

# Old Geronimo's Daughter

A daughter of old Geronimo, the most bloodthirsty and relentless foe that has been raised up in the path of the all-conquering white man in the settlement of the West, is to marry one of the palefaces against whom her father battled so long. She won the love and lifelong devotion of her future husband by the manner in which she fearlessly offered her own life in order to save him. Lolo, the "Red Rose of the Forest," as her people call her, will marry Houston A. Ward, one of the wealthiest and most accomplished young men in southern Texas. And this happy culmination grows out of a singularly beautiful romance, one scene of which is blood-curdling and exciting enough to form the nucleus of a highly successful melodrama. It was while flying for life from a prairie fire and a herd of stampeded steers that the love of the young couple was first revealed, and in such dangerous surroundings was their troth plighted.

Houston A. Ward, who is certainly eager to become the son-in-law of one of the most notorious Indian chiefs that ever shed blood on the borders of Arizona, is the son of old Shanghai Ward, a famous mustang king at the Rio Grande country. The old man died a few years ago leaving his only son a splendid fortune in lands, mustangs and cattle. Young Ward's boyhood was divided between Texas and Illinois. He usually spent the summers on his father's ranch and the winters in the north, where he attended school. As a result of this simple career he possesses a fine education and he is rather proud of certain trophies won on the playgrounds and a diploma won in the classrooms of the college at Champaign, Ill.

Last summer the grass was scarce in the Rio Grande valley and Houston Ward shipped some 400 or 500 head of cattle to the Indian territory. Finding abundant pasture lands, the young man remained for some time in the vicinity of Fort Sill, where he made the acquaintance of the pretty Indian girl who will soon become his wife.

The gallant Texan frequently sought the company of the dusky belle of the border, often dancing and riding with her, but he now says that he did not know that he loved her until one evening he found her fingers in his hair, and upon opening his eyes, in flame and smoke, he felt the earth trembling beneath his feet, while his ears were filled with the noise of a cyclone.

Houston Ward had been riding about over the prairie looking at his cattle, and becoming tired, he dismounted and lay down on the grass in the shade of a tree, leaving his pony to graze at will. He soon fell asleep and his pony wandered off to mingle with a large herd of cattle and a big drove of horses that were not far away.

The grass was not very tall and most of it was dead and dry. Either some careless cowboy had dropped a match or a spark from a hunter's gun set the prairie on fire. A strong breeze was blowing from the north and, as usual in such cases, it looked as if the flames increased the commotion in the air until a wind-storm was driving the rapidly spreading fire before it. The great herd of Texas steers stampeded the instant they scented danger and started south, bellowing with terror. The horses caught the contagion and mingled with the flying steers, snorting as if a pack of panthers were at their heels. There were about 500 full-grown Texas steers in the herd and seventy or eighty head of horses. This moving mass of frightened animals started straight toward the tree under which the sleeping Texan was lying, unconscious of danger.

Old Geronimo's daughter, mounted on a magnificent horse, was riding across the prairie when the fire broke out, and she saw the animals stampede. No one knew why she happened to be there or how she knew that the handsome young Texan was lying under the lone tree asleep.

She saw the maddened herd, driven by a sea of flame, rushing furiously onward toward the place where young Ward was lying, and, knowing that his horse had strayed away and that no earthly power could turn the living wave of terror aside, she struck her horse with her whip and rode straight toward the rapidly approaching herd.

When she reached the tree the front rank of the mad steers was not twenty steps away. The flames were leaping in the air over the backs of the animals in the rear and the wind was blowing a cloud of smoke and dust above them. Horns were cracking and horses were neighing. Ward was just beginning to move when the Indian girl bent over the side of her quivering horse and seized his hair.

"Up quick!" she shrieked. "The

world is on fire!"

He sprang to his feet and, comprehending the situation at a glance, he first thought of ascending the tree, but doubting whether he could perform the feat, he yielded to the girl's hand and quickly sprang upon the horse behind her.

As the noble animal turned, the horns of the steers crashed against the tree and several of the big brutes fell headlong, rolling over the very spot where the rescued man had been lying. Their carcasses were trampled to jelly by the sharp hoofs of the flying herd.

The sure-footed horse bore the Indian girl and the Texan away at the top of his speed, but more than 500 head of furious beasts were close to his heels, and it was four miles to a place of safety.

"Ride straight to the river," shouted Ward, as soon as he was able to command his voice.

"I know; I know," replied the girl. "Maybe we can turn out of the way pretty soon," she added.

The earth seemed to tremble as if convulsed by an earthquake and the air was filled with a roar more appalling than the noise of a cyclone. Ward turned his head and he was surprised to see the red eyes of the mad brutes and their white horns almost at the horse's tail.

Striking the foaming flank of the horse with his hat he shouted:

"On, on, Lolo, or we are lost!"

She turned her head and looked into his eyes.

"Let me slip off," she whispered.

"The horse could save you; I am too many."

The Texan comprehended her meaning and in that moment of peril he realized that the Indian girl loved him.

Fearing that she might execute her suggestion and sacrifice herself to save him, he instantly grasped her in his arms, and it was in that moment of peril that their troth was plighted.

The horse came upon smooth ground, and in a short time he began to get farther away from the herd.

"Right there," says the Texan, "I made up my mind to love that little Indian girl forever and I resolved that if we escaped the danger that pursued us I would do everything in my power during life to make her happy."

The noble horse continued to increase the distance between his heels and the sharp horns of his pursuers until he again encountered rough ground.

Ward at this moment for the first time thought of his pistol, and hurriedly drawing the weapon he poured a stream of lead into the faces of the cattle.

Ward turned his head, and with a shout of exultation he threw his hat into the faces of the leaders of the stampeded herd as the horse plunged into water that the flames could not cross. The Texan knew that the hot steers would stop to cool their parched tongues, and when the horse had crossed the river he pressed a kiss on the Indian girl's cheek and whispered to her:

"You have saved my life, and it belongs to you."

And he will keep his word.

### Sub-Marine Cables.

New York, March 3.—At the annual meeting of the Commercial Cable Co., held today, the board of directors was increased from thirteen to fifteen. All of the retiring directors were re-elected. The two newly elected directors are W. Seward Webb and Edwin Hawley. The company's officers will be re-elected at the organization of the board tomorrow.

Vice President G. G. Ward addressed those present on wireless telegraphy. He said: "While we do not intend to belittle the credit due to Mr. Marconi for the advancement he has made in that field, we have every confidence in the ability of submarine cables to maintain their commercial supremacy in competition with wireless telegraphy, even should it ever extend beyond its present experimental stage, as regards trans-Atlantic or other long distance transmissions."

### Is Sure to Beat.

New York, March 3.—C. W. Post, of Battle Creek, Mich., who offered to charter Shamrock II, in order to race her against Columbia, Shamrock to have an American and Columbia an English crew, has received a letter from Sir Thomas Lipton, in which the latter says:

"In the first place I do not know whether or not Columbia will be in commission this season, but if so, it would in my opinion be a far better test to race Shamrock II. against Columbia, with the latter vessel's own skipper and a crew of Ameri-

cans, and if you wish to do this, I will not accept a charter of Shamrock II, as you so kindly offer, but I will let you have the use of her during the coming season without charge, on the condition that you fit her out in racing trim and pay all expenses for the racing season.

"I do not wish to discourage you, but I feel certain that Columbia would lick you."

Mr. Post said that to race both boats with American crews would not decide whether American or British yachtsmen were superior. He maintained, he said, that an American crew could get better results from Shamrock, and that a British crew could get less speed from Columbia. He believed that under these conditions Shamrock would win. He said he would send a representative to London to complete arrangements with Sir Thomas Lipton.

### Gas From Eleven Taps.

Toronto, March 8.—Disappointment in love caused Frank Jackson, a coachman employed by Mr. Lewis A. Stewart, 41 Woodlawn avenue, to take his own life. Mr. Stewart's family spent Thursday in Parkdale, and Jackson was left alone in the house. He wrote a note saying that he was not satisfied with the manner in which he had been treated by two girls whom he named, and that life had no longer any attraction for him. This epistle was dated February 27, 2 p.m. Jackson went into the kitchen, fastened the windows tightly and placed a mat against the door. He then turned on all the taps in the gas stove, nine in number, and two jets in the chandelier. His precautions against the escape of gas from the room were well taken and his plans succeeded. When the family returned at 11 o'clock in the evening they discovered Jackson, whose body was cold. He had evidently been dead for several hours.

Jackson was 21 years of age, and his father, William Jackson, lives at 30 Arthur street. Coroner Bertram Spencer investigated the affair and decided that an inquest was unnecessary; the note left by the young man indicated clearly that love and its troubles led Jackson to commit the deed.

### An Anecdote of Whitman.

One day I was stopped on Washington street, says J. T. Trowbridge, in the February Atlantic, by a friend who made this startling announce-

ment: "Walt Whitman is in town; I have just seen him!" When I asked where, he replied, "At the stereotypy foundry, just around the corner; come along! I'll take you to him." The author of "Leaves of Grass" had loomed so large in my imagination as to seem almost superhuman, and I was filled with some such feeling of wonder and astonishment as if I had been invited to meet Socrates or King Solomon.

We found a large, grey-haired and grey-bearded, plainly-dressed man, reading proof sheets at a desk in a little dingy office, with a lank, unwholesome-looking lad at his elbow, listlessly watching him. The man was Whitman, and the proofs were those of his new edition. There was a scarcity of chairs, and Whitman, rising to receive us, offered me his; but we all remained standing except the sickly-looking lad, who kept his seat until Whitman turned to him and said, "You'd better go now; I'll see you this evening." After he had gone out, Whitman explained: "He is a friendless boy I found at my boarding-place. I am trying to cheer him up and strengthen him with my magnetism." A practical but curiously prosaic illustration of these powerful lines in the early poems: "To anyone dying, thither I speed and twist the knob of the door."

I seize the descending man, I raise him with resistless will.

Every room of the house do I fill with an armed force, lovers of one, bafflers of graves."

### The Champion Thin Man.

A knot of men was gathered in the smoking room at the club the other evening. All ordinary topics had been exhausted, and they finally entered upon a contest to see who could tell the most remarkable story about the fat men or the lean men they had seen. A veritable Ananias was awarded first prize without a dissenting voice when he asserted that he had met in his travels a man so thin that he could "go through a flute without striking a note."—Ex.

### When Woods Decay.

Tests have been made to determine the variations in the length of time that is required to produce decay in different kinds of woods when buried under the surface of the ground. The birch and aspen were both found to

decay in three years, the willow and the buckeye in four years, the maple and the red beech in five years, elm and ash in seven, while the larch, juniper and arbor vitae were uninjured at the expiration of eight years.

### To Fly Around St. Paul's.

London, March 4.—M. Santos Dumont, the aeronaut, arrived in this city today. During the course of an interview he said he hoped to add to the attractions of the coronation festivities by making ascents here. If possible he will make a tour around St. Paul's cathedral, as he did around the Eiffel Tower. Santos Dumont will afterwards go to New York, where he will give exhibitions.

By the time we get what we want in life we want something else a great deal more.—Saturday Evening Post.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS**  
LAWYERS  
PATTULLO & RIDLEY  
Notaries, Conveyancers and Attorneys  
Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. O'Neil Bldg.

**...J. J. O'NEIL...  
MINING EXPERT**  
Quartz mines examined and reported on. Correspondence solicited.  
Address: - General Delivery, Dawson

**EMIL STAUF**  
REAL ESTATE, MINING AND FINANCIAL BROKER  
Agent for Harper & Laidlaw, Vancouver, B.C.  
Harper's Addition, Keesley's Addition,  
The Imperial Life Insurance Company  
Collections Promptly Attended  
Money to Loan.  
Gold Best Bought and Sold.  
N. C. Office Bldg., Dawson

**\$3.00 Will Do It!**

Keep posted on local and foreign events. You can do this by subscribing for the

**DAILY NUGGET**

The Nugget has the best telegraph service and the most complete local news gathering system of any Dawson paper, and will be delivered to any address in the city for

**\$3.00 Per Month!**

**INVEST! INVEST!**

**LONE STAR STOCK**

IS THE BEST INVESTMENT EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

**.. QUARTZ ..**

THE MOTHER LODE

WE HAVE IT, AT THE HEAD OF THE TWO RICHEST CREEKS ON EARTH

BUY NOW STOCK WILL ADVANCE

**Lone Star Mining and Milling Company**  
111 FIRST AVENUE

H. TE ROLLER, TRUSTEE. LEW CRADEN, ACTING MGR.

TUESDAY, M...

The Stroller no...

Without stoppi...

city of his havi...

and put him to b...

11 o'clock, he g...

to weave a tale o...

THE STROL...

was robbed," but...

and him he te...

probable storie...

are found t...

the chances are...

try to, that "R...

only plucked, bu...

so disconnecte...

it and...

"This" girl is...

and in most cases...

for a man who h...

rather in his thi...

money it is ju...

John Davi...

The Stroller ha...

and such loss fo...

low benefit to...

by any "d...

he may chance to...

For the benefit...

interest in the...

ary for a man...

should as he jog...

of his, the Stro...

own a private tr...

with call's brain...

comes in a scien...

The Stroller

THE LATI...

ment of a fir...

said to be...

anted and be...

to pay a...

the operat...

ment on tw...

especially...

the amount...

"Rube" who...

the Strolle...

should be effec...

which him w...

crowns...

and the...

desired...

man's m...

The night a...

days encou...

with hanger...

every rep...

waiting ind...