

# How Patty Made a Living

"Is it as bad as that?" asked Mrs. Constance Wilson in dismay. "Every bit as bad," responded Patty, with a brave attempt at cheerfulness. "When it is all over, I will have perhaps \$500 and the furniture."

"Dear me," thought Mrs. Wilson, "and every one thought Mr. Norris was such a fine business man." But she did not express the thought. She knew the girl's loyalty to her dead father.

"Patty," she finally exclaimed in triumph, "there are the Van Allen girls going abroad. Their father is a widower. He wants a companion for them. You know the continent like a guide-book, and you'd be useful. They're new to this sort of thing, you know."

Patricia Norris drew herself up very straight.

"Connie, don't suggest impossible things. I positively refuse to take a position that savors of charity. I'm going straight into the business world and work—really work."

Mrs. Wilson affected a cheerful acquiescence which she did not feel. "I'm going home now, my dear, and think this over. You'll hear from me tomorrow. And of course you'll succeed, whatever you undertake."

Mrs. Wilson had been Patty's governess in the days when such a thing as financial uncertainty seemed removed from the Norris mansion. Now she was manuscript reader for a big publishing concern. When she reached her dimly lighted bedroom, third story, back, in a noisy boarding house, she drew forth a small book and studied it carefully. As a result of long reflection she dispatched the following note to Patty:

"My Dear Girl—Before we do anything else we must find a home. I am sick unto death of boarding. Shall we have a little flat together, a cunning apartment, with what you want of your dear old things as furnishings? Then we'll find you the position. But first a home—for your sake and mine. Save me from the fate of a hall bedroom, my dear. It is the chance I have dreamed of for years."

Three weeks later Mrs. Wilson caught Patty frowning at her across a dinner table that was homelike and faintly.

"Connie, there's absolutely nothing left for me to do. The tins are long straight in the kitchen, and I've tried the bric-a-brac in every conceivable position. I'm not to be put off any longer. I want a job."

There was mirth in the tone, but no mirth in the face. "Job" from the lips of Patricia Norris! Nevertheless that same evening they faced the situation together. Mrs. Wilson had seen this coming and was prepared.

"There is absolutely nothing open in our offices, as I had hoped, Patty, and the only schools where I would have influence are supplied with teachers that never marry or die." She surveyed the girl through a veil of unshed tears. "You're a regular Gibson figure, dear, and such lovely fluffy hair"—she broke off disconcertedly. Patty laughed.

"Connie, do stick to the text. Shall I go forth as an artist's model?"

Mrs. Wilson clasped her hands tightly.

"Not exactly that, but I heard of something today, Patty, that you could do—so well."

"Name it," responded Patty, but with an odd sinking sensation in her heart.

"Al Schermerhorn's they want—a model to show off their imported suits, and you're the very—Oh, Patty, don't look at me like that—I've tried so hard to get something better!"

In a second the girl's soft arms were round her neck.

"Connie, behave yourself! Of course I shall take it and be properly grateful. How much?"

"Only \$12.50 a week, but you wouldn't have got that much, only what I told the head of the department—that a—beauty you were."

"Flatterer!" answered Patty with a laugh that sounded more like a sob.

Did Patricia Norris make her way into the business world. It was not hard work, and she never wearied of handling the beautiful wraps and frocks. Her statuesque beauty set them off to perfection and the head of the department approved of her because she "never got gay."

She wasted the time of other employees by chatting with them, as her predecessor had done. In fact, she found herself aloof from the other girls in the shop. It was an odd, understanding pride that they could not understand. If the girls who thought her proud had known how she envied them, they might have felt differently. They worked with their hands,

and she—just posed. It was not brain that earned her salary, but a mere bauble of physical perfection.

And she resented most of all the quiet, searching glances of a young fellow who seemed to be in the cashier's department. Once when she went to draw her salary he stood near the window and handed forth the envelope without even asking her name. She flushed slightly, and after that his compelling glance called forth a stiff little bow when they came face to face.

One noon when she was threading her way through a stream of cable cars and drays she was almost run down, and the gray eyed young man from the cashier's department reached her before the policeman. Two nights later when she and Mrs. Wilson indulged in the extravagance of tickets for a fashionable playhouse, they emerged upon a sudden rain-storm.

"Oh!" wailed Mrs. Wilson, "my new bonnet!"

Just then some one arrayed in a long coat and balancing a comforting umbrella reached their side. It was the young man from Schermerhorn's.

"Come back into the lobby," Miss Norris, while I call a hansom for you."

"A hansom, Patty! He said a hansom!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, almost tearfully. "What will it cost?"

"I don't know," snapped Patty nervously, "not as much as a new bonnet."

A few moments later he escorted them to the waiting hansom, raised his hat gravely, looked just once into Patty's brown eyes and away they whirled in the blackness of the night.

At their apartment Mrs. Wilson, covering her beloved collection of chiffon and roses with a handkerchief rushed into the hall, leaving Patty to settle the bill. The latter was strangely silent until they were brushing their hair, when she suddenly burst forth in wrath:

"It is bad enough, Connie, to rail in public over a ruined hat, but to bewail the price of a hansom is unforgivable."

"Why—why?" gasped Mrs. Wilson. "He paid the hackman, that's all," groaned Patty, and she threw herself face downward in her pillows, murmuring, "He needn't think that just because he saved my life he can pay my hack fare."

And yet inconsistently she took a strange pleasure in recalling the look in his dark gray eyes when he leaned forward.

A month later Mrs. Wilson came home radiant.

"There's an opening, Patty, dear, in our office, and you must take it quick. There are dozens of applications, but I have the promise."

And the next day Patty handed in her resignation to Schermerhorn & Co., to take effect on Saturday. With the last day came word that Mr. Frawley would like to see Miss Norris before she left. For once she relaxed the rule and asked one of the girls who Mr. Frawley was.

"Oh, he's the company," remarked the girl carelessly.

After drawing her last pay envelope Patty crossed to the main office and was ushered into a smaller room. The ubiquitous young man of the gray eyes rose to receive her.

"Mr. Frawley has sent for me," she began with just the suggestion of a flush in her cheeks.

"I am Mr. Frawley," replied he, and the gray eyes danced at her confusion. "I wanted to tell you, Miss Norris, that while we regret to lose your valuable services we are glad to know you are securing a position better suited to—er—your tastes and abilities. I trust you will not forget—us?"

The gray eyes were looking most pleadingly into hers. The flush crept closer and closer to the soft brown hair.

"I am afraid I've been very rude sometimes, Mr. Frawley," she murmured in a low voice. "But you know it was all so new to me, and I felt—oh, I can't tell you just how I did feel!"

"I think I understand, Miss Norris. I—I hope I shall see you again, May 1."

"We live at the Jerome apartments, Mrs. Wilson and I—and we are always home Tuesday evenings." The gray eyes thanked her eloquently, and she walked rapidly from the office.

That night at the dinner table Mrs. Wilson rambled on happily: "I really don't think it has hurt you, dear. You had to gain business experience somehow—and—"

"No," replied Patty absently. "It has done no harm," but she was thinking not of the experience but of the glad light in the gray eyes when she had told him he might call.

## FICTION IN REAL LIFE

### A Romantic Story of Two Continents

#### Married Man Deceives a Woman in B. C. and Gets into Court.

Rossland, B. C., May 15.—The annals of contemporary fiction contain few plots more complicated than that which underlies the story that will be told in the county court here on Wednesday, when the case of Rex vs. Collins comes to trial. The tale involves a man and a woman, commences on the other side of the Atlantic and culminates here in a criminal prosecution with the man in the prisoner's box. Both parties have passed the accepted age of romance and this makes the situation more unusual.

Two years ago Walter W. B. Collins met Nellie Lake in Truro, a little town of Cornwall, England. He was a miner, aged 38 years, and the father of a family of six children. Collins is a man of considerable education and a religious turn of mind, having been a local preacher of the Baptist persuasion both in England and Canada. Miss Lake was then 36 years of age, and the daughter of a well-known resident of Truro, who had fallen from a position of affluence through unfortunate speculation in wheat at the time of the latter coin-

crisis. The two met clandestinely through some incident that has not yet come out in the evidence already made public. Their acquaintance continued for some months and ripened into affection. Collins concealed his marriage from Miss Lake and was known to her as Wilfred Graham. Finally Collins, or Graham, determined to come to Canada, having friends in this camp who recommended him to emigrate to British Columbia. It was understood prior to his departure that Miss Lake was to become his wife, and the letters exchanged just prior to the sailing of the ship were laden with expressions of love and trust.

About a year ago Miss Lake began to refer to her agreement to come out to Graham and he was apparently alarmed lest she should carry her suggestion into effect. This would have been disastrous, as Collins had many acquaintances in Rossland who knew his name was not Graham, and who were equally aware of the wife and six children at home in Truro. With a view to keeping Miss Lake at home Wilfred Graham deliberately planned his own death.

The method taken by Collins to dispose of Wilfred Graham was unique. A third party was brought into existence under the name of Donald McPhail, and he first crops up in a letter to Miss Lake stating that it was his sad lot to inform her that while on a prospecting tour in the Fish Creek country her friend Wilfred Graham had received an accidental gunshot wound which might lead to his death. Shortly after the

accident Donald McPhail cabled Miss Lake from Rossland that Wilfred Graham had succumbed to his wounds.

Having thus disposed of the lover, Collins probably thought that his difficulties were at an end, but he did not figure upon the effect which the announcement would have upon the woman at home who loved Wilfred Graham. She was not satisfied with the brief particulars conveyed in the letter from Donald McPhail, and wrote for more information at the same time to The Rossland Miner newspaper for details of the fatality. Collins had secured the publication in the newspaper of an item referring to the accident to Graham, and on receipt of Miss Lake's letter the newspaper published a paragraph asking for additional facts from any of its readers who might be posted. Realizing that the publicity thus given to the matter would undoubtedly lead to the detection of the fraud, Collins made haste to resurrect Wilfred Graham. This he did by writing to Miss Lake over the name "Wilfred," informing her that he was just recovering from the shooting accident and that he had reason to believe that she had been cruelly deceived by one Donald McPhail, in whom he had confided under the belief that McPhail was a true friend. Thus reassured, Miss Lake ceased inquiries as to the gunning accident and resumed her correspondence with Graham. The communications passing between the two at this juncture are especially eloquent of mutual affection. Graham told of his continued sufferings and this awoke the tenderest sentiments in Miss Lake's bosom as indicated by her letters. Finally she concluded to come to Rossland, and she did so. On her arrival here she was speedily disillusionized as to Graham and Collins' duplicity was exposed.

Miss Lake found friends among the local Cornish element and these saw to it that steps were taken to punish Collins. An information was sworn out charging forgery in connection with the dispatch of letters signed with a false name and also for the dispatch of the cable message, both being offences under the section of the criminal code relating to forgery. It was proved in the preliminary hearing that Collins regularly received letters at the postoffice bearing the address of Graham and McPhail, and that he read these communications immediately upon receipt. The case has excited much interest and its final disposition before the higher court on Wednesday is awaited with close attention. A strong feeling exists against Collins, so much so that his attorney declared it was impossible to secure anyone in Rossland who would go on his bonds for a dollar.

As the devil flies over Yellowstone Park. On his way home one night after dark, Says he, "I don't know in what quarter I roam, But I think from the smell I'm not far from home."

She—What is the meaning of making friends of the mansion of unrighteousness?

He—Well—a—getting them to subscribe for the benefit of the church—Puck.

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