

THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS.

A FAIRY TALE.

They were two princes doomed to death; Each loved his beauty and his breath;

They went together. In the dew A charmed bird before them flew.

A rose, whose faintest flush was worth All buds that ever blew on earth.

Weird jewels, such as fairies wear, When moons go out, to light their hair.

One with the dragon fought to gain The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain.

Backward to the imperial gate One took his fortune, one his fate;

At bid, and rose, and gem, and fruit, The king was sad, the king was mute;

At last he slowly said: "My son, True treasure is not lightly won."

Adventures of a Merchant.

About eleven o'clock on a mild December night, in the year 1808, Mr. Nicholas Young, a respectable merchant of New York city, turned the key in his store door and directed his steps homeward.

He had been busily engaged in taking an account of stock and was therefore, unusually late. A model of regularity in all his habits, he was never known to be out of his house after ten in the evening, except on such periodical times as the present.

He was a plain man of forty-five, who had never married, and inhabited an unpretending but comfortable abode in what was then the semi-rural district about Bleeker street. His family consisted solely of an old housekeeper and a colored man.

He had not walked far on the night in question, when he was startled by a cry as of a female in distress, seemingly proceeding from a close carriage, which was driving past at a moderate rate of speed. The vehicle had not gone twenty yards further on before the cry was again raised, clear and shrill, and he distinctly saw a white handkerchief waving from one of the windows.

Constitutionally fearless, and endowed with no small share of native chivalry, Mr. Young lost no time in hastening to the rescue of the presumed captive. Accident seemed to favor him, for just then the driver dropped his whip, and, before he could recover it and regain his seat the merchant was at the carriage door, which he attempted to open. He was resisted by a strong grasp from within, while a man thrust his head from the window and angrily demanded what was meant by such unwarrantable intrusion.

Mr. Young as peremptorily inquired whether a female was being carried off against her will, and stated his intention of searching into the matter. He was answered at once by a blow on the head from a slingshot, or similar instrument, which felled him to the ground insensible. On recovering, he found himself lying, gagged and bound, to the bottom of the coach, which was being driven furiously. Defenseless as a sheep borne to the shambles, he awaited his fate with as much resignation as he could muster.

Hours seemed to pass before the vehicle came to a stop, when the door was opened and he was lifted out in silence by the glimmering starlight, that they were standing on the end of a long wharf—a pier—the other extremity of which was hidden in darkness. Rocking on the waves almost under their feet lay a small row-boat. Into this, still without a word being spoken, he was transferred by the same hands and it was made fast to the stern of a sailing vessel, which lay close by with all her canvass set. His two captors climbed aboard the latter craft, whose anchor was immediately weighed, and she stood out to sea, towing Mr. Young, alone and helpless behind her.

Before morning the boat was cast off, the sailing vessel quickly disappeared from his view, and the unfortunate merchant found himself drifting, without oars or provisions, at the mercy of the waves. When day broke he had succeeded in freeing one of his hands, and shortly afterwards released himself from all his fastenings. He now discovered that his pocket had been rifled and his watch and wallet taken, together with the keys of his office door and safe.

On the morning following Mr. Young's abduction, Mrs. Comfit, his housekeeper, awaited in vain his appearance at the breakfast table. Never before, during the fifteen years she had lived with him, had he been ten minutes behind time. Of course, he might be indisposed. With some trepidation she went up stairs and knocked at his chamber door. The summons, again and again repeated, awakened no response. He might have gone out for a walk, though such had never been his habit. An hour passed, and she grew seriously alarmed. Finally, when a business acquaintance of Mr. Young's called to inquire why his store remained closed, Mrs. Comfit procured assistance, and her master's door was broken open. A careful search of the apartment only resulted in showing that it had apparently not been occupied during the preceding night. Days and weeks rolled on and nothing was seen or heard of the missing merchant. Advertisements appeared in the leading journals, offering a liberal reward for information concerning him; but none was forthcoming. The case created considerable excitement as well in the community at large, as among Mr. Young's immediate connections, but all attempts to unravel the mystery proved unavailing; and when, one morning, his office safe was found open, and robbed of its valuable contents, the conclusion was generally arrived at he had been foully dealt with, and that his reappearance was not to be looked for. A distant relative of the lost man came forward, instituted the necessary proceedings, and took quiet possession of the property which Mr. Young had toiled through so many years to amass.

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To return now, to our ill-fated hero himself. After drifting in his boat for two days, the weather being fortunately calm and moderate, he was picked up by a homeward bound Italian brig. As Mr. Young spoke only his native language, of which none of his rescuers understood a single word, he could communicate very little respecting himself, and was barely able to make out the name of the port to which they were sailing. Just before entering the Mediterranean they were chased and captured by a pirate, to whom they could offer no resistance. Their vessel was scuttled, and themselves were carried as slaves to the coast of Morocco. By the Italians Young had been treated kindly; at the hands of the half-savage captors, he met with nothing but hardships, being forced to toil almost incessantly beneath a burning sun.

After three years of this suffering, he effected his escape by the aid of a fellow slave, an Englishman, with whom he was sometimes allowed to go fishing, and with whom, under cover of night he flung himself overboard and swam to the opposite coast for Spain, where they found themselves with no possessions but their clothes on their back. They managed to make their way to the nearest seaport town, whence they intended, if possible to procure a passage to the United States. All went well; a ship was soon found, which in a few days was to weigh anchor for New York, and on which their services were at once engaged for the voyage. Almost on the eve of their embarkation, a fearful murder was committed in the house where the fugitives were lodging. Circumstances pointed strongly toward them as the perpetrators, and they were arrested on suspicion. Poor, friendless, and ignorant of the language of their persecutors, they were unable to make an adequate defense, and were summarily found guilty. Mr. Young's unfortunate companion was executed, and he himself sentenced to the galleys for life.

After he had undergone the lingering horrors of this worst of punishment for five years, the real murderer was made known by a deathbed confession, and Mr. Young was set at liberty. His story had excited the active sympathy of several humane individuals, and he found no difficulty in procuring means of transportation to his own country. In a few weeks he once more trod the streets of New York, nearly eight years from the time of his enforced departure; but he returned to find himself a beggar. His relatives had thrown away his property in wild speculations, and died the year before hopelessly insolvent. Broken in health and spirits, and prematurely old, the once prosperous merchant, after his protracted misfortune, incurred solely by yielding to a sudden impulse of humanity, was driven to the occupation of selling small wares at a stall outside Washington market, and might have been regularly seen thus engaged for several years, until prostrated by a lingering sickness, which brought him to his end, under circumstances of lamentable privation.

Who shall say that the ways of Providence in this world are not inscrutable!

A Domestic Episode.

The chill breath of winter is in the air, and, as the night wind whistles around the house and wrestles with the blinds, the husband and father, happy that his wife and little ones are sheltered and comfortable, draws the drapery of his couch about him and is about going off to pleasant dreams, when the partner of his joys and the sharer of his sorrows says: "Seth, you must go down and fix the furnace, or the gas will strangle the baby."

Then the wretched man buttons his breakfast-jacket over his night-shirt, pokes his left foot into the right slipper, and his right into the left, and, "drunken with sleep," feels his way down-stairs, falls over the cook's hod of coal and kindlings at the kitchen-door, and bursts into the cellar in a torrent. He jerks open the furnace door, inhales a few quarts of coal gas, spits it up mixed with some hard words, bangs the door and knocks over the long poker and cast-iron shovel with a clang like a rolling-mill in full operation. He seizes the wrench, and hooking it on the grate, shakes it savagely; and the grate, which has heretofore yielded sullenly to his strength, revolves as if it was set in oil, depositing the whole fire in the ash-box with the exception of two or three big clinkers that wedged it up edgewise. First he tries to pull it back with the wrench, but the thing won't move. Then he gets down on his hands and knees and jabs at it with the poker like a man stirring up a cage of ani-

mals in a menagerie, but the hot coals heat him up to another attempt with the wrench, and, springing up to his feet, he braces himself for a mighty pull, when the grate slips into place like a spring-lock, the wrench slides off and bangs his bare shins as he staggers back and knocks his head against the plaster partition.

Just then the policeman rings the front-door bell and asks "if there is a fire in there?" and "having the door slammed in his face with "No, I wish there was," tells his relief at the next corner that "old Simpkins, of 42, is drunk and raising an awful row."

That unhappy citizen has hurried back to the cellar, and, throwing a basketful of wood and kindlings into the furnace, he lights them and starts for the coal-bin. Returning with a hodful of coal he essays to pitch it in dexterously into the furnace. Just then a puff of wood smoke strikes him in the eyes, the edge of the hod strikes just below the furnace door, and the contents are dashed on the floor, with the exception of the finer particles, which sift into his slippers. With the calmness of despair he fills the furnace-pot by shovelfuls, and, with sneezes heralding a coming cold, waits until the fire is an accomplished fact. As he reaches the chamber door a dismal wail freezes his already chilled blood, and he is welcomed back by his loving wife with:

"I wish you could ever do anything about the house, Seth, without making such a dreadful noise. Here is the baby broad awake, and I don't believe we shall get another wink of sleep to-night."

Then the wretched man pulls the few hairs a virtuous life has left him, the comforts of his home fade from his mind, and he wishes he was a homeless wanderer in the cold streets, with the prospect of a warm lodging at the station.

A Heating Stove that Embraces Every Desideratum.

In this climate one of the most important things to have in the family, in the store and in the workshop, is a stove which will generate a large amount of heat with a small amount of fuel. Such an invention has been made by James E. Gridley, of St. Paul, and the Pioneer Press of that city thus speaks of it:

Mr. H. M. Ranney is now manufacturing these stoves in St. Paul, at No. 41 Robert street, and though the works have been in operation but a short time, several hundreds of them are already in use, so promptly does the new principle convince those who examine it of its perfect adaptability to the ends aimed at. No better test of Gridley's heaters can be asked for than the testimonials of those who are now using them, and the more they are used the more satisfactory will they be found.

The merits of this stove are numerous, but they can be summarized briefly as follows: All the heat furnished by the fuel is preserved and none is wasted; the heat is evenly distributed throughout the space to be heated; the atmosphere in the room is constantly changing, for the cold air is naturally drawn up through the four flues and carried into the chamber where it is super-heated and thrown back into the room; it is cheap; consumes but little fuel; keeps fire all night; and is simple and easily managed.

It only remains to be remarked that Gridley's Atmospheric Heaters are rapidly taking the place of the old-fashioned stoves, and the saving of fuel and increased comfort will warrant any one in purchasing the Gridley stove. It is safe to predict that in another year few other wood stoves will find any sale in Minnesota and the northwest.

Cowardly Assaults.

When a candidate for high office is so well liked and so popular with the masses as to make his defeat difficult in a fair and honorable fight, mean and cowardly men are not wanting who delight in manufacturing lies and slandering his good name. There are also those whose selfishness prompts them to prostitute their honor, pervert truth, and ignore right, for the sake of injuring a competitor in business, whose prosperity they envy, and with whose business sagacity they have not the talent to successfully compete in an honorable way. These thoughts are suggested by the mean, cowardly attacks made upon me and my medicines, by those who imagine themselves not necessary to the great popularity which my standard medicines have acquired, and the continued growth of my professional practice. Narrow-minded practitioners of medicine, and manufacturers of preparations which do not possess sufficient merit to successfully compete for popular favor, have resorted to such cowardly strategy as to publish all sorts of ridiculous reports about the composition of my medicines. Almanacs, "Receipt Books," and other pamphlets, are issued and scattered broadcast over the land, wherein these contemptible knaves publish pretended analyses of my medicines, and receipts for making them. Some of these publications are given high-sounding names, and are intended to be issued by respectable names, and pretension and position, for the good of the people—the more completely to blind the reader to the real object in their circulation, which is to injure the sale of my medicines. "The Popular Health Almanac" is the highest-sounding of these publications, and contains bogus receipts, without a grain of truth in them. Not less devoid of truth are those which have been published by one Dr. L. of Detroit, in the Michigan Farmer, and by other manufacturers of medicines, in several so-called journals of Pharmacy. They are all prompted by jealousy and utterly fail in accomplishing the object of their authors, for, notwithstanding their free circulation, my medicines continue to sell more largely than any others manufactured in this country, and are constantly increasing in sale despite the base lies concocted and circulated by such knaves. The people find that these medicinal preparations are genuine merit, accomplish what their manufacturers claim for them, and are not the vile, poisonous nostrums which jealous, narrow-minded physicians and sneaking compounders of competing medicines repre-

sent them to be. Among the large number of pretended analyses published, it is a significant fact that no two have been at all alike, conclusively proving the dishonesty of their authors. It is enough for the people to know that while thousands, yes, I may truthfully say millions, have taken my medicines and have been cured, no one has ever received injury from their use.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Proprietor of Dr. Pierce's Medicines, World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

We were pleased to see, not long since, in one of our exchanges, some pretty severe remarks addressed to several persons who, during an interesting lecture by Rev. Jno. S. C. Abbott, kept a continuous coughing which prevented many from hearing. "People who cannot refrain from coughing, had better stay away from such places, or else take a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment with them."

Durang's Rheumatic Remedy will most positively cure any case of rheumatism, gout, neuralgia or lumbago on the face of the earth, no matter how long standing. It is taken internally, the only way the disease can be reached, and cures quickly and permanently. Price, one dollar a bottle. For sale by wholesale and retail druggists everywhere.

A Word of Joy.

From the Hon. James Ross, Grand Lecturer of I. O. G. T. of Wisconsin.

From a feeling of gratitude, I take great pleasure in giving testimony to the efficacy of Hale's Cough Cordial in easily curing a persistent cough for a month. While engaged nightly in public speaking, I had suffered with an annoying cough which stubbornly resisted the various cough remedies that I had taken. Through the advice of friends I fortunately gave Hale's Cough Cordial a trial, when my coughing ceased at once, and the following day it had done its work completely and I felt all right. The first dose went directly to the cold spot in my lungs, and in the midst of a general warmth and perspiration the stubborn cough seemed to dissolve. In gratitude and esteem, I am Yours truly, JAMES ROSS.

St. Paul Business Directory

ATTORNEYS, TREBLE & RUDD, 203 Exchange St., St. Paul, Minn.

\$100 REWARD—For any case of private disease that Dr. K. B. Halliday's medicine cannot cure. No cure no pay. Send three-cent stamp for Circular. Address or call on S. BLACFORD, 38 Robert street, St. Paul, Minn.

Commercial Hotel.

H. T. C. FLOWER, PROPRIETOR. Nos. 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 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