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Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past Nov. 29-tf.

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Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery,
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To prevent needless delays, patients may, in person or by mail, make engagements for any hour or date desired, if not already engaged.
I will be at Rock Hall, every Thursday and may be found at the residence of Mr. Bartus J. Wilkins, Jr. All persons desiring first-class work are invited to call.
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All business intrusted to his care will receive careful and prompt attention.

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Repair Work a Specialty.
Horseshoeing 50 Cents;
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WATTIE McKNETT,
Sept. 3, 1896. URIEVILLE, MARYLAND.

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Monthly Illustrated
Edited by ALBERT SHAW

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THE BABY'S COMFORT, THE MOTHER'S FRIEND.
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growers of **fruits, berries,** and all kinds of **vegetables,** know that the largest yields and best quality are produced by the liberal use of fertilizers containing at **least 10% of**

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USE ONLY THE
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and your Meat will keep for an indefinite length of time pure and sweet. We have been very successful with it for the past two seasons.

Mr. Max Price came in the store a few days ago with a glowing report about it, and stated to us that since he had been using it his Meat kept well. No sign of skippers or worms of any kind in it. I have come for more, said he. Tell everybody it is the best thing out.

Remember, use only the
"ALBATROSS BRAND,"
if you wish good results.

COLIN F. STAM,
DRUGGIST.

A LARGE LINE OF
FURNITURE!
WINDOW SHADES,
Paints, Oils and Glass,
IS CARRIED BY
Percy T. McFeely,
CHESTERTOWN, MD
CITY PRICES on All Goods.

A NOBLE SACRIFICE.

In the Leisure Hour, Miss Christain Burke writes a little poem, which is as follows:

He was only a little rough dog——and yet, when he died,
I laid my face on my arms wet with tears that I strove to hide:
The years seem so lonely dark, and the world so empty and wide.

'Twas such a tender heart!——few had loved me so much before:
Would any love me as well ere the long day's march was o'er?——
For he gave his life for mine, and the best friend couldn't do more!

We were lost on the snow-clad waste, in the teeth of a driving storm;
My senses had almost fail'd, but I felt his shivering form.
As he crept up close to my breast and struggled to keep me warm.

On a sudden he left me; far-off came his short, sharp bark, down the blast—
It seemed like my one hope gone, and death's bitterness well-nigh past;
But he found his way to the town and brought back help at last.

How he told them I marvel still, but he said it as plain as he could;
The need was desperate enough and, somehow, they understood.
We boast of our human speech, but a beast's may be just as good!

They brought us both to the inn, to the firelight's ruddy glow.
And I felt my life given back from the pitiless grip of the snow;
But the dog lay before the hearth, with laboring breath and slow.

'Twas a race with death, too fast and too far he ran, they said;
I knelt down close by his side, and he lifted his shaggy head
With one gleam in his wistful eyes, and then with a gasp, was dead.

'Twas many a year ago, and the best of friends must part;
Yet sometimes I think I hear him, and rouse myself with a start—
He was only a dog, but he loved me with the whole of his faithful heart.

THE NEWSPAPER.

A Pen-Picture of the Modern Newspaper.

Newspapers have never been properly understood since the the time when Ben. Franklin essayed the art of printing. There are very few who, amid all the discussion of "the power of the press," as it exists to-day, have ever really attempted to seek the cause which gave it birth, or the ultimate influence which it exerts. Correctly regarded, the newspaper is not an engine wielded by a few hands for the convenience of the many, because its operations are not, as in the case of other professions, the result of a distinct class of minds, individually and entirely responsible for its tone, but, on the contrary, a reflex of every mind, the exponent of every principle, and there is not an intelligent being who draws breath in this country, who is not indirectly an editor. We don't want any Harry Furness entertainers or caricaturists from Albion to teach us either how to fill the editorial chair or furnish facetions outlines in pencil flourishes for the wisdom or folly of our reading or scanning public.

The wise men of past ages believed that every portion of the mental or physical structure of every man and woman corresponded to some portion of the great world in which they lived, and that its changes were sympathetically signified in them. This little world of *microcosm* forms no unapt parallel for the press as it exists in a free country, where every voice, every opinion and every development in the great age of the popular mind is chronicled, and forms the being of that *multum in parvo* called the daily and weekly newspaper.

It is a strong point in the practical portion of a *Cousin's* philosophy, that the *great man* is the product of the age, and that *those men are most worthy who best represent the spirit of the age in which they live.* Were the editor less nearly identified with the people whose views he sets forth, we should soon see the calling regarded in a singularly different light from that in which it is seen to-day.

It was believed at one time that books were the only legitimate source of knowledge, and there is still a lurking prejudice in the minds of untutored men against the mind that relies on "*those fly leaves*" composing a newspaper for general information. And yet, just think of it, what a vast proportion of intelligent and higly educated men and women there are who, with a reputation for much general knowledge, which they firmly believe came from their libraries, have in reality *unconsciously* extracted nine-tenths of it from ephemeral literature of newspapers and magazines. In fact, there is hardly a branch in science or art, philosophy, opinion or doctrine, which has not its literary representative in some daily or weekly newpaper.

The newspaper is peculiarly the production of the present age. Men have become busier now than they were in the older time—they have less leisure for acquiring information, and still to pass current in society they are required to know far more than they once did, and to be *au fait* on a number of topics, which would require years of study if drawn from the pages of books. For such men and such requirements the newspaper is one of the greatest essentials. In such a publication we have concentrated and reduced to the most appreciable measure, all that knowledge on any subject necessary to a fair comprehension of at leasts its general scope and character.

The newspaper, though somewhat aged, is yet too modern a product to be fully developed or even understood by the masses. It chronicles a vast amount of local idioms, either of thought or language; it sets forth the true spirit of the people, and forms *the best basis for the history of the present day.* It has been conjectured that many expressions which we have admired in Shakespeare as original, were in reality but the current phrases of his times, probably unnoticed in his day, but now admired for their quaintness. In every language and in every age, a vast amount of true humor and good poetry have been permitted to perish for the want of a chronicle such as the newspapers of to-day. And yet, it is this element which indicates the true character of the age, and reveals to the critical student a thousand singular mysteries indicative of higher things. No man need, in a word, be ashamed to confess that he owes very much to the reading of newspapers. The greatest talent of the age not unfrequently wields his pen for the columns of our weekly newspapers, and the names and number of their *incog* supporters would surprise the uninitiated. It is said a little penny publication has actually educated many minds which would otherwise have remained in ignorance.

I believe it was Dr. Chambers who said: "There has been in the newspapers a mighty advance of late years in the talent and whole staple of their literature and general information." And all who read them well know they teem with eloquence of the highest order—inasmuch that were one now to compile a volume of extracts, under the title of "*Beauties, or Specimens of Modern Classics.*" he need not be at any loss to find editorial articles in any of our journals, which would outrival the finest paragraphs of a Johnston, a Milton or an Addison. They are precisely such effusions as might be expected from the highest minds, lured into the service of great capitalists and proprietors, by offers of the highest remuneration; and so if the subject happened to be of one they have mastered and thoroughly studied in all its bearings, we are presented with compositions which, in respect to matter, are charaterized by a deep and sound philosophy, and which in respect to electrical style, and charm even astonish the readers, by the magical powers and combinations of a most fertile phraseology. Even on subjects that they have not studied, but on which they are called to write by the exigencies of the day if they often fall in apprehending the just and true principles of the question at issue—still in the course of their rapid and extemporaneous sentences, are we as often presented with the impressive plausabilities and salient features of any argument. It is thus that, while powerful organs, for givnig a right direction to public, popular sentiments, they must be alike in giving currency and diffusion to error, and in maintaining for a time at least, the ascendency of a mischievous delusion over the understandings of a community at large. But it is no argument the expediency of the press, that it can be, or has been, perverted to evil purposes. As much and more can be urged against oratory, or any mediums for conveying thought. Thanks, a thousand thanks for the American newspapers, appearing as they do as the educational, instructive and interesting mediums for a free people.

JAMES S. WATKINS.

A SAD MISHAP TO A MUSK-RAT SPORTSMAN.

A party of three Chestertown young men, armed with three double-barreled guns, started at about 1 A. M. last Tuesday morning on a musk-rat hunt. They secured a small boat and steered for Morgan's creek. All went well until the musk-rat grounds were reached. Then the most ambitious member of the party, seized his trusty gun, and planting himself in the prow of the boat, stood, watching for game. Tuesday morning the air was nipping and the mercury in the thermometer stoon just about at the freezing point. The young man in the prow wore a thick overcoat. The placid waters of Morgan's creek, with just a suggestion of an icy skim, glimmered in the moonlight.

The steersman gave a sudden pull, the boat gave a sudden lurch, and the young man in the prow suddenly went overboard, and disappeared beneath the placid waters. He soon came to the surface again, bearing aloft his trusty gun. He found, however, that weighed down with a soaked overcoat he could not pull himself back into the boat, without danger of capsizing it. In this dilema, he held to the side of the boat, and was slowly towed to the shore, getting thoroughly soaked. When he reached the shore, he built a fire, and took off his wet garments and hung them on a peach box to dry. The spectacle is one calculated to touch the sympathies of the most hard-shell reader,—clad only in his own innocence and a flannel undershirt, at three o'clock in the morning, with an air freezing cold, three miles away from home, drying his soaked garments hung on a peach box in front of a cat-tail fire. We are pleased to note that the young man arrived home safely, without a single musk-rat, however, and put in an appearance at breakfast time, smiling and happy. When his friends interviewed him on the subject of muskrat, he smiled a sad far off smile.

The above mishap to three Chestertown gunners is taken from an old file. Many musk-rats have died since then and gone over the "dark river;" the gunners have become scattered, but fortunately no insurance policy has as yet been collected by any of their heirs or assigns.

GLIMPSE OF MEXICAN LIFE.

Extract From a Letter Written by a Former Kent County Lady.

CATSKILL, COLFAX CO., NEW MEXICO.

The climate of El Paso, Texas, is so lovely I could sit on the porch and gather woodbine blossoms in February, and the old town of Juarez just across the Rio Grande is a perfect store-house of curios. One felt as if stepping into another world, hundreds of years old. The old church of Guadaloupe stands just as it did 300 years ago, even the rope made of cat-gut hanging from the bell is there in its antiquity.

Sitting among the tombs and at the church entrance, are the most miserable old mendicants, imploring alms—Some of them are said to be over a hundred years of age. Little Mexican children flock around visitors with bunches of chrysanthemiums for sale for which they expect a penny.

Every Sunday afternoon during the winter are the bull-fights. Crowds of people go and witness them, and every phase of Spanish, Indian, and Mexican type is represented. I never saw any of the women wear a hat or bonnet of any kind, if their heads were covered it was with a scarf or shawl, and the men wore sombreros and blankets of gay colors.

Women gamble in broad day light right out in the Plaza. Wretchedness and vice abound—But it is all so openly done that after a while one doesn't notice it.

MRS. MARIA E. ROSEBERRY.

The Most Beautiful Woman.

In her book of Irish beauties Mrs. Gerard quotes Gladstone's story of the surpassing charms of Mrs. Dillon, who kept a furnishing goods store on a fashionable street in Dublin. One day the beautiful Duchess of Rutland, the Viceroy's wife, drove up in a grand carriage, went into the shop and, looking hard at Mrs. Dillon, who was behind the counter, said: "Yes, you are the most beautiful woman in three kingdoms!" She then immediately left the shop. It was conjugal jealousy, excited by the Duke's praise of the fair Irishwoman, that occasioned the visit.

Do You Dance To-Night?
Shake into your Shoes Allen's Foot-ease, a powder that makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures Corns, Chilblains and Sweating Feet. At druggists and Shoe Stores 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Leroy, N. Y.

W. C. T. U. DEPARTMENT.

Cambridge, Mass., with a population of eighty thousand, has not had a saloon for ten years.

***

The *National Watchman* says that England has $91,000,000 invested in breweries in the United States, and last year she took out of the country as beer receipts $8,000,000 *in gold.*

***

The United States Brewers' Association numbers one thousand members, and has a capital of three hundred million dollars.

***

Among the many kind farewell letters received by our Y round the world missionary, Miss Parish, none was more unique than the following from Mr. John G. Woolley: "Since you expect to 'inherit the earth,' I am glad you can go around your property. It is a pity that the gospel which you are to preach to the heathen is despised and rejected in the politics of your own country, but you can do what other satellites do—go round your world and shine. God bless you!"

***

Dr. J. H. Funk, of the New York *Voice*, sent the following telegraphic greeting to Miss Willard, after the St. Louis Convention: "Congratulations on re-election. Glad you stand by every political party that stands by prohibition. Let the twentieth century be the triumphant century for Christ."

***

The National Executive Committee, in its meeting, Nov. 18, instructed the corresponding secretary to send telegrams of greeting to Hon. Joshua Levering and Hon. Chas. E. Bentley, candidates for the Presidency on the Prohibition and National tickets. The following were sent: To Joshua Levering—"The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union executive sends paternal greetings. The old guard dies, but never surrenders." To Chas. E. Bently—"The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union executive sends paternal greetings. Two heads in council; two beside the hearth."

***

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., F. R. S. honorary physician to the Royal Literary Fund, the Newspaper Press Fund and the National Society of Schoolmasters, and a warm advocate of the temperance cause, died in London, November 21.

***

Liquor dealers, as well as prohibition workers, recognize that the great stumbling-block in the way of temperance reform in 'heathen' lands, as well as in our own, is the attitude of Christian governments toward the liquor traffic. Speaking of the slow progress of the total abstinence sentiment among the natives of India, *Medas Critenan*, a New York weekly journal, says that temperance workers are at "once confronted with this question which is invariably propounded by the natives; 'If liquor is so bad, why does the government allow it to be sold in the *gutas* (saloons)? This the reformers are unable to answer, and the natives keep on with their drink." We wonder which will receive the greater condemnation at the hands of Him who judges "righteous judgment,"—the Turk, who in the name of "religion," butchers his thousands, or the Christian citizen, who, in the name of "revenue," destroys his tens of thousands.

***

There is nothing discouraging to Prohibitionists in the result of the election. . . . . Whether we gain or lose will make no difference in our plans for the future. There are about a quarter of a million of us who will stand for the honor of the church and the country anywhere, and whenever another quarter of a million of conscience voters join us, we can force our issue to a fair trial at the ballot-box."—JOHN G. WOOLLEY.

A ROUGH EXPERIENCE.

A Narrow Escape From Drowning in Langford's Bay.

Walter Fletcher, a prominent farmer of Quaker Neck, met with a thrilling adventure on Tuesday morning of last week. He took his wife and two children in a sleigh across Langford's Bay in the morning, and intended to recross the same way in the afternoon. The bay at this point is very deep and about a quarter of a mile wide. When the party arrived at the bay on the return, the wife hesitated and insisted upon walking across, and, taking the oldest child, started on the journey. The father, with the younger child, ventured upon the ice a second time, and when about 20 yards from the shore, the fearful sound of cracking ice told of peril, and instantly the horse went down in 12 feet of water. Mr. Fletcher snatched his child out of the sleigh and took it to the shore. Then, with some neighbors who came to the rescue with axes, the vehicle and horse were gotten out of the water and hauled ashore. The icy bath and desperate struggle for life were too much for the animal, and he fell dead as soon as he reached the shore. It was a narrow escape for the whole family.

SMART HENS.

One Lays Four Eggs a Day and Another has Easter-egg Chicks.

Mr. Daniel Zacharias, South Arlington Avenue, has a Black Spanish hen which has in the past seven days laid fourteen eggs—two each day. This hen is only eight months old, and when she first started to lay she laid four soft eggs in one day. Afterward she laid two eggs on one day and one the next, and so on, but in the past week she has laid two eggs each day. The mother of the hen belonged to Patrolman Jacob E. Miller, of the central district, and also laid two eggs a day.

At the last New York poulty show, a fancier who hails from a section of country where they evidently have no society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, entered half a dozen hens and roosters dyed with all the colors so often seen on Easter eggs. Neat by was a blue rabbit. Children think these are the source of the Easter eggs. The display was placed in the ornamental sections, where pheasants &c., were shown.

Not long ago a farmer who lives three miles from here, came to my store before breakfast and bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He said their little boy had a bad cold, and as they had used up what they had in the house his wife would not let him go to plow until he came and got another bottle. The little boy, who was with him, remarked: "Now I will soon be well, for Chamberlain's 'tough' medicine always cures me." R. C. McCurdy, Black Hawk, Pa. In speaking of this remedy M. McElroy said people came from far and wide to his store to get it, and many of them would not know what to do without it. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by M. A. Toulson, druggist.

THE PRESIDENTIAL VOTE.

Some Mysteries of the Fgures Which Will Send McKinley to the White House.

The following article appears in the *Mountain Republican:*

The more I reflect upon the official returns of the late election the more I find food for thought. I want my farmer friends to study the figures and see if they can understand how Mr. Bryan came to be defeated after getting nearly a million more votes than Cleveland got in 1892. In 1892 Cleveland had the full and hearty support of the leading daily papers and the influence of the money power and received 5,553,142 votes. Bryan, this fall, received 6,508,681 votes with everything against him.

Now the query arises, how was Bryan defeated by 600,000 votes, when he had a million more than Cleveland's vote, which was a plurality of 361,100 over Harrison? Well, it is claimed by an increase in the popular vote of 1,800,000, that indicates an increase in population of 10,000,000 souls in four years. Then when we look over the list and find that sixteen of the States in the aggregate polled 100,000 less votes than they polled in 1892, that will show an increase of 1,900,000 votes in 29 States. It strikes me that there must be an error in the count. The increased vote in Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, Missouri, and Minnesota aggregates over a million. In these States alone Cleveland had over 50,000 more votes than Harrison, yet Bryan had 375,000 more votes than Cleveland had, and yet is beaten by McKinley by 382,000 votes in those States.

In Ohio Bryan got 74,000 more votes than Cleveland, and 50,000 more votes than any candidate of any party at any one election ever got in Ohio before, and yet is defeated by 50,000 votes. In 1895 they had a very exciting campaign—the Democrats declared for free silver and a very full vote was polled. Bushnell, the Republican candidate, was declared elected governor, and the Democrats cried fraud, claiming there were not that many votes in the State. The Republicans claimed that every vote in the state was brought out on account of the interest taken in defeating the silver heresy. Now this year Bryan got 50,000 more votes than Bushnell, the successful Republican candidate got last year, and yet is defeated by 50,000 votes. It looks funny, but there is no help. They increased the vote again over 200,000 since last year, and so also in Illinois they increased the vote 214,000 and gave the State to McKinley, yet Bryan had over 40,000 more votes than the heavy Cleveland vote; so in Indiana Bryan had over 45,000 more votes than Cleveland had, but lost the State; so in Kentucky, Iowa, &c. The people by quietly submitting to the flagrant frauds, give the best evidence that they are not anarchists, but law-abiding and peace-loving citizens. FARMER.

COSTLY BIT OF CLOTH.

Woven for an Empress it Cost $110 Per Yard.

In a very interesting paper published by Viscount d'Avenel in a French contemporary about the most expensive material ever worked into garments of any sort, the author comes to the conclusion that the gold brocade purchased in 1670 for a morning robe for King Louis XIV for about $77 of our money per yard was the dearest dress stuff he could find any trace of. The Viscount must have been unaware of the material for a dress front ordered at Lyons not long ago for a dress for the Empress of Germany. This "Lampas" is woven of white silk, upon the flat background of which flowers, leaves and birds project in relief. This design is not an embroidery, but woven into the material by a unique process known only to few. This magnificent material originally intended, as mentioned above, for the Empress, so surprised her when it was delivered at Berlin not long ago, that she considered it a sin to cut into it, and instead used it as drapery in her boudoir. The cost of this material was 600 francs per meter, or about $110 per yard, the weaver who did the work receiving about one-sixth of the price as his wages.

PINS, PINS, PINS.

It is a Wonder That We Are Not Buried to the Neck in Them.

The largest pin factory in the world is that of Brimingham, England, where 37,000,000 pins are manufactured every work-day. All the other pin factories in England together turn out about 19,000,000 pins every day. The daily output of pins in France exceeds 20,000,000, and Germany and the other countries of Europe manufacture about 10,000,000 more daily, so that the total production of pins amounts to the trifle of 86,000,000 every day in Europe alone. Now the question arises, "What becomes of all these pins?" A statistician has taken pains to ascertain that only a minimal part is broken, worn out or spoiled by bending, but almost ninety-nine per cent. are lost. Pins are considered too trifling to pick up by many. Taking the population of Europe at 250,000,000, every third person must lose a pin every day to use up the production of pins of a day. The value of this loss would be $5000. Still it is a wonder what becomes of all the lost pins, and how it is that we do not walk in pins by this time, losing as many as we do.

A FAMOUS CHAIR

Once Used by the Author of "Robinson Crusoe."

What is believed to be the chair upon which Daniel DeFoe sat when he wrote "Robinson Crusoe," has been discovered in Chester County. It is in the possession of Mrs. Hannah Way Mendenhall, of Hamorton. The chair came into the possession of Mrs. Mendenhall through Elizabeth Maxwell, who ran away from her home in England in 1693 because of the opposition of her parents to her marriage. She afterwards married Thomas Job, and on the death of her mother the chair was sent to her.

It afterwards descended to James Trimble and was given by him to the present owner. General Maxwell, the father of Elizabeth, was an officer under Cromwell, with DeFoe, who was his cousin. When the cause failed DeFoe, went into hiding, with Maxwell, and there wrote his famous book, sitting upon the chair now owned by Mrs. Mendenhall.

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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 ambitious 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 of these notable suppers in honor of protege, and the result is much the as when Beau Brummel made by taking his arm for a walk Mall. The supper is the confe faith—Foinet's intimation that he lieves 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.

Don't Give Up.

Sorrow came to you yesterday and emptied your home. Your first impulse now is to give up and sit down in despair amid the wrecks of your hopes. But you dare not do it. You are in the line of battle, and the crisis is at hand. To falter a moment would be to imperil some holy interest. Other lives would be harmed by your pausing. Holy interests would suffer should your hands be folded. You must not linger even to indulge your grief. Sorrows are but incidents in life and must not interrupt us. We must leave them behind, while we press on to the things that are before. Then God has so ordered, too, that in pressing on in duty we shall find the truest, richest comfort for ourselves. Sitting down to brood over our sorrows, the darkness deepens about us and creeps into our heart, and our strength changes to weakness. But, if we turn away from the gloom and take up the tasks and duties to which God calls us, the light will come again, and we shall grow stronger.

When all our hopes are gone,
'Tis well our hands must still keep toiling on
For others' sake.
For strength to bear is found in duty done,
And he is blest indeed who learns to make
The joy of others cure his own heartache.

—J. R. Miller, D. D.

A Village Under One Roof.

Most of the large towns in France contain workmen's model dwellings or tenement houses, which have been dignified with the picturesque appellation of barracks, but none of these has attained to the colossal proportions of the "Freihaus," situated at Wielden, a suburb of Vienna. This building has 13 courtyards and accommodates 2,112 persons belonging to all classes of society. One postman is specially appointed to deliver letters to the inmates, whose correspondents have to be careful to put on the cover not merely the Christian name and surname of the addresses, but the number of the yard, the staircase and the flat, if they want the letter to reach its destination.

Some English genealogists pretend that there is a family line of union connecting Queen Victoria with Alfred the Great.

It was formerly the c English cloth dealers to a of the thumb to the yard