

CAMPING WITH THE SAVAGE ARAUCANIAN.

Superstitions of the Indians—Each Has a Personal Devil and Some Have Several.

Special Correspondence.

CORRAL, Chili, Feb. 24.—Our camp in the Llanista village was arranged with the ladies' sleeping tent in the center, the five other tents set close around it, and the mules and horses tethered at a little distance, where a wooded hillock served as a breakwater. A splendid grove of pimento (pepper) trees, whose drooping branches, covered with feathery leaves of darkest green and long bunches of rose-pink pepper corns, nearly touching the ground on every side, overshadowed all. A guard of armed peons and muleteers was posted

on the hill between their dead ancestors and the Spaniards who had killed them, believing the thunder to be the angry cry of war and mischief, they turned out on maces in the pouring rain to chase the wraiths of their warriors. Then we remembered that when one of our party asked the chief if he was not afraid that the Spaniards' whose hands served him for drinking cups might return some time to slay him, his reply, that he did not think it possible because they were fully occupied in the clouds fighting with the Indians they had killed, and being themselves killed, fear and over again, through all eternity. When the storm began to abate they watched the skies with the utmost anxiety, for they have one sure

right side, it means long life, many friends and plenty to eat. They believe in the literal resurrection of the body—that the dead pass at once to happy hunting grounds in the far west, where the sun goes to rest, and there each happy Indian has a large tract of land awaiting him and all the wild animals he can slay and eat forever. When a man dies, his best horse is killed to accompany him, and all weapons, utensils and trinkets are buried with him, for use in the sunset land. The friends of the deceased put food on the grave every night for weeks; and when foxes, wolves and other wild creatures devour it during the hours of darkness, they believe that the dead man has eaten it and is refreshed on his long journey. The Llanistas are firm believers in Ciel—a mythical personage who takes the place of the Christian's Satan—a real, living, walking and talking devil, as when in the Garden of Eden he assumed the form of the serpent and conversed with Mother Eve. It was Ciel who caused the ocean at one time to rise over all the earth, and the Indians prove it by sea-shells and the bones of marine animals which are found high up in the mountains. It is Ciel, too, who induces people to steal and lie and murder. A Llanista accused of theft is always granted a hearing. Hearsay evidence, or circumstantial wont go; there must in every case be two eye-

A JAPANESE WAR STORY.

Lafadio Hearn, the American writer resident in Japan, said in a recent letter apropos of the Japanese war: "My friends here have no fear of Russia. The thought of war excites them to pleasant laughter. Over our saki the other night, your old acquaintance Mutsu told a Japanese war story that you may think interesting. "The third son of a samurai (he said) boasted of his prowess. "What deeds did you do in the last battle?" asked his friend. "I went up boldly to one of the enemy," the young man replied, "and I cut off his feet." "His feet?" said the friends of the samurai's son. "Why his feet? Why did you not cut off his head?" "Oh," said the youth, "that was off already."

TRUE STORY OF THE SMITHS.

"If those persons who indulge in levity at the expense of the name of Smith," says Representative William Alden Smith of Michigan, "knew anything of early history, they would know that they were making fools of themselves, and showing a painful ignorance of an important fact. "Do you know the true history of the

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gan to look about for a name for himself. There was a great king over all the people, who was called Smith, because a smith was a workman, a man who did things promptly and efficiently, and who, therefore, had a large constituency. This king decreed that all his tribe should be called by the name of Smith, because they were the best that were.

"As time went on, it came to pass, in the natural course of events, that there were a few Smiths who were not worthy of the name. As soon as they showed themselves lacking in the requirements and characteristics of a true Smith they were forced to change their names. In this way the Smith family maintained its glorious reputation.

"The result of this plan of our wise and able forefather is that the Smith family is counted among the well-informed as the most aristocratic family on earth. It is the very oldest and the very best, and those who hold otherwise argue themselves foolish, as nearly all the rest of mankind is descended from those who were kicked out of the Smith clan."—Washington Times.

What Time Proves.

This thing of being sick and looking for a cure is a mighty serious business. People are not given to joking even at the first symptom of the approach of the Grim Destroyer. They do not want to be the subjects of experiment, but want medicine that has had the test of years behind it. A medicine that has been made and used for 20 years gives assurance of its worth, and can be taken with a faith that they have the very best cure the world affords. All this can be said about Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills as a remedy for sick-headache, dyspepsia and indigestion, it begins right at the source of the trouble and removes the cause. Sold by all druggists for 25c per box. One pill for a dose. For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Department.

HIS VERACITY WAS ADMIRABLE.

Once a number of kindred spirits were enjoying a supper in the land of Burns. When the cloth was removed and the usual toasts were proposed some one suggested a song. The efforts of the first Scotchman met with such a hearty reception that others were induced to follow his example.

In the end it was found that every one had contributed to the evening's entertainment but the medical gentleman who occupied the vice chair. "Come, come, Dr. Macdonald," said the chairman, "we cannot let you escape."

The doctor protested he could not sing. "As a matter of fact," he explained, "my voice is altogether unmusical, and resembles the sound caused by the act of rubbing a brick along the panels of a door." The company attributed this to the doctor's modesty. Good singers, he

was reminded, always needed a lot of pressing. "Very well," said the doctor, "if you can stand it, I will sing."

Long before he had finished, his audience was uneasy. The unwilling singer had faithfully described his voice.

There was a painful silence as the doctor sat down, broken at length by the voice of a brow beat at the end of the table.

"Mon," he exclaimed, "your singing no up to much, but your veracity is just awful! You're right about that trick!" —Tit-Bits.

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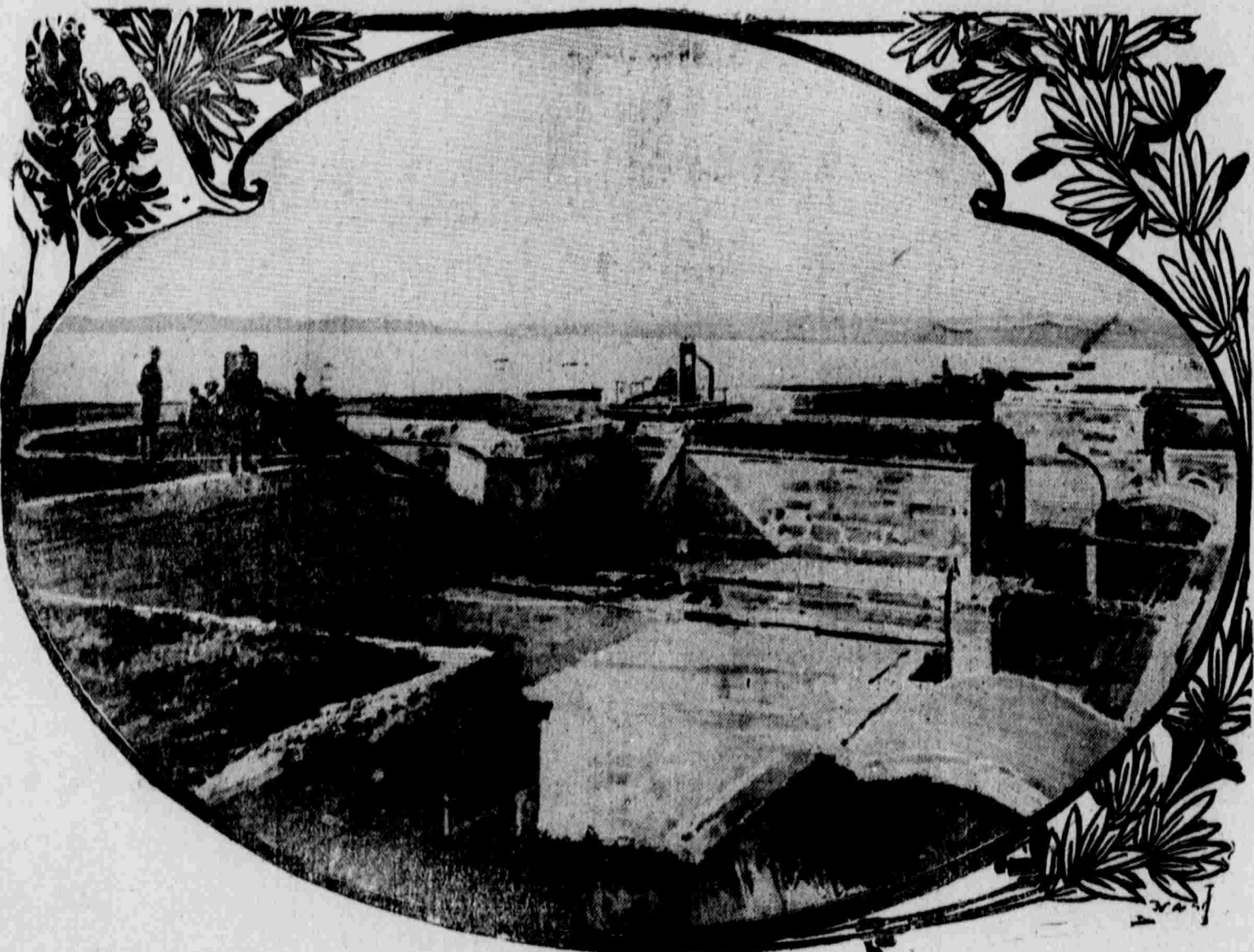
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FAMOUS MOYAMENSING FORT, AT PORT ARTHUR, NOW THE OBJECTIVE POINT OF JAPANESE NAVAL STRATEGISTS.



The loss of Port Arthur to Russia must follow the silencing and dismantling of this splendid fort, which has been regarded hitherto as invulnerable to attack. It is now one of the few land obstacles preventing the Japanese from obtaining complete ascendancy in southern Manchuria.

night and day, and the gentlemen took turns in overseeing the watch. But our precautions proved to be entirely unnecessary. We were never safer in the heart of civilization than in Araucania, in the unsurveyed wilds of this desert country; and had any outside danger menaced, I believe that the Indians—who considered us their guests, and therefore under their special protection—would have defended us, with their lives if need be.

It happened that a storm came on—a three days' chilly drizzle, common in this latitude at any time of year, where a wet season and a dry, which prevails near the equator, are not so distinctly defined. Horseback traveling in the rain, through an uninhabited district would have been extremely uncomfortable, so we were easily persuaded to remain in camp until the skies cleared. I have camped in many climes, under diverse circumstances, and plied with all sorts of people; but have never enjoyed such real "camping out" (the intended spirit of which is a return to aboriginal life) as here among one of the most warlike tribes on the face of the earth. The squaws insisted on taking entire care of the animals, and kept us plentifully supplied with cool water from a distant spring and brushwood for cooking purposes; and every morning a young sheep, freshly killed and dressed, was brought as a gift from the chief. Knowing that money was one of the least desirable things we could give, these kind-hearted barbarians, as they had no use for the currency of civilization, we "got even," to their unbounded delight, by presents of such trinkets as hand-mirrors, buttons cut from our clothes, sewing materials, silk ties and handkerchiefs, etc. The articles that appeared to give most pleasure were a mouthorgan, a jew-harp and a wheezy old accordion, which we purchased from the muleteers for the chief. My silver soapdish the chief immediately filed with tobacco and hung around his neck by a string, and a rose-colored jersey underneath, belonging to one of the ladies, thenceforth served his highness' favorite daughter, a child about 12 years old, as a costume complete, reaching from shoulders to knees, and being the only garment she wore.

When the storm first began, heralded by skurrying clouds and muttering thunder, the Indians appeared to be greatly excited, for they knew there was going to be another great battle in

sign by which to know the side that has won in the ghostly battle. If the clouds move toward the village, the Indians have been victorious; but if they move from it, the Spaniards have won and everybody is sorrowful. In this instance the clouds swept gloriously, full phalanx, toward the town, and all were happy. A feast was spread, to which we were bidden, and dancing and singing (or, rather, howling) was kept up all night. I may mention, en passant, that though we attended the feast—for to have remained away would have been construed as showing sympathy with the defeated Spaniards and might have been dangerous—our appetites were not voracious. Chicha—home brewed—of course flowed far more abundantly than water, and stewed punny figured prominently among the delicacies. Thanks, however, to the horde of living canines that prowled around the squalling circle, and to our awkwardness—both real and stimulated—we managed to dispose of objectionable viands unnoted, amid the general hilarity. The worst time came with the ceremony of drinking from those awful skulls. Happily, "squaws" of any color are exempt from that duty, the sex being too insignificant to be allowed such familiarity with the lords of Araucania. We saw the men of our party grow pale and paler as those time-worn craniums approached, being handed from mouth to mouth around the circle, but afterwards every one of them assured us that though they lifted the skull and pretended to swallow with gusto, their lips touched nothing.

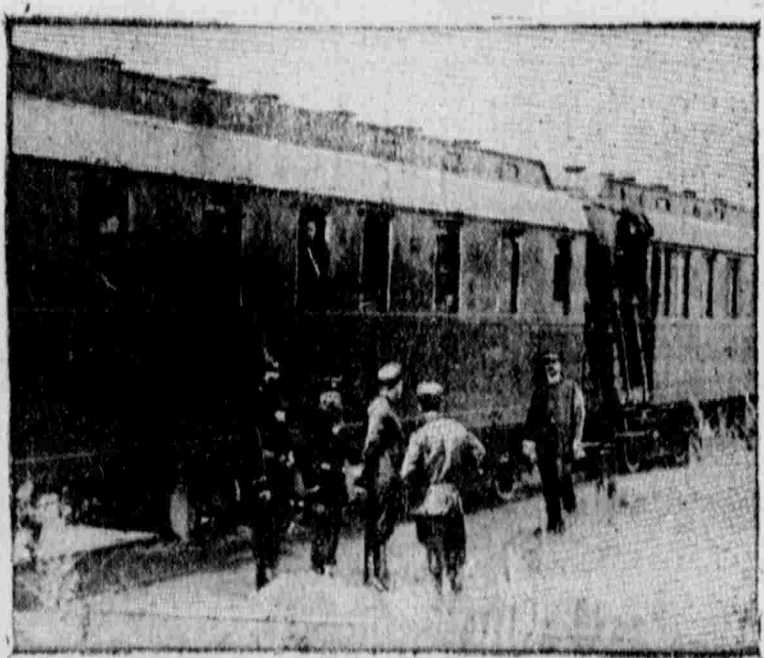
The Araucanians never have a feast without putting some chicha, sugar and other good things on the graves of their dead, so that the departed may have their share. They believe that when a common Indian dies, he immediately becomes a bumble-bee, having nothing to do but to wander up and down the earth, eating sweet things and stinging his enemies. Hence the sugar that is placed upon the grave. All the Araucanians are extremely superstitious and attach a significance to every dream. The singing of a certain bird is regarded as a bad omen and augurs death. The twitching of the muscles of the left arm also foretells death, and should it occur to an Indian when en route to the field of battle, the wheeler must turn back. If one of them happens to see a fawn on the left side of the trail, it signifies sickness or ill-luck; but if the animal stands on the

witnesses to establish the guilt of the offender. During our stay in the camp the precious mouth-organ changed hands. The chief to whom we gave it prized it as an invaluable treasure and when it was missing one morning, his transports of grief and rage induced the whole village to join in the search. At last it was discovered, hidden under a pile of skins in the hut of the medicine man. Circumstantial evidence was rather strong against the man of medicine, but as nobody saw him steal it during the hours of darkness, it was taken for granted that Ciel had perpetrated the mischief. It is lawful among all the Araucanians for a man to have as many wives as he wishes, and the established rule is that every wife shall each day give her husband a dish of food prepared at her own fire. Therefore the number of fires in each hut indicates the number of wives, and the polite way of ascertaining the size of the warrior's harem is to ask him the number of fires in his house. A woman about to become a mother is compelled to flee to some distant place beside a stream, and there in strict seclusion await her time of trial entirely alone. Soon as the baby is born, she bathes it and herself in the cold stream, no matter how inclement the weather, and then immediately returns to her home. But even then her trials are hardly begun, for instead of finding friends to receive and care for her, the house is deserted—husband, mother, sister, wives and all, having gone elsewhere. Even the furniture, such as it is, the cooking utensils, food, everything except some skins for her to lie on and a new skin or blanket gown, have been removed. For eight days she must remain there alone, to live or die, starve or feed herself as best she can, when her friends return. Then there is great rejoicing and the baby is named with ceremony, generally after some bird, flower or animal, and a period of feasting ensues.

The ice-cold bath which the infant has received in the stream upon whose banks he was born, is an appropriate commencement to his career of hardships. He is firmly bound to a board, so that he is conversantly be set up in a corner, and his cold bath continued daily, without fire and with but a scanty allowance of clothing. In order to make him hardy, he is compelled throughout babyhood to sleep out of doors in all kinds of weather and is never given a mouthful of meat, though the dogs may sneak in to the fire and are generally well fed. Should the lad become too fat on his vegetable diet, his friends at once take him in hand. He is sent on a very long errand, on which he is required to be fleet, and if he does not run fast enough, he is pursued by trained runners, who prick him with sharp thorns and bits of bone, to let the blood out so that he may run faster. He is then denied salt, as his parents believe it is that which makes him heavy. If the poor child dies of exposure through his ordeal, the relatives rejoice that he has soon become a happy bumble-bee, which is infinitely better than to have grown up a sickly Araucanian. It is the survival of the fittest, and the urchin who thrives under such harsh treatment (and most of them do) soon commences his education. The great schoolmaster is the mischievous Ciel. When the lad arrives at proper age, he is taken every day to some dark recess in the rocks, and there the evil one teaches him the art of public speaking. This exercise is kept up until he becomes a man and has learned how to appear well before an audience—according to Araucanian ideas—and to entertain the wise men of the tribe with a fine flow of language. The education of the majority ends here, but if a very cleverly set up in here and can obtain the consent of the council he may also learn how to detect and cure witchcraft. It is believed that all sickness is due to witchcraft, and when an Araucanian becomes proficient in detecting a witch and the poison she has given to the ailing individual, he is a fulfilled "medicine man" and enjoys high honors among his people.

FANNE B. WARD.

STALLED IN SIBERIA.



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