

COL. PARIS AND THE OUTLYING DISTRICTS.

The immense territory included within the limits of San Bernardino county make the situation in some parts of it, in regard to the maintenance of order, peculiar. Small settlements of from 100 to 500 people are scattered about, all the way from 25 to 250 miles from the county seat. They are provided with no police, they are exposed to the depredations of tramps and criminals, and have no other protection than the unorganized efforts of the people themselves. In case of crime, it is a long way to the county seat, investigation is expensive, and wrongdoers rely upon the reluctance of the authorities to incur the necessary expense of prosecuting them. It is therefore of the utmost importance to places like The Needles, Calico, Daggett, Barstow, Beaumont, Banning, and all similarly situated, that every criminal whom the people apprehend and commit for trial shall be diligently prosecuted to conviction. Our reputation for ferreting out and punishing every crime committed among us, is our greatest protection against crime. It follows that to us outlying districts, the District Attorney is the most important officer in the county, except the Judge. To the District Attorney falls the duty of prosecuting criminals. If he is diligent, we are secure. If he is negligent, we are exposed and unprotected. Banning has had an experience with Col. Paris, which it hereby makes public, as its contribution to the proper investigation of his qualifications for the office he seeks. As one single case, it is not conclusive, of course. We only submit it as our experience, recognizing that it is from the joint experience of all districts, removed like us from the county seat, that will have weight. We want to hear from our fellow-citizens over the desert. Our case is this: There lived among us a mulatto named Brown. He worked as a common laborer, and attracted no special attention. One day a young Indian came to town and charged him with having attempted to outrage his squaw. The matter was investigated, and it was found that there was not enough evidence to warrant an arrest, although the probability of guilt was great. Two months later the town was aroused with a report of an attempted robbery. This same Negro had gone to the Chinese laundryman's house, which stood by itself in the edge of the village, pretended to have come for his washing, watched his opportunity, knocked the Chinaman down and throttled him so he could not shout. At this juncture the Chinaman drew his revolver, shot at the Negro and frightened him away. Although the matter resulted with little damage, there is no doubt that the Negro's plan was to kill the Chinaman, rob him and leave town on the midnight train; and that we did not wake up next morning to learn of a bloody tragedy, was due to the accident of Lee Sing having a gun. The attack was made at nine o'clock in the evening. Nevertheless, the news spread, the citizens realized that the Negro was a desperate character, turned out to hunt him and caught him as he attempted to board the midnight train. The Justice convened court at once, witnesses were sent for, a lawyer was employed, and the entire night was spent in examining and properly com-

mitting the scoundrel, so that he could be taken to San Bernardino on the morning train. The people felt gratified at their success in catching and committing the prisoner. We felt that it would be a lesson to criminals. What was our chagrin to learn after about six weeks that the Negro was free. He was not brought to trial, he was let out scot free, and is now at liberty somewhere to prosecute his career. We had conclusive evidence and stood ready to provide it. Our own people would have borne the expense of prosecuting him, if necessary. No question was made as to the legality of the commitment or papers. Citizens of the town called at the District Attorney's office to advise with him about the matter, but he was vacating in Virginia, and his deputy was fishing in Bear Valley. And we charge the escape of this criminal to the gross carelessness of the District Attorney. We can only judge his diligence by our own experience of it. A continuance of what we have had, would make our community a prey of outlaws. The Republican nominee, Mr. Henry Conner, is a young man distinguished at this bar for his conscientious and methodical work. He has a name to make by attention to business. He is of fine legal attainments, and from our observation and knowledge of him, we believe he will attend strictly to his business without favor or neglect. OUR COUNTY CAMPAIGN. However interested we may become in the national campaign—that sublime combat in the grandest arena, and before the most august assemblage of earth—our first duty lies in selecting our local officers. The HERALD's rule for voting on the county ticket is to support every Republican on the ticket whom it knows to be capable and honest, and to scratch every Republican on the ticket whom it knows to be incapable or dishonest, if his competitor for the office is a better man. From the operation of this rule we except the judiciary. We want the bench divorced from politics, and always vote for the best man for Judge. The Elective Judiciary of America is its glory. The office, whose function it is to administer justice about our property, liberty and lives, is so high and honorable, that none but worthy men should be exalted to it. The Republican nominee for Superior Judge in this county is J. L. Campbell, against whom the Democrats have nominated Judge Willis, the present incumbent. There are some things to be remarked about Judge Willis. First, it is doubtful whether he was the choice of the convention which nominated him. There was a very strong and respectable element in the convention, who had deliberately gone there to nominate another man in his place. This element was overcome in the most extraordinary manner. When nominations for Superior Judge were in order, the chairman of the convention, Mr. Byron Waters, called a delegate to the chair, took the floor, and in a speech of masterly power, plead and insisted of the nomination of Judge Willis. His eloquence brought tears to delegate's eyes, and it, with his great personal influence, carried the speaker's point. But we assert, that the very

fact that there was a necessity for such an unusual display of persuasive power and influence to secure the re-nomination of a Judge on the Bench, is a fact to excite the inquiry of voters. Further, it is an exceedingly unfortunate situation for a candidate for Judge to owe his nomination, and if elected, his office, to the efforts of one man, when that man is an advocate before his court, for or against whom, in all probability, that Judge will be called upon to decide delicate and important questions. Against Mr. Campbell we have heard but one objection, and that is that he was a young man. That such an objection has no force has been demonstrated in this county, by the conspicuous success of Judge Gibson, whose judicial career is a matter of pride to every citizen of the county. Advanced years are not essentials of strong men. The Bench of the United States is adorned in every quarter with young men. Mr. Campbell has served the county as District Attorney, and his service was good and efficient. He is a zealous student—the great requisite of a good Judge, and members of the bar of the county credit him with ample capacity. His integrity goes unquestioned.

MR. ALLEN'S GRAVE JOKE.

The domestic infelicities of Mr. Peter Allen, the Beaumont merchant, are now notorious, and have had some very laughable developments. The abandonment of him by his wife, and her fall to a life of infamy in Los Angeles, are facts which THE HERALD had no taste for bruiting about, but sincerely lamented with all good citizens. When, however, in the midst of his grief, Mr. Allen turned comedian, and precipitated upon the community his huge joke, we cannot forbear telling of it. For purposes best known to himself, on Thursday of last week, he caused a telegram to be sent to his wife, to the effect that he was dead. She spread the news about Los Angeles, and took the first train for Beaumont, where she arrived at midnight. On going to the home, she was met at the door by Mr. Allen himself, the plumpest and rosiest corpse who ever presided at a wake. The trick had lured the erring wanderer home, but it didn't stop there. Commercial agencies telegraphed their clients of the reported decease, and business circles became active. Telegrams flew in all directions. The newspapers published obituary notices, and all the sensational features of the affair were widely known. THE HERALD heard the news at Los Angeles on Friday, and rode up to Beaumont on Saturday to see the funeral, only to find Mr. Allen enjoying the rare fun of his novel notoriety. While we sympathize heartily with any man, who is left to preside over an abandoned and desolate home, we unqualifiedly condemn Mr. Allen's report of his own death. It is too serious a matter for jest; it inconveniences business men, it arouses the community for nothing, and as Mr. Allen will doubtless find, it puts a man in an attitude before the public—partly ludicrous and partly grotesque—the effects of which he will be long in effacing. Speaking of bets, Mr. Ingelow has agreed to paint Mr. Barker's tall hat black and wear it a month, if Harrison gets there.

THE TRICK ON MINISTER WEST.

Southern California has the distinction of having sprung the sensation of the campaign. Somebody writing from Pomona, and signing himself Chas. Murchison, addressed a letter to the English minister at Washington, wherein the writer pretended to be an Englishman naturalized here, and asked Mr. West's advice as to how he should cast his vote for President with a view to assist the election of that candidate most friendly to old England. The minister promptly answered in a very diplomatic missive, enclosing a Mugwump editorial from the New York Times, the entire purport of which was to assure his fellow-countrymen of the abiding friendship of President Cleveland for England. It is the hugest joke in all our political history. The Republican orators have charged that England was anxious for President Cleveland's re-election. The Democrats have strenuously denied this, and President Cleveland issued his startling retaliation message to convince the country how vigorously he was disposed to twist the lion's tail. Now comes England's accredited minister at Washington, who, best of all people, knows who is favorable to his country, and frankly tells his countryman not to mind President Cleveland's bluster—that it was only for political effect—that he is, in fact, friendly to the old country. The joke is made racier by the rage of good Democrats at Murchison and West. Mr. Thurman calls Murchison a liar; and all the Democratic newspapers demand West's recall. In the light of West's letter, the retaliation message looks like a ghost with the lights turned on. Behind the formidable looking mask there stands the President, looking silly in his exposure, and with as little belligerency in his blood as he had in 1861. Self-righteous people are condemning the writer of the Murchison letter. Let all so disposed express their mind, but the fact is, that of all political tricks of the last few campaigns, this is the least objectionable. Nobody pretends that it provoked from the minister anything but his honest opinion, and that opinion is something we are very glad to have expressed for the information of our voters. SAN GORGONIA PASS IN SILK AND PATENT LEATHER. The comfortably elegant parlors of the Beaumont Hotel were thrown open last Saturday night to a brave and godly company, who came in response to the invitation of Dr. Julia Button to attend the first musicale of the season. Banning put on her colors and went up. Our beauty was represented by the following boquet: The Misses Lounsbury, Pickering, Van Arsdale, Bigley, Thompson and Algie McDonald, and the Mesdames Rodway and McDonald. The chivalry and appetite of the town had samples there under the waist-coats of Messrs. Bigley, Clancy, Barker, Hamilton, Carpenter, McDonald and Munson. On Sunday and Monday, the San Bernardino Valley was treated to a visit from a ripping, North wind. Real estate was high and exceedingly active. Banning did not feel the commotion. Our air was unusually calm on those days.

MR. HARRIS ON PROHIBITION.

Mr. Will Harris addressed a sprinkle of our citizens at the house on Friday night, on Prohibition. We enjoy listening to Mr. Harris when he has something to say, but we do not resist the conclusion that his interest in Prohibition is more of a treat than a conviction. As a Prohibitionist he enjoys a signal prominence. Prominent men in his party are rare, that he has to divide the honor with few. It is a first-class advertising medium; it is a position, as we have said before, of some picturesque quality, and our candid judgment is that Mr. Harris engages in the cause for some collateral advantage of that kind, rather than from a rooted faith in the party. In the first place, Mr. Harris is too level-headed for a Prohibitionist, and in the second place, there is lukewarmness about his treatment of the subject that makes it sound rather perfunctory. He makes some points against the Democrats, and a good many more against the Republicans. Scratch him deep enough, and you find a Democrat. COL. PARIS IN THE OUTLYING DISTRICT, AGAIN. Col. Paris very much mistakes the people of San Gorgonia Pass, if he supposes he can come electing among them, in a state of intoxication, with impunity. On last Wednesday night he, in company with Byron Waters, and Judge Willis, came to Beaumont to hold a political meeting. Col. Paris was drunk when he reached Beaumont—so much so that when he stepped from the train, he fell on the platform, and came near rolling under the wheels. He attended the meeting that evening, but made no speech. Now Col. Paris is an eloquent speaker. He is not in the habit of holding his tongue on the hustings. And the fact of his silence there, is sufficient evidence of his indisposition, had not the testimony of half a dozen witnesses to his disgraceful condition. Col. Paris has offered an affront to this community. I may forgive him for becoming drunk at his own hotel, but he must not come to mine in this condition. Does he suppose that, because we live thirty miles from San Bernardino, we are so lost to decency as to ignore the insult offered by a candidate presenting himself to us so drunk to get off the train? This is a situation that transcends party fealty. It is vital. If a man can't be sober on his election tour, when under inspection, how can we expect him to serve the public soberly? We publish this disgraceful affair to the citizens of this Pass, after having searchingly investigated its truth, very confidently expecting every order-loving citizen to rise up on election day, and rebuke the man who dared to come into our community in a public capacity in such condition. Messrs. Sweeters and Hathaway have made a novel wager on the election. If Harrison is elected, we expect to see Mr. Hathaway exhibited on a bolt of muslin, perched on the redoubtable vehicle used by Mr. Hathaway as a delivery wagon, and being trundled over town by Mr. Sweeters. If Cleveland is elected, Mr. Sweeters will use Mr. H's hat for a seat, and will enjoy a ride on Mr. Hathaway's muscle.