

Geronimo is Turning "Good Indian" in His Old Age

Although by no means a dead Indian or likely to be one for a long time to come from all appearances, Geronimo, the famous warrior, is a good Indian nowadays. Not from choice, however, for it bores him extremely. The reason he is good is that, as a prisoner of war at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, he has to be. He who was once the meanest and most bloodthirsty Indian chief that ever fought the government, now leads a quiet and peaceful life that is in striking contrast to the old days. In fact he is rather proud of it. In moments of confidence he admits that he would like to do it all over again. One of the things over which he glories is that he personally has killed ten whites in a single battle. It is also a matter of pride to him that he has led forays wherein as many as 500 pale-faces were slaughtered. He has a deep-set, broad-in-the-bone face for murder.

Such is Geronimo's English that it is well to hire an interpreter if one desires to get an intelligent talk out of him. Also it is necessary to hire Geronimo. He does not talk for nothing, a fact of which the writer was apprised immediately upon questioning him. A dollar will loosen his tongue, but to the first question asked how he liked his present position, he gave answers rather difficult to reconcile.

First, he liked the place. Then he said that the soldiers treated him badly. As a corollary, he added that he

wished to die. In the subsequent conversation his allegations of ill-treatment and his pining for death dropped out with suspicious frequency. It is said by the officers that he repeats this to all white visitors, whereby their pity is aroused and they buy his beadwork and trinkets at an advance over the market rates.

Apparently the old chief has an easy and pleasant life. The officers at the fort treat him with kindness and consideration, allowing him all the privileges possible under the rules governing the conduct of prisoners of war. His position is peculiar in this respect, that although a prisoner he is also a paid employee of the government. He draws \$5 per month as a scout, though he is not permitted to carry a loaded gun. He has no work to do and spends most of his time making bead-work and other fancy articles to sell white visitors.

Out of this trade, the soldiers think, he makes no less than \$2,000 a year. When asked if he had any money laid by for a rainy day, he replied in his guttural English:

"Me no save money. Me spend it for Eva, my wife and my daughter. Me like to have gladness and see fun." Eva is his favorite daughter. By squaws he means his wives. In the Indian vernacular gladness is synonymous with gambling, and a great deal of the old man's money goes into the most of his time making bead-work and other fancy articles to sell white visitors.

Out of this trade, the soldiers think, he makes no less than \$2,000 a year. When asked if he had any money laid by for a rainy day, he replied in his guttural English:

with skill, makes the most successful gamblers.

He is a reckless better and runs a strong bluff. He never hesitates about a bet and if he raises him he will look you straight in the eyes and if he thinks you are bluffing will raise you a stiff sum. One can never read by his face whether or not he has a good hand. But the weakness of his poker game is that he almost invariably overbids his hand. Poker and monte are his favorite games and the Geronimo tepee is the scene of many highly exciting sittings. Soldiers and cowboys often sit in the games with the Indians.

One curious trait of the old chief is that when he makes a big winning at cards or has a large sale of trinkets he gives the proceeds to the little children in camp to spend for school books. Much of his money goes to his favorite daughter, Eva, and his favorite squaw, Ketona. The daughter of Ketona gets little love from her father. This is because she married a white man, and what was still worse in the eyes of the father—a cowboy.

Geronimo is said to be 50. He does not know his age. He was with Geronimo when that chief went against the Mexicans and later he developed into a leader himself. He is a born leader of redskins for the reason that he is not only a fighting man, but also a medicine man, and it takes a man who can talk with unerring truth to make a really deep impression on the Indian.

Geronimo is small in stature, possessed of a keen face and a piercing eye. The blue in his eye is of that peculiar steady color that arouses unpleasant sensations in the mind. His face is wrinkled and his hands are small and rough. His color is a dark red. Geronimo smokes cigarettes these days and would drink firewater had he the privilege. He has six wives, but lives with none of them. His favorite daughter, Eva, lives with him when she is at home. He gives her sufficient money to send her to an Eastern school eight months in the year.

Geronimo does no work; that is, such as raising a crop of corn or millet. He gets rent free a two-room house to live in, but he keeps his ponies therein and resides in a tepee. All of the Apaches who are held as war prisoners live in tents and keep their horses in the houses furnished to them. The Apache village is on an open plain in sight of Fort Sill. In summer the tepees catch all of the dust and in winter the snow flurries into the doors. It would not be a white man's notion of comfort, but the Indians like it.

A few weeks ago Geronimo's daughter Eva was taken ill with some skin disease and was placed at the government hospital at the fort. A large bill appeared on her neck. Geronimo told the white physician in charge that it should be opened. The white medicine man told Geronimo that it should not. When the doctor was not watching the old warrior pulled out a jackknife and opened the sore. The soldiers placed him in the guardhouse for three days, but the girl improved daily thereafter. Among the Apaches Geronimo is called an excellent doctor and they will have no other.

While little in sympathy with modern civilization the old chief appreciates one of its inventions, the camera. He charges \$5 for his picture.

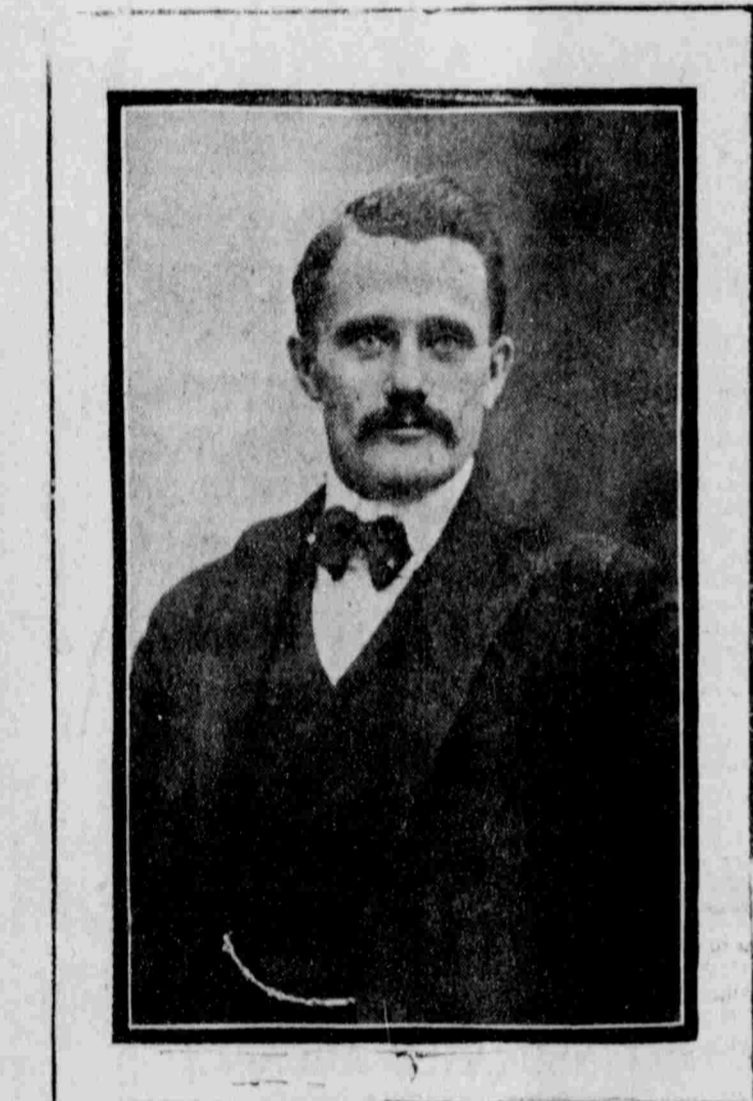
He always looks his toughest in his pictures. He likes to strike an attitude of devilish ferocity when being photographed. The older he grows the greater is his desire to make a flashy appearance. Five years ago, when he first came to Fort Sill, he was content to wear white men's clothes and consented to have himself photographed wearing them. Now when he poses he looks like the old-time redskin of the Apache tribe. This is because he sees that his war clothes attract more attention from white visitors. He does his best to give them their money's worth and to live up to their expectations.

In talking about his war experience he spoke in the Apache language to this effect:

"I do not know how many white men I have killed. They must be hundreds. I have killed many women, too. But I never killed a white baby. I like children. I will get out of this some day and then will go back to Arizona and kill some of my enemies."—New York Sun.

To save mending, avoid breaking, and to avoid suffering, prevent coughs and colds by the timely use of BALL-LARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP. It is a safe, sure and swift remedy for all bronchial ailments. Price, 25 and 50 cents. Z. C. M. I.

READY TO SAIL FOR NORTH POLE.
Evelyn Briggs Baldwin on Way to Dundee, Scotland, to Board Arctic Bound America.



Above is an exclusive picture of explorer Evelyn Briggs Baldwin. He is on his way to Dundee, Scotland, with a party of forty, where he will board the America and go in search of the North Pole.

F. M. TEETS' BARGAIN STORE, 52 and 54 Main Street.

- ### Special Bargains That You Need.
- | | |
|---|-----|
| Good Pins, full count, per paper..... | 1c |
| 2 Doz. Good Hooks and Eyes for..... | 1c |
| Turkey Red Marking Cotton, per spool..... | 1c |
| Corset Steels, per pair..... | 5c |
| Safety Pins, all sizes, per dozen..... | 2c |
| Steel Fire Shovels..... | 4c |
| Nut Meg..... | 1c |
| Best Wire Egg..... | 1c |
| Liver Egg Beaters..... | 8c |
| Best Patent Sad Iron Handles..... | 8c |
| Wood Rolling Pins..... | 10c |
| Wood Lemon Squeezers..... | 7c |
| Wood Towel Rollers..... | 8c |
| Wood Hat Racks..... | 8c |
| Glass Lemon Squeezers..... | 5c |
| Chair Seats, only..... | 8c |
| Kid Curfies..... | 3c |
- ### Glass and Queensware.
- | | |
|--|-----|
| Jelly Glasses, per doz..... | 30c |
| FRUIT JAR RUBBERS, per doz..... | 3c |
| Good Strong Tumblers..... | 2c |
| Extra Nice Decorated Tea Cups and Saucers..... | 10c |
| Decorated Plates, 6, 8 and..... | 10c |

- ### CLOTHING BARGAINS.
- Men's Best Black Clay Worsteds Suits, satin lined, worth \$15.00, our price—
\$10.25.
- Boys' Knee Pants Suits—
75c and up.
- If you want a Bargain, Come and See Us.
- ### Men's and Boys' Crash Hats— **20c.**
- ### Men's and Boys' Caps **10c.**
- If you want anything in Ribbons and Laces, Dress Goods, Calicos, Lawns, Etc., Come and See Us.

- ### Ladies' Skirts and Wrappers.
- | | |
|--|------------|
| CRASH SKIRTS..... | 48c and up |
| Brocade Brilliantine..... | 98c |
| Splendid all over Trecot Skirts, worth \$5.50 any where..... | \$3.95 |
| Brocade Silk or Satin Skirts, \$4.25 and..... | \$5.25 |
| Sateen Under-skirts..... | 48c |
| Mercedized Sateen Under-skirts..... | \$1.25 |
| Percale Wrapper..... | 48c and up |
- ### Tin and Graniteware.
- YOU WILL FIND OUR PRICES IN THIS LINE LOWER THAN ANY PLACE IN THE WEST.
- | | |
|---|-----|
| 10 Quart Galvanized Pails..... | 15c |
| Galvanized Chamber Pails..... | 29c |
| Heavy Retinned Sauce Pans 5, 8 and..... | 10c |
| Tin Wash Pans..... | 2c |
| QUART MILK PANS worth 12c for..... | 6c |
| Galvanized Wash Tubs, 49 and..... | 59c |
| Granite Iron Tea Kettles..... | 35c |
| No. 8, 9 or 10 GRANITE TEA KETTLES..... | 65c |
| Double Granite Rice Boilers..... | 35c |
- COME AND SEE HOW MUCH YOU CAN SAVE HERE ON TIN AND GRANITE WEAR.

Great Bargains in Hosiery and Underwear, Carpets and Rugs, Etc. REMEMBER THE PLACE.
TEETS, 52-54 Main St.

THE RELIGIONS OF JAPAN.

(Continued From Page Seventeen.)

slight shake of the head and a half smile. During the days that preceded the funeral, he gave no sign of emotion. But on the last night he crept into the mortuary chamber, and the father who was sitting in an arm-chair and feigning sleep, saw him approach the little body and burst into violent weeping.

Japan is full of tales as simple as the Shintoist temples, but which amaze us no less by their sublimity than by the natural ease with which the folk of the country accept the sublime.

Such are the sentiments which emerge from the dark depths of Buddhism. They have the inexpressible beauty of the lotus flower, whose blossoms at twilight on the surface of a solitary mere. I know very well that there is mud at the bottom of that mere. I do not pretend to deny that the most ignoble impurities are mixed up with Japanese Buddhism, and that its priests are often grossly ignorant or positively scandalous. Nor do I think that the philosophers of Japan have added much to the glory of its doctrines. They have stooped to the yoke of a metaphysical system, whose conclusions they have adopted, without enriching them by any additions. Their twelve sects are in a perpetual wrangle over the fine points of a petty scholasticism. Buddhism is, in fact, uninteresting except as we get fleeting glimpses of it through the eyes of poor and simple folk. Whatever there may be of grace in the gospel of the lotus, of soft melancholy in its pessimism and tenderness in its despair, has imparted a rich perfume to the inner life of the Japanese, and embalmeth their peculiar virtues. Idolatry in a Chinese mask, has not vulgarized their dreams; and the grinning superstitions of the imported gods have tepped lightly for fear of wounding the native heart. The air that breathes about their altars is pure and sweet, and I forget the hideous countenance of the god Emma, when I remember that that King of the Underworld allows the damned a respite of a day or two in each year to enable them to take breath. Let those two days be set down to his account, in all lands and under all skies! And I have no choice but to love Kwannon, with her sweet face and sad eyes and chaste drapery—Kwannon, the most popular of all divinities, the goddess of pity.

Shintoism and Buddhism have had a great influence upon one another. Shintoism has had power to temper the exasperation of Buddhism and to stay the Japanese upon the steep slope down which other peoples have plunged headlong. The worship of country which it inculcates became to them a sure anchor amid the eternal flux of the universe. Moreover Buddhism corrected the rustic poverty of native Japanese worship. Many a time have the two religions made mutual concessions under the roof of the same temple: the one modifying its countrified denseness, the other its voluptuous and heart-sinking pomp. It was the old alliance between the cobbler and the banker. The banker lost some of his ennui, the cobbler some of his gaiety and dash.

WHAT OF REFORM?

But what will become whether of Buddhism or Shintoism before the sudden irruption of western ideas? European discoveries invalidate Shintoist conceptions; the quivering eagerness of modern life upsets the ideal of Buddhism. The faith of the Japanese does not chime with their new condition. The religious accord of the empire is destroyed. European science may amuse itself by detecting presentiments of truth in the local symbols of an ancient worship and prodigious intuitions in the metaphysics of the Hindoo, but these diverting coincidences do not alter the fact that our civilization, with its independence of the past, its deference to the individual, its industrial progress and consuming greed, its democratic instincts and plutocratic insolence, is in flat contradiction with the main principles of Japanese society, and rends with violence the heaven of the Japanese. This is so true that the political overturn, as is always the case with revolution in which souls are disabled and drag their anchors, has resulted in an access of mysticism and bred a whole class of prophets and visionaries. More over, the whole country is overrun with religious reformers.

But while the Japanese are learning more about their own religion they are beginning to demand its reform. The old and ponderous Buddhism of the old time begins to terrify them lest they should meet the fate of the patriarch Daruma of the sect of Zen, who lost his legs altogether because he sat too long absorbed in meditation. They want to march, to march, to march to the agile European. They are dreaming of a "Neo-Buddhism," which shall be "democratic, empiric, optimistic." Big books have been published upon this matter. And this same optimistic, empiric, democratic Neo-Buddhism reminds me strongly of that kind of Neo-Christianity which has lately invaded some of the more ductile minds among us, and which amounts to nothing more nor less than a scornful demolition of the Christian spirit. Moreover, the Japanese, who are incorrigible imitators, have much more for the reformer than for the reform. The imaginary glory of producing a Martin Luther will not suffer them to sleep. "If," writes one of them, "a comparatively inferior religion, like Christianity, can be regenerated by the faith of a Luther, what might not be expected of Buddhism if touched by the fire of a like apostolic soul?"

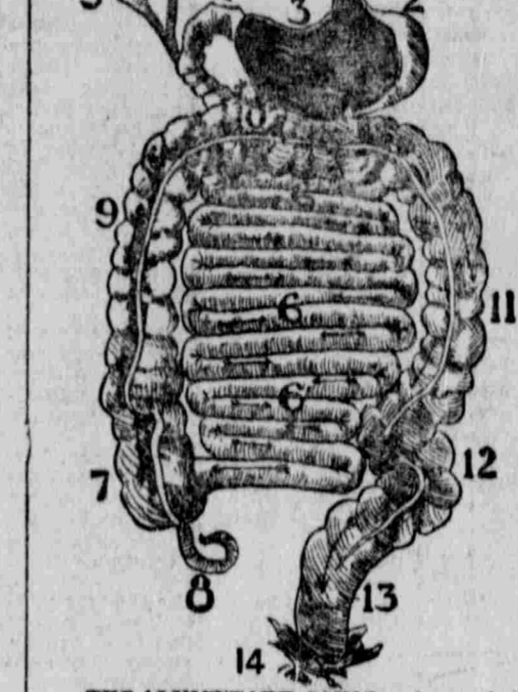
INFLUENCE OF CATHOLICISM.

Yet there are no symptoms that the religion of the West is about to be enthroned in Japan. There is nothing about it which is absolutely repugnant to Buddhism, unless it be the external analogies between the latter and Catholicism, and its deep inner sympathy with the Protestant lack of discipline. Have you never observed that the more a foreign language resembles our own, the more difficult it is to learn to speak it well? Christian missionaries never convert Mussulmans, who give Jesus of Nazareth almost the rank of a prophet. Catholicism has also additional obstacles to contend with in the imaginary defects which it sustained under the first of the Tokugawa, in the memories bequeathed by the Spanish monks, and in its own title of Roman religion, wherein the pride of Japan long ago scented an obscure menace. By that of a wonderful mixture of love and caution, and a sweet and generous tact, have our missionaries succeeded in forming a few admirable Catholic confraternities; and I have seen souls among their catechumens in whose hearts the Christian dignity with Japanese courtesy produced a rare and exquisite result. Moreover, the system of discipline whereby the Catholic church, for the last two thousand years, has dominated the souls of men, inspires the Japanese with a desire to borrow something of its pomp, its majesty, its rules and processions, if only to strengthen the declining authority of their own religious sects. But while this idea does honor to the French missionaries, whom they often set up as an example to their houses, it is none the less a strange chimera to dream of "Catholicizing" Buddhism, which is essentially anarchic.

PROTESTANTISM IN JAPAN.

Protestantism had, at one time, greater confidence in its chances of success. Now that it could show a record of great toleration, it found a ready-made meeting of clericalism was held in London during the opium-war—the most abominable ever declared in the interests of civilized barbarism. Thanks were offered to Almighty God

30 FEET OF BOWELS



are packed away in your insides and must be kept clean, in order and doing business.

It's a long way, with many turns and pitfalls to catch the refuse and clog the channel if not most carefully cleaned out every day.

When this long canal is blocked, look out for trouble—furred tongue, bad breath, belching of gases, yellow spots, pimples and boils, headaches, spitting up of food after eating—an all-around disgusting nuisance.

Violent calomel purges or griping salts are dangerous to use for cleaning out the bowels. They force out the obstruction by causing violent spasms of the bowels, but they leave the intestines weak and even less able to keep up regular movements than before, and make a larger dose necessary next time.

Then you have the pill habit, which kills more people than the morphine and whiskey habits combined.

The only safe, gentle but certain bowel cleanser is sweet, fragrant CASCARETS, because they don't force out the fecal matter with violence, but act as a tonic and restore healthy, natural action. Buy and try them! (Look out for imitations and substitutes or you can't get trade-mark, the long-tailed "C" on the box.) You will find that in an entirely natural way your bowels will be promptly and permanently

Made CLEAN and STRONG by

Cascarets

LIVER TONIC

10c. 25c. 50c.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

CURE all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, indigestion, flatulence, on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, sallow complexion and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are getting sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It is a starter for the chronic ailments and long years of suffering that come afterwards. No matter what ailment you start taking CASCARETS to-day, for you 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 guarantee to cure or money refunded.

GUARANTEED TO CURE: Five years ago I was sold. Now I am over six million years old. This is absolute proof of will sell CASCARETS absolutely guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Do buy today, two 50c boxes, give them a fair, honest trial, as per elastic directions, and if you are not satisfied, after using one box, return the unused box and the empty box to us free of charge. We will refund you what you paid for it, and get your money back for it. Take our advice—no matter what ailment you start with, CASCARETS to-day, under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. Address: STEWART REMEDY CO., NEW YORK or CHICAGO.

SIGNALS OF DANGER.

DO YOU START AT EVERY SOUND?
ARE YOUR MENSES IRREGULAR?
DO TRIFLES ANNOY YOU?

These symptoms of female disorders are signals of danger! Female trouble comes on gradually and quietly but they give sure warning of their approach. There is no mistaking the dark rings under the eye, the weak nerves, the drowsiness by day and the wakefulness at night. Yet there are thousands of women who have these nervous spells. They start at every little jarring noise and they become irritated at the slightest cause. They suffer terrible periodical pains. But they often have but a vague idea of what causes them. They would be shocked to know they really are suffering from dangerous maladies, about the most dangerous a woman can have. But Mrs. Combe was cured by Wine of Cardui and so grateful is she that she wrote this testimonial of

WINE OF CARDUI

Piquette, Miss., September 1, 1900.

I have suffered with irregular and painful menstruation and was so weak I could not do my housework for eight years on account of my weakness. I tried everything, but to no benefit. My husband heard of Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Draught. He used Theodor's Black-Draught and it did him so much good that he induced me to take Wine of Cardui for my troubles. I did so and it did me so much good that now I know it is the medicine for weakly women. I am using it now.

Mrs. Combe is only one woman in hundreds of thousands cured as she was. Letters like hers are coming to us every day from all over the country. Will you not give Wine of Cardui a trial?

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wall Paper.

A Large Quantity at
5c Per Bolt

Better Grade at
10c Per Bolt

Choice of entire stock up to
50c Kinds at

15c Per Bolt

PAINTS \$1.50 PER GALLON.

Economy Store

140 MAIN STREET.

led over the obstacles within which our spirits forth have entrenched themselves. The Japanese of the upper classes, as a whole, share the opinion of the agnostic and infidel, that to become great a nation must relegate religion and ethics to the rear, and they do not hesitate to express it. The members of the government and those who govern them are beginning to treat Christianity and Buddhism and lump them with the same disdain.

The people still does not seem to have been much affected by the disenchanting influence of anti-religious ideas. Never having suffered from clerical fanaticism, the Japanese perhaps not suffer from the other more mortal kind. But if their impudent leaders should succeed in detaching them completely from their ancestral worship, and in destroying their Buddhist "sympathy," there might be trouble to fear from a population which has known no discipline hitherto save that of its own positive traditions. Happily, by the combined efforts of Shintoism and Buddhism ancestor-worship still persists among the masses and shows an incredible vitality.

TENDENCY TO IGNORE ALL RELIGIONS.

But the truth is that of all our European tendencies, the irreligious of free-thinkers is the only one which fully satisfies these Japanese parvenus, who are the present masters of the country. The missionaries have stum-