dunn, while both going after a fly. Bennett's nose was badly injured. The

| score:               |           |       |    |       |       |    |    |  |  |
|----------------------|-----------|-------|----|-------|-------|----|----|--|--|
|                      | McClarys, | A. B. | R. | B. H. | P. O. | A. | E. |  |  |
| Jackson, 2 b.....    | 4         | 1     | 0  | 2     | 4     | 0  | 0  |  |  |
| F. Ball, s. s.....   | 1         | 1     | 1  | 2     | 2     | 0  | 0  |  |  |
| C. Bell, c. f.....   | 2         | 1     | 0  | 2     | 0     | 0  | 0  |  |  |
| Steele, c.....       | 4         | 0     | 1  | 4     | 2     | 0  | 0  |  |  |
| Earley, p.....       | 4         | 0     | 1  | 0     | 0     | 0  | 0  |  |  |
| Eccleston, l. f..... | 4         | 1     | 2  | 0     | 0     | 0  | 0  |  |  |
| Abraham, 1 b.....    | 4         | 0     | 0  | 0     | 0     | 0  | 0  |  |  |
| Gibson, 3 b.....     | 3         | 1     | 0  | 2     | 3     | 0  | 0  |  |  |
| Phillips, r. f.....  | 3         | 0     | 1  | 0     | 0     | 0  | 0  |  |  |
|                      |           | —     | —  | —     | —     | —  | —  |  |  |

|                     |       |    |       |       |       |  |
|---------------------|-------|----|-------|-------|-------|--|
| Totals.....         | 23    | 5  | 6     | 21    | 11    |  |
| Perrins.            | A. B. | R. | B. H. | P. O. | A. E. |  |
| Clark, p. ....      | 3     | 0  | 0     | 0     | 3     |  |
| Perkins, 2 b. ....  | 3     | 0  | 0     | 0     | 2     |  |
| Taylor, 1 b. ....   | 3     | 0  | 1     | 9     | 0     |  |
| Jeffries, c. ....   | 2     | 0  | 0     | 4     | 1     |  |
| White, 3 b. ....    | 2     | 1  | 1     | 2     | 3     |  |
| Patrick, 1 f. ....  | 3     | 0  | 0     | 2     | 0     |  |
| Bennett, c. f. .... | 1     | 0  | 1     | 2     | 0     |  |

|                  |       |   |   |    |    |   |
|------------------|-------|---|---|----|----|---|
| Luney, c. f..... | 2     | 0 | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| May, r. f.....   | 1     | 0 | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0 |
| Dunn, s. s.....  | 1     | 0 | 0 | 2  | 1  |   |
|                  | <hr/> |   |   |    |    |   |
| Total.....       | 21    | 1 | 3 | 21 | 10 |   |
| <hr/>            |       |   |   |    |    |   |
| Runs by innings: |       |   |   |    |    |   |
| McClarys .....   | 1     | 0 | 0 | 2  | 0  | 0 |
| Perrins .....    | 0     | 1 | 0 | 0  | 0  | 0 |

# THIRTEEN UNLUCKY FOR ST. THOMAS

Won Only One in That Number of Games With the Thistle Club.

The Thistle Club, of this city, entertained the St. Thomas Tennis Club at tennis yesterday, and defeated the visitors, winning ten, losing one and tying two, out of thirteen games. The score:

GENTLEMEN'S SINGLES.

|                       |      |                |
|-----------------------|------|----------------|
| Kirkwood (St. Thomas) | beat | Dad            |
| (London), 3-6, 6-2,   |      | 6-3.           |
| Calder (London)       | beat | K. R. Cameron, |
| (St. Thomas), 6-5,    |      | 6-3.           |
| McLennan (London)     | beat | Cameron, ju    |
| (St. Thomas), 4-4,    |      | 9-7.           |
| Darcy (London) vs.    |      | Montgomery (   |
| Thomas),              | set  | all.           |
| Macerquodale (London) | beat | McDonn         |

(St. Thomas), 6-4, 6-0.  
Phelps (London) beat Price (Thomas), 6-0, 5-1.  
Scandrett (London), beat McCall (Thomas), 6-0, 6-3.

LADIES' SINGLES.

Miss M. Love (London) beat Miss Marlatt (St. Thomas), 6-0, 6-2.  
Miss Hayes (London) beat Miss

McCall (St. Thomas), 6-0, 6-0.  
Miss McLean (London) beat Miss  
Marlatt (St. Thomas), 6-0, 6-2.

**GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLES.**

Messrs. McLennan and Phelps (London) beat Messrs. McDonald and Cameron (Thomas), 6-3, 6-3.

**MIXED DOUBLES.**

Mr. Macorquodale and Miss Ha  
(London) beat Mr. McDonald and M  
McCall (St. Thomas), 6-1, 6-1.

Mr. Dann and Miss Lowe, vs.  
Kirkwood and Miss K. Marlatt, set a

**CHALLENGER WILL BE**

**CHOSEN FROM THE**

**CHOSEN FROM THE**

Toronto, July 11.—The sailing committee of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club last night decided that the races for the selection of the Canada cup challenger from the three o-