

HAPPY ARE THE MAKERS OF  
Mats Rugs and Carpets.  
DIAMOND DYES.

ve Them Special Fast Colors For  
Cotton Goods.

The dyeing of Cotton rugs for the mak-  
ing of Mats, Rugs and Carpets was ter-  
ribly a difficult and very unsatisfactory  
operation owing to the crude and common  
stuffs home dyers were obliged to use.

By the introduction of the special Dia-  
mond Dye Fast Colors for Cotton, the  
art of dyeing is now a source of pleasure  
and profit to every home.

The manufacturers of the famed Dia-  
mond Dye prepare special Cotton colors  
such as Fast Pink, Fast Orange, Fast  
Purple, Fast Green, Fast Navy, Fast  
Scarlet, Fast Cardinal, Fast Turkey  
Red, Fast Dark Green, Fast Black and  
other colors that are unflinching in wash-  
ing when exposed to sun.

No other dyes in the world can give  
such marvellous and pleasing results on  
cotton goods. Ask your dealer for the  
Diamond Dye Cotton colors; take no  
other make.

THE TELEPHONE.

At Increase of the Telephone Business of  
the U. S. With Capital Represented.

C. J. Glidden, president of the Erie  
Telephone & Telegraph company, stated  
recently that the year 1900 would show the  
largest development of the telephone field  
since the invention of the telephone, the  
amount invested by that time being \$200,-  
000,000, and that next year would see  
some remarkable combinations of electrical  
properties in various sections of the United  
States. The growth this year in the United  
States, he said, he was not far from 240,  
000 subscribers, and the investment of all  
properties in the neighborhood of \$50,000,-  
000, \$38,000,000 of which would be for  
switchboards, \$10,000,000 for long-dis-  
tance lines and \$2,000,000 for real estate.

Speaking of the Erie system he said:

The Erie system now operates 136,000  
describers in eight states, and will close  
the year with a list connected and waiting  
connection of 150,000, or a gain during  
the year of about 37,000. The work done  
throughout the territory is of a most sub-  
stantial character. The new relay switch-  
ing apparatus is being installed at all  
points in the company's fireproof buildings  
land owned by the company. At pre-  
sent, we have 66 buildings valued at about  
\$1,000,000, located in cities where the  
derground system has been established.

The development this year will cost at  
least \$7,000,000, \$2,000,000 of which  
are into the long distance lines; the total  
number of miles in operation will not be  
more than 250,000. The telephone business  
in the United States has only reached a 25  
per cent. development, considering that  
in Francisco and Los Angeles have  
nched possibly 75 per cent. development;  
in Francisco has 20,690 subscribers,  
population 342,000; Los Angeles 7800  
describers, population 102,000.

The telephone has new uses every day,  
and with each addition to its field, the sim-  
plicity makes people wonder why it was  
not tried before, and what the limit of its  
really is. One of the latest applica-  
tions is a device which enables the con-  
ductor of a trolley car to talk to the  
drivers of the company, and is applied on  
St. Louis, St. Charles & Western rail-  
road in the Missouri. In each car is placed  
a telephone box of the usual type, contain-  
ing receiver and transmitter, but without  
a regular bottom box for the battery. In-  
stead of this the ground wire, which is con-  
nected, is connected with the ground wire  
of the propelling motor, and the other  
wires, which are also hidden, and led  
through the car into the vestibule, where  
they are socketed to connect with the  
wires on the device for making contact  
with overhead wires on the poles.

Seeker—Where did the first truck origin-  
ate?

Sage—In Rhode Island? Are you  
sure of that?

Sage—Quite positive; as far back  
as I can remember there has always been  
trucks in Providence.

Hinge—Yes, I let my wife bowl all she  
wants.

Hinge—Why?

Hinge—I twist her about her strength  
and she can't carry up the coal from  
the cellar.

Mrs. Younghub—John, won't you walk  
with the baby for a while?

Younghub—No.

Mrs. Younghub—Half of him is yours.

Younghub—Well, you let my half  
live.

What did you stop that clock in the  
room for? "Bessie?" "Bessie," mum; the  
guilty thing has some sort of a fit every  
rainy morn, just when I want to sleep.

(Continued From Tenth Page.)

away, but I don't know the name of it.  
Pietro lives over yonder at Cittarella; he  
will no doubt, tell the signor all he can  
about it."

"I will go to him," said Ted. But are  
you sure that no one left any message for  
me?"

The woman shook her head doubtfully.  
"There was no message exactly," he  
said. "It is true there was a letter, but—"

"What letter?" Ted asked eagerly.

"I don't know if I should do right to say,"  
she murmured, hesitating; but another  
gold coin from Ted's pocket convinced her  
that she would. "It is a letter the signorina  
had given me," she said, "with orders to de-  
liver it to the English signor if he should  
call, but the marchese took it from me  
forbidding me to say anything about it,  
and promising to attend to the matter  
himself."

Ted ground his heel on the marble  
threshold with fierce but impotent anger.  
He thought it best, however, not to  
show it, and having made a note of the  
address of Pietro Moro, started back the  
way he had come, in anything but a  
pleasant temper.

On reaching the chapel, something  
prompted him to walk around it, to make  
sure if no trace of Giacinta's presence, re-  
mained there.

It was a lucky inspiration, for far back  
in the corner of the wide stone bench by  
the door he found the book that she had  
been reading when he came there last.

He took it up with a remembrance that  
was very sweet to him, of the glad sur-  
prise that had made her drop it as she  
sprang up to welcome him that day.

It was a very odd volume of poems, and  
in turning the leaves over he noticed that  
one of the thick, blank pages in the front  
was written on with pencil.

A moment after, he gave an exclamation  
of joy as he saw that the writing was Gi-  
acinta's and was meant for him.

"I have waited and looked for you  
all day," he read, "but you never came,  
and now I shall have to go with  
out seeing you. The marchese has  
decided suddenly that we are to go  
away; he will not tell me where, nor for  
how long and Filomena does not know. I  
have left a letter for you, but you may  
never get it, though the woman promised,  
and I may not be able to write again. Oh,  
how I wish that you had come today, and  
that I need not go this hateful journey  
with him, he grows so strange that some-  
times I am frightened. But you have prom-  
ised to help me, and I will try to be  
patient, for I know you won't forget."

No sooner had he read the message,  
than, retaining possession of the book,  
which had suddenly grown very precious  
to him, Ted started down the hill, resol-  
ving to try what information he could get  
from his host Luca before seeking out  
Pietro Moro.

CHAPTER III.

Luca was stretched on a bench at the  
door of the inn, a spent pipe in his mouth,  
and his head peacefully nodding in a quiet  
noontime siesta.

He jumped up, however, wide awake, as  
Ted came up.

"Welcome back, signor," he said; "how  
are you?"

"Very angry indeed," Ted replied. "And  
it remains to be seen if you won't come in  
for a share of the row."

"He let us hope not," said Luca, look-  
ing troubled.

"Where is the Marchese di Castagna?"  
"The marchese—why, up at the villa."

"You are wrong. He is gone away."

"Ah, where, signor?"

"That is just what I am trying to find  
out, and I hoped you might be able to  
help me."

And Ted told him what had occurred at  
the villa that morning, with the exception  
of his finding Giacinta's message.

Luca turned to him with sudden resolve.  
"See here, signor," he said, "you may  
think me interfering if you will, but there  
are reasons why the signorina should not  
be taken away like this—perhaps even  
against her wish. Someone must look to  
her interests."

"But, surely no one could do that better  
than the young lady's grandfather?"

Luca made a gesture of angry contempt.  
"The signorina must be found," he said  
doggedly. "And if no one else will under-  
take it I will do it myself."

Ted's face brightened, and he slapped  
Luca on the shoulder with sudden friendly  
approval.

"You are right, caro mio," he said. "And  
since you have been good enough to say  
so much, I will tell you something more.  
The man who died five years ago at your  
brother-in-law's inn was not Alessandro  
Mazzi, but his master, the Marchese di  
Castagna."

Luca did not speak at once, but sank  
slowly down on the bench and stared at  
Ted.

Then presently his face cleared, and he  
got up with an air almost of relief.

"So the signor has found it out?" he said.  
"Well, I am not sorry. It is hard on the  
woman, of course—his sister and mine—  
that they should suffer for the men's guilt,  
but at least the signorina will have justice  
done to her."

"She shall," said Ted, "and, as a last step  
towards it, you had better tell me exactly  
what took place five years ago at Rocagna."

"I will, signor, and, luckily, I can give  
you all the details clearly, for between the  
two men I managed to get pretty minute  
account of the affair. It is more than five  
years ago that the marchese started on his  
last journey, taking Alessandro with him.  
He had just inherited some property from  
the death of a relative, and had realized a  
large sum of money with the intention of  
leaving the villa repaired on his return."

When his business with the lawyers was  
over, the marchese bethought him of an old  
friend of his who used to live in a lonely  
house in the neighborhood of Rocagna, and  
he decided to go there on his way  
home and pay him a visit. But he found  
the house shut up and his friend gone, no

one seemed to know where. It was dark  
when they made this discovery, and the  
marchese was very tired, so  
Alessandro proposed that they should  
spend the night at Rocagna, where  
he knew the innkeeper well. The march-  
ese agreed, and a few hours later he  
was settled in his room, and went to bed  
early, complaining of being tired.

"Soon after, he was taken ill, as Alex-  
andro had seen him several times before,  
with an attack that was painful, but, he  
had been told, not dangerous. The servant  
gave him the usual medicine and sat by  
him, until he thought the marchese had  
fallen asleep; but he was dead, and had  
been dead some time before Alessandro  
realized it."

"Then, I suppose, the thought of all the  
old man's money turned his brain, for he  
fell to emptying the pockets of his dead  
master and filling his own with all the notes  
and gold he could find. In the midst of it,  
a sound behind him made him look round  
and drop what he had in his hand, for my  
sister's husband was there watching him."

"For a moment they stood staring at  
each other in silence, then the innkeeper  
held out his hand, and Alessandro put some  
gold pieces into it. But the man laughed  
jeeringly. 'Only that?' he exclaimed.  
'Why, half the money here wouldn't be  
too much for an affair like this.'"

"Basta, signor, the two men haggled and  
disputed for an hour or more, with the  
poor marchese lying dead before them, and  
Heaven only knows who was the first to  
suggest that more could be made out of  
his death than just the money he had with  
him. Alessandro had always been very like  
his master in height and appearance, and  
I suppose that first put it into his head to  
pass himself off for the marchese."

"When all had been arranged, they sent  
for the doctor, but of course he could do  
nothing except to certify death from heart  
disease. Alessandro pretended to be un-  
nerved by the sudden death, and shut him-  
self up in his own rooms whilst his beard  
grew, and during that time he practised  
writing in the marchese's hand until he had  
copied it so closely that not even the law-  
yers have ever found the difference."

"When he came back to the villa, the  
signorina was frightened at what she  
thought was a terrible change in her grand-  
father, but no one recognized the sound-  
red except myself, and like a sot  
I gave in to the prayer."

"My sister and Filomena, said nothing  
about it. But the wrong done to the little  
lady has lain like murder on my soul, and  
a thousand times I have been on the point  
of informing the police, though each time  
the thought of my sister has closed my mouth.  
And now who knows what mischief he  
means by taking the child into hiding like  
this?"

"That's what we are going to find out,  
I hope," Ted answered cheerfully, "and, to  
begin with, you had better come with me  
to hunt up Pietro Moro; but mind, we  
will say nothing to anyone about my dis-  
covery yet."

Pietro was found after a few hours' pur-  
suit, and answered readily to the questions  
Ted put to him.

But his knowledge of the affair was very  
small, amounting simply to the fact that he  
had on the previous afternoon driven the  
marchese, with the signorina and Filomena,  
to the station at Terni.

He had given their luggage, which was  
very slight, into the care of a porter and  
had driven off at once to fulfil another en-  
gagement, for which he was already late.

O the marchese's intended destination  
he knew nothing, and Ted, in a fever of  
impatience, set off to continue his inquiries  
at Terni.

The result was that he took an early  
train the next morning for Rome.

The first day's inquiries at the principal  
hotels there were quite fruitless, and Ted  
was slowly crossing the Piazza di Spagna  
on the second day, wondering what he  
should do next, when he caught sight of a  
stout woman's figure on the other side of  
the square, that looked very like Filomena.

The woman had begun already to mount  
the long, wide steps leading to the Trinita  
dei Monti, and Ted, hurrying across the  
piazza, overtook her easily, as she labored,  
slow and panting, up the long ascent, with  
a basket of purchases on her arm.

He remained at a little distance behind,  
keeping carefully out of her sight, even  
when she reached the top of the steps and  
took the turn on the right that led to the  
Via Gregoriana.

He followed about halfway down the  
street, when she disappeared suddenly in  
one of the high old houses on the left.

The door remained open, but Ted hesi-  
tated, feeling sure of the refusal that await-  
ed him if he presented himself in the  
ordinary way as a visitor to the marchese.

It seemed clear from Filomena's manner  
that they were living here, and Ted heaved  
a sigh of relief to have succeeded even so  
far.

While he was still debating how best to  
ensure seeing the marchese, two cabs  
drove up, and stopped at the door, de-  
positing several gentlemen, who laughed  
and chattered noisily as they went into the  
rather dusky vestibule all together.

Ted walked boldly in with them, and  
past the porter in his narrow lodge, with-  
out being noticed.

The gentlemen were ushered by a ser-  
vant into an apartment on the ground floor  
from which Ted concluded that the march-  
ese's rooms must be above.

A dingy stone staircase led up from the  
hall, and, feeling very like a thief, Ted  
sprang quickly up it two steps at a time.

Arrived at the first landing, he stopped  
hesitating whether to go higher or try his  
luck at the door that faced him.

Before he could decide, he gave a great  
start, and his pulses throbbed with joy, for  
the door was opened, and Giacinta herself  
came out, followed by Filomena.

Giacinta gave a glad little cry, and put  
out her hands to Ted with a frank welcome  
that was very sweet to him.

But Filomena threw up her hands tragi-  
cally, and groaned aloud.

"Will you take me to the marchese, no  
please?" Ted asked, after the first greet-

ing.  
But Filomena interrupted quickly—  
"The marchese is not so well. He has  
not slept and has left orders that he must  
not be disturbed."

"I am very sorry," Ted replied; "but my  
business is too important to be delayed."  
Leave it to me, Filomena," said Giacin-  
ta decidedly. "I will take the responsibil-  
ity on myself. Come with me, Signor In-  
gram."

She led him quickly through a little ante-  
room, and down a dim passage with a door  
at the end.

Here she turned, with her hand on the  
knob, and looked at Ted searchingly.

"Something has happened; I can see it,"  
she said. "What is it?"

"Yes, something has happened that will  
shock and perhaps pain you, but I am very  
sorry, Signora. I would spare you the  
pain if I could, but in justice to you I must  
tell my story. Will you ask Filomena,  
to come with us? She had better hear it  
it, too."

Giacinta grew a little pale and grave  
with vague dread; but, after one confident  
glance at Ted, she called to Filomena,  
who stood anxiously watching them, and  
all three passed into marchese's room.

The old man swung round in his chair,  
started at their entrance, and, with an  
angry exclamation, he threw down the  
newspaper he had been trying to read.

He looked ill and worried, and a sudden  
quail of pity intruded itself into Ted's  
voice.

"You must please blame me alone for  
this intrusion," he said. "I have some  
business with you that will not bear de-  
lay."

The old man eyed him keenly before  
replying—

"You will oblige me by making it as  
short as possible," he made a sign to  
Giacinta and Filomena to leave the room.

But Ted interposed.

"What I have to say concerns all pre-  
sent, and the signorina in particular. I  
wish them to remain."

He put a chair for Giacinta, and took  
his stand beside her as she sank into it with  
her head beating wildly with dread.

"I will not keep you long," Ted began;  
"very few words are necessary, and the  
marchese at least will understand me per-  
fectly when I say that the trick which has  
succeeded for the last five years has failed  
at last."

There was silence for a moment, then  
Filomena fell to sobbing loudly, with her  
hands before her face.

The old man sat strangely still, with a  
dull red color flickering in his haggard face,  
and his hands clenched upon the arms of  
his chair.

Giacinta got up, and looked from one to  
the other with wide, startled eyes.

"What is it?" she asked, shuddering.  
"What does it mean?"

Ted laid a strong hand on the little white  
one she had clasped on his arm, and stilled  
its trembling.

"I mean, signorina, that your grand-  
father died five years ago at Rocagna, and  
that this man is his old servant, Alessandro  
Mazzi."

Giacinta looked for a moment appealing-  
ly at the ceiling, as if begging of him to  
deny the charge, but he made no move-  
ment, and she drew back with a little cry  
of pain.

"Oh, I can't believe it, it is too horrible  
—and yet it must be true! I seem to have  
felt it all along."

Filomena's sobs grew louder, and with  
womanly self-forgetfulness Giacinta strove  
to comfort her.

Alessandro Mazzi had spoken no word,  
but the wavering color had died from his  
face and left it ghastly.

Then suddenly, as Ted looked at him,  
the clenched hands relaxed, and he strug-  
gled to his feet.

Ted sprang to his side just in time to  
prevent his falling.

"Your brother has fainted," he said to  
Filomena. "If you will show me his bed-  
room, I will take him there."

But it was more than a fainting fit, and  
when the doctor was hurriedly sent for  
from the floor below, he spoke fearlessly  
about 'failure of the heart's action,' and  
doubted if consciousness ever would re-  
turn to the haggard, gaunt old man who  
lay so white and still on the bed where  
Ted had laid him.

And the doctor was right, for the sullen  
old eyes opened no more to the light, and  
Alessandro never heard the soft, pitying  
words that told him Giacinta had for-  
gotten.

"It is better so," sobbed Filomena. "And  
as for punishment—Heaven knows, the  
last five years have been enough!"

"And you have really decided to keep it  
all a secret, signorina?" Ted asked of  
Giacinta, four days later, when the funeral  
was over, and he had left her in charge of  
her cousin and his young wife, who had  
been summoned from Florence for the pur-  
pose.

"Yes; I have decided," she answered,  
for the sake of Filomena, who was always  
devoted to me, and of poor Luca's sister. I  
have been trying to think what grandfather  
would have had me do, and I feel sure that  
he would have wished me to forgive."

"Then nothing remains for me," said Ted  
"but to say good bye to you and go."

"For the present, that is all, signor." Giacinta hesitated, colored a little, then  
smiled, and added, with a sweet audacity  
quite new to the man who waited, breath-  
less, for the words: "We will discuss the  
rest, later on, at the Villa Castagna."

Pain in the Back

Makes life miserable for many. Can it be  
cured? Yes, in a night. Nervine gives  
a complete knockout to pain in the back,  
because it is stronger, more penetrating,  
more highly pain-subduing than any other  
remedy extant. One drop of Nervine has  
more power over pain than five drops of  
any other remedy, and it is true strength  
you want when you've got a pain. You  
mayn't get it if it is not so. Druggists sell  
Nervine.

Seal Brand Coffee  
(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics  
drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens  
the stomach.

Imported,  
Roasted and  
Packed by

CHASE & SANBORN,  
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

HIS STRONG CARD.

By its Use the Drummer Gained a Profit-  
able Customer.

"It's a hard life, that of a drummer,"  
said one yesterday, to whom 30 years of  
hard life had given the right to speak with  
authority. It's a hard life, but it's an in-  
teresting one, and gives a man a close hold  
on hard facts and realities. The drummer  
learns in a hard school, but he does learn,  
and the lessons pay. What is the first les-  
son he has to learn? How to manage men;

how to approach a reluctant or indifferent  
or a suspicious buyer so as to win his con-  
fidence and overcome his indisposition.

"Experience teaches this better than any-  
thing else, though some men learn it more  
easily than others. I remember when I  
first began to travel as a salesman, when I  
was hardly more than a lad. I had an ex-  
perience that proved very valuable to me.

There was an old fellow on my route who  
had been known as the terror of the travel-  
ing men. He was declared to be absolu-  
tely the worst-natured, worst-mannered  
fellow they had ever met anywhere, but I  
hadn't even heard of him then, and so I  
entered his store very confidently and  
handed him my card. He took it without  
even glancing at it, tore it into bits and  
threw the pieces on the floor. 'Now, sir,'  
he said to me, 'get out of my store.' There  
were two pretty young girls in the store,  
who did not understand the proceeding,  
and who looked at me as I walked out as  
if I had been an escaped convict."

Well, I smarted for several days over  
that affair, during which time I made up  
my mind that I'd even matters up with him  
if I could next time. So before I visited  
his town again I had a card made expressly  
for my good friend. It looked exactly like  
the one I used before, only that it was  
made of tin. When I reached his town I  
waited until I saw the store pretty well  
filled with people, and then I walked in  
and gave him my card. He took it just as  
before, glared at me and gave the card a  
twist.

"But it didn't fall on the floor in bits this  
time, and he only succeeded in giving his  
wrist a wrench and raising a titter among  
his customers."

"I was nearly out of the door by this  
time, for I really didn't think my life was  
safe; but he called after me, and I went  
back. 'Come into my office,' said he. I  
went in expecting never to come out."

"What do you want to sell me?" he  
asked me.

"Dress goods," I responded.

"Well, go on." And I actually sold the  
old curmudgeon \$1,000 worth of clothes  
before I left. For years after so long as  
he lived, in fact—he was one of my best  
customers and one of the best friends I  
ever made in my business."

WANTED TO BE INSULTED.

He Was Doggedly Disappointed When He  
Couldn't Be.

Whenever I see a regulation railway  
lunch counter, said a man at the Texas &  
Pacific depot—"I mean one of the kind  
with schools and stacks of doughnuts and  
petrified pies under glass shades—I am re-  
minder of a queer little incident that oc-  
curred several years ago at Texarkana."

"I was on the train coming down to New  
Orleans from the northwest, and we stop-  
ped at the place to get supper. The depot  
was provided with such a lunch counter as  
I have described, and when I took posses-  
sion of one of the stools I found myself  
next to a typical cowboy, with wide white  
sombbrero, leather leggings, enormous  
spurs and a pair of big six-shooters hang-  
ing low down over his hips. A livid scar,  
evidently the result of a knife wound, ran  
from the corner of his eye to the angle  
of his jaw, and his whole appearance  
was so sinister and forbidding that I edged  
instinctively as far away as I could