

The pawn-brokers shops in Marseilles and throughout all France do not belong to private parties as in the United States but are altogether under the supervision of the government. These pawn-broker offices, which are called "Monts de Piete," are instituted for the poor folks who, being in need of money, pledge some of their belongings. The rate of interest is two per cent per year and they give to the borrower two-thirds of the value of the object they pledge. If within the space of one year the party has not reclaimed what he has pawned, it is sold at auction except if he calls at the office to renew the contract for another year after having paid the two per cent interest due. Nevertheless, if the contracting party is financially unable the contracting party is financially unable it is sold at auction, as I have stated above, and when the administration of the "Mont de Piete" has kept back what has been lent and the two per cent interest, the remainder called "Boni," is given to the owner of the article pawned. The United States will, I hope, adopt some day this fine custom by which the poor classes can be benefited without falling in the rapacious hands of Shylock pawn-brokers, who prey upon the poor wretches who are willing to accept any conditions from the vultures of human shape, the disgrace of humanity. The Salvation Army is very powerful here. They occupy a large hall and do very much good among the drinking people. The same as in America. They promenade through the streets in uniform, with a bass-drum, and on great occasions with a trumpet, and they sing songs of all kinds. This religious sect is until 12 o'clock, when dinner is served, which are based upon the most potent truths of every-day life. They have no mysteries to attempt to explain, no occult sciences to divulge, no Buddha who on a throne must after death, pull you up in a problematic heaven, no Roran and its prophetic words that one can interpret as he pleases, not even a Bible,—expurgated—that they explain from their standpoint, but the salvation Army is very beneficial to humanity because they reach the lowest classes which the other churches fail to convert and they see that those who join them do right, not in mere words, but in deeds.

There are no Mormon preachers here and I don't know why. In such cities as Marseilles where the population is poor and wretched, the word of God, simply spoken, would surely make converts.

The principal monument of the old Massilia is its city hall, and it is astonishing that it should be so ugly and looking more like a barn of dirty appearance, than a city hall. At the door of the city hall, which I shall call town house, there are many tramps with bad looks waiting there for young ceryles who come to be married. The business of these men consists in signing their name at the bottom of marriage certificates and their conversation is, "What you please, mister?"

Another very important point of the old city is the fish market, where about 200 women behind stands sell their fish in abusing each other and insulting even the customers who are not willing to pay the price they ask. These creatures will call you "my darling" and ask you about 40 or 50 cents for a fish one inch long, but the next minute they will thunder at you bad words, that for my part I cannot understand, and will threaten to slap your face, with a fish, but they don't mean it at all. It is mere fun for them. I have been told; and as no one here pays any attention to them and lets them speak, I am inclined to believe it is so. Nevertheless,

I prefer the American custom, which allows you to buy what you please without any unpleasant words said on either side.

Marseilles is a great city and very picturesque. The surroundings are very beautiful and there are many fine bathing resorts all around, the principal one being at the end of the celebrated avenue of "Prado," where the battle of flowers is given each year during the carnival. The magnificent imperial palace overlooking the sea is a square construction of the Corinthian style and is now used as a museum and also at times for a hospital when an epidemic of cholera happens to rage in the city. This palace was presented to Empress Eugenie by the city council of Marseilles at the time when Napoleon III, after his marriage, traveled through the provinces and visited Marseilles. The gift was accepted by the empress, but when the downfall of the empire came in 1870, the council of the above city, wishing to annul the act of donation, stated that it had been given to the crown as public property and not personally to the empress. A long and tedious lawsuit began, during which Eugene upheld her right and it was finally decided by the court that the city had "duly" presented the property to the empress and that she was the sole possessor of the castle. As soon as the news reached Eugene that she had won the lawsuit, she wrote to the city authorities that she did not care for the castle, that she gave it back, that it was worthless to her! She wished thus to show that as long as her right was at stakes she had confided to law to uphold it for her and to prove that the castle was hers; but as soon as she had been declared the lawful proprietor, she wanted no longer a gift that had been made to her by dishonest subjects who had broken their word!

But I must now stop my long letter, the whistle of the steamer Isaac Perreire is warning me that I must go on board. I now leave this sunny France for the city of Algiers, where everything is going to be new to me, according to what I read.

JULES CAMBON.

CURRENTS AND A CURRENT INSECT

1—A year ago last spring I had from you fifty each of cherry currants and Fay's prolific. They have grown into sturdy bushes, but, while Fay's prolific this year bears fine fruit, the cherry currants have scarcely a sign of fruit. Is there something wrong, or does the Fay's prolific always come into bearing earlier? Both varieties look equally fine.

2—Another thing, many of the currants—fully half, I think—are turning red and dropping early. On examining them I find they have a small blemish on them and a tiny worm inside. Can anything be done to prevent this?

Thanking you for information in the past.
MRS. E. H. H.

Bath, Maine.

1—The cherry currant, in this case, has been making so strong a growth that few fruit spurs were made last year, and consequently but little fruit this season. But the plants will be all the more able to bear another year, and there need be no fear concerning them.

2—The insect infesting the currant fruit, as above mentioned, is undoubtedly what is called the currant fly, *Epochra canadensis*. In relation to it, Saunders, in "Insects Injurious to Fruits," says: "This insect is occasionally found attacking the fruit of both the red and the white currant. In its perfect state it is a two-winged fly, which lays its eggs at the currants while they are small; the larva enters

them while still green, and feeds on their contents, leaving a round black scar at the point of entry. The affected currants ripen prematurely, and shortly decay and drop to the ground, when, on opening them, there will be found in each a small white grub, about one-third of an inch long, which, when mature, leaves the currant and probably passes the chrysalis state under ground."

As the habits and the life cycle of this insect are similar, in fact almost identical, with those of the gooseberry fruit-worm, the same means may be employed to destroy it. The most important operation is to pick off the prematurely colored berries as soon as discovered and burn them. By carefully doing this for two years the number of the insects will be greatly lessened. Dusting the bushes with air slacked lime soon after the blooming season, and repeating it after heavy rains, will prevent the fly, to a great extent, from depositing their eggs on the berries.—Vick's Magazine.

WEEKLY CROP BULLETIN.

Salt Lake City, Utah,

August 2, 1898.

The week ending Monday, August 1, was the warmest so far this season, the temperature averaging about three degrees daily in excess of the normal. There was no precipitation reported from any part of the State during the past seven days. Bright sunshine prevailed throughout the entire week.

The drought conditions mentioned in last week's bulletin continues, and growing crops are suffering for want of rain. Complaints of a scarcity of water for irrigation purpose have been received from every section of the State.

The harvesting of hay and fall grain continues, and thrashing is going on in most sections of the State. Spring grain is ripening rapidly and will soon be ready to cut. It is the general opinion of correspondents that the yield of the principal crops will exceed the average of previous years. A large crop of hay has been secured in good condition. Corn, potatoes and sugar beets are very much in need of rain for growth and development.

Mapleton—Hot and dry. Crops need rain. Harvesting in progress and some dry land grain threshed.

Santaquin—Hot and dry week. Threshing going on, yield heavy. Hay-making continues.

Lake Shore—The binders are busy cutting grain. Second crop of lucern is being cut. Potatoes, corn and sugar beets are being irrigated. Weather warm.

Lehi—Past week hot and dry. Streams getting low, and many flowing wells have stopped running. Beets need rain badly.

Kaysville—Past week hottest of the year. No rain. Grain nearly all harvested. Some threshing being done; yield above average, quality good. Sugar beets under Davis county canal on account of no water in canal. Crops will be a failure.

St. George—Threshing still being pushed. Third crop of lucern twelve to eighteen inches high.

Pinto—A rain is very much needed. Everything is very dry and water is lower now than for many years past. Grain is turning fast. Some will be ready to cut this week. Considerable smut is noticed in the oat crop.

New Harmony—Good growing weather. Harvesting in progress. Second crops of lucern being cut.

Harrisville—Past week has been good for haying, of which a large amount of meadow hay and second crop of lucern has been hauled. Grain stacking commenced. Water quite low for irrigation.

Spring City—Warm and dry. Har-