

Southern War Records.

Taxing Bachelors.

SHILLY-SHALLY.

The "Homing Instinct" in Pigeons.

ALL SORTS OF ITEMS.

The Farmer and His Money.

A reporter of the Star one morning dropped into the large building on G street, corner of Twentieth, where the official records of the late war are being compiled.

"Do the ex-Confederate officers give their files up to you?"

"Oh, yes. As a general rule they give them to us, but where any of them have papers they wish to keep they allow us to make copies of them, and we return the originals.

"Did they turn over their papers entirely to the Government?"

"Yes, sir; that is what we are collecting them for. The purpose of the Government is to make up a complete official history of both armies of the civil war.

"Will the records be edited?"

"No, not at all; simply compiled so as present in the order in which they were issued, the official reports, letters, orders, etc., of the war.

"How long will it take to finish up the entire work?"

"It will require several years more to complete the work for all the years of the war.

"Haven't you recently returned from a collecting tour in the South?"

"Yes, sir; I got back a few days ago, and I obtained a number of very valuable papers. I first went to see General Joseph Wheeler, in Alabama, who commanded the cavalry in Bragg's army.

"I next visited Indian Territory, and got a set of papers covering the military operations of the Confederates in what was called the District of Indian Territory.

"The district was commanded by Generals Albert Pike, Maxey (now United States Senator from Texas), and D. H. Cooper.

"I also got all the official papers of Lieutenant-General R. S. Ewell (since dead), who held an important command in the Confederate army.

"I next visited General E. Kirby Smith, who commanded the Trans-Mississippi Department, and got his records.

The General Council of the Department of the Rhone in France have just adopted a resolution calculated to win them world-wide fame, though adverse critics have variously characterized their proceedings as stupid, ridiculous and extraordinary.

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"Well, Philena," said Uncle Job to his wife, "are you going to see sister Hopkins to-day?"

"I do not know whether I will or not. Sometimes I think I will, and then again I think I won't. There's a good deal to do to-day and it looks like rain."

"I don't think 'twill rain," said Uncle Job, plastering his chin with lather.

"Maybe it won't, Job, but it looks a little like it—kinder grayish like. Still, we might take the umbrella, and maybe I'd better go. But I'm most 'fraid Mary Ann can't do all there is to do."

"Hurry and make up your mind, Philena," called Job after her, as she slowly retreated kitchenward, taking down her back hair as she went.

"Mary Ann says she can get along with Sally's help, and I do know but I'd go if I thought I shouldn't have company this afternoon, and it didn't look so doubtful about rain."

"Mother, what dress will you wear?" called out Mary Ann.

"Well, I do know which I'd better wear. Which do you think I'd better wear? Your brown alpaca, of course."

"I would if I thought it wouldn't rain, but if it should rain it would spot it, I'm 'fraid. I reckon I'll wear the black one. It's a little faded and braced, but if it should rain it won't hurt it."

"Come, come, Philena," cried Job, "hurry up! I'm going out to harness the mare."

"I am hurrying as fast as I can," twisting up her hair. "Mary Ann, you may take down my brown dress, while I change my shoes; though, come to think on't, maybe I'd better wear these, for if it should rain I'd hate to get the others wet. Still, these don't look hardly suitable to wear with the brown dress. Perhaps I'd better wear the black one. You may take down the black one, Mary Ann. These shoes are too shabby to wear with the brown one. Maybe I'd better take them off. Come and see what you think of them, Mary Ann."

"Change them quickly, mother, and put on the brown dress. Father's hitching the mare to the buggy now."

"Is he? Well, I'll take another look to see if I think it likely to rain, and if I think it ain't why I'll wear the brown one. It don't look so much like it as it did, but then you can't tell much about it this time of year. But I guess I'll risk it, and wear the brown one. Get me a pair of stockings, Mary Ann."

"Where are they, mother?"

"In the bureau drawer, I guess. Look there first."

"Which one? They are not in the first one."

"Well, then look in all of them, and if they ain't there, look in the basket under the bed."

"Here they are under the bureau, but there's holes in them."

"Is there? Well, I meant to have them mended Saturday, but I didn't get to it."

"Philena! Philena!" called Job.

"Yes, I'm almost ready. Mary Ann, take a needle and darn up the holes in my stockings, will you? No, you needn't either. The buttons are half of 'em off my boots—I meant to have sewed 'em on yesterday, but I forgot it. I'll wear these I've got on, for I shouldn't be surprised if it did rain."

One of the most striking powers possessed by animals is that of finding their way home from a great distance; and over a road with which they are supposed to be unacquainted. It has long been a question whether we are to attribute these remarkable performances to a purely intuitive perception by the animal of the direction and the practicable route to his home, or whether they are the results of a conscious study of the situation, and a definite carrying out of well-judged plans.

Probably the most prominent example of this wonderful power is the case of homing pigeons. These pigeons are very strong of wing, and their intelligence is cultivated to a high degree; for their peculiar "gift" has been made use of since "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

The principle of heredity, therefore, now acts with much force; nevertheless, each young bird must be subjected to severe training in order to fit it for those arduous temptations which annually take place among first-rate birds.

As soon as the fledging is fairly strong on its wings, it is taken a few miles from the cote and released. It rises into the air, looks about it and starts straight away for home. There is no mystery about this at all—when it has attained the height of a few yards the bird can seek its cote, and full of that strong love of home which is so characteristic of its wild ancestors, the blue-rocks, it hastens back to the society of its mates.

The next day the trial-distance is doubled, the third day is still further increased, until in a few weeks it will return from a distance of seventy miles, which is all that a bird of the year is "fit" to do; and two years old, will return from 200 miles, long distances being left to more mature birds.

But all this training must be in a continuous direction; if the first lesson was toward the east, subsequent lessons must also be; nor can the added distance each time exceed a certain limit, for then, after this way and that, and failing to recognize any landmark, the bird will simply come back to where it was thrown up. Moreover, it must always be clear weather. Homing pigeons will make no attempt to start in a fog, or if they do get away, a hundred chances to one they will be lost. Nor do they travel at night, but settle down at dusk and renew their journey in the morning. When snow disguises the landscape, also, many pigeons go astray. None of these circumstances seriously hampers the semi-annual migrations of swallows or geese. They journey at night as well as by day, straight over vast bodies of water and flat deserts, true to the north or south. Homing pigeons fly northward or southward, east or west, equally well, and it is evident their course is guided only by observation. Watch one tossed. On strong pinions it mounts straight up into the air a hundred feet. Then it begins to sweep around in great circles, rising higher and higher, until—if the locality is seventy-five or a hundred miles beyond where it has ever been before—it will go almost out of sight. Then suddenly you will see it strike off upon a straight course, and that course is homeward. But take the same bird there a second time and none of these aerial evolutions will occur—its time is too pressing, its homesickness too intense for that; instantly it will turn its face toward its owner's dovecote.—Scribner for November.

FREAKS OF FORTUNE.—Great freaks of fortune seldom strike thrice in the same place. Last spring Farmer Harper, of Midway, Kentucky, exhibited, with pardonable pride, to one of our correspondents, two bay stallions filled with fire of Flying Childrens. "There," said he, "are the only two horses in this world from one stable that have run a mile in 1:40, and that fellow (pointing to Ten Brock) did it inside of 1:40." The other horse was Longfellow. Successively, within a short period of time, they had been the phenomenal wonders that drew applause from the quarter-stretch. At the late meeting in Louisville, the great American stallion stake for three-year-olds, one mile and three quarters, was run. Twelve racers, from fifty-one nominations made by prominent breeders of the Southwest, faced the judges. Among the tried ones were Bucktie, Aureolas, and Good Night. The keen critics of the turf placed their faith and money on Bucktie and Aureolas for the first and second places. Farmer Harper had two sons of Longfellow in the string, Irish King and Jils Johnson. Few saw their "pinto," as the old farmer calls the running qualities of his colts; and none accorded them a place in the race. A tremendous struggle ensued, and there was great consternation on the quarter stretch when Irish King bounded under the wire in the astonishing time of 3:05 1/2, equal to the best on record, with Jils Johnson second. Neither Bucktie nor Aureolas captured a place. The farmer had struck a triple of victories, either one of which the careful rich breeders would have given a king's ransom to have won. Mr. Harper is known as a careless, easy, old man, paying no attention to theoretical experiments. He allows his farm boys to ride his matchless horses over fields of stumps after the cows, and along dusty roads to the country store and postoffice. He follows a slack system of training. Still the fickle goddess perches high on his colors of orange and red. It is one of the marvels of horse breeding. The Louisville race has a strange sequel. It seems that, although Mr. Harper entered both colts in his own name, he had given Irish King, when a yearling, to his colored trainer. The trainer claimed the stakes, but Mr. Harper refused to surrender, saying that Jils Johnson had been pulled in order to allow Irish King to win. The trainer has taken this novel case into court, and turfmen look for the result with exceeding interest.

The Archduchess Christine will be married in silver cloth, embroidered with sparkling white jet. Included in her trousseau is a costume of embossed velvet and opal-covered satin, trimmed with fringe of small pearls and silver lace.

Patrik: "And Biddy, darlint, they've been telling me there's too many of us in the wurrdul. Now Biddy, if you an' me get the praste to make us two wan, troth, won't there be wan the less?"

Matrimony is a holy institution. Not only does it unite a man to his best friend, but it furnishes a good living for thousands of divorce lawyers.

Selfishness will eat into our spiritual joy like canker.

There is no place so secret where there are no temptations.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.—Jonathan Swift.

The time to save money is when every body else is spending it.

Experience is a torch lighted in the embers of our own delusions.

To-morrow is the day on which lazy folks work and fools reform.

In temptations and affliction man is proved how much he hath profited.

It is out of life's darkest clouds that some of life's sweetest consolations come.

The Utes object to being civilized, and the white men on the border object to being Utilized.—Boston Courier.

"What have you to remark about my singing?" asked an irate vocalist. "Nothing," replied a spectator; "it is not remarkable."

Congress will be asked to vote \$5000 to mark the grave of Daniel Morgan, the hero of the Cowpens. His grave is in Mount Hebron Cemetery, Winchester, Virginia.

Albany Journal: It turns out that General Joe Hawley wrote "Beautiful Snow." For Mark Twain himself has said it. The exposure has cast a gloom over the entire State of Connecticut. It is understood that the Hartford Courant will ask Mr. Hawley to resign.

"Oh," said the afflicted wife, weeping over his remains, "he said he would take off the flannels anyway, and the poor man, he little thought how soon he would go to the place where flannels are never needed."

Bridget (to caller): "Will ye kape still a mirit while I look at ye?" "No," misses lamb to home. She told me if a woman come with a wart on the end of red nose to say she want to home, and there's no mistaking that wart."

A Lebanon paper says a rooster in that place daily lays an egg. This is something for the hens to crow over, but the rooster ought to be ashamed of himself. He might advocate the rights of the female sex without usurping them.

Mr Edward Compton, the leading man in Miss Neilson's company, is a son of one of the old English school of comedians. It is to be hoped he is an improvement on the gifted Barnes who supported the fair Adelaide on the occasion of her Western tour.

THE MOORISH TEA-POT.—There is a good deal of coffee imbibed by the lower classes of citizens, in small coffee-houses not frequented by the elite of Moorish society. Almonds are occasionally roasted and ground with the berries, and the mixture is sometimes scented with rose-water. In the towns, too, the water-seller's bell seems to tinkle incessantly, as with goatskin water-bag he perambulates the dusty streets in quest of thirsty customers. Milk, especially sour milk, is the pet "quencher" of the country folk. But green tea is, if not the national, certainly the favorite beverage of the higher classes, who to a man prefer the perilsous stimulation of Hyson to the gentle exhilaration of Pekoe, Congou or Souchong. Most well-to-do natives take tea both before and after the last three meals of the day; so the reader will be prepared to believe that the consumption of green tea in Morocco is larger in proportion to the number of its population—say 7,000,000—than in any other country. The tea equipage usually consists of a bright brass tray, elaborately chased, whereon are placed tiny glass, tiny glass tumblers and a small metal pear-shaped tea-pot, in which is put half a handful of Hyson, with sufficient loaf sugar and boiling water to make a thin syrup, often flavored, in lieu of cream, with marjoram flowers, orange blossoms, citron leaves and blooms, wormwood, or ambergris. To see a Moor calmly sip a dozen or more tumblerfuls of the scalding and sickly-sweet infusion at one sitting, is a sight calculated to inspire the European spectator with a profound admiration of the adamant nature of native nerves and gullets.—Tinsley's Magazine.

A WOMAN WHO REFUSED AMNESTY.—Some of the "advanced" French journals have lately given proof of their innate capacity for hero-worship by extolling to the skies the civic virtues and moral excellences of a female luminary of the Commune hitherto unknown to fame. This lady has recently been annexed by the President of the Republic, but from her lofty nature the pulsing sentiment of gratitude is conspicuous by its absence, if we may judge her character by a letter she has addressed to that august functionary upon the subject of her pardon. Condemned in 1871 to transportation to a fortified place, Louise Michel was imprisoned for two years in Auberge, and was thence conveyed to Numea. There she founded a school, in which she taught her own peculiar theories, physical and ethical, to the children of her fellow-convicts. An interesting feature in her curriculum of study was a brand-new catechism, in which she exercised her pupils daily. It commenced as follows: "Who created you? Nature." When the commutation of her sentence was announced to her, she commented upon that act of grace in these remarkable terms: "I have erected in my heart a Paris and a France after my own taste. But as this France of mine does not as yet exist, I prefer to remain here among the savages. My hour is not yet come. I am proud, and do not choose to incur the reproach of moral weakness in the endurance of my exile. I know that the Government would be delighted could it discover the least blemish in my character." A martyr to her convictions, Louise Michel, offered freedom and return to the real France which, perhaps fortunately for Europe, differs so widely from the France created by her fervid imagination, choose to remain in a penal colony and to inculcate her peculiar doctrines upon the rising generation of Numeas. On the whole, we opine that our vivacious neighbors may reasonably congratulate themselves upon her selection of Numea as a place of residence, and upon the circumstance that their native country does not come up to her notion of what France ought to be in order that its moral condition should justify her in returning to its shores.—London Telegraph, October 4th.

King Frederick of Prussia, when he was out riding one day, saw an old farmer who was ploughing his field and singing cheerfully over his work.

"You must be well off, old man," cried the King. "Does this acre belong to you on which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the man, who of course had no idea he was speaking to the King; "I am not so rich as that; I plough for wages."

"How much do you earn each day?" asked the King.

"Eight groschen," returned the man. "That would be about twenty cents of our money."

"That is very little," said the King; "can you get along with that?"

"Get along! yes, indeed, and have something left over."

"How do you manage?"

"Well," said the farmer, smiling, "I tell you. Two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my debts, and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," said the King.

"Then I must solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept and cared for me when I was young and weak, and needed care. Now that they are old and weak, I am glad to keep and care for them. This is my debt, and it takes two groschen a day to pay it. Two more I spend on my children's schooling. If they are living when their mother and I are old, they will keep us and pay back what I lend. Then with my last two groschen I support my two sick sisters who cannot support themselves. Of course I am not compelled to give them the money, but I do it for the Lord's sake."

"Well done, my man," cried the King, as he finished; "now I am going to give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"No," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is indeed a riddle which I can not solve," said the farmer.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the King; and with that he put his hand in his pocket and pulling out fifty gold pieces, placed them in the hand of the farmer.

"The coin is genuine," said the King; "for it comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you farewell."

And he rode off, leaving the old man overwhelmed with surprise and delight at the singular interview.

PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF AND THE KAISER.—Among the many persons of note at Baden. Baden, Prince Gortchakoff, who is living next to the Emperor, attracts the greatest attention. The Russian Chancellor, whose bitter altercation with his German colleague, once his best friend, now forms the chief topic of conversation in political circles, has been reuniting his health at Wildbad during the summer, where Count Schouvaloff, Baron Oubril, and other leading Russian diplomatists were staying. The Chancellor has quite recovered and is sufficiently strong enough to carry on a wordy strife with Prince Bismarck. In taking up his quarters at Baden-Baden the wily statesman seems to hope that he may succeed in casting discredit on Prince Bismarck by exposing to the German Emperor his hostile machinations. Prince Bismarck, having the utmost veneration for his sovereign and highly valuing the estimation in which he is held by him, is said to be a little alarmed at the continued insinuations directed at him by Prince Gortchakoff. Apprised that the latter charged him with the want of support granted to the Russian plenipotentiaries in the Berlin Congress, Prince Bismarck has by means of the North German Gazette categorically contradicted these insinuations and publicly laid bare the defects of Prince Gortchakoff's policy. Fortunately for Russia as well as Germany the firm ship of the Emperors excludes any possibility of the personal combat of the two Chancellors, perhaps extending to a general conflict. So long as Kaiser William and the Czar Alexander remain their scepters they need not fear the outbreak of a Russo-German war—a contingency that can only arise after their death. In order to be forearmed against the eventuality of a Franco-German alliance, on whose conclusion Prince Gortchakoff seems to be bent, the German Chancellor, never at a loss to gain his end, has decided on a chosen *escorte* with Austria-Hungary, by which he may dictate the peace of Europe.—Berlin Letter.

GOLD IN THE SUB-TREASURY.—There are nearly one hundred and thirty million of dollars of coin, etc., in the U. S. sub-treasury of this city, most of it in gold. To many people these figures are decidedly vague, but to the real thinker they have an immense meaning. The very bulk of all this coin and bullion is impressive, and suggests at once the question of how many carts would be required to take it away. The care of it, also, has its very impressive side. A single day's business at this—the greatest sub-treasury in the country—greater than a half dozen others—is, especially in these "booming" times, simply tremendous. Thus, yesterday, the receipts in this single building were \$747,000, while the payments were \$1,452,313. The currency balance was \$13,452,177, and the coin balance \$229,737,059. Nearly one hundred and thirty million of dollars in that one classic and yet rather modest looking building on the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, and is it so much wonder that the authorities, knowing that such figures would last come to be really pondered, put up recently their strong iron gratings in the solid masonry? To-day the volume of business is very large, but so systematic is the great transaction that there is very little bustle. The present great reserve in the sub-treasury here is regarded by the business men as showing the real tide of prosperity upon which we have entered, exchange being so much in our favor and the foreign demand for our products, especially grain, being so great.—N. Y. Telegram.

Be careful when you have your infant christened to give the clergyman the correct name. An Elmira lady whose parents intended it to be called Josephine, retired from the baptismal font as William Henry. Little Billy felt very mad about it, but the mischief has since been rectified.

SHORT ITEMS.

The wife of Senator Edmunds will remain in Carlsbad during the coming winter.

Sir Garnet Wolseley is to receive the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

United States Minister Foster is making a tour of Mexico, and is meeting with marked attention.

Senator Hill has abandoned the hope of reconciling the Democratic factions in New York and gone home.

Governor Simpson, of South Carolina, and Holliday, of Virginia, who have been visiting Philadelphia, have returned home.

The editor of the Paris (Texas) Banner pronounced Lawyer Bonner a murderous ruffian, and Mr. Bonner at once proceeded to prove the truth of the assertion.

"Don't you mean to marry again, Deacon Jones?" asked Widow Simpkins. "No," growled he, "I'd rather lose what ribs I've got than to take any more."