

RISEN.

Eric yet the shadowy mountain-tops
Were silvery with the light,
Or off the lilies slipped the drops
With some new light;
Eric the morning's incense curled
O'er glistening Galilee,
The grave had yielded to the world
Its awful mystery.

Through all the night the pallid stars
Watched trembling o'er the tomb,
And Olivet wrapped all its scars
Deep in the fragrant gloom;
The world one instant held its breath,
When from the flashing heaven
God's angel swept, more strong than death,
And death's dark bonds were riven.

From forth the sepulchre's embrace
Behold the Conqueror come!
O morning sun, unveil thy face!
O earth, no more be dumb!
From century to century
The pean now shall ring—
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

—James B. Kenyon, in the *Current*.

TERISE'S GRATITUDE.

BY ETTIE ROGERS.

"Terise, did you see anything of it?" inquired Mrs. Putney, who was down on her knees with her hands and head beneath a carved oak table, under which she was vainly peering for some missing article.

Terise did not answer. She was just then busily engaged brushing the daily accumulation of dust from the gorgeously painted pots of counterfeit tulips which adorned the spidery stands before the two windows.

"That fifty dollar bill was in the roll of money I had when I went down to pay the gasman," Mrs. Putney repeated, just as she had for each corner and cranny she had searched. "I dropped it in this room—I dropped it here and nowhere else! Are you sure you didn't see it, Terise?"

Still the girl made no reply. In the rounded cheeks the damask crimson became more vivid; over the round black eyes her curling lashes twatched the least bit irresolutely; but she maintained silence.

"You didn't take it, did you, Terise?" the elder lady asked, with a sudden glance at the down-cast face as she emerged from under the tasseled table scarf.

Then the curling lashes flared widely open, the small head was uplifted fearlessly, the fairy figure became erect with resentful dignity.

"I did not," she said emphatically and proudly.

"Well, do you know anything about it?" Mrs. Putney demanded impatiently, with another curious glance at the strangely wavering color in the dimpled cheeks.

But the question was unanswered. Terise had resumed her busy duster, and the silence seemed so oddly conscious and uneasy.

"You must know something about it or you would never look like that," Mrs. Putney remarked with an irritated severity. "The bill never went out of this room unless it was taken by the hands of somebody. There has been nobody here but you and Sophy, and you didn't pick it up, did you?" she said, as just then a daintily attired young lady tripped into the room.

"That is a singular question to ask me, Susan," Miss Sophy said, with a little half-veiled shrug of her graceful shoulders.

"Well, if neither of you has picked it up, it must be on the floor somewhere," said the elder lady, beginning a more vigorous and extensive search beneath rugs and ottomans and in every possible and impossible crevice.

Mrs. Putney was a widow with a modest competence; and Miss Sophy was her protege and only sister—a handsome, indolent, luxurious young lady, with neither special imperfections nor special talents!

Little Terise was nobody—at least she had always been regarded as such until a certain wealthy and agreeable young gentleman had appreciated her sufficiently to select her as his plighted bride! And as the promised wife of Claude Forrester she had become a personage of some condescending distinction in the household.

But she had been an orphaned and impoverished little waif whom, some years before, Miss Sophy, in a freak of philanthropy, had brought home and commended to the generosity of Mrs. Putney, who just then chanced to need the services of a small maid, and who was inclined to be pleased with the acquisition. And so the child had stayed and had grown to girlhood in the house, where she was esteemed a sort of adopted dependent rather than as an alien. And her dependence had not been altogether oppressive to her; if they had given her shelter and raiment they had given her confidence and some meagre affections also; if her tasks had sometimes been irksome, her labors had been lightened by her omnipresent sense of gratitude for what had been benign in their consideration for her. Toward the dainty and lazily amiable Miss Sophy her girlish admiration was enthusiastic, her girlish gratitude immeasurable. And with all her scruples and sweet humility she had vague misgivings that in appropriating the devotion of Claud Forrester she might somehow have wronged a young lady so much more elegant and desirable than her own humble self.

Mrs. Putney was certainly inclined to deem her handsome sister grievously slighted. She could not understand how any sensible young gentleman could ignore such superior attractions, nor how he could be allured and captivated by an inferior and unaccomplished dependent. And perhaps Mrs. Putney would not have been mortally sorry if the too captivating Terise might eventually become less entirely adorable in the sight of the very eligible Claude Forrester! And perhaps the mystery of the missing fifty-dollar-bill might change everything, she meditated, with more irritation than malice, as she scrambled around the pedals of the piano and strained a cramped arm toward the last unexplored niche.

"There is no use searching for it," she said, crossly, as she scrambled back across the overturned piano-stool and through a shower of dislodged music; "it is gone, and somebody knows where

it is. You are not turning pale and red like that all about nothing, Terise," she added, with sharp significance.

That Terise meant neither to admit nor to deny the accusation was evident, and Mrs. Putney felt no less perplexed than wrathful as the girl quietly and silently finished her dusting and left the room.

"She had taken the bill—there is all there is about that!" she observed decisively.

"Oh; you'll find it, Susan; I shouldn't worry about the money if I were you," Miss Sophy returned, with lazy indifference.

"I had intended to buy her bridal outfit and give her a little dot, too. Mrs. Putney continued; "but if she can be guilty of such dishonesty, I shall do nothing for her. I think, indeed, I ought to warn Mr. Forrester against her."

"Mr. Forrester might decline the warning—as enchanted people always do," Miss Sophy laughed. "But, then, Terise never took the money, Susan, she is as innocent as I am," she said, soberly.

But Mrs. Putney did not concur with the opinion. That conscious silence, those crimsoning blushes, that uneasily averted face—to her seemed scarcely emblematic of innocence.

Mrs. Putney, too, was characteristically precipitate in her conclusions; she was not slow to credit evil of another; and that the girl toward whom she had been a benefactress would at last be revealed as a deceptive ingrate seemed to her to be neither improbable nor preposterous!

And beside, she had an unconfessed apprehension of having been rather niggardly in small matters toward the girl—she had been chary of all little gifts for comfort and ornament toward Terise—and toward her own young sister no less! But then girls were always so prone to foolish extravagances—they ought to be restrained rather than indulged—was her apology for what she deemed only a prudent withholding of a few mites from her abundance.

"Terise has wanted some extra finery now she is to be married, and she could not resist the chance to take what she fancied I should not miss until she might be safe out of the house. Claude Forrester ought to be undeceived about her—I am sure of that," she thought with a speculative glance toward her handsome sister, whose superior attractions Mr. Forrester somehow had failed to appreciate.

Miss Sophy at the moment turned from a window where she had been standing in indolent unconcern.

"That was Mr. Forrester ringing," she said. "I shouldn't tell him anything about the money, if I were you, Susan."

"I shall do my duty," Mrs. Putney growed with austere determination as her sister withdrew.

As Miss Sophy tripped carelessly upstairs she almost stumbled over a little figure crouched on the topmost step—the fairy figure of Terise, whose cheeks were colorless enough now, and whose attitude expressed a sort of defiant resignation.

Miss Sophy started, and then would have passed on without stopping, but the movement of apathy or avoidance, seemed to hurt the girl whose fevered and tearless eyes were fixed with strange intentness upon her heedless handsome countenance.

"You need never wish to avoid me, Sophy—I shall never betray you," Terise faltered in a voice oddly commanding pity and disdain and reproach. "I shall never forget I must be grateful because you have been kind to me always; I shall always remember if you had not sheltered me once as you did! I might have lived to become more miserable than I am now. And I am only miserable now because after I had believed you so good and perfect, after I had loved you so—I cannot bear to think you would do anything so wicked—so despicable!"—she ended with a pathetic and suppressed sob.

"What on earth do you mean, child?" Miss Sophy queried as she gazed wonderingly down at the excited and disdainful face.

"Oh, how can you pretend not to know?" Terise cried piteously—"and when I would die before I would let anyone blame you, too! And I can understand just how you were tempted she was so very, very miserably with you always, and you liked dainty dresses and everything nice and elegant, and you thought, perhaps she would never exactly know where she dropped the bill. But how could you be so wicked, Sophy?"

For once that young lady was aroused from her indolent grace of imperturbable serenity. "Are you crazy Terise? I never touched the money," she said in down-right and very animate indignation.

"You have no reason to deny anything to me," Terise answered, in that rebuking voice of hushed intensity.

"They may accuse me all they like—they may condemn me and despise me, everybody—but I shall never tell them you took it. And I saw you, Sophy! I saw you drop your handkerchief over it and then pick up both together, just before you went down to the dining room."

For a moment Miss Sophy stood dumb with her astonished sense of enlightenment.

"You little goose; you unmilitated little goose!" she exclaimed at length, with an amused laugh, which had an undertone suggestive of woman's swift tears. "The handkerchief you saw me pick up was a tattered affair which I used polishing the brasses of the grate, and which I threw with a lot of paper rubbish in the ash barrel, when I went down to the dining room. The money is in the ashes, too, very likely. You silly, ridiculous child, come down stairs with me this instant," she ordered, as she unceremoniously dragged the bewildered Terise down the steps after her.

The girl was crying softly with mortification and relief as Miss Sophy drew her toward the parlor, where a somewhat troubled young gentleman instantly arose to meet them, and then with a manner of tenderest authority led her to a seat beside him.

Mrs. Putney had done what she deemed her duty, no doubt; but all the same Claude Forrester had declined her prompt and disinterested warning.

"I shall never believe any wrong of you, my dearest," he said to his betrothed as her shy embarrassed eyes for a moment met his own.

"She was ready enough to believe wrong of me though," interpolated Miss Sophy, looking half injured and wholly amused, "and then she purposed to make a martyr of herself rather than allow me to be blamed. But I really was the culprit, Susan; and I dare say you will find your lost bill somewhere among the ashes."

"Dear me! Terise, why don't you tell me?" stammered Mrs. Putney, looking exceedingly uncomfortable, and hurrying speedily after her property, which she finally recovered, all crumpled and grimed, somewhere in the depths of the cinders and rubbish.

"Why did you not tell her?" Claude Forrester inquired wonderingly.

"She wanted to shield me," Miss Sophy explained, as with a new gentleness she impulsively kissed the confounded and charming face. "What a crucial time you must have had, you absurd little thing, between the gratitude and the accusations, and your highest convictions, and all that."

"I am disposed to regard my little bride as a heroine." Mr. Forrester smiled as he glanced with tender pride at the happy child whose sense of gratitude had been indeed heroic, although the heroism had terminated in a prosy little comedy.

"When anything is missed so mysteriously, everybody is always apt to suspect everybody else," Mrs. Putney said afterward to her sister. "But, after all, I shall always regret accusing Terise as I did; and I think I'll just double the little dot I intended for the dear child."

Stenographic Experts.

There are some marvels of stenographic reporting performed in the senate and house each day, and about the most fascinating sight in congress is to see these men covering page after page with curious characters almost as fast as the eye can follow. Each day *The Congressional Record* comes out with a verbatim report of the proceedings of the last session. Not unfrequently *The Record* reaches the size of a good-sized book, and to the uninitiated the wonder is how the ten reporters succeed in preparing such a mass of matter in so short a time. It is all the result of a system which has grown up with years, and which is well-nigh perfect. There are five stenographers in each branch, and they hold their offices year after year irrespective of the rise and fall of political dynasties. The senate pays for its reporting with the lump sum of \$25,000 for each year. The contract is made with Mr. J. D. Murphy, who is acknowledged to stand at the head of the profession in this country. Mr. Murphy is a short, stout man, with iron-gray hair and full beard. He has a little desk in front of the clerk's stand, and does the greater part of the senate reporting himself. Mr. Murphy does his work easily and without any apparent trouble. No matter whether Mr. Beck or Mr. Hawley, or some of the other lightning talkers are going ahead under full pressure, or the slow-spoken and ponderous Evarts is plowing along in debate, it is all the same to Mr. Murphy. He gets all there is said.

The reporters in the senate sit at their desks, because the chamber is a small one and there is usually perfect quiet. In the house, however, the five reporters sit here and there with their note-books, following this or that speaker. The chief of the house corps is J. J. McElhone. He made his reputation in the famous debate upon the electoral-count bill. At the climax of the debate, when there were fully a dozen men speaking at once, Mr. McElhone jumped to his feet, note-book and pencil in hand. He did not take his eye from the paper, but when the scene had passed he had every word of it. The report in the next day's *Record* was absolutely correct; indeed, not an actor in that famous scene ever complained that he had been misquoted. Mr. McElhone is a tall man, with a decidedly Hibernian cast of features. His head is small and round, and his gray hair stands straight up all over it. He is regarded as the swiftest and most accurate of all the house reporters. None of the stenographers write out their notes. In the house the men take "tricks" of ten or fifteen minutes each, at the expiration of which they rush down-stairs, where there are a dozen or more stenographers in waiting. They read the debate as they have taken it, and these assistants in turn take it in shorthand and subsequently reduce it to print for the printers. The house reporters are paid \$5,000 a year.—*New York Telegram*.

Dr. Osgood's Tenant.

A well-to-do old man was Dr. Osgood, parson of the First Church. In his time Springfield was a mere village and Indian Orchard a sheep pasture. The parson owned the main portion of that ward, conducting it as a farm and sheep ranch, and employed John Corey and his wife to run it. The parson drove out there to view his possessions one day and found old Corey drunk, beating his wife. "Well, well, Mr. Corey," said the parson, "a man whipping his wife!" "Yes." "Mr. Corey, recollect that a woman is the weaker vessel." "Well, let her carry less salt then!" Dr. Osgood used to tell this story often, and never omitted a word of old Cory's reply.—*Springfield Home*.

The Photographer's Habit.

"The force of habit is wonderful thing," said the philosophizing passenger who expectorated upon the floor, "now, just to show you. I'm a photographer out in the country here a piece, and the other day I was called out to take a negative of a dead man. At my suggestion his relatives propped him up on some chairs so that his position would be somewhere near natural, and then stood back while I took him. After focusing the lens I stepped out, looked to see that everything was all right, said 'now, hold a moment, please,' and made the exposure. Right there was the first laughter that I have heard in that house for two weeks."

—*Chicago News*.

THE BONANZA KINGS.

How the Famous Millionaires of the Pacific Coast Made Their Money.

Beginning Life as Day Laborers and Saloon-Keepers—Opportunities Improved.

The Fortunes They Have Amassed.

The four bonanza kings were Fair, Flood, Mackay, and O'Brien,—all Irishmen and all Catholics,—writes Richelieu in *The Brooklyn Eagle*. James Graham Fair, United States senator from Nevada, whose residence is given as Virginia City, was born Dec. 3, 1831, at Clogher, in the county of Tyrone, Ireland, near the birthplace of Archbishop Hughes. When 12 years of age he came to this country with his parents and settled in Illinois, where he received his education at Geneva and Chicago. He paid attention more particularly to scientific pursuits, which served him well in his after life of mining. He quite naturally took the gold fever, and in 1849, at the age of 18, he went to California, overland, where he engaged in mining for ten years. A director of the United States mint calculated that the ore body in rich veins in 1875 would yield \$300,000,000. Other estimates quintupled that sum. Shares of the consolidated Virginia mine that sold in July, 1870, at \$1, rose in December, 1874, to \$610 a share, and in January, 1875, were sold at \$700.

Mr. Fair was married in 1862 to a worthy wife, and they were blessed with four children—two sons and two daughters. Two or three years ago, for some reason, a divorce was obtained by Mrs. Fair, and they separated. To Mrs. Fair was decreed the family residence in San Francisco, and four and a quarter millions in cash and United States bonds. The older son, now of age, went with the father. The younger son, nearly of age, and the two daughters, both now under age, went with the mother. Their friends hope to see the family reunited, and it is said Mr. Fair is anxious for that consummation so devoutly to be wished. Mr. Fair has traveled all around the world, and the more he travels the more he loves his adopted country, but does not forget the loved island of his birth, to which he is a loyal and dutiful son.

In 1867 Mr. Fair formed a partnership with John W. Mackay, James C. Flood, and William S. O'Brien. This firm purchased the control of the bonanza and other mines, which under the superintendence of Mr. Fair yielded \$200,000,000 of gold and silver. He was also largely interested in real estate and buildings in San Francisco and in manufactures on the Pacific coast. He was elected as a senator from Nevada for a term of six years, commencing March 4, 1881, to succeed William Sharon, republican. He is said to be worth over \$40,000,000 in personal property.

When Mr. Fair first arrived in California he went to mining, with the stamping machinery, on Feather river, and in various parts of California met such success in a moderate way as to keep him intent on larger projects. Mr. Fair was his first partner in successful mining business. It is said he owned about seventy acres of land in the city of San Francisco, and has been building in the most costly part of the city a princely residence to cost a million dollars. He also had an elegant rural residence at Menlo park.

Mr. Fair is quick to perceive the value of new mechanical appliances, and ingenious in putting them to their best use. He is skillful in detecting and following up the indications of ore. Old miners used to say Fair "had a fine nose for ore." The dark galleries of the mines are open books to him. In his superintendence he was in all parts of the mines day and night, and no shirking of labor was possible under him. He was an autocratic master, and as many desperate characters as were collected around him from all parts of the world he governed with a firm hand and unrelenting purpose. Many were the fears expressed for his personal safety, but he was a just employer, and for honest work there was prompt and liberal pay.

It was on Jan. 11, 1871, that the four kings mounted the throne of the Big Bonanza. Mr. Fair took a prominent part in the direction. The work of sinking a prospective shaft was projected, and rapidly pushed. A thin seam of ore was detected, and Mr. Fair traced it foot by foot through more than a hundred feet, as a thread leading to a clew. Sometimes it narrowed to a mere film of clay, but it was never lost to the keen eye of Mr. Fair. Many thought it a will o' the wisp. Mr. Fair was taken sick and retired for a month. Work was continued in his absence but without success. In February, 1873, a vein of ore seven feet in width was cut widening to twelve feet. The shaft was then 710 feet deep. The air was foul and hot for lack of a ventilating draft, although fresh air was forced in by powerful blowers. The lid of the Big Bonanza was taken off. Never in the history of time was such a treasure uncovered. The bonanza was cut at a point 1,167 feet below the surface, and pierced again as the shaft went down at the 1,200-foot level. Another and another hundred feet deeper, and at 1,500 feet ore richer than ever before discovered was revealed to view. What the extent of the great bonanza was none could tell. Cross-cuts showed that its width was from 150 to 220 feet. Cribs of timber were constructed from base to dome. A writer thus describes the scene: "Everywhere men were at work in changing shifts, descending and ascending in the crowded cages, clambering up to their stoves with swinging lanterns or flickering candles, picking and drilling the crumpling ore, or pushing piles of loaded cars to the stations at the shafts. Flashes of exploding powder were blazing from the rent faces of the stoves; blasts of gas and smoke filled the connecting drifts; muffled oars echoed along the dark galleries, and at all hours a hail of rock fragments might be heard rattling on the floor, and massive lumps of ore falling

heavily on the slanting pile at the foot of the breast. Half-naked men could be seen rushing back through the hanging smoke to the stoves to examine the result of the blast and to shovel the fallen mass into cars or wheelbarrows. While some were shoveling ore others standing on the slippery piles were guiding the power drills, which churned holes in the ore with incessant thumps, or clearing the softer sulphurates with steel picks swung lightly by muscular arms."