

concluded to break and run, he stopped and turned square around and walked back to the hole where he had been digging. He sat down there a minute, and his head began to drop down like he was nodding. Then he walked off into the chaparral, and I got up and went back to camp. I waited there till Gaston came in. I told him what I had done, and with his two dogs we started back to track the bear up. Not more than 40 feet inside the chaparral we found him dead. He was a he grizzly, and after we skinned and dressed him, he weighed 1160 pounds. That was the biggest bear I ever saw killed, and was the first one I ever shot at."

Mr. Smith told an amusing incident that happened up in the Cajon Pass. The parties are well known, as is also the story among the old timers.

"There was a fellow named George Day, who lived above old George Garner's place in the Cajon canyon. Old Day had a little dairy ranch there, and one day a bear came down and killed one of his cows out on pasture. We were down at old George Garner's. Old Day came down and told us of the bear's killing his cow, and we agreed to go up that night, watch for the bear and kill it, and he could sell the meat and get pay for his cow. About dark we got together and went up to Days, but he wasn't there. We waited till 11 o'clock and he didn't turn up, and as we didn't know where the cow was, we went back home. The next day young Henry Garner mounted his horse and rode out looking after stock. On his rounds about 10 o'clock he ran across Day up in a tree. It seems that old Day had gone back after telling us of the bear, and gone out to kill it himself, so as to get all the meat without dividing. He got up in this tree near the cow's carcass, and when the bear came down he shot at it and killed it. But being uncertain whether it was dead or not, he kept pumping lead at it till his ammunition was all gone; and then he was afraid to get down for fear the bear would get up and take after him. He had been in the tree all night, the bear meat had spoiled, and he was the loser all around."

At this point he refused to gratify our curiosity any further, but promised at some future date to give us another page of frontier experience.

A Manly Stand.

When we wrote the article upon the action of the Baptists in selecting a minister, which appeared in last week's issue, we had not been able to interview Mr. Gaston whom they retained. At the earliest opportunity we met him, and were pleased to find him a man who responds to a reasonable appeal. The sentiment of the interviews published last week, has demonstrated that there is more substance and force in our Church Aid Society than many thought. From the beginning we have met doubters who prophesied that the movement would be a failure. We meet them yet, and even Mr. Gaston has no faith in its success, for the very conclusive reason that "oil and water will not mix." But no new project of consequence was ever born unattended by the groans of predictors of failure. The reason assigned against our scheme is that the different denominations will not cohere in following any pastor. For the credit of the Christian sentiment of this community, we have denied this; and we now say that, if the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Presbyterians, and all other denominations in this community cannot unite freely in the support of a common pastor for us all, the spirit of Christ is dead within them, and they are worse than money-changers—they are miserable partisans in the temple of God. All that is necessary for the success of our Union movement, is for every denominationalist to say "For the upbuilding of the cause of Christ in this community, and to erect a pulpit whose voice shall be acceptably heard by all the souls here, I will submit my individual preference, if necessary, to the united wish of this

people." Is that so violent an effort for a professing Christian? Our confidence in the Society rests on our faith in the Christians of Banning. And that faith will not be disappointed. But we are threshing old straw. Mr. Gaston upon being fully advised concerning our situation here, says that he will not do anything to interfere with the Union project, and that so soon as our committee secures a minister, he will resign his charge. We confess that is just what we expected. In our mind no other course would have been manly, and we should have deplored the spectacle of a minister whose soul was too little to rise to that conclusion. We shake hands with Mr. Gaston. And we predict that as years of service against the evils of this world broaden his views with that tolerance that comes with experience, he will applaud the manly stand he has taken in this matter. We trust our committee will continue their efforts, without undue haste and with all discrimination, to find a minister for the Aid Society.

REWARD:—THE HERALD will be given free for one year to the party who brings to this office the largest watermelon of the season. The conditions of the contest are that the melon be left at the HERALD office for two hours for our inspection, weight and flavor to determine the superiority. For this business we are always at home.

On Friday afternoon the beauty of Beaumont flashed along our avenues again. It does not seem to be generally known that THE HERALD office is in room seven of The Banning. We are somewhat sensitive, and feel the omission of any important delegation to visit us. And when an ungallant company of young ladies come to town, we are especially solicitous that they call and give us an opportunity to interview them on the climate, fruit and other delectables of the place. The young men of the town unanimously abandoned business, and got on the streets.

The Branch Insane Asylum.

As the time for the meeting of the commission to locate the Branch Insane Asylum approaches, those who fear disappointment begin to thunder their threats. Heretofore, the San Bernardino papers have been self-constituted champions of the commission. If the Asylum was to be located in this county, of course it would be about San Bernardino. For Gov. Waterman has interests thereabouts, and the president of the commission is a San Bernardino man, and the Los Angeles member of the commission is interested in the San Bernardino valley, and above and beyond all, the loud and potent voices of the newspapers of San Bernardino are omnipotent in the premises. Who would provoke their wrath? The Courier of Wednesday devotes two columns to the most bare-faced piece of bluff and bulldozing we ever saw. It claims omniscience as to the commissioners' doings. It says, "We have posted ourselves from top to bottom on every entanglement, every intrigue, every hitch, every obstacle, every scheme, every piece of selfish, sharp practice, every phase connected with the proceedings. We know exactly how every member of the commission stands. We know exactly the influences actuating every member." Anywhere but in the Courier's columns, this would be called drivel. There however it is not an uncommon display. But what of it? Suppose cavalymen Kearney knows these wonderful things, what is he going to do with them? Is it that there is a threat in this conceited manifesto? Does he mean to say that if the commission does not act to suit him, he will tell some bad tales?

A commission is soon to meet to deliberate for the welfare of generations of unfortunates. It is a commission of the State of California. Immediately in advance of their meeting, a prominent newspaper by professing to know things whose

disclosure would be calamitous, attempts to coerce that commission. The article is an insult to every man on the commission. The editor not only assumes to know everything about the commission, but it also claims to know the Governor's sentiments. Since when did Governor Waterman commit his official judgment to a Democratic newspaper's keeping?

As citizens of this county, we are glad that the Asylum is to be within our borders, and are sure the verdict of all men will approve the commission's selection in that regard; but we deeply deplore that the commission cannot meet, to deliberate upon the site, in our midst, without being affronted by a threat of black mail. We need not assure the commission that the Press of this State is at service and at their back, and they need fear no ruffianism.

The Coronado Hotel and "The Banning."

It is probable that you could take The Banning, set the entire caravansary down in the dining room of The Coronado, and without interfering with the progress of a meal, use it for a sideboard. "The Banning" has no electric light, no salt water baths, no elevators, no orchestra. Yet there are a number of us here who, were we tendered the hospitality of Mr. Babcock's imperial resort, would decline in favor of The Banning.

Why, do you ask? You say the Pacific rolls its homage a thousand leagues to tender it at The Coronado's feet, and its blue plains flash in Neptune's hundred liveries unceasingly before her windows. Yes, that is so. You say that The Coronado's guests live in an atmosphere of elegance. True also. You say it is cool in summer and warm in winter at The Coronado, as it is in no other spot in this Union. True again. We confirm all you say or can say of the refined and varied entertainment a guest may enjoy within the urban presincts of The Coronado. And we recommend you to go there and stay there as your means will allow. For you are a man with sound lungs. You need diversion and rest.

But we, whose throats or lungs have succumbed to the rigors of a northern clime, prefer to breathe the elixir that makes the atmosphere of this mountain Pass. Instead of your heaving sea, we have the majestic mountains. Their peaks wear an eternal calm; they are necklaced with zones of pine forests, and on their ample breasts and shoulders are valleys, slopes and canyons as varied and interesting as the complexions of the ocean. The sun is a mere acquaintance of yours; the first shaft he sends over San Jacinto Peak hits our window, and the last ray emitted as he sinks behind the western hills rests on our veranda. There is no penumbra to our day. We have no morning twilights that last till noon. You in your vigor relish a day when the ocean weaves a canopy of cloud which the sun cannot dissipate until noon. We, less strong, want twelve hours of sun every day.

You like the air laden with the breath of the sea. We want it dried by the kiln of the Desert, and rarified by our altitude. The Coronado is the place for sound lungs. The Banning is the place for weak ones. There are a score of people in this village, hearty and useful, who could rest only in Coronado's cemetery.

And to the army of tourists coming to Southern California we say: *Those of you who come to renew weak lungs, come to The Banning.*

A New Way of Raising Watermelons.

Horticulturist Kelley, as he watched and hoed and irrigated his melon patch was impressed with the tedious process of nature. His mouth watered with anticipation as he dreamed of the red-hearted fruit, and his bowels yearned for the luscious repast; but his vines kept no pace with his desires. Consumed thus

with impatience, as bathed in perspiration he returned one evening from his daily toil, his eye kindled at sight of two ripe melons cooling in the basin of the hotel fountain. A guilful smile broke like a sunbeam beneath his auburn moustache, as an inspiration swept like an east wind through the corridors of his intellect. Suppressing a smile, he clothed his lofty features with their accustomed veil of innocence and went through the usual evening's diversions.

After all was still at night, and everybody at rest, he stole gently down and captured a melon. He hid it in his trunk and slept the dreamless sleep of a guileless youth.

In the morning the ladies were lamenting the loss of the melon. No one was so sorry nor so sympathetic as The Horticulturist. His blue eyes grew tearful and his voice softened over the enormity of the offense. He went about his duties tending to feast on his ill-gotten melon at a later hour.

Finally he called a friend and went to his room. His step was heavy with import, and his countenance shone with satisfaction. Gleeful smiles gamboled all over his visage, and beads of cooling joy stood on the lining of his stomach. Looking his door, he expanded with triumph. Going to his trunk he lifted out his treasure, wrapt in a towel, and was overjoyed to find it so cool. He laid it down, unrolled the covering, then started as if an electric shock had gone through him. Slowly he became petrified into a statue of despair. His eye had fallen on a fine circular cut on the side of the melon. Some dexterous had cut a hole in the rind, disemboweled the melon, stuffed paper into it, and neatly replaced and pinned the piece of rind. The cut was hint enough for him to guess the rest. He gasped once, rolled his eyes, and then broke into a laugh, the ghostliest that ever came through teeth. His jaw fell like the rear end of an express wagon. And for three days he dragged a smileless way among his comrades. He learned this

MORAL:—He, who would circumvent women, must wear a moustache more than six months old.

The Rialto Rabbit Drive.

The stupendous yarns told of rabbit drives in Kern and Fresno counties broke the back of our credulity, but left intact our curiosity to see one of those freaks of sport. So when we heard of the Rialto drive, we gently touched Dr. Farrabee with the tendrils of our eagerness to go. He responded with true Southern generosity, and invited us to join him on the occasion. On arriving at Colton Thursday morning, the Doctor turned us over to the considerate, capable and hospitable care of those two gallant gentlemen, Col. Preston and Maj. Pickett. In a comfortable surrey we repaired to the seat of war, which turned out to be a few rods this side of Pasadena. Here the assembled hundreds stretched themselves in a north and south line facing east, for two miles, and began the march across country to the corral northwest of Rialto. The company was mixed. Small boys afoot and on ponies, people in buggies, carts, carriages and buckboards, young men and a lady or so on horseback. Everybodys had a stick. A few marshals rode up and down the line without much effect. The way led through loose chaparral, easily driven over, young orange groves, and cleared ground. After a mile's progress, symptoms of rabbits began to break out. Creatures with wings on their heads and lean gray bodies, would leap into sight and disappear in the brush ahead like flying fish. At last the ball was opened by a daring rabbit breaking for the rear. He went through a gap in the crowd like a rifle ball through a barn door, and was free. The ranks became alert. As the march progressed, gray phantoms shot across open places ahead, and oc-

asionally one stormed the line. Our hosts having provided the transportation, we volunteered to furnish the exercise for our party. Our weapon was the Colonel's redoubtable cane—the same one that flashed in the memorable charge up Black's canyon. It looked easy, as a jackrabbit came consuming distance right toward you, to knock him down; and it would have been easy if we could have hit him. Imagine a yelling crowd trying to surround one bewildered rabbit, and the rabbit fronting every point of the compass six times in a second. Then fancy him making straight for the chivalrous writer. We do not ask you to imagine the triumphant feeling that animated us then, nor the extent of country thereabouts where a man could strike without hurting the rabbit. A dozen times we found ourselves so situated. We smote to the right, we smote to the left, we ran, we sprawled, we mowed greasewood with that cane, and threw it over acres of space. That country will long bear the marks of our prowess on that day; but not a rabbit did we harm. It is amazing how expert the animal is in getting missed. The noise of that cane as it hurtled through the air was a death note for anything in the way, but that didn't affect the rabbit. Other men fell down on rabbits and killed them. It was the day for the awkward man. We are convinced, though, that real skill and daring and genuine adroitness and agility should stay at home from a rabbit drive. On the way to the corral a hundred or two rabbits were killed.

When we got to the corral not a rabbit was left. The line had not kept intact. The management was stupid. Rialto may grow oranges successfully—it certainly cannot raise generals. There were enough blue-sashed marshalls to run a political procession, but they did not understand the maneuvers of a rabbit drive. We brought away an acre and a-half of Rialto soil, the remnants of a suit of clothes, a considerably lacerated system, but the recollections of one of the jolliest days we ever spent. We hope to be invited to the next.

The last man who met us with the query, "Is it hot enough?" hasn't been heard from. Before it was fairly out of his mouth, we hit him a blow that shattered windows for blocks, and the fragments of him are floating in the sunbeams hereabouts yet. In the warm wards of kingdom come he is likely satisfied that it is hot enough.

Things are moving in Banning. The foundation for the new Industrial School is going in, the gang of Chinamen are at work at the brick yard, a threshing outfit of 15 men is dotting the Pass with piles of fat barley sacks, whisperings of great things are in the air, and all the time there rolls down from Greyback's pine-clad shoulders an exhaustless stream of the finest water.

The overland trains from the East, after a day's run from Yuma, are a sorry looking outfit. Emigrants are half clad and dirty as coal heavers; train men are wrung dry; Pullman passengers have forgotten the virtue of starch and the punctilities of refined decency, and from the way everybody patronized the small boy peddling fruit it is easily known that the whole crew has been far from green pastures.

Last Saturday we entertained the temperature of Yuma for 24 hours. The thermometers in town got dizzy climbing the unfrequented heights, and registered everywhere from 100 degrees upward. Such margin of consideration as was left in us after deploring our own frying fate, was employed in sympathy for the unfortunates sizzling in the San Bernardino valley. The whole family of winds were away from home. The air settled down like an Oklahoma squatter, and simmered in the valley like boiling water. A breath