

UNCERTAINTY.

What gifts has Fate in store for me? (The coming year dawns soon) Shall I at Indian summer's fire...

JUMPED BY THE SIOUX.

Hard Luck of an Exploring Party in the Yellowstone.

"My story begins back at Bozeman in '64," said James Gourley at the Montana club to a New York Sun reporter. "Bozeman was then a town where things went on a run—a regular bird with the feathers on. It was a day all night in the night time, as the poet, Cy Warman, wrote about Creede. The streets were filled with bull teams, fighting freighters, stampedes and strangers from every corner of the country. The gambling houses never stopped to clean the bark from the floor, and on every corner you would see groups of men listening to some orator who had discovered a new gulch. Everybody had money and blew it, because he expected to have loads of it before spring."

or so, and I on one side, so as to watch out for signs. A Sioux Indian, you know, beats the world for sneaking on a wagon train. He don't follow up on a crawl like other Indians. He goes ahead to meet you, and then seems to rise right up out of the ground and tackle you before you know whether you are on the prairie or in the queen's drawing-room. We didn't see anything out of the ordinary till along in the afternoon, when two more lines of smoke appeared ahead instead of on one side of us, but each on an opposite side of the range, which was narrowed down close and not far from the canyon. I sensed it that the Indians had gone ahead of us during the day, and were gathering to meet up at a pass which I judged must be between the two ranges.

"That night we camped close to a big height of rocks so as to guard one side, and after putting out the fires moved a half mile from the wagons to throw the Sioux off the track. Maloney stood guard, but the morning came without any trouble and we started on."

"In the middle of the day we got right into the geyser country, and I tell you it was a sight. The first geyser we saw was what they now call Old Faithful, but which the professor named the Abe Lincoln. It was running then all the time instead of at intervals as now shooting the hot water high in the air—it seemed like a mile—and scattering it all around the lava basin. All around the ground was torn and broken until it looked like the devil's own home. The poor Bruie fell on his knees and crossed himself, while the rest of us stood around and listened to a lecture from the professor. We stood there maybe ten minutes when there came a 'zim, zim.'"

"Drop to the ground," I yelled, "face down." "Down they dropped and then came another 'zim' and no more. 'Good God,' says I to the boys, 'we're in for it now.' How under the sun them Indians got rifles I don't know, but I turned pale right there when I saw what shape the fight was going to take. There we were in an open plat of ground and nothing to prevent the swarm coming down on us, but for some reason they didn't come, and when we got to our feet and ready to fight not an Indian was in sight. But that didn't stop us from being scared. The Bruie kept crossing himself until his buckskin shirt was white from the marks of his fingers, which had been buried in the alkali dust. The professor, I recollect, said: 'Gourley, why didn't you tell us these Indians had guns?'"

"The tariff and wages. False Alarm of Monopolistic American Manufacturers. From many quarters we hear of reductions of wages in manufacturing establishments, and from more we hear threats of reduction in case the Wilson bill becomes law. The reductions which have actually been made are the results of the business depression, which is due primarily to the panic of last summer and the inevitably slow and painful process of recovery. The threatened reductions are vociferously declared to be the necessary result of the lower duties. For twenty years it has been preached and proclaimed that a high tariff makes wages high, and that a low tariff means a reduction of wages to the paper limit of Europe. We are told that now we shall have the proof of the pudding in the eating. What is the truth of the matter?"

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STEVENS' DON QUIXOTE ACT. What an Authority on International Law Says of Him. One of the points most hotly contended for by the defenders of Mr. Stevens is that he only gave his recognition of the provisional government, as the de facto government of the islands, after the committee of public safety had taken possession of the government buildings, archives and treasury, and after the provisional government had been installed at the heads of these respective departments. Possibly this may be true, although very strong evidence to the contrary is offered. It is possible that Mr. Stevens may have actually deferred recognition of the provisional government until such occupation of the public buildings, but that does not seem to be the only, or indeed the important, question in the case. If by his action he coerced the feeble administration of the queen to yield up its power and to succumb before the authority of the United States, then to argue that he should escape criticism because of this delay is simply pettifoggery. The expression may be harsh, but it is the only proper one. The truth seems to be that he had arranged the matters with the insurrectionists; that he had given them his promise; that the moral forces at his command were used and the physical forces held ready for action, and when, under these combined influences, the government resigned, he appeared for the first time formally to recognize an administration of his own creation. But even this attempt at palliation is disposed of by Judge Dole, a gentleman in whom Mr. Stevens places the highest confidence, and whose veracity he must be the last man in the world to impeach. Judge Dole writes on January 17, 1893, the very day on which Mr. Stevens had refused any longer to regard Mr. Parker and others as ministers, and says: 'I acknowledge receipt of your valued communication of this day recognizing the Hawaiian provisional government, and express deep appreciation of the same. We have conferred with the ministers of the late government, and have made demand upon the marshal to surrender the station house. We are not actually yet in possession of the station house; but as night is approaching, and our forces may be insufficient to maintain order, we request the immediate support of the United States forces, etc.'