

ONE AND THREE EIGHTS.

According to our division of time, another year has gone. In the region where we live, and so far as we know, it was a good year. Doubtless, there are countries and souls to whom it brought desolation and despair. But our testimony is that it was a very kind year. It brought to this community the HERALD, and to the nation a Republican administration. While these do not exhaust the category of blessings, they are neither plagues nor curses.

If it would do any good, we would indulge in lamentations over the flight of time. But the feelings of men effect no change in Time's ceaseless amble. The result of all progress has been to enrich the future. The accomplishments of today are but seeds that increase into a harvest tomorrow. That proportion between the present and the future is infinite, so that always what we see bears as small a ratio to what we expect, as the visible earth bears to the firmament above. It therefore is that the opulence of the coming years makes them acceptable to us, in spite of the fact that they hasten our doom. Our curiosity is our antidote for the dread of age.

In beginning the new year, we have no resolutions to make. Our aim in life is to get all the satisfaction out of it, that is in it for ourselves and everybody else. We shall husband our joys and fight our griefs the better, the more we know how. We salute 1889, because we have to. We hope it is a friend. We will make it so if it will let us. We will not grieve till we must, and we confidently hope that we and our patrons may be able to say, on Jan. 1st, 1890, that the past year has been a good one for us, and a good one for all men.

NEW YEAR'S AND BASE BALL.

1889 came in with a beaming face. The sun was unobscured from rising to setting—except when the moon, on her New Year's lark, ran afoul of him. The thermometer in the shade stood at 58°. The day was celebrated by a game of base-ball. Messrs. Hugh Carpenter and Ed Martin captured the two nines, and almost every able-bodied man in town under fifty years of age was drafted into the game. The score was appalling. It stood 43 to 29 in favor of Ed Martin. These figures represent some tremendous batting, a great deal of very tall throwing and enough running to wind all the thoroughbreds in the Pass. The champion batter was Mr. Al Imhoff. Whenever he struck the ball the game was suspended until it was sent for. A saddled horse was kept on the ground to round up his balls. Nobody was so lively on his feet as Mr. Hugh Carpenter. Indeed he didn't confine himself to his feet. It was a failing of all the players to lose their feet. THE HERALD begs to suggest that the ends for which legs were put on the human body were running and walking, and no other ends were put on the system for those same purposes. A feature of the game was the catching of Ed Martin. All he needed was a three-foot stomach pad, a mask and a pair of Lily hams to catch with, and he couldn't have been distinguished from Old Silver Flint of the Chicagos. Mr. Hugh Carpenter essayed to stop the balls

behind the bat for a few innings. He went on the theory that his stomach was the organ to catch with. He argued that there wasn't anything in a base ball tougher than some of the steak his bread-basket had caught, so he tried to entertain a hot liner on his abdomen. The entertainment was brief and not repeated. Our friend, Sweeters, was a little bit raw in the game. His legs do not curve the right way for a short stop. It was beautiful though to see him chase a ball. It was somewhat after the fashion of a spaniel sprawling for a duck. In running bases Sweeters was inclined to jump the track. After hitting the ball, he had a way of striking off across the country after his nose, that was rather disconcerting. He was as apt to make for third base as for first—and more likely still to take after the ball. Sweeters has mettle, but he needs training. Another feature of the game was Burt Yerington's legs. In great activity, Burt develops the proportions of a stork. A sprinkle of ladies gave color to the scene and animation to the players. There were but few mishaps. One center fielder stepped into a rabbit hole and was temporarily disabled—another player ran through a bunch of cats'-claw and tore his pantaloons till he was unsightly, but nobody was carried off the field, and the gentlemanly umpire, Mr. Cummings, didn't draw a revolver once.

Nothing that has yet occurred within the HERALD's knowledge, in this community, is so signal a proof of its desirability as a place of residence, as the settlement here of Capt. T. E. Fraser. In the life time of James Lick, the millionaire philanthropist, Capt. Fraser was his confidential agent and adviser in the management of his large interests in the counties about San Francisco. He superintended the construction of the Lick Observatory, a monument to-day to his own ingenuity, as it is to the munificence of Mr. Lick. For the last year he has represented the Lux estate in the management of the immense ranches of the firm of Miller & Lux. He is widely known all over the state, and in turn, no man more widely knows the resources of the state, not only from observation, but from practical experience in agriculture and horticulture in all its finest sections. Aside from his business, Capt. Fraser has traveled and prospected over the state. And in selecting his home, he deliberately chooses Banning. He has deliberately invested here and proposes to invest more. We welcome him as a citizen; but the great thing about it is the great significance of his coming at all. THE HERALD is second to nobody in the appreciation of this climate, but it confesses to have had its eyes opened by the faith in the natural resources of the section, that leads a man of Capt. Fraser's wide observation to select Banning from all of California, for his home.

The Beaumont Sentinel announces that the Mountain Spring Water Company has a "joker" to play upon what it calls the Banning Water Co.'s right bower. Friend Woolf indulges in some card table terms that we are not familiar with. We understand, however, that joker is the highest card in the deck—higher even than the ace. But our contemporary mistakes the parties

to the game. As we understand the situation, the United States Government played the Right Bower and dislocated the joints of the M. S. W. C. As we understand it, they were trespassers upon the Indian Reservation, and had been guilty of cutting wood and brush thereon, and in consequence were evicted from the Reservation by the Indian Agent, Col. Preston. What wonderful development there may be in store for us, as darkly hinted at in the term "joker," we know not. The womb of time is a fertile thing, and may produce what we do not expect. Meanwhile, we will quaff our snow-water, fresh from the self-same sources that have supplied this community for the past ten years and more, and lose no sleep from the apprehension that any organization of speculators will ever be able to induce any court or jury to deprive this town of its comparatively ancient water privileges.

OUR LAY SERMON.

At the suggestion of one who detests the class, we address our wisdom this week to

THE YOUNG MAN WHO IS CONCEITED:

You are a fortunate mortal. The consciousness of wisdom is the most solid of satisfactions, and the knowledge that you are a fool is the keenest of agonies. Your conceit is a symptom of the one, or a shield against the other of these things. Your conceit is not as pleasant to others as it is to yourself. The majority of men are inferiors, and resent another's superiority, or assumption of it. The world likes to see a wise man deny his wisdom. It levels him to the common standard. Modesty is delightful, because it is a tribute to every one it meets. A man may thoroughly know himself and be essentially modest, and yet bear the repute of conceit. For wisdom is relative. No man is wise compared with infinite wisdom, yet many men are wise in comparison with their neighbors. A man may know how limited is his knowledge, and at the same time see how much larger it is than that of his associates.

Conceit is the symptom of a good opinion of one's self. If that good opinion be founded on real worth, it is eminently useful. A man's self is the tool wherewith he effects his purposes, and he can work better if he knows he employs a good instrument. Emerson says that that man is a genius who knows that what he thinks is good enough for the universe. If, however, one's good opinion of himself be a mistake, he is ridiculous. He sometimes does harm, and often is disappointed. It is a question, whether the world is not in want of conceit, rather than oversupplied with it. The old time notion that man is a worm of the dust, is more ornamental than useful. A degree of dignity is due to every human soul. Those men succeed best, who respect themselves most. So young man, we exhort you to maintain your conceit; the best way to do it is to make yourself worthy of it. You may mend your conceit by changing the expression of it. Loud talk or strutting manners are poor ways to announce self respect. Faith in your convictions, firmness in your actions, and confidence in your deliberate expectations, are the true language of a proper conceit.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The citizens of Banning, who drink snow water, with a clear pedigree all the way from the clean granite boulder on which it fell as snow, to our very lips, will appreciate the revision of an oft tasted chestnut, as prepared by J. C. Bayles and printed in the Medical World:

"With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained,
The malarious farm, the wet, fungus-grown wild wood,
The chills then contracted that since have remained,
The scum-covered duck-pond, the pig-sty close by it,
The ditch where the sour-smelling house drainage fell;
The damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barnyard nigh it,
But worse than all else was that terrible well
And the old oaken bucket, the mould-crusted bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted
The water I drank in the days called to mind,
Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted
In the waters of wells by analysis find,
The rotting wood fibre, the oxide of iron,
The algae, the frog of unusual size,
The water impure as the verses of Byron
Are things I remember with tears in my eyes,
And to tell the sad truth—though I shudder to think it—

I considered that water uncommonly clear,
And often at noon, when I went there to drink it,
I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were grimy,
And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell;
Then reeking with nitrates and nitrites, and slimy
With matter organic, it rose from the well.

Oh, had I but realized, in time to avoid them,
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught,
I'd have tested for organic germs and destroyed them

With potassic permanganate ere I had quaffed;
Or perchance I'd have boiled it, and afterward strained it,
Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined.

Or after distilling, condensed and regained it
In potable form, with its filth left behind.
How little I knew of the dread typhoid fever
Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink;
But since I've become a devoted believer
In the teachings of science, I shudder to think,
And now, far removed from the scenes I'm describing

The story for warning to others I tell,
As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing,
And I gag at the thought of that horrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the fungus-grown bucket—
In fact, the slop-bucket—that hung in the well."

We see that Sam Jones, the notorious preacher, is holding forth in Los Angeles to crowded houses. If we were as sure of this man's religion, as we are of his brains, we could learn of his work with more content. Although he has the endorsement of some of the best clergymen in the land, we have never been able to swallow him. He outantics Talmage, and Talmage long ago was classified with the dime museums. We do not think we are too conservative in our religious tastes, when we protest against spectacular religions, against clowns in the pulpit and against hearing the precepts of the most exalted morality tricked out in the slang of the gutter. A religion must be decent as well as anything else. Jones deliberately addresses himself to, and courts the lowest tastes there are to be gratified in public speaking. He startles with the boldness of his statement. He is radical fore and aft—at once more liberal than Beecher, and anon as intolerant as a Puritan. He has no shades. He is out and out in whatever position he takes. But he is capable of the loftiest strains. There are passages in his sermons of exquisite sweetness. His strivings for effect are obvious. He is no fool nor coward, but we take no stock in the loftiness of his religion.

The San Bernardino Index charges the HERALD with trying to run down San Bernardino as a health resort. No more loyal words for Southern California in general, have appeared

OUR HEALING CLIMATE.

Has Attracted a New Syndicate.

AS THE HERALD has more than once declared, the subsidence of the town-lot boom has had no effect in staying the growth of this Pass. Banning and vicinity are dependent on no boomer's hyperbole; our greatness rests on the liberality of Omnipotence, which has spread beneath our feet a rich and exhaustless soil; has poured into this mountain-rimmed chalice the liquor of a pure and healing air, and hung in this Italian sky a genial sun.

The sale of Mr. A. H. Judson's ranch of 2,000 acres to a syndicate for \$120,000 in cash is but an episode in our development. Mr. Judson came to this Pass some years ago, carrying in his arms his helpless and, as he thought, dying boy. In some accident, the boy had received an injury from which he had been unable to rally. The best medical skill was consulted, but the malady baffled the keenest sight and the tenderest care of science. As a last resort, and on the chance of its benefitting the child, he brought him into this Pass. The effect was magical. Within a month the boy was among his playmates on the playground, and to-day is rugged and well. Mr. Judson invested in such a climate, and now reaps a fortune from his investment. But that splendid property is no squeezed lemon yet. It has just begun to work for the men who own it. It will make money for its owners if no plow touches it and it is left entirely to the coyotes and jack-rabbits for years. For the simple reason that every day that wings its flight by us will tell some one the wondrous tale of this wondrous clime. Knowledge of it will accumulate, and the already existing demand all over this continent for such a place, will draw multitudes here to make their home.

The amount of land in the Pass is limited. The demand for it is practically unlimited. That proportion will unquestionably result in such real estate prices within these mountain walls, as we do not dream of now. We have no congratulations to offer to Mr. Judson on this sale. His ranch was a property that he couldn't ride across without its being richer when he got over it than when he started, so certain is the demand through all the crowded and opulent East for this climate, that heals the sick and makes life easy to the feeble. Our wonder is not that somebody bought this land, we wonder that anybody sold it at any such figures. Fertile land anywhere brings large prices. When you add to its fertility an unparalleled situation, and the marvellous climate prevailing in this Pass, every acre of it is better than a corner lot. In this country two things, if combined, will make fortunes i. e. the instinct that knows where to invest, and the means wherewith to invest. Now, THE HERALD has the instinct—as mathematically certain as any that ever guided a bee to build a hexagon in wax, and we will go into partnership with anybody who has the means, and contribute our instinct to a venture and guarantee its success. Our address, to all seeking investments, is Banning—peak-sen-