

cessarily can recognize only the coin of history.

The human race, like the current of a great stream, is rather constant in volume and constitution. It is destiny that the further it goes, the grander it becomes.

The freshest history, that of America, is as noble as has been written. The late war was as illustrious in heroism as the Revolution. The politics of to-day are more complicated than in Washington's time.

The great parties and their machinery exist. President Harrison is not responsible for their existence nor their evils, any more than a passenger on an ocean steamer is responsible for a storm.

George Washington's conduct in regard to official patronage is an impossibility to-day. Personally, Benjamin Harrison has all the uprightness of Washington.

The probability is that his private life is cleaner than was Washington's. American history hasn't a name whose equivalent is not alive. Goodness abounds; greatness is sufficient.

Put one of these pessimists down among the struggling millions that surrounded any of these individuals that history has selected for immortality, and he would slander that time as he does this, and move his reverence back a few generations more.

The superiority assumed in the ability to see over the heads of contemporaries and prefer historical characters is a miserable affectation. A century from now it will be easier to applaud Emerson and Lowell than it is to-day.

A big heart has honor enough in it to crown both past and present. Chauncey Depew found good enough in us to inspire his periods without tapping any sewer.

The Right Reverend Bishop forgot that political ethics are universally taught. The lesson he sought to teach is luminously written in our literature.

figure, from which in the absorption with his task, has evaporated every trace of affection, as he massacres the weeds and discumbullifies the clods, is quite worth contemplating. But when wrestling with twenty inches of water that threatens to inundate his plantation, he loses his poise.

At a distance one would think him daft, so frantic are his evolutions. Irrigating, he says, is not what it is cracked up to be.

We noted some weeks ago the venture of Messrs. Hamilton and Bolt in house keeping. Like many sublunary things, this venture, commendable in its way, has gone glimmering among the has-beens.

While the young gentlemen bore the experience with fortitude, it was none the less direful. The bloom has gone out of Mr. Bolt's cheek and Mr. Hamilton is out one vigorous mustache.

We have a lively sympathy for these young men. We have regaled ourselves on canned beef-neck, and corned brisquet in our time. We have eaten stag meals, and tried to enliven the rapid and uncrinolined atmosphere of bachelordom with a brisk imagination.

We have tried to wash greasy dishes in cold water, and been brought to a full realization of what a filthy thing a skillet is in which one has fried ham, and what a filthy thing oneself is after having tried to clean the skillet.

The domain of housekeeping is woman's, and woe be to the male mortal that obtrudes therein. Our young friends emerge from their department thinner but wiser.

It is pertinent to remark that housekeeping can be successfully carried on by a man if he will take a woman for a partner.

"He laughs best who laughs last," says friend Imboff. Mr. Clancy's bay tripped himself in a stake-rope, and delivered his rider over his head.

spheres, and whose harmony is as complete as the rainbow's. The parties to a successful marriage are on the pinnacle of human joy. Most people fall short of that.

Most married lives fall short of bliss. But the world is full of good working marriages. Christendom is full of saintly mothers whose love is a holy light forever to their children.

The world is full of homes about whose fireside is found comfort, protection, refuge and sympathy. The world is full of promising children. The world is good, if it is good, because of marriages.

"Shame on the women who will lend their name to discuss such a theme. Shame on the periodicals who will entertain a symposium on such a question.

Should ministers discuss the virtue of the golden rule? Is there a pole star in life that some notoriety-hunting dyspeptic does not accuse of aberration?

"There is but one institution in society that is a success. Men have solved but one problem on earth ultimately. That institution and that problem is marriage.

Marriage is the only social success among men. And I would blast with eternal muteness every babbling tongue that speaks against it.

And I would strip every privilege of womanhood from any woman who lends her name to maintain a doubt of the success of marriage as an institution."

There is a rumor that the Southern Pacific contemplates taking off one of the locals from Colton, making the Flyer a local train, and having it run from Colton to Beaumont as a sort of amphibious conveyance—half freight and half passenger.

never heard of the Blarney stone. It leads the papers of Southern California easily, but dispenses no more smiles than the law allows. Its loftiness sometimes strikes us as surly. But it has taken the Courier to its bosom, and the spectacle of these two pugnacities fondling each other is edifying.

AN OPEN LETTER. To the Hon. Thos. J. Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Sir:—We take this early occasion to address you upon the subject of the Potrero reservation, situated in San Bernardino and San Diego counties in this State, and set apart for the benefit of those certain 219 of the Mission Indians, known as the Potrero Indians, in the hope to reach your mind while it is fresh in its duties, and before it is overwhelmed with the misinformation that prevails anent our situation here.

You may judge of our opportunity for knowing whereof we speak, from the fact that we live within said reservation. The Potrero Indians are harmless, self-sustaining and comparatively civilized.

They do some labor for themselves, but they are capable neither of the method nor prudence necessary to successfully manage considerable properties of their own. They make acceptable laborers under other people's direction, and, as employees, find their steadiest employment and best revenue.

For these 219 Indians, the government has set apart 144 square miles of land. Their village and cultivated lands sits in this reservation like a ship in a sea. Of this tract, from 10,000 to 12,000 acres are arable.

The rest lies on the mountains. Of the arable land, the Indians do not and will not cultivate 200 acres. The bulk of it is a barren waste, from which whites are excluded and which the Indians will not use.

That part of the reservation in the mountains serves no known purpose to the Indians. If open to the whites it might afford opportunity to develop water and mineral. Indians never develop water nor mines, and as it is, the resources of these mountain districts are sealed up.

At the time the reservation was set apart, the government had already granted to the Southern Pacific Railroad the odd-numbered sections of land included in the reservation. Upon the strength of this prior grant, actual settlers had gone onto the desirable odd sections and improved homes.

this District? We are at a loss to conceive any reasonable animus for such an order at this stage. This reservation sits like a nightmare upon this community. It paralyzes our growth; it does the Indians no possible service; it works injustice to settlers; it foments dissatisfaction among citizens and ill feeling toward the Indians. It is acknowledged an absurdity by every representative of your Department who comes here, from Indian Commissioner to local agent. Why is it preserved?

We very earnestly call your attention to this situation, and beg to suggest that in its consideration, the people of this vicinity are quite as capable of giving information as the members of some New England philanthropic society. Some definite settlement of the whole matter is sorely needed. The Indians are confused by the indefiniteness of the situation. An immense bungle exists here where the simplest solution is possible.

We have looked forward with anxious hopes to this administration to lift this reservation, give each Indian a secure and sufficient home, open the country to development and settlement, thus affording the Indian what above all things he needs—ample employment. At no distant date we shall take occasion to outline what seems to us proper to be done in the premises.

Judge Morris cut his pin feathers in judicial experience this week. Two young gentlemen, who figured in the proceeding as namesakes of Messrs. Jno. Doe and Richard Roe of ancient fame, crawled into a loaded box car at Yuma for the purpose of securing shipment as unregistered freight across the Desert.

After going 130 miles across that suburb of Satan, on arriving at Indio they panted for the water brook, and the wily conductor having fastened them in, their only egress was to break out. On arriving at Banning our local and enterprising peace officers were apprised of the enormity, and with characteristic discernment sued out a warrant charging the culprits with burglary.

Constable Carpenter had to proceed to Colton to corral his prisoners, and zealously put in Tuesday night and Wednesday in affording his guests such entertainment as was to be found on our streets and boulevards in the absence of a calaboose.

Barrister Ingelow, who represented the tattered majesty of the law, waxed hospitable and tendered his spacious parlors for the use of the Court. Messengers had been despatched to Messrs. Gilman & Sweeters harvesting outfit, and the Judge had been brought in and exchanged his overalls for the ermine, so as to preside on the occasion with becoming dignity.

(It may be announced that a substitute was found for the Judge's brawny arm, and the barley cutting went right on despite the more serious occupation of a stalwart member of the header outfit.) At nine o'clock and 30 minutes, Wednesday evening, Court was called. The freight conductor testified to the fact that he saw one of the prisoners in Yuma. That he next saw him jumping out of a car on his train at Indio. The car was loaded with candles. No candles missing. The next witness was a brakeman, who, for civil and unaffected ignorance of the matters in hand, was monumental. He could not recognize either prisoner, nor did he know of any car being broken into.

After a passage of verbal pyrotechnics between barrister Ingelow and counsel for the prisoners, this witness was dismissed. The second witness was dismissed with a benignant smile, as he severed that he didn't recognize the prisoners. Barrister I. peremptorily dismissed him and thus closed the testimony of the prisoners simply read the Counsel for the prisoners simply read the section of the code defining burglary to be the breaking into a car, not the getting out of it, when the Court with the decision of a Jeffrey and the gravity of a Webster announced that, "That is about the way it strikes me"—dismissed the case. The prisoners are ahead three good meals, off San Diego county.

Is Marriage a Failure?

At the San Geronio Tolstoi Club's last meeting, Miss Felicity Sharp read a paper on the above theme. Miss Felicity is one of those human spheres complete and unfragmentary from the beginning. She was foreordained a spinster. She needs no irrigation; waters, sourcing in springs far up in bygone generations, that have flowed unheeded down subterranean channels of heredity, rise in her and make her mind a cienega ever moist and fruitful. As cueless for a flirtation as one's grandmother, she is yet sufficient as a companion. She has a sort of sexless sociability that makes her acceptable in society. Masculine in business, she is feminine in tact, and in the Tolstoi club she is a potency.

The paper in question was made up of the observations of a perfectly unbiased observer. With such equanimity as Job might have discussed free trade did she consider the theme. From the paper we cull the following gems: "Of course, generally marriage is a failure. Just as generally poetry is a failure, as generally printing is a failure, or merchandise, or farming, or preaching, or inventing—so matrimonial ventures generally fall on the hither side of success. Successes are the exceptions of life in everything. One can lift his hat to every success he meets and not tire of courtesy. Marriage can be a wretched failure, as a marriage, and still succeed infinitely beyond singleness. Most single people, 30 or upwards, (Miss Sharp is 32) have the mildew of selfishness on their souls.

"What do we mean by asking, Is marriage a failure? What is a successful marriage? The answer to the latter question takes us into heights. A successful marriage is a duet of two souls, whose music is softer than that sung by the

The San Bernardino Courier and Los Angeles Times are doing a little lolligagging that must be restful to two such conservators of graciousness as are responsible for the dispositions of the papers named. We are not on the exchange list of the Courier, but do know of its editor being the most prolific source of rhetoric this side of Fullerton. Pugnacity sits on the visage of Arthur Kearney like audacity on Bob Ingersoll's, and every now and then we run across some rank paragraph from his pen that moves our admiration deeply. Prodigal in exercising his gift of expression, he is no less reckless in his attacks. We see our neighbors squirming under the lash every now and then and have congratulated ourselves on our obscurity. The Los Angeles Times