

B.Y. ACADEMY EXPLORING EXPEDITION

President Cluff Writes from the City of Mexico—Under the Big Volcano Peaks Covered With Caps of Everlasting Snow.

Special Correspondence.

City of Mexico, Jan. 11, 1901.—Our camp Sunday was on a little bench in the valley of the Lerma river, with Mt. Nado on the east and on the west the snow-tipped Xocotitlan. In the valley and including the mountains are four large haciendas: Dolores, owned by Mr. Frank, so hospitable to us when we needed hospitality, Nollino de Cavallero, the first better ranch we have seen, De la Torre, on which we are camped, and Solis, the largest and richest of them all. The last named owns its own two hundred thousand per year. The owner of De la Torre is said to be worth ten millions, and is making money by shipping wood to the City of Mexico, over a little railroad which he has run from the Mexican Central up into the Nado mountains. These mountains are covered with large forests of oak and pine. The timber is cut, split, piled white green, and shipped when dry, selling then for from fifteen to twenty dollars a cord. A good business is also done in charcoal, much of which is made along the line of this little railroad.

We broke camp early Monday morning, and soon after sun up were on the march. The night was cold, and in the morning a light frost was on the grass. Our altitude is over eight thousand feet. But the warm sun soon melted the frost and warmed the atmosphere. Not far from camp we met a man who told us we were on the wrong road. We hesitated but for a moment, and as we had directions from an engineer at De la Torre, who could not possibly have any motives for giving us the wrong directions, we went on. Gradually we rounded Mt. Nado, a very lofty and a very beautiful mountain, and distinguishable from all other mountains by the patches of corn, or fields of corn that resemble large patches, extending to its very top. In common parlance it is called "Patch Mountain."

Five miles brought us to a large ranch on the Torre hacienda, where much barley is raised. The hands were just bringing the grain in from the fields and stacking it in the yard. The stack was well made, in fact the Mexicans are professional stackers, and many of our Utah farmers, who hay spoils to a certain extent because it is not properly stacked, could well take lessons from them. But I fear the slow methods would not suit our farmers. The barley is cut and allowed to dry. It is then brought to the yard, sometimes on carts or wagons, sometimes on the backs of burros, but often on the backs of the workmen. The carriers throw it down by the stack, where the stackers get it, place it in neat bundles and carry it, not pitch it, for pitch forks are not known, on the stack, where each bundle is nicely placed in proper position. Plenty of time is taken to consider just where each bundle should be, and to see further that every straw is laying properly. About ten men on this ranch were working on the stack as we passed by, and perhaps they will have two hundred bushels of barley stacked in a week. And yet the harvesting is not very expensive for the men are paid only about fifteen cents per day in our money.

Further on we came to the village of wood cutters and charcoal burners. Their huts, miserable things, are made of blocks of wood piled one upon the other as stones in a wall, and thatched with straw or corn fodder. The Mexican but never has any provision for the escape of smoke so the smoke gets out the best it can, and always makes the roof look black and sooty. At one of these little villages the people were having a holiday, and as is customary on all holidays there were numerous little stands at which something is exposed for sale, if only a cent's worth of peanuts. We stopped at a stand to purchase some meat, and were immediately surrounded by half drunken in-

dians, importuning us to sell them something. Our saddles were great curiosities. The horn, the seat, the leather, the shape were all subjects of discussion. Apparently many of them had never seen an American saddle before, and some had never seen an American rifle.

The altitude was now over nine thousand feet, and we were just leaving one plateau or valley to enter another. Like the rest, this new one was rolling, and in places broken, but still containing numerous rich haciendas. The little village could also be seen. On reaching this valley we learned for the first time during the trip that we had really taken the shortest route to Mexico.

At 2 p. m. we came to good feed, good water and plenty of dry wood, a combination not always found, and so decided to camp for the night. We therefore applied to a ranch house close by, and though the man was not in and the woman knew nothing about the price as travelers very seldom come this way, we were told we could have a place where the husband came home settle with him. But he did not come. And the next morning no one appeared. Further, we were informed that the land we had camped on did not belong to the ranch, but to a hacienda, Cofradia, about three miles away. To cap all, six of our animals were missing. All around were scattered Indian ranches, and two Indian villages within a few miles. I began to fear that some one had stolen our mules and yet, we had camped scores of times before by Indians and nothing had been molested. Brother Henning and I rode out to an Indian plowing in the field, told him what had happened, and asked him if he had seen anything of the animals. The young man had an honest face, as most Indians down here have, and I was convinced he would tell us the truth. He inquired where we had camped, then, without hesitation, said that the animals were likely to be at the hacienda. We rode on and in a few moments met the administrador, who confessed to having taken the animals up as strays. Now occurred the first unpleasantness we have had. We informed the gentleman that we supposed we were camping on ground belonging to the ranch where we applied for pasture, and did not know to the contrary until this morning. But in spite of that he charged us four times the regular price, which, of course, refused to pay. After some words he came down to three times the price, but we informed him with some degree of positiveness that we would pay him the regular price, or appeal to the owner of the hacienda. The owner we learned was only a few miles away. At this the fellow hesitated, looked down, and finally announced that he would be satisfied with the regular price, as he did not want to make us trouble or have any difficulty himself. So the matter was settled and we all shook hands, promising to say nothing more about it.

Gradually we came into the magney country, the plant from which pulque, or Mexican cider, is made. Thousands of acres in the upper part of this valley are magney farms, and as we approached the City of Mexico these farms came to increase in number and size. Pulque is the sap of the plant allowed to ferment just as cider is the fermented juice of the apples. There are three distinct stages in its manufacture. First, it is agumiel, or sweet water, a very innocent and a very refreshing drink. Second, pulqueduce, or sweet pulque. This is when the juice has stood eight or ten days; then, third, the stem is then pulled out of the top, leaving a bucket-like cavity large enough to hold from two to four quarts. Into this cavity the sap continues to flow for three or four months, and is gathered twice a day. From the best pulque no water or adulteration of any kind is added; the poorer class is adulterated with sweetened water. The best retails at one cent a glass, or two cents a liter. Mexican money. One farm at which these details were gathered, we were informed that the weekly income was one thousand dollars, and this, too, twelve months in the year.

The drink is usually carried to market in hog skins or sheep skins, so expertly taken that no cuts are made except on the legs. In other words, the meat and bones are taken out at the legs. One could easily mistake a cargo of pulque for one of dressed hogs.

Tuesday night we camped near an Aztec village, where the Aztec language is still spoken, though most of the inhabitants were very intelligent, and no darker than many whom we call Mexicans. One man took considerable pride in showing children and a little in showing to me, and in expatiating on their good qualities. And why should not an Indian be as proud of his family as an Anglo-Saxon of his? This Indian's son was good to work, and he was obedient and dutiful. The daughters worked around home, were handy with the needle, made their own clothes. This, however, was not so far as I could comprehend to them so far as I could judge, and were good tortilla makers. In fact, possessed all those qualifications that make an Indian girl desirable in the eyes of a young Indian lover. In fact, the children were approximately ready to fulfill their station and their mission in life. Can more than this be said of any of our children? True, ours is a higher station, but our opportunities are greater, and this even up matters.

The next day we had letters to post, and again we met with the same difficulty often met with in Mexico—we could not find a postoffice. Sometimes towns of from five hundred to five thousand people will not have a postoffice. Salavencia, a city of ten thousand inhabitants has an office no larger than a town of one thousand in Utah. Sometimes people state at us when we ask them where the postoffice was, and more than half the time when the office is shown to us it proves to be the telegraph office, which everyone seems to know because of the wires leading to and from it. After several fruitless attempts, one in a town of at least a thousand people, we finally found an office at a hacienda called San Francisco. For once the postmaster was particular. He wanted the surnames translated, but we informed him they could not be as they were merely names. Then he wanted the addresses translated, which we could not do for the same reason. Lastly he wanted the name of the person mailing the letters, stating that he had to make a report not only of all letters posted, but of the names of those posting them.

In the evening we camped on a hill in full view of the two great volcano peaks south of the City of Mexico, Popocatepetl, about 17,200 feet high, and Ixtaccuhtli, about 15,700 feet above sea level. Both are covered with snow, the latter half way down its base, the former as far down as we could see.

Yesterday we came within a few miles of the city, where we found good pasture for our animals, and leaving them to feed took the train this morning and came to the city. Here we will remain until next Friday, when we continue our march towards the south.

Up to date, by way of review, I will say that we have traveled nearly three thousand five hundred miles. We have passed through the beautiful valleys of the Sierra Madre mountains, over the bad roads and through the steep canyons of the Jesus Maria mountains, along the dry and desert coast in Sinaloa, and the swampy, fever stricken country near San Blas. We have gone through the rich fields and gardens of the territory of Tepic, and lastly over the cool and pleasant plateaus of Guadalupe and Leon, with the most beautiful valley of them all, Mexico. During all this travel but one man has been sick, Prof. Wolfe, and his health is so much improved that he will continue on with the party as far as the Isthmus of Panama; but two have been bitten with poisonous insects, and no one has been seriously hurt. We are now as a whole in a better condition to make the trip than we were the day we started. We have lost four burros, or in money about thirty dollars gone, but the rest of the animals with one exception are in good condition, better prepared even for the trip than when we left Nogales.

And above all we have demonstrated one thing, one thing of interest to every Latter-day Saint: That the Mexican people, Indians and all, are a kindly disposed, honest and hospitable people. It is as safe to travel alone in Mexico as in Utah, or in any other State in the Union. The thieves, the robbers, the murderers, and all that class that we were warned against, we have not seen, and we do not believe they exist. I must confess, however, just as I have found them, and in all candor, I believe they are greatly misunderstood by the Americans, and greatly misjudged.

BENJ. CLUFF JR.

Special Sale of Fine Leather Goods at Leysons,

Monday Morning, Feb. 25.

We have carried over Christmas a large line of high grade Leather Goods including all the new and specially prepared leathers—seal, lizard, snake, elephant, sea lion, monkey, alligator, etc., which we have determined to offer for a week at a discount of

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from our regular prices which are and always have been marked in plain figures.

The line embraces a beautiful assortment of purses and card cases, hand bags and traveling cases, all of the highest grade of manufacture.

There will be nothing reserved, every article made of leather in our stock will be offered for sale at

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Discount from the regular prices on Monday Morning, February 25th.

WATCHES,
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JEWELRY,
SILVER, ETC.

J. H. Leyson Co.,

154 Main Street.

CARDINAL GIBBONS AND THE KANSAS CRUSADE

Cardinal Gibbons, head of the Roman Catholic church in America, and for other reasons as well recognized as a leader of thought, has made an emphatic declaration in reference to the present anti-saloon crusade in the West. Not only does he condemn the methods of Mrs. Carrie Nation and her followers, but he pronounces total abstinence unnecessary and commends the moderate use of alcoholic liquors. He considers prohibition a failure, because it cannot be enforced. His position is in opposition to that of Archbishops Corrigan and Ireland.

In view of the fact that the Catholic Total Abstinence union is one of the strongest associations of the church, the cardinal's utterances on these questions will attract wide attention. They appeared in the following interview in the Baltimore Herald:

"I have never been able to convince myself," said the cardinal, "that what we call total abstinence is essential to morality. The moderate and occasional use of alcoholic liquors is not to be condemned. In countries like France and Italy, where the people, as a rule, drink wine, no serious harm results from the practice. Even in Rome—even at the Vatican—wine is not prohibited, and as we know the papal doctors themselves prescribe it for his holiness.

"Then, again, I long since came to understand that putting aside the point of principle, it was virtually impossible to enforce a total abstinence law in a large community or in a State. Look at Maine as an instance, and you will see how true this is. The attempt to enforce such a law must necessarily lead to one of the worst things—illegality or hypocrisy, possibly to both.

"Turning to Kansas and speaking as a Catholic and an American, I am free to confess that the disturbances which have occurred there since the institution of the present anti-liquor crusade have filled me with pain, sorrow and astonishment. Either the total abstinence laws of Kansas are wise, just and necessary, or they are not. If they are necessary and wise and just, they should be rigidly enforced by the legislative authorities. If, on the other hand, they are none of these things, they should be legally and regularly repealed.

"Nothing, in any case, can, in my judgment and belief, warrant or justify Mrs. Nation and her followers in taking the law into their own hands, wrecking the property of the saloonkeepers and usurping functions which should properly be reserved for the State.

"You ask," continued the cardinal, answering a remark of his interviewer, "whether, in the words used by Louis Napoleon to excuse his usurpation, there may not be moments when it is permissible to 'sortir de la legalite pour rentrer dans le droit'." (To flout legality for the sake of right.) That is, of course, only another way of suggesting that the end may justify the means. I am not prepared, nor do I wish to subscribe to any such theory. At the same time I admit that if, as a result of Mrs. Nation's deplorable violence, the illegals and evils now existing in Kansas should be cured, I shall rejoice.

"But meanwhile there is no blinking facts, and the chief fact is this—that it is shameful and regrettable to see Kansas, by which I mean the government of Kansas, leaving correction of public evils, if they be evils, to possible well-meaning but assuredly mistaken hands of women.

community for women to have recourse to such violence. The State should act promptly and thoroughly. I am strongly of opinion that the wisest action it could take would be the repeal of the total abstinence laws and the substitution of measures more surely calculated to help morality.

"What measures, you may say. Well, to begin with, the cost of liquor licenses should be made exceedingly high. In Maryland I have suggested that the price of a license should be \$1,000. Next, rigorous care should be exercised to insure the issuing of such licenses only to reputable and decent citizens. Next, I should counsel the strict limitation of the number of saloons in every district and the infliction of a severe fine for the first violation by saloonkeepers of

KANSAS CYCLONE WILL NOT QUIT.

Her Admiring Husband Indignantly Denies That He Will Seek Divorce



In six months there will not be a saloon or dive in the state of Kansas if Mrs. Nation is successful in carrying out the task she has set herself to do. This is the promise she has made to herself, her husband, and whoever else is interested. Her admiring spouse indignantly refutes the statement that he is seeking a divorce and asserts that his relations with his Amazon life partner are most amicable.

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There isn't anyone who can quite come up to the French in Brush making. And even the French manufacturers have quite outdone themselves in these Ladies' brushes we're selling at 50c each. We have never seen brushes as good as these for the money. And we can assure you we've seen a few tooth brushes in our twenty years of Tooth Brush selling. They are of a new size of fine polished bristles and polished handle. Hard, soft or medium bristles. Talking about each brushers put us in mind of the dozen of preparations we have for keeping the teeth clean. Soaps, powders, creams, waxes. And our own Tooth Powder 50c.

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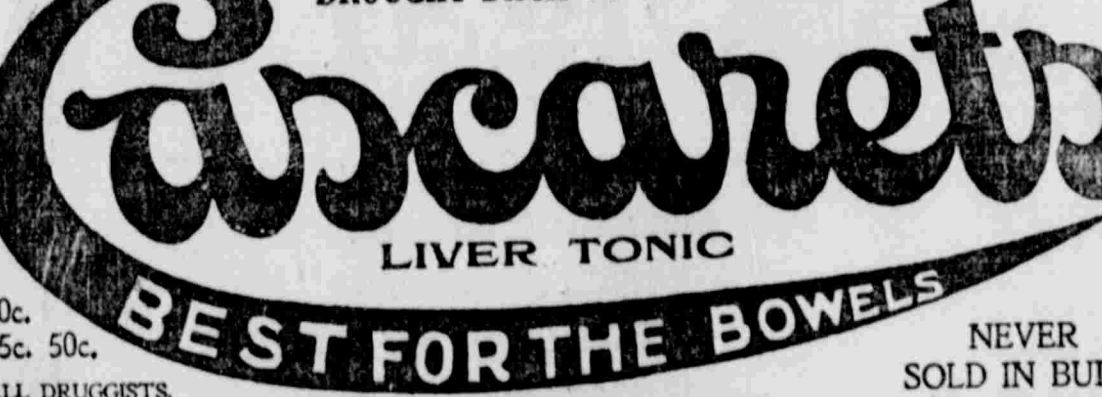
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He thinks he lives, but he's a dead one. No person is really alive whose liver is dead. During the winter most people spend nearly all their time in warm, stuffy houses or offices or workshops. Many don't get as much exercise as they ought, and everybody knows that people gain weight in winter. As a rule it is not sound weight, but means a lot of flabby fat and useless, rotting matter staying in the body when it ought to have been driven out. But the liver was overburdened, deadened—stopped work. There you are, with a dead liver, and right now is the time for resurrection. Wake up the dead! Get all the filth out of your system, and get

ready for the summer's trials with clean, clear blood, body, brain free from bile. Force is dangerous and destructive unless used in a gentle persuasive way, and the right plan is to give new strength to the muscular walls of the bowels, and stir up the liver to new life and work with CASCARETS, the great spring cleaner, disinfectant and bowel tonic. Get a 50c box to-day—a whole month's treatment—and see how quickly you will be

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