

the subject, and have secured the following contributions as Encouragers of Matrimony. To the first couple married in Banning, one of whom is a resident of this community, Mr. Chas. Ingelow will give \$5 worth of groceries. THE HERALD will give a family Bible. Messrs. Hanna & Hathaway will give a pair of blankets. Judge Hathaway will marry them free. Mr. C. O. Baker will give a \$10 gold piece on condition that Judge Hathaway marries them and salutes the bride. One young man, whose name we will disclose privately, offers \$20 in case he is one of the contracting parties. We are in hopes these inducements will bear fruit.

Our church scheme has been lying fallow. The committee appointed to select a minister have not been idle, however. They are nosing around. At a meeting held this week they discussed the case of a young Presbyterian from Santa Monica, and in all probability the young man will preach a trial sermon here before long. One of our objects in pushing this union movement was to secure ourselves against the infliction of those impoverished brains that dispense the gospel in many small communities. We do not expect to get a Philip Brooks in Banning, neither do we expect our committee to select for us anybody who will not command our respect intellectually as well as morally. To practice law in this State requires a preliminary examination and proper commission from a court. In most States no man without a diploma can practice medicine or compound drugs. But the pulpit of the land is open to every comer with a long black coat, and we know of no opportunity so inviting for low-grade mediocrity as the country pulpit. We have confidence in our committee. We want a good man; in our judgment, none is better than a poor one.

Slowly but surely Banning is investing herself with metropolitan airs. She now supports a barber shop. Erstwhile the bearded Banningite had to mow his beard with a dull razor and endure the keen agony. Now all he has to do is to recline on soft cushions, take a pleasant dream, and lo and behold, he is transformed into a shaven and recognizable being. Mr. Griffin, formerly of the far-famed Hoffman House, of New York, is the tonsorial artist. His studio is in the unengaged corner of the reading room, and waiting customers can beguile themselves with the freshest rhetoric of the day. Daniel is no tyro—he is an artist, and we commend his skillful ministrations to all the scrubby beards and shaggy heads of the community.

Decoration Day.

Those whose lives contributed to the price paid for our union, are where no pensions can reward them.

"Their bones are 'neath the sod,
Their spirits with their God."

Their glory is our heritage; it illuminates our history; it inspires our young.

Our people is illustrated by the noble survivors, who dared all that did the dead, yet still live. Our faith in the martial power of our country rests on the noble deeds of the soldiery of '76 and '64. To keep resplendent the glory of the dead and living, to give our patriotism and gratitude expression, and to remind ourselves of the valuable things secured to us by the sword of our armies, is this day instituted. Poetry brings its wreath, eloquence its tribute, organization its display and prayer its blessing. The spectacle of a nation with universal impulse dedicating a day to the honor of its patriots is sublime.

So long as Decoration Day is generally observed, the Union is secure. The time will come when there will remain no soldier's eye to witness the honors paid his comrades. Every year makes mighty havoc in the surviving ranks. Troops are following the intrepid Sheridan into the tomb as numerous as they followed him to victory. But be the gallant host

on the hither or thither side of the flood, their monument is the perpetual Union, their debtors are all generations of this people, their heroism is America's glory, and their immortality is her grateful memory.

A WORD

To the Commission Empowered to Select a Site for the Insane Asylum.

The deliberation exercised by you in solving your problem is praiseworthy. The proposed asylum is a great benefaction, of a great State, of great-hearted people. Physical calamity does not go beyond insanity. The soul, which reason has abandoned, drifts, the saddest wreck afloat. In preparing a haven for these storm-tossed beings—for whom no pole star is steadfast nor any pilot at the wheel—the heart of society breaks into flower. The bloom is colored in the deep dye of sympathy, and exhales the perfume of benevolence.

The people of this State have left in your hands the choice of the place whereon shall be erected this monument of their humanity. From this favored section, abounding in localities of surpassing charms, you are to select the best. For our unfortunates we want the purest, the most invigorating and the softest airs, the sweetest waters, the noblest prospects and the first advantages that can be furnished in this, the most salubrious region on the American continent. It is no wonder that you take time. It is not strange that many places compete for the distinction.

The most healthful locality in the settled portion of San Bernardino county is known. Physicians, from New York to San Diego, have certified to that fact. Invalids from all over the United States come to this place, and their testimony of its excellence is conclusive. Scarcely a family lives there that has not in it some person whose life is the clean gift of its extraordinary salubrity. There is no other locality in this county that can compete with it.

That place is the San Gorgonio Pass. Hung like the Gardens of Babylon, 2500 feet above the sea, it stretches from San Timoteo Canyon to the Desert, in gentle slopes of wondrous fertility. The soil is a sandy loam. Anywhere within reach of the Banning Land Company's water system, abundance of water can be had. Nature has arranged for sewerage. All about Banning the slope from north to south is unbroken to the foothills. Land can be gotten by the section here at most reasonable figures. The main line of the Southern Pacific runs through the Pass. Anywhere on the Southern Pacific railroad is thoroughly accessible in California. Between San Jacinto mountain and Gray Back, it commands the grandest scenery. There is not a foot of swampy ground in it to breed malaria. The water is unpolluted from mountain springs and snow. A location of the asylum here would have meaning. It would smell of no job. It would be applauded by the humanitarians of the country. It would distinguish this Pass, so as to attract national attention. The climate of the Pass is one of the greatest resources of San Bernardino county. Ashville, North Carolina, has a floating population of 60,000 people attracted to it by its reputation as a health resort, and Ashville's climate is inferior to this. The location of the asylum here, on account of the climate, will give this Pass a celebrity that will rebound to the advantage of the entire county.

You have visited this Pass once. You have examined one of its choicest locations. Mr. Daniel Scott's ranch is a magnificent property. But if in your visit to it you saw any objection to this site, others can be found that are suitable.

Locate the asylum here, and the time will never come that will not demonstrate the wisdom of your choice. Locate it elsewhere, and the query will be rising, as irrepressible as Banquo's ghost, Why was the asylum not located in the won-

derfully wholesome airs of that mountain Pass?

Mr. W. H. Ingelow is an amateur botanist of much enthusiasm and information. His garden just now is a royal place. We had the pleasure of foraging through it one morning this week, and the spoil of that trip has entertained our eyes and nose ever since. First and foremost are his carnations. We counted 17 different varieties or combinations of color in the rounds. Some of them have the spicy fragrance of cloves. As we write, a hemisphere of carnations, radiating perfume as the sun does light, is before us. From pure white to the darkest red, a score of tints fill the interval. We only regret that we are not artist enough to describe the striking combinations. After the carnations, in rich variety, comes the antirrhinum or snapdragon. Less variegated than the pinks, 12 different shades, all rich velvety colors, make a fine display. One is particularly striking. It is bright yellow, spotted and striped with broad red stripes. It has the gay colors of a jockey's coat. The crown of the garden is the double hollyhock. It has been developed from the old-fashioned simple flower by careful hybridizing, into a gorgeous blossom. The four original petals are spread out, forming a base on which sits a full, many-petaled mass like a huge carnation. The whole flower is like a pomponne that the ladies construct out of tissue paper. One odd thing is the salpiglossis, a monopetalous flower somewhat like a lily; of the size of a morning glory—the specimen we saw being dark red, marked featherlike with yellow. The Canterbury bell in light purples, as big as an egg, is an old-fashioned flower that hangs heavy as a fruit. One immense carnation was as large as a large rose. Rows of all varieties of verbenas, flaming petunias and more other bright things than we have names for. The luxury of flowers is refined for the man who knows them.

One of the most striking figures on our streets is Dan Griffin's barber pole. It is the richest piece of color in our prospect. What connection there is between the striped-stocking aspect of a barber pole and a shampoo we have never been able to see. On plain streets like ours, however, and amid our comparatively tame surroundings, it is a welcome and almost hilarious spectacle.

Among his many accomplishments, Mr. Al Imhoff's equestrianism is worthy of mention. While he has not exactly the physique of a jockey, he has his spirit. Mr. Imhoff's girth is rather too extensive for the calling he aspires to, and his legs are short by at least 10 inches. None the less he rides. On Sunday he was exercising his grace on bay Billy from the livery stable, and essayed to pass friend Clancy on his plume-tailed cob. The effort was not precisely a success. As his charger jumped the ditch from Barbour Avenue into San Gorgonio, Mr. Imhoff's avordupois dislocated his stirrups, and his gentle feet hung unsupported in the wind. He seemed to have also dislocated his center of gravity, for he began a slow revolution around the body of his steed. After about 30 jumps he flew off the circuit and struck mother earth fairly on her bosom. It was a telling blow. A depression in the soil like unto an elephant's wallow marks the spot. Friend Imhoff walked home. We may be permitted to observe that beings built after the order of hippopotami are not expected to excel in equestrianism.

The North and Gird Suit.

The North and Gird suit was continued at Los Angeles on the 31st before Master Bachelor. Hosea Morea Adila, a Spaniard, the first witness, testified that he was born in 1820. Lived in San Bernardino county. Knew the Ajenio Potrero in San Gorgonio Pass in 1839 and has known it since. In 1839 Ajenio and other Indians

were living there—20 or 30 houses. The Indians there were cultivating the lands around. The lands about the Upper Potrero were used for pastures. We paid the Indians to keep our horses and they had horses too. Ajenio claimed to own the lands, Ajenio was then the captain. At that time the Indians raised pumpkins, muskmelons, watermelons and beans. The Potrero Indians were tame Indians. He knew the Potrero before the Indians came to California. He was there in 1857 and Ajenio was still there while the rest of the tribe was at San Timoteo. On cross-examination he said Ajenio was grown when he knew him. The village was on the right hand side of the creek looking toward the mountain. I was a soldier at Los Angeles when the Americans took California. A man by the name of Weaver and Benito Weaver, his son, were living in the Potrero Ajenio with the Indians. They had an orchard there.

Cabazon, the chief of the Desert Indians, was the next witness. A stout figure, medium height, gray straight whiskers, black hair, and immense head made up the man that bears the most celebrated name among the Desert Indians. Old Cabazon—the father of this witness—was noted in his day for his influence and humanity. Jarbassio Cabazon lives near Walters, the other side of Indio. I am general of all Indians there. I know Ajenio. I never go where he lives now. I knew the place when I was a boy and when I was a man. Only Indians were there then. I knew it when there were no Americans here—only Indians. Ajenio always lived there. (Cabazon was the most intelligent of the old Indians yet called. He wore a store suit of blue flannel and white shirt, and but for his unkempt hair looked fairly civilized.) Knew Ajenio first when he was a man. Ajenio is older than I am. Ajenio was not an old man when I first knew him. I do not know how to count the years so cannot tell how long it is since I saw the Potrero Ajenio.

The next witness was Methuselah. A shriveled face, bent form—included in a long grey coat belted with a blue sash—and supported on a long staff marched to the stand. A tall-crowned sombrero with ornamented band covered his straggling locks. On removing his hat his head appeared swathed in a dirty white rag—an improvised turban—evidently the predecessor in evolution of the modern skull cap. Giving his name as Juan Savaria, he said he lived in Indio. The Indians cannot count years. Don't know his age. Knew when they made the Mission San Gabriel. I knew the old Mission and the new one also. I just heard that they built the old and new one. When I first knew the Potrero Ajenio there were Indians there. When I was little I saw the Potrero Ajenio—Ajenio and his father were there then. Those were their houses. Always they lived there. When I saw Ajenio he was a man and so was I. He is older than I am. When they killed my father, my mother brought me to the Potrero and there I grew up. During the examination, while stirring up the denizens of his hair, he tipped his turban to one side. This gave him a jaunty air. He personated Antiquity on a frolic.

The Ark was called upon for another witness. He wore a Derby hat, black overcoat, blue overalls and sandals of black leather, on which his broad and ancient bare feet rested like oysters on the half shell. His head dress was a red bandana. His long white hair covered his ears. He carried his assets in a soiled white handkerchief. Juan Calmilla when young heard of the Potrero from his father and now knows it. Knew the Potrero before the Americans came. Ajenio and his father lived there then. The same Indians live there now. When I was young my father told me the Indians lived there and now when I grow up the same Indians live there. They always lived in the same place. There is no other place to live.

The Pennsylvania Horror.

With the increase of people calamities grow more colossal. Nature is mighty, and the bonds which man can put on her are but puny. For a week the papers have been filled with the ghastly particulars of the breaking away of the dam of Conemaugh lake in Pennsylvania, and the down-rushing of the flood. The city of Johnstown was destroyed. The deluged territory had an estimated population of 50,000. Thirty per cent. of these are thought to be lost. The buildings driven down by the current began to lodge against a heavy stone viaduct. Many people were in the houses. The obstruction grew until it was an enormous mass of drift of all kinds. It caught fire in some manner, and while the waters rushed beneath and around it, it burned. The number consumed in this pile is incalculable. It will never be known. The whole affair, for particulars of which we must refer our readers to the daily press, is too horrible to appreciate. But it has a peculiar significance to us in California. We are blocking up these huge bodies of water in our mountains. It behooves us to see that we are not making instruments of devastation. Every dam in this country should be not only safe, but so safe as to be beyond suspicion. There is suspended over the San Bernardino valley a body of water that, if let loose, would wipe out every fair lineament of that landscape for miles, and paint it with death and desolation. This reservoir is held in check by a structure whose adequateness has been called in question. Within a few months, the neighborhood press was called upon to defend it. Every freshet in the Santa Ana river starts a rumor about it. It is not, therefore, free from suspicion. It is not, therefore, strong enough. The water privilege is of immense value. It will become more precious every year. Neither its owners nor the people of the county can afford to run even the remotest risk. Such things are outside the pale of experiment.

We are no alarmists. A false alarm is harmless in the situation, if the dam is demonstrably safe. A true warning is the province of the Press.

Our Lay Sermon.

Our readers are all familiar with the fact that on the occasion of the centennial celebration of Washington's inauguration at New York, President Harrison was in attendance, a guest of the committee, and that he attended religious services, wherein Bishop Potter preached a sensational sermon and drew a comparison between Washington and modern Presidents, much to the disadvantage of the latter. We address ourselves this week to Bishop Potter and those of his ilk, who have no laurels but for the dead.

A grosser abuse of a great occasion has seldom been witnessed than when Bishop Potter took advantage of Gen. Harrison's presence at the centennial exercises to teach him political morality with a club. Unmindful of the fact that the celebration was intended for rejoicing, that the President was a guest who, as the elected successor of the first President, was there to assist in doing him honor, this beligerent bishop, prompted by his vanity to create a sensation, deliberately slapped Gen. Harrison's face. The President was at his mercy. The Bishop grabbed at an opportunity to distinguish himself on the President's historical capital; he succeeded in immortalizing his indecency.

The Bishop lauded Washington's virtues. Beside them, he found the men of to-day deplorable. There are two sorts of people who applaud only the past, and depreciate the present. One sort is constituted of those people whose unsympathetic natures have alienated their fellows, and who thus endeavor to avenge themselves. The other sort is a gimlet-eyed lot who do not know what greatness is; who are incapable of the discrimination that is necessary to distinguish fame from notoriety among the living, and who ne-