

humanely killing such animals. As such methods as poisoning, shooting and bleeding had proven unsatisfactory, it was resolved that this elephant—weighing nearly  $4\frac{1}{2}$  tons and about 23 years old—should be strangled. To avoid enraging the animal, it was allowed to remain standing quietly in line with 20 or 30 others. Its legs were chained to posts, and a new Manila rope was wound loosely around its neck, with one end fastened to strong pillars and the other to pulleys having a tackle drawn by 90 men. It continued eating unconcernedly as the rope was drawn taut. As the men then walked away, it still gave no sign of discomfort, but at the end of 30 seconds it slowly collapsed and lay down, without the slightest struggle or indication of pain, and in six and a half minutes all movement ceased, the eye being fixed and rigid after 23 minutes.

Krypton, the newly-discovered fifth element in the air, is supposed to be somewhat greater in density than oxygen, and to constitute about 1-20,000 of the atmosphere. The sixth constituent, now suspected to exist, is believed to be, like helium, lighter than nitrogen.

Evidence collected by M. Camille Flammarion tends to show a connection between the sun-spot period and the yearly return of swallows, cuckoos and nightingales, and the flowering of chestnut and lilacs. He also himself observed the trees since 1871. His observations have been made upon the same trees and in the same manner throughout, and the results gives variations strongly suggestive of a connection with the number of spots on the sun. The record of the return of swallows has been kept since 1853. It is proven that the migratory birds return to any one place earlier in the year than usual if the spots are numerous, and later when the spots are at a minimum, the cycle of change covering about eleven years. Another curious fact brought out is that, during the last twelve years at least, the mean temperature of April and May has been the same as the mean temperature of the year.

The drinking of pure water by some species of butterflies is carried to such excess that Mr. J. W. Tutt, an English entomologist, suggests that it may have literally become a vice. It appears to be certain that they drink infinitely more than is required by their tissues under any possible conditions, and specimens have been observed to sit motionless for more than an hour while sucking up and discharging moisture. This singular habit, whose meaning cannot even be surmised, seems to be confined entirely to the males.

Artificial teeth that have become firmly implanted in the jaws of dogs and men have been made by Dr. Zamesky from gutta percha, porcelain or metal. Holes are made in the base of the tooth, which is then placed in a cavity formed in the jaw, and in a short time a soft granulated growth enters the holes in the tooth and—gradually hardening—firmly holds it in place.

#### A VOICE FROM PARIS.

I cannot help but think what a great time you shall have in Salt Lake City when the Fourth of July comes, and I assure you that in spite of my enjoying myself very much in Paris, I would like to be there with you all. In France is the 14th of July, and I am eager to see its celebration. They have no fire crackers to use as we, and the cause of it is the great fear of a conflagration. I cannot blame the people

for that, because, although every house in the city is built of stone, an "incendie" would be something terrible. I don't really know why the French people have not chosen a better date for their national holiday. It seems they might have selected some other day and it would have been none the worse; on the contrary! For instance, the anniversary of the battle of "Valmy, when Dumouriez and Kellerman," the two French generals, put to flight with half naked boy soldiers, the veteran army of "Duke de Brunswick," would have been a more proper selection; but instead of that they have fallen upon the celebration of a crime. For everyone knows the horrors committed by the low people of Paris during that awful day when they murdered the governor of the "Bastille," the unfortunate "de Launay," and a few others who were innocent. But the populace of such a great place as Paris is not to be restrained, and the word of Thackeray is very true when he says of the French, that it is a great and low, admirable and disgusting, sublime and criminal nation; all that at the same time; many natures compounded in one, good and bad mixed up together; something like "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" of Mansfieldian fame, you know. But of course, I am not going to spend all my time in correcting history, and as I really do not care anything about the right or the wrong of the French in having chosen for their national holiday this or that date, I will proceed in my narration.

On the 14th of July there is on the race track of "Longchamps" a great military parade with thousands of soldiers in red, black, blue and white uniforms. It is a great day and there can be nothing equal to it, I am sure, when over 100,000 men, accompanied by the military bands of each regiment, sing at full voice that mighty war song, *La Marseillaise*. All the divisions, the brigades, the squadrons, the regiments, the masses of cavalry, the train of artillery, the cuirassiers with their shining cuirasses and their high helmets, the squares of infantry clad in the blue coat and blood-red pants; defile before the general, commanding the city of Paris. Then there are changes of heavy and light cavalry, at full speed, with drawn swords, and movements of troops and the evolutions of ensemble. The artillerymen raise clouds of dust under their heavy horses and cannons and during that time the public, the heart of the nation,—I mean to say applaud in rapture!

Another good custom also is to throw open the theaters on the 14th of July, and as that day the shows are free, the crowd is so great that many accidents are recorded in the papers on the next day. The boulevards swarm with thick crowds of people in their best clothes, and again here and there the *Marseillaise* hymn is heard. Peddlers walk to and fro, screaming at the top of their shrill voices, the titles of some late popular songs; others trouble you at every step to sell you a cockade or badge for your coat; others compel you, so to say, to buy some new patent trumpets for your children if you have any; then there is also an army of boys, selling papers, newly patented toys, little flags, jumping-jacks, representing Bismarck, Emperor William or some other enemy of France and at night when the day is over, the mayor of each district of Paris, gives to the people—with their money that has been levied—fireworks elaborately prepared. Some of these fireworks are artistically disposed and represent a great many subjects, some time very possible, at at other times quite impossible. For instance, when the sister Republics of America and France shall be seen hand in hand, as far as that is concerned it is all right, but when Wil-

liam of Germany is represented as having his hand in that of France, it is too much! Nevertheless it cannot be denied that a rapprochement shall soon be effected between Germany and France and it will be a great day when the Gallic rooster shall crow in unison with the German eagle; because it will be peace for Europe and the millions of soldiers kept at great expense by both nations shall go back to their homes and resume that pastoral life which "Colbert," celebrated minister of Louis XIV, used to call in speaking of agriculture, "*Les mammelles de la France!*"

Politics and French women do not walk hand in hand; for it is not considered proper that a lady should make public speeches or run for an office. This keeping of women out of politics is not brought about by their husbands or fathers by any kind of pressure, but it is by their own free will. They prefer remaining quiet advisers and not become poor public speakers. They believe the place of a lady is not in political meetings or in a pulpit. They do not believe in shouting about the equality of the sexes and the tyranny of men until their throat, intended by God for sweetness and love, is hoarse. They would look with horror upon a female Demosthenes bathed in perspiration, her hair in threads, descending from the stand and, followed by a lamb-looking husband and surrounded by the mass of citizens, who, on her passage, melt in smiles. To give you an idea of what married women are in France, I will add that when Mrs. Belna Lockwood came to Paris as she said, free these poor French ladies from servitude and teach them what liberty was—emancipate the French girls and married ladies, her words fell flat, in spite of her glowing speeches, because the women whom she was attempting to convince, could not see at all that they were ill-treated, and would not have accepted any other's place! The way a woman obtains what she wants in France is not by loud cries and statements that she is just as good as her husband, but by gentleness and kind, loving words. She does not consider men in general and her husband in particular as an enemy of her sex, but as a true friend in whom she can implicitly trust herself, and it can be said that this confidence is seldom betrayed! The women of France are home women, and as there are very few instances of married people having no home—except in large cities, and it is caused by vice—no matter if rich or poor, the French women are very steady, and most of their life is passed in the company of their husbands and their children.

The French women are model mothers, true Saints, and their life very often is a long martyrdom; all made of abnegation, depriving themselves of all; setting aside all usages of the world and forgetting the vain pleasures of society to devote themselves entirely to some little rosy babe sent to them by heaven to enlighten us a sacred spark their wretched life, they tread upon their sad and weary road with confidence and resignation, taking pleasure in performing their holy calling and looking straight before them without hesitation, advancing with a firm step toward that ideal. Duty, which always predominates in every truly honest woman's thought and places her in such a lofty position in our eyes that she cannot die in our hearts any more. Thus are the French mothers, my dear cousin, and although they are not independent as our American women, they are not inferior to them, because, more than all other women, they are mines of feminine devotion, ready to give all, to keep nothing for themselves and devoted in