

THE REGENERATION OF JUDY.

By Robert Howe Fletcher, U. S. A.

Author of "The Johnstown Stage," "A Blind Bargain," Etc., Etc.

The Wachapi Indian reservation is situated in a wild glen, 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, Comacchen, who was an old man, his eyes and mouth were lost in the furrows of his face. Comacchen said that their race had originally issued from the depths of Mt. Tehathi, the greatest peak of the Holy Trinity, and that that mountain was their mother and that they were the children of the earth. But the missionaries invariably rebuked him for this and declared it was nonsense, whereat Comacchen would shake his head in scornful pity for their ignorance and answer oracularly: "Was not Judy the mother of Inotlin, the Little Dancing Flame?"

Now the Little Dancing Flame had gone out thirty years ago, which was nothing to Comacchen, but a great deal to Judy, and these references to the ancient sorrow still had the power to move her heart. For, in a credence as it might seem, the saint and

fancied how some design on that mysterious thing, her soul. But her soul was not referred to either by Mrs. Baynot, who sent her good things to eat, or Mrs. Donovan, who came in occasionally to "beat her up a bit," nor by Archie, the captain's child, a sturdy little chap of 6 years, who stole into the hut to solve the mystery of it. Judy saw him peeping in at 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 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 your name?"

"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, the boy ventured to pat its head. And some how Judy thought of Dancing Flame. And when Archie went on to tell of a dog that he owned she showed so much interest that he got quite enthusiastic. And she asked



AMONG THE SMOOTH WREATHED TREES IN FRONT OF US APPEARED A SPECTRAL 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 the tallest, the 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 bloodshed and then settled into months of reprisal, with the occasional killing of a white man and the more frequent killing of a red one, with starving Indian women and children hiding 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's arms, and so at last the little light had flickered 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. Since then agents had come and gone, honest men and rogues, teachers, 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 her young which the grinding years had not been able to match.

One day the government at Washington reversed its Indian policy and placed the agen-



WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

cies in the control of army officers, and a Captain Baynot was detailed for duty at Wachapi. Now Judy had always been on good terms 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 baynot," 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 possessed beneath the dignity of her original ignorance.

Shortly after the arrival of the captain, however, Judy fell ill in her life, whereupon the new agent, hearing from the doctor that there was a woman lying seriously ill in a winking 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 crevice 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.

"What's your name?" Judy asked him peeping in at 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 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 your name?"

"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.

And when Archie went on to tell of a dog that he owned she showed so much interest that he got quite enthusiastic. And she asked the little fellow to come and see her again, which he did, and they talked together, but with the pretty braggadocio of a boy child and she with ready assent and quick sympathy.

Finally the doctor announced Judy well and the captain dismissed her with a few words. "I'll leave you alone, 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 captain and said, "All right, sor."

And after this, when Judy, with old Comacchen, 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 bird eggs and the skins of small animals, the rattles from a five-bitten 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 and birds.

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 Wachapi, and Judy was living in comfort, with a vegetable patch and cow and pigs, all of which she had acquired by her own thrift and labor under the new order of things. 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 eyes turned to the dark, melancholy features of the Indian woman as he eagerly prattled of their ventures.

overflow, and I was just leaning over this, scooping the water up in my hands, when I was suddenly thrust aside so violently as to knock me down. For the first time I recovered myself indignantly, I recognized the Indian woman, Judy. She had a blanket in her hands and with desperate energy she was trying to force her way through the wonderful forest. 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 bound 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 infantry company coming across the parade ground at double time, and as it reached the edge of the woods, it deployed as skirmishers and advanced into the smoke, but, as I 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 man or woman it was hard to say, for its garments hung in smoldering rags about its limbs, while its face was buried in a bundle of its own blackened arms hugged tightly to its breast.

"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. Instantly a 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 into the barracks.

The child was unconscious from smoke and fright, but the doctor soon revived him and pronounced him in no danger from his adventures. But when he examined 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 she saw that 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 at Inotlin afore, that's all. For nigh on two year. When I die will I go to heaven?"

"Yes, Judy," said the captain. "Well, see here, Judy," he said, "I been thinking 'bout that, an' I kind o' changed my mind. You see, I ain't sure my husband and baby 'll be in Christian heaven, 'cause they never know 'bout Inotlin, an' I don't want to take no chances, d'ye mind. So I guess I'll make sure an' go wherever they are. You can fix it for me, cap'n, can't you?"

"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 a little child. I am sure that God will be good to you. Only ask Him for what you want."

"Well," said Judy, "all I want is to go where Tussock 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, sor, cap'n?"

"Yes," said the captain, covering his eyes with his hand. "And as she began, in a falling voice, 'Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, we all reverently knelt and joined in the petition. And when we said the final Amen,' the captain, who had been holding the poor creature's hand, burst into tears, and Judy's regeneration had been made complete."

KEROSENE JOE "STRIKES ILL."
A Noted Weary White Wears a Fortune and a Widow.
"Kerosene" Joe, who is said to have taken more degrees in the order of weary waiters than any other man alive, is now a man of wealth. He is the son of a "Kerosene" Joe, but plain Joseph Haskell of no particular where in particular, who has just come into a fortune.

Last week "Kerosene" Joe could not get a drink on credit. His man 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. At last he reached the level of the gutter, ostracized from the society of men, even in his own degenerate class. It is different now. Mr. Haskell is now a Scates with money and amusements 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.

BRITAIN'S NEWSPAPER TOMES

A Remarkable Collection Forming a Part of the British Museum.

SOME ANCIENT PRINTS ON THE SHELVES

Complete Files Kept 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 are forming 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 being, 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 formed the nucleus of the vast collection which today includes the complete files of 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 Inland Revenue department was freed from the burden of the duties, the proprietors of every newspaper to the Inland Revenue department. By 1869, however, the value and utility of the great collection of newspapers which had been gathered up 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 removed, the growth and continuity of the collection 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 sending of a copy of every newspaper to the Inland Revenue department was not a condition of the copyright act of 1846. These claims had not been pressed as the Inland Revenue department was acting as the collecting agent for the museum.

As soon, however, as the tax collectors sought to discharge this duty the museum authorities asserted their right to 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 is printed in 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, and on her behalf the Inland Revenue 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 the conditions of the copyright act, and the rights of their journals are secured.

In addition to the newspapers thus obtained during the present century, the museum has acquired some times by purchase, sometimes by gift—a large collection of journals of the eighteenth century. Some of these go back as far as 1720. Altogether there are now some 27,000 volumes of newspaper files at the museum. They are all carefully catalogued, and the volumes are as good as secured to the museum as any of the books in the great library.

This was not always the case. A few years ago the collection was in much confusion, and the files of the journals were not in order. Within the last three or four years, however, the entire collection has been rearranged. Every volume has been overhauled, and the space which the newspapers occupied in the museum has been rearranged. The cataloguing and the arrangement are now as complete as possible, and the only difficulty which confronts the museum authorities is that of space.

000 volumes contained in the collection is at the disposal of the reader. Newspapers for the current year are not accessible, but the work of binding, indexing and cataloguing the volumes is kept well up to date, and the files of one year are usually available early in the next. The majority of the readers are lawyers, historians, students and journalists, and the desks in the newspaper room are always well filled as those 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 cures headaches, 10c, 25c and 50c. All druggists.

Mountain Shows Signs of Eruption. SEATTLE, Wash., April 6.—The telegraphic advices here tonight indicate that there is great consternation among the people living in the towns in proximity to

Mount St. Helena because the peak is showing plainly and distinctly evidences of an eruption. St. Helena is a sister peak to Taylor and Adams.

U.S. Forest. Detroit Journal: "Even at the cannon's mouth," the soldier cried, at parting, "I shall not forget thee!" The beautiful girl clung to him fondly. "And I," she protested, her voice quivering with emotion, "shall not forget thee, even at the grave 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 intense! 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 crop.

Gold Emancipated for Import. NEW YORK, April 6.—A Boston dispatch says Kidder, Peabody & Co. have \$500,000 in gold engaged for import.

Thirty-five years make a generation. That is how long Adolph Fisher of Zanesville, O., suffered from piles. He was cured by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.

A soap that destroys the softness of woolen will destroy the softness of the skin. Be sure that. No matter how much a soap costs, if it shrinks wool it isn't fit for the toilet. The best soap for all uses is the softest wooln't shrink wool.

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Wool Soap is an ancient article and every woman will be benefited by using it. It is made by the process of boiling wool in water. It is the best soap for all uses. It is made by the process of boiling wool in water. It is the best soap for all uses.

WINE OF CARDUI

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.

JENSON, Ark., Nov. 6th, 1897.

I know McElree's Wine of Cardui to be a wonderful medicine for female diseases. It is also a fine tonic. Less than one bottle has done great things for me. MAUD SALSMAN.

McElree's Wine of Cardui

first attained prominence by its efficacy in assisting girls to properly develop into women. It helps form correct menstrual habits, and exerts an influence that will be felt throughout a woman's life. There is nothing so good for this important crisis that comes to every young woman. But Wine of Cardui is just as useful for an older woman. It corrects every derangement of the menstrual function. When the change of life approaches, and all the troubles and weaknesses of the past reappear, Wine of Cardui is what is needed. It gives strength to the afflicted organs, and quiets the overtaxed nervous system. To use it at this critical time does more than anything else to give a woman a happy, healthful old age. Wine of Cardui is bought at any drug store and taken quietly at home.

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