

Lottie's New Blue Dress

She was waiting in Madam Jackson's dressmaking parlors, where the large easy chair nearly enveloped her small, shrinking figure. She was not old, not more than thirty-five, but already the bloom and beauty of her youth had gone. There were streaks of gray in her brown hair; fine lines revealed themselves under the sad eyes. The cheeks were pale and a trifle sunken, and the hands, folded over a parcel in her lap, were rough and calloused. Whoever she was, life had gone hard with her.

Madame Jackson came in. "You wished to see me?" she asked. "Madame Jackson was a large, imposing-looking woman, clad in a rich black dress.

"The little woman rose timidly. "Yes'm," she answered. "I-I want you to make me a dress if you will. I've made all my own clothes ever since John and I were married. They haven't been very many, either," she added. "But this is something different. We live on a farm, and we raise fruit and vegetables for market. Every year John has said to me, 'Well, Lottie, I guess that this fall we can afford that blue dress.'"

She unrolled her package carefully and smoothed out the cloth it contained with a tender hand.

"I was to have had this blue dress the second year we were married," she explained. "I was young then, but somehow something always happened. Often we'd have a dry year, then again we'd have to buy an extra plow, or maybe a cow would die, or something else would come up, so I never was able to get the dress until now, and we've been married sixteen years. The last thing John said to me when he gave me the money was, 'Now, Lottie, don't buy anything but a blue dress, and just forget how long you've waited for it.'"

"I'm afraid, though," she added, with a wistful little sigh, "it's too late to look well on me. You see getting up at half past two in the morning to be ready for market will make any one old, and I've worked hard. Sometimes we have six men to cook for; that is in the busy season."

Madam Jackson took the roll of cloth in her hands. It was a soft, beautiful, blue, fine and rich in texture, but it could make a dress suitable only for a young girl, some one with rosy cheeks and golden hair and dimples. It was so far from being appropriate for the little, stooping figure opposite!

Madam looked kindly at the pale little woman. "I'm afraid," she began, "you'll find this color a little trying. A black or a gray or perhaps a dark brown would be more becoming. You understand—"

The woman clasped her hands. "Don't say it!" she cried. "Yes, I understand, but if you only knew how all these years I've wanted that blue dress! Something different from anything I've had. Ah, you needn't tell me! I know I'm faded and old, but, oh, I do want that bit of color for my own! If I can't wear it, I can at least look at it!"

A large tear shone in worldly Madam Jackson's eye—and she was not much given to tears. "Very well," she answered, and then followed a discussion of lining and thread.

The woman came again in a few days to have the dress fitted. In one hand she carried a basket of purple grapes with the bloom still on them.

"I've brought you these," she said to the dressmaker. "I picked them myself early this morning."

"Thank you so much!" was the warm answer. "I dearly love grapes and those are especially fine."

In a few minutes the blue dress went on over the thin little figure. Somehow its bright hue seemed a mockery. It brought out so clearly the gray hairs that would have been softened by a more sober color. The pale cheeks, too, looked whiter than before.

The little woman saw her reflection in the tall mirror opposite, and sighed.

"You were quite right," she said, slowly; "a darker color would have been best, and yet—somehow I couldn't give it up. I've thought about it so much all these years. Why, often when the work was hardest and the days longest, I've said to myself, 'Never mind, Charlotte, some of these days you're going to have a beautiful blue dress, and the hope of it somehow kept me up.'"

"I understand," Madam Jackson said, gently.

In a few days the dress was done. The customer came for it one morning, in a wagon driven by a tall, broad-shouldered man with a rugged, weather-beaten face.

"Her husband," thought Madam Jackson, looking out of the window.

The pale little woman came hurriedly in. "John came with me today," she said, smiling, "and the dress—oh, isn't it beautiful!"

The blue gown lay across a chair. Madam Jackson had done well with it. It was finished off with silk of the same shade, and there was a pretty lace collar and soft, fine ruffles of lace at the wrists.

"You must let me see you in it before you go," Madam Jackson said. "As the dress was being fastened, a faint color stole into the woman's white cheeks.

"Isn't it pretty?" she whispered, wonderingly. "The very prettiest thing I ever had! It seems wrong somehow for me to have it now. Someone young and beautiful ought to wear it. If only I could have had it years ago!"

Madam Jackson's deft fingers were busy with the brown hair touched with silver, combed so severely back.

"You must not wear your hair quite so plain," she said. "A looser effect softens the face wonderfully. There, that is better."

She straightened the lace at the throat and settled the skirt. "Wait a moment," she added, stepping into the next room. When she returned, she held a dainty lace-trimmed handkerchief, fine as a spider's web. She tucked it into the rough little hand.

"A present from me," she said, lightly. "When you wear the dress you must carry that."

Over the thin face there swept a beautiful flush.

"Is that for me?" she said, in an awestruck voice. "Oh, thank you, thank you!"

There was so much radiance in the look that Madam Jackson was startled, and then a wonderful thing happened. For the moment it seemed as if the years had rolled back, and the worn face shone with its lost beauty and its lost youth.

The eyes were very bright, a tender smile hovered over the tremulous mouth, and Madam Jackson saw what the woman must have been long ago, before the hard years had robbed her of her bloom.

"I wish John could see me," the little woman whispered.

As if in answer to her wish, there came a knock at the door. Madam Jackson opened it quickly.

"Come in, won't you?" she said, pleasantly. "Your wife is anxious to have you see her in her new dress."

The man entered. When the blue-gowned, radiant vision faced him, he started. "Why, Lottie," he said, "why, my dear, is it really you?"

"Do you like it, John?" she said. "Like it! Why, you look just as you did when we were married, only, somehow, sweeter and dearer," and then, regardless of Madam Jackson in the background, he took the small woman in his arms and kissed her on her glowing cheeks.

A few minutes later Madam Jackson stood at the window and watched them drive away with the blue dress carefully wrapped up. The flush still lingered on the little woman's face as she waved a last goodbye.

Madam Jackson waved back. She knew that before long the flush would fade from her friend's cheek, the lines would come back, the cares return. The burdens must be taken up again.

There would come, too, the weary hours and the lonely ones that must be lived through. The blue dress would be folded away as something sacred, seldom worn, but never forgotten. There would be something beautiful at least to look at in the bare old farmhouse.

As the rattling wagon disappeared Madam Jackson turned away from the window with a smile that was half a sigh.

"That blue dress—it was a success, after all," she murmured.—Youth's Companion.

Tragedies of the Arctic.

An extraordinary coincidence has been developed by a recent arctic tragedy brought about by the expedition of the Duke of the Abruzzi.

When this navigator went on his journey to the North Pole he took with him among others Lieutenant Querini, a Venetian gentleman of an old and noble family. His work over, the duke returned, but the lieutenant was not with him, for he had lost his life through an accident in the arctic regions.

Now, at the very time when this accident occurred, a professor in the technical school in Trieste, while rummaging in the archives of that city, discovered a manuscript bearing the date 1601, and containing an account of a journey made by one Pietro Querini, in 1431, to the arctic regions. Querini is not a common name, and a little investigation showed that Pietro Querini was a direct ancestor of the other Pietro

Querini who lost his life in the arctic seas a few months ago.

"Querini," says the old manuscript, "sailed from Candia for Flanders on board a vessel loaded with merchandise and precious stones. When he arrived in Flanders he sold his cargo and started for the arctic regions. A storm forced him to abandon his ship and to take refuge with his crew in two barks. The wind then carried them to the coast of Norway, but on January 9, 1432, Querini was again shipwrecked near the Lofoden Islands in seventy degrees north latitude, and almost all his companions were drowned."

For some time it was supposed that he, too, had been drowned, but in January, 1433, he appeared in Venice with ten companions, the only survivors of his original crew of seventy-eight men. It seems that he succeeded in gaining the shore after the others had been drowned, and then slowly made his way home through Denmark and Germany.

"Although these two Pietro Querinis," says a French writer, "are separated from each other by five centuries, we find the same destiny at work in the case of each." And he continues, with a dash of playfulness: "Is it not possible that the adventurer of the fifteenth century, desiring to enjoy once more the exciting days of his youth, actually became incarnated as a hero of the twentieth century?"—Ex.

Mr. Frick's Big Deposit.

New York, April 17.—Henry C. Frick, the steel magnate, has deposited at the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co. what is probably one of the most valuable pieces of paper in existence. It is a certificate for 100,000 shares of preferred stock in the United States Steel Corporation, yielding Mr. Frick dividends of \$700,000 annually. It is stated that the deposit was made for the purpose of exchanging two-fifths of the preferred stock it represents for \$4,000,000 worth of bonds of the proposed new issue. The balance in the deal, \$6,000,000, will be repaid to Mr. Frick in the shape of a new preferred stock certificate.

Fight for Ball Players.

New York, April 9.—In view of the National Baseball League's action towards getting back some of the stars that have deserted the National for berths in the American League

President Daly, of the Protective Association of Professional Baseball Players, has, it is stated, sent a secret notice to the American League players notifying them that it is to the interest of players to respect their contracts with American League clubs.

The Mystic North.

The glorious Yukon's fair to see, There's lots of gold, the life's so free, And when the sun shines day and night He cheers us with his golden light.

When winter's blanket white is spread, The northern lights their glory shed; They guide the miner on the trail As he toils over hill and dale.

Not only gold these valleys give; When snows disperse sweet flowers live; Live their pure lives apart from greed, 'Tis Nature's work, who plants the seed.

The mighty waters on their course Are guided too by Nature's force, And we are drawn by her command To sing her praises through the land.

A mystic spell is round us cast, It holds us firm, it binds us fast; And if for southern homes we yearn Its power compels us to return. —Ptarmigan.

Big Strike is Imminent.

San Francisco, April 17.—A strike involving nearly all of the street car lines of San Francisco is probable. This morning a committee from division No. 25 of the Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employees of America called on Manager E. P. Vining, of the United Street Railways, and presented demands for a flat rate of 25 cents an hour, the reinstatement of all union men discharged since September 3, 1901, and a complete recognition of the union. Vining did not see the men. He sent out word that he was busy, but gave the committee to understand that he would not see the men as representatives of the union, but former employees might have an audience with him if they came as individuals. The demands were left at his office with a request that he fix a time for the committee to meet him tomorrow.

Western League Presidency.

Milwaukee, Wis., April 9.—According to W. T. Vanbrunt, president of the St. Joseph club of the Western League, C. D. White, formerly president of the Eastern League, will in all probability be elected president of the Western League to succeed James Whitfield, at a meeting to be held in Kansas City on Friday next.

AMUSEMENTS

Week Commencing Monday May 5

The Auditorium

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

NO SMOKING Monday, Thursday or Friday

Orpheum Theatre

Week Starting Monday May 5

Travesty on Opera Mikado. Four Round Boxing Contest Between Burley & Marich. MAY 24th—WRESTLING MATCH KRELLING vs. BAGGARLY. Popular Prices. General Entrance Through Reception

The White Pass and Yukon Route

The British Yukon Navigation Co. Operating the following first-class sailing steamers between Dawson and Whitehorse:

"White Horse," "Dawson," "Selkirk," "Victorian," "Yukoner," "Canadian," "Sybil," "Columbian," "Bailey," "Zealandian," and "Four Freight Steamers."

A steamer will sail from Dawson almost daily during the season of 1902, connecting at Whitehorse with our passenger trains for Skagway. The steamers have all been thoroughly renovated, and staterooms put in first-class condition. Fabrig service unsurpassed. The steward's department will be furnished with the best of fruits and fresh vegetables. Through tickets to all Puget sound and B. C. points. Reservations made on application at Ticket Office.

A. B. Newell, V.P. and Gen'l Mgr., Seattle and Skagway. J. F. Lee, Traffic Manager, Seattle and Skagway. J. H. Rogers, General Agent, Dawson.

RENT OF 'PHONES Beginning April 1, 1902:

—DAWSON— Class A—Independent service, per month..... \$20.00 Class B—2 parties on same line, per month..... 15.00 Class C—3 or more parties on same line, month..... 10.00

—CREEK TELEPHONES— Bonanza Creek and Grand Forks, per month..... \$25.00 Eldorado Creek, per month..... 25.00 Quartz Creek "..... 35.00 Sulphur Creek "..... 35.00 Hunker Creek "..... 35.00 Dominion Creek "..... 40.00 Gold Run Creek "..... 50.00

GENERAL OFFICE THIRD, NEAR A. G. STORE

Yukon Telephone Syndicate, Ltd.

LONE STAR STOCK

"There is no sillier babble in this world than the ever-wise advice so often given not to buy mining stock, not to buy mines. Such people have most likely been bitten by foolishly investing in something that they had no knowledge of and which had no value; the same calibre of people go into the mercantile business, pay three prices for their goods and fail; invest in a poor farm and starve. I speak advisedly and say what every man who has investigated this issue knows to be the truth, that less money is lost proportionately in mining than in any business in this world, and larger fortunes are made in mining and in the investment of mining stocks than in any business or any investment on earth. A good mining stock will pay the investor more easily twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and 100 per cent. annually than municipal bonds, railroad bonds and stock or government bonds can possibly pay five per cent. Money invested in a good mining stock is safer than in a bank; than in mortgages, railroad securities, municipal or government bonds.

"The security of a good mining stock is the raw material of money itself; it is what we call in Africa the 'stuff' itself; it is the 'stuff' at

whose feet governments, cities, banks, railroads, mortgages, land corporations and all forms of business kneel.

"I speak only of gold and silver mines, from the metal of which blooms and blossoms the everlasting dollar; the crude metal in our gold and silver mines is the first and best security in all this world. This is what makes banks and banking a possibility; this is what gives legs to a municipality; spine to a government and creates the business of the world into a living, breathing, active creature of life.

"Buy a good mining stock, buy it low; when it has made an improbable advance sell it; buy another good mining stock—pursue this policy, and before you dream of it you will find that your dollars have increased to thousands, your thousands into millions, and during all this time your dividends have been 100 per cent. higher than they would have been in any other investment you could have made!"

A few years ago the great Homestead Mining Company's stock could have been bought for a few cents a share; now it is worth upward of \$50 a share. It has paid monthly 20 cents a share for years and years, and when it was selling for 50 cents a share, for \$1.00, for \$5.00 a share,

the buyers were few; when it reached \$30.00 and \$40.00 a share the public sought it.

Calumet and Hecla stock could have been purchased a few years ago for \$1.00 a share; the Tamarack for \$10.00 a share; the Boston and Montana for \$15.00 a share.

Calumet and Hecla today is worth over \$600.00 a share; Tamarack nearly \$300.00 a share; Boston and Montana nearly \$400.00 a share.

The Old Virginia Consolidated-Comstock Mining Company's stock in its early days sold as low as 50 cents a share, hawked on the streets of San Francisco at 50 cents a share—but the security of this stock was a good proposition—the mines in a short time became developed, stock advanced, upon the merits of the property being better shown, to \$100 a share and \$1,000 a share, to thousands of dollars a share. Men who had invested a few hundred found themselves worth \$1,000,000; men who had invested a few thousands, multi-millionaires. Out of these great gold mines rose all the wealth of Flood, of O'Brien, Mackay, Ralston, Senator Sharon, Senator Fair and most of the other multi-millionaires of the Pacific coast. The same might be said of thousands of other mining companies, not on so great a scale, still on a large scale.

Lone Star Mining and Milling Company

OFFICE, KING ST., OPP. N. C. CO.

LEW CRADEN, ACTING MGR.