

FEBRUARY 23, 1889.

Miss May Baldwin left Banning on her way to her home in Fargo, Dak., last Friday. The evening before, an impromptu card party—impromptu because of the suddenness of her departure—in the parlors of the Banning, was given in her honor. An event of the evening was the presentation, as the ladies' booty prize, of the HERALD, it being given on account of the soporific consolation to be found in its columns. Miss Baldwin's friends in Banning, among whom the HERALD begs to subscribe itself, sincerely regrets her departure. Her brief two month's stay was long enough to win our genuine regard. To her distant home she bears with her our kindest remembrances. We trust the memory of Banning flowers will bloom fragrant for her, as Dakota blizzards pipe the airs of that inhospitable region.

The conflagration-on-wheels, which has been doing duty in cleaning up the clippings in the Land Company's vineyard, when not in use, stands out in bold relief on the slope, and recalls to the spiritually minded, the image of the ark stranded on the shoulders of Ararat.

Messrs. Hanna & Hathaway have purchased Mr. Barker's sorrel horse Deacon—invested him with a brand new set of harness—hitched him to a brand new buckboard, and are running a delivery wagon that is decent enough to purvey groceries for the White House.

There is a little too much poker in the air, not only for the financial comfort, but for the level-headedness of all concerned. Poker, as an occasional diversion for a man who can afford to lose his unfortunate investments therein, will do. But as a regular pastime for anybody, be he regular winner or loser, it is nothing short of ruinous. Any money gained is won at too large an expense of character.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ODD SECTIONS IN THE RESERVATION.

The Indian department of the Government, in its ridiculous zeal in evicting settlers from the odd sections of the Potrero Reservation, has shown itself decidedly previous. A United States Court has judiciously determined that these sections belong to the Southern Pacific Railroad. This has been the opinion of many eminent lawyers, familiar with the situation all along. Now we want to know what the department proposes to do about it. It is in order for it to be just as zealous in undoing a wrong as it was in doing it. Here are families driven from their homes, and their lands are lying and being laid waste. Every day is precious to them. They do not care to provoke a contest with their government by attempting to return after having been evicted. They await the government's permission. And our query is: "How long must they wait?" We presume that Col. Preston has advised the department of Judge Ross' decision, forwarding a certified copy of it, and asked instructions. If he hasn't, with all due respect, we pray him to do so. When the department learns of that decision, there is but one thing for it to do, and that is summarily to undo what it has unlawfully done. An illegal act sits badly enough on a common criminal; on the United States Government it is intolerably unbecoming. It is not conducive to patriotism to support a

government that violates its own laws, and that for the purpose of carrying out a Quixotic policy that is the subject of universal ridicule. We hope we shall not be compelled to see our government, after having been convicted of injustice in its own tribunal, persevering in that injustice.

Mr. Burt Yerington begins to show symptoms of conviction under our late sermonizing. He has purchased a brand new top buggy, said to be finished and upholstered to the Queen's taste. We don't want, by any pointed remarks, to make this vehicle too conspicuous or formidable, but we must confess to entertaining large hopes in connection with it.

The wife and child of Conductor Sippy, of the Flyer, came up to Banning to spend last Sunday. Friend Sippy and his good lady, we are sure, will pardon whatever of undue liberty there may be in our embalming in print the geographical paradox committed by our wag, when he said that the (Mrs. Sippy) Mississippi stopped over Sunday in Banning.

Miss Izah Parker, assisted by Miss Ina Pickering, entertained a few of their friends in Miss Parker's cosy cottage on Murray street last Tuesday evening. A short tournament of progressive euchre resulted in Mr. Kelly and Miss Thompson being chief winner and chief loser at the game. Among the refreshments served was some delicious coffee, whose flavor lingers with us still. The entertainment was a thing of taste. On this first occasion that Miss Parker has entertained in her new home, we beg to congratulate her on the grace and tact with which she fills the position of hostess and head of the house. Hospitality fits her like a tailor-made gown.

We are getting into trouble. Our path is becoming thorny. We, to whom peace has the beautiful aspect of a dove, are threatened with most unpeaceful things. Some time ago, we promised a very sensitive young man of this community not to mention his name in THE HERALD. Last week we ran across a story about this young gentleman that would make a capital news item, but out of regard for our promise and the parties concerned, we published no account of the affair. We let it pass with an impersonal and enigmatical allusion, unintelligible to all not in the secret. The young man didn't know when he was well treated. He took occasion in a very ungentlemanly and public manner to question our faith in keeping our promise. Now we hereby withdraw our promise. He has proved himself unworthy of special consideration. Hereafter he must take his turn with everybody else, in the chances of publicity. We publish this paper with a determination to be absolutely just to every man, and to deal in pleasantness with a careful consideration for everybody's feelings. We do not expect, however, to escape being misunderstood, misjudged and mistreated.

A LAY SERMON TO DOCTORS.

We address ourselves this week to the members of a profession on whom we are, perforce, dependent:

It takes all the character of such truly good men as are in your profession, and all the necessity there is for it, to make it tolerated by society—so rank is humbuggery among physicians. We share no prejudice against you—

we know that some of you are among the noblest of men: but each of you knows better than anybody else how many of you, beneath the cloak of your business, practice the crimes of charlatanry and incompetence. Your opportunities for fraud are great. The seats of disease are hidden, so that a patient cannot judge of your diagnosis. The character of your medicines is a mystery—their effects can seldom be distinguished from the processes of nature, so that you do your work in the dark. Herein lies our peril. As a profession, you maintain this darkness too much. Of course, it is impossible to take every patient through a course of medical instruction. But a man who puts his life in your charge is entitled to know what he can understand of the situation. And above and beyond all, he is entitled to know whether you know, or only guess. You need to learn the virtues of modesty. You need to learn how to say "I do not know." Your patients are not legitimate subjects of experiment, except as a last resort. Your patients give you a perfect confidence—they are entitled in return to a perfect honesty. How many of you are there that write prescriptions on the merest guess at the character of a trouble, when other physicians are accessible who might know what is the difficulty? And how many such, think you, are deservedly unhung? The disproportion between the ignorance your post-mortems discover and the ignorance you confess is too great. We do not expect you to know everything—we do expect you not to pretend to know what you do not. Ignorance among you is not dangerous, nor always reprehensible—but the concealment of it is terrible.

The responsibility of a physician is greater than that of any other business or professional man. He has the care of our lives. A poor lawyer generally gets only small cases—involving small amounts. The business of the physician cannot be so apportioned, for there are no sicknesses involving small amounts. Every sickness, more or less imminently, involves a life. So that in your profession there is no room for incompetents. And yet they abound. We realize that quacks are encouraged by the lack of discrimination among the people. We realize that many people select their physician as they do their grocer—for his personal graces. We also recognize that at the same time that your mistakes are hidden, so are your triumphs. Nevertheless those of you who mask your ignorance behind a front of owl-like wisdom, and scatter your pills by conjecture, are the veriest scoundrels among us. The more we honor the real men among you, the more we abhor the rest. When the great commander Grant, from the weakness of his deathbed, sought assurance that he might not suffer another paroxysm of pain, your profession, like an angel of mercy, from the greatness of its skill could and did answer his prayer. If we could, we would like to do you unqualified honor. But we cannot.

From the fact that our community has but one physician, to prevent any concreting of our entirely general remarks, we deem it proper to say that, in our judgment, our physician in Banning is one whose attainments and character contribute in liberal measure to such respectability and honor as his profession commands.

On last Friday, one San Bernardino, one Nevada and one Banning capitalist, accompanied by the Bonanza editor or of THE HERALD, went out into the Desert to inspect a mine, reputed to have a fortune apiece for us in its bowels. The day was elegant—the road out was down hill—the cigars were fragrant—the company was charming—the refreshments were stimulating—the conveyance, easy, and the prospect absolutely intoxicating. The Desert is as full of character as the ocean. As you penetrate its solemn precincts, the vegetation changes. The further you go, the bolder and more fantastic become the varieties of cactus. Ten miles from Banning is an entirely new set of growth—the white honey sage being almost the only recognizable plant. A three hours' drive brought us to the end of our journey. A hasty meal from our Banning hosts' liberal lunch basket braced us up to face the wonders promised. The pilot of the party—an experienced pros-

pector, pointed to the hill whose veins were gold and whose ribs were silver. We dropped our penetrating eye on that hill. The longer we looked, the more symbolic became every lineament of it. Visions of wealth and luxury—of a life of ease amid the thousand ministrings of means—swept before our eyes like golden clouds and somewhat obscured the Hill, but we bridled our fancy and continued our observation. There sat the hill. It had a peculiar complexion that we had never seen before in any piece of earth. And why that complexion? Nature advertises honey in the heart of a flower by flaming colors and beautiful forms—why should she not have symbols for announcing precious metals in hills? We directed our attention to the physiology of the hill. It was a fascinating subject. Here was a hill—with a unique expression both of color and form. In that hill was something. If gold was there, that was a dead certainty. The fact whether gold was there was certain. The only thing to do was to capture that certainty. Once we could get it into our head, our fortune was made. Our fruitful cogitations were interrupted by the start for the mine. We went up the gulch (canyon it would be, in Banning). We came to the prospect. It had somewhat the proportion and aspect of the mark our old dog used to make when he burrowed for ground-hogs—only this was into rocks. We squatted about the place and blowed on rocks, cracked rocks, inspected rocks, passed rocks around, pocketed rocks, and did everything but eat rocks. There was much learned talk about peacock silver, chlorides, stains, ledges, chimneys and various other implements pertaining to bonanzas. The party then scattered over the hill—our Bonanza editor being somewhat conservative in the matter of scattering up the hill. We then went back to camp. The San Bernardino capitalist fell into the creek. We started home. The road was up hill. The refreshments gave out. The horses were tired. The evening got chill. Daylight petered out. The hilarity of the company had oozed out. We got home. Our Bonanza editor still pulls on his own boots and has no valet, except when he dreams.

OUR LAY SERMON.

To the individual who makes the grievous mistake of supposing that his personality and personal affairs are

interesting to everybody:

In addressing you, sir, and through you all of your ilk, we are aware that we have a large audience. In a former talk to your pitiable friend, the self-conscious person, we said some things that might well be said to you. You are not necessarily self-conscious—you are unconscious—of the alien universe about you. Speaking metaphysically, the universe is composed of you, and the balance. To this balance, we want to direct your attention, if you will be good enough so unharness it from its domestic service for a while. In this Balance is all other peoples, things and worlds. In this Balance is all history, science, literature and philosophy. In you is your stomach, your heart and your mind, and their exercises. In the Balance is the appetites, the emotions, the thoughts and achievements of generations of races. You are an atom, the Balance is a world. You are one, and of one kind, and that by no means novel—the Balance is myriads of all kinds, rendered curious by a thousand mysteries. It therefore is, that beside the Balance, you are an inconsequent figure. And so fleeting and insecure is that, even, that were the wing of a cyclone to sweep you from the earth, the ripple of your going wouldn't reach beyond the nearest hill-top. You are the remotest decimal of things. The very trees that you walk by will make their voiceless music and benign shade when you are forgotten. We thus arrive at the query—what are these things you have been talking of all these years? Your aches, your tribulations, your victories, your concerns. You sit with your friend—before him are you and the Balance. Of this Balance he is a part. What interest, think you, in the ordinary course of things, have your minute matters for him? Beside wars and rumors of wars, earthquakes and elections, murders and suicides, feats physical and mental, questions of statesmanship, theories of science and projects of commerce, where are your infinitesimal experiences? You ask your friend to crawl through the bung hole of your consequence into the keg of your life, and with the firmament shut out, and with the doings of the nations of the earth forgotten, to consider through the microscope of your vanity the animalculæ of your affairs. You dreamed of snakes last night, you say. Well, of what import is that to you—let alone to anybody else? The air is busy. People's ears are vexed even with essential things—why vex them with that? You were a prodigy when you were a child! Of course—but suppose you were? While you were dilating on that most common experience, your neighbor there had to be silent, when he could have told you how to irrigate apple trees. The extreme probability is, my friend, that from the time you first squawked till this identical minute, you haven't done a conscious act that would interest anybody on earth but your doting mother, for if you had, it would have been the result of some impersonal interest that would have prevented you from forever thinking on your own miserable self. Perfect manners consist, among other things, in self-sacrifice, unobtrusiveness, and a complete burial of self—in other words, of an individuality bare, unaffected and unproclaimed by itself. Impersonality is the height of conversation, character and demeanor.