

very widely known in business and political circles in Southern California, and the regard in which he is held by his fellow citizens, is measured directly by the extent of their acquaintance with him. In company with his accomplished wife, Mr. North arrived in Banning last Sunday, having driven through from Riverside. He spent the forepart of the week with us. He is associated with Mr. Richard Gird, of Chino, in the ownership of a large ranch northeast of Banning, from which they were evicted by the government in its mistaken zeal for the Indians. The HERALD, on the occasion of a recent visit to Riverside, was the recipient of courtesies and attentions from Mr. North, which we here beg to acknowledge and thank him for, and say that it is not sufficient to call our experience at that time a delight—it was a distinction. Knowing the interest our readers would have in what Mr. North had to say of our country, the HERALD solicited his views. His thorough acquaintance with all Southern California, the adaptability of its soils, and horticultural matters in general, constitute him an expert. We asked him how he regarded the resources and prospects of Banning and vicinity. He answered that he had always had faith in Banning's prosperous future. While its soil does not suffer in comparison with that of the rich valleys nearer the coast, it had peculiar advantages. First, its water supply is more abundant than most other new colonies of this section. Banning has living streams of the purest water, in plenty to irrigate thousands of acres. As time goes on this advantage will be more appreciated. (Mr. North is President of the Riverside Water Company, and knows what water is. Ed.) Secondly, our elevation and location are favorable to the production of certain fruits that can be grown in select places only, and are rarer, and therefore surer of a market. Cherries, prunes, apples, currants and gooseberries can be raised in Banning. Cherries are grown in few places in the southern portion of the State. Our markets are supplied from about San Francisco. Kansas and Oregon apples are now supplying the Los Angeles markets. All the fruits named must have their special localities, and in Southern California these are scarce. Besides, apples and prunes can be cared for by the producer himself; the smaller fruits named can be readily marketed. Banning land, therefore, with its peculiar capacities, comes second only to lands in the citrus belt. Next to orange growing, the fruits that Banning is peculiarly adapted for, are the ones that can be produced most profitably. In answer to our question as to whether he considered Banning land high at from \$150 to \$200 per acre, Mr. North said decidedly, not. With water on it was cheap and a bargain. In reply to the Indian question he had much to say. He considers the Reservation here an absurdity and an immense injustice. The suit which he and Mr. Gird had brought against the Indians, he confidently expected to win. When he and Mr. Gird were evicted from their ranch, they had arrangements all completed for setting out a large number of trees, and establishing a great fruit ranch. In the planting and care of this, they expected to employ the Potrero Indians. The employment thus given

them on the fruit ranch would have been of incalculable more benefit to the Indians than they can derive from the whole tract otherwise. At that time, although Mr. Gird and he held a State patent for section 36, on which the Indian village is located, they were not disposed to, and had no intention of disturbing the Indians. But since the government has been so uncompromising in its hostility, and driven them from their upper ranch, to which they have an undoubted right, they propose to fight their case for all it is worth.

Mr. North was here with his attorney, Mr. Otis, looking over the situation.

A GOOD MAN GONE.

On Tuesday, the people of Banning attended to its last resting place the remains of Charles W. Martin. Such regard as can be expressed for a man at his obsequies, was never more spontaneously given than by our people at Charlie Martin's burial. In the few years during which he had lived in this community, he won not only the people's respect, but their love. No man can recall his face without seeing it illumined with a tender kindness. Those who knew him well say that he was absolutely incapable of a deliberate wickedness. He was but 28 years old, having been born September 6, 1860, in Monroe county, Mo. He leaves a wife and children. However simple may be a man's life, it becomes heroic at its close. The greatness of the great tragedy lends itself to every character in it. As we gaze at the dark portal through which the spirit has gone, its inscriptionless front baffles our questioning. The only thing living that the departed leave us is our memory of them. And to that we turn our baffled thoughts. Blessed are those whose dead leave behind them sweet memories. Of Charlie Martin, as truly as of any man we ever knew, it can be said that no heart wears a scar of his making; and no unfriendly thought of him exists. Dishonor never knew him. Useful every well day of his manhood, true to every obligation, and gentle every intelligent breath of his life, he has left to his own, and to us all, a precious and fragrant memory.

Through his long illness his neighbors were full of kindness, and we are requested by his wife and father and brothers to tender their heartfelt gratitude to all.

Pursuant to the terms of an election wager, Mr. Chas. Ingelow now wears Mr. Barker's Harrison tile. But the glory of the thing has fled, and in its place is a remarkable piece of art. Before putting it to the low purpose of adorning a Democrat, Mr. Barker decorated it with stars and stripes, done in the most approved shade of black. Its aspect is somewhere between that of a coon's tail and the smoke-stack of a Mississippi steamboat.

The Bryant House is plumbing itself and arranging to deplume a whole barnyard, for Thanksgiving dinner. As a bill of fare for that gracious occasion, it announces turkey, with cranberry sauce, chicken, roast beef, pumpkin and mince pie, plum pudding, with the appropriate packing of vegetables and sauces. It is contemplated that a large number of guests will take advantage of this opportunity to enjoy the delights of a Thanksgiving dinner, gotten up under the experienced and skillful superintendence of Mrs. Crosley.

On last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Hanna gave a tea-party on the occasion of the visit of Mrs. Wilson Hays and the proximate birthday of Mrs. Creal. The guests were Mesdames Carpenter, Mackey, Yerington, Hays and Crosley. It was the hour for matrons. Every guest but one was a grandmother, and all were enhaled with the glory of maternity. Youth has its freshness and vivacity, but to our sober taste, the ripe autumnal repose that sits in the face of the mother of a man is the sweetest sight on earth. The only greater thing on earth than a great man is a great man's mother.

Mr. G. E. Otis, of Redlands, of the firm of Curtis & Otis, attorneys, spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Banning. He called on THE HERALD. Mr. Otis is as genial as June, and is wit plays like fireworks. We cannot forbear repeating one of his flashes. On THE HERALD office wall is a lithograph representing Grover Cleveland after the fight. The bandana binds up his wounded eye, splashes of blood are on his linen and flies are all over him. The picture suggested the handkerchief feature of the campaign, of which Mr. Otis remarked that it was questionable whether we should encourage our patriotic citizens to blow their noses on the flag; that the great difficulty with the bandana lay in the fact that the ordinary Democrat didn't know what it was for.

Mr. G. Olivis Newman, the well-known engineer of Riverside, spent Tuesday in Banning. Besides being a most genial gentleman, Mr. Newman is a thorough believer in the new process of healing called Christian Science. He is sure a good Christian scientist can think a malady clear out of a sick man, into the limbo of nowhere.

Mr. M. G. Kelley, of Minneapolis, Minn., saw by THE HERALD that Banning was the best place in America to spend the winter, and came on to see. He arrived on Wednesday night.

There appears to be a little more benevolent zeal lying around loose in Banning than can be utilized. There is an organization of our ladies, with a name too big and long for us to remember, that has gotten itself into the unique position of having more assets than it knows what to do with. At the head of the inventory stands a silk quilt. Some months ago, some fertile brain conceived the idea of combining all the art, eccentricity, benevolence and scrap silk of the community into a crazy quilt. Many old drawers were ransacked, many pink and philanthropic fingers pricked and tired, and much labor consumed in carrying out the notion. But the work was finally done—the quilt in all its distorted beauty was completed. Then came the question what to do with it. Nobody wanted to buy it at any price that would be any remuneration. The principles of the ladies wouldn't permit them to raffle it off, and so the quilt has remained, an inert and inalienable monument of enterprise, humanity and confusion. Some hard soul had the audacity to suggest that the ladies should have thought what a white elephant the quilt would be, be-

fore they made it; but we repel such a suggestion as utterly impious and ungallant.

The Los Angeles Times claims much of the credit of the great Republican victory because of its publication of the Murchison letter. We beg to suggest, with becoming modesty, the fact that four years ago the Banning HERALD was unheard, and its party got left, while this year the hills hereabouts have echoed to our patriotic voice, and our party got there.

THANKSGIVING.

The custom of annually setting aside a day for the entire Nation to be thankful in, is time-honored. Identified with it, are so many delightful things that it must be a ruthless hand that could be raised to disturb it. Yet the shadow of a wish has sometimes come to us that the day were dedicated for something other than Thanksgiving. We could not spare the day for anything. Our National holidays are too few. But the object of Thanksgiving day is not precisely a regulatable holiday object.

Gratitude is as delicate a flower as blooms in the soul. It cannot be forced—no hand sows the seed of it. The wilful winds of human impulse drop the seed and its growth is spontaneous as the birth of a summer cloud. Yet on such a date we are directed to be thankful.

A contagion may have swept the homes of fair Florida, yet Thanksgiving day is not postponed. Southeastern Kansas may be aghast at the awful spectacle of scores of disfigured bodies being drawn from the mouth of a coal pit, yet the people are to return thanks. Gratitude ceases to be gratitude when it becomes perfunctory. You cannot pump up gratitude as you can water. You cannot be grateful because you ought to, any more than you can feel gay because you must smile. The sense of thankfulness can be cultivated, and no finer sentiment exists. The point we make is that there is somewhat of awkwardness in attempting to harness so subtle and fine an essence as gratitude into the service of a set occasion.

There is another consideration which has occurred to us, and that is whether permissive thanksgiving generally is not run into the ground. A man is forced into this world without his consent. He never asked to come here. If any power takes the responsibility of putting him here, ordinary decency would suggest that it treat him well while here. It endows him with sight, it ought to furnish something pleasant to see. It gives him the sense of smell, it oughtn't to afflict him entirely with sewer gas and garlic. As a father, one wouldn't take any credit to himself for not kicking his child, when it was just as easy to kiss it. Men are born with something to their credit. This notion of infinite indebtedness to some supernatural power for the ordinary conveniences of existence is as preposterous as that of total depravity. A man does not start even in life. He is handicapped with his great-grandfather's catarrh, his grandfather's rancorous temper, and a set of features from his maternal ancestry that would do duty in a cornfield to scare crows. In a well-kept set of moral accounts these things would go to the man's credit, to balance up some of the sins they will prompt him to. To thank God for

life is an absurdity. Until a man dies he does not know whether his life is a grief or a joy. The last days of a bright life may so unlid the depths of agony as to make the career a bottomless pit of sorrow.

For a bright day, a good heart will be as vocal with thanks as a grove with bird notes. We like the gratitude that is discriminating and therefore precious; that is expressed by a glad smile, a bright eye or a dancing foot. We do not believe any power appreciates gratitude that is stereotyped, and perfunctory, and measured by the rod.

THE RESERVATION SYSTEM.

The Indian Reservation system generally is doomed. It was established on the theory that the Indian was a wild animal, and ought to be encouraged in his ferocity. It preserved for him an extensive domain, over which his feet might wander in aimless indolence. It hedged him off from the intrusion of the white man. It made him immensely rich and consecrated his idleness. There in the United States about 100 reservations, and in this calculation all in the Indian Territory are excluded, and the 19 separate reservations of the Mission Indians are counted as one. These aggregate in area 160,037 square miles. It would take the entire area of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and South Carolina to make up this enormous total. Over a third of the entire Territory of Dakota is covered by these reservations. The population of Indians on these reservations is 180,000. This is nearly a square mile to the Indian. One hundred and forty-six thousand, six hundred and eight white people live in the State of Delaware, which has but 2050 square miles. One million, one hundred and thirty-one thousand, one hundred and sixteen people live in New Jersey on 7815 square miles. The States of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and South Carolina, having the same area as the Indian reservations, maintain an aggregate population of 11,873,904—nearly one hundred times the number of Indians on the reservations. These are appalling figures, and they demonstrate the folly of the scheme. The Indian is not above some wholesome compulsion. They are children, and as such should be governed. The idea of fostering their conceit by treating with them as if they were our equals in knowing what is best for them is maudlin. If we cannot trust to our own honor, and our own humanity to do the right thing for them, it is time we quit trying to govern ourselves. The Dawes bill, which provides for the head of each family to have 160 acres set apart to him and made inalienable his for 25 years and thereafter in fee, is in the right direction. The Indians are a great responsibility, and we would like to see our government come a little nearer rising up to it than it has hitherto.

Mr. M. G. Kelley felt so exhilarated by our air that he essayed a tramp to Beaumont on Tuesday. Six miles up hill left him fresh as a Banning Christmas rose. He declares that the winds in this section have a "stick" in them.