DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1901.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS

up.

began.

centricities of Genius," stands alone of its kind. No man living could possibly be better fitted than Major Pond to give to the public such an unusual collection of stories concerning celebrities as is contained in this volume, which has recently been published by G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York, says the San Francisco Call. In his position of supplying attractions for the lecture stage during a generation he has naturally been brought into close contact with the leading people of the world; and these, his personal reminiscences, naturally make most interesting reading. He gives a side in the lives of the great ones of the earth that to the general reader is ever a matter of curiosity and generally of mystery. The major appreciates a good story, knows how to tell one himself and has a memory that never fails him. His anecdotes are out of the ordinary. The following will give some idea of their character:

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HENRY M. STANLEY.

His mental endurance .- A storm of almost savage indignation against Stanley had been aroused.

In the interview of that evening Stanley was absolutely great. There were twenty-three reporters present-picked men of the great newspapers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago.

rooms were packed. The met My were all keen set, and full of the historical significance, too, of their oppor The interviewers, with ample tunity. time to look up the issues, were pre pared with keen questions, and as h answered others were called out on every side

BILL NYE AND JAMES WHITCOME RILEY.

Another Vicinity Where They Abound Encountered by

the Brigham Young Academy Exploring Expedition.

drink.

marks of respect.

Major J. B. Pond's recent book, "Ec- | when we were riding together, in the smoking compartment, between Colum-bus and Cincinnati. Mr. Nye was a great smoker and Mr. Riley did not dis-like tobacco. An old farmer came over to Mr. Nye and said:

"Are you Mr. Riley? I heard you was on the train." 'No, I am not Mr. Riley. He is over

there I knew his father, and I would like

to speak with him." "Oh, speak with him? Yes. But he is deaf and you want to speak loud." So the farmer went over to him and

said, in a loud voice: "Is this Mr. Riley?" Er, what "Is this Mr. Riley?" "What did you say?" "Is this Mr. Riley?" "Riley? Oh. yes." I knew your father." No bother

"I knew your father." "What?" "I knew your father." "Oh, so did L."

heard Nye and Riley talking in ordin-ary tones of voice. Imagine his cha-grin!

MAX O'RELL

His Funniest Story-One night he ad been in bed in the Grand Pacific hotel perhaps an hour or so, when there a very decided rapping at his chamber door.

"Who's there?" called Max O'Rell. "A reporter," came the answer. "Well, I can't see you now. I'm in

hed? The Frenchman heard his door be ing pushed open and the chair which he had placed against it tumbled over. Some one advanced into the room, truck a match and proceeded to light

the gas. "Well, well! What'll you have, sir; what'll you have?" cried Max O'Bell, indignant at th/s cool intruder. The reporter tossed the match into

the fireplace and, throwing himself into a chair, said:

o one side, while the pair passed.

Presently they stepped in a saloon walked up to the counter and took a drink. The loungers and loafers, both

those inside and those out stood with

heads uncovered until the two left.

Neither the priest nor his companion showed the least attention to all these

KNEELED IN HONOR.

January ist, a city of perhaps ten thousand inhabitants, the services in the large church were just ended, and

As we passed through Salvatierra, on

beautiful carriage of the priest

AS SEEN BY MAJOR J. B. POND.

"What'll I have? Oh, I'll have a whisky cocktail.

P. T. BARNUM,

His Economy .- The day he arrived at Boston I met him and Mrs. Barnum, his new young wife, at the station. Each had small handbags. I started to pilot them to e carriage, Mr. Barnum said: "We will walk to the Parker house, It is not necessary to go to the expense of a carriage.

MARK TWAIN.

His Abstemlousness.--Mark Twain eats only when he is hungry. I have known him to go days without eating a particle of food. At the same time he would be smoking constantly when he was not sleeping.

His Presence of Mind .-- The Montana club entertained him grandly after the lecture, and he met many old friends and acquaintances. Some of them had ome all the way from Virginia City to tee their former comrade of the mining camps. One man, now very rich, came from Virginia City, Nev., on purpose to see Mark and settle an oid score. When the glasses were filled and Mark's health proposed this man interrupted the proceedings by saying: "Hold on a minute! Before we go

"Hold on a minute! further I want to say to you, Sam Clemens, that you did me a d-d dirty trick over there in Silver City, and I've come here to have a settlement with There was a deathly silence for a mo-

ment, when Mark said, in his deliberate "Let's see. That-was-before-I-re-

formed, wasn't it?" HENRY WARD BEECHER.

His Courage .- The crowd was disposed to be uncivil. Canes began to rake the balcony railing and feet to pound the floor, and in less than a min-ute a yell fairly shook the theater.

Mr. Beecher signaled me to proceed,

As Mr. Beecher arose and stepped to- | stone at his Harley street house. was interested in my stories of Western ward the footlights another yell went frontier life and asked if I had any ob-He stood unmoved and waited for fections to having a stenographer sit some time. Finally a lull came and he stories. It was not many minutes before When once seated at the table some-how, unconsciously, I was going on at a great rate, giving experiences of my Western life. It was 1 o'clock when

audience was in full sympathy with the speaker, and for two and a half hours Mr. Beecher addressed that crowd, swaying them with his mighty elo-quence and telling them such truths as we rose from the table. He said: "Ma-jor Pond, I cannot tell you how inter-esting your visit has been to me. I they never before had listened to. His Magnanimity,-I remember saythank you for it." The reporter was concealed behind a screen very near, I

ing to him one day, after I had seen him walking arm in arm with a man who had injured him, who had been abusing him: "I think you are carry-ing the doctrine of forgiveness too far." He said: "Pond, can we go further than to bless those who curse us and

we reached the hotel. The clerk told us we could get nothing to eat, but the pray for those who despitefully use us? doctor rushed to the dining-room and made a loud noise on the door, which Ah, there is so little known of the spirit of Christ in the world that when a man was opened by a man in evening dress, "I must have some food right away!" the doctor repeated, and rushed by the s trying feebly and afar off to follow Him, even Christians do not understand man to a table where were the remains of the dinner of the latest comer. He attacked it, and the head waiter tried

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

His Last Public Appearance.-As he began reading his lecture the audience was very attentive. After a few moments he lost his place and his granddaughter, sitting in the front row of seats, gently stepped toward him and reminded him that he was lecturing. lounge. I was holding a rare volume of Shakespeare, which he had been admir-ing and passed to me. "Now, major," said he, "give me the first line from any He saw at once that he was wandering, and with the most charming, charac-teristic, apologetic bow, he resumed his place, an incident that seemed to affect the audience more than anything that could possibly have occurred. A few minutes later he took a piece of manuscript in his hand and, turning around with it, laid it on a side table. He probably had been speaking about fif-

teen minutes. The audience passed out, many of them in tears. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

His Interest in America.-On two oc-casions I breakfasted with Mr. Glad-

were seen peering over the walls, of sticking out of half opened doors. few minutes, everybody realized that something unusual was going on, and everybody got up. Soon our packs came, and the narrow street was piled with horses, mules and men. To say the people were startled would be put-To say ting it mildly; but they were not alarmed, and were entirely quieted when we asked for pasturage. A half dozen came to our assistance, and led the way to the house of a man who had pasturage to rent. It was after eleven clock that night when we ate out dinner

BURROS GIVE OUT.

The next day our road led over mountains and through Vetley, which we always ene "corn field" valley, extensive corn fields. OW TS anoth rememi because Through the center of the valley flow the Rio Grande de Santiago, th the Rio Grande is just before we stream we crossed just before we reached Tepis. Up here, however, it is reached Tepis. On the thir J day we passed through the valley, and about ten o'clock began the ascent of another range of mountains, the steep-est we have had since we reached Navajoa. At the very beginning of our climb, one of our little burros gave out.

and half-way up another refused to

ter alsle Miss Emma Abbott in her Juliet make-up and wig, the train fairthought so to But he couldn't understand i should come over to America a veeping the aisle. great crowds and I get a thir

a considerable

profits from his earnings, s, was definitely settled at that in

Sir Edwin then stood u

riving, arriving,

vas asked to recite a portio

WALT WHITMAN.

HALL CAINE.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

His Refusal to Lecture.-Bry Vt., Sept. 30, 1895,-Dear Mr am much obliged to you for ye

but can't say that I can see n the ententement you propos

is such a thing as paying 125 a dollar, and though I suppo is money in the lecturing bu

seems to me that the bother.

the being at everybody's beck

lived through the fight, but they

look happy. I might do it as s

the night journeys, and so it very dear. I've seen a few

had two mortgages on my

on the furniture, and writer's

and contented to go on with the real

RUDYARD KIPLING

lien on the horses and p

both hands, but at pr

writing business

His Disappointment, - The

His Meeting With Arnold -St

Walking down to the orchestra rail she turned and walked in front of the audience to the box which was on the left of the stage and which she might casily have reached by the side aisle

H

The reporter was

I never found them.

IAN MACLAREN (DR. WATSON).

His Appetite.-It was after 8 when

to stop proceedings, but the doctor kept

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD,

His Memory .- One evening in my li-

brary Sir Edwin was reclining on a

scene, at random, and I'll give you the

whole scene." I gave him a line from one of the least known of the plays, and

to my astonishment he recited the en-

EMMA ABBOTT

Hir Thirst for Notoriety .-- Mr. Beech

er's lecture was about half through when something happened. The atten-

ion of the audience was attracted to

the front of the house. All of a sud-

den there came walking down the cen-

tire scene.

vithout observation. win asked Whitman if he should After the great wave of interruption had spent itself Mr. Beecher continued recite from memory some of the his lecture to the end, when Miss Ab-bott leaped from the box and rushed to Mr. Beecher, in whose church in Brook-lyn she had formerly sung, exclaiming: Whitman's verse on the death of "Dear Mr. Beecher, how do you do? You must excuse my Juliet makeup and Come early and soothing Death. Undulate round the world, severely a dress and wig. I feit that I must see you, and I rushed from the opera over here without changing my dress, fear-ing I should miss you." have looked for the stories in print, but In the day, in the night, to all

She had not seen the theater since i clock.

Sooner or later, delicate death. F. MARION CRAWFORD. His Coolness .- One night in San

Francisco, after having returned from whelming success of the play Christian" had in some way led Oakland, we were seated in the grill-room of the Palace hotel, our supper Christian had in some way led y Caine to believe that there would the same sort of rush of people to he the author, of "The Christian" The disappointment affected him w partly finished, engaged in conversa-tion, when I suddenly said: "Mr. Crawford, are we in the dining car? See how these dishes are dancing." much, I had all I could do to keep h

Mr. Crawford pulled out his watch and said:

"It's an earthquake, major! Don't be frightened. I have been in fifty of them. It will only last twenty seconds." MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Inaudibility .-- Matthew Arnold His stepped forward, opened out his manu-script, laid it on the desk, and his lips began to move. There was not the slightest sound audible from where I

stood. After a few minutes General Grant said to Mrs. Grant: "Well, wife, we have paid to see the British lion; we cannot hear him roar, so we had better go home." They left the hall. had

I. ZANGWILL. His Vigilance for "No. 1."-It seemed

almost impossible to come to any kind of understanding with Zangwill. He thought that there was a great public waiting for him over here, and I also

IT STRETCHED.



1. Dusty Dooley-Gosh! what a cinch. A big buildog with

did not need the book as God could grammannannannannannannannannannan hear us without it. The good man was greatly astonished at our unaccept. **RUINS AND MOUNDS OF MEXICO**

At Salamanca we determined to turn way from the main traveled road, as ve learned that feed was very scarce and very expensive, and take a road that was as direct with more and cheaper grass. At Guaja, therefore, a few miles this side of the larger city we turned to the right and passed through Certizar. This is an interest ng little village as it is the only one, xclusive of the large cities, in which we have seen a Protestant church. The dilage has also a barracks with ten oldiers, a beautiful plaza, and some very nloce looking houses. We noticed also that its fields of wheat and corn vere above the average in the valley. Passing on, a few hours brought us o some haciendes at the foot of Mt. Culiacan, a mountain over ten thou-sand, three hundred feet above sea The farms of these haciendes level. extend more than three-fourths of the way to the top, and here, on the steep mountain side, thousands of bushels of corn are raised. The land is very rich, but very rocky. Immense piles of stones are thickly scattered in every field, and

FROM THE MAIN ROAD. eculiar way, run it into the beans, until it contains a spoonful or so, then putting the bean end into your mouth, bite off what you can of both tortilla and beans. By the repetition of this operation both beans and tortillas are

r man that eats it. To the people among whom we are traveling it is more than bread is to us, for often it constitutes their entire meal. They make from it a pancake called torilla, a olscuit called gonda, a kind of gruel, which is very nourishing, and several kinds of tomales. The tortilla is never too old to be eaten, for when warmed over on the coals it becomes as palatable as when fresh. If heated until it is crisp, one has bread and parched corn all in one. The tortilla is not only a food itself, but it serves as a spoon for the eating of other foods, such as beans gravy of the control of the serves as a spoon for and with the plate are a half dozen tortillas. That is all, and if you dozen fortinas. That is all, and if you are a new hand, or rather a green horn you will very likely call the waiter back and make ineffectual at-tempts to show her that you want a spoon for the beans. But if you know how, you will double a tortila in a

customer in appearance, praying and telling his beads with perfect confidence that his sins would be forgiven.

Hacienda de la Tore, Mexico, Jan. 6.

-To those who have been brought up

in a Protestant country, the customs

of the people of the Catholic church

are sometimes interesting to say the

least. Often along the road shrines

are seen containing an image of the

Virgin Mary, or simply a cross where

the traveler may find a place to pray.

And they are at times used, though

perhans not so often now as formerly.

We saw a man before one, a tough

Special Correspondence.

In the little village of San Julian, a typical Mexican village away from the main traveled road and hence away from outside influences, while we passed through on Christmas day, the bell tolled and every body, young and old. peon and administrador, rich and poor, clerk and purchaser, all kneeled, facing the church. The street was full of loungers but a minute before, now it was full of worshipers. In perhaps two or probably three minutes the bell rang out again and all arose. It was gen-eral absolution, the sins of the people eral absolution, the sins of the people had been forgiven. Business was im-mediately resumed. The streets be-came again animated and every thing went on as before. In another village we saw a young

priest and a companion walking up the street. Everywhere as they went along people took off their hats and stood I

stood near the great door awaiting to take him home. When the man in authority, the mediator between man on carth and Christ in heaven, stepped in-to the carriage, every person on the plaza and the streets around the plaza no matter of what degree of wealth or poverity, from the beggar on the corer to the rich lady with her servants. kneeled while the carriage passed. And down the street as far as we could see were people falling on their knees be-fore the carriage and rising to their feet after it had passed.

While at Bacavachi we camped near a very intelligent Mayo Indian's house. The owner seemed very interested in all that was going on; in the pitching of that was going on, in the pitching of tents, spreading of cots and in our method of cooking. But in noth-ing was he more interested than in hearing us ask a blessing on the food. As soon as the

yet the land looks as thought it could hardly be plowed because of the rocks yet remaining. But the corn grows and yields in abundance.

WONDERFUL CORN.

What a wonderful plant this corn is! Every day our astonishment increases at its great adaptibility to soils and climates. It grows in the south near the equator, it grows in the north in Canada, it grows at sea level, and also at an elevation of ten or twelve thousand feet. Clay land produces good corn and so does sandy soil. It yields abun dantly in soils tinctured with salts and abundantly, too, in volvanic soils. It rests the land that has tired of growing wheat, and thus enables the Mexican farmer to raise two crops of grain a year. As a food it serves both for man prayer closed he hurried to the house and brought a Catholic prayer book which he kindly presented to us. We thanked him and intimated that we

oon consumed.

LAST NIGHT OF CENTURY. On Monday night, the last night of

the old year and the old century, we made our camp in the yard of the adninistrador of the hacienda de la Luz side. It was a nice, clean place to camp, and was well shaded by two arge musquit frees. The owner was ery accommodating and did all he could for our comfort. We were all tired. Unable to find feed at the proper time, we had made a drive of nearly eleven hours instead of seven, our average, and therefore, though it was the New Year's eve, no one felt like sitting up or making any unusual demontration. A few songs, some of them ove songs, but most of them such songs stration. "Home, Sweet Home," "What is Home Without a Mother," "The mot-toes on the Wall," etc., were indulged in, but most of us sought our cots, glad to get in a horizontal position the better to rest.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

On New Year's morning we all felt refreshed, and in honor of the day determined not to break camp until afternoon, or at least not until we had enjoyed our New Year's breakfast. The little village, too, was celebrating. No work was going on, all were having a good time, some in the city six miles away, others at their own home in the village. Sky-rockets and raezcal were the principal means of celebrating. About noon a funeral passed by. A little child not more than two years old had died the day before. The corps was neatly dressed and put in a well-trimmed coffin. The father carried it on his head to the grave. Behind him came a near relative with the lid, for the lid was not to be put on until the grave was reached. Behind him came a third man, also a relative shoot-ing off sky-rockets the reports of which sounded like cannons in the air. This was for the purpose of early was for the purpose of keeping off evil spirits. As the little coffin was borne down the street with the bang, bang, bang, of the sky rockets, boys stopped their play, took off their hats and stood the reactful attitude while it passed in respectful attitude while it passed and even half-drunk men supporting themselves against the wall or fence, uncovered their heads in respect to the dead; the first new grave in the new century.

We rolled out at 2 p. m., In a few hours we passed a large hacienda sit uated in the very center of the small but fruitful valley of Salvatierra. Around the building is a wall about 20 feet high and having in each corner high towers with port holes.evidently for defense in case of an attack by Indians. We learned afterwards that the hacienda is more than two hundred years old, and was planned and partly built in Spanish times. Four miles further brought us to Salvatierra the largest city in this neighborhood, and a railroad station on the Mexican National railway. The road was lined with people, some on horseback, other on burros, but the greater number on foot, all returning from their celebra-tion in the city, and many gloriously drunk

It was nine o'clock that night before we secured suitable pasturage for our animals,

AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

At this hour, Brother Henry and I riding ahead, we came to a little vil-lage composed exclusively of Indian huts. Some were surrounded with a stone wall, others were open to the street. All were thatched with straw and typically Mexican. We were very and typically Mexican. We were very close before we distinguished the hous-es, but soon they began to shape upon the moon light and finally the whole village could be seen. It was sound asleep. There was not a sound. The moon light fairly streamed down soft and mellow, and beautiful. We paused and mentow, and brautiful, we passed a moment at the large gates, for never before had we seen such a sight. At the first squeek of the gates as we swung then on their wooden hinges, a dog barked, then another, and before we were fairly in the street, heads

and half-way up another refused to go further. They were both good beasts and had done their part well. Especial-ly did we like the second, which we called the Little Black Burro. It had never before fagged, or shown signs of weariness, and it had always had a load equal to that of the strongest. But we could not wait, and they had to be left. We found natives willing to buy them at reduced price, so they were sold and the party moved on. On were sold and the party moved on. On the summit all were tired; not alone the animals, but the men as well, and as there was good feed we applied for pasturage. The man in charge informed us that the owner of the land lived on his haclenda about four miles farther on, but that he might perhaps rent it to us at a certain figure, which was double the amount we had been paying. But we decided to stop, and so informed the man. In the morning, as our horses were doing so well, we told the man that we wanted to stay another night, and that one of our men would go down to the haclenda and apply direct to the owner for the priv-When Brother Henning returned, ege. the superintendent and the owner's son, Mr. Frank, accompanied him, bringing word that we might stay as long as we desired, and that there would be no charges. We were also invited to come to the hadenda and camp if we pre-ferred. This was a kindness we had hardly anticipated, but we were still further agreeably surprised next mornng, when in passing we called to thank our host, and were treated to a hearty lunch of crackers and cheese, while a twenty-pound cheese and several dozen corn biscuits, called gordas, were given us to take on our journey.

Mr. Luis Frank, the owner of the hacienda, called Dolores, is a wealthy and a well educated gentleman. His father was a German by birth, though he resided during most of his life in Mexico. Mr. Frank speaks fluently, besides the Spanish language, which is his mother tongue, the English, French and German. He has traveled exten-sively in Europe and the United States. By profession he is an engineer, but his hacienda here, and his oil manufactory in Mexico City, take all his attention at present. His family, consisting of a wife and four children, live in Mexico, where the two sons attend the military school.

ANCIENT RUINS,

In this valley, the valley of the Ser-na river, the altitude of which is about 500 feet above sea level, we meet again the ruins of a very ancient people. We saw a few, however, last Sunday, near our camp this side of Salamanca, where several mounds occur from which skeletons and pottery have been taken, but the most interesting yet seen are on Mr. Frank's haclenda, near our camp, on the summit is a high peak separate and apart from the rest of the range, and higher than the rest. On its top are the foundations or ruins of a building, concerning which the natives knew thing. It was doubtless a watch wer, Down in the valley a range of ountains runs down the middle of the nothing. tower. valley, then stops abruntly, dividing the southern part of the valley in two. Between this buttress and the main range of mountains, for a distance perhaps of five miles, is a line of mounds running at intervals apart from one range to the other. In them crockery of a superior quality, and different in shape

and making occurs. One olla complete every part, which Mr. in (Frank d dug, was presented to us r the academy, a gift which prize very much. Many arrow dats, mostly of obsidian, are also found, as well as two large blocks of obsidian from which in a masterly way, arrow points had been split off. It is guite evident that these mounds represent a line of fortifications, by which one people defended itself against another, and an aggressive people, and perhaps, if one should dig down signs would be discovered showing that a stone wall connected these mounds. BENJ, CLUFF, JR.





begins in the bowels. It's the unclean places that breed infectious epidemics, and it's the unclean body-unclean inside-that "catches" the disease. A person whose stomach and bowels are kept clean and whose liver is lively, and blood pure, is safe against yellow fever, or any other of the dreadful diseases that desolate our beautiful land. Some of the cleanest people outside are filthiest inside, and they are the ones who not only "catch" the infections, but endanger the lives

of all their friends and relatives. There's only one certain way of keeping clean inside so as to prevent disease and that is to take CASCARETS. Perfect disinfectant and bowel strengtheners. All diseases are



CURE all bowel troubles, appendicitis, bil-biusness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, four mouth, beadache, indigestion, pimples, and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regu-people than all other diseases fogether. It is a suffering that come alterwards. No matter what will never get well and be well all the time until you put your bowels right. Take our advice, start with CASCARETS to-day, under an absolute guar alter to care or money refunded.

GUARDANTEED) To CURE: Five years are the first box of CABCAR to wait the second second second second second to the second second second second second second second the second se

