

The Indian outbreak, or demonstration rather, of the Indians that led the whites to believe the red skins were on the war path, has blown over and it is officially announced that the Jackson's Hole country is free from Indians.

Basely imposing upon the poor Indians who have been hunting off the reservation and encroaching upon Uncle Sam's public domain at all times in season and out of season. In the vicinity of this little band of settlers, braving all the ills, hardships and dangers of a frontier and developing the country that it may become habitable for the more timid, these noble red skins have been for years killing game in the month prohibited by the state laws, and these laws are made for the protection of the game.

These Indians would slay hundreds of elk cows to get the unborn calves, which is considered a great dainty and very toothsome by them. The calf would be taken from the cow and the carcass of the latter left to rot or be eaten by the coyotes. Deer slain for their hides, as has been done here by our pet Indians, and the carcass left, or probably the hams taken off some of them. These are the outrages this little band of settlers complained of and when, after repeated warnings, the Indians only laughing at them, they arrested a few of them for breaking the game laws, and killed seven or eight of the red devils. The Indians determined to have revenge, therefore prepared themselves and longed to exterminate the settlers in Jackson's Hole.

The appearance of troops on the march to protect the settlers materially changed the matter in the eyes of the noble red-skin, and they are now meandering slowly back to their respective reservations expecting as soon as they reach home an extra allowance of rations, blankets, etc., from the government by way of reward and payment for costing the government mints of money and scaring the settle out of his wits and neglecting his home and crops, because of his absence in a fort or an encampment of settlers congregated to protect themselves.

Any body familiar with the doings

of the red d—ls are cognizant of the fact that an Indian has no soul, and also of his utter worthlessness as a citizen or a man. In conversation with a gentleman a few days since just returned from the southern end of this county, he told me that the Indians had already been quite numerous in the mountains south of here and at their old trade of killing and running off the deer.

Carcasses striped off the hide and left to decay or for the coyotes. Another gentleman familiar with doings this summer told us the Indians were getting sharp, knowing they were breaking the game laws, he found numerous carcasses of deer hidden or partially hidden with a covering of brush and rocks.

This speaks well for our brother Indians, and these good honest agents who get the benefit of the rations, pretended to be issued to the absent Indians, while they are off the reservations killing and maiming the game the honest settler should have, are writing sonnets and long letters for publication descriptive of the noble, brave and honest redman.

If in case these noble red fellows were caught upon some of the government parks slaying the game Uncle Sam would have a government specimen but so long as he is killing the deer that rightfully should belong to the frontier settler who is making country possible for habitation and improving the government domain, it is all right the settler does not need any protection and when forbearance ceases to be a virtue and the settler determines, and does do it, to give the government pets a lesson, then these little insignificant agents who are getting rich at the expense of the government and off the rations allowed the Indians say the good Indians, we guess they mean those that have gone to the happy hunting grounds are entirely innocent and the whites are guilty. And because they are frontier settlers away off yonder, not able to take their own part, they are accused by these same illiterate, squeamish agents as being dishonest cut-throats, etc.

Some of these agents should go with the noble braves on some of these hunting excursions into the Jackson Hole country or this Harney country and see how they would fare at the hands of the settlers. We think we can answer for their treatment and would advise them to remain in their snug little retreat on the dear reservation.

The best advice we can give Indians is if they want to keep whole bodies stay at home and hunt where they will not molest the rights of the settler or break the state game laws.

The story of the missionary massacre in China is calculated to make the blood run cold. It may have the effect of reducing the number of those exposing their lives in an attempt to convert those people. On the other hand, it may stimulate the missionary spirit. But, if it have the latter effect, the friends of those who plan to go into the country should find means to prevent them from carrying out their intention. If we have to have missionaries in China we must have them protected and none should be permitted to go to any point that is not provided with

ample means of protection.—Statesman.

A RICHMOND justice left to the abused woman in the case the fixing of a sentence for a husband arrested for drunkenness and wife beating. "Thirty days in jail," was the prompt decision. That wife is a real new woman. The ordinary household martyr would have forgiven the prisoner on the spot, fallen on his neck and been taken home for another beating.

Fitz and Corbett Fight.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 10.—Champion James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons had an impromptu set to tonight in the barroom of Green's hotel, but neither man was injured. Both men are stopping at Green's hotel. Corbett reached this city about 11:30 tonight from Wilmington, where he sparred four rounds with John McVey. He, in company with his brother Joe and some friends, went down to their hotel, where they met Eitz in the barroom.

Corbett walked up to the New Zealander and said: "Well you're shooting your mouth off again about me flunking out of that bicycle race and that you would pull my nose. Now I'll do some nose pulling." And with this remark the big champion gave Robert's nose a smart tweak.

The two men clinched, but before any damage had been done they were separated.

Fitzsimmons then turned upon Joe Corbett, who had grabbed the lanky fighter and attempted to butt him with his head. Joe broke away from Fitz, at the same time saying: "You can't whip me to say nothing of my brother."

Fitz reached around and picked up a decanter and hurled it at Joe Corbett, but it went wide its mark. He then grabbed a caster and was in the act of throwing it at Young Corbett when he was seized by a special officer.

When the quarrel had apparently been smoothed over Jim Corbett walked over to Fitzsimmons and spat in his face. The New Zealander was apparently not anxious to tackle the champion and Fitz was taken out of the hotel by some friends.

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