

every respect and until death to their husbands.

This can be explained by the fact that a man and a woman seldom get married without being acquainted one with the other for a long time, and if by chance there is some incompatibility of temper; both in natural accord agree to stand their troubles until God, sending the angel of death, re-establishes an equilibrium for an instant interrupted. The Roman Catholic religion is predominant in France, and one of its most sublime principles consists in promising to the man and the woman on the point of wedding that they shall be united for eternity; and these everlasting unions consecrated by a supreme force are to remain asleep in the endless night of ages, both souls wrapped in each other's shadow; void and purified of all the desires of the sensuality of a body which has during mortal life been only a material instrument of love without being its essence.

is very much developed in most French families and it is a truly edifying spectacle that will bring forth tears, to see some children, who have reached the age of man, coming—each time that they have to leave the house or when they come back home at night—to leave a respectful kiss on the cheek of that mother who has always been so devoted to them. Even in maturity children preserve that custom, and men 45 or 50 years old can often be seen asking advice—just like children—of their mother or even of their father who is yet alive. I had been told that French people were bad, and in judging from those whom we usually see in America I had believed it; but now that I see the simplicity of affection and the happiness prevailing all around me, I think that it is impossible that a nation where the respect for aged parents is so much developed and so highly practiced, should be so bad as it is represented.

who are here, constantly complain of being stopped in the street by men whom they do not know, but if they wish to observe more attentively and watch their actions more closely they will find out their error. There is surely not one single Frenchman in existence, capable of stopping a woman in the street or any public place except if she gives him some occasion for it, and even, if by chance a man should happen to stop a lady and that on her side, she answer him by a severe and honest glance, such a fellow would drop out immediately.

Mademoiselle Fannie Edgar Chemas, one of our most prominent musical critics, and a woman of intensely high and extraordinary intelligence, who is here in Paris, working for the Musical Courier of New York, affirms that there is a great number of American girls coming here to study, who, when they answer "no" to a man, mean "yes" by the expression of their face and by the tone of their voice. She may be right. In Paris it is not as in America; ladies are neither granted the same privileges nor the same "abandon" with men in general; and the Parisian woman, wishing to command respect, a true lady in a word, who wants to deserve that name, would never allow herself the slightest smile in looking at the gentlemen who pass her; and, my dear cousin, you know it well yourself. Although the young ladies who amuse themselves that way in the United States may be very respectable in many cases, still the practice of flirting is shameful and must tend to lead any woman practicing it to the loss of her self-respect and of true womanhood, her greatest jewel indeed!

I mention all this to you because I want you to derive all the profit you can from it, and if you come to Paris,

I would not want you to experience any trouble; but on another hand I wish to say that the French people are great admirers of beauty—respectful admirers, I will add, in spite of many contrary statements—and it is why you must expect upon your arrival here, to be feasted, adored, and to receive many other tokens of admiration; but all this, silently I warn you, by these gallant Frenchmen who will not be able to see you without falling at your feet—with your permission—to tell you that you are charming; but rest assured that with one single look from your beautiful eyes you will be able—if you wish it—to stay their burning declaration before it is uttered.

Adieu, my dearest and fair cousin, I advise you not to forget to learn the French language; because in Paris, you may be sure of it, it is more than necessary; and while waiting for you to come to France—very soon, I hope—I will write often to impart to you my traveling impressions, and during my stay here I will investigate and keep attentive in order to discover all these Parisian mysteries of which we Americans are always in search. Next week I promise you again a letter and perhaps I will then speak about the customs in regard to the table, and many other things that will be of interest to you.

Your forever devoted cousin,

JULES CAMBON.

A WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, D. C., July 9, 1898.

To happen to drop into the House of Representatives a few hours before the final adjournment of Congress, and witness the interesting scenes incident to that important event, is a privilege so rarely enjoyed by a westerner that one feels a strong temptation to write about it. It was my privilege to witness that event yesterday. Through the kindness of a friend a seat in the members' gallery was provided, and from that point of vantage all details could be carefully observed. The House had not yet been called to order, and members were walking about exchanging courtesies or looking over their morning mail. An outburst of applause in which floor galleries heartily joined, announced the entrance of Speaker Reed. He is a corpulent man, with a head excessively bald, and a determined pugnacious cast of countenance. Quickly ascending the steps to the Speaker's chair, he rapped for order. A sudden hush fell upon the House, and all the representatives stood with bowed heads while the gray-haired chaplain offered a fervent prayer. At its conclusion the confusion broke out anew. While speeches containing formidable arrays of figures were being made, visitors laughed and talked, and members read the papers, conversed or crowded for consultation around the Speaker's chair.

Mr. Reed is wonderfully alert. He is able, while signing bills and conversing with associates, to watch all details on the floor and enforce parliamentary rules with promptness and dignity. This faculty was well illustrated when a spirited colloquy—a quarrel, indeed almost ending in a fight—occurred over the previous day's record. Epithets were hurled back and forth, members arose in their places and shouted to drown the voices of would-be speakers, and "Joe" Cannon of Illinois, passed the lie to Mr. Ball of Texas, and invited him to "come outside." In the midst of this pandemonium, Mr. Reed stood on the platform, and at intervals his gavel fell upon the desk with a thwack, like the ruler of "ye ancient pedagogue." Still the uproar continued. Suddenly the sergeant-at-arms took the silver mace, resembling somewhat the ancient Roman fasces

from its place near the Speaker's chair, and carried it down the aisle. At the approach of this symbol of the Speaker's authority, all the turbulent members sat down, order was restored and business proceeded with.

As an illustration of the easy, good nature of the members, Mr. Cannon had the clerk read the reporter's notes of the episode, and apologized for his unparliamentary language. Five minutes later, one would not have known that such an incident had occurred. But, a fact probably due to its being the last session, I was disappointed at witnessing a lack of dignity and tendency toward asperity and contention between the two sides of the House. If politics and partisanship are not put into a speech by its author, they are imputed by his opponents, and the result is the same. So much heat and bitterness and loss of time arise from this fact that some of the schoolmasks present suggested that teachers be engaged "to keep those boys in order." In view of this fact, one fully appreciates the wisdom of the statement that the Senate is a saucer into which the legislation of the House is poured to become cool.

The hour for adjournment draws nigh. A joint resolution has been adopted that Congress adjourn at 2 p.m. Business is practically completed. A few formal courtesies are extended to the Speaker, to President McKinley and others, and the President announces that he has no further communications to make to Congress. Amid profound silence, Mr. Reed announces the session adjourned without day. With ringing cheers and tumultuous applause, the members rise to their feet and toss hats and bouquets high in the air. The visitors arise and are about to stream out of the galleries when the strains of America are heard. Some of the members gathered near the reporters' tables are singing the old song lustily. The burden is taken up by the galleries, and soon the entire hall resounds with the music. The Star Spangled Banner, Red, White and Blue, Dixie and Yankee Doodle follow, the singing accompanied by the waving of flags. Then come cheers for illustrious men. Reed, McKinley, Bryan, Dewey, Schley, Sampson, "Joe" Wheeler, Hobson, and others are cheered to the echo. Strong lungs now send forth the strains of Home, Sweet Home, and members and visitors mingle on the floor in greetings and adieus, your correspondent joyfully grasping the hand of Utah's worthy representative, Hon. Wm. H. King. This session of Congress now belongs to history.

WILLARD DONE.

IDAHO WEATHER REPORT.

Clear and extremely warm weather prevailed during the week ending Monday, July 11, 1898; showers were of rare occurrence, and over the greater part of the state the drought remained unbroken, and crops are showing its effects.

The grain crop, where well watered, is coming along nicely, and in a few localities early sown wheat is nearly ripe. Potatoes are in good condition with some of the early crop on the market. Vegetables of all kinds are plentiful. The fruit crop is promising; strawberries will soon be out of season. The first cutting of lucern is nearing completion; the crop for the most part is good. Range stock doing well.

D. P. McCALLUM,
Section Director.

The Journal, of Rexburg, Ida., says it is now practically assured that Prof. Douglas M. Todd, formerly of the B. Y. Academy of Logan, Utah, will assist in the faculty of the Bannock Stake academy for the coming year.