

has begun. All kinds of grain are looking well.

Cache Junction—Fall grain is ripening rapidly.

Benson—Spring grain is in need of rain; it is very warm and dry.

Newton—Fall wheat is very heavy and some of it is damaged by smut. No smut has been observed in the spring grain. Potatoes are growing well.

Lawrence—Crops are doing well. Water is getting lower and unless some rain falls, crops will need it soon. No fruit of any consequence except berries.

Ferron—The honey bees are waking. The hay is somewhat damaged by the frequent rains.

Parowan—The weather has been favorable for the crops.

Levan—A heavy rain occurred on the 11th. Corn, vegetables and fruit were benefitted, but grain lodged back.

Rand—A good rain occurred on the 11th, doing much good.

Peterson—First crop of lucern is secure. Farmers are cutting timothy. Potatoes are looking well.

Fillmore—A good rain occurred on the 11th which was very much needed, but it damaged some hay.

Deseret—This has been the warmest week of the season. Crops are doing well. Water is very scarce.

Monticello—Heavy rains damaged alfalfa crop. All grain crops look well; grass good on range.

Miller—Harvesting fall wheat begun; cutting second crop of lucern; growing crops in good condition.

Holliday—High winds and rain lodged grain badly causing some loss of crop. Harvest apples beginning to ripen—wormy as usual. Winter wheat ripening.

Glenwood—High winds and rain damaged cut lucern in fields and prostrated considerable fall wheat. Fall wheat ready for the reaper in eight or ten days. Crop about one-fourth killed during spring.

Sigurd—Hay damaged by rain on 10th and 11th; good grain crop assured; early potatoes large enough for use; small fruits ripe.

Manti—Good growing weather. Hay-ing progressing. Splendid prospects for an abundant harvest except in fruit.

Chester—Grain filling good. Weather conditions favorable for growth and harvest operations.

Lehi—Past week hot with some thunder and but little rain. Water getting scarce.

Kaysville—Harvesting continues at the rate of 400 to 500 acres daily and should be finished this month. Yield will be the best in years. Fruit crop damaged by early hail storms.

Lake Shore—Fall grain ripening; second crop of lucern growing nicely; potatoes and corn look well, and other crops in satisfactory condition.

Santaquin—A warm week; nice shower on 15th; every binder going; wheat crop enormous and will average twenty bushels per acre on dry land—the dry farm land in excess of watered grain.

Payson—Fine growing weather; grain crops ripening fast; early spring wheat oats, rye and barley cut and in shock; second crop of alfalfa being cut; potatoes and beets growing rapidly; garden stuff nearly cleared out; apples ripening.

American Fork—Fine showers forepart of the week, freshening up everything needing water, but bleached a good deal of lucern that was bunched and ready for hauling. Rain needed.

Lyman—Good growing weather past week; crops look fine; haying begun; rain needed.

Loa—Excellent growing weather; wheat heading out; cloudy but no rain.

New Harmony—All crops are progressing nicely. We had a good rain on the 4th.

Pinto—Early grain in bloom; corn and potatoes look well; green peas just coming in; wild hay harvest in progress; crop excellent.

St. George—Showers 11th and 12th, but not sufficient to interfere with harvesting; threshing small grain has commenced.

Harrisville—Week hot and dry; water getting scarce; grain and hay harvest in full operation.

Uintah—Crops are suffering for want of water.

Kingston—Crops growing nicely; farmers still busy haying. Heat almost overpowering; thunder and rain on 11th.

Meadowville—Past week warm with some clouds but no rain. Potatoes in bloom and peas soon ready for use. Haying commenced; winter rye will soon be ready to cut.

Price—Past week warm; crops growing fast; corn looking well; small fruits ripe, such as currants, raspberries and gooseberries—crop heavy.

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Per S. M. BLANDFORD.

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

I am compelled again to repeat that life in Paris is very strange to me, and absolutely different from that we live in America. The food is totally different and the way of cooking it also. They eat in France certain things that would be revolting to our American stomachs; such things for instance as horse steaks—called here horse beefsteaks—and snails—prepared with truffles if you please and termed delicacies! Think of it! Such "varmint" upon a fashionable table!

Horse meat in France is very cheap, and against its use I have nothing to say, because if we take the trouble of reflecting an instant instead of turning up our noses in disgust; if in a word we condescend for a few seconds to consider the principle of economic philosophy contained in the practice of killing and eating horses, we should soon come to the conclusion that instead of being an evil the horse meat markets are an advantage for the poor classes who cannot allow themselves the luxury of beef on account of its high price. The more I think of it the more I am led to believe that if the "services d'inspection" were as carefully and strictly directed in the United States as is done in France in every large city as Paris, Marseilles, Lyon, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Lille, Nantes, in a word in all important centers; we would not be long in discovering that we also, in the United States, are eating horseflesh, much more indeed than we dream of.

There is no country where the "system of inspection" is better conducted than in France. There are inspectors for all: Inspectors for the cleanliness of houses, inspectors for meats, inspectors for wines, inspectors for flours and wheat and grain of all kinds, inspectors for fruits and vegetables, inspectors for tobacco and cigars, and for many other things of which I cannot think just now.

The system of inspection is managed in a way so perfect that it is almost impossible to "buy" one of the inspectors because nobody knows in advance when the inspector will come, nor if he will come at all, nor which one will come. I might explain to you all the mechanism of that system of the administration, but I fear it would be too long and so tedious that you would grow weary before having read it all; all I can say is that in Paris and France the public is well protected against those who sell bad merchandise or adulterated wines.

However, the law of the country permits each dealer to sell what he pleases,

provided he says what he sells and that he informs the public of the quality and nature of his stock. Thus a horse butcher must have above the door of his shop the gilt head of a horse standing there for a sign; and by that advertisement, all those who enter the place are well aware that only horse meat is sold there and nothing else. Two or three doors further down, along the street, perhaps opposite, you behold another butcher, who sells beef, but you can see there no more the horse's head. This time it will be the head of a steer painted in bronze, and that is the reason why all those who want a beefsteak go to such a place for it, while those who want horse's "roast beef" go across the street. It is even allowed to sell adulterated wines, but then the merchant must sell them for what they are, and he then is compelled by the law to hang in his grocery store, or bar, or shop, a little sign running thus: "Adulterated wines for sale," and in such cases—which have never been known to be in existence—he can sell all his rotten stuff, all his poison; the inspectors may come in, they have nothing to say.

A moment ago I spoke to you of the "snails,—escargots a la made de Bourgogn" as they call them here—but I wish to add something. You cannot imagine how profusely they are consumed in Paris, and as the demand is increasing from year to year, I have been told that they have started manufacturing them. We have here egg factories where eggs are manufactured; a celebrated professor—Prof. Berthelot—has lately stated that we shall soon be able to masticate manufactured meats; and with that last addition of "snail's factories" it can be assured that Paris takes the cake in the line of flabbergastingly comical inventions! Who knows what they will invent next? You must not believe that snails, in spite of their popularity, are cheap; not at all; they are on the contrary quite dear. The other day I entered a restaurant and called for one half dozen, but to tell the whole truth, as soon as I had put one in my mouth, closing my eyes not to see it and with the firm intention of swallowing it at full speed without giving myself any time for thinking, I had a sudden sinking of the heart and allowed the little animal to fall back on my plate. It almost caused me to be sick, and you can take my word for it I shall not play at that game any more. Since I came to Paris that is the only thing that has disgusted me. All the rest, horse's flesh included, is all right, but these snails, no; only in thinking of them I am horrified!

I cannot forget mentioning the quantity of olive oil and garlic that they use all around here. The use of olive oil is very beneficent, it is true, but in Paris they use it to excess and it is the same throughout the whole country, from north to south, from east to west. As to garlic, I do not care for it; it is worse than onions, you know! Have you ever tasted any? You have eaten onions, have you not? Well, onions and their odor are tame compared to the odor of garlic; onions are exquisite when compared with garlic. No, really, it is disgusting to see ladies and gentlemen eating such ill-smelling things, even when they go in society. The other evening I was made acquainted with the most charming little Parisian young lady that you can imagine; and I began maneuvering skillfully to succeed in getting closer to the place where she was and perhaps to be blessed with a "tete-a-tete." Ah! she was a beautiful girl! I would have done almost anything to be loved by such a woman! But having succeeded in my desire of getting near her, I