

By the next census, Banning hopes to have enough able-bodied men under fifty years old, to get up a full game of base ball. By importing some players from Indio and Indiana, a game was commenced last Saturday. Somebody had improvised a chest protector for the catcher. It was shaped somewhat like a dried codfish, and upon the supple figure of Al. Imhoff really had a fine effect. It seems to us that a catcher would be perfectly safe, if he would immerse himself in a coal oil barrel, and let only hands, feet and head protrude. There is the making of a first class ball club among our young men. Judge Hathaway gets there quite as gracefully as he does surely. Mr. Bigley is a born sprinter. Hugh Carpenter can fan the air with the willow with less danger to the ball than any man in the county. Ed. Martin can throw harder than a Gatling gun. Messrs. Moore and Requa make a battery that allows few flies on it. The gale was a little too stiff for the game to finish.

We have occasion to record a beautiful act. While we always keep on hand a full set of surgical instruments wherewith to operate upon evil doers, it is our earnest aim to allow no generous deed to go unsung. We now rise to sing. Mr. Jos. E. McDonald, our quondam fellow-citizen, having arrived within the precincts of Fresno, was overcome with the recollection of fair Banning. He relieved his heart by shipping per the S. P. R. R. a keg of wine in care of THE HERALD, to be distributed among his friends. The keg came. The distribution is in progress. The sensation of treating somebody is a new thing in an editor's experience. We manage to do the act with considerable grace, though. Our friend McDonald is a man of taste. He has such a fine notion of what's what. He can never hope to express himself better than he did with this wine. And every drop of the amber fluid that has coursed its fragrant way down our throats has met a breath of gratitude going out to its generous giver.

**THE BIG TELESCOPE.**

Pasadena is exercised over the prospect of an observatory on Wilson's Peak. On Monday evening at the Carlton Hotel, the citizens gave a dinner to Prof. Pickering of Harvard, and Mr. Alvan G. Clark, of Cambridge, Mass. THE HERALD was there. It was a Pasadena layout, unrelieved by wine, women or song, yet it was a creditable affair, and even too largely attended. Much enthusiasm prevailed. The centres of attention were the distinguished guests of the occasion. Prof. Pickering sat on the right hand of Mr. McMasters, President of the Pasadena Board of Trade, who officiated as toastmaster in a delightfully graceful and easy manner. Mr. Clark sat on his left. To Mr. Clark's left sat President Bartlett, of Dartmouth College, and down the long lines of the tables sat more than a hundred guests, representing the entire decency of eminently decent Pasadena. Prof. Pickering, in the course of a very polished yet unpretentious talk, outlined what he termed the needs of the Observatory. His plan contemplates the telescopes mounted on the peak—a good road thither, a large working observatory at the foot of the peak manned with a smaller telescope, and the expenditure of about

\$350,000. He makes a special plea for a photographing 24-inch telescope. He claims that a 24-inch photograph lens would record twice the number of stars that would be reached through a 45-inch refracting lens.

President Bartlett of Dartmouth responded to the toast, "The Bonds that unite the East and West." His speech was a splendid effort. The President's close-cropped white beard and symmetrical head, surmounting a squarely-built frame, give an impression of tremendous power and solidity. The figure of the occasion, though, was Mr. Clark. In size and feature he resembles President-elect Harrison. His head is large, square and bald. He is fifty-six years of age, and with all his skill, he is one of the kindest gentlemen we have ever met. He was called

on to talk about lenses. He briefly described the process of making a great lens, and was listened to with breathless attention. The glass is delivered to him nearly round in shape and of about the desired thickness. The fashioning of it is a tedious and skillful process. To determine the center of the lens and to form and preserve the perfect curvature about it are apparently impossible tasks. The work is begun with tools and machinery—it is finished with the bare hands. The glass is made to focus so perfectly that a half dozen stars can be obscured by a spider's web. After the glass is finished, Mr. Clark observed that its curvature is so perfect that with a little rouge on his fingers, he could in a few seconds very seriously injure the lens. He naively said that although such a degree of perfection seemed incredible, yet he had done it, he knew how to do it, and wanted to do it again. Mr. Clark is quite anxious to attempt a forty-inch lens. Our fellow-townsmen, Capt. Fraser, was a conspicuous figure of the occasion. He made a ringing speech in behalf of the project, and read a poem which was punctuated and periodized with loud applause. The scheme seems to be fairly on foot. The party who went up to inspect the site report most favorably upon it.

Some one has hinted that the HERALD was not always consistent. That it preaches in its sermons what it ridicules in its jokes. We have only to say that in the large force employed in the production of the HERALD, absolute consistency is impossible. The man who doles out our humor is a person who is as little obstructed by principles, as a bird is by fences. He is a thoroughly good humored soul; he loves all men but thinks them funny. On the other hand, our preacher, or professor of ethics, is one of those people burdened with awful responsibilities. He has more principles than he has dollars. He is consistent and wants to be persuasive. We have only to ask that our readers do not confound our joker and our preacher.

Davy Johnson hit a horse as he flew down on Friday of last week, and sent him a longer journey than he ever went before. Davy is almost a slaughter house on wheels.

Mr. Chas. Bigley added one to the list of Banning's voters on Tuesday, and the occasion was distinguished, if it is possible to lend distinction to such an event, by a dance at his home. The nimble feet of Banning youth kept time to the very choicest of Ban-

ning music, and we assert that that is exceedingly choice, till midnight, when we adjourned to one of the daintiest and tastefullest suppers we ever were permitted to enjoy. The Lord recognized the intimate relation between the senses when he wrapped the luscious meat of a peach in a cover painted with blushes, and announced its presence with a bewitching fragrance. Mrs. Ingelow knows that the eye loves to admire what the palate is to enjoy, and her supper room was a bower very cunningly and artistically adorned. Our only regret is that there are not more majorities to be heard from in the premises.

**A CARNIVAL OF BASE BALL.**

Last Saturday Beaumont turned loose on Banning her entire base ball outfit. The school-boys brought down their nine and engaged the Banning school boys in the morning. The Beaumont boys came out at the little end of the horn grievously. Prof. Roberts and his boys administered a wholesome licking to the youngsters from the hill top, to the tune of 50 to 25.

In the afternoon Messrs. McCoy, Kelly, Bridges, Kennedy, G. McCoy, Compton, Houston, Gunnels and M. C. Kinsey, composing the regular Beaumont nine, met the Banning nine under the captainship of Charles Hamilton, supported by Messrs. Moore, Requa, Hathaway, Imhoff, Carpenter, Yerrington, Ballow and Martin. The game was witnessed by a good and well conducted crowd. For the time, business was suspended. The Banning boys went down in the fray, their score being 18 to Beaumonts 33. The sadness of the defeat reminded our poet of the disaster to Sennecharib, and he was moved to the following parody.

The Beaumonters came down like a kyote on the c'ral  
With their cohorts all stockinged in red bal-moral,  
And the sheen of their suits was like snow on the heights,  
When the moon pours her glory through our translucent nights.

Like warriors to whom a defeat never came,  
The Banningites opened their first base ball game.  
But like warriors whose valor had leaked through their hose,  
The Banningites brought their first game to a close.

For the gnius of muffs spread his wings on the blast,  
And no Banning hands could hold a ball fast;  
And the eyes of our boys waxed vacant and wild,  
As they fanned the blue air, by the neat curvers beguiled.

And there stood the Beaumonters in their costumes of Spring;  
But the style of their garments didn't mar their playing.  
While their breeches were short, and six months out of season,  
Every fly that we lifted, their fielders would freeze on.

And their strikers they batted the ball through our lines,  
Something over a hundred and forty-two times.  
And their runners they ran round our diamond-shaped level,  
Like they were pursued by a forked-tailed devil.

And the ballists of Banning are loud in their wall,  
And their sad lamentations emburden the gale;  
And the might of Beaumont, with its red-stockinged hord,  
Is likened unto the great might of the Lord.

Our Beaumont correspondent is irregular, like all people of genius. We hope, however, that he will not allow the irregularity of his bright utterances to fade into the monotony of silence.

**PRESIDENT HARRISON'S CABINET.**

Before President Harrison has done a single official act, he has convinced the country of the soundness of his judgment. While speculation is rife about his cabinet, nobody doubts that it will be composed of good men. The difficulties of the situation are intrinsically great, and the high expectations of the people, added to them, make the task of selecting his advisers a gigantic one. First and foremost is Mr. Blaine. His distinguished services, his large and clamorous following, his conspicuous ability, and the fact that his absolute declination at Chicago was what made Gen. Harrison's nomination possible, recommend him for Secretary of State with irresistible force. On the other hand, his enmities are such that Gen. Harrison cannot adopt them with impunity; the sad story of Garfield's administration is remembered, wherein a young favorite of the people wrecked his administration on the rocks of Mr. Blaine's private grievances. Mr. Blaine has had his career—nothing can enhance its glory more than to spend his last years in retirement. The people trust Gen. Harrison and want to see him administer the government unhandicapped by any older man's prestige.

Senator Sherman should be the new administration's premier. We understand he is not great enough to accept that place and thus end a fine career. He prefers to stay in the Senate, and keep the young men in his State from supplanting him. Mr. Sherman bitterly disappoints us at times. Edmunds would make a great diplomat, but his following is too slim. Therefore, we do not see how Gen. Harrison can help making Blaine Secretary of State. After Blaine comes the old New York fight. A United party carried the State for Harrison, and we want a united party to support his administration. But Warner Miller should be rewarded for his gallant fight. Senator Quay led the Republican forces to victory, and we believe his recommendation will make John Wannamaker a member of the Cabinet.

Taking all things into consideration, our guess is that the following gentlemen will be in Gen. Harrison's Cabinet: Jas. G. Blaine, Gen. Alger, M. M. Estee and Jno. Wannamaker. The South will be represented by some man who at once is a Republican and of the best element of the Southern people. New York will have a man, and it is not improbable that Jno. C. New of Indiana will be Secretary of the Treasury.

**OUR LAY SERMON.**

Continued for the benefit of the individual who refuses to assume the proper burdens of society:

Society is a big thing. It means comfort, luxury, honor, affection, joy. It is as universal in its embracing service as the atmosphere. But it was never contemplated that a man should go abroad and reap the harvest of its blessing and pay nothing for them. He is a dead beat who seeks the sympathy, the association and all the refinements that a society of homes makes possible, with no other result than the satisfaction of his own sleek self. It is easier for a young man to be single. His average of happiness

will be higher as a bachelor. That we fancy is the fact. But he is a kite without a tail—a representative without no constituency—he is a weapon aimed at nothing; a planet without an orbit. Of course, a man cannot go out and marry as he would buy a pair of shoes. It is a job involving more possibilities of disappointment even than the buying of a horse. But it should be met. It is a mistake to suppose that a winged cupid is going about with a shaft in his quiver specially intended for you, and that you have only to await his coming. Wives are not hunting the ordinary man any more than fortunes are, but they are more easily found than fortunes. A man should rustle to get married, as he rustles for any other good thing. Money cuts no figure. Any healthy young man can properly support any woman who is good enough for him. By all means do not allow your thirtieth birthday to catch you single. A thirty year old bachelor is necessarily a crank or a prodigy. If a man's heart goes unopened for that long, the hinges are too rusty to work smoothly even in the little exercise of ordinary decency. Few people marry too young. Too few people marry at all. There are too many boarding houses on earth. Too many old men are supporting a heavy load of unmarried daughters; too many young men are feeding nobody's stomach's but their own. Settle your accounts with society young men, and with the mothers who bore you.

We broke out into poetry last week, but our readers need not be alarmed. We were a little bit dazzled at so many red hose in sight at once. Our head is too much grizzled to entertain the poetic fever now. The vealy days when one's feelings run thin into the moulds of jingle-jangle rhyme are past with us some days since.

**SOMETHING ABOUT WOMEN'S WEAR.**

If sin consists in thwarting the evident purpose of the Creator, we know of no more glaring wickedness extant than the prevailing style of women's dress. If Phidias, the matchless sculptor of ancient days, should revisit the earth, and see the perfect symmetry of the human form, which he so ardently admired and so divinely reproduced, swathed and obscured in the ridiculous appendages that constitute ladies' garments, his disgust would be infinite. Suggest to any one the idea of clothing the supple body of an Arabian steed in skirts and flounces and furbelows and drapery, and he would ridicule the notion. Yet the artistic sense of society supinely endures the spectacle of women investing their shapeliness in garments as unsightly, compared with what they clothe, as the cocoon that hides the proud butterfly. No wonder that the outraged sense of the beautiful finds relief wherever it may—in the abbreviations of the beach and opera, or the decollations of the ball-room.

**A GROUND WAVE.**

On Wednesday evening, at precisely 10 minutes after nine o'clock, a distinct earthquake wave passed through Banning. The Banning Hotel rocked so decidedly that some of the inmates rushed out of doors. The noise accompanying the wave was described