Fish Pies In England.

In mediaeval England fish pies were a very favorite dish at Christmas time, and lamprey pies were regarded as a special luxury. The cost of such delicacies was very great. In 1314 the sheriff of Gloucester provided forty-four for the royal table at a cost of £12 5s. 8d., a sum nearly equivalent to £100 at the present day. Those taken from the Severn were especially noted, and it became an annual custom for the city of Gloucester to send a lamprey pie to the king. There is a record of such complimentary presents being sent to Cromwell and to Lenthall, the speaker of the long parliament. Owing to the municipal corporation act Gloucester's annual custom ceased in 1836, but in 1893 the mayor revived it and sent a pie to Queen Victoria at his own expense. His successors have followed his example.—London Mail.

"Lady" and "Woman."

As to the rather subtle question of "gentleman," "lady," "man" and "woman," there is a difference (writes a correspondent) between the sexes. A duke must always be a man, unless he be, for the purpose of the conversation, a "gentleman," with great emphasis of voice. Without emphasis every man of gentleman's rank is a "man" always and in every social circumstance. But with women it is entirely a matter of the adjective. Without an adjective a woman is a "lady." Who ever asked, on hearing that a friend was to marry, "Who is the woman?" Nor do we say that we met a woman at dinner who told us so-and-so. But introduce the adjective and the "lady" is at once a pretty woman, a well dressed woman, rather a dull woman.—London Chronicle.

The Mystery of Health.

Whenever any one is released from jail or penitentiary after a long sentence we read that while he was in poor or downright bad health when he entered he comes out as hearty as a brick. Yet almost without exception jails and penitentiaries are insanitary, sunless places, with no facilities for precautions usually taken by those who wish to get or keep healthy. The mystery lies in two words—regularity and diet. The first is perhaps the more important. Clocklike regularity; everything done on the second and on the same second every day; a recognition of the fact that the body is a machine. Then, as a supplement to this, a simple diet—plain, not too varied—enough to eat, but not too much.—Saturday Evening Post.

Cures For Witchery.

Rev. Joseph Doderidge in his "Notes of the Settlement and Indian Wars In Pennsylvania and Virginia," in that portion of the work treating of "Witchcraft" says: "The diseases of children supposed to be inflicted by witchcraft were those of dropsy of the brain and the rickets. These were diseases which could neither be accounted for nor cured, consequently they were ascribed to some supernatural agency. For the cure of diseases inflicted by witches the picture of the supposed witch was drawn on a stump or piece of board and shot at with a bullet containing a little bit of silver. This silver bullet transferred a painful and sometimes mortal spell on that part of the witch corresponding with the part of the picture struck by the bullet."

Don't Coddle Rubber Plants.

Of all the freak remedies that are sometimes proposed for sick house plants those which are recommended for rubber plants are the worst. They run all the way from applying beefsteak and castor oil to the roots to coating the leaves with milk. Give your plants a properly prepared soil and sufficient light and keep the leaves free from dust and scale, and you will find no necessity for such nostrums as these. Make it a practice to go over the plants daily with a soft cloth and remove any indication of dust, scale or insects.—Country Life In America.

Venus.

Venus is both a morning and evening star because she always accompanies the sun, never receding from him beyond certain limits, while the rest of the planets, with the exception of Mercury, are seen at all possible angular distances from the sun. When Venus is to the west of the sun she rises before him and is a morning star, but when she is to the east of the sun she rises after him and is an evening star.

Logical Reasoning.

The law imposing a tax on bachelors had gone into effect.

One morning a little baldheaded man appeared before the tax commissioners.

"I've just married my fourth wife," he said. "I'm entitled to a bounty, ain't I?"—Chicago Tribune.

Teaching Him to Mind.

Mr. Slack—Johnny, don't ever let me hear you talk that way again! I won't have slang used in this house! Johnny—But, pa, I— Mr. Slack—Cut it out or I'll hand you one! See?—Browning's Magazine.

Explained.

"Ma," said Mrs. Malaprop's little boy, "what is 'antimony?'"

"Sh, that's not nice to talk about!" replied Mrs. Malaprop. "It's what a lady gets when she's divorced from her husband."—Exchange.

A Long Distance Train.

A railroad employee in Dublin was strutting consequentially before a train that was to run direct to Cork, while he repeatedly shouted, "This train doesn't stop anywhere!"

"A smaht man," said Uncle Eben, "is a good deal like a razzer. He kin be mighty useful in de right way, but he kin kick up a pow'ful 'sturbance if it goes wrong."—Washington Star.

The Briton and Washing.

We have come to look upon water as meant primarily to wash in, as an aid to ablution rather than a thing of beauty. A story of a Somersetshire peasant will illustrate what we mean. The individual in question had never seen the sea until he was taken to Weston-super-Mare on a "choir treat" excursion. Naturally the vicar, the curate and the rest of the tenors, trebles and basses as soon as the esplanade was reached gathered around to see how the first sight of the ocean would strike the natural man. Will it be believed that the words struck from him by the view of "the unfurrowed deep" lying in vast expanse before his eyes were these: "If I'd known what her were like, I'd have brought down a bit of soap and had a good wash." The iron, or, rather, the soap, had entered so deeply into his soul that he could only conceive the sea as a huge washing place.—London Spectator.

Wagner's Shorn Locks.

Wagner, the composer, at one time became afflicted with headaches and determined to have his hair cut. He accordingly arranged with a barber to perform the operation on a certain day. That worthy resolved to make a good thing of it and informed all his customers of Wagner's impending sacrifice. Most of them paid him a certain sum down in advance to make sure of a lock of the great musician's hair. To the barber's horror Mme. Wagner superintended the cutting and when it was over appropriated the whole of the coveted locks. The barber, in despair, confessed that he had sold them many times over, whereupon madam suggested that her butcher had hair very much like Wagner's. And the story goes that that night half Dresden slept with the butcher's hair under its pillow.