

A CHANCE FOR A KING.

DENMARK'S WEST INDIA POSSESSIONS FOR SALE.

A Chance for the Multi-Millionaire to Secure a Kingdom of His Own—Could Form a Grand New Nation—Chance to Become a Potentate.

DENMARK offers an opportunity to three ambitious men who possess sufficient money to obtain kingdoms. Not very large ones, to be sure, but such as the islands of St. Thomas, Santa Cruz and St. John form. These islands Denmark offers for sale. She would prefer to have the United States buy them, but in case that proves impossible, there will be a chance for others to acquire the property.

There is little likelihood that Uncle Sam will purchase these three sections of the West Indies, so the islands can practically be fairly considered as in the market. It will be no ordinary real estate purchase, this bargain in islands. Cities, towns and villages are included in each instance. The purchaser could go there and be a king, or an earl, or a baron, like those of the feudal days. He might assume any title he liked and there would be no one to gainsay him.

He could hold court and knight his friends; could build a navy, design his own flag, and, if he chose, call himself a king and his island the kingdom of Brown—of course, to a limited extent, with the approval of his subjects; he could cruise about in one of his warships and be the recipient of all sorts of honors that fall to royalty's lot. Perhaps, should he meet him, the Prince of Wales might call him "dear old chap," and thus add the capstone to his monument of greatness.

This is the second time these islands have been on the bargain counter of nations. Their first appearance in this role was in 1868, when a proposition to the United States to buy them was rejected. The present offer to sell is due to the fact that Denmark is too poor to afford colonial luxuries. It costs \$150,000 a year to maintain the government of the islands, and it has been definitely declared that this expenditure must cease. The people of Denmark object to a European power securing control of the islands. Neither is the proposition to give them liberty regarded with favor, as following the formation of a local government, the first step taken by the islanders would, it is believed, be a petition for an English protectorate, as most of them are British by birth, descent or sympathies.

Suppose a rich American should decide to buy one of the islands—St. Thomas, as that is the largest and most important. After concluding the purchase from Denmark he would find himself the possessor of an island thirteen miles long and four wide, of great scenic beauty and containing a population of 13,000. He would only be 1,300 miles from New York. His kingdom, or whatever he might be pleased to call it, would be found to be directly in one of the great arteries of ocean commerce, and the harbor, at the head of which his capital city, Charlotte Amalia, lies, would shelter the largest navy in the world.

If the new monarch cared to fortify this harbor he could almost bid defiance to the world, for there is no possibility of landing an invading force at any other point, as the island is thoroughly protected by reefs which render navigation, even in a row-boat, extremely dangerous.

Thus, with fortifications at the entrance to the harbor, a small and well organized army and a liberal system of government that would bind the people to him, the transplanted potentate need bow his head to none. What more alluring prospect can be imagined for the citizen who longs for royal honors and has heretofore found his ambition checked by insurmountable barriers?

A Beautiful Deed.

Some one relates an instance of one of the many noble deeds constantly being performed by that modern hero—the doctor.

"You'd better ask the doctor for his bill next time he comes," said a poor, sick minister to his wife. "I don't know when we can pay it, I'm sure. He's made a good many visits, but I hope he won't have to come many times more." The old doctor was a grim looking person, who said as little as possible, and spoke in the gruffest of tones, but he had kept his eyes open and was not half as unfeeling as he appeared.

At the next visit the minister's wife followed him out of the sick room and timidly made her request.

"Your bill?" said the doctor, glancing around the kitchen, then down at his boots.

"Yes, sir," said the woman. "Mr. Arnes wanted me to ask you for it, though we can't pay it just now. We'll pay it as soon as—"

"Well, here it is," said the doctor. And he took out his pocketbook and handed the astonished woman a \$10-greenback, and was out of doors before she could say thank you.

The Electric Light at Sea.

A white electric light of one candle power can be seen at sea at a distance of one-quarter of a mile on a dark, clear night, and one mile on a rainy night. In an exceptionally clear atmosphere a white light of 3.3 candle power was plainly visible at a distance of three miles, while one of 17.3 candle power was seen at five miles.

SALVE IS LEGAL TENDER.

All Adams Engaged in an Industry Which Is Peculiar.

Adams, a small town among the hills of Jefferson county, this state, is frequently styled the "salve town," says the New York Herald. It makes salve, lives on salve, speculates in salve and corners the salve market when it wants to. This product is put up in two sizes in round tin boxes, one size selling at 50 cents and the other at 25 cents.

When money is scarce these boxes of salve pass as legal tender in the village. One of the large boxes will purchase one-fourth dozen of three-for-a-quarter cigars and entitle you to a small box as change, or will buy drinks at the local bars, or will pass as one "ante" in a "50-cent limit game."

There are probably more than 100 different brands of salve made in Adams. There is a salve for rheumatism, salve for eczema, salve for tan and sunburn, salve for scratches and bruises, salve for consumption, and so through a long catalogue of ailments, a separate and distinct salve for each complaint or group of diseases. H. O. Brown was the first to make a success of the business, and his neighbors and then the entire population of the town decided to try their hands. These new manufacturers started in honorably, however. They all met in conference, and a plan was perfected to prevent clashing competition between makers. An organization was perfected, to be known as the Salvemakers' Protective league, and the agreement provided for the allotment of a certain number of diseases and ailments to each manufacturer. Thus, one salvemaker was permitted to make salve for the healing of burns, scalds, tetter, itch and eczema; another for wounds, bruises, cuts, sores and ulcers, and another for croup, diphtheria, lumbago, jaundice and rheumatism. The growth of the salve business opened up a new field of employment to the idle persons of Adams, which they were not slow in taking advantage of. All successful healing remedies are strongly indorsed by testimonials from those who have been cured or healed. The Salvemakers' league solved this matter in a novel way. The manufacturer of the salve for burns would himself write, and have each member of his family write, testimonials for each of the other members of the league, in exchange for testimonials from such members and their families. This worked well at first, but now there are regularly employed testimonial writers, who earn good sums writing for the league. These testimonials are paid for according to merit, and are passed upon by an expert jury chosen by the league for that purpose.

Digging for Gold.

An old man entered a leading hardware store in Washington the other day and bought some blasting powder, says the Washington Star. His white hair hung low upon his shoulders, his beard drooped far down upon his breast. He looked like a veritable Rip Van Winkle just awakened from his slumbers. It is not often that he comes to town and when he does he leaves as soon as his supplies are purchased. Up in the mountains the old man has a cabin where he has lived alone for many years, raising barely enough corn on the rocky land he owns to sustain his existence. For half a century he has been digging for gold and from time to time enough has been found in a little stream near his cabin to stimulate his search. But there has never been sufficient to pay for opening up a tunnel and the old man has been digging one for fifty years. He works alone, for he is afraid to confide his secret to any man. From morning until night he digs, and when a rock is reached that has to be blasted he buys all the powder that the money he can raise will pay for and when that is gone must wait until another crop can be raised to procure a new supply. The old prospector will not live to make many more trips to Washington and it will probably never be known whether the washings of free gold he has secured from the stream came from a vein in the mountain where he has vainly spent his life or not.

Pulp Business in Maine.

Few people realize the extent of the pulp business in Penobscot county, Maine. Some little idea may be formed from the fact that the mills of Great works, Howland and Montague furnish a train load of pulp a day. This consists of from seventeen to twenty cars. Penobscot county also has mills at Orono, Brewer, Basin Mills and Lincoln, in addition to the three included, in sending the amount of pulp mentioned. Still there are croakers who, instead of counting how many are helped by this enterprise, sigh: "That cuts off just so many large logs in the future."

Champion of England.

The office of Champion of England was instituted in the reign of Richard II. On the sovereign's coronation day he rode up to Westminster hall on a white horse, proclaimed the title of the new monarch and, throwing down a gauntlet or iron glove, challenged any who dared dispute his right to the throne to single combat.

Iceland Moss.

Iceland moss is a well-known lichen found abundantly in Iceland. It is gathered in large quantities by the natives, deprived of its bitterness by boiling in water, and then dried and reduced to powder. It is usually used with flour and milk, or made into cakes and in times of great scarcity it forms almost their only article of food.

As It Is Now.

He was a slinky Harvard man
And she a Wellesley maid.
He said, "Just have a seat on me,"
And promptly she obeyed.

A GRAND OLD WOMAN.

THE DAUGHTER OF "OLD IRONSIDES" AT EIGHTY.

She Wants to Die "Neath the Heaven-Born Banner," the Stars and Stripes—The Mother of a Celebrated Family—Her Closing Years.

ELIA T. S. PARNELL, the celebrated and venerable woman who was struck down by the hand of a ruthless assassin some months ago, and who for some weeks past has occupied a private room in Trinity Hospital, New York, should be regarded as one of the most truly great women of our time as well as one of the most versatile and highly accomplished.

Della T. S. Parnell just escaped being born in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in 1815. She was the daughter of Admiral Stewart, familiarly known as "Old Ironsides." Her mother was a lady of Boston, so that the subject of our sketch is descended from a "royal line" through both parents.

Through her father's love for the sea and fondness for change, she traveled extensively. Her mother was her constant companion and her only instructor in early childhood. The ablest teachers were secured to develop her num-



MRS. FANNIE STEWART PARNELL, erous talents, and mother and daughter resided for a term of years in foreign lands to facilitate the studies. Especially in Greek and Latin she excelled, speaking French, Spanish, Italian and German very fluently at an early age, writing in all four prose and poetry. She studied the dances of different nations under the famous Mme. Vestris, and became a charming danseuse, while at the same time she mastered harmony and composition in music. A rare soprano voice, flexible and sympathetic, led her to sing the songs of all nations. Her general knowledge is not to be wondered at when it is known that from her infancy the child was a profound student with wonderful application.

At the age of 17 Della T. S. Parnell made her debut in Washington. A fair girl, with eyes of deep sea blue, a tall supple figure, full, but classic in proportion, and universally pronounced "beautiful." Charming in manner and conversation, generous, bright and joyous and amiable—"a daughter of the morning," said the astrologists, "and who would soon become the reigning belle of Washington."

She was the leader in all innocent sports, entertainments and charitable enterprises. At this time Mr. John Parnell came from Ireland to visit America, and proceeded to Washington, where, by his fine presence, elegant bearing and charm of manner—to say nothing of his "blarney"—he wooed and won the incomparable Della Tudor Stewart, losing no time in transporting his fair and gifted bride to his grand and romantic home at Avondale, County Wicklow, Ireland.

One year after the maternal duties of Della T. S. Parnell began, and continued for over twenty years, in which time she bore eleven children—John Howard Parnell, now a member of Parliament, being the eldest; Charles Stewart Parnell, who lived one year too long; Emily, Henry, Fanny, Anna, Theodosia, and others.

Mrs. Della T. S. Parnell had a house in Dublin, where she resided during the Dublin season, when the Irish capital was known as "Delightful Dublin." She also had a "salon" in Paris, and



MRS. PARNELL IN 1866, was often an honored guest of Napoleon III. and Empress Eugenie. The night she held her "salon" it was crowded by the celebrities of Europe. This remarkable woman was a magnet that attracted to her side the great and powerful, and was considered one of the few brilliant women, even in Paris, who shone par-excellence as a hostess. After the death of her husband the fascinating widow had many suitors, among whom was the earl of Carlisle, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland. "Your attached Carlisle," he always signed himself when he wrote to the beautiful widow.

But the self-sacrificing mother feared a second marriage might not be conducive to the happiness of her children. This was the only reason why she did not encourage the suit of the earl of Carlisle, and in later years had reason to regret her foolish stand. But the disappointed earl was somewhat consoled when he became convinced that of her many suitors the fair widow gave him the preference, and the celebrated pair became life-long friends. The earl sought her council and advice in affairs of state, which he often communicated to Lord Palmerston, then prime minister of England.

At the time of the Mexican war she advised the withdrawal of the English troops from Mexico. She became so skilled in the affairs of state that she acquired the sobriquet of "The Fair Ambassadors."

About twenty years ago Della T. S. Parnell advised her son, Charles Stewart Parnell, to enter Irish politics. The undeveloped statesman did so, and was elected to parliament. How he became the idolized leader of the Irish people—the "Uncrowned King"—is still fresh in our memories, although we may forget that it was through the power and patriotism of his mother and sisters that influenced public opinion in his favor in this country. The late Irish leader had frequently remarked: "That the women of his family possessed all the genius."

Fanny Parnell, the poetess, died during the height of the agitation—some time after the Ladies' Land League had been organized, in which the "silent women" of Ireland became enrolled from Maine to California. They demanded from their English foes home rule for Ireland, and for the first time patriotism and self-sacrifice of the working women of Ireland became generally manifest. Bands were organized and led by Della T. S. Parnell, and her two daughters, who showed they were worthy of so great a mother. From the time of the Land League movement Della T. S. Parnell worked with an energy that was superhuman to place Ireland "among the nations"—when the "epitaph" of Robert Emmet would be written and the tomb of the "sublimed patriot" no longer remain "uninscribed."

When Charles S. Parnell was arrested and thrown into prison, his patriotic but then aged mother temporarily lost her equilibrium by the shock. She speculated in Wall street with her own capital, where she had hitherto been successful in her ventures, determined, if possible, to supply her family with funds for the "agitation" and to help develop "Irish industries," and, above all, to make her son financially independent, that he might carry on his gigantic work with freedom and liberality. But his imprisonment rendered her temporarily unfit for business. She lost \$20,000 in Wall street! All the ready capital she possessed! After which she mortgaged every acre of ground she owned—and lost again!

Then came the death of the gentle poetess, Fanny Parnell, the "Parnell of the pen."

"Madam, I had two plans of life before me—the excise and farming. I thought by the glimmering of my own prudence the excise was the most eligible scheme, but all my great friends, and particularly you, were decidedly, and therefore decided me, for farming. My master, Mr. Miller, out of a real, though mistaken benevolence, sought me industriously out to set me in this farm, as he said, to give me a lease which would make me comfortable and easy. * * * I was a stranger to the country, the farm, the soil, and so ventured on a bargain that, instead of being comfortable, is and will be a very hard bargain, if at all practicable. I am sorry to tell you this, madam, but it is a damning truth."

We found Caracas to be a Spanish-American city of the first class, with a suggestion of the boulevards, and Venezuela a country that possessed a history of her own and an academy of wise men and artists and a Pantheon for her heroes. I suppose we should have known that this was so before we visited Venezuela, but as we did not we felt as though we were discovering a new country for ourselves. It was interesting to find statues of men, of whom none of us had ever heard, and who were distinguished for something else than military successes, men who had made discoveries in science and medicine and who had written learned books; to find the latest devices for comfort of a civilized community and with them the records of a fierce struggle for independence, a long period of disorganization, where the church had the master hand, and then a rapid advance in the habits and customs of enlightened nations. There are the most curious combinations and contrasts, showing on one side a pride of country and an eagerness to emulate the customs of stable governments, and on the other hand evidences of the southern hot-blooded temperament and dislike of restraint.—Harper's Magazine.



FANNY ISABEL PARNELL, I. IN 1870, commission," the "Parnell-O'Shea scandal," the death of the "Irish leader" and the disaster of the Land League movement, and the hopes of the Irish people hopelessly blasted, it seemed, for all time.

The Parnell family were now in comparative poverty, ruin and ignominy, and the aged mother in sorrow and woe. During the administration of General Harrison the venerable woman was voted a pension of \$150 every three months, with which she has endeavored to pay off some of her creditors, economizing greatly to do so.

She prides herself upon her talent for cooking, and can make forty different kinds of soups. She also excels in needlework, dressmaking and tapestry. This great woman claims that she rendered very valuable services in helping to elect Grover Cleveland to his first term, when the scales barely turned in his favor, for she is an orator of rare ability, perfect delivery, elegant in expression, and she knew how to use it for Cleveland.

The daughter of "Old Ironsides" is now in her 80th year. She can sew and read without glasses, and is still deeply interested in the world's politics. Her daughters and sons wish her to join them in either England or Ireland, but her heart is in America, and she wishes to die under the Stars and Stripes. At present she contemplates a visit to England and Ireland, but from the Trinity Hospital she will join friends in Trenton.

Sponged Their Whisky.

Two tramps in a neighboring town hit upon a novel plan to get some whisky. They went into a saloon with a gallon jug and had it filled with liquor and offered a dollar in payment. Of course the bartender refused to accept the money and emptied the liquor back into the barrel and the tramps took the jug and departed. Later they were seen to break the earthen vessel over a stone and squeeze out over a pint of liquor from the sponges which had been placed on the inside.

DARK DAYS FOR BURNS.

His Hatred for Farming—An Unfortunate Choice.

As it is always darkest before the dawn, the year which was the most critical in Burns' life, and which was destined to give birth to his better fortune, opened with peculiar and unmitigated dreariness, says the Fortnightly Review. The Kilmarnock edition of 1786 appeared while the poet was "skulking from covert to covert" to avoid the jail, with which Jean Armour's father threatened him; his rustic d'etre was the earning of sufficient money to pay his passage to Jamaica. Having "pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly 20 pounds," Burns took a final farewell of his friends. Indeed—

"My chest was on my way to Greenock when a letter from Mr. Blacklock (of Edinburgh) to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes by opening up new prospects to my poetic ambition."

His fame was, in fact, spreading rapidly. Farm laborers and servant girls expended their hard earned wages on the purchase of his poems, and the name of "The Ayrshire Plowman" began to be noised among members of wealthier and more cultivated circles. The first person to extend him the right hand of fellowship was Dugald Stewart; the second was Mrs. Dunlop. Their friendship came with all the charms of a novelty, which is yet not strange, but supplies a long-felt though indefinable need, while, in the latter case, Burns' proud and independent soul was gratified by the knowledge that the obligation was not all on his side, but that Mrs. Dunlop and her friends had reason to be indebted to the poet's spells.

After two winters spent in Edinburgh, which seem to have given the poet more disappointment and disgust than gratification, Burns married "his Jean," and settled at Ellisland, an upland farm on the Dalrymple estate, six miles from Dumfries. To this Ellisland period, i. e., from 1788 to 1791, most of the unpublished letters to Mrs. Dunlop belong. They are chiefly interesting as indicating Burns' real views on his ex-cise post and his distaste to farming. There were bad times in the eighteenth as in the nineteenth century; and in a letter of March 25, 1789, we hear Burns raising the farmers' customary complaint:

"Madam, I had two plans of life before me—the excise and farming. I thought by the glimmering of my own prudence the excise was the most eligible scheme, but all my great friends, and particularly you, were decidedly, and therefore decided me, for farming. My master, Mr. Miller, out of a real, though mistaken benevolence, sought me industriously out to set me in this farm, as he said, to give me a lease which would make me comfortable and easy. * * * I was a stranger to the country, the farm, the soil, and so ventured on a bargain that, instead of being comfortable, is and will be a very hard bargain, if at all practicable. I am sorry to tell you this, madam, but it is a damning truth."

In Caracas.

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Dead Ants' Heads Put to Use.

One curious fact about an ant is that the grip of its jaws or mandibles is retained for hours or even days after death. Knowing this fact has enabled the Indians of Brazil to put the heads of dead ants to use in their simple surgery. The sides of a wound are drawn together and the necessary number of large ants are held with their heads to the ridge directly over the gash; when their jaws come together on the place where the skin has been separated the insect's head is pinched off and left clinging to the severed skin, which they hold together until the wound is perfectly healed.—St. Louis Republic.

Monogram Fans for Young Women.

Seal and monogram fans are a notion of the moment among young women, still in their teens. A plain white or delicately tinted fan is selected, and the gay seals are arranged upon it with what taste may be. If monograms are hoarded, it is those that decorate instead of the wax impressions. A "trip" fan means the record of a winter journey, and holds on its sticks the pretty imprints with which all first-class hotels now stamp their stationery. If a European trip has been undertaken, so much the better, as that insures steamship and other effective insignia.

To prevent a further spread of scarlet fever all the school children in Saco, Me., had to submit to a bath of carbolic water the other evening.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII, FEB 16—THE GREAT HELPER—LUKE 7:12-16.

Golden Text: "They glorified God, saying a Great Prophet Has Come Among Us"—Luke 7:16—Jesus Raising the Dead.



THE LESSON FOR today comes the second month of the great Galilean ministry—Christ and his Apostles—Mistaken Men. A. D. 28. Places, Capernaum and Nain. Tiberius Caesar emperor, Pontius Pilatus governor. Jesus now thirty-two years old. John the Baptist still held a prisoner by Herod at Castle Macherus. Incited by the tribunes and News givers of Paganism the ignorant people believed that the tribunes and heralds were telling the truth. They could not see that they were the mouthpieces of the Pagan Monarchs who dreaded the overthrow of their system of government as inferred from the teachings of Jesus. He taught equality. They taught inequality. Yet the people believed the tribunes and began to clamor for the execution of the Redeemer. The text of today's lesson is as follows:

1. And a certain centurion's servant, who was dear unto him, was sick, and ready to die.

2. And when he heard of Jesus, he sent unto him the elders of the Jews, beseeching him that he would come and heal his servant.

3. And when they came to Jesus, they brought him instantly, saying, That he was worthy for whom he should do this: For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue.

4. Then Jesus went with them. And when he was now not far from the house, the centurion sent friends to him, saying unto him, Lord, trouble not thyself; for I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof:

5. Wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee; but say in a word, and my servant shall be healed.

6. For I also am a man, and have authority, having under me soldiers, and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.

7. When Jesus heard these things, he marvelled at him, and turned him about, and said unto the people that followed him, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.

8. And they that were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole that had been sick.

9. And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people.

10. Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and much people of the city was with her.

11. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not.

12. And he came and touched the bier; and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.

13. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother.

14. And there came a fear on all; and they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us; and that God had visited his people.

Lack of space forbids the introduction of all explanatory notes from today's lesson. The most important ones are as follows:

6. "Then Jesus went with them," as he would answer any call of help. But more than this, the plea of the Jewish delegates showed that this centurion had faith, and was prepared to receive larger spiritual blessings. "To him that hath shall be given." "He was worthy" in this sense, not in the sense that his gifts deserved the blessing asked. So he felt himself "I am not worthy." His humility was as great as his faith. The two naturally abide together in the same soul.

7. "Say in a word," showing the unusual greatness of the centurion's faith. The centurion's faith was "an invincible highway for the saving eagles of the great Imperator."—Lange.

8. "For I also," like Jesus, but in another sphere, "am a man set under authority." He had power, indeed, but it was authorized and delegated to him, or derived from the powers above him, such as the tribunes or chief captains (Acts 21: 31) of the legion. "Mark the centurion's conception of the position of Jesus, as authorized, and therefore authoritative."—Mortimer. Dr. Horton renders this phrase as referring to the authority that is upon him, "I am vested with authority," "authority is put upon me." "I say unto one, Go, and he goeth." My word is all power in the ranks which I command. Military service demands instant, unquestioning obedience. The centurion believes that Jesus has such power over the unseen forces, over diseases, over angels and spirits.

9. "Jesus" is marveled. He was filled with admiration at the centurion's faith. No such faith had been manifested before anywhere, and now it appeared not in a Jew, but a Gentile. Only on one other occasion is it said that Jesus marveled, and that was at the power of faith when it was expected (Mark 6: 5). In the report of Matthew (8: 13) follows an earnest warning to the Jews, and comfort to the Gentiles, based on this fact.

10. "Found the servant whole," restored to health. The authoritative word had gone forth, as the centurion had expected.

11. "Touched the bier," of wickerwork.—Ebersheim. "It was carried above the heads of the bearers," and so easily touched. "Touching the bier was a sign to the bearers to stop, which they at once did."—E. W. Rice, D. D. "Young man . . . arise." This was the word of power, which recalled the soul to the body, like the voice that on the resurrection day all the dead shall hear and obey.

12. "He delivered him," better as R. V. He gave him "to his mother." She had lost him, and Jesus gave him back, made a present of him, as it were.

13. "And there came a fear on all." A reverential awe, not terror, but a sense of solemnity in the presence of one who was a messenger from God, and had such power to enforce his words. "A great prophet is risen up among us." They did not say that he was the Messiah, but certainly he came to stop, which they at once did. "God hath visited his people." Come near to teach, to help, to deliver them.

THE AUTHORS.

DeFee is said to have written "Robinson Crusoe" in six months.

Cowper required three days for the production of "John Gilpin."

Motley took six years to write "The Rise of the Dutch Republic."

George Eliot is said to have written "Middlemarch" in four months.

Eugene Sue required eighteen months to produce "Wandering Jew."

Hawthorne spent from six months to a year in the composition of each of his romances.