

once or twice a week it does some creditable climbing. But its job, generally, is a very easy one. There are maps from which you can get the mean temperature of Banning, according to them, we rank with Cairo, Egypt. That must be misleading, else our impression that Cairo is a disagreeable place to live in was wrong. The average temperature of any place, though, isn't a very informing figure—little more so than would be the average color of an oil painting in giving one a notion of the picture. Without actually living in a place for a year it is difficult to learn much about its climate, for climate is a relative thing. It depends on one's circulation.

The old fashioned four seasons are but vaguely defined in Banning. There is a summer that runs from the first of June till about the first of November. During July and August, for three or four days at a time, the heat will be intense, and the thermometer get up to 105 degrees. Even then one need not be uncomfortable, for the air is light and holds little heat; it is perfectly dry and keeps up a lively and cooling evaporation from the surface of the skin, and every afternoon a stiff breeze is blowing, and about five o'clock the heat begins to go away. From six to eight p. m. are two delicious hours. After that, in an airy room, one can sleep through a cool and invigorating night. This applies to our hottest days. The general summer weather gives us days when a man can work twelve hours in the sun without the least distress, and sleep nine hours at night under blankets. From the first of October a fire should be kindled in the living room every night. During this summer season the sun will rise, run his course and set clear of any clouds, twenty-nine days out of every thirty. This procession of bright buoyant days leaves no room for the blues. Despondency and sunshine don't travel together.

From November till the holidays, or thereabouts, clear weather prevails, but it is not warm enough for summer, nor has it the elements of autumn. It is a delightful season for out of door exercise. Nature is quiet; everything is dry. The hills, that in the early summer were green, are now brown, and the nights are crisp and fine.

By the holidays the rains have usually set in. The rainy season is from this beginning till about June. It will cloud up and rain almost steadily for three or four days. Then it will clear up for from one to four weeks, when another wet spell will come on. The intervals between the rains are beautiful—clear, sunny, warm and exhilarating. The month of February is exceptionally fine. No mud remains after the rain. The fields become a bright green, and the hills slowly change to a dark green.

From January to April, vegetation becomes green as it does in the East from April on. During January and February will occur some cold nights, when the mercury will fall to the freezing point, or a few degrees below, but the great majority of the clear days are fine Eastern spring days.

In March the flowers come and the fields are carpeted with a profusion of flowers bewildering to an Easterner. Purple flowers abound first; later come the yellow and some red, the yellow flowers bringing up the rear. After the middle of March long rainy spells

are not the rule. To threaten rain three days and rain one night is the custom.

Generally, one may say that a Banning winter is milder by half than an Illinois spring and tenfold less trying: a Banning summer is to be preferred to that of any inland region in the East. In other words, our climate has a gentle, easy, springing gait from one end of the year's journey to another, and goes without shock or jar. We propose, at an early day, rigging up a thermometer and giving its daily record in THE HERALD.

The Beaumont *Sentinel* preaches the creed of Prohibition. In last week's issue it has a lengthy leader to the following effect:

The animus of the Republican party is fear of and opposition to the solid South. The Republican party depends upon the solid South. The South is solid, and is made so by a fraudulent suppression of the negro vote. The Republican party proposes to remedy this evil by holding the Democracy in check until the old Southern spirit shall have been eliminated.

The *Sentinel* admits the necessity of some "immediate remedy" for this great wrong, but proposes as the remedy the abandonment of the old party organizations and issues, and the marshalling of the people on the two sides of the Prohibition issue, by which means it hopes the race line will disappear from politics and Southern frauds on the ballot cease.

While we have abundant respect for the editor of the *Sentinel*, we have none for such claptraps as the article alluded to, and we abstract it only as a sample of the misconceptions and absurdities that inhabit a Prohibitionist's head. The statement that the Republican party, with its complete organization and intelligent constituency, is nothing more than a combination of fear-stricken people, driven together by the menace to our liberties of a solid South, is a libel upon the intelligence of our people and utterly ignores the great issues of this campaign.

The white people of the South are practically unanimous in support of certain principles of government. The Republican party has different and opposing ideas of public policy. The questions at issue between the parties involve the existence of the government. They are concerning our Internal Revenue tax, our Import Duties, controversies with foreign govern-

ments, the purity of the ballot and other matters of vital import.

Aunt Nancy Prohibition comes forward with the proposition that we quit discussing great subjects, drop them out of our politics and thoughts and confine our minds entirely to the Prohibition issue. Let Sherman and Carlisle quit talking about the Tariff and join Sam Small and Neal Dow in discussing Prohibition. Let the U. S. Senate drop the consideration of the Fisheries treaty and the House of Representatives the Pension and Fortifications bill and engage the entire government on Prohibition.

The government of the United States is a big thing. It has more vital organs than the human body, and no one-eyed or one-ideaed crank can administer its complicated affairs. The drunkards of the nation are not of enough importance to absorb the national attention. Indeed, as a class, the men in the nation who become drunkards aren't worth the hall rent that is paid in one year for temperance lecturers. The absurdity of the Pro-

hibitionist lies in his insisting on his one little issue supplanting all others, and his childish faith that he has the panacea for all evils. The Prohibitionist, asking to run the government, is about as reasonable as a plough-boy, qualified with a jug of linseed oil, demanding to run a locomotive on a passenger train.

As a National issue, Prohibition is as impracticable as perpetual motion. As a State issue, it will obtain in a few States, while all the States around them provide the means to evade and nullify the law. Prohibition is a local issue for each community. In the Townships and Municipalities it is practicable and proper. At some future time we shall discuss Temperance in politics, and Prohibition particularly. But we accomplish our purpose now when we call attention to some of the half matured notions with which the Prohibitionists entertain themselves.

A SURPRISE.

A reporter of the HERALD, while in Los Angeles this week, had an agreeable surprise worth recognizing. He had dropped into an employment office down on a side street to execute a commission for the proprietor of the Bryant House. It was a low-roofed room, opening directly upon the street, and had a general odor of a haunt of the unwashed, although the gentlemen in charge were entirely business-like and courteous. While engaged with an attendant, our reporter observed a tall lady, dressed in black, conversing with the proprietor at another desk. There was nothing striking in her appearance, on a casual glance, except a certain grace of manner that seemed unusual in the place. But when she spoke our reporter stood transfixed. That voice! No other voice could counterfeit its soft, melodious tones. That captivating hesitancy of speech! Who that has ever hung on the coy speeches of Rosalind, as uttered by Modjeska could ever mistake the tone. Yes, that humble office was the most interesting place on the continent for the minute, for there stood that superb woman, whose matchless grace on the stage had bewitched us so often. Talk about meeting angels unawares! Here was Modjeska, the most graceful and greatest woman we had ever seen, in a by street of Los Angeles, looking for a cook. The place became holy ground. There sprang vivid wits into our minds the memory of that regal Mary Stuart, whose burst of splendid scorn upon her rival queen had thrilled us almost to frenzy when we beheld it; and of that "rare and radiant maiden" Rosalind, blushing in the forest of Arden, whom Modjeska invests with such wondrous charm. No sum could buy those pictures from the gallery of our remembrances. And there stood the woman who painted them for us. We were bursting to do something to express our homage to the woman we had so long and silently worshipped. But she was talking simple business in too matter of fact a fashion to accord with any transports, so we vigorously nudged ourselves and walked out disenchanted.

THE RESERVATION AGAIN.

Col. Preston, the Indian Agent, has

notified all the settlers remaining on reservation lands that they must remove by the first of October. In the very teeth of judicial opinion in analogous cases according to which the odd sections in this reservation vested in the railroad company before the land was reserved for the Indians, and the face of a suit now pending in the U. S. court wherein that very question is at issue in respect to these very lands, the government insists on dispossessing *bona fide* settlers and pursuing its petticoat Indian policy. One good white settler who has improved the waste lands and established a home is worth all the Indians on the reservation. There is no need for hurry, there is no occasion for this opulent government to be in such haste to evict its citizens, while it is slow to determine their rights in its courts. No Indian is suffering for land. Thousands of fertile acres are open to the Indians without disturbing those settlers pending litigation over their titles.

A HOME-MADE CIRCUS.

We had a taste of early California Monday afternoon that was more entertaining than anything we ever enjoyed under Mr. Barnum's hospitable canvass. Messrs. Carpenter & Hamilton, our enterprising liverymen, were breaking to the saddle a grey colt they had lately purchased. He was a large, sinewy animal, full of mettle and action. He was taken out to a field adjoining town, where the weeds were tall and the ground soft. A good strong saddle was cinched on and all the trapplings made secure and a call made for volunteers. Mr. Orson Nickerson, familiarly known among us as "Nick," whose equestrianism we can bear testimony to, for we have seen him jump onto a plunging cow and stick on her back like a squirrel on a tree, was the first to offer his services. He got fairly into the saddle, when a demon seemed to break loose in the horse. We never saw so much activity in one skin. Nick, clad in a suit of overalls, became a dancing dream in blue and the air was full of horse's heels. In less time than it takes to read these lines Nick was caressing the soil, and the grey was bounding off down street. He was speedily secured and calls made for volunteer No. 2. Mr. William Monroe gallantly stepped forward and started into the saddle. The grey no sooner felt his weight than he crumpled his back like a dromedary, jumped stiff-legged three or four times, stood on his head and lunged sidewise a few yards, leaving Mr. Monroe a-sprawl among the daisies, with his last meal thoroughly digested. By this time Mr. Hugh Carpenter's blood was up and he called the amateurs off. He adjusted his left suspender, shifted his quid of tobacco and sprang into the saddle. For one brief second he posed—and then his chin began to play mumble-peg with the pommel of the saddle. One might as well have attempted to ride a whirling base ball as that horse. He kicked and his heels would crack in the air like a whip. The situation was a Niagara of surprises, and Mr. Carpenter's sojourn was brief. From a chaos of grey legs, black hoofs, dust and flashing eyes, a grey meteor darted through the spectators, leaving Mr. Carpenter embracing a Jamestown weed and speechlessly wondering why he had swallowed his tobacco.

At this juncture, Mr. Arthur Scott introduced a Texas Hackamon, whose efficiency on a bucking horse we can heartily recommend. He passed a small rope between the upper lip and upper gum, and crossed the rope in the horses mouth, thus forming a loop around the horses upper jaw in his mouth. The ends of the rope were then securely tied over the neck and in the mane. Mr. Harry Swarner then bestrode the beast. But the storm had spent its fury. With that rope cutting his upper gums, the horse couldn't get his head down between his hind legs and rainbow his back. None the less he entertained Mr. Swarner for a time and then relapsed into a stubborn balk. A good whalebone soon awoke him again, and he let his spirits out in a fierce gallop three miles up the Pass. The Texas Hackamon had exorcised the devil, and the brute was conquered. When we contemplate however, the value of the four young lives that were imperiled, with that of the horse, we cannot but marvel that men tolerate such a poor business transaction. At a low estimate, one human body is worth a quarter of a million of dollars. The horse is worth \$150. What sane business man would imperil a million dollars for \$150?

DOES DEMOCRACY MEAN FREE TRADE?

The Los Angeles Democrats, in convention assembled last week, adopted a platform, in which occurs the following remarkable statement, viz: "We denounce the cry of the present Republican managers that the Democracy is in favor of free trade, as sincere and unfounded." This is the dacity of despair. These gentlemen recognize that under the banner of free trade they are doomed to defeat. That is a disagreeable fact for them to contemplate. But they cannot help their situation by attempting to cajole the people into believing that Democracy does not mean free trade, in this campaign. That the Democrats of Los Angeles county are not free traders we can readily believe. If that be true, let them have the manhood to say so, and not childishly attempt to put their little platform over our eyes to hide what their National Convention and candidates have irrevocably spoken. The platform adopted by the National Democratic Convention in June says: "The Democratic party of the United States, in National Convention assembled, renews the pledge of its fidelity to Democratic faith, and reaffirms the platform adopted by its representatives in the convention of 1884, and indorses the views expressed by President Cleveland in his last message to Congress, as the correct interpretation of that platform upon the question of tariff reduction.

The platform of 1884 was a "straddle," as was publicly admitted by Henry Watterson, one of its framers, a few weeks ago. The nearest it comes to saying anything is: "We denounce the abuses of existing tariff, and, subject to limitations, we demand that federal taxation shall be exclusively for public purposes, and shall not exceed the needs of a government economically administered." In other words, subject to limitations, we demand that, when our treasury is full and the government don't need money