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A FAREWELL.

Thou goest, and I abide. Like some gray tower
Crumbling to ruin on desolate mountain height,
Death-silent, save for screaming eagle's flight,
My patient day waits Time's corroding power.
While thou, with wings of flame through Love's vast space,
Like some great planet, traversest all spheres,
I, all in vain, at lonely fount of tears,
Must strive to quench my soul's thirst for thy face.
But, 'mid thy varied splendors sometimes pause,
And stay sometimes thy sweep of radiant wing,
And bid thy voice old songs to memory sing,
For dirges on my broken life's lost cause.
Which thou hast sung, while I stood by thy side,
In those long buried hours before Love died.

The Way to Lose Him.

Philip Vane's love story was very brief He was one of those men who are not easily captivated, and so he had remained heart whole until the preceding spring. About the first of May, he attended an agricultural show in an adjoining county, and it closed up with athletic sports. There were hundreds of daring young fellows ready to compete for the honor of crowning the queen of love and beauty; but Philip Vane outstripped them all, and won the prize. This prize was an exquisite tiarsa of pearls, and Miss Rose Denham, the prettiest girl in Talbot, was the queen. Philip went through the interesting ceremony of crowning her with the starry chaplet he had won—and in doing so he had lost his heart.

The red fires of sunset had faded, and the stars were out in thousands in the misty autumn skies, when Philip reached the little country house in which the Denhams lived. He stole round to the drawing-room window. It was open, for the autumn night was balmy, and he had a full view of the apartment. Rose was at the piano, in her becoming evening dress of sky-blue, with her hair falling in golden showers over her white shoulders. But she was not alone. Hanging over her, and toying with her ringlets, as he turned the music, was a young man of an exceedingly foppish appearance; and Rose did not seem in the least annoyed by his excessive familiarity, for while she sung, she would toss her beautiful head, and glance up into his admiring face with an air of witching coquetry.

Philip Vane, with this picture before his eyes, stood for a moment like one bewildered, then suddenly recollecting himself, he retraced his steps, and rang the bell at the front entrance, in a very grave and formal manner.

Rose received him with a shy, sweet surprise that was irresistible; and the charm of her rare beauty, and her girlish vivacity, soon banished his jealous doubts—and he was as much enthralled and enraptured as ever. The foppish individual having vanished, Philip had his charmer all to himself, and they wandered out into the autumn moonlight, and under the shadow of the elm trees. And Philip took a pearl and amethyst engagement ring from a little casket, and put it upon her finger, entreating, as he did so, that the engagement should be very brief. Beautiful Rose listened, and examined the sparkling circlet with a critical eye.

"Very well," she replied, after a moment, her voice cool and silvery; "I have no objection to make. It will not require a great while to complete my arrangements, and mamma disapproves of long engagements."

"So do I," exclaimed Philip, heartily. "You will make it a month, darling—no longer; I want you at home before the Christmas holidays."

Rose shrugged her white shoulders, and gave a little shivering sigh.

"How I do wish," she said, "that you would live in town, Philip, for the winter at least. It must be dreadful stupid at Beechwood; and the girls are coming to see my engagement ring," she continued, after a momentary pause, twirling the little circlet over in the moonlight. "I told them it would be something magnificent—and it is; but I do wish you had chosen a diamond solitaire, it would have been so much more elegant and stylish."

Her lover's brow clouded.

"I am sorry, dear," he said, gravely. "I fancied this one would please you; but you shall have the solitaire."

"Oh, you are so kind! and I am naughty to trouble you so."

She held up her ripe lips, and he kissed her in silence, and they returned to the cottage, and a little later he was in his saddle again and on his way back to Beechwood. But an indefinable something weighed down his spirits—a kind of restless dissatisfaction that he could neither banish or comprehend.

The moment his mother met him on the following morning, she knew how matters stood. She could read her son's heart like an open book.

"'Tis just as I feared," she sighed. "My poor boy will be disappointed."

But she uttered not a word.

A week later, Philip Vane was called to town on business, and he embraced that opportunity to purchase a diamond ring. He selected a very magnificent one, at an extravagant cost. Then instead of returning to Beechwood, he took the train to Talbot, and walked across to the Denham residence. It was just about noon when he reached there; and the autumn day was very lovely, with mellow sunlight, and a hazy splendor on the circling hills. He would have a long walk with Rose, he thought, his heart swelling with delight as he neared the house. Dear little Rose, he loved her more and more every moment he lived, no matter if she was rather vain and childish.

He found the front door open, and a little housemaid scrubbing the steps. She ushered him in, and he entered the small drawing room, and sat down. As he did so, the sound of voices, in loud and angry discussion, reached his ears. Just behind the dining-room was a little parlor which Mrs. Denham and Rose were in the habit of making their sitting room, and it was from this the sounds proceeded.

Philip listened in alarm at first, thinking some one was ill, or that something had happened.

"Now, Rose, my dear, do be reasonable," entreated the tremulous voice of Mrs. Denham. "We are willing to do all we can for you; but you know how your father stands. The very roof over our heads is mortgaged already, and pray how can we raise money to buy such extravagant things?"

"I don't know nor I don't care," cried Rose, with angry vehemence. "Let papa borrow it. I tell you I will have a splendid outfit."

"My dear, you will have three nice silks, and a good many other dresses; and your won't need so many changes at Beechwood," interposed the mother.

"What's the reason I won't?" almost screamed Rose. "Do you think I'm going to be shut up at Beechwood all this winter? I'll show you, and I'll show Philip Vane, too, I'm going to have a gay season, if I live; and I want the right kind of an outfit—and I mean to have it. So there's no use talking; you know I always have my way."

Then there came the sound of grieved sobbing and a child's voice, the voice of Rose's little sister, Alice, cried out, "See, Rosie, you have made poor mamma cry. How can you be so naughty?"

"Hush, this minute, you meddlesome little thing! Who asked you to put in your say? I don't see what you're here for, either, gaping at every word that's said and pulling what few things I've got to pieces. Come, take yourself off to the nursery at once!"

Philip Vane heard the sound of a sharp blow, and the next moment little Alice ran out, crying ready to break her heart. He had risen to his feet in utter amazement; and, passing the dining-room door, the child saw him. She stared a moment, and then cried out, in wicked delight—

"Aha, Miss Rose! here's Mr. Vane in the dining-room, and he's heard how naughty you've been—haven't you, Mr. Vane?"

Not believing the child, Rose hurried to the dining-room door, and there she stood transfixed. Her beautiful, golden hair was all in a tangle, and she wore an untidy, old wrapper, both soiled and torn, and her face was flushed and distorted with passion. Philip Vane, standing grave and stern in the middle of the dining-room, regarded her for several moments in silence, and with an agony at his heart that seemed like death itself. Then he advanced, and extended his hand.

"Good bye, Rose!" he said, sadly. "No words that I can speak can express what I feel. I loved you as my own life; but I am disenchanted. I am glad this has happened now; it is better than hereafter. Yet I don't think I can ever forgive you."

And before the terror stricken girl could utter a single word, he was gone.

"Oh, me! Oh me!" she wailed, wringing her hands; "it is all over! I have lost him! I have lost him!"

"And no wonder," replied her mother, sternly. "God wouldn't suffer it; He's too just."

Over the crisp meadows, and under the shadow of the purple hills, Philip Vane walked back to Beechwood, shaken like a very reed, strong man that he was, with the bitterness of his disappointment.

"Mother," he said, when she met him at the doorway, "it is all over! You were right!"

"And all for the best, my son," she replied, as she kissed him, "though you cannot think so now."

And years after, when Philip Vane sat upon the lawn, with the true and tender woman who had become his wife, and the woman who had become the mother of the children that played beneath the rustling oak boughs, looking back at those early days, he was forced to acknowledge that his mother's wisdom was far superior to his own.

Rose Denham is still unmarried, and has lost all her beauty. She is soured and discontented, and will always be so. But whom has she to blame but herself?

A Terrible Experience.

Adolph Hintzky went out on the mountains of Eastern Pennsylvania alone to chop wood for the charcoal-burners, and nothing was seen of him for three days. A hunter by the name of Hines, passing over the mountain, tracked a rabbit under a large, heavy tree. To his great surprise he found a man lying under the limbs of the tree in the snow. The man still lived. Hines dropped his gun and game and ran off to the nearest cabin for assistance. Hines and another man went back and found the man to be Hintzky, a prisoner under the tree, half buried in the snow. By the light of their lanterns he was cut out and freed. He could not stand at first, and was nearly dead. His ears were frozen and his feet were terribly frozen. With great difficulty he was taken to a house. His story was that he was cutting down a tree, before it fell he sat on a stone to eat his dinner, suddenly a violent gust of wind blew through the gorge and the tree fell with a crash, crushing the unfortunate woodman under its heavy branches. He was rendered senseless by the blow, but the stone upon which he sat saved his life. The force of the blow was averted. The man had raised himself up, and when the tree fell it pinioned him. One of his arms he could not move at all; his body was held to the earth and he was a prisoner. On the evening of his first day's imprisonment snow fell All that night, the next day and next night he was fastened in the snow, and his life was slowly ebbing away. On the third day he was in terrible agony, he fed himself with snow, and thus partially quenched his thirst His boots had to be cut from his swollen feet, his robust constitution prevented death. He was about 35 years of age, and he wore a coat lined with hair.

Fire by Friction.

A company of South African savage Zulus are now amusing the people of London, and among their performances they show how they get a light without matches. Some straw being laid on the ground as a bed, two sticks were placed on it a few inches apart to form a support for a third stick, which, was laid across them, having a deep notch cut in it to receive the blunt point of the drilling-stick. This was twirled like a chocolate-muller between the palms of the hands, and when the twirler's hands reached the bottom they were either dexterously shifted to the top again, or another of the Africans squatting round took and relieved the first. A spark was obtained in the charred dust in about five minutes, and was received with shouts of delight by the firemakers, one of whom carefully shielded it in a handful of the straw, soon fanned it into a flame.

Greek Fire

"Greek fire"—or, as it is sometimes called "Saracen fire"—was the most important war material men had before the invention of gunpowder. Twice the city of Constantinople was saved by the use of it. It is said to have been invented by a Syrian, who, deserting from the service of the Caliph, revealed his secret to the emperor. The ingredients, if not also the mode of darting the fire, were kept a secret for upwards of 400 years, and it is quite uncertain now what were actually the component parts of that which, Joinville says, "came flying through the air like a winged, long-tailed dragon, about the thickness of a hogshead, with the report of thunder and the velocity of lightning; and the darkness of the night was dispelled by this deadly illumination." It is generally considered, however, that "the fire" was composed of naptha, mingled in certain proportions, now unknown, with sulphur, and with pitch obtained from evergreen fir. This mixture, ignited and blown or pumped through long tubes of copper, which were mounted in the prows of galleys, and fancifully shaped into the form of monsters, produced a thick smoke with a loud explosion, and a flame, fierce and obstinate, which no amount of water could extinguish. When used for the defense of walls, it was poured in large boilers from the ramparts, or was hurled on javelins by means of tow which had previously been steeped in inflammable material. Against it the bravest soldiers went in vain; their imagination recoiled from a thing so subtle and terrible. Horses fled from it in dire fright; ships were burnt by it; there was no way of standing against it. The Greek emperors, sensible of the enormous advantage which an offensive weapon of such a kind gave them, invested it with a mysterious history, and appealed to the superstition of their subjects for the preservation of the secret of the manufacture. They said that an angel had revealed the composition of Greek fire to the first Constantine, for the express purpose of maintaining the superiority of the empire over the Barbarians; and that whoever betrayed the secret to foreigners would incur not only the penalty of treason and sacrilege, but the special vengeance of the Almighty. In the twelfth century, however we find it used by the Mahometans in their wars with the Christians; and from that time it came into pretty general use, until the invention of gunpowder put it out of date, and caused an entire revolution in the art of war.

Boiled Potatoes vs. Love.

"What are you reading, Mary?" inquired a practical man living on East Long, Detroit, of his wife one day.

"Just the sweetest love story you ever heard of," replied his wife, enthusiastically.

"A love story?"

"Yes, and you just ought to read it—"

"Ain't you got over that yet?" interrupted her husband.

"Got over what?"

"Why, that love business. That—that molasses contract between young idiots."

"Do you mean—"

"Yes, I mean the milk and mush stuff children indulge in. I thought that would have been taken out of you by this time. Now what's that story about?"

"I am right here where he—"

"Who?"

"Why, the lover, of course, has just rescued her—"

"Who in thunder is her?"

"Oh! why don't you keep quiet. He has just rescued the girl he's in love with from a gang of robbers and—"

"How many was in that gang?"

"Let me see," said the wife thoughtfully, "There were forty-two, and he—"

"Now, do you mean to say that young feller took a girl from forty-two robbers all by himself?"

"Yes, and the story says he killed thirteen in the attempt, and—"

"Mary, hand that paper right to me. Fork it over."

"Why?"

"Now," continued the husband, as he crushed it up and put in the tail of his coat, "that's the biggest lie I ever heard. I'm going to take this paper outside the corporation and bury it two feet deep, and then see it I can't get an act passed by Congress to suppress its publication. I'll be back by supper time, and I want you to hump yourself around and have some boiled potatoes and corn-bread. That will help take some of this nonsense out of you."

Sir William Herschel's First Telescope.

Sir William Herschel arrived in England from Honover, his birth-place, about the end of the year 1759, when he was in his twenty-first year. He was bred a professor of music, and went to live at Halifax, where he acquired by his own application, a considerable knowledge of mathematics; and, having studied astronomy and optics in the popular writings of Furguson, he was anxious to witness with his own eyes the wonders of the planetary system. He accordingly borrowed from a friend a telescope, two feet in focal length, and having directed it to the heavens he was so delighted with the actual sight of phenomena, which he had previously known only from books, that he commissioned a friend to purchase for him in London, a telescope with a high magnifying power. Fortunately for science, the price of such an instrument greatly exceeded his means, and he immediately resolved to construct a telescope with his own hands. After encountering the difficulties which every amateur at first experiences, in the casting, grinding and polishing of the metalic specula for reflecting telescopes, he completed in 1776, a reflecting instrument, five feet in focal length, with which he was able to observe the ring of Saturn and the sateellites and belts of Jupiter. This telescope was completed when he resided at Bath, where he acquired by degrees and in his leisure hours that practical knowledge of optics and mathematics which was necessary for such a task. His experience in this scientific art were of the most remarkable kind, and by 1781 he had constructed so many telescopes as to be better furnished with the means of surveying the heavens than were possessed by any other astronomer, in any of the fixed observatorics of Europe.

—It is said that Gov. Andrew, of Connecticut, has appointed a State detective to make a further effort to solve the mystery of the murder of Mary Stannard, for which the Rev. H. H. Hayden was tried.

CHICAGO has a lady teacher of the flute. She probably does all the fluting for her own dresses.

Chinese Time.

Before the introduction of clocks and watches in China native instruments employed for recording the flight of the hours may practically be said to be confined to two in number, the sun-dial and the water-clock, though other devices have appeared at various times. They both have claims to great antiquity. The water-clock is said to have been invented in the days of the Yellow Emperor, if not by his Majesty himself, some twenty-six centuries before the birth of Christ, and the sun-dial is attributed to Chow Kung (B. C. 1100), but such accounts may safely be relegated to the category of the legendary. Both these instruments have been so often described, that other and more interesting details may be found. In the reign, for instance, of Kublai Khan, we hear of a "lamp water-clock" being offered as a gift to the emperor, which contained a drum and a bell, and struck the hours regularly. It would be difficult to say just what this clock was, but the word lamp reminds one that candles were used to measure time by the Chinese long before their reputed invention by England's monarch student a thousand years ago. The Emperor Hsuan Tsung, of the T'ang dynasty (847–860 A. D.) is said to have had in his possession twelve marvelous jade counters, each with one of the twelve horary periods marked upon its face, and these, if thrown into water, would rise to the surface, each at the occurrence of the period which it was specially intended to represent. In the history of the last-mentioned dynasty we are also informed that, "in a tower in the Fuh-lin country (variously identified with Constantinople, Palestine, etc.) there hangs up a large golden weighing machine, with twelve golden balls attached to the end of the yard, representing the twelve divisions of the day. Alongside stands the figure of a man, also made of gold, and, whenever one of the above periods is reached, a golden ball drops with a clang to announce the same." But the most brilliant piece of workmanship of all was a splendid "lamp water-clock" belonging to the above-mentioned Kublai Khan. It was seventeen feet in height; it rested upon a frame richly ornamented with gold and pearls. On the left was a representation of the sun; on the right, of the moon; while at each end of the beam was a dragon's head, open-mouthed, and with its glaring eyes fixed upon the stream of water, as if, we are told, jealously watching the regularity of its perpetual drip. On the central beam were depicted two full length dragons, playing with a pearl, and also engaged in supervising the proper flow of water from the clepsydra. The lamp globe, or cage in which the light was placed, was divided into four latitudinal sections, on the upper one of which were four deities, representing the sun, moon and certain of the stars. This section turned round once in every day. On the second were a dragon, a tiger, a phœnix and a tortoise, each in its proper place, and at fixed periods these jumped about to the sound of cymbals from within. The third section was marked out into one hundred parts or divisions of the day, corresponding to our quarter hours, and above these divisions were twelve deities, each holding a tablet indicating one of the twelve horary periods of the Chinese day. There was also the figure of a man, drawing attention with its outstretched finger to the hours as they passed in regular procession along. On the lower section were a bell, a drum, a gong, and cymbals, each with an attendant in charge, who struck the instruments at the first, second, third, and fourth quarters respectively. The whole of the above effects were produced, we were informed, by water-power acting on machinery concealed in a large case near the clepsydra. The method of striking the five night watches in Chinese yamens at the present time is as follows: One blow on the drum and one on *ch'ing* (not "gong") for setting the watch; one on the drum and two on the *ch'ing* for the beginning of the second of the five parts into which each watch is divided; one on the drum, and three, four and five on the *ch'ing* for the periods up to the beginning of the second watch, which is announced by two blows on the drum and one on the *ch'ing*, the blows on the latter increasing up to five as in the previous watch. Thus four blows on the drum and three on the *ch'ing* would tell the public that three-fifths of the fourth watch had elapsed and that the fourth division was about to begin. We may add that the *ch'ing* may be described as a broad flat piece of metal bent to an obtuse angle of about one hundred and twenty degrees.

The Fearful Cost of War.

Official returns give the Russian losses in killed and wounded as about 90,000 officers and men, but as we showed lately by a letter of the London *Times* correspondent, these figures do not nearly tell the awful story. Over 117,000 Russian soldiers have died in battle or in the hospitals and 98,000 have perished by sickness and famine, while the Roumanians add 22,000 men to the roster. On the Turkish side it is estimated that 90,000 have died in battle and 50,000 in the hospitals. To make the frightful list complete it would be necessary to add the uncounted thousands of massacred women and children. We have seen no estimate of the waste of treasure in this war. Russia would not dare to show how much her credit would be impaired by contributing her share of it. We have before us, however, the figures showing the cost of some of the modern wars in which England has been engaged, which may give some idea on the subject. Her old French wars cost her about $5,000,000,000; her share of the Seven Years' war, $415,000,000; the revolt of the American colonies, $490,000,000; the two opium wars with China, $44,000,000; the Kaffir war, $10,000,000, and the Abyssinian expedition, $40,000,000. Russia's Crimean war cost her $800,000,000, and the same war cost England $1,000,000,000; France, $400,000,000; Turkey, $80,000,000, and Sardinia, $35,000,000. These figures enormous as they are, only represent fractions of the material losses entailed by these various conflicts. To form an adequate idea of their ruinous results we should consider also the stoppage of commerce and production, the destruction of factories and shipping, and the mortality among the able-bodied, useful and productive members of society. How much Russia has suffered in the late war by the latter of these causes she will probably only appreciate should she be called upon at the present time to maintain the expenses of a war with Great Britain.

SMOKERS are puff-ectly satisfied with the appearance of the open horse cars on our streets.

The Care of Clothing.

Concerning the fashion of clothing and the various fabrics of which it it made information is full and frequent. Very little, however, is said about the care of clothing, and the ways in which it may be preserved for the longest time and in the best possible condition. To those who change their garments with every change of style this is a matter of slight importance, but to those who purchase a silk dress or a broadcloth suit only once in a series of years it is a matter of interest and value. Silks, cashmeres, cloths of standard style and quality, are very little affected by the various currents of fashion. They hold their own through all the years and are always good, always "stylish," always suitable. While new fabrics are for the hour of their popularity high-priced, these standard goods sell at the standard price and know little of rise or fall in standard value. Neglect and carelessness deteriorate clothing a great deal faster than steady wear does. The housekeeper who instead of changing her nice dress when she passes from the street or the church to her kitchen, keeps it on and takes it with her through the various processes of dishwashing, sweeping and cooking will soon rob it of all its nicety while she who wears her fine clothes only in places where fine clothes are suitable may keep them in good condition for an indefinite time. To dress according to one's work is good taste, good sense and economy. The careful person will take pains to preserve a new calico no less than a new silk. We knew a young lady once who put on a nice new calico which she had taken great pains to make, and wore it through the morning dew to milk the cows. To keep her arms from being soiled or tanned by the sun, she declined to turn up the sleeves, of the dress. In two days the nice new calico looked like all the rest of her dresses, dowdy, slatternly, unclean. We knew another young lady who had six silk dresses, and not one of them was fit to wear, though none of them had been made above a year. They were spotted, draggled, tumbled, mussed, abused. We knew another young lady who was the fortunate possessor of *one* nice black alpaca dress which she wore on all occasions the season through, and always appeared faultlessly dressed. She had no work to do that would specially soil her clothes. If a stray drop of anything that could make a spot fell upon her dress it was at once removed. All dust was brushed off, a sponge dipped in ammonia water brightened faded places, and snowy collars and cuffs suggested dainty habits of cleanliness. The care of clothing to be easy must be habitual. The hardest part is in forming the habit, and this cannot too early in life be formed. Most children love to make mud pies and play in the dirt generally and give little heed to keeping themselves clean. This is all well enough at times, and they should be indulged in their mud pies provided they are dressed for the work. But it is "poor-folksy" in the last degree to allow a child to play in the dirt with nice clothes on, or to permit a young person to dress inappropriately while at work. It is vastly easier to change a good coat for a poor one than it is to restore it to its pristine condition a soiled coat. It is vastly easier to put on a pair of overalls than it is to sponge thoroughly a pair of pantaloons. But the worst of it is that those who neglect to change the coat and to put on the overalls neglect also the sponging and cleansing processes, and let dust gather and spots remain. A clothes brush, a wisp broom, a bottle of ammonia, a sponge, a hand brush, a cake of erasive soap, a vial of alcohol, should form a part of the furnishings of every toilet. After all dust has been removed from clothing spots may be taken out of black cloth with the hand brush dipped in a mixture of equal parts of ammonia, alcohol and water. This will brighten as well as clean. Benzine is useful in removing grease spots. Spots of grease may be removed from colored silks by putting on them raw starch made into a paste with water. Dust is best removed from silk by a soft flannel, from velvet with a brush made specially for the purpose. If hats and bonnets when taken from the head are brushed and put away in boxes and covered up, instead of being laid down anywhere, they will last fresh a long time. Shawls and all articles that may be folded, should be folded when taken from the person in their original creases and laid away. Cloaks should be hung up in place, gloves pulled out lengthwise, wrapped in tissue paper and laid away, laces smoothed out nicely and folded, if requisite, so that they will come out of the box new and fresh when needed again. A strip of old black broadcloth four or five inches wide, rolled up tightly and sewed to keep the roll in place, is better than a sponge or a cloth for cleansing black and dark-colored clothes. What ever lint comes from it in rubbing is black and does not show. When black clothes are washed, as they may often be previous to making over, fresh clean water should be used, and they should be pressed on the wrong side before being quite dry. If washed in water previously used for white clothing they will be covered with lint. In securing clothing against moths, if linen is used for wrappings no moth will molest. Paper bags are equally good if they are perfectly tight, and so are trunks and boxes closed so tightly that no crevice is left open for the entrance of the moth fly. As the moth loves darkness, it will not molest even furs hung up in light rooms open to air and sunshine.

"Corduroy Jim."

Some time in the year 1855 a number of adventurous spirits from California, conceived the idea of going into the heart of Mexico to seek their fortunes. They formed a colony composed partially of miners, but pricipally of reckless, careless men, ready to retrieve their shattered fortunes in any way. The colony, known to history as the La Paz, was fitted out and started from San Francisco the same year. Upon arriving there they were not received by the Mexican government with that heartiness and cordiality now extended to immigrants seeking that promising land. They were looked upon as filibusters, arrested, imprisoned, sometimes decorated with balls and chains and generally treated as prisoners of war. Failing to find on Mexican soil the El Dorado of their hopes they planned an escape and returned on the John L. Stephens, on July second or third, in time to celebrate the national holiday. They told their story of their woes to their friends as only forty-niners could. Much interest was excited and an effort made to secure the national intervention in their behalf. So confident were they of success that most of them executed powers of attorney to certain parties who gathered the claims together for the purpose of making a united effort to secure relief, the agreement being that the attorneys should divide the receipts equally with the claimants. Nothing was practically accomplished until about the year 1870, when a mixed Commission of the United States was appointed to adjudicate, among other international matters, upon the differences existing between the United States and Mexican Governments, both feeling themselves aggrieved and entitled to redress. The result of their deliberations was that an award of $23,000,000 was made to the United States and $19,000,000 to Mexico. After this there was considerable difference of opinion as to how the award was to be paid, but it was finally settled by the Mexican Government paying the difference between the two awards in instalments, which it has been doing for some years. During all the time while the representatives of the national powers of the earth were gravely discussing international law, one of the enterprising colonists, James Ballintine, then familiarly known as "Corduroy Jim," was keeping toll gate at Colfax Springs, on the Yosemite road. He went into Tuolumne County, in 1858, and, tired of his adventurous life, married and settled down into a first-class family man. There, in peace and quiet, far from his old haunts and associates, he devoted himself to the constant pursuit of honest toil. But he had kept up with the times, had read the papers, and also interviewed Sunset Cox, Seymour of New York, and other Congressional lights, who informed him he had a good claim, but that no one could collect it without his signature. He had executed his power of attorney, but receiving no returns, persuaded a legal friend to write to Washington on the subject. In due time he received the startling announcement that he was dead, positively and legally dead in the eyes of the Government; that one Col. Jonathan D. Stevenson, of San Francisco had been appointed his executor, that $5,008 had been awarded him as his share, but as he was not living and therefore had no use for it, $1,065 had been already paid on account of the estate.

What bothered the honest toll man was that he was so much dead that it was impossible for him to resuscitate himself. Taking a general inventory of himself, he remembered he had been a square striker in his youth, and "up to date the old man was a pretty lively corpse;" and, with fire in his eyes and determination in his heart, he came to the city for the purpose of interviewing the man for whom he died, and who was now living for him to the extent of the coin value of his claim. He soon found a number of well-preserved '49ers, who recognized him and could swear to his identity. Armed with proofs of his existence and accompanied by his lawyers, he sought the presence of his executor only to find that he was dead again; dead up in the Probate Court, when a process of resurrection was necessary to make anything living to him. The Record of this Court informed him under date of Oct. 22, 1876, that he had "died in the winter of 1862, or in the spring of 1863, to the best of the petitioner's knowledge and belief, on the North Pacific coast on a trading voyage." At this view of things his spirit took umbrage. He failed to see how a live man could be so much dead, and he said to his executor through his lawyer that he was "the true lost Injun."

"I think," said the executor, "that the Mr. J. Ballintine, who owns the claim was taller than you are."

"Well," replied Jim, "I may have settled an inch or two. Growed down like a cow's tail some, but I'm your Injun all the same."

"What State are you from?" continued Col. Stevenson.

"New York."

"This man was from Pennsylvania, I believe."

"As to that," answered Mr. Ballitine, one of us two is mistaken, Colonel."

"Then," added the executor, "you don't spell your names alike."

"Now, look here, Colonel," concluded Mr. Ballintine, "when you come to that I've got ye. I spell mine with two i's, just like I write it now (suiting the action to the word), and if I don't disremember, I dotted 'em both, just like I did, Colonel, when I witnessed them power 'o attorneys when I was 'tendin' bar down to George and Billy Gardener's at the corner of Jackson and Davis streets, where you made most of 'em out."

The executor asked for further time and Mr. Ballintine retired, expressingly indignant and wishing to take the matter into his own hands and convince the Government and his executor that there was a little of the vital spark left in his muscle at least. The counsels of peace, however, prevailed, and several interviews have been had. The matter was left to a distinguished ex-Judge. "We want this thing settled," said he to the executor; "you people can have no doubt as to my client's identity."

Judge. What do you want?

Mr. Ballintine. I want my equal half, according to the papers.

Judge. But you are not anywhere on the papers. You're not alive on the papers.

Mr. Ballintine. Now, that's pretty—— rough on a corpse. It don't make any difference what I am on paper. I'm here alive, and I want to be alive on paper and every where, and then get my half, and that's all there is about it. I want to get through with this and get back home, where I have some dead business to do.

Here the interview closed. Subsequently the Judge made an offer to effect a compromise, which, being below the figures demanded, was not accepted. And so the matter remains at present.

He who loses hope may then part with anything.

Sin is sturdy, and will rebel, where it cannot reign.

God's words, however slighted, are not wind, but fire.

The Christian life is not knowing nor hearing, but doing.

Benefit your friends, that they may become your friends.

The error of a moment becomes the sorrow of a whole life.

Their tongues and their tears are women's best weapons.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

Love is lowliness; on the wedding ring sparkles no jewel.

God's anger is holy. His fire is pure and without smoke.