

The Little Scissors.

OTTAWA, MAY, 1870.

OUR PAPER.

Owing to the temporary suspension of the original *Free Press*, and that title meantime having been adopted by a contemporary, the proprietors of this journal have resolved upon issuing their paper under a different and, perhaps, somewhat more suggestive caption, namely, **THE LITTLE SCISSORS.**

The *Little Scissors* will be printed on the first of every month at the Office of Messrs. **BELL & WOODBURN**, and will be circulated throughout the city and surrounding country **FREE**. Copies may be had at the store of Messrs. **A. J. STEPHENS & Co.**, Sparks street, Centre-town. It is intended to make the paper an interesting visitor to every household, as the "clippings" will be of a moral and interesting character and such as may be read at every fireside.

A few advertisements, from reliable houses, will be admitted within its columns—thus endeavoring to make the enterprise a matter of profit to both reader and publisher.

The Most Stylish Gents' Calf Congress in Ottawa, at A. J. Stephens & Co's.

A Thrilling Adventure of an Old New York Merchant.

One of our oldest merchants, who is soon to pass away, and who formerly carried on business in Beaver street, residing—as it was the custom in old times—over his store, tells the following thrilling narrative, which he occasionally relates, with wonderful effect:

"A party had been collected at his house to give eclat to one of those little family festivals which brighten the dark trace of life, and cheer the human heart in every clime. It was his daughter's wedding day; crowds of her young acquaintances circled round her, and as the father gazed proudly on the face of the young bride, he wished as bright a prospect might open for his other children who were gambolling merrily among the crowd. Passing through the passage connecting the lower rooms he met the servant maid, an ignorant country wench, who was carrying a lighted tallow candle in her hand without a candlestick. He blamed her for this dirty conduct, and went into the kitchen to make some arrangements with his wife about the supper table; the girl shortly returned with her arms full of ale bottles, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in his cellar during the day, and that his foreman had opened one of the barrels to select a sample for a customer. Where is your candle?" he inquired, in the utmost agitation. "I couldn't bring it up with me, for my hands were full," said the girl. "Where did you leave it?" "Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it into some black sand that's there in one of the tubs." The merchant dashed down the cellar steps: the passage was long and dark, and as he groped his way on, his knees threatened to give way under him, his breath was choked, and his flesh seemed suddenly to become dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the extremity of the passage, in the front cellar, under the very room where his children and the friends were revelling in felicity, he discerned the open powder barrel, full almost to the top—the candle stuck lightly in the loose grains, with a long red snuff of burnt-out wick topping the small and gloomy flame. This sight seemed to wither all his powers, and the merry laugh of the youngsters up above struck upon his heart like the knell of death. He stood for some

moments, gazing upon the light, unable to advance. The fiddler commenced a lively jig, and the feet of dancers responded with increased vivacity; the floor shook with their exertions, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He fancied the candle was moved—was falling!—with desperate energy he dashed forward; but how was he to remove it? The slightest touch would cause the small live coal of wick to fall in the loose powder. With unequalled presence of mind he placed a hand each side of the candle, with the open palms upward, and the distended fingers pointed toward the object of his care, which as his hands gradually met, was secured in the clasping or locking of his fingers, and safely removed from the head of the barrel. When he reached the head of the stairs, the excitement was over; he smiled at the danger he had conquered; but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell into fits of most violent and dreadful laughter. He was conveyed senseless to bed, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his habits of every day life.

A pair of Ladies' Prunella Balmorals for \$1.10, at A. J. Stephens & Co's.



A CUTE YANKEE TRICK.

A Connecticut broom-peddler—a shrewd chap, from over among the steady habits, wooden clocks, shoolmasters and other fixings—drove through the streets of Providence heavily laden with corn brooms. He had called at several stores and offered his load, or ever so small a portion of it; but when he wanted the cash, and nothing else, in payment, they had uniformly given him to understand that they had brooms enough and that he might go further. At length he drove up to a large wholesale store on the west side, and once more offered his wares.

"Well, I want the brooms badly enough," said the merchant, "but what will you take in pay?"

This was a poser. The peddler was aching to get rid of his brooms; he despised the very sight of his brooms; but he would sooner sell a single broom for cash than the whole load for any other article—especially that which he could not dispose of as readily as he could of brooms. After a moment's hesitation, however, he screwed his courage to the sticking point—it required some courage, after having lost the chance of selling his load half-a-dozen times by a similar answer—and frankly told the merchant he must have cash. Of course the merchant protested that cash was scarce, and that he must purchase, if he purchased at all, with what he had in his store to pay with. He really wanted the brooms, and he did not hesi-

tate to say so; but the times were hard, and he had notes to pay, and had goods that must be disposed of.

Finally, he said he would put the goods at the cost price, for the sake of trading, and would take the whole load of brooms which the peddler had labored so unsuccessfully at the other stores to dispose of.

"So unload the brooms," said he to the man from Connecticut, "and select any articles from my store, and you shall have them at cost price."

The peddler scratched his head. There was an idea there, as the sequel shows plainly enough.

"I tell you what it is," he answered at last, "just say them terms for half the load and cash for t'other half, and I'm your man. Blowed ef I don't sell out, if Connecticut sinks, with all broom stuff, the next minute.

The merchant hesitated a moment, but finally concluded the chance a good one. He would be getting half the brooms for something that would not sell as readily; as for the cost price, it was an easy gammon in regard to that. The bargain was struck, the brooms were brought in, and the cash for half of them was paid over.

"Now, what will you have for the remainder of your bill?" asked the merchant.

The peddler scratched his head again, and this time more vigorously. He walked the floor, whistled, and drummed with his fingers on the head of a barrel. By-and-by his reply came—slowly, deliberately and emphatically:

"You Providence fellers are cute: you sell at cost, pretty much all of you, and make money. I don't see how it's done. Now, I don't know about your goods, barrin' one article, and ef I take anything else I may be cheated. So, seeing as it won't make any odds with you, I guess I'll take brooms. I know them like a book, and can swear to jest what you paid for them."

And so saying, the peddler commenced reloading his brooms, and having deposited half of his former load, jumped on his cart with a regular Connecticut grin, and leaving the merchant cursing his impudence and his own stupidity, drove off in search of another customer.—*Providence Journal.*

Buy your **BOOTS and SHOES** at **A. J. STEPHENS & Co's.**, (late Crosby's,) 51 Sparks street. They are always willing to show their goods, and to exchange if not soiled or damaged.

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—:O:—

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