

Poor fellow! He had shot himself through the heart. He must have died almost instantly; for the body remained upright in the chair by the table, just where he had finished his confession.

All the other papers in the city had a "scoop" next day, for not a man on the staff had the heart to write up poor Andy's sad story.

JOHN H. CORNYN.

PARIS LETTER.

Now the French has a Minister of Colonies, the necessity becomes greater to have some colonists. The Colonial Minister having in the creation and organization of his ministry no less than 140 clerkships to fill up, has been besieged by all the influences, and next to swamped by avalanches of applications and visits from place hunters. The lowest salary is 2,000 frs., and the highest 16,000 frs., a year. There are 20 office porters each with a salary of 2,000 frs., uniform, lodging, coal, gas, etc. In his installation in the Flora wing of the Tuileries, or as it is now called the Louvre, the Minister has effected one sensible arrangement; while his ante-chamber is filled with persons waiting to be received in their turn, the Minister has a private staircase to his family rooms, where he can retire and enjoy his meals in comfort while the "waits" conclude he is industriously getting through his list of callers. In all the ministries there are several entrances and exits, so that special people or stop press callers can be received before the *hoi polloi* of the ante-chamber. But no desire appears to be manifested on the part of the French to emigrate to their foreign possessions. In the east there are the Germans, English and Chinese, who form the commerce and industries of the French colonies; the French are scared away by the strait jacket formalities and formalisms of their official administrators, hence the few French that quit Motherland, prefer Mexico, Venezuela, and the Argentine because they are in such places free men.

The adoption of the income tax may now be considered as next to an accomplished fact. Necessity knows no law. Besides, the new impost will enable several little blister taxes to be abolished. Incomes under 2,000f. will not be taxed; that is humane, but the limit ought to be minimized at 5,000f. Since the French are simply copying the English scheme of State finance, why not take it over bodily instead of in bits and scraps? Of course in a short time, writers will appear demonstrating in their peculiar way, that the French, not the English invented the income tax. How will foreigners be affected by the fiscal change? It is to be presumed they will be treated just as are sojourners in England and America. France is still not up to date in the fraternities and liberties; she does not allow the foreigner, as do other but more advanced nations, to have a municipal vote on payment of his municipal taxes. It is the employer or the institution that pays wages or income that must supply the list of their *personnel*, in order to fix the basis of assessment. Officers of the army and navy on active service will have a specially light poundage to pay; the farmers will only compound on the fifth of their rented or value-holdings, ground rents will pay 4 per cent. of their value—(London papers please copy)—but works of art, or kindred articles representing locked up or sterilized capital, will be bled in the way of

succession duty. This will spare pain to the defunct possessor. The heir to a thousand francs or a million that grumbles to have to pay 4 or 5 per cent. on that heritage, is neither a patriot, a philanthropist, nor an obligé; he does not merit the wind-fall.

People laugh at M. Wilson having been re-elected by his constituents by a robust majority; he did not lose 200 votes. The electors evidently conclude his traffic in the Legion of Honor decoration, was child's play, compared with the legislative Panamists. He hints, that if again annoyed, he will open his box of private letters like Cornelius Herz.

Bicycles are important agencies in the extension of matrimony; young lady and gentlemen wheelers have thus more occasions to meet and to exchange stolen glances, not only sweeter for the theft, but for their rapidity. A young couple were married last week; the lady's bicycle ran away somehow with her from her party, the vehicle met with a break-down; a gallant wheeler repaired it—result, wedlock. The lady's papa made all his money from demolishing old houses, and the gentleman's sire from building new ones.

The Republicans continue to be displeased at the church having spirited away from them the rallying figure of Joan of Arc. They accuse His Holiness of patronizing France, and pulling softly with all the opponents of the triple alliance, in order to secure a demi-restoration of the temporal power. The clerical party, as represented by the Abbe Garnier, has thrown off its coat and tucked up sleeves, the better to fight atheistic socialism. On Montmartre the latter party founded two years ago a "People's Palace" and administered baptisms, following atheistic rites and ceremonies. The Abbe Garnier, a fighting priest and a clerical free lance, has just established the "Palace of the French People," near to its rival. The Abbe is the advocate of "Christian Socialism," as expounded by the Pope and Deputy de Mun. In the region round the new Cathedral of the Sacre Cœur—a structure that, as it approaches completion, will be a splendid monument looking over Paris, and visible from every street, the Abbe states there are 10,000 adults who have never been baptized; he comes to dispute that harvest with the socialist atheists. The latter fight with beak and claw, and cry, *Vive la commune! Vive la revolution sociale.* The followers of the Abbe Garnier reply, "Hurrah for France!" and "Vive Christianity!"

The following figures are curious, but will not have the slightest weight on passing armaments; only chemistry, and tailor Dow's impenetrable top coat, can sterilize war. The following was the expenditure of France "per hour," under the subjoined regimes: Napoleon I, 115,000fr.; Louis XVIII, 191,000; Louis-Philippe, 150,000; Republic of 1848, 137,000; Napoleon III, 249,000; the Third Republic, that is, to-day, the national expenditure per hour, is 463,000 frs. No wonder the country rocks and reels under the weight of taxation. And France counsels Italy to reduce expenditure. What a revenge France could take in Europe by calling a congress to arrange a general disarmament—a combination of the millennium and the impossible.

Lisbonne, the amnestied Communist, "is the funniest man in Paris." He has but one leg; he lost the other fighting on the barricades, it was amputated; at the hospital where he was a prisoner in 1871,

he so softened the military surgeons by his wit and humour, that they granted his request, that of giving the separated leg to his wife, who had it interred in the cottage garden; that "uniped" grave. Lisbonne decorates himself with a little red flag. Did not the Belgians erect a plinth to the amputated leg of the Marquis of Anglesea, buried before the hotel, where he was conveyed after receiving the wound at Waterloo? When cured, Lisbonne was transported to New Caledonia, and being an actor, did more by his representations to keep the convicts harmonious than did all the gaolers. Some months ago, he canvassed the "Immortals," against Zola, for a vacancy in the Academy, presenting them with a copy of his writings on Communism; promising them his "protection" on the arrival of the next Commune, and leaving them as a present to ornament their mantel pieces, a toy anarchist bomb. He contested the Presidency during the election of M. Carnot, and on the latter's open reception, he stumped into the Palace of the Elysee to compliment M. Carnot, and to assure him he bore him no ill will. That visit caused a flutter among the Ambassadors, and since then there have been no official open receptions. Lisbonne now has inaugurated a new lyrical establishment that opens at eleven at night; he announces in his bills, in fat type, his is the only concert hall in Paris, where no danger is to be apprehended from anarchist bombs; his performance is, having artistes to parody in costume, surroundings, words, and music, all the leading singers of the cafe's concerts, and invites the originals to come and take lessons from their imitators.

In the examinations of candidates for the French civil service, he who tops the list has the right to select the branch of the public service where he would like to receive an appointment.

The show of models for the new French postage stamp might have been better; there is nothing extraordinarily original in point of design—to discover a new pattern for a postage stamp would be as difficult as to invent a new pleasure. The "composition" of the little picture is in every case too crowded, the details "want air;" but the utilized ideas of a dozen of the best exhibits ought to secure a pleasing type. What a pity France never allows foreigners to compete for her artistic needs; the two picture shows this year ought to convince France that the artists of other countries are more than holding their own.

Among the newest plans for propagating the truth, and fighting atheism, and that eclipses the inventions of the salvation army, is the "religious balloon" of the Abbe Garnier; he treats the converted to a trip heavenwards, starts from Montmartre, spins 20 miles outside Paris, descends, disembarks a preacher, who will expound the "glad tidings" to the crowding yokels; in the meantime, the balloon has taken the wings of the dove, and flown away 20 miles further on to a haven of rest. But a soap manufacturer has borrowed the idea of Sunday ballooning, and drops here and there, while presenting a "cake" to the crowd. Cleanliness is next to godliness!

Z.

Miguel Norena, the famous Mexican sculptor, died in the city of Mexico recently from typhus. He was the designer of the great statue of Cuauhtemoc, on the Pasco de la Reforma, and leaves many other monuments to his genius.