STUDENTS' FRIEND.

A DEALER IN COLORS IN THE LATIN QUARTER OF PARIS.

Many Artists Who Have "Arrived" Owe Much to M. Foinet's Love of Art and Benevolence—The Popular Suppers Given In His Little Shop.

If an art student of the Latin Quarter knows not M. Foinet, that student is but a humble creature, pitifully new to the republic of painters. And who is Foinet? He has a little shop in an ancient winding street of the old quarter, the Rue Notre Dame de Champs, and there keeps colors for the accommodation of impecunious painters. It is a little shop truly, with a bandbox of a salle a manger just behind, the minute salon and living rooms above, but many a celebrity laid the foundation for his fame in the pigments cheerily furnished by Foinet. Now 63, good nature and the wholesome reflection of his benevolence from the fancies of a thousand friends have kept this marchand de couleurs to the appearance of 40. His youthfulness remarked, "Ah," he says, with a twinkle of his kindly blue eyes, "it keeps one in good color to deal in good colors!" As he deals only in the best of colors, "those fit for the making of masterpieces," it is quite in keeping that he should have the rosy freshness that reddish hair and mustache complement, and which seem to belong only to the glow of vigor still in flower.

"Having had twoscore years of experience in the trade that is so closely akin to art, Foinet has more the character of an artist than of a tradesman, and a glance around the walls of his costly establishment betrays who are his friends among those who have "arrived." Here are pieces by Dataille, by Bonnat, by Jean Paul Laurens, by Carolus-Duran, by Cazin, by Geri Melchers, by Chretien, by Paul Steck, by Yongind (whose little pieces have sold for as much as 3,000 and 4,000 francs each since his death), the original of Fragonard's "La Balancoire," evidences enough of Foinet's intimate relations with artists who, famous afterward, have been indebted to the man of colors for many a sustaining kindness.

A veritable patron, Mæcenas of points, it is necessary that Foinet be well to do, and well to do he is, and with the means to gratify his benevolence he has also the taste to minister comfort to the refined appetite. Foinet's little suppers in the shop are as celebrated as Foinet himself, and to be bidden to one of them is a mark of distinction—an honor the mbitious youth covets, a courtesy the most successful esteems. The suppers are served in the shop, and wines of choice vintage, served in bottles crusted with cellar mold, are so liberally dispensed that sobriety at the end of the evening is accounted an insult to the host. Bacchus is the presiding deity ever, and when his votaries revolve into the salon where coffee is poured it is not permitted that one of them be able perfectly to declare how many candles are burning. Yet woe to the culprit who has so weak a head that he riots in his cups. Foinet values him and his prospects not a jot. Men who have it in them to "arrive" will not slander good wine by playing the fool under it, is Foinet's opinion.

If a carefully watched young painter suddenly gets well hung or captures somewhere a medal, the color merchant, radiant over the achievement, gives one of these notable suppers in honor of his protege, and the result is much the same as when Beau Brummel made a man by taking his arm for a walk in the Mall. The supper is the confession of faith—Foinet's intimation that he believes the painter has, to all intents and purposes, "arrived," though he says one requires 15 years in which really "to arrive." What a phrase that is! How significant! And what a vast force it has in the French world of art and letters! "He'll arrive." No higher compliment may be spoken by master of pupil. "He has arrived." The crown is on his head. And so Foinet, who has seen so many men "arrive" and knows by a sort of masterly intuition who is likely to "arrive," has that superb patience and that unwavering confidence which are necessary to make either a great genius or a noble creditor.

Let any student with talent only as a grain of mustard seed and with it honest perseverance go to Foinet, and the ruby faced patron will trust him till the light goes out of the moon or floods into the painter's atelier. Indeed, Foinet is as little in love with a sensitive debtor as he is with a too temperate banqueter.

Be it understood that more than one art student in the Quartier Latin would find it impossible to pursue his or her studies were it not for the philanthropic Foinet, who gives them credit month after month for their paints and has the grace of soul not to impose upon them the martyrdom of debt. Paints are expensive, and some students who have barely enough for bread would fare ill for working materials but for this simple hearted and genuine bienfaiteur in the old fashioned street near the Luxembourg. That this frank generosity is not ignobly betrayed may be inferred from the fact of the dealer's comparative opulence. Nevertheless he will shake his head in compassionate sadness as he says: "There are too many students of art who ought to be students of agriculture. They could mow landscapes better than they can paint them. It is sad to see one quite without talent struggling to succeed in an art that has no pity whatever for mediocrity. But"—And that shrug of the shoulders which is more eloquent and more impressive than a monologue.—Chicago Times-Herald.

All In Unison.

Marble Dealer—Shall I put on the tombstone, "We Mourn Our Loss?"

Chorus of Heirs (cut out of the will)—Yes and spell "loss" with poster sheet letters.—Buffalo Times.

GARISH BOOK BINDINGS.

They Are In Bad Taste and Are Disliked by Bookworm and Scholar.

Books have a right to be, first of all, books, not purveyors of whimsies in color and design. As matters are at this moment three-quarters of the new books look more like some strange entree at a feast than like everyday edibles. You take up one, and it has the air of a curious ragout; there are unknown fragments of design floating in a sauce of queer elemental color. The next one has an air as honest as apple sauce at first glance; 'tis a pale greenish thing, but presently you see that the trail of a serpent is over all its border. And who can hope for content from a dish thus garnished?

Again a book, and this one burns bright red and yellow, like a pudding on fire with cognac, which is all very well for a pudding. Another has a cover which looks like a resisting beefsteak pounded by the stern hand of fate in a boarding house; another reminds you irresistibly of coffee wherein chickory has too much inserted its diluting aid and cream is missing But, first and last, the new books are ever more prone to resemble small plots of deceptive stage verdure than honest, simple souled books. It is impossible to help doubting the value of the literary pasturage to be found in such inclosures. Fortunately one is sometimes most joyously deceived. Authors have little "say" concerning the garb of their volumes, and often—good luck to them—they rise superior to the mechanical makers of books and rejoice the souls of their readers in spite of the bindings.

And it must be repeated that in the present bizarre and excessive fancies in binding there is seed of abounding hope for the future. Publishers are groping for something; few of them know what. But they will learn, and the world will be made glad by a genuine revival in the lovely old half forgotten craft of bookbinding. In that happy coming day there will be great honor for the men who lead the taste of this country toward better things in bookbinding, simpler and saner and more sincere.—Boston Transcript.

QUESTION OF LUCK.

A Citation That Clinched the Other Side of the Argument.

"I hate to hear people say there's no such thing as luck," remarked the melancholy Mr. Dolittle.

"I don't see why," his wife rejoined.

"Because it isn't true," he returned with asperity. "A man can go on trying and trying and never get along, and some other person will go ahead and tumble into good things without making any effort whatever."

"Hiram, no great man has succeeded without hard work."

"That's the kind of talk you always hear. But nine times out of ten it is all owing to the opportunity that presented itself. Fortune just seems to lie in wait to kidnap some men. Look at Sir Isaac Newton. His name is handed down from generation to generation. And why? Simply because he was sitting under a tree, and an apple happened to drop on him. You can't pretend that a man is in a position to claim superior merit simply because, through no action or preference of his own, he gets hit in the head with an apple, can you?"

"No, Hiram."

"Then don't tell me about there not being any such thing as luck."

"It seems to me that you've chosen a poor example in support of your argument. The case of Isaac Newton goes to show that the difference is in the people. If it had been some men that I know of instead of Newton, the first thing they would have done after the apple fell would have been to go into the house and moan for the arnica bottle; then they would have spent two or three hours of precious time talking about their bad luck."—Washington Star.

Clocks With Nerves.

There is one disadvantage about very tall buildings which is being noticed by the occupants. It is perhaps a small disadvantage, but still is worth considering, as it involves some annoyance to those who have not made provision for it.

The trouble referred to is the stopping of pendulum clocks by the vibration of the buildings. Many a pendulum clock that has kept accurate time for years in old fashioned low structures has refused to run at all when moved into some one of the new tall steel framed buildings in the lower part of the city. On the lower floors of the buildings the clocks run fairly well, but when higher up in the buildings they become more whimsical and on the top floors will not run at all.—New York Times.

He Responded.

The late archbishop of Canterbury had a favorite dog named Watch. Once, as he lay on the mat at the open door of the chapel, the archbishop read impressively this sentence of the Scripture lesson, "What I say unto you I say unto you all—watch." The dog sprang up, came forward and lay down before the reading desk at his master's feet. One hearer at least heeded the lesson and responded.—Congregationalist.

He Got the Place.

Great Editor—You have your theory, of course, as to how newspapers should be conducted?

Applicant (fresh from college)—Not the slightest, sir.

Great Editor (amazed)—Is it possible? My dear sir, you can have your pick of any department in this office—that is, if you have not already arranged with a museum.—Buffalo Times.

A Sprinting Match.

Governor — You've been running ahead of your allowance, Jack.

Jack—I know it, dad. I've been hoping for a long time that the allowance would strengthen up enough to overtake me.—Household Words.

A MEXICAN NEW WOMAN.

She Is a Thoroughly Capable and Careful Railroad Station Agent.

There are many things of interest along the line of railroad between Puebla and Oaxaca, Mexico, but few attract the northern traveler more than the station agent at Etla. This is Concha Bianca, a young woman with honest brown eyes and a great mass of wavy black hair. Etla, her post of duty, is the place where the Indians flock from the mountains for 100 miles around for their annual feasts, and also the shipping point for the big haciendas in the fertile valleys among these same mountains. When the train stops at Etla in the dark, a young woman in white, for Senorita Concha dresses to match her surname, stands at the door of the express car, lantern in hand, checking the packages on the big receipt book. When the freight train stops, she flits in and out of the long line of cars, telling the brakemen what to take and what to leave. She goes from one end of the train to the other, seeing that no mistakes are made. The bareheaded girl in a white dress is full of business. She wastes no time on empty words. The trainmen respect her. She does everything about the station but handle the baggage. There are plenty of stout Mexicans of the other sex hanging about for that work.

Concha Bianca is so well esteemed by the management of the road that she has been twice promoted, until now she has one of the most important stations under her care. She does all the telegraphing, besides attending to the receiving and shipping of freight. It was her knowledge of telegraphing that got the young woman her first recognition. Her father and two brothers were operators. She learned to use the key. A station was given to her where there was not much to do besides the telegraphing. Her aptitude for railroad work attracted the attention of General Manager Morcom, and the promotion followed. Concha Bianca lives in the station. Her mother keeps house for her, and a younger sister sits at the telegraph table learning the vocation of the new woman in Mexico. The conductors have got in the way of pointing out to travelers Senorita Concha along with the ruins of the ancient city on the mountain top, the site where the battle of Tehuacan was fought, the hieroglyphics on the cliff at the entrance to Rio Salada canyon and other objects of interest.—Chicago Chronicle.

Chinese Royalty.

The present emperor of China is Huang Hsu, who succeeded to the throne Jan. 12, 1875. He was one of the youngest monarchs who ever ascended the throne, being at the date of accession only 3 years old. There have been 22 dynasties in China, the royal history of this country being better ascertained than that of any other which reaches back to ancient times. With some few breaks, the Chinese have had a regular succession of sovereigns since Fuhhi, who, the Chinese say, reigned from B. C. 2852 to 2737. According to Chinese tradition, Fuhhi was no less a personage than the Noah of the Scriptures, who, after leaving his ark on Mount Ararat, traveled east and founded the Chinese empire. Chinese history asserts that several of their early monarchs ruled for over a century each; one reigning over China for 115 years, another for 102, another for 100, and so on. It is considered probable by historians that these figures represent rather dynasties than the reigns of individual sovereigns. China has had in almost direct descent, with no more than two or three breaks in the history of the royal family, 33 sovereigns, 92 emperors, 2 Tartar rulers, 6 Mogul emperors and 3 empresses.

What Rules the World.

Many years ago John Brougham, Lester Wallack, Artemus Ward and others used to meet after the play at Windhurst's, in Park row. One night the question, "What rules the world?" arose, and various opinions were expressed. William Ross Wallace, who was present, retired before long, and some time later called Thomas J. Leigh from the room and handed to him a poem which he had just written. Mr. Leigh read it aloud to the company, and Mr. Brougham made a happy little speech of acknowledgment. The thing was entitled "What Rules the World," and the first stanza ran:

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be.
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled,
And the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

—Kate Louise Roberts in Critic.

The Old Man's Decision.

"I dunno what to do with him," said the old gentleman. "He won't work, he won't study, spends half the day fishin and the other half loafin, smashes the crockery ware if the breakfast don't suit him and walks and talks in his sleep. I've had seven doctors to examine him, and they're all at sea about him. So I've just arrived at the conclusion that he's one of these darned long haired geniuses that's built to write books and have monuments on the installment plan when they die of starvation!"—Atlanta Constitution.

She'd Go Through It.

"How I would love," said the oldest and much the heaviest of the Snigsby girls, "to sit on yonder snowy cloud and float across the azure empyrean! Wouldn't it be a daring experience to ride on a cloud?"

"Yes," said young Mr. Mallow as he looked at the cloud in question, "but I'm sure you'd go through it all right."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

More Eloquent.

"They say there is character shown in the way a man combs his hair."

"Well, I think that often there is more character shown in the way he doesn't comb it."—Detroit Free Press.

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ORDER NISI.

Randolph Barton, attorney,
vs.
Edward L. Key et al.

In the Circuit Court for Talbot County in Equity.

Ordered this 7th day of January, A. D. 1897, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by Randolph Barton, attorney, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 4th day of March next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Talbot county once in each of three successive weeks before the 1st day of February next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $13,000.

WILFRED BATEMAN, Clerk.

True copy. Test:
WILFRED BATEMAN, Clerk.

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