

horses to their gayest equipages, and were ready to drive all the editors and editresses through the valley. And we have to say that the display of vehicles there assembled proclaimed the El Cajon valley to be the home of the most prosperous and cultivated people that we ever met in a country community. It was our good fortune to take passage in an improvised stage coach drawn by four spirited horses belonging to Mr. J. T. Gordon. Mr. Warren Wilson, of San Diego, was the guide and entertainer of our particular party, and between his hearty conversation and the natural charms of the country, we spent three memorable hours. We went through immense raisin vineyards, avenues of cypress, pepper and gum, through orchards of orange, apricot, apple, and olive, through groves of eucalyptus, and grounds tastefully laid out. At Mr. R. J. Pennell's, we were "liquidated" in a thoroughly hospitable manner. At Mr. Gordon's we were shown through his home. Here on a commanding knoll, 15 miles from a considerable town, in the midst of 300 acres in fruit, rose a stately mansion with elegant furnishings and roomy apartments, the home at once of enterprise and domestic philosophy. The memory of the cordial welcome we received there abides with us.

The trip back was uneventful. The press of San Diego capped the entire situation with a banquet to the visiting editors at the Hotel Florence on Thursday evening. Mr. Bryant Howard presided at his right sat vice-president Holt, in the absence of Col. Ayers; at his left sat the Mayor of San Diego; off to the southwest in easy reach of all edibles and drinkables sat the representative of THE HERALD and round about sat the rest. Banquets are banquets. Things are eaten, things are drunk, and speeches are made. The program of eloquence was entertaining. There were more talkers than there was time.

Thus ended an entirely successful and delightful occasion. We have made a record of the business done. It wouldn't interest laymen. By the generous people of San Diego we were taught in the art of hospitality, and from what we regard as the fountain head we drank of the dauntless enthusiasm that has been magic in this land, and will be miraculous in the time to come.

ON THE SIDE.

Mr. L. T. Fisher, of the Santa Monica Outlook, is a veteran in the service. Born a gentleman, he has a genial wit, a discrimination that makes his friendship a compliment, and the sterling qualities of true principle. We got him on our list.

Mr. Frank Kimball is an electric battery of vigor. He was ubiquitous with the party, and had altogether too much the air of business for anybody to suppose he got his support out of the impoverishment of journalism.

Everybody wanted to see Mr. Babcock, the man who built the big hotel. He finally turned up. He is a pocket edition—very neatly bound, and seems to contain within his covers a select sort of wisdom, and the compact darning of a projectile.

On Wednesday evening Mr. J. D. Schuyler, the engineer of the Sweetwater dam, took dinner in The Coronado, and circulated among the editors. He might be characterized as a household edition. We have had the fortune to learn the secret of his liberal proportions: The heart he carries couldn't be gotten into smaller compass. The Sweetwater dam is a noble monument to his genius; among the engineers on this continent his opinion is an authority. He is consulted on almost every project of hydraulic engineering in the country, and is now engaged in supervising the most stupendous irrigating scheme yet undertaken—that on Bear river, in Utah, which proposes to irrigate 500,000 acres of land.

Mayor Gunn, of San Diego, has a terse and composed style of talking that was

gratuitous. Some men talk like the Santa Ana river runs in flood time; their speech spreads everywhere, is in rapids here and in pools there, but always turbid. Others have a contained oratory, that has a cemented channel and runs purposeful and powerful directly to its destination. Of the latter kind was Mayor Gunn's.

Capt. Frend, of the San Diego, held the light whenever he was about. If anybody was witty he trumped his card, and the bottom of his hilarity wasn't found during our stay. He was dapper as a dude, omnipresent as a flea, and charged with sparkling repartee like a pop-bottle.

Deacon Clarke, of the Ontario Record, won his spurs at the banquet. He was called on to respond to that ante-diluvian toast, "the ladies." He responded in a decidedly neat speech, that was as refreshing as it was unstudied. We commend Bro. Clarke to all lovers of post-prandial oratory.

We affiliated much on the trip with Bro. Blackburn, of the Ontario Observer. We went up and down with him, and he seemed harmless enough. It was not until on the ride home that, mentioning some scientific matter, we were immediately plunged into a burning crater of scientific controversy. Lo, and behold! here was a man who dissolved the universe with the chemistry of thought. As the angel led Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego through the fiery furnace, so Bro. Blackburn led us through a surging chaos. We were amazed to find a mind whose ostensible business was to trickle news into a weekly newspaper, that was brooding over the universe like a creative spirit. Bro. Blackburn is no mere pencil shaver. He is a scientist, and we regard his future as great.

A Short Lay Sermon.

To the individuals who find amusement in horse-play:

Some people have a great deal of fun on very slender provocation. A man can be correctly gauged by the things that amuse him. The progress of the race is marked by the evolution of its games. Young races and young individuals are entertained by the exercise of animal spirits. Let a boy or a savage make a big noise and indulge in violent exercise, and he is delighted. In that period when youth blossoms into its most extravagant folly, college days, amusements are the silliest. We have known young students to parade the streets at night, blowing horns and sawing on cat-calls till the din was hideous, and fancy they were having a glorious time. Such pastimes are on a level with the gambols of young lambs and the cavortings of horses newly let to pasture. They are the ebullition of simple animal spirits, unredeemed by anything intelligent.

When manhood gets settled on a being, his brain assumes control. A grimace ceases to be humor; a noise is no longer diverting; violent physical exercise does not throw him into a delirium of joy. His brain must be addressed or his emotions reached before he is entertained. Infancy is infancy, and the things that pertain thereto are childish, no matter by whom done. It is not an uncommon thing to see the form of a man practicing the nonsense of a child. Physical and mental growth are not always together. Intellect asserts itself most conspicuously in a young man in the abandonment of his puerilities. But some men never mature.

To solid manhood there is attached a dignity as inseparably as heat to light. This dignity is utterly incompatible with anything boisterous or rampant. A man of dignity never descends to infantile horseplay. Athletics and all manly sports are proper; tomfoolery, not. There is no such thing as being a man one hour, and a buffoon another. A rational man has rational amusements, and those in the community capable of forming an esteem worth having, never estimate anybody above his diversions.

Mrs. Kitty C. & H., the feline matron of the livery stable, fell seriously ill last Sunday. Her many friends were concerned, and we have it from an eye witness that she died four times within one hour. It was supposed by some that she got hold of a poisoned squirrel—by others that she stuck her nose too near the bung of one of Sweeter's empty whisky barrels. Whatever the cause of it, the sad calamity of her death was happily averted and we are glad to pronounce her about again, and ready to resume her domestic duties to which she is uncommonly devoted.

The market is well supplied with watermelons; consequently a season of rejoicing prevails among that select and fortunate class who like that luscious fruit, and carry stomachs capable of handling it. The rich red heart of a watermelon is one of the most delectable sights we ever dropped eyes on, and in the days when we revelled in fancies of a material heaven, our most ecstatic dream was of a time when, with pinions folded, we should recline on emerald robes in the coolest precincts of glory, and immesh our seraphic fingers in the hearts of watermelons as big as canoes and as sweet as ambrosia.

We take pleasure in making public an expression of our thanks to Mr. M. G. Kelley for the satisfactory manner in which he edited our local column last week. While his modest soul said it had "gone to the Devil," the universal sentiment of our subscribers is that if that be the fact, his Satanic majesty is a natural born reporter. Mr. Kelly's offices in the matter made our attendance at the Editorial Association possible; so to him we tender at once our compliments and our gratitude.

The Indian School.

On Wednesday afternoon we took occasion to visit the Indian school at the Potrero village, presided over by the government teacher, Miss Sarah Morris. We have said before that this school is the one spot of relief in our whole Indian situation. For some reason—probably to establish the general rule of x —its general stupidity by at least one exception—the government has a flourishing and really useful school under the management of an entirely capable teacher.

The school room is a comfortably seated apartment, 18x30 feet, with modern school seats. Blackboards and charts are on the walls, and 28 exceptionally diligent pupils kept alive the old-time school-room hum. A bright little chap of five with fat cheeks was alert as a cricket and busy as a bee. From him up the gradation in age was complete to a 19-year-old grass widow, who giggled in a back seat, allee samee white girl. Several shades of complexion were represented, from that lustreless dusky hue of the full-blooded Indian to a bright mulatto. But one shade of the blackest hair was there, and every eye in the room was coal black. There were coarse faces and comely ones—one little maiden indeed with soft eyes would have been a real beauty to a romancer. An extreme diffidence possesses the children and it is with difficulty that they are made to recite audibly. Most of the scholars understand all that their teacher says in English, and two can talk the language with ease—but the bulk of the scholars stolidly refuse to converse. We heard the little six and eight-year-olds read from the blackboard with readiness. The older ones, not having had the privileges of early training, appear at a disadvantage. But the writing of all, as it is shown on their slates, is remarkably good. Three of the oldest girls went to the board and wrote 10 words, beginning with brilliant. The writing was excellent that of one young lady being elegant. One of them correctly spelled every word—two of them missed one word. When the geography class was called, no globe was in sight. We were informed by the teacher that she had entreated for one in vain. We beg to suggest to those in authority that an educational equipment

that hasn't gotten far enough to provide globes for geography classes is neither creditable nor thorough. Of all people the Indians are to be taught through objects. The teacher asked the three girls mentioned above to compose and write two or three sentences about the visitor. These were written: "Mr. Munson come to visit the school today;" "Mr. Munson was in the school house this afternoon, and he tide his horse to a tree;" "Mr. Munson rides on his horse and he ties on the tree and she comes in the school to see the childrens." We give these little details to convey a definite notion of the progress the Indian children are making. This was the work of the most advanced pupils.

The children have begun speaking English upon the playground. Occasionally one will say, "Come, let's go home" or some other simple speech. Most of the children were neat in dress and clean. The girls wore calico dresses and apparently had a simple program of underwear. One of the oldest boys, with starched shirt and collar, had a boutonniere. All but two or three older boys were barefoot.

The work being done is good. Its effect will not be so apparent in these children as it will in their children's children. If a schooling of this generation can so accustom it to a schoolhouse that the next generation will feel at home there, a good step will be made. There is, however, in this school an exceptionally bright boy. He is 10 years old, never went to school until this year, and now reads in the Fourth Reader and has advanced to long division in arithmetic.

The school year ends this week. Miss Morris has applied herself to the work with a conscientious devotion. It has not been a labor lightened by applause or appreciation. It has been an endeavor to extract metal from rebellious ore. It has been a stupendous task for her fortitude and her patience. She has lived alone at the Potrero. And we take pleasure in making of record these facts, in commending her work to the gratitude of all humanitarians, and her character to the regard of all. She proposes to take an excursion along the coast during her vacation. May the satisfaction of a deserved rest come to her, and bountiful pleasure attend her steps.

We append a letter received by her from an Indian pupil of Miss Noble in another village, which she visited some time ago. It is written in a beautiful hand. We reproduce spelling and punctuation exact.

"SOBABA, CALIF. }
June 20th, '89. }

Miss Morris—

Dear unknown friend. This afternoon my teacher told me to write a composition about the feast we had last week what we call a San Antonio feast. We had a good time dancing for two nights and races in the day time and running after the rooster. The Cabuilla men came in and brought five race horses. The dancing was started Friday night and in the morning we began with races we won three races before it was noon and then they did not want to have any more races for they did not have enough money for another one. The race was over about twelve o'clock and then we buried a rooster and hung for it. The Cabuilla men were the best to hang and one of them pulled it up. His name was Jesus Miguel and we were intending to play a match ball against the Cabuilla men but they did not play. On Sunday the Mexican men came and so we set up a races against them. A man named Jose Terrores was the owner of the horse and the horse on our side was Tomas Jauros and the Indian horse won.

We won five races when the feast was over.

Your true unknown friend
JOSEPH A. LEON.

We are indebted to some generous friend for a copy of the Fargo Daily Republican, containing accounts of a celebration in that arctic region. We never read of any sort of festivities in those drear latitudes without astonishment at the resources of the human system. Besides furnishing enough animal heat to resist the assaults of the elements, it has

reserve force enough to pump up enthusiasm to celebrate with. Indeed we are wonderfully made.

Mrs. T. E. Fraser received an addition to her zoological collection this week in the shape of a hairless puppy from Mexico. The little fellow is the size of a young cotton-tail, has a top-knot of gray hair on his brow and a wisp of it on the end of his tail, has a hide like an ancient Indian's except for flesh-colored spots, and is as cute as a kitten. Beside the German mastiff, Dixie, he cuts a small figure. One snap of Dixie's massive jaws would make a ball of sausage of little Jop in a twinkling.

Mr. M. G. Kelly laid aside his home-spun, raked the hay seed and pollen from the watermelon blossoms from his hair, and went to town on Saturday. He got homesick for the shade of the plum trees before the day was over, and didn't go to sleep on Friday night until he went down and crooned a lullaby to his favorite watermelon vine. The burden of his song was "The sweet bye-and-bye."

Somewhat about "Bar."

In the early days, the country about Banning was almost teeming with bear. Both the grizzly and the cinnamon were found here. While our credulity was not quite equal to Daniel Sexton's evidence as to their numbers, it is a fact that bear abounded hereabouts, and in the minds of old settlers are stored many thrilling recollections of them.

Nobody in this section knows more of the haunts and habits of the native wild animals than Mr. Frank Smith, of White-water. Since boyhood he has hunted through the mountains of California and Arizona, and could some potent spirit wake from the land of shade all the beings whose death message came from the lips of his trusty rifle, we doubt not it would make a congregation that would put to shame Baruum's menagerie, and be an astounding testimony of the prowess of one man. A few evenings since we entertained Mr. Smith into our sanctum and interviewed him upon bear. To illustrate how numerous they were, he said that about 20 years ago he and a Mexican were watching cattle up in the Hathaway canyon. They had built a scaffolding up to sleep on, and had a ladder leading from that up a sycamore tree. During one night five bears went under the scaffold.

Bear oil or grease is a better substance to use in cooking than either butter or lard. Mr. Smith has rendered from 10 to 15 gallons of oil from one bear. His first encounter with a bear, as told in his own language is as simple as it is graphic:

"The party that was with me was old Billy Gaston; the locality was in the lower end of Bear Valley. It was in the year 1858, when the Holcomb valley mines were discovered. We both started out from camp in the morning hunting, and separated. I went up on a little flat, not over three-fourths of a mile from our camp. Out in an open spot of about 50 acres surrounded by chaparral, in the middle was a bear digging into a rat or gopher hole. Every little while he would get up on the dirt he had dug out of the hole, and look down into it with his head cocked to one side. While he was down digging, I crawled out toward him; when he would get up to look at his work, I would lie still. Going that way I got up to within 60 yards of him, and then when he raised up to look down I shot him with my muzzle-loading rifle. When I shot him he fell down and rolled about on the ground, and growled and bit his side. Then he got up and looked around to see where the shot came from. I was lying still in the grass which was about a foot high; after looking awhile he took a bee line for me—just as straight as you could point your finger. His hair was all turned the wrong way, and as he walked he jammed his fore feet down into the ground. I think he was hot. He came up within about a rod or 20 feet of me. I lay perfectly still. I did not think he saw me. But just about the time that I had