

The Most for Your Money and the Best for Your Health.

CEYLON TEA. Positively the purest and most delicious Tea in the world.

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Highest Award, St. Louis, 1904.

A Shining Mark

"No, no! I meant you must excuse a scratch affair. You wait a minute and I'll see what there is. Meanwhile, help yourself, my dear boy," and he put some wine on the table before he left the room.

The young fellow did not help himself, but stood thoughtfully surveying the room.

Ten minutes elapsed and the major reappeared with a butler's tray.

"There's some cold beef and a game pie, Des. I wish it was something better."

"Thanks, it will do," he said; and with a smile he watched the major as he spread out the things with a still rather shaky hand.

"Quite like old-times, isn't it, major?" he remarked.

"Quite, quite!" assented the major, with a ghostly cheerfulness. "There you are. What is your drink, beer, whisky, champagne?"

The young fellow nodded, his eyes fixed on the pie.

"Anything, champagne."

Then he sat down and coolly and deliberately attacked the pie; coolly and deliberately, though he had not had anything, saving a roll, since morning.

"Don't mind my smoking?" said the major, lighting a cigar.

"Don't mind your doing anything, except eating," was the reply; and the young fellow worked away at the pie steadily.

The major watched him curiously, fearfully, with his small, cunning eyes half closed.

"More wine, Des?" he said.

The young man looked up for the first time since the meal had commenced, and with a smile shook his head.

Then he took a cigar from the major's case, and, drawing his arm-chair up to the fire, sank back into it and stretched out his legs to the warmth.

"And now let's have all the news, Des," said the major, pouring out some brandy and water, and taking a chair with an assumption of comfortable geniality.

"How long have you been in England? what are you doing?"

Desmond did not reply for some time, but sat staring at the fire, then he raised his eyes and looked the major full in the face.

"How long have you been in England? what are you doing?" he inquired, with a smile.

The question seemed to discompose the major considerably.

"I've been in England for some years, dear boy, some—some years; settled down on my pension; you know."

The young fellow glanced at the richly-furnished room significantly.

"And I've had a—er—a slice of luck in the way of a legacy," he murmured, Des—a mere trifle, but it has been a help."

The young fellow smiled.

"I see, a legacy. You always were lucky weren't you, major?"

The major shook his head, his face a trifle paler.

"Always lucky. And I was always the reverse, excepting on one occasion. But you want to know how long I've been in England. Just five weeks. What am I doing? Nothing. Where am I going? At present—nowhere."

And he stretched out his legs to the blaze and smiled again.

The perspiration showed up on the major's forehead again, and he eyed his companion with mingled fear and hate.

"If you remember, major, you and I made a bargain some years ago. We entered into partnership, if I recollect rightly. It was over at Nevada in the year—what was the year?"

"I—I don't remember," faltered the major; "my memory isn't what it was, Des."

"No," said the young fellow, with a smile. "I dated it, but I have forgotten the interesting epoch, perhaps I'd better recall it."

"Er—er—don't trouble, Des," faltered the major, humbly.

"It is no trouble," said the young man, coolly. "I'm very comfortable, and feel like talking. Get another cigar, which I'll smoke, in the nervousness, had permitted to die out."

"Rather more than ten years ago, major, a young man found himself at a place called Nevada, and he found Nevada, having made a general mess of it here in England, he had, at the earnest entreaty and persuasion of his friends, gone out to make his money in the land of silver, and he found himself at Trotter's Flat. The Flat is not the most charming spot in the world, and that's pretty plain, but there was anything but the most charming; either, the young fellow soon discovered that silver mining was an occupation which appeared to possess special fascination for the card-sharper, the run-away embezzler, and the scum of the earth generally. It was a very nice collection of scamps and scoundrels in Trotter's Flat, major."

"My dear Desmond, why go over all—al—this?" murmured the major, rather huskily.

The young fellow smiled and sipped his champagne reflectively.

"Our hero—a pretty sort of hero!—would have shaken off the dust of Trotter's Flat pretty quick, but there happened to be a man there with whom he struck up a sort of acquaintance. He had been in the army, this man, and was called 'The Major'; a dapper swell—even in his ragged, old, mining suit—played a good hand at cards, talked like a gentleman, and was a fellow on the stage, and acted the part of a good fellow; he made up to our young man, and proposed a partnership. They were to work together, and share profits."

"My dear Desmond," faltered the major, "is—this necessary?"

"Find the story rather dull, up to the present? It will be more amusing

presently, major! They did work together, and they worked hard; at least the young fellow did, and the major assisted by looking on with all his might. They hadn't much luck; but if they only made enough to keep the pot boiling they didn't complain. Take it altogether, they were not unhappy! The major, as I have remarked, was a pleasant sort of fellow, and full of good stories, and he and his partner used to spend their evenings in their but in the diggers' camp, and were not bored to death, of course they talked of what they should do when they had 'made their pile'—every digger does! The major talked about going back to England to his little girl—his wife died before he came out—and his partner talked about going to England too; not that he had any little girl to go to, but any friends, for the matter of that. His family had cut up rough with him and shunted him. He told the major all about his people, and the major bade him cheer up, and assured him that when he went back to England a millionaire—diggers are never satisfied with looking forward to anything less than a million—the young fellow would find his great people quite ready to forget the past, and awfully pleased to see him! Getting tired, major?"

The major raised his head from his hand, on which he had been supporting it, his elbow on the table; then resumed his attitude of anxious, impatient resignation.

"Shan't be long now, Well, strange to say, the firm, Major & Co., did strike luck. It was the junior partner who did it, of course. The major happened to be playing cards in the saloon at the time. The youngster struck luck, and struck it deep. Those dreams had come true; he and the major were rich men, not quite millionaires, but rich men. The major could go home to his little girl as soon as he liked, the young fellow could return to England and take his place among respectable people. They sat up the night of his luck, talking it all over, making plans, and reveling in the golden future. Perhaps they revelled too much, or perhaps the junior partner had been working too hard, for that night he fell ill—camp fever, he'd got it bad. He was ill for weeks, off his head most of the time, and, of course, his friend and partner, the major, nursed him through it. I say, of course, his friend, who had made rich, stuck to the lad in his trouble, and nursed him like a brother."

He stepped and looked straight into the white face opposite him; and the gaze, as he was unable to bear the stern gaze, got up from his chair, moved to and fro uneasily, then sank down again.

"You'd think so," resumed Desmond, musingly, and with a bitter cynicism. "They had been close friends, the youngster was the one who had really earned the money, and not only that, he had nursed his partner when he was down with camp fever some months before. But if you think so, you do the major injustice. When the young fellow came to, to find all his hair off his head and the flesh off his bones, he found also that his dear friend and partner had taken his departure. He had disappeared two days after the youngster's attack, and he had thoughtfully taken their joint fortune with him. In a word—and he flung across his cigar in the fire and crossed his arms—the major, this man who always prided himself on being a gentleman, was a heartless, ungrateful scamp, and an unmitigated scoundrel."

The major looked from right to left, his face livid, his lips trembling. He tried to speak, but the words, whatever they may have been, dropped audibly from his dry, hot mouth.

"The name of this polished and amusing gentleman was Meddon, and the young fellow's was Desmond Carr. Desmond resumed the cigar, and the major's silence. "When he got well enough he made up his mind, of course, that he would go for his friend the major, he had to track him round the globe. The major had not left any address, but he had, strange to say, left a note. It was strange! It was a piece of weakness which was singularly inconsistent; but I suppose at the last moment the major felt that he really could not leave his friend and partner without word of farewell. It is an interesting little note. I'll read it to you."

As he spoke he put his hand in the pocket of his worn coat and drew out a pocket-book. From this he took a yellow and soiled sheet of paper.

"Here it is."

"My little girl, Des, I am going back to my little girl. Don't you back me, you will have another slice of luck, please Heaven."

"Nice, pious kind of gentleman, don't you think, this major?" The young fellow got better, and he started off in pursuit. But the major was really a clever fellow, and he had managed to leave false clues here and there, and this swindled party got tired of hunting for him. Besides, what would have been the use? The major, amongst his other charming vices, was a confirmed gambler; long before the avenger could reach him the money would be gone. So the young fellow reached forward and got another cigar and lit it leisurely, keeping his eyes fixed on the major's face; then he resumed slowly, puffing between his sentences with a calm enjoyment, his sentences with a calm enjoyment, his sentences with a calm enjoyment.

"He found the major—in clover, beautifully dressed—he had been dining out—with a diamond stick in his shirt front; he lived in a nice house, well-furnished, with a fifty guinea sideboard—looking round the room—

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\$5,000 Stakes to Walter Geary, a London Horse, Takes Second Money in the 2:08 Pace.

Geary, a London Horse, Takes Second Money in the 2:08 Pace.

Detroit, Mich., July 24.—Walter Direct, entered and driven by Ed F. Geary, of Memphis, Tenn., today at Grosse Pointe track won the \$5,000 Chamber of Commerce stake, for 2:24 class paces, and lowered the record for the stake from 2:06 1/2 to 2:05 1/2.

The stake was the feature event of the opening day of the Twenty-Second Blue Ribbon meeting of the Detroit Driving Club, which inaugurates the Grand Circuit of 1905. Walter Direct was a heavy favorite, bringing \$50 in the pools, with the field at \$15. Hal C. had the pole for the first heat of the Chamber of Commerce stake, with Bonnie Wilkes and Walter Direct next in alignment. The horses scored several times before the word was given.

At the first turn the Contractor took the lead and held it to the turn into the home stretch. Geary then made one of his famous drives and won the heat in record time, 2:05 1/2. Bonanza in the last 100 yards of the first heat took second place from the Contractor by a fine burst of speed.

In the next two heats Walter Direct was in front from the start.

Harwood was favorite for the first event on the day's programme, the 2:20 trot, at \$50, with the field bringing \$20 at first and then \$35. The gelding took the first and second heat, but was defeated in the third heat broke at the first quarter and was last by yards before driver Saunders got him in his stride. Milder won the heat by half a length from Pat T.

In the 2:08 pace the favorite, Don Carr, was defeated, Geary (owned by J. Johnston, of London, and driven by Havers James), took the lead at the