Very Poor Economy.

Some people make a business of cheating themselves, either by eating very mean and cheap food, or else eating too small a quantity of good food. Either way is as bad policy as it would be to buy a coffin instead of a suit of good clothes, just because the coffin would cost less. Poor diet means impoverished blood; and that means misery. Brown's Iron Bitters enriches the blood, gives it the iron it needs, and tones up the whole system. Cures dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, malaria, etc.

Sarah Bernhardt's greatest ambition, it is said, is to be a fleshy poetess.

Halford Sauce is capital for dyspeptics. Invaluable to all good cooks.

Queen Victoria never counts the words when she writes a telegram.

Personal Matters.

Dr. John J. Moran attended Edgar Allen Poe in his dying moments. He now writes that the habits of intemperance did to some extent cloud the poet's early life, but not his later years. Poe's constitution was such that he could not become a dram drinker, and for four years previous to his death he was perfectly temperate. His death was caused by ill treatment and exposure suffered from a party of Baltimore roughs, who caught him, cooped him up, drugged him and voted him during an excited election. In attending him during his last illness Dr. Moran saw that his patient gave no signs of a debauch. He refused a glass of spirits the day before he died.

The appearance of Mrs. Oscar Wilde at a recent social gathering in London is thus described: Æstheticism culminated in Mrs. Oscar Wilde's costume of a wollen stuff in dull reseda trimmed with pink, a kind of Kate Greenaway dress, tied at the waist by a drooping pink sash. Round the neck she wore a wide Toby frill of two rows of ficelle lace with various colored beads and a large pink bow fastening a bunch of yellow marguerites; on her head a small Tam o' Shanter cap of the same greenish-gray material was the accompaniment to this eccentric costume.

Mrs. Helen L. Capel of Pleasantown, Ks., has abandoned the newspaper business, after some years of successful management. In her valedictory she says: "As the editor and business manager of a newspaper my business is more with men than with women, and my work, to be done successfully, must be done as men do it. If I do not follow the beaten path, the business must suffer. If I do my work like a man, I am made the subject of such a continual fusillade of malicious gossip that I choose to abandon a profitable business rather than to bear it any longer."

James Knox Polk, a nephew of the late President Polk, who for many years was a bachelor of independent means living on a farm in Westport, Conn., about three years ago married a Swedish lady. Later he showed signs of insanity, and until March last had been some months in the insane asylum at Hartford. He then returned home for a short while, but the change did not prove beneficial, and he was taken back to the asylum. He stole away from the institution, and was found at Stratford. It was necessary to use force and apply handcuffs to secure his return.

The statue to be erected to the memory of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry has arrived at Newport. The statue is of bronze. It pictures the naval hero in a striking attitude. He is represented as he reached the deck of the Niagara, after his perilous trip in a small boat from the disabled flagship Lawrence. The commodore is hatless, his right arm is uplifted, his index finger extended, showing clearly that he is in the act of giving directions to those who were about him. He wears a jacket adorned with epaulets, his sword being buckled on, while his large pistol is stuck in his belt. The statue will be unveiled Sept. 10, the anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie.

The Boston Recorder tells this story about a distinguished clergyman of that city who went out to a country town the other day to lecture. He arrived early in the afternoon, and all the town of course, "spotted" him within five minutes as a very great and very saintly man. He went into a drug store, and, in tones that froze the young blood of the clerk behind the counter, said: "Young—man—do—you—smoke?" "Y-es, sir," said the trembling clerk; "I'm sorry, but I learned the habit young and haven't been able to quit it yet." "Then," said the great divine without the movement of a muscle or the abatement of a shade of the awful solemnity of his voice, "can you tell me where I can get a good cigar?"

Ex-Senator Chaffee made this remark about General Grant: "I see that a scribbler in the World says that the general cannot write, and that he only makes memoranda, which General Adam Badeau fills out for him. That is a great mistake. Badeau does nothing of the kind. Everything General Grant has prepared has either been with his own pen or dictated to a stenographer. I have read much of it in his own handwriting. He can put more in a few words than most men. He thinks a great deal. He is not a classical writer by any means, but you know what he means when he once puts it down, without any trouble. All his messages as President were prepared by himself."

Joseph Smyth, another prominent criminal who figured in the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phœnix Park, is dead. Smith traced the murdered secretaries to the Park. When he had identified them, he waved his handkerchief as a signal, and the assassins ran across the sward and attacked their unfortunate victims. Smyth turned informer, was pardoned and sent out of the country. Smyth and his wife went to Sydney, but the Sydney people refused to have them there, and the government brought the informer back to London, where Smyth has just died of dissipation.

Henry Clews, says the New York Times, finds happiness sometimes in talking of the old times when a Wall street panic bumped into him. "One morning," is the way he tells one story, "I came down town worth $5,000,000, and that night I went home penniless." "What, penniless?" asked one hearer the other day. "Yes, sir; penniless, practically penniless; I only had about $60,000 left along with my seat in the Stock Exchange." Friends say that Mr. Clews is richer now than he was even before the smashing days of 1873.

Rejoicings Down South.

LEXINGTON, KY.—Mr. John T. Bruce, of the United States Revenue Collector's Office, informed an editor of the *Daily Press*, of this city, that for seven years he suffered terribly from rheumatism in his ankle, which most of the time was swollen to two or three times its natural size, and was so painful that he could not put his foot to the ground. After trying everything he could think of without obtaining relief, he at ten o'clock one morning applied St. Jacobs Oil, and shortly afterwards made two further applications. At three o'clock that afternoon the pain was gone; the swelling also disappeared, and the cure was as permanent as it was quick.

Bags Instead of Closets.

In closets which are not provided with drawers and wardrobes where dresses may be hung or laid away from all danger from dust or crowding, bags which will completely envelop the dress and protect delicate fabrics are a necessity. Such bags must be long enough to hold a dress-skirt without folding, and wide enough to give room to all kinds of frills and flounces. Any kind of material will answer, but muslin or print is most often used. Cut one side of the bag three inches longer than the other; seam together, bind around the top, work four button-holes across the longest side, which buttons down on the other like a flap. The bottom of the bag now becomes the top, seem it across again, and in the casing so made run a flat, narrow stick; at each upper corner sew tape loops by which to hang the bag on two hooks in the closet. To wide tapes, sewed near the casing, pin the dress-skirt by the band and also by the waist, by which even part of it will least muss the trimming. After the dress is carefully pinned in place, pull down the bag over it and button the tape across the bottom.

Bags for the various small articles in kitchen and wash room, which need keeping together, should be made of some dark, strong material, and of a plain, square shape, and furnished with curtain rings sewed around the top to run the draw string in. Such bags are useful receptacles for clothes-pins, small clothes-lines, strings and the hundred and one things which must be kept in some place where they can be found in a hurry.

Bags for the store-rooms and for holding bundles and scraps must be of strong stuff. The former firm, closely-woven linen, sewed in a turn seam, and provided with tapes for tying up, several inches below the top, so they may be turned over and tied closely, effectually preventing the entrance of any undersirable object, animate or otherwise.

A Saloon-Keeper's Luck.

Mr. J. D. Jinks, of Brookland, Ark., a town distant some ninety miles from this city, on the Texas & St. Louis narrow guage railroad, has been in the city for two or three days, buying a stock of liquors, cigars, etc. A *Ledger* reporter learned that Mr. Jinks was the holder of one-fifth of ticket No. 48,954, which drew the second capital prize of $25,000 in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, and questioned him concerning his streak of good luck and what he intended doing with it. "Yes, I bought the ticket in this city, and was somewhat surprised at the result. I have bought tickets before, but the investment has always met with poor returns." When asked if he intended giving up his present business and embarking in some other on a larger scale, the gentleman smiled and answered that he would only add the amount to his sinking fund, and continue business at the old stand. The $5,000 was collected through the German National Bank of this city. Mr. Jinks is a pleasant and agreeable gentleman, and does not snub any of his former friends on account of his good fortune.—*Memphis (Tenn.) Ledger*, July 29.

A Brooklyn lady now calls her pet cat "Sheolen" instead of Helen.

John Kelly rides horseback with the grace of a well-trained cavalry officer.

Chief Justice Waite is eating oatmeal on its native heath.

"O, Lor' Hit 'Im Again."

In the early days of Methodism in Scotland, a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held. The old rich Scotchman rose and said: "Brethren we dinna need a new chapel; I'll give £5 for repairs."

Just then a bit of plaster falling from the ceiling hit him on the head.

Looking up and seeing how bad it was, he said: "Brethren, its worse thon I thoucht; I'll make it fifty pun'."

"Oh, Lord," exclaimed a devoted brother on a back seat, "hit 'im again."

There are many human tabernacles which are in sore need of radical building over, but we putter and fuss and repair in spots without satisfactory results. It is only when we are personally alarmed at the real danger that we act independently, and do the right thing. Then it is that we most keenly regret because we did not sooner use our judgment, follow the advice born of the experience of others and jump away from our perils.

Thousands of persons who will read this paragraph are in abject misery today when they might be in a satisfactory condition. They are weak, lifeless, full of odd aches and pains, and every year they know they are getting worse, even though the best doctors are patching them in spots. The origin of these aches and pains is in the kidneys and liver, and if they would build these all over new with Warner's safe cure as millions have done, and cease investing their money in miserably unsuccessful patchwork, they would be well and happy and would bless the day when the Lord "hit 'im" and indicated the common sense course for them to pursue.—*London Press.*

Graduates of Elliott's Business College, Burlington, Ia., are in demand all over this western country, because they are thoroughly qualified.

Rowell, the pedestrian, is coming to this country again in September.

Mr. Daniel Ketcham, one of the prominent and successful farmers of Civil Bend, Daviess county, has had his child under the treatment of Drs. Dickerson & Stark, of the Kansas City Surgical Institute for congenital club-foot. We met Mr. Ketcham, the other day, and he says his child is doing finely.

Fred Gebhardt is still seen in London occasionally in Mrs. Langtry's society.

Senator Stanford's California vineyard will yield 300,000 gallons of wine this year.

Mrs. Gladstone, in personal appearance, is said to be simplicity itself.