



Geronimo, untamed man killer, un-reconstructed savage, wily, blood-thirsty and cruel, now an aged, hopeless, helpless, dying prisoner, has told the complete story of his life. His autobiography, which has been edited for him by S. M. Barrett, with full permission and consent of the war department, is about to be published. It makes a long, weird and intensely interesting story, as will be noted by portions reproduced here, says the New York Herald.

Mr. Barrett, after gaining the confidence of the old Apache, led him to tell of his birth, his early days and his warfare on other Indians and pale-faces.

Of his battles with Miles and Crook, of what he calls the injustice done to the Indian, the old savage writes:

"Perhaps the greatest wrong ever done to the Indians was the treatment received by our tribe from the United States troops about 1863. The chief of our tribe, Mangus Colorado, went to make a treaty of peace for our people with the white settlement at Apache Tejo, N. M. It had been reported to us that the white men in this settlement were more friendly and more reliable than those in Arizona, and that they would live up to their treaties and would not wrong the Indians.

"Mangus Colorado, with three other warriors, went to Apache Tejo and held a council with these citizens and soldiers. They told him that if he would come with his tribe and live near them they would issue to him, from the government, blankets, flour, provisions, beef and all manner of supplies. Our chief promised to return to Apache Tejo within two weeks. When he came back to our settlement he assembled the whole tribe in council. I did not believe that the people at Apache Tejo would do as they said and therefore I opposed the plan, but it was decided that with part of the tribe Mangus Colorado should return to Apache Tejo and receive an issue of rations and supplies. If they were as represented, and if these white men would keep the treaty faithfully, the remainder of the tribe would join him and we would make our permanent home at Apache Tejo. I was to remain in charge of that portion of the tribe which stayed in Arizona. We gave almost all of our arms and ammunition to the party going to Apache Tejo, so that in case there should be treachery they would be prepared for any surprise. Mangus Colorado and about half of our people went to New Mexico, happy that now they had found white men who would be kind to them, and with whom they could live in peace and plenty.

Claims Comrades Were Slain.

"No word ever came to use from them. From other sources, however, we heard that they had been treacherously captured and slain. In this dilemma we did not know just exactly what to do, but fearing that the troops who had captured them would attack us, we retreated into the mountains near Apache Tejo.

"During the weeks that followed the departure of our people we had been in suspense, and, failing to provide more supplies, had exhausted all of our store of provisions. This was another reason for moving camp. On this retreat, while passing through the mountains, we discovered four men with a herd of cattle. Two of the men were in front in a buggy and two were behind on horseback. We killed all four, but did not scalp them; they were not warriors. We drove the cattle back into the mountains, made a camp, and began to kill the cattle and pack the meat.

"Before we had finished this work we were surprised and attacked by United States troops, who killed in all seven Indians—one warrior, three women and three children. The government troops were mounted, and so were we, but we were poorly armed, having given most of our weapons to the division of our tribe that had gone to Apache Tejo, so we fought mainly with spears, bows, and arrows. At first I had a spear, a bow and a few arrows, but in a short time my spear and all my arrows were gone. Once I was wounded, but by dodging from side to side of my horse as he ran I escaped. During this fight we scattered in all directions and two days later reassembled at our appointed place of rendezvous, about 50 miles from the scene of this battle.

Fought With Rocks and Clubs.

"About ten days later the same United States troops attacked our new camp at sunrise. The fight lasted all day, but our arrows and spears were all gone before ten o'clock and for the remainder of the day we had only rocks and clubs with which to fight. We could do little damage with these weapons, and at night we moved our camp about four miles back into the mountains, where it would be hard for the cavalry to follow us. The next day our scouts, who had been left behind to observe the movements of the soldiers, returned, saying that the troops had gone back toward San Carlos reservation.

"A few days after this we were again attacked by another company of United States troops. Just before this fight we had been joined by a band of Chokonen Indians under Cochise, who took command of both divisions. We were repulsed and decided to disband. "After we had disbanded our tribe the Bedonkohe Apaches reassembled near their old camp, vainly waiting for the return of Mangus Colorado and our kinsmen. No tidings came save that they had all been treacherously slain. Then a council was held, and as it was believed that Mangus Colorado was dead I was elected tribe chief.

Geronimo then relates the tale of his capture by American scouts, of his imprisonment for four months and his subsequent release. He continues:

Fearing Further Imprisonment.

"In the summer of 1883 a rumor was current that the officers were again planning to imprison our leaders. This rumor served to revive the memory of all our past wrongs—the massacre in the tent at Apache Pass, the fate of Mangus Colorado, and my own unjust imprisonment, which might easily have been death to me. Just at this time we were told that the officers wanted us to come up the river above Geronimo to a fort (Fort Thomas) to hold a council with them. We did not believe that any good could come of this conference, or that there was any need of it, so we held a council ourselves and, fearing treachery, decided to leave the reservation. We thought it more manly to die on the warpath than to be killed in prison.

"There were in all about 250 Indians, chiefly the Bedonkohe and Nedni Apaches, led by myself and Whoa. We went through Apache Pass, and just west of there had a fight with the United States troops. In this battle we killed three soldiers and lost none.

"We went on toward Old Mexico, but on the second day after this United States soldiers overtook us about three o'clock in the afternoon and we fought until dark. The ground where we were attacked was very rough, which was to our advantage, for the troops were compelled to dismount in order to fight us. I do not know how many soldiers they killed, but we lost only one warrior and three children. We had plenty of guns and ammunition at this time. Many of the guns and much ammunition we had accumulated while living in the reservation, and the remainder we had obtained from the White Mountain Apaches when we left the reservation. "The troops did not follow us any longer, so we went south almost to Casa Grande and camped in the Sierra de Saharipa mountains. We ranged in the mountains of Old Mexico for about a year, then returned to San Carlos, taking with us a herd of cattle and horses.

Horses and Cattle Seized.

"Soon after we arrived at San Carlos the officer in charge, Gen. Crook, took the horses and cattle away from us. I told him that these were not white men's cattle, but belonged to us, for we had taken them from the Mexicans during our wars. I also told him that we did not intend to kill these animals, but that we wished to keep them and raise stock on our range. He would not listen to me, but took the stock. I went up near Fort Apache and Gen. Crook ordered officers, soldiers and scouts to see that I was arrested. If I offered resistance they were instructed to kill me.

"This information was brought to me by the Indians. When I learned of this proposed action I left for Old Mexico, and about four hundred Indians went with me. They were the Bedonkohe, Chokonen and Nedni Apaches. At this time Whoa was dead, and Naiche was the only chief with me. We went south into Sonora and camped in the mountains. Troops followed us, but did not attack us until we were camped in the mountains west of Casa Grande. Here we were attacked by government Indian scouts. One boy was killed and nearly all of our women and children were captured.

"That night we held a council of war; our scouts had reported bands of United States and Mexican troops at many points in the mountains. We estimated that about two thousand soldiers were ranging these mountains seeking to capture us.

Interview with Gen. Crook.

"Gen. Crook had come down into Mexico with the United States troops. They were camped in the Sierra de Antunez mountains. Scouts told me that Gen. Crook wished to see me and I went to his camp. When I arrived Gen. Crook said to me, 'Why did you leave the reservation?' I said: 'You told me that I might live in the reservation the same as white people lived. One year I raised a crop of corn, and gathered and stored it, and the next year I put in a crop of oats, and when the crop was almost ready to harvest you told your soldiers to put me in prison, and if I resisted to kill me. If I had been left alone I would now have

been in good circumstances, but instead of that you and the Mexicans are hunting me with soldiers.' He said: 'I never gave any such orders; the troops at Fort Apache, who spread this report, knew that it was untrue.' Then I agreed to go back with him to San Carlos.

"It was hard for me to believe him at that time. Now I know that what he said was untrue, and I firmly believe that he did issue the orders for me to be put in prison or to be killed in case I offered resistance.

"We started with all our tribe to go with Gen. Crook back to the United States, but I feared treachery and concluded to remain in Mexico. We were not under any guard at this time. The United States troops marched in front and the Indians followed, and when we became suspicious we turned back. I do not know how far the United States army went after myself and some warriors turned back before we were missed, and I do not care.

Capt. Lawton in the Field.

"Soon Gen. Miles was made commander of all the western posts, and troops trailed us continually. They were led by Capt. Lawton, who had good scouts. The Mexican soldiers also became more active and more numerous. We had skirmishes almost every day, and so we finally decided to break up into small bands. With six men and four women I made for the range of mountains near Hot Springs, New Mexico. We passed many cattle ranches, but had no trouble with the cowboys. We killed cattle to eat whenever we were in need of food, but we frequently suffered greatly for water. At one time we had no water for two days and nights and our horses almost died from thirst. We ranged in the mountains of New Mexico for some time; then, thinking that perhaps the troops had left Mexico, we returned. On our return through Old Mexico we attacked every Mexican found, even if for no other reason than to kill. We believed they had asked the United States troops to come to Mexico to fight us.

"South of Casa Grande, near a place called by the Indians Gosoda, there was a road leading out from the town. There was much freighting carried on by the Mexicans over this road. Where the road ran through a mountain pass we stayed in hiding, and whenever Mexican freighters passed we killed them, took what supplies we wanted and destroyed the remainder. We were reckless of our lives,

that Gen. Miles was the chief of the American troops, and I decided to treat with him.

"I sent my brother Perico (White Horse) with Mr. George Wrattan on to Fort Bowie to see Gen. Miles and to tell him that we wished to return to Arizona; but before these messengers returned I met two Indian scouts—Kayitah, a Chokonen Apache, and Marteen, a Nedni Apache. They were serving as scouts for Capt. Lawton's troops. They told me that Gen. Miles had come and had sent them to ask me to meet him. So I went to the camp of the United States troops to meet Gen. Miles.

Gen. Miles' Promises.

"When I arrived at their camp I went directly to Gen. Miles and told him how I had been wronged and I wanted to return to the United States with my people, as we wished to see our families, who had been captured and taken away from us. Gen. Miles said to me: 'The president of the United States has sent me to speak to you. He has heard of your trouble with the white men, and says that if you will agree to a few words of treaty we need have no more trouble. Geronimo, if you will agree to a few words of treaty all will be satisfactorily arranged.'

"Then he talked with me for a long time and told me what he would do for me in the future if I would agree to the treaty. I did not hardly believe Gen. Miles, but because the president of the United States had sent me word I agreed to make the treaty and to keep it. Then I asked Gen. Miles what the treaty would be. Gen. Miles said to me: 'I will take you under government protection. I will build you a house. I will fence you much land. I will give you cattle, horses, mules and farming implements. You will be furnished with men to work the farm, for you yourself will not have to work. In the fall I will send you blankets and clothing, so that you will not suffer from cold in the winter time. "There is plenty of timber, water and grass in the land to which I will send you. You will live with your tribe and with your family. If you agree to this treaty you shall see your family within five days.'

Agreed to Make Treaty.

"I said to Gen. Miles: 'All the officers that have been in charge of the Indians have talked that way, and it sounds like a story to me; I hardly believe you.' He said: 'This time it is the truth.' I said: 'Gen. Miles, I



THEY FOUGHT WITH CLUBS AND STONES. CLOSING THE TREATY WITH MILES.

because we felt that every man's hand was against us. If we returned to the reservation we would be put in prison and killed; if we stayed in Mexico they would continue to send soldiers to fight us; so we gave no quarter to any one and asked no favors. "After some time we left Gosoda and soon were reunited with our tribe in the Sierra de Antunez mountains.

Skirmishing Every Day.

"Contrary to our expectations the United States soldiers had not left the mountains in Mexico, and were soon trailing us and skirmishing with us almost every day. Four or five times they surprised our camp. One time they surprised us about nine o'clock in the morning, captured all our horses (19 in number) and secured our store of dried meats. We also lost three Indians in this encounter. About the middle of the afternoon of the same day we attacked them from the rear as they were passing through a prairie—killed one soldier, but lost none ourselves. In this skirmish we recovered all our horses except three that belonged to me. The three horses that we did not recover were the best riding horses we had.

"Soon after this scouts from Capt. Lawton's troops told us that he wished to make a treaty with us; but I knew

do not know the laws of the white man, nor of this new country where you are to send me, and I might break their laws.' He said: 'While I live you will not be arrested.' Then I agreed to make the treaty. Since I have been a prisoner of war I have been arrested and placed in the guard-house twice for drinking whisky.

"We stood between his troopers and my warriors. We placed a large stone on the blanket before us. Our treaty was made by this stone, and it was to last till the stone should crumble to dust; so we made the treaty, and bound each other with an oath. "I do not believe that I have ever violated that treaty, but Gen. Miles never fulfilled his promises.

"When we had made the treaty Gen. Miles said to me: 'My brother, you have in your mind how you are going to kill men, and other thoughts of war; I want you to put that out of your mind and change your thoughts to peace.' "Then I agreed and gave up my arms. I said: 'I will quit the warpath and live at peace hereafter.'

"Then Gen. Miles swept a spot of ground clear with his hand and said: 'Your past deeds shall be wiped out like this and you will start a new life.'

THE SQUIRES VISITOR

By L. A. HARKER.

"The squire is a terrible old man!" said the new parson, shaking his head. "I pointed out to him that for his coachman to beat his wife causes a scandal in the village, and implored him to remonstrate."

"And what did he say?" asked Aunt Susan.

"Oh, he smiled politely, and begged to point out that he had interfered between a man and his wife more than once in his life, and that trouble had always come of it; therefore he intends to interfere no more. It seems the man Jeffs is kind enough to his wife when he's sober."

The new parson looked inquiringly at Aunt Susan. She, too, shook her head, remarking:

"The squire is incorrigible. This very coachman got drunk last election day. So the squire pulled him off the box, and put him inside the carriage. Then, mounting the box himself, he called out to the crowd—there's always a crowd outside the King's Arms on election day—'He's driven me home many times when I've been drunk, so now I'll drive him home!' and so he did."

"That was kind!" answered a new voice, a clear, young voice.

Aunt Susan started. "Why, Mellory, child, I did not know you were here. Run away, dear; I don't want you just now."

But Mellory ignored her aunt, and, standing in front of the new parson,



"Beat the Coachman, Then!" Exclaimed Mellory, Triumphant.

demanding, "Is the beaten wife much hurt? And who beat her, the squire or the coachman?"

"The coachman, my dear, since you've heard so much; but it's not a pleasant subject for little girls."

Mellory looked at the parson with some scorn, then slowly and with dignity left the room.

Aunt Susan gave a sigh of relief as the door closed. "She is my nephew's only child, and lost her mother two years ago. She is always with him, and terribly spoilt."

Then they changed the subject, and both Mellory and the squire were forgotten.

Mellory, however, didn't forget. Fully conscious of her influence in her own sphere, where she ruled Dad and the friends who frequented the big studio, with a rod of iron, she decided to go herself to remonstrate with the squire. "I'll teach him it's horrid to beat wives—anybody's wife!" she said to herself, and she trotted down the road. The squire's big gates stood open, and she turned down the drive, which seemed very long. But presently she came in full view of the great square house. On the lawn, under the shade of an immense tulip tree, sat an

old gentleman. Mellory, feeling sure it was the squire, walked slowly across the grass towards him. Her sun-bonnet had fallen back, masses of brown curls clustered round the hot, pink cheeks, and her brown eyes were shining. A big deer hound, lying at the squire's feet, rose as she approached, and sniffed at her. Laying a little brown hand confidently on its collar, she and the dog faced the squire together.

"What is your name?" abruptly demanded the squire.

"Oh, my name is Mellory. You don't look very wicked!" she added, quickly.

The squire sat up in his chair.

"What made a good little girl come to see such a wicked old man, eh?"

"Oh, yes; because you are, you know!"

"Who told you I am wicked?"

"Well, people seem to think so, and so do I if you approve of beating a wife."

"What!" almost shouted the squire; but Mellory was not in the least alarmed. Calmly seating herself upon his knee, she continued: "You encourage your coachman to beat his wife. I wish you wouldn't; it isn't nice, really!"

"So that's what they say, is it?" laughed the squire, and his voice was not quite so pleasant this time. He put his arm round Mellory, asking, "Do you believe it?"

Mellory looked into his face; and then she said decidedly, "No, I don't. You are more like a knight than a squire—a right worshipful knight," she added softly.

The squire shook his head, and his face grew sad as he said: "Alas! No, I'm not that. I might have been—once! What made you come to see such a wicked old man, eh?"

"I'm not good here. I am at home; but Aunt Susan's goodness is different somehow, and I can't do it. Perhaps you can't be good here either?" she suggested.

The squire muttered something and then stopped. There was silence for a minute, till Mellory asked, "Do you love your coachman very much?"

"Well, no; I can't say I love him. He's been a good servant to me."

"Tell him he mustn't beat his wife. He would pay attention to you."

"Do you always pay attention to what you are told?"

"Well, no," said Mellory, rather slowly; "but I don't beat people."

"Neither do I," said the squire, "though I should often like to."

"Beat the coachman, then!" exclaimed Mellory, triumphantly, "then he'd know what it's like."

"Egad!" said the squire, slapping his unoccupied knee. "It's an excellent idea. I will."

Mellory put up her face, and the compact was ratified by kisses on both cheeks. Then she got off his knee, saying, "I'm glad I came; I don't believe you are a bit wicked, really!"

He looked very sad as he answered, "Try and believe the best of people, always, my dear; then you will grow up as good as you are pretty, and as happy as you are both."

Mellory did not understand exactly what he meant, but she realized that he was not very happy, so she said again, "I'm glad I came; we shall always be friends!"

"I wonder," mused the squire. He walked with her to her aunt's gate, and as he waved his hat on leaving her, she called after him, "You look a right worshipful knight, anyhow!"

He stood in the middle of the road to wave his hat once more, and to look back at the little figure standing in the sunshine. Then he turned into his own great gates, where the drive lay all in shade, like his heart.

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IN THE CANNING SEASON.

