******************* THE REGENERATION OF JUDY.

By Robert Howe Fletcher, U. S. A. Author of (The Johnstown Stage," "A Blind Bargain," Etc., Etc. *******************

The Wachapi Indian recervation is situated in a wild gion, through which the Crazy river flows and from which the mountains ascend abruptly, range on range, to the farthest heights of the Holy Trinity.

It was in the Wachapi that Judy lived. The tribe to which she belonged had dwelt here for unknown years, beyond the memory even of the gray-haired Judy's grandfather, Comachsen, who was so old that his eyes and mouth were lost in the furrows of his face. Comachsen said that their race had originally issued from the depths of Mt. Tehatil, the greatest peak of the Holy Trinity, and that that mountain was their mother and that they were the children of many contributions. The work of the Holy Trinity, and that they were the children of many contributions and that they were the children of the mountains as their mother and that they were the children of the mountains as their mother and that they were the children of the mountains as their for a while, urged on by curiosity, made strategic approaches from the door and feigned sleep. Then Archie, after staring at her for a while, urged on by curiosity, made strategic approaches from the door to the bed. A dog, a mongrel cur that no ill-treatment could drive from Judy's side, growled at him, whereupon Judy spoke to the dog, and, looking at the little boy, said in her queer Donovan English, "What's you' name?" mother and that they were the children of the earth. But the missionaries invariably rebuked him for this and declared it was nonsense, whereat Comacheen would shake his head in sensie pity for their ignorance and answer oracularly: "Was not Judy the mother of Inotlin, the little Dancing Flame?"

"Archibald Morrison Baynot," replied the child, with his hands behind him, and then added, "that's a nice dog; is it yours?"
"Yes," said Judy, with a grim smile at the only good word her wretched companion had ever received. Then, in spite of a curling of the dog's lip over its gleaming teeth, Now the little Dancing Flame had gone out thirty years ago, which was nothing to Comachsen, but a great deal to Judy, and these references to the ancient sorrow still had the power to move her heart. For, incredible as it might seem, the gaunt and the got quite enthusiastic. And she asked



AMONG THE SMOOTH WREATHED TREES IN FRONT OF US APPEARED A SPEC-TRAL THING.

weather-beaten Judy had once been young and pretty. The daughter of a chief, she could have married any man in the tribe, but her choice fell on Tuosiit, the tailest and but her choice fell on Tuosiit, the tailest and bravest, and the day that she knelt before him and held up to him in her arms the baby—ah, me! But within a twelve-month her young husband had died in her arms, shot to death by the white settlers in the old war. They called it "the war," these Indians, although it was but a border feud brought about by the lust of unscrupulous pioneers for the Indian lands and women, and which, further inflamed by the sale of whisky, burst forth one summer's day in whisky, burst forth one summer's day in bloodshed and then settled into months of reprisal, with the occasional killing of a white man and the more frequent killing of a red

man and the more frequent killing of a red one, with starving Indian women and children tiding in the mountains.

And when, after the death of her young warrior, the fall passed and winter came, poor Judy's strength gradually left her young body, and the Dancing Flame cried for hunger as he lay upon her help'ers br. aw, and co at last the little light had flickered and gone out. and gone out.
Soldiers had been sent to the Wachapi in

response to the settlers' demand and had ended the war by quelling hostilities and bringing the poor, broken remnant of the tribe back to their homes in the valley which was then made a government reservation was then made a government reservation. Since then agents had come and gone, honest men and rogues, preachers, laymen, politicians and reformers, and through all these changes, good and evil, Judy maintained a sort of independence, supporting himself and the patriarch of the tribe, her grandfather, with her own strong hands and woodcraft. She was silent and repellent, even remembering the great sorrow of her youth which the grinding years had not been able which the grinding years had not been able

One day the government at Washington re



WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

cles in the control of army officers, and a Captain Baynot was detailed for duty at Wachapi. Now Judy had always been on good term with the soldiers at the military post near the agency. They bought her fish and other small wares without haggling, and Mrs. Donovan, the wife of the quartermaster sergeant, taking pity on "the lone, lorn haythen," often hired her help on cleaning days, and in course of time taught her good, strong barrack English with an Irish accent, which accomplishment Judy carefully poncealed beneath the dignity of her original ignorance.

rtly after the arrival of the captain

Shortly after the arrival of the captain, however, Judy, for the first time in her life, was taken sick with pleurisy, whereupon the new agent, hearing from the doctor that there was a woman lying seriously iii in a wicking near old Jack's ferry, rode thither to investigate. Entering the smoky interior he noted with a comprehensive glance where rain and wind found their way in through crack and cranny of the ancient lodge, and the dampness, dirt and desolation of it all, and forthwith ordered Judy's removal to an empty log house near the fort.

There were no "ifs" or "ands" or "by your leave," but she was taken up bodily within the hour and conveyed to the clean, dry house. Here, with an iron cot, a chair and table, a fire crackling on the hearth, the smoke of which went out through the chimney and a young Indian woman to take care of her, the astonished Judy for the first time in her life had her weary body made comfortable and her wants supplied by others.

As a consequence Judy's mind was filled with suspicion and her eyes watched every smovement of her benefactors with ceaseless wigilance in the effort to discover the secret motive of their conduct, which she dimity

the little fellow to come and see her again, which he did, and they talked together, he with the pretty bragadocio of a boy child and she with ready assent and quick sym-

pathy.

Finally the doctor announced Judy well and the captain dismissed her with a few words: "I hear that you are an honest, hard-working woman, Judy," he said, "so I've had the men build you a wooden house of your own that you are to pay for in work. I'll give you plenty of time. I only ask you to keep it clean and to take care of yourself like a decent Christian. Now you may go."
There is no word in the Wachapi for "thank you," but Judy shook hands with the cap-tain and said, "All right, sor."

And after this, when Judy, with old Comachsen, was fairly established in her wooden house. Archie came often to visit her, and she gave him queer woodland treasures, things that boys love, such as birds' eggs and the skins of small animals, the rattles from a five-butten snake and strings of wampum and red berries. And she made him a bow and arrow in true Indian style, with a quiver of a marten's skin, head and tail complete, and taught him all the lore of the forest, so that he talked knowingly of "signs" and knew the notes of many beasts

It was Archie who took me, the writer of this chronicle, to call on Judy one summer when I was the guest of his father. This was two years after the captain had taken charge of Wechapi, and Judy was living in comfort, with a vegetable patch and cows and pigs, all of which she had acquired by her own thrift and labor under the new order of

Often have I seen her and Archie hand in hand entering the verge of the forest just back of the captain's quarters on their way to examine certain traps that they had set upon the hillside near the flume, the child's fair, bright face upturned to the dark, meiancholy features of the Indian woman as he eagerly prattled of their ventures.

I had been at Wachapi about a month, and summer was drawing to a close. The season had been unusually hot and dry and vagrant fires started by careless funters and pros-

pectors had spread in the bush.

One night the trees were ablaze along the edge of the road a mile below the agency and the Crezy river turned an awful red as it beneath the shelter of its banks The next morning the mountains were hidden behind a blue veil and out of this conceal-

behind a blue veil and out of this conceatment came at intervals great billows of yellow smoke, rolling upward in a pale, lurid giare. Indeed, it seemed at times as though the world was all on fire.

The captain and I were standing on his porch looking at this threatening display when one of the Indians came in and reported that a fire had started on the hills back of the post. I could see that this made the captain uneasy, although, as he explained to me, the clearing for the fiume, which extended along the side of the hill for several miles would act as a safeguard in a certain measure. He had just said this when Mrs. Baynot appeared at the front door and called out in that quiet, tense tone that preludes tragedy, "George, I can't find Archie!"

"Isn't he in the house?" asked the captain.

"No" realied his wife, her vales there."

"No," replied his wife, her voice trem-bling, "I've looked everywhere," and she clasped her hands so tightly that the knuckles grew white.

"Maybe he is with Judy," said the cap-"Maybe he is with Judy," said the cap-tain.
"No, no, no," protested Mr. Baynot. "He was in the yard a little while ago. He couldn't have crossed the parade without our seeing him. He must have gone into the woods." And at this she burst into

couldn't have crossed the parade without our seeing him. He must have gone into the woods." And at this she burst into the woods." And at this she burst into tears.

The captain, somewhat alarmed, hurriedly gave her a word of comfort and passing throught the hall wont out into the back yard, I following. The woods were so hazy with smoke that we could see but a short distance, and the cries of frightened birds and smail creatures constantly deceived us and decoyed us hither and thither to no purpose. Then as we stood for a minute rubbing our inflamed eyes and getting our bing our inflamed eyes an

overflow, and I was just leaning over this, ecoping the water up in my fiands, when I was auddenly thrust aside so violently as to almost love my balance.

Recovering myself indignantly, I recognised the Indian woman, Judy. She had a blanket in her hands and with desperate energy she was sousing it in the water. Her face was wonderful to see. She looked like one about to do battle to the death. I had but a glimpse of her when she was off and up the hill, her head down and partially covered with the blanket, running and leaping from stone to stone like a fround on a scent. She did not stop to look or listen, but sped on till in a moment she was lost to sight.

Then I heard the quick tramp of the lofantry company coming across the parade ground at double time, and, as it reached the edge of the woods, it deployed as skirmlebers and advanced knto the smoke, but, as I toiled up the hill once more by the side of

tolled up the hill once more by the side of the agonized father, panting, and with the sweat running down my, face, I knew where the only hope of the child's salvation lay. We had not penetrated far, though it seemed a great distance, when among the smoke-wreathed trees in front of us appeared a spectral thing. A tall figure, but whether man or women it was bard to say, for its garments hung in smoldering rags about its limbs, while its face was buried in a bundle its sinewy, blackened arms hugged

"It's Judy!" I cried, "It's Judy! She's got the boy." A great shout went up from the men in hearing and was repeated down the line. And at the sound the poor, scorched, blinded creature sank slowly to her knees and then fell prone upon the earth. In an instant of dozen strong hands were lifting her up, and while the captain relieved her of the boy the rest of us carried her as gently as might

be down the hill to the house.

The child was unconscious from smoke and fright, but the doctor soon revived him and pronounced him is no danger from his adventure. But when he examined poor Judy's injuries he slowly shook his head. All that he could do was to make her as free from pain as possible till the end came. She knew she was dying, and we could see how she suffered, but she endured the ordeal with marvelous patience and dignity. At the very last she said, with her quaint Irish accent "Cap'n, I been a dacent Christian woman for nigh on two year. When I die will I go to heaven?

"Yes. Judy," said the captain.
"Well, see here, cap'n," she said, "I been
thinking 'bout that, an' I kind o' changed
my mind. You see, I ain't sure my husband and baby 'il be in Christian heaven, 'cause they don't know 'bout it, an' I don't want to take no chances, d'ye mind. So I guess I'll make sure an' go wheriver they are You can fix it for me cap'n, can't you?'

she added rather anxiously.

"Judy," said the captain, in a voice full of emotion, "you've always been an honest, faithful woman, and you've just given your life to save that of a little child. I am sure that God will be good to you. Only ask him for what you want." ask Him for what you want."
"Well," said Judy, "all I want is to go
where Tuosilt and Inotlin are, that's all.
But if I got to ask God, maybe I'd better
say that prayer he likes. D'ye think, so,

"Yes," said the captain, covering his eyes with his hand.

And as she began, in a failing voice,
"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed
be Thy name," we all reverently kneeled
and joined in the petition. And when we said the final "Ameo" the captain, who had been holding the poor creature's hand, gently laid it on her breast, for Judy's regenera-tion had been made complete.

KEROSENE JOE "STRIKES ILE."

A Noted Weary Willie Weds a For-tune and a Widow. "Kerosene" Joe, who is said to have taken nore degrees in the order of weary walkers than any other man alive, is now a man of wealth. He is no longer "Kerosene" Joe, the bum, but plain Joseph Haskell of nowhere in particular, who has just come into

a fortune.

Last week "Kerosene" Joe could not get a
drink on credit. His meals were furnished
drink on credit. His meals were furnished by farmers' wives and the keepers of county jails. For ten years he has been kicked from one place to another, sinking lower and lower each day, until at last reaching the level of the gutter, ostracized from the society of men, even in his own degenerate class. It is different new. Mr. Haskell associates with men of refinement and affluence and rides in Pullman cars, drinking

costly wines served by courteous waiters. He stops at the best hotels and is shown to the best rooms and is driven to and from the depots in handsome carriages.

This remarkable transformation was brought about by the strange freak of a wealthy old woman, named Anna Hartley, who is now the lawful wife of the ex-tramp. Haskell is about 35 years of age and his bride is not less than 70. They were mar-Haskell is about 35 years of age and his bride is not less than 70. They were married at Fargo, N. D.; a few days ago and are now on their honeymoon trip to the east, having passed through Itasca, Wis., last Friday in a Pullman car. To the conductor Haskell and his wife told how the marriage occurred, Haskell was tramping near Tower City, N. D., when Mrs. Hartley and her bired was came along in a wagon. near Tower City, N. D., when Mrs. Hartley and her hired man came along in a wagon. She asked him to get in for a ride and took him to her home. There she gave him refreshments and asked all about his life. Finding he had no wife she asked him to sign a marriage contract. This he willingly did, "and so they were married." In reply to questions the aged bride said: "I feel that I've got a fairly good husband, even if he hasn't been an angel all his life. I took it into my head a month ago that I wanted a husband and told the hired man and his wife that I'd ask the first single wanted a nusband and told the hired man and his wife that I'd ask the first single man that crossed my path and I kept my word. Mr. Haskell has promised to reform, and I know he'll keep his word. I don't ask him to stop drinking entirely, but he must drink moderately and not get into bad

company again.' Good Enough to Take. The finest quality of loaf sugar is used in the manufacture of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the roots used in its preparation ing it very pleasant to take. As a medicine for the cure of coughs, colds, influenza, croup and whooping cough, it is far superior to other. It always cures, and cures

REMARKABLE OPERATION.

quickly.

t Weighing 15 Pounds Removed from a Young Man's Back. There was an operation performed at clinic held at Freedmen's hospital Sunday morning, reports the Washington Star, which is believed to have no parallel in the history of medical science here, and there are said to be few cases like it found in the books. It was the removal by Dr. Daniel H. Williams, the surgeon-in-chief of the H. Williams, the surgeon-in-chief of the hospital, of what is best described as a gigantic wart, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, from the back of a young white man. The growth has been sent to the 'Army Medical museum, where it will be subjected to a microscopic examination, that its exact nature may be definitely determined.

termined.
The patient (a farmer from Maryland) was admitted to the hospital about two weeks ago and stated that the wart, which was attached to the small of his back, was of seven years' growth. It was found to be

BRITAIN'S NEWSPAPER TONES

A Remarkable Concedent Forming a Part of the British Museum.

SOME ANCIENT PRATS ON THE SHELVES

Complete Files Rept of Every Newspaper Printed in the Kingdom—
Origin of the System and How it is Maintained.

The huge and ever increasing collection of newspapers which new forms so large and so useful a part of the National library at a result a second to the second to the space in the general reading room. Some of the larger English municipal libraries, such as those of Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham, file a number of the more important daily and weekly papers. The collection at the museum, however, is the only one of national proportions; and the fact that this collection exists, is so inclusive and so easily accessible, makes it unnecessary for the public libraries of lesser importance to use their funds or their space in making collections of newspapers.

Arnold's Bromo Celery curs headaches.

newspapers which new forms so large and so useful a part of the National library at the British museum had its beginnings in an almost accidental way. From the days when the modern newspaper came into existence in England, relates Harper's Weekly, until the middle years of this century, three taxes were paid in connection with newspapers. White paper paid a duty at the mill. Every newspaper had to be impressed with an inland revenue stamp and another duty was paid on advertisements. The collection of these duties formed a large part of the work of the Inland Revenue department two generations ago, and to aid the collectors in checking the amounts due for newspapers and advertisements, printers of newspapers were required by law to send copies to the department at Somerset House in London. When the department had used the newspapers for its purpose they were turned over to the British museum, and thus was

every newspaper printed in England during the present century.

The taxes imposed on newspapers were all abolished between 1840 and 1869; and in 1869, when the last of them was gone and Parliawhen the last of them was gone and Faria-ment was freeing journalism from the fetters fastened on it in the reactionary period of the French revolution, it also repealed the law which required the sending of a copy of every newspaper to the Inland Revenue department. By 1869, however, the value and utility of the great collection of news-papers which had been gradually formed at the British museum had become well known and there was some apprehension lest, when the obligation of the newspaper proprietors to the Inland Revenue department was gone, the growth and continuity of the collection

formed the nucleus of the vast collection which today includes the complete files of

should be jeopardized. A COPYRIGHT TAX. It was thought that an act of Parliament would be necessary to bring the proprietors of newspapers into the same relationship to the British museum that they had held to the Inland Revenue department, but it was discovered that the museum had claims upon the proprietors under the copyright act of 1845. These claims had not been pressed as long as the Inland Revenue department was acting as the collecting agent for museum.

As soon, however, as the tax collectors ceased to discharge this duty the museum authorities asserted their rights under the copyright act; and since 1869 every proprietor of a newspaper has been compelled to send files of his journal to the museum. Nothing that can be described as a newspaper escapes the law. A copy of every issue of the Times is on file at the museum; so is a copy of every provincial weekly newspaper, no matter how insignificant. All the papers are sent free of expense to the museum. The sending of them is something of a tax on the proprietors but it is one

of a tax on the proprietors, but it is one of the conditions under which the copyrights of their journals are secured.

In addition to the newspapers thus obtained during the present century the museum has acquired—sometimes by purchase, sometimes by gift—a large collection of journals of the eighteenth century. Some of these go back as far as 1720. Altogether here are now some 27,000 volumes of news paper files at the museum. They are all carefully catalogued, and the volumes are as easy of access to students as any of the

books in the great library.

This was not always the case. A few years ago the collection was in much con-fusion, and there was no adequate catalogue Within the last three or four years, however the entire collection has been rearranged Every volume has been overhauled, and a arge number of long-lost journals have been discovered and catalogued. The cataloguing and the arrangement are now as complete as possible, and the only difficulty which confronts the museum authorities is that of space.
The collection grows at a remarkable rate

and before long it will have absorbed all the space which, in the existing building, can be set apart for newspapers.. Before long some system of selection may have to be adopted. As yet, however, everything received is bound and catalogued. RATE OF GROWTH.

The rate at which the collection grows is shown by the fact that for 1831 the English provincial newspapers were all contained in forty-one volumes. The number for 1860 had percased to 278, while for 1894 it was over 900. Twenty to twenty-five presses are re-quired to accommodate the files of the provincial papers for one year. Only in the larger English towns are there daily journals. Most of the provincial papers are published weekly; a few of them twice a week. Each provincial newspaper is not given a volume entirely to itself. The weekly papers are bound in sets of thirteen weeks, and it

often happens that three different sets of newspapers are contained within one green vellum cover. The name of each paper in the volume, and the period the file covers, are in gilt lettering on the back, and all the files of one year are arranged in adjoining

outside the rotunds. The general reading room is in the rotunds, the whole of which Is given up to books and desks for readers. The corridor is on the outside of this vast room, and on the floor below the reading room. Presses and shelves line the corridor on either side, and on these shelves the flea of the provincial newspapers are stored. The inner wall affords 279 square yards of shelf space, and the outer wall 360 square yards, while in the angles formed by the rotunda while in the angles formed by the rotunda and in the adjoining corridors on the same floor there are, in addition, 390 square yards. In all, on this floor there are rather over 10,000 square yards of shelf room, the whole of which is set apart for the provincial papers, in which are included those of Scotland and Ireland.

ROOM FOR NEWSPAPER READERS. The London papers are all housed on another floor, in what is known as the White wing of the library building, and in this wing is the hall set apart for newspaper-readers. It is fitted with deeks and racks specially adapted to meet the convenience of searchers and students who are using the heavy newspaper flies; it is excellently lighted; all the facilities afforded to readers in the general reading room are available, and no newspaper research work is per-mitted except in this room. The London papers are on the same floor as the news-paper reading room; but any one of the 27,-



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"And I," she protested, her voice quivering with emotion, "shall not forget thee, even at the glove counter, with undressed kids going at 13 cents per pair."

Ah, the love of woman! It does not quicken so lightly as that of man, but once quickened it is intenser! Mister!

Rain Falls in Northern California. SAN FRANCISCO, April 6.—Rain fell in the farming districts of northern California this morning. This will greatly improve the outlook for the grain crops.

Gold Engaged for Import. NEW YORK, April 6.—A Boston dispatch says Kidder, Peabody & Co. have \$550,000 in gold engaged for import.

SEATTLE, Wash., April 6.—The tele-traphic advices here tonight indicate that Thirty-five years make a generation. That is how long Adolph Fisher of Zanceville, O., suffered from piles. He was cured by using there is great consternation among the peo-ple living in the towns in proximity to three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.



For Young and Old.

Union, Miss., Nov. 6th, 1897. I have suffered from change of life for several years. The medicine my family physician gave me did not help me, and I grew worse instead of better. I one day read in the paper of Wine of Cardui, and tried that. The first bottle gave me much relief, but I continued to take it, and have steadily improved. I have used four bottles and think Wine of Cardui is the best medicine I ever used. MRS. NANCY ENGLISH.

Arnold's Bromo Celery cures headaches. 10c, 25c and 50c. All druggists.

Mountain Shows Signs of Eruption.

JENSON, Ark., Nov. 6th, 1897. I know McElree's Wine of Cardui to be wonderful medicine for female diseases. It is also a fine tonic. Less than one bottle has done great things for me.

MAUD SALSMAN. Wine f Cardui

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