ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

[Written for the RECORD-UNION.]

A LETTER TO MY MOTHER.

The days have glided into weeks,
And the weeks into months have passed,
And it has been a year to night
Since I wrote to my mother last.

But when I left my dear old home—
That home so far away—
Oh! well I know I promised then
I'd write her a letter each day.

And I was faithful for awhile,
And I know I gave her joy
And brought to her careworn face a smile,
When she heard from her absent boy.

And as she looked on the dreary fields,
All wrapt in their mantles of snow,
She read in my letters of lands afar
Where the orange blossoms blow;

Of valleys wide, where the rivers glide
O'er glittering sands of gold,
And the varying seasons of the year
New beauties still unfold.

But treasures rare, and faces fair
That I saw in my wanderings here,
Drove from my fickle mind the while
The thoughts of my home so dear.

And then my letters shorter grew,
Till at length I ceased to write;
But I know it would cheer my mother's heart
To hear from her boy to-night.

So I will sit down and write to her,
And I'll beg her to forget
The pain I have caused her in the past,
And I'll say that I love her yet.

"Here's a letter for you." Ah! it's from her;
I am glad you brought it, my lad;
I hope it's good news, for oh! to night
My heart is so strangely sad.

"Dear brother: I scarce can hold my pen;
I have such sad news to write;
I know it will fill your heart with grief,
For our mother died to-night.

"She has been failing for a year,
Though the doctors did all they could,
And during the weary months she was ill,
The neighbors were kind and good."

And she is dead. I had not thought
So soon from her to part;
But there's one thing doctors cannot cure,
And that is a broken heart.

And yet, I trust, as she looks down
From the glorious realms of light,
That her loving eyes will read with joy
The letter I wrote her to-night.

T. J. RICHARDS.

SAINTE MARIE.

Some years ago circumstances led me to the French capital. I had no intention of living there, but, lingering on, I gradually formed ties and made it my home—if indeed that can be called a home which was only an apartment inhabited by a solitary woman; but such as it was I grew fond of it. The quarter of Paris I lived in was pretty and quiet, without being dull, and had a local character peculiar to itself. It was much inhabited by rich tradespeople who lived in pretty villas. Everywhere there were gardens, and when I opened my window in the summer evenings the air I breathed was balmy with the scent of flowers and the blossoms of trees and shrubs. There were even fields and fruit trees to walk among, and dewy grass, and, in the hush of the lovely evenings, one might hear the soft, rich voice of the nightingale mingle with the strange, silvery note of the equally invisible bull frog.

The church, replaced now, in deference to the larger requirements of the parish, by a huge Romanesque edifice, was in my time a small, antique structure, standing in a kind of small "Place," in the center of which stood a monument to the honor of "Christ our Saviour and his servant, the worthy ——." The church was crooked, being sunk at the foundations, and had an odd, lop-sided look, the effect of having but one aisle; the other, legend said, having been swept away by the onslaught of an English army many hundred years since. Within, the little church was a still, calm place, except for the rustle and bustle of overzealous, devout ladies, whom I generally managed to avoid. There was, however, one lady with whom, without any choice of mine, I there became inevitably acquainted, while executing in common with her a certain small parochial charge laid upon us by the good Cure. She was a fidgety, little, elderly Italian widow, with straggling locks, and many old-fashioned furbelows and flounces and compliments. As to intelligence she seemed, so far as regarded this world, to have few ideas beyond the Italian cuisine, whose receipts she was always giving me; but her other-world horizon had, I soon discovered, the wide range which so frequently goes with simple faith. People are, I have often found, interesting in the degree in which one is interested in them, and so it fell out that before long this Madame Brute and I, in spite of many differences of temperament and character, became fast friends. She lived at Sainte Marie, a large national institution which provided a home for poor gentlefolks with claims to Government protection. The rule was that applicants for admission must have reached the age of sixty, but nevertheless the home was the scene of love affairs—affairs sometimes wholly ludicrous, but sometimes not altogether void of real sentiment. I liked hearing Madame Brute's stories of the old people, and I became very much at home in her comfortless but sunny room, which looked out toward the Seine, over the pleasure grounds, and in which every chair and table, and the bed as well, were always littered up with things strewn about—lace shawls, crooked bonnets, chocolate, prayer books, bright-colored religious pictures, and perhaps a sauce-pan, all in confusion together, and she perpetually complaining of want of time. "Ah," she would say, "one has always so much to do when one lives alone; a stitch here and another there, and then one is old and falls asleep."

Her favorite topic of conversation was a certain Madame de Bellemaison, of whose charms and virtues and misfortunes she was never tired of talking. Her windows were just opposite those of Madame Brute, and while she talked about her I became interested in watching the little white hand, on which a diamond ring sparkled, which was often to be seen at Madame de Bellemaison's window. It was a very pretty, plump hand, and held a fan which sheltered the face from the light. The rest of the figure, which one could tell from the attitude of the hand, was always recumbent, being hidden from view by the window-sill. I learned that Madame de Bellemaison was paralyzed and was fond of visitors.

"Absolutely, mademoiselle, you must come some day with me and see her. She was once a great beauty, and still as clever as she is good and spirituelle. She knew every one when she was young, and tells the most charming anecdotes of a great world now become historical."

And so, without much reluctance on my part, it came about that I was one day introduced to the lady who owned the white hand. A prim bonne showed us in, and my friend herself announced me with sonorous Italian pronunciation of every vowel as "Mademoiselle Moore—a charming—" Here fortunately for my blushes, our hostess with a benign smile and bow, and a pretty gesture of the hand, like a precious little Empress, made further introduction superfluous.

"Any friend of Madame Brute is welcome here," she said, "and Mademoiselle is very kind to come and see an old woman."

Her face was furrowed, but the features and complexion were still exquisitely delicate, and with her snowy, fluffy hair she was the very picture of an old French lady.

The maid had evidently been just reading the *Figaro* to her, and the little lady still kept her hand on it as if it were not done with; and, in fact, as we presently learned, her mind was occupied still by what had been read to her.

At first, as a stranger, and in a fit of awkward English shyness, I hardly spoke, though in my way I was enjoying my visit. My hostess' appearance charmed me, and then I discovered two portraits of her which were interesting to compare with the original. Both had been taken in youth, and were in old-fashioned dress. In one she wore a broad Gainsborough hat with a long plume, the waist of the short-sleeved white gown almost under the armpits, the plump shoulders uncovered, mitts covering the hands and arms half way up to the elbow. In the other picture she wore a creamy gauze dress trimmed with soft yellow lace and red bows: her hair was powdered and puffed high over cushions, with a crimson rose at one side, and another rose was fastened in front of the dress.

Besides the portraits there was beautiful old furniture in the room, some ornamented with the brazen lyres and little figures of the empire, some evidently much older; it was chiefly French, with the notable exception of a lovely ebony cabinet ornamented with tortoise shell and lapis lazuli, which, when afterward she told me the history of all her pretty things, I knew had been a part of the furniture of her own boudoir.

I was listening, too, delightedly all the time to the dear little lady's talk. And what a pleasure it was to listen! It was so finished, so racy, so epigrammatic, so perfect in every respect, that had it been taken down verbatim not one word would have been found misplaced. She seemed to have known every one I had ever heard of, and when presently, that I might not feel myself unnoticed, she pointedly addressed me, and I responded with a question which elicited some stories of political personages, historical only to me, whom she had known, how delightful the stories were. The words so simple and graphic, unkind never, but seasoned with just that little point de malice which gives flavor. Of every one she had something good to say. "But it was a *bonne ame*," was her favorite verdict. And once when she repeated the words, and I with a smile replied, "I think, madame, that you must have a very *bonne ame* to see so much good in all," she said, rustling the *Figaro* a little, "I do not think, mademoiselle, that there are many 'bad souls.' I at least have found good in even the least good. Tenez, when you came in my maid was reading the *Figaro* to me (we read it every day from beginning to end), and something in it stirred up old memories, and reminded me of a story of my young days which is a case to the point. Even a murderer is not wholly bad. If you have time I would tell you the story. The remembrance weighs upon me to-day, and it might be a relief to speak of it."

We eagerly pressed her to do so, and she began:

"You must have heard of him, I think: it was a celebrated affair. I lived then in the Rue de Lille" [here she waved her hand toward the center of the big city] "in the house which still goes by our name. I was young at the time of my story, and my husband was away with his regiment, and the children and I had, besides the women, only one man to wait on us. This man, Jean, was a faithful, but slow, little Breton, who wore a velvet jacket and silver buttons, and his long hair down his shoulders, as our country people do.

"The maids were only two of them from Brittany—the cook and the children's nurse. While my husband was away I did not enter much into society; but our family was large, and so it happened that, although I refused invitations from the outside world, yet I dined out sometimes, and oftener still had little family dinners at my hotel. It was very *gentille*, my house, Mademoiselle; forgive an old woman's pride in the long past; it is all gone now, all gone," she repeated with a smile, but something glistened in her eyes. "It had been furnished and prepared for me when I married, and was very pretty in the fashion of the time. Different from that of to-day, you know; furniture with visible legs, chairs not hard to get out of once you sat down. The rooms were hung with pale silks; one was amber satin, the furniture ebony—that was my own; and specially I prided myself on all my reception rooms being arranged so that one could talk in them. Talking was another fashion which I hear is going out. People meet nowadays, I am told, only and always to eat. Ah, well! eating is good in its way, but I think I should miss the conversation of my youth. Not but that we ate, too, and I was proud of my cook and of the compliments I received upon her skill. She was a short, sturdy peasant, like a strong pony in figure, and though I saw much less of her than of some of the maid-servants, still I took a special interest in her because she came from a village close to my own country home, and I had known something of her family all my life. She had a sad kind of manner, not like the gay, ready Parisians; but I knew the Bretons were rather heavy, and I paid no special attention to it until one day when I went to order dinner I found her in tears.

"'Why, Victorine, *ma fille*,' I said—she was old enough to be my mother, but it is our way, you know—'what ails you?'

"'Ah, madame,' she said, 'it is nothing.'

"But I insisted, and at last she sobbed out:

"'It is my son, Madame, my son.'

"'Your son,' I said; 'why, is he not always abroad with his regiment?'

"'Yes, Madame, away, always away, but it is a long time. *Je m'ennuie*.'

"Well, I sat down and made her sit by me, and I talked to her and patted her hand and comforted her as well as I could, promised her that when Pierre came home we would make a fete to celebrate his return. And then I glanced at the clock, and saw I had no time left for ordering dinner, so I jumped up with the words:

"'I must run away, Victorine. I have promised my sister-in-law to meet her, and I cannot stay to order dinner, so I leave it to you to make us a good one. There will be four to dine, and mind you have something nice to keep up your reputation with *ces Messieurs*. My brother and my brother-in-law are coming, and even the best of men, you know, Victorine, are a little *gourmand*.'

"She smiled, as I had intended to make her do, by my little compliment and joke, and I ran away, thinking what a blessed cure work was, for I knew her mind would be too busy with the dinner for her to fret, and that she would pray and cook alternately, or probably do both together.

"The dinner, mesdames, was so perfect that I still remember it! Such Julienne soup, such cutlets, such fricandeau; all very simple, naturally, but different, for instance, from the dinner to be served us here to-day. My maid has just brought me the bill of fare. Potage au vermicelle au gras; bœuf entoure legumes. Ah, well, I do not want to complain. It is better than I deserve, and as Monsieur l'Abbe often reminds us, one must do penance either here or hereafter, and the more here accepted the less hereafter."

While saying this the little lady laughed softly as if pleased, and I having heard from Madame Brute of her self-denying alms and cheerful generosity, felt the charm of that *bonne humeur* which is the characteristic of French courage in small trials as well as in great.

"Well, Mesdames," she went on, "we ate our little dinner very sociably; just a little *partie carree*—my sister, her husband, my brother and I. We did not hurry ourselves. We talked; ah, such talk! We all knew our little Paris well, and the men were gay and kind, my sister full of *esprit*. There was scarcely a pause, and often we all forgot to eat for several minutes together in the heat of argument or the delight of thrust and parry. Dinner began at half-past 6, a late hour for those days, but it was 8 before the dessert was on the table. Still we talked and laughed, and laughed and talked until a little accident disturbed us. My brother was helping me to wine, and he spilled some of it on my dress, to his despair, for to tell the truth, Mademoiselle, he had been complimenting me upon my toilet all the evening. There it is," she said, pointing to one of the portraits I have mentioned. "Simple enough, you see; only a soft maize gauze looped and puffed over China silk with crimson bows; my hair a little powdered and brushed up, with a crimson rose fastened in one side with a diamond spray. So, when he saw the red stream running down my pretty dress he jumped up, a naughty word full of "rr's" escaped him, (he was generally so correct before ladies,) and he rushed out of the room, not stopping to ring the bell, and called out for 'Jean! Victorine! Marie!' any name he could think of, to come and clean my poor dress. We, in the dining room, smiled at his despair, but, surprised that no one answered him, I, too, jumped up and went out to beg him not to trouble himself. But he paid no attention to me and ran on down stairs, and I, Mesdames—excuse me, we were young, I only twenty-one, he not very much more—after him helter-skelter to the kitchen, where, of course, I expected to find only my own familiar servants. Judge, then, of my, of our surprise, when, bursting open the door, we found that we had intruded upon an evening party. We stood transfixed at the door, framed by it, I in the dress which was the cause of our intrusion, by my side my tall, handsome Bernard in his evening clothes, buckled shoes, and silk stockings, dinner napkin still in his hand, and within a regular tableau vivant. Two couples standing up to dance, mute and motionless now. Jean, clumsy, short, heavy, in his Breton costume, with his long black locks hanging over his shoulders, holding his partner's hand; she, my maid, a fine, tight-laced Parisian in the neatest of costumes, her high-heeled, buckled shoes showing beneath her short, well-made skirts, her cap prim in shape in obedience to me, but put on in the most coquettish manner. The opposite couple, a rough stranger boy in a blue blouse, in his stockinged feet—he had kicked off his wooden shoes to dance; his partner a numdrum, stupid-looking little housemaid, whom I had taken out of an orphanage. Victorine, the cook, was seated in her high-backed, wooden *fauteuil*, a hand laid on either knee, in one of them holding the stock she was always knitting for her absent Pierre. The younger servants at different ends of the room, one washing dishes, another carrying bread and cider in through an opposite door, and standing in her astonishment stockstill to gaze at us. The table, which usually stood in the middle of the room, was pushed up against the wall, and on it was seated another stranger, a tall dark, young man, with a penny whistle in his thin, strong fingers. I remember even then noticing how strong and fleshless those fingers were.

"'Victorine!' I almost gasped.

"'Oh, Madame,' she said, jumping up. 'Oh, Madame! I beg Madame's pardon. This is my son, of whom Madame has often heard me speak, come home unexpectedly, and—and—a comrade of his, Madame. I have told him, Madame, he must never bring his friends here again—such things are not done in good houses like Madame's—but for this once—he is young, ignorant, has not seen a house like Madame's before—if Madame will this once pardon him.'

"Meantime the *tableau vivant* had changed. Before us stood culprits awaiting sentence. Only the strange young man with the whistle kept his self-possession; he had slipped noiselessly off the table and stood by it erect like a soldier, watching us.

"Suddenly Henri and I both smiled, and then the ice was broken.

"'So this is Pierre,' I said. 'Why, you have stolen in upon us like a thief! If you had let us know when to expect you we should have given you a better welcome. The mother Victorine, and I had it all arranged, had we not?' I said, appealing to her.

"To my surprise something, either in my words or manner, seemed to confuse both Pierre and his mother, and I, feeling as if I had, in some unintentional manner, been severe, and hardly knowing how to set them at their ease, turned to the young man near the table, saying:

"'You are the band, Monsieur, I suppose?'

"He shrugged his shoulders with an air almost of patronage; 'I whistled, Madame; the others danced.'

"'You like music?' I inquired.

"'Yes, Madame; it is my profession. I am a military bandsman.'

"'Listen, Celestine,' I said, turning to my maid. 'Perhaps this Monsieur plays the fiddle too; it would be better to play and better to dance to than this. Run up stairs and get the one there is behind my secretaire.'

"It was an old fiddle I cared little for and only kept for old acquaintance sake. My dancing-master had used it. Something about the young man interested me, even surprised me, and I felt a great curiosity to hear him play. So when Celestine reappeared I asked him if he would begin the music before we went up stairs. He took the instrument up, calmly tightened the strings, and then began. First he played with infinite pathos the quaint 'Il pleut bergere,' and then, the poor little old instrument vibrating under his long, lithe fingers, he changed to the slow measures of a country dance, adapting to it first the familiar air of 'Plus on est de fous plus on rit,' and then, with skillful credence, 'Te souviens-tu.' My brother and I listened, astonished, and watching the young musician, who, his face flushed now as he warmed to his art, looked like the picture of some Italian improvisatore, with his brown throat, his dark hair, and his expressive countenance.

"But when he paused, Bernard nudged me, and I remembered we were probably wanted up stairs and not down stairs. So, turning to Victorine, I said:

"'Do not hurry to end your soiree, my good Victorine. And pray arrange with Pierre to come again soon and bring his friend with him. On Sunday you might give them a little dinner and have some music after.'

"Then Bernard and I went up stairs, where he made the most of our adventure, and gave a graphic account of the scene, omitting no detail from me framed in the doorway, aghast in my pretty, stained yellow gown and powdered hair, himself behind me in his pumps and tights, to the maids and men within, all dumfounded.

"From this time the aspect of kitchen life in my house was changed. The musician became very popular, and he and Pierre being constantly down stairs, came at last to have a sort of nondescript footing among my people. I confess, Mesdames, that in those days I was very—what shall I say—impetuous, impulsive. I mean that so soon as a thought came into my head I liked to have it put into execution; so I found it agreeable to have a larger retinue than I could otherwise have afforded, and thus I made use of the young men, always supposing them to be on leave and glad of odd francs and dinners The musician, Paul, was my favorite. Pierre was useful in a thousand ways for rough kitchen work, but Paul was all intelligence and skill, never at a loss ask him what one might, always at hand when wanted—never in the way. By degrees, too soon perhaps you will say, I trusted him implicitly, and confided to him all my commissions, especially when there was need of a sure hand. I remember once I got 500 francs from Bernard—it was Paul I sent for them to him; another time my cousin borrowed my plate for a large party she gave—it was Paul I sent with it to her. In the evenings when I went out wearing my diamonds and the old de Bellemaison pearl and sapphire and emerald set, Paul came with me to sit on the coach box and be my guard. His manners were very gentle, and I understood how he came by them when afterward I learned how he had been brought up. He was very kind to my children, too, and when they had scarlet fever he nursed them night and day. At first he came up to try and amuse my little boy before he knew what was the matter, when he was sickening, and then when the nurse fell ill too he would hardly leave the room to lie down or eat his meals. And when the children were getting better he staid with them and amused them, and brought them little clever toys he made for them, and put up with the childish irritability of their convalescence with more than a woman's patient tenderness.

"Of course, Mesdames, devotion like this touched me, and I grew almost to love the strong youth who was so gentle and protecting to me and my little ones. He treated me as if I were a Princess or a bit of china that would break, and he even seemed to love my pretty dresses, and shielded them from every rough touch as if they were part of myself.

"Judge, then, dear ladies, of my horror at what followed. One day I called for Paul, and was told he had not come; the next day and the next the same thing took place. The third day I was alarmed, feeling sure something must have happened to him. Pierre came as usual, but knew nothing of his friend. They had different lodgings, and Pierre had not found Paul at his rooms when he called. I was very anxious for my brother to come, as I hoped he would suggest to me what steps I could take to find out about the youth, so I felt relieved when I heard a ring at the door and Bernard's quick step on the stairs. Then he stopped, and I heard voices; he was talking to some one—probably to one of the servants. I waited for a few minutes, then sprang up in my impatience and opening the door quickly I went to the corridor, and leaning over the banister called him.

"'Bernard, Bernard,' I said, 'come, I want you.'

"He was talking to old Victorine, which struck me as odd, and both of them seemed startled by my voice. Victorine, too, I noticed, tried to crumple up and hide a tiny printed newspaper sheet she had in her hand.

"'Coming, my dear,' he said, 'coming; wait one minute.'

"Terror seized me; my husband, something had happened to him; he was away. I almost fainted, and I gasped out his name:

"'Henri, Henri.'

"'Do not frighten thyself, my dear,' said Bernard—my dear, good Bernard—rushing to me to support me then as he did afterward in many a terrible sorrow. 'Henri is well. That is I have heard nothing of him or from him, absolutely nothing, but what my little sister herself has told me.'

"'But the newspaper, then? Why did she hide it? I must see it. I must know what it is I must not know.'

"'Oh! naughty Eve,' said Bernard with such natural playfulness that I was partly reassured. 'You shall know, else you are sure to imagine something a thousand times worse than the reality can be. It is only your Paul. We know nothing, but there has been a crime, and Victorine thinks he—'

"'Has been assassinated,' I cried, woman-like, jumping to a conclusion. 'I knew something dreadful had happened to the poor lad, or else he would not have stayed away.'

"'No, not that,' said my brother calmly. 'Victorine was just telling me he had not been here for some days and that you were anxious about him, and there is something here which she was just going to show me?'

"He took the little old-fashioned sheet out of her hands—it had reappeared from the pocket while he had been talking—and read a few lines aloud. There had been a horrible, cruel murder of an old woman, with robbery. The guilty man had been taken prisoner, and was described. This was the description: 'The man is about 25 years of age; he is tall and *distingue* both in face and general appearance; he is dark; his eyes are of a peculiar yellow-brown; his features good; teeth white. His hands are long, lean and sinewy. He gives the name of Paul, and refuses to allow that he has any other.'

"I felt that it was Paul, our Paul; but the more I felt it the more indignant I was with myself and with the others for thinking so dreadful of the poor kind boy. So I tried to laugh it off.

"'What a fuss!' I said. 'Why should it be Paul? Of course he would never hurt any one, much less a poor helpless old woman. Wait, he will be here presently, and then you will be ashamed of yourself. Victorine.'

"'Ah! if madame knew,' she began, and then her eyes filled with tears, and she sobbed out: 'I have been a wicked woman. It might have been madame herself or the dear babes he killed. He was in prison, madame, before we ever saw him here and Pierre, too, madame. Oh, madame! pardon me, I pray you. I never meant to deceive you. They met at the prison gate as they were discharged, and Pierre brought him here, and I did not know myself for a long time.'

"Little by little between her sobs the whole story came out. Her son and Paul had been in the same regiment, had been both in the same prison upon different charges—Pierre for drawing his saber in the street to defend himself from arrest when not quite sober; Paul for attempting to burn a house down. Both had been discharged on the same day, and had returned to Paris together the very day my brother and I interrupted the dancing. As I listened I felt only too sure that the murderer of to-day was the kind, almost friendly, domestic of the past months. I almost broke down as with a rush I felt the danger my children had gone through, and then, less selfishly, I remembered Paul himself, his faithfulness at least to us, and then where he was now and what awaited him.

"'I will go and see him,' I said. 'Poor boy! I must try to help him.'

"In vain my good brother and the others dissuaded. I had made up my mind, and no obstacles would have prevented me. I got an order to visit the prisoner with some difficulty, and only after a delay of three weeks.

"Then I saw him, alone, in a little cell which I was not allowed to enter, nor might I touch him. I stood looking at him before he saw me. He was very pale.

"'Paul, Paul,' I said softly.

"He started, then flew toward me, his long fingers twitching agitatedly. He made a gesture half as if to welcome, half as if to drive me back.

"'Madame must go,' he said sullenly.

"'No,' I said gently; 'you are in trouble. You have been very good to me. I came to hear yourself. I cannot believe the others.'

"He covered his face with his hands and did not speak. I waited patiently with my little prayers, and presently his hands dropped, and he said in a strange, unfamiliar voice:

"'Go—go—it is true—I killed her.'

"I shuddered—ah! it was a crime so dreadful in the newspaper account—but I would not, could not, leave him without any word of pity.

"'Paul, Paul,' I said, 'speak to me.'

"'I cannot,' he said.

"'Well,' I said, 'I may stay ten minutes with you. I will wait.'

"So I staid, staid on, and he did not speak, nor did I to him. Only I said my prayers over and over, and at last I spoke.

"'Paul,' I said, '*mon pauvre Paul*, you have been kind to me, done much for me. Will you promise me something?'

"'But, yes, madame,' he said, and then his whole body shook with emotion, and he whispered, 'madame must go. I cannot hear it. She is an angel; this is no place for her,' and he looked at me with his great eyes, softened, I thought, with tears, his face deadly white.

"Then, dear ladies, I, who am not good at all—who loved, who love still a little, alas! I fear soft things, and the world a little too, perhaps—felt all at once what an awful thing a soul, an ever-living soul is.

"'Paul,' I said, 'I am not an angel, not good at all, but I love you, my poor, poor friend. *Tenez*, you, Paul, are brave—I know you are not afraid to die; but I, I cannot bear it for you, because I do not know, my friend, what awaits you. I want you then to love the good God and His dear mother, and to promise you will do what I ask.'

"So I made him promise, first, that he would see the prison chaplain and listen to him, and try to do what he told him; secondly, that he would wear and sometimes kiss, and especially kiss the last thing, a little blessed crucifix I would send him by the chaplain. I might not give it to him myself. And then the time was gone, the warder touched me gently on the shoulder and told me I must come away.

"'Adieu,' I said, but there was no answer. And so I left him, meaning to return. Before I left the prison, however, I saw the chaplain and told him about my poor Paul, and when I came away it was with a thankful feeling that in him the poor boy would have a stronger friend than I.

"I never saw Paul again. The shock had upset me a good deal, and I sickened afterward of scarlet fever, which had spread through the house when Paul and I together had nursed the children. They told me that when I wandered in my head I thought he was nursing me too, and that I was always talking to him about *le bon Dieu* and his soul. My illness was long and complicated, but when I was better he was one of my first thoughts, and I sent to beg the good old priest to whose care I had committed him to come and see me.

"He came at once. I was still in bed, but I could not wait. He stood by my bedside, his tall figure and snow-white head bent over me; his face was very kind but very grave. He thought I knew, so he made no attempt to break it to me.

"'All is over, Madame,' he said simply, 'as regards this world. Pray for him confidently. He died very bravely, very calmly. An hour before he bade me tell you that his last words should be those you wished, and that he hoped you would remember him in your prayers. May God have mercy on his soul. He was brave and true in some things, in spite of his crimes.'

"And then there came a silence, and I could find no word to break it but 'Merci, Monsieur l'Abbe, merci!'

"Then he spoke again, to tell me that Paul had asked to see him one day as a friend, and had told him the story of his life, and asked him to tell it to me if he should ever see me again.

"Paul's father had been rich and noble; his name Paul would not tell. His mother he had never known, but she was not his father's wife. His father had been an old man ever since Paul could remember, and Paul had been brought up in his bachelor household with every expectation of inheriting a competence at his death, and without much instruction or training of any kind to fit him to make his way in the world. The old man became paralyzed when Paul was about ten years old, and a woman servant of high temper who attended him, and whom he greatly feared, gained such influence over her charge that at his death it was found that he had bequeathed everything, of which he could dispose, to her, and left Paul penniless. Cast thus adrift upon the world, with anger and hate in his heart, the boy was drafted into the army, where for a time he did well, as his talent for music was noticed, and he was put into the band. But his companions were bad, and he was led astray, and took to drinking more than was good for him and enough to inflame his hot nature. One day while under the influence of spirits, exciting himself with wild talk about his wrongs, he had made the attempt to burn down the old woman's house, bought with the money which should have been his. This failed and he was arrested and imprisoned. He came out of prison fiercer, wilder than he went in; but for a time the gentler side of his nature was developed by contact with my trusting little ones and the rest of us, all believing in and accepting him without suspicion.

"But the old enemy overcame him—and again he fell. When drunk he must have been a madman. He killed her, Mesdames, the poor, helpless, cruel old woman who had robbed him, and in his turn robbed her of his father's money, his father's watch, his father's plate!"

The dear little old lady's face was pale, and she sank back; and feeling that we had allowed her to exhaust and overtire herself, we left her, with many excuses, as the dinner bell sounded the hour of the distasteful meal.—*Temple Bar.*

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That sweeps away a whole city, starts from a flame so small that a glass of water would extinguish it. In like manner, the most painful and fatal maladies of the throat and lungs ordinarily develop from small beginnings, not difficult of cure if promptly treated with the proper remedy. But their progress is insidious and delay may be fatal. **Colds and coughs lead to Laryngitis, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and Consumption.** The only medicine certain to cure every bronchial and pulmonary affection not absolutely incurable is

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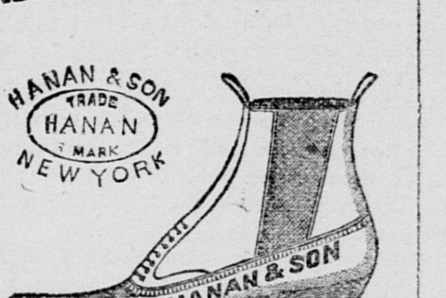

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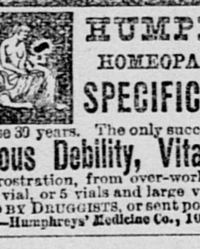

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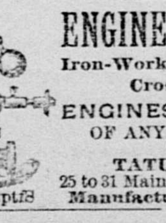

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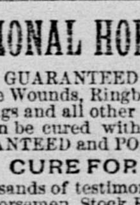

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OFFICIAL PROCLAMATION

Proclamation.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
SACRAMENTO, July 31, 1886.

WHEREAS, THE LEGISLATURE OF THE State of California, at its Twenty-sixth Session, beginning on the fifth day of January, A. D. eighteen hundred and eighty-five, two-thirds of all the members elected to each of the two Houses of said Legislature voting in favor thereof, proposed the following amendment of Sections One, Eight, Ten and Eleven of Article Thirteen, of the Constitution of the State of California:

AMENDMENT NUMBER ONE.

SECTION 1. All property in the State, except railroads, not exempt under the laws of the United States, shall be taxed in proportion to its value, to be ascertained as provided by law. The word property, as used in this article and section, is hereby declared to include moneys, credits, bonds, stocks, dues, franchises and all other matters and things, real, personal and mixed, capable of private ownership; *provided*, that growing crops, property used exclusively for public schools, and such as may belong to the United States, this State, or any county or municipal corporation within this State, shall be exempt from taxation. Growing vines and fruit trees shall be deemed to be and shall be assessed and taxed as a part of the realty; and, *provided further*, that railroads shall be taxed as provided in Section Ten of this article; and, *provided further*, that the Legislature may provide for the exemption from taxation of ships and vessels owned and registered or enrolled in this State, or may tax such ships and vessels on their gross or net earnings, in lieu of an ad valorem tax. The Legislature may also provide, except in case of credits secured by mortgage or trust deed, for a deduction from credits of debts due to bona fide residents of this State. Double taxation in any form is prohibited.

SEC. 8. The Legislature shall, by law, require each taxpayer in this State to make and deliver to the County Assessor, annually, a statement under oath, setting forth specifically all property, real and personal, except railroad property, as defined in Section Ten of this article, owned by such taxpayer, or in his possession or under his control, at twelve o'clock meridian, on the first Monday in March.

SEC. 10. All property, except railroad property, as hereinafter provided, shall be assessed in the county, city, city and county, town, township, or district in which it is situated, in the manner provided by law. Every corporation and person owning or operating a railroad, or any portion thereof, in this State, shall, on or before the first day of July of each year, pay to the State Treasurer an annual tax of two and a half per cent upon the gross earnings, earned within this State, of such railroad, for the year ending upon the thirty-first day of December next preceding, which tax shall be in lieu of all other State and county taxes upon the franchise, business, right of way, roadway, roadbed, rails, rolling stock, fences, stations and their appurtenances, and upon ferryboats, when operated as a part of such railroad, and upon the shares of the capital stock, and upon the mortgages, deeds of trust, contracts or other obligation by which a debt is secured upon such property. All other property belonging to such corporation or person shall be assessed and taxed as other property is assessed and taxed. The gross annual earnings earned during the year ending on the thirty-first day of December last preceding, of all railroads, shall be, annually, before the first day of May thereafter, ascertained and declared by the State Board of Equalization, under such rules and regulations as may be prescribed by said Board; *provided*, however, that the Legislature may at any time pass laws prescribing said rules and regulations. In all cases where railroads are situated partly within this State and partly without this State, the gross annual earnings thereof shall be ascertained and determined by taking:

First—The gross earnings which, during the year last preceding, have been earned wholly within this State.

Second—The gross earnings which, during the same year, have been earned partly within this State and partly without this State, which shall be ascertained by apportioning such earnings between this State and other States or Territories, in the proportion which the number of miles of such railroad situated in this State, and used in making such earnings, bears to the whole number of miles thereof, by the use of which such earnings have been made. The proportion of interstate earnings thus ascertained shall be added to the earnings made wholly within the State, and the total thus obtained shall be taken and deemed to be the gross earnings of such railroads for all purposes of assessment and taxation. For every purpose of this section, except for the purpose of ascertaining the proportion of interstate earnings to be added to the earnings made wholly within this State, all railroads operated as one system shall be treated as one road. One-third of the tax paid by corporations or persons owning or operating railroads under the provisions of this section shall become part of the General Fund of this State, and two thirds thereof shall be paid to the county or counties in which said railroad is situated, in proportion to the length of the railroad operated in the several counties. For the purposes of this section a consolidated city and county shall be treated as a county. Any corporation, association, partnership, person or persons, unlawfully failing or refusing to pay the tax herein provided, when the same shall become due, or within thirty days thereafter, shall be deemed to have waived their right to operate their railroads within this State. The taxes herein provided for, together with such penalties as the Legislature may impose for the non-payment thereof, shall be a lien upon the property hereinbefore in this section designated, and may be enforced in such manner as the Legislature may by law prescribe. All railroads, so far as the same are situated within the boundaries [illegible] any common school district, shall be subject [illegible] an ad valorem tax for school purposes vote[illegible] the electors of the district, at a special ele[illegible] held for that purpose, the same as other [illegible] erty situated within the district, anything [illegible] this article to the contrary notwithstanding. And all railroads, as far as they are situ[illegible] within the boundaries of any incorporated [illegible] or town, shall be subject to an ad valorem [illegible] for municipal purposes the same as other [illegible] erty situated therein, anything in this arti[illegible] the contrary notwithstanding.

SEC. 11. Income taxes may be assesse[illegible] collected from persons, corporations, joint associations or companies, resident or [illegible] business in this State, or any one or m[illegible] them, in such cases and amounts and i[illegible] manner as shall be prescribed by law. No cou[illegible] within this State shall have power, by injunction or otherwise, to interfere with, hinder or delay the collection of any tax laid under the form of law, except upon a showing that the same property has been taxed more than once for the same purpose in the same year, and then only upon payment to the Tax Collector, or in a Court, of a sum equal to the amount of one of the taxes so laid upon the property in question; *provided*, that in all cases actions may be maintained against the Tax Collector to recover illegal taxes paid under protest. All such actions must be commenced within thirty days after such illegal taxes have been paid. It shall be the duty of the Courts in which such actions may be brought, to try them, upon the request of either party, in advance of all other civil actions, and such taxes so paid under protest sha[illegible] be retained by the Tax Collector, or such o[illegible] officer as the Legislature may designate, [illegible] such actions shall have been finally decid[illegible]

SCHEDULE.

Nothing in this amendment shall affect any assessment or tax heretofore made or levied, or interest thereon, or any penalty heretofore incurred, or any action or right of action on account of any such assessment, tax, interest or penalty; and all laws in force at the adoption of this amendment, not inconsistent therewith, shall remain in full force and effect until altered or repealed by the Legislature. The first levy and payment of taxes against railroad property hereunder, shall be made in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-six, and shall be upon the gross earnings, to be ascertained as herein provided, for the entire year of eighteen hundred and eighty-five. Taxation for the fiscal year ending June thirtieth, eighteen hundred and eighty five, is not affected by this amendment.

NOW, THEREFORE, pursuant to the provisions of the Constitution and an Act of the Legislature, entitled "An Act to Provide for the Submission of Proposed Amendments to the Constitution of the State of California to the Qualified Electors for their Approval, approved March 7th, A. D. 1883," the said amendment is submitted to be voted upon, by ballot, by the qualified electors of the State on

Tuesday, November 2, 1886.

The amendment is designated "Amendment Number One," and the BALLOTS used at suc[illegible] election must contain the words, "FOR T[illegible] AMENDMENT Number One," [illegible] the word "AGAINST THE AMEND[illegible] [illegible]er One," written or printed there[illegible]

And I do hereby offer a reward of one hundre[illegible] dollars for the arrest and conviction of any an[illegible] every person violating any of the provisions o[illegible] Title IV., Part 1, of the Penal Code; such rewards to be paid until the total amount expended hereafter for the purpose reaches the sum of ten thousand dollars.

Witness my hand and the Great Seal of the State, the day and year first written.

[SEAL.] GEORGE STONEMAN,
Governor.

ATTEST: T. L. THOMPSON, Secret[illegible]
jy31-ts3m