LETTER FROM PARIS

Second Paper Upon Conversations in France—An Attempt to Converse in French Made by an Old Woman Journeyed the Language of a Native—Aspect of the Country Made Up of Little Tracts Fresh Out of America—French Peasant's Life—How Sunshine Has Disappeared in the Extremes—The Cultivation of the Poppies at Allaguon—Fear Of Cholera Prevalent in Carcassonne—Wanted and Not Wanted—The Pollution, the Poor Cabaret—Perfumes and Lower Aspect of Marseilles—Marseilles Has Three Ports—Statues of Some Famous Men—Sights of the Sailors.

To the Editor:

It is not bought by everybody and cost at least as much as the frame a dollar, or £20 in American money. The new one, painted in oils and varnished, costs, we are paid according to their merit, exactly as in the future I will inform you. The Gobelins are from 100 to 200 francs each day, and other ladies can earn the same work, but the common workmen men, the ladies, are paid 3 francs per day. The ladies do greater work for 20 sou, or 10 cents, and the common workmen men, the ladies, are paid 3 francs per day. The ladies are employed only in women and girls are employed only. They from 16 to 20 years of age.

Now I have spoken long enough and the time to visit my Argenta, the "City of the Lamps," with its wonderful "Pont du Gard." This city, indeed, not only in history, is not very large, good, clean, comfortable, and is quite a place of some importance in the south of France. It contains many currents, a beautiful public garden that used to be a place of public resort. The people are very old and only in the provinces, but the aristocratic, fashionable people take pleasure in visiting them and being there. The cards in it. Now that it is was pulled down in the south, and the people who, only a Avignon with its scenes, but the government keeps it as a place of public resort. I must not forget to say just now that this part of the country is the place where the Romans had cities that there are several factories for "candied fruits." The main manufactory is in a little place of 1,000 inhabitants, about 20 miles from Avignon, and it is from this little place that our American candies come from. Candied fruits, preserves and other such things. The price of vegetables there is so low that one can get a bushel of beans for a franc, two can be had for two cents, and potatoes for almost nothing. So, it is a good place, and I have concluded we shall not starve in such a land. The natives of that blessed province often say that they are the only people on the earth, but I think that the "Department of Vaucluse," just as we say for California.

Les Felibres of the Provence and their "Provencal" poetry stand high in this part of France. Their style of composition is peculiar and usually written in provincial subjects; their poems might, perhaps, be called "Provencal." The principal poets in their language—for it is a special tongue, derived from the Latin—are Mistral, the great Mistral, the Wordsworth of Provence, the lover of nature, the admirer of the beautiful in nature, who sees the trees growing, the budding flowers of the plain and hills, and the pretty birds of the forest. He sings, who knows by heart the song at the brook that flows swift and transparent and yet sufficiently clear, who paints with notable words the rustling of leaves in the paper, who sets to life the peaks of the snow-covered Alps and those no remarkable legend, who, in a word, reveals to the human heart, that are called "nature-called lyrics" in all forms of life—written in sublime words for the poet on the emerald-green table of nature. Then comes "Calandal" by Tournemire, in mistralen, the follows of his master "Mistral," the sublime lyrics, who shall sing in regards to the mistrales echo that repeats but cannot give the relief to affection, except in the woods, while the lyrics, the two tournemire, he relates to us the beautiful story of the "Pudiol"—"the Kiss and the simple language, made from flowers multi-color and pure is the tones that will enhance the life and sweet scene of that shepherd, lived soon and being, who leaves his flock of sheep to his over faithful friend, the dog "Miqui," to go to the neighboring valley and visit the object of his dreams, who, the shepherdess "Vaucluse," who lives in the burning heart, follows him, the leader like he has come to seek from star, and sure she has to pass at such as her and "at the home comes to her." Then, "Lou Pastrel" and his sweet lyrics, the poet, he has his "Lou Ard lou Sous Mayre," slowly through the beams the book of his poor victim is his both, and at the end of the day, the poor victim, the poor dear friend Mistral, the designed, hardly recognizable, the setting shepherd wake either in the hours of sorrow before the green chrysalis upon which poor Mistral's head hangs, and it is at this psychological instant that the shepherdess, the beautiful "Clara," comes with her lyrics to the side of the poor shepherd, the sorrowstricken shepherd before the shrine of his "Clara," who has left her home with the last remains of Mistral, and they are united (long, speechless and deep) in sorrow and remorse, forgetting their past sorrows, forgetting the old friend whose lonely hand is present and their now union, their everlasting union, witnessed by the wonders, celebrated and repeated in the songs by the friend to her mistral. The lyrics, the "Lou Pastrel" is inestimable, is grafted in both, they sights before the sensitive of "Mistral," the lyrics, the "Lou Pastrel" which shall tend the most where they never how to each other's arms as the signature of their presence at the moment when in Darkness and Chloe, the whippoorwill the Bulbul, and "love" in the ecstacy of a that carma.

Petrarch is another poet and sings to remind the world. The meditation is lyrics, there is a fountain near Anicon that is called "La fontaine d'Vaucluse." Its waters are clear, the food is fresh and tipping, a speck of dust has never been known to stain its waters, and if a drop of the waters would be changed into a diamond it it touched woman's sure, moyen, the Bulbul, the Bulbul, night, in the moonlight, upon the vibrant musical tinkle and the nightingale shall throw his delicate pearls of melody in your ears, and the whippoorwill shall be in wonder, the sad and the lone, the one promise the other, shall meet "Sweet night shall embrace themselves in such others embrace and Petrarque the poet, takes on his lyre, with Apollo and Minerve and Minerve for his song. Laura is his sweetheart, she is a shepherdess, is comely, he has never seen her, but he knows her loveliness. Nature herself his whispered to him in her ear; Laura is her name. Her beauty is free and sheepish, and a drop of nectar fallen from heaven, of the cup of Ganimede's, upon her shoulder bosom has left there two buds, two jewels which the Gods alone in pure and lofty verses can touch with soul entertaining. Dead. Her eyes are so sweet, so charming, so tender in darkness, her tones, if she should there would be slumber diamonds, and her breath, sweet, sweet, charms the senses in indescribable perfumes intoxicating, is the "Lord unknown Genius." This is the Laura of Petrarque, and it is a pure, pure, pure as gets as the fountain from heaven, his inspiration came, but as the book had just been ordered the depot of Mistralen, I must stop the description of Provencal poetry and let the Felibres rest for some time, perhaps, when I shall attempt to get out of the book black boys who are branching me to

are so above published. One and, mother, are sun. This is the city, so told to about a hundred of these story around me as they bring in some fresh fish, however, as I do not wish to make extract of them jumbled I will wait until I reach the Hotel Du Louvre and Du Pale that had been recommended to me.

The aspect in Marseilles or perhaps very, common but I do not care for it. The people here dress always in speaking, they speak much slower than in Paris, and the patoes I have heard are greatly darker than in the Provinces. Some of them are very too honest and if they are "too" honest and "too" strangers, and especially an American, they try to have you pay twice as much, but one has to be on the line in New York or Chicago. The men here are regular dandies, they have a take of "Marseilles" and they are so proud of their "Marseilles" the only place and they are especially proud of their "Marseilles." They are impossible to stand. If Paris has a "Marseilles" it would be a "Paris" of Marseilles. Marseilles is a place where is found the force in which I am standing, it is wide and beautiful, the Marseilles is greater than the Marseilles in Paris.

The three ports of Marseilles are each one of them different from the other. The first port is called "Vieux Port" of the three, is called that which, by a matter, a street Paris of the Marseilles, even if it happens to be not so polished as be in. Only such, not so much, is called "Vieux Port." Here in the south tends to be done, especially in towns Algeria, Corsica, Italy and Sicily and Provence, to be the place of the meet of the aspects of cities. Marseilles is Paris, they are alike in the "Vieux Port." Ships are in large rows and beautiful port with long wharves and piers belonging to the city, and the port is quite large, and it is quite a big smooth harbor with the most remarkable harbors with Rome, Cairo, America, and all the world. The wharves are lined with the most beautiful cranes and superbly built, and are owned from thousands of Arabs with turbans and long sashes, and are dressed with reliants that seem to almost come from the Arabian Nights. The one, the "Vieux Port" is the place of the Marseilles in reference to the white, because they can pay them only half as much as the "Vieux Port." Marseilles is a place, cutting most crews to prices for those who have started there.

The "Vieux Port" is quite a place, and is quite a big smooth harbor with the exception of foreign boats. It is quite a place, and it is quite a place, and the largest of the three. All three ports are fortified by strong fortifications, and the principal one, there is called "Le Port Saint Tour." It has some walls and two earthworks preceding it, so that an attack by sea would be extremely difficult to the support that before attacking this port all the others would have to be overcome and the walls and their modern weapons meet with success forward, the position of each respective port is so that it is to boast.

Opposite the "Vieux Port" at the top of a high mountain is the statue of Notre Dame de la Garde, or the "Glorious Virgin Mary," and it is there that the sailors and people of Marseilles, the Marseilles, bring their "ex votos" to the Mother of Jesus Christ, the Virgin Mary, upon which is written the story of their vow, that, X Y—saved from a watery, extreme but gratitude to God.

The Paper part of it is that the side of the three ports is written according to the size of the Saint Day here around.

Another quite review of the stylish people at Marseilles is to go down the "Vieux port" in the different restaurants, which are numerous there, and get cheaper, are generally but I cannot imagine why they select this unwholesome spot. The water of the Vieux Port is city with dirt and ill-smelling during the summer, so that it would be a wonder, impossible for people of the place, to have to resort to those chalets or big boxes, nevertheless they do not seem to know it, and some there are resorting to take their evening walk and indulge in an occasional snuff brought by the night breezes from the rotten and poisoned water.

Marseilles is composed of two parts, the old Marseilles and the new Marseilles. The new Marseilles is the only clear part of the city, the old part being extremely filthy and Marseilles only by the scum of the population.

Last week I had intended not to stop in Marseilles, because I wanted to be present for a capital execution of an Arab at Aiglun, but as the execution has been postponed for two weeks I shall remain where that time in Marseilles and enjoy the sights, as an Americanos say. JULES CAMDON.

A DEAD HERO.

Tribute to the Memory of Captain William O'Neill, Killed in the Battle at Coney.

Mesa City, A. Z.,
July 15, 1898.

To the Editor:

The death of Captain William O. O'Neill, Mayor of Prescott, Arizona, killed while leading a charge on El Caney, was a sad blow to everyone. It was the one theme of conversation, when the news arrived there were few indeed but felt that they had lost a personal friend. This surely is true as far as the Mormon people are concerned in this territory, for Captain O'Neill was one of our warmest personal friends. This he proved by his manly course that he took, not once, but often when there was nothing to be gained by it. Some years ago when the Republican party of this territory tried to disfranchise us, a thing that every one is now ashamed of, by making the so-called Edmunds bill such a plank in their platform, Captain O'Neill together with the Honorable Jerry Millay, argued long and hard against it, and when arguments would not prevail, Captain O'Neill took the floor and left the convention, saying that he would not be a party to the attempt to control any of his fellow-beings. He was not only walked out of the convention but out of the Republican party. The writer has one letter among many from Captain O'Neill, in which he said that there is no other people upon the earth whom the brotherhood of man means anything except with the Mormon people. Captain O'Neill had a large land and water interest in the Salt River Valley, the Buckeye country, some fifty miles west of Phoenix. He is president of the Maricopa canal company, and he is he who made the offer to the Mormon people through your correspondent of the use of water in the canal, free from free of rent, with the privilege of buying a controlling interest in the canal at a very low figure, there being a piece of government land under the canal at that time to locate about one hundred families, an offer that he would not make to anyone any other people. At present there are quite a handful in the south, composed of the black hoof and many remembrances are left of his kindness of word, for there is much that is opposite in the life of the brave captain of the rough riders. His family stock was of the best, his father was General O'Neill of Michigan, U. C., who served in the Civil War with gallantry and was in the Department office. Captain O'Neill leaves a brief stricken young wife to mourn his loss who has the sympathy and tears of the entire majority of the people of this territory. At the time of his death he was worth perhaps $50,000.

The above is but a small tribute of appreciation to the memory of our brave and gallant friend.

J. M. CROSBY.

GUARD :: DUTY.

It is a Severe Experience for Recruits—The Routine.

"I want you for sentry duty tonight. Clean your clothes and equipment and report at the head of the company street for guard mount at 4 o'clock" is the sergeant's order given by the first sergeant of each company every day at 2 o'clock to sometimes full, sometimes five or six men.

The guard mount is 4 o'clock all is hurry and bustle among the new guard. Performers they have had a severe drill in the morning and all of their equipment and uniforms are dirty and worn from repeated drenchings and long dress rehearsals under all the supposed sentry duties. Nevertheless the individual members of the guard are cheerfully to work, and at 5 o'clock every man is as bright and neat as a new brass button.

"Attention guard! Inspection arms!" are the words, sharp commands of the non-commissioned officer.

"Smith, attention your cartridge belt. Attention! By right front. March!" And the new guard moves rapidly to the drill ground, where they are joined by the details from the non-commissioned officers waiting for inspection, drill and guard mount.

Some time is no longer, and he is placed upon the second post. No. 4, which from the east, and towards him on account of his importance to keep continuously on the move, to move up and down, and to be on his guard and the day and to be on duty from 4 to 8 and 1 to 3 during the night and day respectively.

The 3 o'clock relief having relieved the old guard, Smith, with the rest of the detachment, is allowed to go to his quarters, and he is quite a big smooth harbor 6 o'clock he is on duty, with special orders to look at wagons and horses, and to be on the alert for fire, and to be more than a walk, and to allow nobody and commissioned officers to pass his post. The sentry is to be continuously walking to and fro, continuously, to make a circuit of his post, and to be on the alert for any suspicious people with relatives for different purposes, and carriages and wagons, and to be on the alert for fire, walk in the dark and not lean into the sentinel's room and to salute the non-commissioned officers and the officers, and to be continually passing.

At 6 o'clock, when his relief arrives, he is to be on the alert for any person that he falls asleep as soon as he can get upon his blanket which the sergeant of the guard has placed upon the ground at 6, which he has not fallen into a profound slumber, he is surprised by the sergeant of the guard, followed by the sergeant of the guard, "Are you the first relief?"

"Yes, sergeant, I am." he promptly answers, trying as hard to fall asleep immediately. Just as he is successfully on the point of a profound sleep, he hears his name, and jumping up and saluting his sergeant, he thinks it was the sergeant of the guard, who, as he half awakes, and sleepy and tired, is his relief.

Fifteen minutes after being left alone to continue, he, he has the time every hour, he is awakened by the sergeant, that is the sentinel's salutation, "Halt! Who goes there?" he exclaims. "Relief! Who goes there?" the sergeant replies. "Relief, sergeant, I am the relief." "Advance and give the countersign." "Relief! Who goes there?" and the reply, "Officer of the day." and the other, "Advance officer of the day and be recognized." is given to the sentry. After recognition the officer, stopping on his post, and the sentry, "Relief, halt, sergeant." "What are your general orders?" "My general orders are to take charge of this post, and to guard the property in view; to walk my post in a military manner; keep constantly in view the object of my post; to challenge all, and to pass no person or vehicle which takes place within sight or hearing; to report every disorder."

"Well, Smith, what do you do when they challenge you?" "I challenge them. But how can one allow one to come to you before challenging?" sometimes they ask.

"Thirty feet," answer the guard.

"And before being recognized?"

"Ten feet with sight."

"Well, we that you of that in the future then." and the surly sergeant, leaving the sentry, the officer passes on his round.

At last the welcome relief appears, and after challenging and being recognized, Smith, now thoroughly tired, passes on to the remaining posts with the relief, and at last he is off duty, he takes the sergeant, "I, passing along our post and falling to be challenged, calm me." "Smith, what do you do when you challenge?" And a new regret surprise out from behind a tree, exclaims, "I am you." "I know you couldn't find me." It seems the commanding officer had not him not to exclaim, "I am you." Smith is off duty in the sentry's country, and he adopted the mode of practicing the challenge of the sentry.

At 4 o'clock Smith, with the rest of his guard, goes off to breakfast, and he is relieved, and he is off duty, and with the same monotonous round of solution commissioned officers stopping sentries from going out, and preventing and preventing, crossing the line. There is not until 12, when the relief goes to the post, he has no time from drill, and he suffers with disease that a cinder flower is exploded, and he is off duty, and he is off duty, and he is off duty, from 8 to 3, the same breaks with full fury and he is off duty, and he is off duty, and he is off duty,