

ALL RIGHT IN THE END.

I want to believe in the happy old way That all will come right in the end some That life will be better and days will be sweet...

I want to go toiling with this in my heart, That every day brings us the joy of a start Fresh with endeavor and duty and truth.

I want to go trusting that this will be so As out to the toll and the tumult we go; That hearts will be kinder and life will grow bright...

SWANSON'S "HOME, SWEET HOME."

She was a slender blue-eyed girl. With her cheeks wet she wandered into the dim light beyond the splintered platform of the Redding station...

Swanson was oiling up his nine hundred freight engine on the second track, hardly ten feet away. At the sight of a woman in leathers he wrinkled his eyebrows perplexedly.

"Something wrong, lady?" he asked uncomfortably, stopping beside her. Perhaps it was the word "lady."

"I-it isn't much," she protested hastily. Her face-upon so sudden that Swanson misunderstood and thought he was being told to mind his own business.

"Excuse me," he offered awkwardly. "I thought maybe I could help you or something." He started away, but turned at the sound of a muffled sob.

"If you wanted to help me, why didn't you ask me?" choked the girl, winking hard to keep back the tears. "Because I'm a boob," answered Swanson.

"I lost the last section of my ticket," confessed the girl. "And I haven't any money. I spent all I had left for something to eat at Fort Wayne."

"Fort Wayne!" echoed Swanson. "Nothing to eat since Fort Wayne! No wonder you look so white. I thought at first you powdered your complexion."

"Can't you help me now?" "What's her name?" "I'll be back in a jiffy," Swanson swung aggressively on to the coaches of Ninety-two.

"We'll be out of your way in a minute," snapped that uniformed individual before Swanson could speak. "Can't go too soon for me. Hang these women that expect you to carry them for nothing."

"A girl, mind you!" went on the conductor, unheeding. She said she lost her ticket on the Pennsylv—a fishy story. One of her kind caught me once. A respectable looking old woman, she was.

"Er—it's getting damper," said Swanson. "Feels like rain." He waited thoughtfully while Ninety-two's lighted coaches swung by him.

"Bill," he mentioned to his fireman who was "cocked up" on the left side. "I might carry somebody tonight far as Queenston. She's stuck here without any money. I sort—of know her. How about putting her on your side?"

"Sure, O ahead," assented Bill, getting to his feet. Swanson hurried out. He found the girl quietly waiting for him by the semaphore pole.

"Couldn't do much with the conductor," he explained apologetically. "He's an old crab. About the only thing I can do now is take you along in the cab. Maybe you won't mind. It's dirty, but it won't be so dirty since you don't have anything white on."

"I'd be glad to get in a coal car—just so it went to Queenston," declared the girl. She followed Swanson across the track to his steam-bathed engine and was just putting her foot on the steps of the tender when a young voice called imperiously from the platform.

from assistant train master to assistant chief draftsman of the locomotive shops, to traveling car-tracer, to his present important position. It was not wholly a coincidence that his father was vice-president of the road.

"Giving a little lift," explained Swanson. "Missed Ninety-two. Got to get to Queenston tonight. Friends expect her."

"You ought to know it's against the rules." "I got a book of rules," said Swanson patiently. "I've had them for nearly half as many years as you are old. This doesn't come under rules at all. She doesn't know anybody here in Redding and she has no money to go anywhere."

"I give you no authority to take her on." Swanson turned reassuringly to the frightened girl. "Don't mind him," he said kindly. "Nobody on the road does."

"He'll make trouble for you," protested the girl. "Please go on without me. I'll be very grateful just the same."

Swanson's only reply was to pick her up, bag and all, as if she were a kitten and stand her on the tender. He swung up after her and showed her to the fireman's seat, where, a moment later, he presented her with an enormous rectangular bucket with a brass handle.

"Pitch in," he invited boyishly, jerking off the lid. "There's jelly bread and bologna and a pie. The things that are whole I didn't touch. It's time now for us to be moving. Don't be scared. If you never ride in a cab before, you'll notice we rock pretty bad sometimes, but tonight as far as Queenston I'll take double good care."

When Swanson went to his place, he found Keens still on the platform. "Can't blame me if a bull-headed engineman makes a fool out of himself and has to be shorn of a certain special privilege he has," observed the road foreman meekly.

Swanson's only answer was the call to his flagman, four shrieking blasts that must have troubled young Keen's ears. A few minutes later the Redding platform was left behind, and with an ever faster shup-shup-shup they were bowling up through the Redding yards.

To Swanson's eye there were few things prettier than a railroad at night. He never tired of it. Darkness now hid the unsightly back yards of Nicholas Alley. Ahead on the Oley Street bridge hung, in pairs, a constellation of red, green and white lights, most of them red. Far beyond the dim outline of the bridge were the two red tail lights of a caboose, probably changing crews, on an extra run to Penn City.

On the east-bound track came a facing headlight, with the two white side lights that mark an extra. Here and there, low on the ground, gleamed a dozen red switch lights and blended red and blue dwarf lights. Dead ahead, fresh as minted silver, curving one exactly with the other for all the world like the toy tracks under the Christmas tree, amazingly frail to bear up hurrying tons of train, lay the westbound twin ribbons of rail.

These magical twin rails! They were always full of romance to Swanson. He could never quite grow accustomed to the thought that these same rails ran all the way to Chicago, New York and San Francisco, that they spanned waterless deserts, crossed deep, wide rivers, wound over the great mountains, and touched hot sand, cool plains, and snowy mountain passes.

When he thought these things, Swanson breathed deeply; he realized that he was in a great business. This realization had spurred his ambition and caused him to spend only three years before the fire; and it had kept him keenly watching to do the right thing, before any one could tell him to do it. Often, when they lay out somewhere waiting for a clear block, the rest of the crew watched the board like hawks, each wanting to be the first to call "There's your board."

But when the board would finally turn, the first man's opening word would be drowned in Swanson's calling his flagman in. He had been thinking what a fine night it was for "Home, Sweet Home" to carry over into Second Valley when his fireman touched him on the shoulder.

"Play 'Sweet Home' a little." "No tonight," answered Swanson, inclining his chin toward the girl on the other side of the high "goat" boiler. "Bet she'd like it," indignantly declared Bill.

"Too much like showing off," Swanson scornfully shook his head. "Play something else then," urged Bill, who never understood. "Crow like a rooster for her."

Swanson turned his head away, and Bill went grumbling back to his coal, leaving his engineer to dream about the other came, sweet home, the one he had never had, a misty, wistful little girl future home, that had been the inspiration of the "Home, Sweet Home" on his engine whistle.

"A tune on an engine whistle! Railroad men from other roads had seldom believed it. They called it a feeble fake. More than a dozen had bet good money against it; only to come and learn that to every man, woman and child in Penn Valley it was as common property as the miracle of the sun. Night after night, like the song of some giant spirit stalking ponderously across the fields. Sometimes the high note in the third bar was a trifle flatted, as Swanson tried in vain to reach it. Usually his first three notes were so low that they could scarcely be recognized. But it was none the less "Home, Sweet Home." And, played on this great screaming flute, it held a solemn majesty that stopped you dead in whatever you happened to be doing and held you fast until it was done. In many parts of the valley farmers and their wives and children waited nightly for it before they went to bed.

Snatches of this misty little girl home of "tomorrow" were still drifting through Swanson's head, when he suddenly came to and brought his train to a clanking stop at the small darkened Queenston station.

"Here you are," he announced, hurrying to the girl. "Shake you bad?" "I never felt better," she answered. She purred earnestly on the steel apron. "Later I'm going to try to tell you how grateful I am."

Then she made her way quickly down to the gravelly platform. The last Swanson saw of her she was walking toward the still lighted business section of town, her little black bag in her hand. The last he thought of her—There was no last.

The next two days Swanson blew perfect bars of "Home, Sweet Home" each time he passed through Queenston. At the same time his blue eyes searched the town for a womanly form and a clear girlish face with the purest eyes he had ever seen. The third day the superintendent called him into the office.

"Home," said the official, looking out of the window, "we've had a complaint from up the line about your playing that 'Home, Sweet Home.' Aren't you overdoing it?" Swanson was plainly taken aback. "I've never turned it into anything that anybody didn't like it before," he managed to utter. "Most people told me they wanted to hear it—especially around Penn City."

"This was at Queenston," said the superintendent. "Just why have you started to blow it around there so much?" "I-I tell you," stammered Swanson, flushing. "You see—they're five or six crossings there in a bunch, and I thought it would be a lot nicer to hear a tune going across instead of screaming out unmusical-like for every board—especially at night time."

"But you waste steam, man!" "No sir," protested Swanson. "An engineman to Bill Hendel can't waste steam. That's why I always figured I might as well turn it into something that let it pop off and waste."

"But it isn't an engineman's business," persisted the superintendent, hiding a smile. "We don't hire an engineman for music." "All right," said Swanson sadly. "I only wish I could see you at Queenston some time when I blow for those seven crossings."

"It's business, Home," explained the superintendent. "I don't much use for anybody to call me 'Home' any more," said Swanson forlornly. "If you say I'm not to blow it, I won't." He waited a moment, then walked out of the office.

True to his orders, he played no more "Home, Sweet Home." Bill, the fireman, often begged him to play at such or other places as the Minersville Cut-off and the Shillington Link. But Swanson insisted he would never play it again. When the managers stopped it, they had killed it, he maintained; and the farmers with their wives and rosy-cheeked youngsters listened in vain for the familiar tune as they pored their evening apples in Penn Valley; while in Swanson's big, simple heart grew a full resentment against young Keens, who surely had been the complainant. The elder Keen's summer home was just outside of Queenston.

But the muzzling of "Home, Sweet Home" was not all of Swanson's bad luck. For the fourth morning, now, the roundhouse slate had him down for an old burned-out seven hundred engine. For the fourth morning, Bill cursed it as a useless bunch of junk. This same fourth morning, Merrit, the conductor, brought up to the cab a written message from the train-runnor, signed with the superintendent's initials:

C & E No. 103. Give cause for making poor time. L. M. M. "You answer it, Home," urged Merrit, getting ready his conductor's book as a pad.

"Just as you say," Swanson thought a moment, then dictated slowly: "C. A. F. Feebleness, old age and general disability on part of engine 713 is cause of making poor time." C. A. F. were the initials of the chief train-dispatcher.

Merrit added the words, "C & E No. 103," folded the message up in lead stripped from a torpedo, and threw it off at Pole Junction. Two stations farther on, young Keens awaited them. He had come up from Redding on Eighty-three. He flagged Swanson briefly, and clambered aboard.

"What's the matter with the engine?" he demanded aggressively. "Won't pull the train," answered Swanson simply. "Have your front end open? Mmm. Open it."

Swanson silently complied, although he knew Keens would find neither of the steam pipes leaking. "Mmmm. Close it. Try your cylinder-packing? Mmmm. Try it."

Swanson knew all the cylinder-packing was not bad, but he put his valves on center and opened his throttle. Sure enough, nothing blew out. "Mmmm. Murrurrr! young Keens again. He walked in a horseshoe around the great placid engine and came up on the fireman's side."

"How much steam you got?" "Hundred and fifty." "Ah!" breathed Keens, with the air of a detective who had found a clue. He opened one of the fire doors. "Ah!" he said again much louder. "I suspected as much. Your fire is much too high."

"That fire's just right," declared Bill indignantly. "When we get up here on a siding, you can knock the middle out of her," answered Keens shortly. "I won't do it," asserted Bill righteously.

"If you're looking for suspension, like your engineman was the other night, keep right on," said Keens. "You have an excellent opportunity of being stopped from doing more things than making a noise on an engine whistle."

Bill's eyes widened. "So it was you, was it?" he asked violently. "You dirty scab! I ask you right now, come down off this engine and take your coat off."

"You certainly are looking for suspension," drawled young Keens, but his voice shook nervously. "Bill," said Swanson sharply, "hold on to yourself and do as he says."

Bill gritted his teeth and subsided. At the next siding he grimly knocked down his fire as requested. Then Swanson started the old seven hundred engine out on the Sheridan grade.

"Now you'll see her pick up," promised young Keens, going confidently to the left side. Old engine number Seven Hundred and Thirteen managed to groan up a mile and a quarter of the Sheridan grade. Then, with a last trembling gasp, she faltered and died.

"What's the matter now?" called young Keens, coming around the boiler. "Steam's down to a hundred and ten," answered Swanson regretfully. "And still going," added Bill. "Damnation!" exclaimed young Keens. "Can't your man fire an engine?"

Swanson saw the flush burning through the black on Bill's face. He got up from his seat grimly. "Keens, you're road foreman," he said. "But you wasn't given your job just so you could haul us fellows out. You're supposed to tell us how to get along with an engine when we can't get along with her no more. That's what you get paid for. Now we want to know what's the matter with this engine?"

"There isn't anything the matter with her," asserted Keens heatedly. "I'll see after this that a real engineman gets this engine."

It was Swanson's turn. He fisted his hands once or twice, then went to the fire-box and threw open one of the doors. "You looked in there a minute ago," he said quietly to Keens, "but you didn't see anything. If you look again, carefully, you'll see that the flues are leaking badly, and so are the mud-rings and so are the stay-bolts. Bill's fire stood her off pretty well until you made him knock the middle out of her. You can see what's happened since."

For a long minute young Keens bent down, peering into the sizzling fire-box. He got up stiffly. "Both of you ought to be suspended for insubordination," he muttered. "You can shop her at Penn City."

Next day, as usual, Swanson's hardy eyes searched again as they went through Queenston. But he saw no sign of his late passenger. By the night of the sixth day he was discouraged. "I never thought the old crab would be right," he muttered, meaning the conductor of Ninety-two. Then on the seventh day, on their trip down, they stopped to throw off a car, and Jim Mattern, the Queenston station-agent, came out and handed Swanson a package.

"Guess this is for you," he said dryly. "She said for the engineer—if he was young and had light eyebrows. She's asked a couple of times about you."

"Much obliged," said Swanson casually. But his eyes were glued to the ribboned package and his heart was jumping under his oil-streaked smock. Hardly out of the Queenston station, he untied the ribbon. It was a book—poetry, "Songs of the Rail." It gave him a quick satisfaction—not that she had judged him a reader of poetry, but that she herself must like it. On the fly-leaf he found daintily written in blue ink: "To the 'Home, Sweet Home' engineman from a very grateful person. Please play it some more."

"She heard my 'Home, Sweet Home,'" he flushed. "I wonder did she really like it!" Exactly a week later Mattern handed him another package, a second book. Again a message on the fly-leaf, written in the same blue ink: "Happy Weekaversary. Swanson whistled softly and figured in his mental calendar that it was just two weeks from the day he had carried her to Queenston. "The thoughtfulness of her," he marveled. Between pages he found a card with the words: "Why have you stopped playing 'Home, Sweet Home?'"

That day Bill caught him at the book, and Swanson had to explain. "Books is all right, Home," agreed Bill gravely. "But you can't eat them when you get married."

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of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met. That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:

Amend section eleven, article sixteen of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows: "No corporate body to possess banking and discounting privileges shall be created or organized in pursuance of any law without three months' previous public notice, at the place of the intended location, of the intention to apply for such privileges, in such manner as shall be prescribed by law, nor shall a charter for such privilege be granted for a longer period than twenty years, so that it shall read as follows:

The General Assembly shall have the power by general law to provide for the incorporation of banks and trust companies, and to prescribe the powers thereof. A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 1. CYRUS E. WOODS, Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two. A JOINT RESOLUTION. Proposing an amendment to article nine, section eight of the Constitution of Pennsylvania. Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Assembly met, that the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:

That article nine, section eight, be amended to read as follows: Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district or other municipality or incorporated district, except as provided herein, and in section fifteen of this article, shall never exceed seven (7) per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, but the debt of the city of Philadelphia may be increased in such amount that the total debt of said city shall not exceed ten per centum (10) upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding ten per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the consent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law. In ascertaining the borrowing capacity of the city of Philadelphia, the amount of the debt of such city as shall have been incurred, or about to be expended, or upon any public improvement, or in the construction, purchase or condemnation of any public utility, or part thereof, or facility thereof, if such public improvement or public utility or part thereof, whether separately or in connection with any other public improvement or public utility or part thereof, may reasonably be expected to yield revenue in excess of operating expenses sufficient to pay the interest and sinking fund charges thereon. The amount of determining such amount, so to be deducted, may be prescribed by the General Assembly.

Section 9. The indebtedness for any purpose of the city of Philadelphia may be incurred by the city of Philadelphia for the purpose of retiring said obligations at maturity, the payment to such sinking-fund to be in the form of annual or other periodic installments. Where any indebtedness shall be or shall have been incurred by the city of Philadelphia for the purpose of the construction or improvements of public works or utilities of any character, the amount of the interest and sinking-fund charges accruing and which may accrue thereon throughout the term of such construction, and until the expiration of one year after the completion of the work for which said indebtedness has been incurred, the said city shall not be required to levy a tax to pay said interest and sinking-fund charges, but the amount of such charges shall be paid out of the sinking-fund established by section ten, article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, until the expiration of said period of one year, after which time the said city shall be required to levy a tax to pay said interest and sinking-fund charges. A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2. CYRUS E. WOODS, Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four-A. A JOINT RESOLUTION. Proposing an amendment to section one of article fifteen (XV) of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Assembly met, that the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:

That section one of article fifteen, which reads as follows: "Section 1. Cities may be chartered whenever a majority of the electors of any town or borough having a population of at least ten thousand shall vote at any general election in favor of the same," be, and the same is hereby amended to read as follows: Section 1. Cities may be chartered whenever a majority of the electors of any town or borough having a population of at least ten thousand shall vote at any general or municipal election in favor of the same. Cities, or cities of any particular class, may be given the right and power to frame and adopt their own charters and to exercise exclusive authority of local self-government, subject, however, to such restrictions, limitations, and regulations, as may be imposed by the Legislature. Laws also may be enacted affecting the organization of such government, and the terms thereof, which shall become effective in any city or borough only when submitted to the electors thereof, and approved by a majority of those voting thereon. A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.A. CYRUS E. WOODS, Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Five-A. A JOINT RESOLUTION. Proposing an amendment to article nine, section seven of the Constitution of Pennsylvania. Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, that the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:

That article nine, section seven be amended to read as follows: Section 7. The General Assembly shall not authorize any county, city, borough, township, or incorporated district to become a stockholder in any company, association, or corporation, or to acquire or appropriate money for, or to loan its credit to any corporation, association, institution, or individual.

This section shall not apply to any contract entered into by the city of Philadelphia for the purpose of the construction or improvement of transit facilities, whether furnished by the city or by a private corporation, or jointly by either or both. Nor shall this section be construed to prohibit the city of Philadelphia from acquiring, by contract or condemnation in the franchises and property of any company owning or operating transit facilities, or any part thereof, within its corporate limits, or the shares of stock of the corporation owning or operating the same, or any part thereof.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 5.A. CYRUS E. WOODS, Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Six-A. A JOINT RESOLUTION. Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania as to consolidation of common pleas of Philadelphia County. Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, that the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:

That section six of article five be amended so as to read as follows: Section 6. In the county of Philadelphia all the jurisdiction at powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas of that county shall be vested in one court of common pleas composed of all the judges in commission in said courts. Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts, and shall be subject to such change as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law. The president judge of the said court shall be selected as provided by law. The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption. In the county of Allegheny all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas shall be vested in one court of common pleas composed of all the judges in commission in said courts. Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts, and shall be subject to such change as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law. The president judge of the said court shall be selected as provided by law. The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption. A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 6.A. CYRUS E. WOODS, Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three-A. A JOINT RESOLUTION. Proposing an amendment to section one, article eight of the Constitution of Pennsylvania. Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, that the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:

That section one of article eight, which reads as follows: "Section 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject, however, to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact: "First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month. "Second. He shall have resided in the State one year (or, having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he or she shall have moved therefrom and returned, then six months), immediately preceding the election. "Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election. "Fourth. If twenty-two years of age and upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months, and paid at least one month before the election." be amended so that the same shall read as follows:

Section 1. Every citizen male or female of twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject, however, to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact: "First. He or she shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month. "Second. He or she shall have resided in the State one year (or, having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he or she shall have moved therefrom and returned, then six months), immediately preceding the election. "Third. He or she shall have resided in the election district where he or she shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election. "Fourth. If twenty-two years of age and upwards, he or she shall have paid, within two years, a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election. "Fifth. Wherever the words "he," "him," and "himself" occur in any section of article eight of this Constitution, they shall be construed as if written, respectively, "he or she," "him or her," and "himself or herself." A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 3.A. CYRUS E. WOODS, Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three-A. A JOINT RESOLUTION. Proposing an amendment to section one, article eight of the Constitution of Pennsylvania. Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, that the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:

That section one of article eight, which reads as follows: "Section 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject, however, to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact: "First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month. "Second. He shall have resided in the State one year (or, having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he or she shall have moved therefrom and returned, then six months), immediately preceding the election. "Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election. "Fourth. If twenty-two years of age and upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months, and paid at least one month before the election." be amended so that the same shall read as follows:

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