

THE LAW OF RECOMPENSE.

There is no wrong, by any one committed.
 But will recoil;
 Its sure return, with double ill repeated,
 No skill can foil.

As on the earth the mist it yields to heaven
 Descends in rain,
 So on his head who'er has evil given
 It falls again.

It is the law of life that retribution
 Shall follow wrong;
 It never fails, although the execution
 May tarry long.

Then let us be, with unrelaxed endeavor,
 Just, true and right,
 That the great law of recompense may
 ever
 Our hearts delight.

Lottie's Blue Eyes.



HE harrowing conviction was forcing itself upon Miss Sophia's mind that her brother, Rev. Harmon Pendleton, at the mature age of 44, had actually fallen in love. This fact was in itself an offense to Miss Sophia, but it was not all, for the minister had committed the supreme folly of losing his heart to a chit of a girl, and a most objectionable young person altogether in Miss Sophia's eyes. "Now if he had only fallen in love with Mary," mused Miss Sophia. "She is a most estimable young woman. But that doll-faced, vain, frivolous Lottie—" and Miss Sophia groaned. "A man of his age and a minister of the gospel to lose his wits over a pink and white complexion and yellow hair! Oh, it is too bad. If I only knew of some way to disenchant him!"

Just then two girls and a young man passed along the street. One of the girls was tall, dark-haired and stately; the other was pink-cheeked and yellow-haired. Her hands were full of roses and her laughing blue eyes were uplifted to the face of the young man by her side.

Miss Sophia snorted with disgust. "Flirting, as usual, the shameless piece!" she ejaculated. "A nice minister's wife she would make! Harmon's an idiot!"

Then Miss Sophia suddenly awoke to the fact that the hired girl had been left much too long to her own devices, and rose hastily to her feet. In so doing she tripped over a stool and gave her ankle a severe wrench.

A little later Rev. Harmon Pendleton returned home and found Miss Sophia with her foot on a stool and her ankle swathed in bandages.

"Why, Sophia, what has happened?" asked the minister.

"I've sprained my ankle," replied Miss Sophia, with grim disgust. "I can't so much as put my foot on the floor."

"Why, this is indeed bad," murmured Rev. Harmon.

"And that is not all," said Miss Sophia. "Martha has just had word that her mother is very ill and to come home immediately. What to do I can't imagine."

"Why, get another girl."

"Since when has it become so easy to get help in Westonville at a moment's notice?" ejaculated Miss Sophia, with extreme scorn.

"I met Miss Armiger down the street," said the minister with sudden inspiration. "She intends stopping on her way home. Perhaps she can think of a way out of the difficulty."

"I don't doubt it; Mary Armiger is a most superior young woman," said Miss Sophia, with emphasis.

"Yes, she is indeed," readily assented the minister.

"So utterly unlike her sister Lottie," supplemented Miss Sophia.

"Yes, they are very unlike, certainly," said the minister quietly.

"Did you meet Lottie also?" asked Miss Sophia, furtively watching her brother's face. "She passed with Charlie Saunders, making eyes at him as usual. What an audacious flirt that girl is."

"Oh, I have not seen Lottie," replied the minister, and then he added: "Here comes Miss Armiger now."

He passed into the hall, returning in a few minutes with Mary Armiger.

"Why, Miss Sophia, I am sorry to hear of your accident," she said.

She had soft dark eyes and a low, sweet voice.

"I was just telling Sophia that perhaps you may be able to help her in her present awkward predicament," said the minister. "Martha's mother is ill, and she is going home this afternoon."

"Why, that is too bad," said Mary Armiger. "How long will Martha be gone?"

"A week at least," replied Miss Sophia.

"How would it do for me to come and keep house for you," asked Mary, after a few moments' thought. "Father and mother are going away tomorrow for about two weeks. There's the Widow Mason's daughter, Sarah,

who would, I am sure, be glad to come and do the rough work."

"You would be doing me a kindness I should not soon forget," replied Miss Sophia, with surprising eagerness.

In fact she was really delighted with the plan. What an opportunity it would afford to bring Mary Armiger's sterling qualities under the observation of the minister! He was fully cognizant of her usefulness in the church, her good work among the poor and suffering of the parish; her domestic virtues could now be demonstrated to him.

Miss Sophia looked at her brother. He was gazing gratefully and appreciatively at Miss Armiger.

"No one in trouble ever appeals to you in vain, Miss Mary," he said. "But this is really something of an imposition."

"Not at all. I shall be very glad indeed to come. Only," with a slight hesitation, "I am afraid I should be obliged to bring Lottie, as there will be no one at home."

Miss Sophia's brow darkened; the minister's pale face flushed slightly.

"By all means bring Miss Lottie," he said, as Miss Sophia remained silent.

Lifting her eyes one evening a week later, Miss Sophia saw upon the porch quite distinctly, for the moon was shining brightly, Mary Armiger and Charlie Saunders. She stiffened in her chair, Mary and Charlie being together. It followed that Lottie and the minister were bearing each other company. There rose before Miss Sophia's mind's eye a distracting vision of Lottie, lovely in her white gown, with pink roses in her yellow hair. The next moment, however, all thought of Lottie, engaged in luring the minister to return to his former folly, was driven from Miss Sophia's mind, for Charlie Saunders had placed his arm about Mary's waist and kissed her upon the lips.

Miss Sophia gasped in astonishment and horror. Could she have seen aright? Mary Armiger, the model of all that is best in womanhood, permitting an insolent boy to kiss her unrebuked!

As Miss Sophia sat bewildered the couple moved toward her.

"Why, Miss Sophia, you are all in the dark; I'll light the lamp," said Mary, as she stepped through the low window into the room, followed by Charlie.

Miss Sophia sat in grim silence until Mary had lighted the lamp. She fixed her eyes sternly upon Mary. Certainly she had never seen the elder Miss Armiger look quite so pretty before. There was a pink flush in her cheeks and her dark eyes were soft and bright.

"Mary Armiger, did I really see that young man kissing you a few moments ago or did my eyes deceive me?" asked Miss Sophia, with uncompromising abruptness.

Mary blushed, while Charlie, to Miss Sophia's intense indignation, began to laugh.

"I—I am afraid that you did, Miss Sophia," faltered Mary. "You see, I had just promised to marry him."

"What?" gasped Miss Sophia. "That worthless young scamp, who does nothing but flirt with your sister."

"Now, Miss Sophia, that's too bad," cried Charlie. "Lottie and I never thought of such a thing. She knows that I've been in love with Mary for ever so long."

Before Miss Sophia had time to collect her scattered wits sufficiently to make a reply the minister and Lottie entered the room. Lottie's cheeks were pinker than the roses she wore in her hair, and the minister's eyes were radiant.

For a moment Miss Sophia's eyes lingered first upon the girl and then upon her brother, and she made a quick movement to rise from her chair. The minister came to her assistance.

"I wish to go to my room," she said, laying her hand upon her brother's arm, but keeping her face studiously averted from him and the other occupants of the parlor.

When they reached her bedroom door she stopped and turned a rather white face toward him.

"I suppose you will permit me to remain until you are married to that doll?" she said.

"Why, Sophia, surely you are not thinking of deserting me, now that I shall need you more than ever?" exclaimed the minister. "You see, if I were going to marry a woman like Mary Armiger, now"—and a suspicion of a smile crossed his lips, but was quickly suppressed—"I should not require any one to keep house for me. But it being Lottie makes it a very different matter."

For a moment or two Miss Sophia said nothing.

"Humph!" she at length replied. "I'll think about remaining."

Australian Gold.

Melbourne dispatches reckon the total Australian gold product for the first four months of 1899 at 1,241,430 ounces, against 1,008,383 ounces in the same period of 1898. This would make an annual increase of nearly 700,000 ounces.

Comparative Safety.

It has been estimated that steamers are 20 per cent. safer than sailing vessels.

REGAINING HIS FORTUNE.

Gen. Grubb a Striking Example of American Pluck.

No better example of American pluck and perseverance has been seen in recent years than that displayed by General E. Burd Grubb, former minister to Spain and once candidate for Governor of New Jersey. For years the General was distinguished for his prominence in military and public affairs. He spent his money unstintingly and was one of the most generous men of his State.

It was as a partner of the firm of William M. Kaufman & Co., iron founders, of Sheridan, Pa., that he lost his fortune. He had joined the firm as a special partner, he thought, but when their crash came he discovered that he was a general partner and personally liable for all the firm's debts instead of for the amount represented by the stock he held.

In 1890 he was hurried off as minister to Spain on twenty-four hours' notice. He left power of attorney with three friends and gave directions that they were to investigate all his financial affairs and particularly his interests in the iron company at Sheridan. Their report showed that he had an income of \$100,000 a year. He returned from Spain in 1892. In 1893 the great panic



GEN. E. BURD GRUBB.

came and iron went out through the bottom financially. Grubb lost everything except hope.

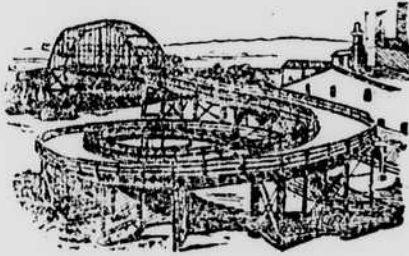
He closed his magnificent home, sent his family to friends in London, lived in a room at the works on 60 cents a day, studying the situation there and then interested English capital with which he kept the works moving. This was later withdrawn by Grubb accepting options on it. Since the revival in iron industries he has formed a \$3,000,000 syndicate and is getting the big end of the immense profits of the business. He will shortly reopen his magnificent home and live once more in the luxury of former days.

CURLYQUE APPROACH.

Tornado Tears Away Most Remarkable Bridge in Country.

When the tornado tore its way through the town of Hastings, Minn., it took with it the most remarkable bridge in the country. When the local engineer set to work to solve the problem of how to make a bridge sufficiently high for the Mississippi boats to pass under, and yet not so high as to make a hoisting apparatus necessary for the vehicles that would pass over, he wished to build an incline roadway that would begin some distance from the river and lead gently up to and over the structure, but the Hastings town officials objected. They wanted the public highway preserved intact, and they wanted the bridge as well, and they told the engineer that he could take the puzzle home with him and solve it or resign in favor of a more ingenious man.

The engineer brought the solution down to the officials next day, and they at once sanctioned the construction of the remarkable bridge shown in the cut. The inclined roadway is there but instead of going straight ahead from a point a distance away, it corkscrews within a small space, being elevated on pillars that increase in height as the bridge rises until the level of the span is reached. Passengers on foot and travelers in vehicles wind around a spiral roadway, first going toward the river and then turning their backs to it and then facing around toward it again, until at last they find themselves on the bridge proper. Until the cyclone came along and signified its disapproval of the freak structure by demolishing it, the bridge had served well the needs of the people of Hastings.



BRIDGE AT HASTINGS.

A Long Beard.

Just before W. V. Smith, of Florence, Kan., goes to bed he carefully places his beard in a muslin bag. After he has entered the bed he puts the bag under his pillow. His beard is nearly eight feet long.

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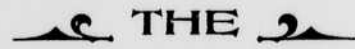
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Aug. 1	Aug. 5	Aug. 8	Aug. 11	Aug. 14	Aug. 17	Aug. 20	Aug. 23	Aug. 26	Aug. 29	Sept. 1
Sept. 4	Sept. 8	Sept. 11	Sept. 14	Sept. 17	Sept. 20	Sept. 23	Sept. 26	Sept. 29	Oct. 2	Oct. 5
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