CRUMBS.

—It is now fashionable in New England to have a few words of French on the tombstones over the grave of a relative.

—The New York Pie-Baking company's factory, the largest establishment of the kind in the world, has an invested capital of $150,000. Have a piece?

—Some people complain about their children being non-observing, but we'd like to see the child who won't observe how the family pie is cut and who gets the biggest piece.

—Brigham Young's physician feels of the old man's pulse, tells him to run out his tongue and then shakes his head and remarks: "I dunno—I dunno."

—Kate Field says she is conscious that "the man doesn't live who can boast that he has held her hand more than two or three seconds at a time." No one to love.

—Sorrowing widow go to Portugal. It is allowable there to marry after seven weeks of mourning, and we know of nothing more soothing to the lacerated heart than to—than to go to Portugal.

—John Frode is no more. You probably didn't know him. He lived in western Missouri, and in entering the smoke-house of a friend to see how the hams got along a trap gun blew his head off.

—When a man gets into a crowd and relates a joke which he has just heard, and some one speaks up and says he heard that five years ago, wouldn't it be justifiable homicide to kill him on the spot?

—That was a beautiful thought of the poet that "woman clings to a man like the ivy." But is it always true? How many baldheaded men can testify that no woman ever clung to them like the ivy but what she let go like a grappling iron.

—Dr. Mary Walker, who parts her clothes in the middle, is authority for the statement of John Stuart Mill that petticoats are but another name for passiveness; that corsets signify coercion, and that the trail is embodied thraldom.

—Every fashionable woman in Paris hangs to her belt an alms-bag, a fan, a card-case, a pocket-book, an umbrella, a turnip-watch, a pin-cushion, some ivory tablets and a little mirror. And the sons of women like these are expected to knock the nonsense out of Germany some day.

—Jerome Bonaparte, the second son of the deceased nephew of the great Napoleon, has been recently admitted to the bar at Baltimore, and his first plea was pronounced an admirable effort, full of promise of future distinction. He is described as a fine looking young man of grave aspect, with an admirably formed head, and a face full of intellectual expression.

—Eternity is a solemn word and a solemn world. The soul of man shrinks back with dismay and dread from entering that mysterious abode of spirits. And yet all are on their way to eternity, and must soon enter it alone. But how little think the gay and pleasure loving, who do tread so near its dark shores, how soon they must launch away on that untried ocean.

—A Kansas lady, writing of a visitation from a grasshopper in Marshall county, says: "Next day the cornfields looked like plantations of bayonets. They ate the tops of vegetables, then the roots, leaving a hole in the ground. In the absence of other fruit, we have been counting greatly on the peaches; the trees are stripped, only the stones left hanging on by the stems."

—Bunyan the author of "Pilgrim's Progress," on being cast into prison, made a flute of one of the rails of the stool belonging to his cell. The keeper often heard sweet music, but could not trace it, as Bunyan on his approach always replaced the rail in the stool. The officers searched in vain for the mysterious sounds, but Bunyan kept his secret, and the baffled men were forced to believe them supernatural.

—There is a large establishment at Kehl, opposite Strasburg, on the Rhine, where artificial wine is made into which a grape never enters. In the valley of the Rhine and the Palatinate there are hundreds of similar manufacturies where this imitation is made. The Rhenish and Alsatian wine-growers intend to urge the German Reichstag to pass a stringent law against the adulteration and falsification of wines.

—The bell of Alamo has been removed to Galveston, Texas, having been made a present to the Historical society of Texas by the Hon. Wm. E. Kendall, of Fort Bend county.—This was the garrison bell that sounded the hours during the perilous times when the "Lone Star" was a republic and whose peals wakened to battle Fannin and Ward and their followers, whose bloody massacre marks the darkest page in the history of her early career.

What an Opposition House Can Do.

However the elections go this fall, the Administration will have a decided majority in the Senate of the Forty-fourth Congress. Then, what valuable objects can be attained by securing a hostile majority in the House? A little reflection will suffice to answer this question and show that important consequences would flow from such a result.

Though an opposition House could not repeal bad laws, it might pass bills for their repeal, and thereby throw upon the Grantites in the Senate the responsibility of defeating them if they chose. It could prevent enactments in the interest of Ring robbers, and thus dry up the fountains of much of the corruption and jobbery that now pour their demoralizing streams all over the country.—More important even than this, it could put a stop to that species of legislation which, by lodging arbitrary powers in the hands of an unscrupulous President and his supple minions, has, since Grant took office, been gradually carrying us onward toward a monarchial or oligarchial system of Government.

An opposition majority in the House would restore to that branch of Congress its constitutional authority over the finances of the country. Under the loose practice of late years the Senate has been allowed to usurp a good deal of this authority, and thus become the leading power in legislation on money matters. Not long since nearly a majority of Senators asserted the right of that body to originate appropriation bills. An opposition House would reverse all this, and put a hook into the nose of Grant's profligate administration on all subjects relating to the raising, the keeping and the expenditure of public money. If, in spite of the administrations of the elections, Grant and his fellow conspirators against the Treasury shoule continue to pursue their usual reckless, oppressive, corrupt career, the House might resort to the old time remedy of the English Commons for curbing the spirit of arbitrary kings and profligate ministers, and refuse to pass bills for supplying them with money. In an extreme case the application of this sharp lash by a resolute House of Representatives might bring even so solid a ruler as Mr. Grant to his senses.

One of the first and most important duties of a House in antagonism to the Administration would be to institute a series of searching investigations into the operations of all the leading departments of the Government since Grant became President. By thrusting in the probe the House would touch the core of the deadly disease of our times. By bringing out and spreading before the eyes of the people the mass of damning facts which would surely come forth from such a probing of the great ulcer of Grantism. Congress would do more to give tone and vitality to our republican system and preserve it for posterity than could possibly be accomplished in any other way.

These investigations would prepare the way for the performance of by far the most serious and weighty duty that would devolve upon an honest, sagacious, fearless House of Representatives. With the necessary and appropriate facts in the possession of such a House, it would be moved by the most solemn obligations to bring to the bar of the Senate, under articles of impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors, the most distinguished of the public functionaries who had flagrantly and flagitiously violated their trusts. The House should then insist upon speedy trials, and spread an abundance of indubitable testimony on the records of the court of impeachment. If the court saw fit to acquit the offenders in the face of condemnatory facts, contemporaries and posterity would fasten the odium on the shoulders that ought to bear it. In clear cases of guilt, whatever might be the verdict of the court, the judgment of the people would be unerring. The record of the proceedings would endure; and for a whole generation it would deter future rulers from offending in like manner.

These are a few of the benificent fruits which would spring from the election of a House opposed to the Administration of Grant. Surely they are abundant enough to warrant the exertions to secure that end. —[New York Sun.

JOKE.—A young lady in San Jose, Cal., about a month ago secretly married the man of her choice and then went right along attending to her business as if nothing had happened. The other day the happy couple concluded to publish their marriage in the local paper and the old man saw it. Showing the notice to his daughter, he sternly demanded, "What does this mean? Is it a joke, Maria Jane, or is it reality?"—The daughter raised her face suffused with a blush, and said: "Yes, father, it is a joke—on you!" The old man weakened.

What Makes Business So Dull?

Answer. Too much politics. For the past twelve years the commercial and manufacturing interests—the foundation of the prosperity of the country—have held a secondary place to that occupied by a mere political party. Instead of working for the prosperity of the country, every effort of the representatives of the nation in Congress assembled has been directed in the interest of a party. In all legislative matters the question has not been, how will this effect business? but, how will this effect my party? And thus to day by the force of some legislation and the neglect of other, the business of the country is far from being what it should be.

The corruption, the filth and mire, which have been dug up at the capital by investigating committees, also demonstrate the recklessness of the people during the past few years. No nation can point to a time in its history similar to our own—when unprincipled and unscrupulous politicians, by a peculiar run of circumstances, held sway over the greatest nation in the world, legislated for themselves and their pet schemes, put their hands into the public treasury, donated the nation's land as though it were their own, created rings within rings, audaciously blackmailed the merchants of the land, voted themselves back pay, retained the "damages" paid by a foreign power while those who had suffered imperatively needed relief, and bespattered the honor of the nation with threats of repudiation. And then, when business grew dull, when times grew hard, these same profligates and rascals boldly stepped to the front to suggest more paper money—more lies, in order to relieve the situation.

It is time the carnival were stopped. We advise the people to cease their strife among themselves (which the politicians foment) and to unite for principle, for the right and for the commercial and manufacturing interests. No men should be sent to Congress who have had a hand in the villainies performed there during and since the war. Men who forget the nation—their country—for the good of a party are not needed to-day. Neither are men needed who would fan the smouldering flames of discord and disunion, and stir our Southern brothers to madness again. The rebellion was largely the work of politicians. The nation needs peace—quiet, sober, thoughtful peace. Patriots are needed more to-day than ever—to revive the business of the country. We can not prosper when a great portion of the land is crippled by blood-suckers supported by bayonets. It is necessary for the country that all parts of it be active and prosperous. When we help the South to prosperity we are really helping ourselves.

And now we ask pardon of any of our readers if these plain-spoken words offend their justly embittered spirit. We appeal to them to have more thought for the material prosperity of the country than for a political party. Send men to Congress—we care not what they call themselves—who will labor for the prosperity of the nation, the commercial and manufacturing interests, instead of for the maintainance in power of a political party. Everywhere the cry is of "hard times." Everywhere legislation is made for some party. Politicians rule and hold high carnival. Right at home our words apply, for here we have a mere social question, such as prohibition, overshadowing that of cheap transportation, which would add new life to the business of the State. And so it is and will be until the people unite against it. If we could but see the leading men of the day working for the commercial and manufacturing interests with the zeal that they now labor for party, then business would be good all over the land. Let us be sensible and seek out such men, regardless as to what they call themselves. —[Boston Journal of Commerce.

GEORGIA COURTESY TO A CIVIL RIGHTS ADVOCATE.—During Major Whiteley's perambulations in Berrien county recently, one day near about dinner time he called at the house of a gentleman and asked if he could get dinner there. "Of course," the gentleman replied, telling him at what hour to come. The major went his way and returned at the appointed moment, with visions of a good dinner in his imagination to be partaken of in the company of the honest man and his interesting family. The good man comes out and thus addresses the hungry ex-Confederate and civil rights advocate: "Major Whiteley, I understand that you voted for the civil rights bill, the object of which is the degradation of the Southern whites to the level of the negroes; you are a candidate for re-election to Congress and are advocating this infamous measure, and hence you believe in social equality. I shall be glad for you to partake of my hospitality, and knowing your preference for colored society, I have made arrangements to accommodate you accordingly. You'll find your dinner in the kitchen, Major."

Very Extraordinary Love Story.

The London correcpondent of the New York Graphic writes: A very strange story was told to me the other day. In a town not far from London there lived a young lady who was handsome, tolerably wealthy, and more than usually well educated. Her father was an invalid; her mother was an insipid, cold and heartless woman. Two years ago a physician of London was called to attend the father; in this way the young lady saw him. He paid no attention to her—his mind was engrossed with his professional duties. A few weeks ago this doctor, after paying a visit to his patient, was somewhat surprised by being asked by the young lady to give her the favor of a private interview. She took him into a drawing room, and led him to the further end of the apartment. "Doctor," said she, "I suppose that gentlemen of your profession are astonished to receive strange confidences. I have a confession to make to you." He supposed that the impending confession had something to do with the state of her own health or with that of her father, and he begged her to proceed. "You will, however, be scarcely prepared for what I am about to say," she continued. "But I wish you to hear it. It is now just two years since I first saw you. You have scarcely ever exchanged a word with me, but I have learned much about you. I am not mistaken in believing that you are unmarried?"

"No," said he, "I am not married."

"And your affections are not engaged?"

"You scarcely have the right to ask that," said he.

"Well, then," she replied, "I will not ask it, but I must make to you my confession. I love you with all my heart. I wish you to marry me. I loved you from the first moment I saw you. I said to myself, I will wait for two years—if he then speaks to me I will know what to say. You have not spoken; and now I speak. I say I love you with all my heart; you are necessary for me; will you marry me?"

The doctor, who, although not a very young man, was twice the age of the young lady, recovering a little from his surprise, tried to turn the matter off as a joke; but the young lady was very serious.

"No," said she, "I am in very sober earnest. I know all that you may say or think as to the indelicacy of my proposal, but I cannot help it. I ask you once more, can you love me, and will you marry me?"

"In sober earnest, then," he replied, "I cannot marry you."

"Then I shall die," said she, very calmly, and she left the room.

The doctor had heard people say before this that they should die, and he left the house without attaching much importance to the prophecy, although wondering greatly at the other portion of this interview.

A few days after this the young lady was found dead in her bed. Two letters laid upon her dressing table. One was addressed to her family solicitor. It recalled to his mind a promise he had made her. She had gone to see him, and had asked him to make out for her a paper transferring the whole of her property to a person whose name she would not then give him. He was to prepare the necessary paper and send it to her to fill up the blanks and to sign. She had done this, and she now enclosed the paper, filled up and signed. Every penny of her property was given to the doctor, and the solicitor was instructed to make the transfer to him, to ask no questions, and to take no receipt. The other letter was to the doctor. "I told you I should die," said she, "and when you receive this I shall be dead. For ten days I have not taken any food nor any drink; but that does not kill me, and now I have taken poison. I have no reproach to make to you, but I could not live without your love. When I am dead, look at my heart. You will see your name there. I have two requests to make of you. Go to my solicitor, and take what he has for you, and then go off on a holiday to Italy for a few months. The other request is that you never ask where I am buried, and never come to my grave."

There was a post mortem examination made of the young lady's body.—On her breast, over her heart, deeply imprinted in the flesh, were the initials of the doctor's name. The characters seemed to have been made there two or three years before. They were probably imprinted by her own hand on the day when she first saw him.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF JACOB.—Some time since a party of ladies and gentlemen went on a tour of inspection through Durham Castle. The "lions" were shown to them by an elderly female of a sour, solemn and dignified aspect. In the course of their perigrinations they came to the celebrated tapestry for which the castle is so famed.

"These," said the guide, in true showman style, flavored with a dash of piety to suit the subject, and pointing to several groups of figures upon the tapestry, "these represent scenes in the life of Jacob."

"Oh! yes—how pretty!" said a young lady; and with a laugh, pointing to two figures in somewhat close proximity, she continued, "I suppose that is Jacob kissing Rachel?"

"No, madame," responded the indignant guide, with crushing dignity, "that is Jacob wrestling with the angel!"

The men haw-hawed, the young lady subsided, and offered no further expository remarks, but groaned under a sense of unworthiness during the rest of the visit.—[Harper's for November.

Household Exercise.

Dishwashing is good for dyspeptics. It is light exercise of the arms and chest soon after meals and it may be done sitting as well as standing. A high office stool is very useful in the kitchen. Feeble women, who do their "own work," often stand upon their feet more than necessary. You can sit down to dress vegetables, to wash and wipe dishes, to knead bread, to iron, and to do many other things.—You may be a little more slow about the work, but you will get through it in a better condition. Housekeepers would often like to take an out-door walk, only their "feet are so tired."

Dishwashing would not be half so disagreeable as it often is, if the dishes were lightly scraped free from crumbs, and neatly piled up for washing. There should be a large dish-pan and plenty of hot water, with which to fill up the pan gradually as its contents cool. I seldom use soap for for washing dishes, but to the unskilled, or to those who use much butter and fat in their cooking, it seems a necessity.

Sweeping is good exercise if the floors and carpets are not dusty. Ah! that "if!" Bed-making will serve as gymnastics, if the beds are kept clean and aired.

And what of washing? I do not think highly of the old fashioned wash board exercise. It is hard for both lungs and back. With good washers and wringers, with strong arms for lifting, it may be made passable as exercise, and it is always a pleasure to see soiled things clean once more.

A moderate amount of ironing is good for women in health, in cool weather. On hot days endeavor to do it in a cool room or on a shady porch.

Cooking is perhaps the most important part of housework, and its exercise is not heavy in quality, though to some it may be burdensome in quantity. It seems to me more like a high art, or dignified occupation, worthy to be called a profession—far more honoroble than—the legal profession, for instance. I should not wonder if really good and scientific cooks could do more to preserve and to restore health than the doctors of medicine can. As with ironing, the hardest kind of cookery is the least necessary—the ornamental part. We should study to make our cooking work as light as possible. For instance, bread may be baked in the oven instead of cooking it upon the griddle in the form of pancakes, and in hot weather we can avoid those forms of food that require constant stirring while cooking.

There is a great deal of necessary work to be done in the world in order that we may all be comfortably fed, clothed and lodged. I should like to see what would be the result if the labor and strength spent upon unnecessary work, usually considered ornamental, should be given cheerfully to doing the necessary work of the world, as a preparatied for the advent of real beauty or genuine adornment in all departments of our daily life.—[American Agriculturist.

COMFORTING SENTENCE.—"One 'o them fellers," remarked Bijah, as he handed out Tom Ludingtou, a young man charged with vagrancy.

"So you haven't anything to do, eh?" asked the Court.

"Nothing," mournfully answered the prisoner.

"Out of work—no home, and your cash so short that you couln't get into a woman's rights convention, eh?" continued his Honor.

"You've struck it, pardner," answered the prisoner with a smile.

"Yes, and now I'll strike you, Mr. Ludington. I am down on loafers and vags, and I'm going to boast you for a sixty if it tears the desk down. You'll have something to do up there besides sitting on a box in an alley and whistling 'Come, Love, Come.' And when day fades into night, and the remainder of the world retires to rest, you'll have a bed and some coveeing They will hire some one to hoe that dirt off of you, cut your hair, dig out your nails, and when you come out you will be so disguised that your own mother will think you are some English duke, over here to hunt ducks and buy gas stock."

The prisoner said he was willing to go up, and if the institution pleased him as well as he thought it would he might come back for a longer sentence. —[Detroit Free Press.

A PERFECT HOME.—The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went na costly things. A thousand dollars served as a year's living of father, mother and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with her children were the most beautiful I have ever seen; even the dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do good work by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key note of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rosebud or clover leaf, which, in spite of her hard housework she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to be read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife and a homemaker. If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite face, had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargement of wider culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen.—[Helen Hunt.

Smoking.

Mr. Spurgeon has addressed a letter to the papers on account of it having been stated that on a recent Sunday evening, when a minister in his chapel had condemned smoking, he rose after the sermon, and expressed his dissent from the preacher, adding that it was possible to "smoke to the glory of God," and that he hoped to enjoy a cigar that evening before he went to bed. Mr. Spurgeon says: "I demur altogether, and most positively to the statement that to smoke tobacco is in itself a sin. It may become so, as any other indifferent action may, but as an action it is no sin. Together with hundreds and thousands of my fellow-christians, I have smoked, and with them I am under the condemnation of living in habitual sin, if certain accusers are to be believed. As I would not knowingly live even in the smallest violation of the law of God, and sin in the transgression of the law, I will not own to sin when I am not conscious of it. There is growing up in society a pharisaic system which adds to the commands of God the precepts of men; to that system I will not yield for an hour. The preservation of my liberty may bring upon me the upbraidings of many of the good and the sneers of the self-righteous; but I shall endure both with sincerity so long as I feel clear in my conscience before God. The expression smoking in the glory of God standing alone has an ill sound, and I do not justify it; but in the sense in which I employed it I will stand to it. No christian should do anything in which he cannot glorify God—and this may be done, according to scripture, in eating and drinking and the common actions of life. When I have found intense pain relieved, a weary brain soothed, and calm, refreshing sleep obtained by a cigar, I have felt grateful to God and have blessed his name; this is what I meant, and by no means did I use sacred words trifingly. If through smoking I had lost an hour of my time—if I had stinted my gifts to the poor—if I had rendered my mind less vigorous—I trust I should see my fault and turn from it; but he who charges me with these things shall have no answer but my forgiveness.—I am told that my open avowal will lessen my influence, and my reply is that if I have gained any influence through being thought different from what I am, I have no wish to retain it. I will do nothing upon the sly, and nothing about which I have the slightest doubt."

Bottled at Last.

Next to the result in our own State, the most gratifying incident of the political revolution which has swept over the country is the defeat of Ben. Butler, in Massachusetts.

All good men in the nation will share the joy of this unexpected defeat of the most dangerous, pestilent and unscrupulous demagogue who ever cursed this country. But we of New Orleans and Louisiana have special and peculiar reasons for exultation over the downfall of the most furious, remorseless and malignant enemy our State and people ever had. There was no conceivable wrong, insult and ignominy he did not put upon our people during the period of his vandalic reign in this city. And long after all good men had purged their minds and hearts of the bitter and revengeful feelings excited by our civil war, Butler still continued to cherish, and on every occasion to give expression to that venomous hate which bad men always manifest toward those whom they have wronged.

For once he mistook the real feeling of the Massachusetts people, who have at last grown tired of these perpetual appeals of Radical demagogues to their old sectional prejudices and hates. They have become wearied of hating, abusing and despitefully using the Southern people. And so, when during the last canvass Butler sought to divert the minds of his constituents from his many recent corruptions and misdeeds, by offering to place himself at the head of 5000 New England volunteers to reconquer and reoccupy New Orleans and renew his plunder and degradation of our State and people, his proposal was received with taunts and jeers. A spoon daugled before his eyes and extinguished his valorous fires.

It was a good omen of the defeat which has followed! Louisiana has been vindicated in Massachusetts. The people who, whilst maddened with passions, applauded the excesses of the most brutal individual ever entrusted with power in this country, have learned to deplore their misguided virulence and unjust persecution of a brave and honest people; and now indorse the judgment which impartial history has already pronounced against the worse man who has ever played a conspicuous part in the political drama of this Republic.—[New Orleans Picayune.

☞ An inventory has been made out of the articles found in the stomach of a lunatic shoemaker who died in the Prestwick Asylum in England the other day. In all there were 1,841 articles, namely, 1,638 shoemakers' sparables, 6 four-inch cut nails, 18 three-inch cut nails, 3 two-and-a-half-inch cut nails, 18 two-inch cut nails, 40 half-inch cut nails, 7 three-quarter-inch cut nails, 39 tacks, 6 brass nails, 9 brass brace buttons, 30 pieces of buckles, 1 pin, 14 bits of glass, 10 small pebbles, 3 pieces of string, 1 piece of leather three inches long, 1 piece of lead four inches long, and 1 American pegging awl—the total weight being 14 pounds and 10 ounces.

Died:

AT Luneuberg Plantation, on Bayou Boeuf, NANCY, third daughter of the late Dr. Henry Machen and Eleanor Compton, and wife of Jos. H. Meeker.