

of town without getting drowned, but it was a close matter. A splendid highway skirting the hills leads into the town. This we followed on entering. In coming away, with a view to variety, we followed an equally inviting road leading directly across the valley. It showed travel and there was nothing to deter a stranger from proceeding on it. Within a mile of town a good sized stream took possession of the road—but the eye could detect nothing in front to indicate that its tenancy was long or rendered the road uninviting. An inquiry from the nearest resident elicited the information that the road was all right. We learned within the next half hour that the road ran through a morass. A rushing stream occupied it for a mile and a-half. It had cut a deep and irregular channel that entirely destroyed the road. It was absolutely impassable for a vehicle. We floundered in it for an hour, thinking that to retrace our steps was as bad as to proceed. When not belly deep in water our horse was ankle deep in mud. The road is the veriest man trap we ever saw. We would respectfully suggest to the good people of San Jacinto that this road be closed up, or at least that a warning be posted at its entrance to deter strangers from attempting it in the rainy season. It may be that our neighbor aspires to be a modern Venice, and have canals for streets. If so it ought to supply gondolas.

San Jacinto is built on the pattern of a dumb bell with two heads. The Old Town and the New Town form two foci or business centres—about three-quarters of a mile apart. The dominant spirit of the Old Town is Mr. H. T. Hewitt, the proprietor of the Palma Hotel, a spacious and comfortable place to stop, of an immense general store, a thoroughly stocked furniture establishment with more bureaux and dressers than the town of San Jacinto would need apparently in 25 years, a livery stable and complete stock of farming implements. The town is situated near the head of a fine valley watered by one of the most capricious streams we ever saw. The San Jacinto river needs to be kept in a definite channel and the adjacent country to be drained. A grove of cottonwoods delights the eye hungry from feasting on the groveless tracts of this region. The time will come when San Jacinto Valley will be immensely productive and thickly populated, and when one can go to and from the town in any direction in safety, even if he be not a Paul Boynton or a Jonah.

The Beaumont *Sentinel* seems to be confronting a collapse. We have the kindest feelings for friend Ross and the paper; but there is such a thing as a newspaper being premature in a community. There is no one thing that does so much to give a place a name throughout the country, to fix it in the minds of the people, to make it hospitable to strangers and acceptable to its own people, as a newspaper. It bodies forth the life of a place in living form, to be seen and passed upon. And it is a great loss for its light to go out. But it is better to die than be a beggar. Our Pass has its limitations. Some things it can support, and some things it cannot. Those it cannot ought to be abandoned. And if the support of our nearest neighbor is inadequate, it is the part of wisdom to pull down the flag.

Our Lay Sermon.

To the Poor Man:—

You have been in our mind a long time, and should have received our attention before, but for two considerations. First, our own opulence has removed us so far from your experience, that we felt hardly qualified to sermonize you; second, there are so few of you that we would have had to neglect other more numerous and thirsty people to attend to you.

Comparatively, you are in hard lines. Beside the Mills, the Stanfords and the Huntingtons, your lot is in the basement

There are those who offer you comfort by asking you to consider those worse off than yourself. And you could find such, for far below the fate of any man who will ever read this, there is an abject poverty, ghastly and unfurnished as a skeleton. But that is a poor sort of comfort, since such satisfaction as is devised from contemplating our inferiors is consumed by contemplating our superiors. Poverty is no virtue. It is more wholesome than wealth for most people, since it does not afford so many occasions for evil as wealth does. But its greatest function is to be gotten rid of. Poverty is not inconsistent with happiness. Sometimes it can put its tooth in a man's heart. But generally the mouth of a short purse can smile. The bulk of a man's possessions consists of those unpurchasable things that are his inalienable birthright. The light of heaven, the beauty of earth, friends, appetite, bodily spirits, the luxury of rest—these constitute the main sources of happiness; and they exist independent of a man's financial condition. Vanderbilt's \$10,000 cook cannot cook for his master a more delectable meal than a hungry pauper will make off bacon and beans. And the vintage was never so rare or so old that compares with cold water to the thirsty tramp. One of the main functions of wealth is to compensate, in the delicacy and variety of its catering, for the absence of zest brought about by its prodigality. This is true philosophy, although it has been most tiresomely iterated in a million Sunday school homilies. Nevertheless poverty is an inconvenience greatest in this, that it deprives a man of much of the choicest living association. Most of the best minds are accessible intimately to the prosperous only. A rich man can select his friends anywhere; a poor man is limited in his choice. Another inconvenience of poverty is that it discourages frank independence. When every dollar of a man's income is necessary, and the expression of an honest opinion on proper occasions will cost one of those dollars, the bottling of that opinion is uncomfortable. A cheerful philosophy is the chief antidote for the unpleasantness of being poor. By a cheerful philosophy we mean a riddance of the foul brood begotten of dyspeptic discontent, and the acceptance of our situation. The cheerful philosopher observes that his neighbor eats porter-house while he eats neck, and says, "Bully for my neighbor!" The friction of envy does not wear him. His best room has no carpet, while Smith's is covered with a masterpiece of art and softness—he calculates that the difference is in fact immaterial, and what there is, he trusts Smith enjoys.

The right spirit constitutes true wealth. The achievement of civilization is the taking of the edge from poverty. Outside of large cities, there is little extreme poverty in this land. Every day that goes by builds asylums for those in extremity, and disseminates more widely the comforts of life.

The Industrial School.

We are in receipt of a letter from a devout Catholic in this Pass, who found herself affronted at the union ceremonies at Beaumont by the remarks concerning the Catholic church made by one of the speakers, wherein she rejoices exceedingly at the prospect of the Benedictine Brotherhood establishing a school among us. The letter is fervent with patriotism as well as with religion. The writer looks upon the coming of this brotherhood among us as to the coming of dear friends. It is to be said to the credit of this community, that since the announcement of the Industrial School we have not heard a single word of regret or criticism from any citizen. Nobody knows better than Father Stephan and his associates that there is extant a vast prejudice against his church. It will be gratifying to him to learn that he comes into a community which is ready to accept his establishment with gratitude for

the good it may accomplish, and entire confidence in its lofty purpose. We have heretofore given expression to the notion that there is a historical fitness in the education of the Mission Indians being entrusted to the Catholic church. They were originally reclaimed from savagery by the founders of the old Mission—they are the wards of that church by the right of discovery and first cultivation. And it would perforce be a narrow hole from which could issue one note of objection to the proposed school.

Father Bernardino, O.S.B., is here attending to the school matters. A small building will probably be erected at once in which a school can be temporarily conducted. Dr. Murray is building a house on section 19, southwest of Banning, into which he will move. Captain Fraser is contributing much to assist Father Bernardino and school superintendent Janus is giving his hearty co-operation. If Beaumont wants an insane asylum, she is welcome to the luxury. Everybody to his tastes. But we prefer to indulge our pride in an educational establishment, amply endowed, in charge of an order organized for centuries in benevolence, and having for its object the redemption from savagery of the aborigines of this land.

Two young bloods of our community have set up an eating establishment for themselves. They got weary of boarding, and propose to live on the fat of the land. They do their own cooking. They have chartered a cow, a dozen hens and a strawberry patch, and employ their leisure in patting their abdomens to express their well-fed satisfaction. Their bill of fare for Sunday was the following:

Breakfast—Boiled eggs, milk, soda crackers, milk, coffee, milk, sugar, salt, pepper, milk, dried beef and hard-wood toothpicks.

Dinner—Boiled milk seasoned with salt and pepper, blackberry jelly, loaf of baker's bread (imported), canned corned beef, gherkins and strawberries with sugar.

Supper—Canned corned beef sliced thin, skimmed milk, graham crackers, dried herring with lime juice and pickled olives.

We don't want to be indelicate, but with such a toothsome layout before us, we indulge the hope of enjoying the hospitality of these gentlemen some day about meal time.

Mr. E. E. Pierson, a brother of Mrs. McGilvray, and his wife, who have been spending some time in the north coast country, are in Banning this week. Mr. Pierson has a notion of purchasing property and settling among us. We would take pleasure in welcoming him as a citizen to Banning. He can live in this favored Pass and find more blessings to the acre than any other country we know of. For instance, no lurking malaria will poison him, no impure water disturb him, no fleas harass him, no mosquitoes tantalize him, while on the other hand, he will live on a soil as generous as the valley of the Nile, in a climate as mild as that of Italy and as healing as rare herbs, and in a valley destined to be sought and occupied from from foothill to foothill by throngs of people to whom its rare climate is a necessity to existence.

Mr. Al. Imhoff is taking a vacation, and finds it necessary to devise sundry methods to work off his superfluous vigor. He enticed merchant Ingelow into a foot-race on Tuesday afternoon. We had the pleasure of witnessing friend Imhoff on the run. His gait may be described as a bench-legged pace. Shedding his brogans and humping his lithe frame, he pegged down the avenue at such a rate that Mr. Ingelow gave himself up to enjoyment of the sight, and forgot to run. Some men trot, some lope, but Imhoff makes a square pace, planting each foot as tenderly on the soil as a pile-driver.

We learn that that resonant nuisance the school bell, is not all paid for. That caps the climax. A few of us, who opposed the desecration of the delightful serenity of this vale with a clamorous

bell, refused to subscribe for it. We quietly submitted to its coming, supposing the only offence it could commit would be against our hearing. Now it is discovered that it is a menace to our credit. Every tone that comes from its potential throat is the peal of a debtor. Most debtors have brass enough about them to carry their infirmity, but a pewter affair cannot do it.

A Senatorial Jaunt to San Pedro Harbor.

The committee of the United States Senate on a jaunt investigating our relations with Canada, arrived in Los Angeles Tuesday morning, and were taken in hand by the authorities of that city. The committee consists of Senator Hale, of Maine; Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts; Senator Allison, of Iowa; Senator Dolph, of Oregon; and Senator Pugh, of Alabama. At 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the committee, accompanied by several spoonfuls of the distinction of Los Angeles, took a Southern Pacific train for San Pedro. At the invitation of Major Jones, of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, THE HERALD correspondent reluctantly joined the excursion. Among the party was the martial presence of Col. Markham, of Pasadena, Mr. McMasters, president of the Pasadena Board of Trade, Col. Ayers, of the Los Angeles Herald, Editor Osborne, of the Express, Hon. Stephen M. White, Judge Fitzgerald, Judge McKinley, E. M. Spence, Mr. Brown, now an alderman in Los Angeles, and well known in Banning, Col. Johnson, Messrs. Hewitt, Muir and Smurr, of the Southern Pacific, Dr. Widney, Col. A. H. Denker, Judge Bicknell, Ex-Mayor Bryson, Mayor Hazard, A. E. Pomeroy, M. A. Newmark, Major Jones, District Attorney Kelly, Gilbert Dexter and other notabilities of the city.

The distinguished Senators were the center of attraction. Towering above them all, broad shouldered, silk tiled, bearded like a patriarch and clear-eyed, was Senator Dolph, of Oregon. The only member from the Coast, he knew many Los Angelans, and was the animated center of a cluster of listeners at all places. Senator Hoar's familiar visage, mounted with broad-brimmed spectacles, was easily recognized. Smooth shaven, rosy as a farmer, his head surmounted by a trim Derby hat, his appearance little betokens the store of asperity from which for years he has drawn the bitterest rhetoric the South has been the subject of since the Old Man Eloquent used to pour his vitriol. His fine white hair is trimmed, a cut-away coat envelopes his round figure; there is nothing of Massachusetts about him; he looks a plain business man, and in fine physical trim. Senator Pugh looks more the typical politician, of enormous frame and sandy complexion. There is not about him the unnumbered cleanliness of Hoar or the keenness of Allison. He is bulky. He has a beard and moustache and shaven cheeks. A tall white hat circumscribed his immense head, and sat down clear to his ears. Senator Hale had been somewhat shaken up by an accident on the way down, and was not on the jaunt to San Pedro. There was more curiosity to see Allison than any of the rest, and there was a surprise in store. The pictures of Senator Allison extant, give the impression of square-jawed largeness. But the Senator is neither large nor coarse. He should change photographers. He could not be recognized from any picture of him we ever saw. Of medium height, stout build, slightly stooped, his head in a soft crush hat, and clad in a plain business suit with sack coat, he looked the keen business man, intent on business and indifferent to such impressions as he might make. One of the few men who wear a clean upper lip with a beard, and don't strike you as a hypocrite. A clear, ruddy skin marks health. His beard is close cropped and but slightly gray. He is fine enough for a New York Senator. The prominent men of the Western States are generally of the pio-

neer generation, rugged and strong. Back East a Senator will be the grandson of the pioneer, strained through two or more generations of comfortable living and university training.

At San Pedro the party went aboard the steamer Hermosa, and took in the proposed harbor. Two or three swells struck the vessel, and our correspondent, whose feet are wont to rest on the eternal hills, felt as if all support had slipped from under. He retained his breakfast, however, and returned from a very pleasant excursion at 12 o'clock.

Of course, we are not specially qualified to speak on our relations with Canada; we feel some delicacy about the matter anyhow. But we cannot refrain from intimating that from all we saw in and about San Pedro, Canada had better stick to her knitting. We have reasons to believe that the distinguished committee were deeply impressed.

YUMA TO BANNING—150 MLS.

The Herald's Special Correspondent takes in Yuma and the Way.

Last Thursday night the correspondent of THE HERALD embarked on the East bound overland to see what he could see and hear what he could hear between Banning and the Colorado river. A trip over the desert is interesting to an Easterner or even to a Banningite on account of its novelty. There is as much difference between our pleasant little berg and some desert towns, less than 200 miles away, as there is between day and night. Not only in climate and topography but in the people—their manners, customs, etc. We enjoyed the trip because we saw a new country and strange people.

The railroad bends just before crossing the Colorado river and enters Yuma from the north. The principal feature of the town is the Yuma depot and hotel combined, situated on the river bank directly at the south end of the bridge, where we disembarked. The hotel is a frame structure of 36 rooms owned by the Southern Pacific Company and operated by Mr. S. S. Gillespie, who was formerly a conductor on the road. There is a veranda surrounding the hotel on three sides. The rooms are well furnished and well ventilated and the table first class. We considered it not at all an unpleasant place to put up at. Upon the arrival of the train a crowd comprised of Indians, Mexicans and whites assembles on the depot platform. The Yuma Indians are less civilized than the Mission Indians of this pass, and hence are more of a curiosity to an Easterner. For clothing the men wear a shirt and pair of trousers, the latter of which they find difficulty in keeping on, on account a lack of either suspenders, abdomen or hips. The squaws usually wear a skirt, waist and a highly colored piece of calico wrapped about their shoulders like a shawl. Sometimes, however, the waist is missing and their dress comprises simply the calico wrap and skirt. Across the track from and directly opposite to the hotel, on a high bank, is the reservoir that supplies the town with water. The water is river water and is pumped up into the reservoir through a four-inch pipe by means of a steam pump situated on the river bank. The reservoir has a capacity of 150,000 gallons. In order to get a view of the town and surrounding country we climbed to the top of Reservoir hill. It was hot up there, and we remained only just long enough to get an idea of the lay of the land. On the north bank of the river opposite the hotel is what are known as the old barracks. These barracks are composed of several adobe buildings now occupied as an Indian school under the auspices of the Catholic church. Farther to the north and east there lies a range of high hills very odd in formation. From the top of one of these hills arises a peculiar projection. It has the appearance of an immense cathedral. And to the east of this there are weird and rugged rocks and hills which at that distance look like the ruins of some ancient city.