

A TRAVELLED SLIPPER.

A certain small red shoe, belonging to a South American lady, some little time back, went on a very roundabout journey. We have heard before of the postage stamp which found its way around the world with nothing on it; but an address written on the back; but it remained for an American wooer to try to win the heart of a fair lady by sending her little shoe to make a tour of the Union. The young man despatched the red slipper with a large receipt book and a label attached to it, and on the latter was written: "I am the property of a very pretty young lady, so tie a message to me for her." Certainly some of the messages were very funny which were attached to the shoe before it was returned to its owner. From Boston came: "Trilby is not doing business here at present," while an eastern youth wrote: "Don't let this slipper get to Chicago; they have no use for this size there."

A COMMON SUPERSTITION.

Who kills a spider.

Bad luck is beside her.

Many are the people who with a hearty dislike of spiders refrain from killing them, as they would any other insect intruder into their houses. They don't believe that it would bring them bad luck they will tell you, and yet—well, it is always best to be on the safe side and so they practically confess their belief in the superstition after all. Now, how did this spider superstition arise?

It is of Arabian origin, and this is how it, no doubt, came into being. The Prophet, hunted by his enemies, took refuge in a cave. Fortwith a benevolent and energetic spider set to work and wove such

an elaborate web over the mouth of the cave that the pursuers thought no one could have entered the cave for some days and passed by it. From that day it became a sin for a Moslem to kill a spider.

THE POOR LITTLE DONKEY.

"The poor little donkey out in the street
Has no nice breakfast, toothsome and
sweet;
He's glad when he finds a few thistles to
eat."

"'Ee poo' 'itty donkey!'"

"The poor little donkey has no snug bed;
No soft white pillow to rest his head;
He sleeps on a bundle of straw in the
shed."

"'Ee poo' 'itty donkey!'"

"The poor little donkey's feet are bare;
He has no shoes and stockings to wear;
There's no one to wash him, and comb his
poor hair."

"Wis' I'se 'itty donkey!'"

Elizabeth R. Burns.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

A little while ago a woman went into a grocer's shop, and said:

"I want two dozen eggs, but they must all be laid by black hens."

"I would gladly oblige you, madame," said the grocer, "but I don't know the eggs of a black hen from those of a speckled or a white one."

"I can tell in a moment," said she.

"Then perhaps you would be so good as to pick them out for yourself."

She did so and when the eggs were counted into her basket, the grocer remarked:

"It seems to me that the black hens lay all the biggest eggs."

"Yes," she replied, "that is how you know them."

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