

601/3/19/2
LISC

The Little Scissors.

Vol. I.

OTTAWA, JUNE, 1870.

No. 2.

MR. NOBODY.

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree,
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. No-bod-ee.

'Tis he tears our books,
Who leaves our doors ajar;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the office to be done
By Mr. No-bod-ee.

The finger-marks upon the doors,
By none of us are made;
We never have the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade;
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see,
Are not our boots! They belong
To Mr. No-bod-ee.

KILLING AN OLD MAN.

It was shortly after the opening of the great Exhibition of 1851, that I set sail from England for the gold fields of New South Wales, with a heart brimful of hope and expectation, and pockets, boxes, and portmanteaus, made of sufficiently capacious dimensions to hold any amount of the precious metal (when found,) in addition to my somewhat scanty wardrobe.

Well do I remember the packing of that black-leather portmanteau, and the swallow-tailed dress-coat that my mother would insist upon putting in, although, having a presentiment that such articles of apparel were not *comme il faut* at the gold fields, I vigorously resisted the measures. I also remember the many dozen pairs of warm socks that had been manufactured with sisterly affection and grey worsted, by the five girls—from Julia, the eldest, aged nineteen, down to Susan, the youngest, just turned nine. Finally I have a distinct memory of how my maiden aunt, on the strength of her sixteen stone weight, jumped upon the aforesaid portmanteau and performed a kind of war dance thereon, so as to enable Tom, the groom, and Mary, the housemaid, to strap and lock it, and how after many tears being shed by my father and mother, sister and brother, and my maiden aunt in particular, I was whisked away to the railway station in order to catch the 9.45 a.m. train for London.

I will not dwell on the voyage out, because it was very much like other voyages. Suffice it to say that in just a hundred days we arrived at Sydney, the Capital of New South Wales, and here I discovered that the favorite gold field of the day was at Ophir, near Bathurst, 145 miles up the country. Here some tremendous finds had lately been made, and people had been turning up nuggets like an Irishman shovels up potatoes.

In due time, after a fortnight's weary journey in an ox-cart, which also contained my cradle, my pick and shovel, my tent, and other camp requisites, as well as my personal luggage, I arrived at the gold-fields.

I found Ophir then a peculiar and yet a romantic looking place. Two hills rose in a pyramid shape toward the sky, both covered with gentle undulations, both thinly timbered to their summits. The lower slopes of these hills were thickly dotted with diggers' tents, and the Summer-Hill Creek wound right around their base.

At the time I reached this gold field the diggings were estimated to cover an extent of 500 miles, though eight months previously the existence of gold in any part of Australia was utterly unknown.

I lost no time in pitching my tent, and making out a claim, and twenty-four hours later I was as hard at work as the rest of them.

My tent was pitched in close proximity to one occupied by two strong burly fellows of the old convict class, or at least such I set them down to be, on account of the odd way in which I fancied each of them lifted the left leg in walking, a peculiarity appertaining to most men who have been accustomed to perambulate in leg-irons for any lengthy period. These men were always very civil to me, and of course I was the same; and yet, somehow or other, I contracted a dread of them, which I could neither overcome nor combat; and when sometimes one or the other of them would stroll up, pipe in mouth, to the edge of my pit, and ask me how I was getting on, I used to fancy that it was only done to see whether I was turning up anything good, and consequently worth robbing; and I used to conceal my gold in all sorts of out-of-the-way places to elude their suspected designs.

One night I heard a horrid revelation that confirmed all my suspicions against these men. And now I come to the very subject matter of my story.

I have said that my tent adjoined that of my two mysterious acquaintances; in fact the canvass of one tent touched that of the other; and from my tent I could hear the conversation they carried on in their very plainly. I had never before listened to their discourse, but one night, just as I was retiring to bed, I heard one say to the other:—"Yes, this little knife did it for him; I killed the old man with one blow sir."

The horrible admission staggered me, and I felt that I must listen to the end of this discourse now, at whatever risk to myself, so I glued my ear to the canvass in time to hear his mate rejoin: "Did you now? And did the fellow resist you?"

"Faith and he did," replied the assassin. "He grasped me till he nearly pressed the life out of me, and tried to rip me up with his spur; but I drove the knife into him up to the hilt, and then cut his head off."

"Bravo, Charlie!" cried the other, "that makes the seventh old man we've killed since our arrival in the colonies, don't it?"

"No, the eighth," was the reply. "Don't you remember that black fellow?"

"Oh, aye, to be sure, right you are," said the other; "but what have you done with the illustrious dead in this present instance?"

"Why I left the body in the bush, with the exception of the legs, which are here in the tent."

The conversation here ceased, and was not resumed; in fact, a stentorian snoring soon told me that it was very improbable that it would be so

for that night, at the least; so I crept into my bed, but not to sleep (how could I, after so horrible a discovery?) but to reflect upon all that I had heard.

"The eighth old man they had killed! and one of them an unfortunate black fellow. Oh, the wretched miscreants!" I muttered to myself; and then I wandered away, and I wondered why it was that they always murdered old men—how it was that their last victim tried to rip his murderer up with a spur, such an extraordinary weapon of defence, and what on earth had induced the assassin to cut his victim's legs and bring them into his tent. At last, however, I did sink into a disturbed unrefreshing slumber, and was afflicted by a frightful dream, in which I fancied that one of my next door neighbours was kneeling on my chest and cutting my throat from ear to ear.

My dream had, in fact, some slight foundation, for I was awakened by a rough hand shaking me by the shoulder; and my eyes, on opening them, rested on the rough bearded face of the very man I had been dreaming of.

I was about to scream "murder!" for I thought that my last hour had come; but glancing around I saw that it was broad daylight, and that the fellow was merely asking me for a match to light his pipe with. This I immediately gave him, and he went away with a muttered expression of thanks.

That day, instead of going to work, I set out for the tent of the police commissioner, and after a long walk succeeded in reaching it. I had to wait a very long time before I was granted an audience; but when I was ushered into the presence of the dread functionary, and told him as succinctly as possible the circumstances of the case, and how I had heard the rascals confess their numerous crimes, and particularly their last murder, the enthusiasm of the commissioner was fully aroused, and he felt as anxious for their capture and punishment as myself. He suggested that two policemen, disguised as diggers, and well armed, should come to my tent that evening, on the pretence of paying me a visit as old acquaintances, and that after it was dark, and the two murderers had turned in for the night, we should rush into their tent and secure them.

This was a very feasible plot, and I heartily entered into it; so I minutely described the position of my tent, and to make it still more easily discoverable, promised that a bright red pocket handkerchief should be hanging on some conspicuous part of it, as though to dry, and having made all these arrangements, I took my leave.

Well, I got back to my abode about one o'clock in the afternoon, and after a hasty meal, not wishing to lose a whole day, I went to my claim, and set to for a three hours' dig. Strange to say, I had not been at work five minutes, when I came across a pretty little nugget, of about the size of a walnut, and a few minutes later picked out another as large as a crab-apple. I was about to pocket the latter, when I looked up and saw one of the assassins gazing down on me.

"Lucky find, mate!" said he, with a broad grin, that in my prejudiced mind seemed to say, "Aye, but it will be mine before long."

THE LITTLE SCISSORS.

"Pretty well," I replied brusquely, and he walked away.

I found no more nuggets on that occasion; and at five o'clock I knocked off and made my way to my tent, where, after a good wash, I pulled an old gin case outside, sat down on it, lighted my pipe, and coolly awaited the arrival of my visitors.

I had not to wait long. I presently observed two strongly framed men strolling leisurely in my direction, as though merely sauntering at random through the diggings. As they came opposite to me, one of them started, and, addressing me, exclaimed: "Hello, Ted; how long have you been at Ophir? and where did you hail from last?" and stepping up he grasped me warmly by the hand.

Seeing what was expected of me, I heartily returned the pressure, saying, in a loud tone, "Why about three weeks. But when did you leave Sydney? Come in man, and bring your friend with you. Old friends like you and me should liquor up before questions are asked and answered," and inside we all three of us went.

One of the two men that we wanted to catch was an eye and ear witness of all this scene, but it was so naturally enacted that no suspicions that my two acquaintances were detectives could have entered his head.

I found that each of my visitors was armed with a revolver and a pair of hand-cuffs. They were both strong, powerful men, and more than a match for the others in every way. The plan, however, to make all things certain, and to prevent any unnecessary spilling of blood, was to wait until the ruffians were in their beds and asleep, when we were to steal in, and try and handcuff them before they could wake up.

We had to wait many weary hours for this time to arrive, but at last the snoring commenced in earnest, and this was our signal. Handcuffs in hand, the detectives crept into the adjoining tent. I followed them with my revolver levelled, in case that one or both of the rascals should wake up and be too quick for them. They did not wake up, and the irons were clasped around and locked on their wrists without their even twinkling an eye-lid.

But now they were roughly awakened, and the senior officer said, "Tom Jackson and Bill Wilton, I arrest you for wilful murder. You must both of you get up and come along with us. I am Detective Sinclair, of the New South Wales Police."

I never saw two men so struck with consternation and surprise as were these two worthies. At last one of them gasped out, "Murder! Wilful murder! Detective Sinclair! Why, you must all be mad."

"The evidences of their crime are in this tent, remember," I said to Sinclair, nudging him with my elbow. "Let us search for the limbs of their last slaughtered victim."

The hint was promptly acted upon. We seized spades and picks, and in ten minutes every inch of the ground covered by the tent was turned over to a yard in depth.

No old man's legs were to be found; but we were not daunted, and proceeded to ransack the tent all over, still without any old man's legs turning up, though we spied two fine hind legs of a kangaroo hanging up in an obscure corner.

"Well, are you satisfied?" asked one of the prisoners. "Are you convinced that you are on some wild goose chase? If so take these cursed irons off and be gone."

"No, we are not so convinced," answered Sinclair, with some asperity. "This worthy gentle-

man," pointing to me, "heard you confess last night to having murdered no less than eight old men, and such crimes will have to be accounted for. He heard you confess, too, to having hid the legs of your last victim in this tent; but doubtless you have this day removed them to some more secure hiding place."

"He told you that, did he? the young donkey," screamed one of the accused, with a hyena-like laugh. "And so we have, too—old men kangaroos—and there are the legs we spoke of hanging up in that corner ready for to-morrow's pie. Ah! ha! ha! he has brought you on a fool's errand, sure enough," and the roars of laughter the two men indulged in fairly shook the tent.

Both detectives looked fearfully annoyed, and yet they could not help laughing. Without a word to me they took the handcuffs off the men and returned them to their pockets. Then Sinclair said: "What will you take to keep this matter a secret? You see, through this unfortunate new chum's blunder, we shall get laughed off the diggings, unless you choose to be merciful. I'll give you a £5 note out of my own pocket if you will keep this unfortunate affair dark."

"I will supplement Sinclair's offer with the largest of the nuggets I dug up to-day, I said, feeling that if being laughed at was the general dread, I stood in the worst position of the trio.

"Hang your bribes!" was the retort. "I would not give up the chance of circulating so glorious a yarn for ten times the value of what you offer. However, I will tell it as leniently as possible. And as for this new chum," turning to me, "when I first came to the colony, I and my mate here were both of us green enough to have made just as stupid a blunder; so I can't blame him. Come, let us sit down and have a drink all round of real old Jamaica rum, of which we have an unbroached keg in stock."

The invitation was readily accepted, and we kept it up until daybreak with grog, songs and toasts.

So ended the tragedy of "killing an old man," which I now learnt was a name universally bestowed on a large male kangaroo. These animals, when attacked, are very ferocious, and if they cannot get away, and are engaged at close quarters, will clasp you with their short fore legs, and pressing you tightly against their chest will raise one of their strong hind legs, which is armed with a terribly long, strong and knife-shaped spur, and rip you right down with it, causing almost instant death. When hunted with dogs, the "old man" will generally, when once at bay, disembowel two or three of his canine adversaries before he is dragged down and despatched, and the human foe is sometimes served in the same manner.

These two terrible murderers, as I thought them, turned out to be two right good fellows; one had been a cornet in a crack cavalry regiment at home, the other a curate in the Church of England. We soon became fast friends and partners in what turned out afterwards to be a well-paying claim, and in the year 1857 we all returned to old England rich men.

Last Sunday in one of the Sabbath schools of our city, says a Burlington paper, a juvenile class was questioned by its teacher in regard to the parable of the shepherd and his flock: "Who is our shepherd?" "Jesus," "who are Christ's lambs?" "We are." To test the reasoning capacity of the young urchins: "If the children are the lambs, what are the grown folks?" Said a bright-eyed little shaver: "They are the old bucks."

Is the garment of religion to be judged by the length of its nap during service?

When a dog insists upon lying on the 'mat,' would you consider him dogmatically inclined?

A lazy boy was put to learn the alphabet, but he could only learn the first five letters. He liked his E's so well he couldn't be made to go any further.

There are more editors unmarried than any other class of professional men, because, we suppose, the majority of them are of fine sentiments and do not wish to starve anybody's sister.

WHY A SHIP IS "SHE."—A ship is called "she" because a man knows not the expense until he gets one; because they look best when well rigged; because their value depends upon their age; because they bring news from abroad, and carry news from home.

An old Scotchman of Boston used to say; "I'm open to conviction, but I'd like to see the man that can convince me." Old Minister Wells, the predecessor of the Rev. Dr. Storrs of Braintree, Mass., himself a Scotchman, used to say; "It behooveth a Scotchman to be right; for if he was wrong he will be forever and eternally wrong."

An old lady on a steambot observed two men pumping up water to wash the deck, and the Captain being near her, she accosted him as follows: "Well, captain, got a well aboard, eh?" "Yes, ma'am, always carry one," said the polite captain. "Well, that's clever," said she, "I always dislike this nasty river water."

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he has a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, criminals and paupers have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make our great and useful men, were taught in their boyhood to be industrious.

A LEARNED SECOND WIFE.—An honest farmer married a miss from a fashionable boarding-school, for his second wife. He was struck dumb with her eloquence, and gaped with wonder at his wife's learning. "You may," said he, "bore a hole through the solid airth, and chuck in a millstone, and she'll tell you to a shavin' how long the stone will be going clean through! She has learnt kemistry and cocknevology, and talks a heap oxhides and comical affinities. I used for to think it was the air I sucked in every time that I expired; howsomedever, she tell me that she knowed better—she telled me that I had baen sucking in two kinds of gin; ox gin and high gin. Dearme! I'm a tumble down teetotal man, and yet have been drinking ox gin and high gin all my life.

"Any thing in this store for a dollar?" inquired a would-be customer as he entered a Philadelphia "dollar store."

"Yes, for one dollar you can take your choice. Of course, I do not include in this my young lady attendants.

So replied the storekeeper, his ending off being probably intended as a joke, for he smiled grimly as he said it, and seemed to enjoy it himself immensely.

"Well, I'll take that," said the customer, pointing to a stove which, almost red hot, stood in a corner of the room. The customer clearly had the best of the dollar-store man.

THE LITTLE SCISSORS.

OATHS are vulgar, senseless, and offensive, as well as impious; they leave a loathsome trail upon the lips, and a stamp of odium on the soul.

In youth, women are our idols; at a riper age our companions; in old age, our nurses; and in all ages, our friends.—*Bacon.*

Let us never forget that station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfilment of its duties, does honor to a man.

The world cannot advance much, cannot make real, substantial progress, till people learn to devote fewer hours of the day, fewer days in the week, fewer weeks in the year, and fewer years of their lives, to the mere art of money-getting."

If you want to see all the **NEWEST STYLES** and the **LARGEST ASSORTMENT of Ladies' Prunella Boots!** go to **A. J. STEPHENS & Co's.,** (late Crosby's) 51 Sparks street.

"Charles do you really love my daughter?" "You know I do, Mrs. Simpkins." "How much do you love her?" "I love her—I love her as hard—as hard as a horse can kick." Mrs. Simpkins was satisfied of the strength of his affection.

All the Newest Styles in Ladies' Prunella Boots, at A. J. Stephens & Co's.

Mrs. Partington's neice upon being told by a young lawyer, that in the county where he resided they held court four times a year, exclaimed:—"La me! why you ain't half up in the business; the young fellows here comes a courting three times a week."

WOMAN.—As the dew lies longest and produces most fertility in the shade, so woman, in the shade of domestic retirement, sheds around her path richer and more permanent blessings than man, who is more exposed to the glare and observation of public life

Handmade Boots for LUMBERMEN and FARMERS made on the premises. At **A. J. STEPHENS & Co's.,** 51 Sparks street.

"You must be a brave man," said a rough old customer to a spindle-shanked fop. "How so?" asked the pleased young man. "Why," replied the rough old satirist, "because it must take a deal o' curage to trust that soft brain o' yourn a top o' them ar legs."

A. J. STEPHENS & Co.,
(Late Crosby's,) 51 Sparks Street.

A boy in Brooklyn went into a barber's shop, and asked the barber to "cut his hair just as short as he could." "Did your mother tell you to have it cut so short?" asked the barber. "No," said the boy, "but we've got a new school ma'am that pools hair." The barber cut it close.

Ladies! it is a well-known fact that there is nothing as durable and comfortable for the feet for Summer wear as **PRUNELLA.** Our Stock is the largest and best assorted ever brought into our establishment. Inspection invited. **A. J. STEPHENS & Co.,** (late Crosby's,) 51 Sparks street, Centre Town.

A physician, examining a student as to his progress, asked him, "Should a man fall into a well forty feet deep, and strike his head upon one of the tools with which he had been digging, what would be your course if called in as surgeon?" The student replied, "I should advise them to let the man lie, and fill up the well."

GENT'S PRUNELLA CONGRESS,
At **A. J. Stephens & Co's.**

A. J. STEPHENS & Co.,

(Late Crosby's,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

—AND—

MANUFACTURERS OF

BOOTS AND SHOES,

&c., &c., &c.,

51 SPARKS STREET,

SIGN OF THE MAMMOTH BOOT.

The drill instructor of an old English regiment—one of the old stamp of martinet sergeants—who was the terror of every recruit, and the remorseless tyrant of the awkward squad, was putting a firing party through the funeral exercise. Having opened the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed *cortege* between them, the instructor ordered the men to "rest on their arms reversed. Then by way of practical explanation he walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he moved:

"Now I am the corpse! Pay attention!"

Having reached the end of the party, he turned round, regarding them steadily with a scrutinizing eye for a moment or two, and then remarked in a most solemn tone of voice:

"Your 'ands is right, and your 'eads is right, but you 'aven't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave."

FARMERS!

CALL AT THE OLD STAND,
A. J. Stephens & Co.
(LATE CROSBY'S)

And see our **HAND-MADE**

KIP BOOTS,

CALF BOOTS,

SHORT BOOTS,

and **CALF CONGRESS.**

Made in every way the same as if the measure had been left for them, and at **LOW PRICES.**

51 SPARKS STREET,

Centre Town.

At **A. J. STEPHENS & Co's.** you can leave your measure and get a pair of Boots or Shoes made to please you. A good fit warranted, made of the best materials and by first class workmen.



A Professor in a South-western college being asked why he married, after having for many years declaimed against matrimony, replied, "I took the rash step in the hope that my father-in-law would speedily die and leave me a fortune sufficient to enable me to retire from the drudgery of literary and scholastic life, and set up a cake shop at a railway station."

BELL & WOODBURN, Printers, Elgin Street, Ottawa.

THE LITTLE SCISSORS.

AT HOME IN THE EVENING.—Nothing concerning the future welfare and happiness of the young is so neglected by parents and guardians as the manner in which their evenings are spent. Darkness is temptation to evil; and suffering young men and boys to be absent from the family hearth, when the light of day does not restrain them from misconduct, is really training them to it and producing incalculable mischief and ruin. All the riots, disturbance of any kind, and crimes, are the results of running in the streets after nightfall. At home something more is necessary than the mere command, and parents should endeavor, by their own example to show the importance of spending the hours of darkness with the family, for if heads of households cannot experience the truth of the assertion that "there is no place like home," how can they expect their offspring to be domesticated? Evening recreation and enjoyment in the family circle are infinitely more agreeable and pleasant than any amusement or dissipation abroad; and honorable and learned men are the products of the one, while miserable and dissipated specimens of the human race are the results of the other. Let home be the place it should be, and let the same fascinations and inducements be offered at the homestead as abroad, and a more exalted and creditable class of citizens would people the world.

HAND-MADE BOOTS,

At A. J. Stephens & Co's.

ALL ABOUT DIMPLES.—Dimples are the perpetual smiles of nature, the very cunningest device, and the lurking place of love. When earth is dimply by hills and valleys, it always seems to laugh; when the ocean is dimply by the breeze, it sparkles with joy beneath the sunshine of heaven. We cannot look for frowns on a dimpled face; frowns and dimples will not associate together. How soft, how roguish, how beautiful, are the dimples in the elbows and shoulders, the pretty hands and feet of the rosy babes. Mothers dote upon those darling dimples, and delight to kiss them. But perfectly enchanting dimples, at least to the eyes of an enthusiastic young man, are those which come peeping out of the cheeks around the mouth of "sweet seventeen," when sweet seventeen essays, some arch, provoking sally, peeping out and flying away the moment after, coming and going with the most bewitching coquetry.

A want long felt by the people of Ottawa has been a large and varied assortment of CHILDREN'S BOOTS & SHOES. A. J. STEPHENS & Co. have given particular attention to this Department, and a large stock to suit all ages will be found at their establishment, 51 Sparks street, Centre Town.

SARDINES—a favorite delicacy—are caught in immense numbers along the coast of France, in the Bay of Biscay. The fishing season lasts from July to October, so that it is easy to judge when the new crop reaches the market. They are shipped in immense quantities to places all over the globe, though more are sold in Bordeaux than elsewhere. They are put up for market in three sizes of tin boxes, and two kinds of labels are used to designate quality.

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

He who has anything, does anything, or is anything in this world, is sure to have enemies to slander him.

BOOTS AND SHOES

FOR

LUMBERMEN.

RAFTSMEN'S SHOES

In Large Quantities and of Good Quality.

HAND-MADE KIP BOOTS

Made on the Premises.

Particular attention given to the manufacture of these.

A. J. STEPHENS & Co.,

(LATE CROSBY'S),

51 Sparks Street.

POPULAR ERRORS.—To think that the more a man eats the fatter he will become. To believe that the more hours children study the faster they learn. To conclude that, if exercise is good, the more violent it is the more good is done. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the whole system, without regard to more ulterior effects. To eat without appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste. To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep and a weary waking in the morning.



THE EMPEROR AND THIEVES.—The Emperor Charles V. having one day lost himself in the heat of the chase, and wandering in the forest far from his train, after much fatigue in trying to find a route, came at last to a solitary ale house, where he entered to refresh himself. On coming in he saw four men, whose mien presaged no good; he, however, sat down and called for something. These men pretending to sleep, one of them rose and approaching the Emperor, said that he had dreamed that he took his hat, and accordingly took it off. The second saying that he had taken his coat, took that also. The third, with a little prologue, took his waistcoat. And the fourth, with a little politeness, said he hoped there would be no objection to feeling his pockets, and seeing a chain of gold about his neck, whence hung his hunting horn, was about to take that too, but the Emperor said: "Stop, my friend. I dare say you cannot blow it; I will teach you."

So putting the horn to his mouth he blew repeatedly, and very loud. His people, who searched for him, heard the sound, and entering the cottage were surprised to see him in such a garb.

"Here are four fellows," said the Emperor, "who have dreamed what they pleased. I must now dream in turn."

Sitting down, shutting his eyes for a while, he then started up, saying:

I have dreamed that I saw four thieves hung," and immediately ordered his dream fulfilled, the master of the inn being compelled to be his executioner.

HAND-MADE CALF BOOTS,

At A. J. Stephens & Co's.

A French provincial paper, *L'Independent*, says there is now in the city of Paris a Frenchman, for many years a resident of Mexico from whence he has just returned, who asserts that Emperor Maximilian is not dead. According to his statement, when the unfortunate monarch fell under the fire of his executioners he was carried into a convent in order to be buried. But there one of the monks, the doctor of the community, examined his wounds, and saw that the last spark of life had not deserted his body. With this belief the charitable monk dressed the wounds, stopped the blood, applied the air-pump to the lungs, and the galvanic battery to the nervous system, and was fortunate enough to bring life back again to the lifeless form of the Emperor. The Frenchman, says the *L'Independent*, gives the name of the village in which Maximilian is now concealed, awaiting the means of escaping the vigilant eye of the Mexicans. He, at the same, time shows a letter of credit, recently written, from the pen of that unfortunate monarch.

An English chemist has been experimenting for the purpose of ascertaining how much of various kinds of food must be eaten in order to make a pound of flesh. He comes to the conclusion that it requires 25 pounds of milk, 100 of turnips, 50 of potatoes, 50 of carrots, 9 of oat-meal, 7½ of barley-meal, and 3½ of pease or beans.

Fria says that at the lecture the other evening the audience was so quiet that you could hear a bed tick.

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.