

The main channel of the river bends to the west before the town, and continues a westerly course for perhaps a quarter of a mile, then bends southward. The water is so full of sand that it has a very thick, dirty appearance. The current is swift. There is a difference of 15 feet between the high and low water mark. A stern wheel steam boat commanded by Capt. Mellen runs between Yuma and Eldorado Spring, 120 miles above the Needles, carrying supplies for the country north.

On the north bank of the river, and just over Reservoir hill from the hotel are the new barracks which are now about deserted. To the west and south of the town along the course of the river there is a stretch of apparently swampy land, overgrown with green shrubbery; and far to the west we could just discern the outlines of a range of hills.

The main street of Yuma was evidently laid out without any particular reference to points of compass. At mid day there is not much sign of life on the streets. A few Indian boys playing sling and a cart or two moving along at a snail's pace is about all one sees. There are not many green leaves in Yuma. The only attempt in this direction that we noticed is in front of the hotel, where in some fertile soil that has been imported a couple of orange trees and some flowers and plants are growing nicely. The railroad company is now removing a small sand hill near the track, and in its place they mean to lay out a little park. In removing this hill the company employs convicts from the penitentiary. Whilst at work, these striped trousered fellows are watched by 11 guards with Winchester rifles, stationed at different points within sight of their labors. There are now in all 140 convicts in the penitentiary, which is situated on a hill northeast of the town. There are a number of saloons and stores in the town about which the Indians and Mexicans loaf during most of the day. There seems to be little occupation for the Indians. We noticed a few of them engaged in driving wood down river in rafts, and a squaw or two packing a few sticks of wood or a papoose on her back, but the majority seemed to have nothing to do.

There are two orders or lodges in Yuma, the A. O. U. W. and a legion of S. K. At 11:30 o'clock Saturday we started on our return trip. If we did not have much sand when we set out we certainly had plenty of it when we got home. There is not much of interest between Yuma and Banning. It is all desert. All along the route there are mountains on the north and sand banks which would look just like snow banks, if they were only white, on the south. At Volcano Springs we saw the famous mirage of a lake. It was so natural that it actually made us feel cooler to look at it. The mirage appears at about 9 o'clock in the morning and disappears at 4 in the afternoon.

From Volcano Springs it is all down hill to Indio. Indio is a pleasant little stopping place well supplied with water from a well. It is 287 feet below the sea. The distance from Indio to Banning is only 42 miles, but it is all up hill and it takes about two hours and a-half to make the climb. The town of THE HERALD is not our permanent home, but after two days on the hot dreary desert it seemed on Saturday night as we rolled in like there was no place on earth so dear as barley-bounded Banning.

Changing the County Seat.

The movement toward changing the county seat from San Bernardino to Colton is more serious than is generally supposed. We are informed that over 2000 names are already subscribed to the petitions asking for an election on the subject. An insidious argument is used upon mechanics, to the effect that if the Court House is moved to Colton, it will inaugurate a building boom in that town which will give them employment—

whereas if it remains in San Bernardino no change will take place. What Colton gains in this way San Bernardino will lose. San Bernardino is a fine town—a credit to the county—a splendid setting for a court house, and it seems almost like treason to plot against her prosperity. But she has herself to blame. Inhospitality sits at her gates and frowns on every stranger who comes. The motor roads are the channels of her life blood; yet she compels every car to crawl into town. No man can ride into the county seat on the chief conveyance there without suffering the indignity of being stopped in his swift and easy progress and being dragged in by a mule. This one thing has entirely neutralized all our pride in the county seat. We would like to see the court house accessible. And if the moss-backs who cannot endure steam are of that mind, we are entirely in favor of their enjoying its absence by themselves. It is moreover a lamentable fact that San Bernardino is unfavorably located. The problem of sewerage is almost impossible of solution. The corporate limits of the city cannot be extended in some directions so as to secure police regulations for its own extension. Its water works cannot extinguish fires. San Bernardino is the biggest town in the county and is the county seat now. When that is said, the entire argument on that side is uttered. On the other hand Colton is centrally located, reached by every system of roads in the county. And you can get into town otherwise than rearward of a mule. It is only three miles from the present county seat. The change contemplated is no convulsion of nature. It is a slight shifting—and we must have a new court house. The two places are destined to grow together anyhow. Colton is nearer the center of population of the county. Above and beyond all, it offers to build a new court house free of cost to the tax payers. The people cannot afford to refuse such a proposition, when it contemplates a removal of the county seat only three miles and into a more accessible place. Colton is nearer Banning—more important than that it is on the same railroad. Colton people are more familiar with Banning than San Bernardino people. A big town at Colton would be of much more value to us than a big town at San Bernardino. Considering all things, we are in favor of the people having an opportunity to vote on the proposition. A change of the county seat of San Bernardino county would attract very wide attention and doubtless would draw to Colton much capital that never would come into our county otherwise.

Mr. E. E. Pierson purchased of the Banning Land Company 10 acres just north of the place formerly occupied by Mr. Lemon. He has also purchased Mr. Lemon's lease of the Lemon place, and taken possession of it. He will improve his 10 acres at once. We welcome Mr. Pierson among us. The diversions of metropolitan life are not here, but he and his bride will find themselves amid a people old-fashioned in the completeness of their neighborliness. They will breathe an air that has but one disease germ where an equal bit of the air of any city will have 500. It is a virgin air. They will live amid noble scenery, under a constant yet tender sun, and, we trust, in the radiance of a wise content.

Messrs. Fraser and Kelly went to Arizona last week. Capt. Fraser went as far as Tucson. His mission was to investigate markets for our barley and hay. He finds a big enough market for all we produce, but that we labor under the disadvantage of having to pay Los Angeles freight. Now we are 90 miles nearer Yuma than Los Angeles, yet barley goes from Los Angeles to Tucson as cheaply as from here. We ought to enjoy the advantages the Lord gave us. Los Angeles has many things we have not. These she is welcome to; but we would like to enjoy

such small favors as our peculiar position entitles us to, and we must say to the authorities of the railroad that we think Los Angeles will still prosper if they will allow us, by our due reduction in freight, to be able to compete in markets that naturally prefer to trade in larger centers. The fact that it is a city gives Los Angeles an advantage. Men like to buy barley where they buy other things; it keeps their business together. To overcome this, we need our proper advantage in freight.

Mr. W. A. Simpson, of the San Francisco Bulletin, is in Banning, testing its celebrated climate. He is a newspaper man with an experience, and as we meet him on our news-gathering rounds, his fraternal eye brims with a ready sympathy. He knows the tribulations of quill-drivers, the ingratitude they sweeten their coffee on, the lack of appreciation they stuff their pillows with, and the millions of revenue that they do not receive. It is soothing to have a fellow editor about. We like to have a discerning eye photograph the graceful evolutions of our martyrdom.

Messrs. Bridge and Card, who took a trip after the Lost Mine, report a strange phenomenon. From the peak of one of the San Bernardino mountains, they were looking toward the east. By the side of a large wash that swept far out into the Desert, and right at the foot of the hills, was a bright green spot—evidently an alfalfa field. It was distinct in the prevailing colorless tone of the surroundings. All at once the green spot seemed to move. Slowly it sailed past one point and another right out across the Desert. The gentlemen vow they were sober, and friend Card's prohibition proclivities make it probable, and they were awake. The green space moved out, investing the white wash with rich emerald, until finally it began to fade and grow dim. Then it vanished utterly, and the scene was as before—the Desert with the bright green spot against the hills. Again the green started out. It repeated the strange procession and vanished. After that nothing unusual occurred. Of all the freaks in optics that we have heard of happening in this freakful region, this is the strangest. The gentlemen reporting it are men whose reliability we will vouch for to any who are strangers to them.

The Editorial Association of Southern California has announced its second meeting for July 8th, at Coronado Beach. That magnificent establishment has waited thus long to receive within its adequate and hospitable doors a body of guests entirely worthy its elaborate appointments. But on that day it will rise to the fullness of its purpose. As the select editorial souls from the scattered cities and villages of this new Italy stalk over its tessellated pavements, and fling their stately images into the mirrors, or sit in elegant ease amid its sumptuous upholstery, the actual situation will equal the most colossal exaggeration yet written of that celebrated caravansary. Distinction will lounge in its parlors, wit will borrow lustre from its cellars, greatness will thrust trousers under its mahogany and intellectuality will snore behind its damask. A great occasion is brewing.

School closed last Friday. The small boys are all let loose on the community. It must be said of Banning that its boys are a decidedly decent lot. The older ones are manly and useful. The younger ones are not consumed with mischief. The worst boys we have met with are those who worked through the school bell scheme! And we are glad to report that since school closed the owner of that stray heifer with a bell seems to have taken her home.

The crew on the Banning local, yeelp "the flyer," is not a harmonious body. We have of late noted various symptoms of dissension, but it was not until Tuesday

morning that an open rupture took place. It seems that the gentlemen of the baggage car are wont to refresh themselves of mornings with fresh buttermilk supplied from the Clough ranch in San Timoteo canyon. The baggageman is an individual of serious years. The express messenger is in that vealy period of adolescence when conceit and embarrassment struggle for supremacy in a youngster, with alternating success and considerable attendant confusion. Well, this Tuesday morning there was more appetite than buttermilk. In the scramble for the beverage the young messenger ran his nose into the baggageman's cup, whereupon Mr. Baggageman unceremoniously wiped the intrusive nozzle with a vigorous left-hander, and Mr. Messenger pirouetted across the car. When the youngster quit spinning, the coal box was handy and he hove a lump of coal at his insulter. In gross violation of the company's rules it struck Mr. Kip full in the abdomen, and he had no more joy in his buttermilk. At this juncture the athletic news agent stepped in, took the belligerents each by the coat collar, murmured softly to himself, "blessed are the peacemakers," polished their foreheads against each other, and bade them be friends. We are sorry to record these difficulties. We hope peace will be constant and buttermilk abundant hereafter.

A Debate at the Tolstoi Club.

At a meeting of the San Geronio Tolstoi Club, held at widow McPherson's last Friday afternoon, Miss Kittie Dunlevy took the affirmative and young Mrs. Jerry Pippin took the negative in the debate upon the question: "Should married women have some mark upon their apparel, of known significance, to indicate that they are no longer single?" The discussion was animated, and the sympathies of every member of the club were enlisted on one or the other side of the debate—except those of widow McPherson. For obvious reasons she was somewhat confused in the premises, and preserved an unstable neutrality. Miss Dunlevy's bright auburn crown was radiant with enthusiasm as she delivered herself in a high treble to the following effect:

"The mission of a woman is to marry. The perverted consciences of some young women suggest to them that their duties lie in the Fiji Islands, or in the hospital, or in the school room, or in supporting somebody. The perverted tastes of some young ladies impel them to practice the professions. The normal woman was designed for a wife, and most of them achieve that destiny. Marriage for a woman is an achievement. She ought to glory in it. It transforms her life. She is mated. From among her sisters she has been snatched up into the sky. She has proceeded within the veil. Knowledge has come into her heart, and forever more between her and her unmarried sisters flows a river, that, however many gay barks are constantly crossing it, is wide and deep. Having attained this position, she deserves to have the honor of it. As she walks the crowded street, as she rides in the cars or sits in a congregation, she should have that about her that would say: 'I am a wife. The highest honor that this earth holds is mine. The first man of the world, in my eyes, has selected me from from all the women of the world and crowned me so.' I advocate this decoration therefore for the sake of the distinction it carries. The colonel has his epaulettes, the knight has his garter, the priest his robes, let the wife wear the insignia of her lofty station.

"Secondly, I am in favor of the measure for the protection it affords. Ruffianism in all its degrees is still abroad in the world. Poets talk of the invulnerable panoply of innocence, but nothing protects a woman like a brave man. She who is known to be a wife carries a shield with her. That absent arm can avenge—that absent tongue can demand a reckon-

ing. Other women have brothers and fathers, perhaps, this woman has a knight whose soul's most sensitive spot is—She!

"Thirdly, I favor the affirmative for the convenience it would accomplish. A woman once married is emancipated from many of the restrictions a single lady must submit to. She can enjoy her freedom without arousing the horrid conceit of some man. The conceit of the male sex stalks through the world, and before it maidenliness must wear the mask of prudery. When a woman has on her the insignia of matrimony she is freed from the presence of this monster, and may be a free and enthusiastic human being. I advocate no license for wives, but their privileged freedom is a treasure, and by this mark I would secure it for them where they are unknown as well as where they are known."

The young lady took her seat amid a hearty slapping of hands, and as she sat down Maud Irving took her hand, and from her lustrous brown eyes poured upon her a flood of unaffected admiration. Mrs. Pippin did not arise when her name was called. She deliberately took off her tan colored gloves and smoothed the bow of ribbon on her neck under her ear. Then she stepped firmly to the corner of the room and faced her auditors. She said,

"As a married woman I do not desire such distinction, such protection or such convenience as the proposed mark would secure for me. I would not abate one jot of my young friend's enthusiasm on the subject of matrimony. She is frank to own it—she is young. It is a subject that creates more enthusiasm before taking, than after. The everyday feeling of the married woman is tamer—it is simple peace. It asks for no distinction; it wants no crown. True the officer has his shoulder strap, but a convict has his stripes, a dog has his collar. If men were here they would favor this question. Nothing would please them better than to have their wives go about with the badges of their servitude pinned on their bosoms. (Applause from every married woman present.) It has been said that marriage was a mission to aspire to; it is a duty to bend to. Its bonds are tolerable only where unseen. I want to wear no collar. Decoration indeed! what would it signify? Simply that I belong to master so and so. Ask some married man to wear a crimson rosette to indicate that he was married, he would shout with scorn. (Mrs. Pippin here wiped her red lips and shifted to her left foot.) As for protection, we do need it. And if we did no ribbon or badge would afford it. I am no safer with my husband behind me than when my grey-haired father was my only champion. And the convenience of the thing is the merest pretence. (It should be known that Mrs. Pippin was confessedly the handsomest woman in the Pass.) The bald motive is to create a schism among women. The young women want to monopolize society. They want to hook us out of the herd. They tell us we are snatched up into the sky; they want us snatched out of sight. Has gallantry any duties to maidens that it would forget to married women? Why distinguish one from the other by a uniform? Uniforms are everywhere marks of service, from the prisened up, and I for one, while glorying in my wifehood, glory still more in my womanhood, and will wear the badge of no master."

WANTED.

A Wedding in Banning.

The fear is getting abroad that this climate is unfavorable to matrimony. Since THE HERALD bagged its first note, there has not been a wedding in this place. While we are earnest in our endeavors to augment our population from without, yet we are firm believers in home production. We have a store of rhetoric suitable to a bridal occasion that is getting stale. We have canvassed the town on