thing exists. The daughter's body is utterly gone like her spirit. It was converted into odorless and winged gases that float in a thousand airs. He thinks on his child as she was in life, unharrowed by any awful fact now. Not so with the other. It is one of the amazing things in life, and shows the tenacity of our prejudices—the fact that cremation is so slowly accepted. Few people know that there is a crematory in Southern California. At Los Angeles is an organization known as the Cremation Society of Southern California, of which Dr. H. Sinsabaugh is president and Dr. Wm. Le Moyne Wills is secretary. Dr. Wills is a grandson of Dr. Le Moyne, of Washington, Pa., who built the first crematory in America. Dr. Le Moyne was a man of means, and of advanced views, having been attached to the "underground railway," and noted for his abolitionism. He advocated cremation and built for himself a private crematory. The first body incinerated was that of Baron De Palm, a Hungarian exile in 1876. In 1878 the wife of Ben. Pittman, of Cincinnati, was cremated, and in October, 1879, Dr. Le Moyne himself. The original crematory at Washington, Pa., is now in charge of Dr. Le Moyne's executors, and is at the service of the residents of the county. Two years ago the Cremation Society of Southern California built a crematory much like the one at Washington. Their purpose was to have a place for their own families' use, and by its erection to promulgate their views. It is situated in Rosedale cemetery, on ground given them. The building is a small frame, about 24x[illegible] feet, of simple Grecian style, with a portico and pillars in front. It has two rooms, a plainly-furnished reception room in front, and the furnace room next. In the reception room friends may assemble and have services if desired, and remain during the process of cremation if they like. The furnace is built of fire-brick. It is of ordinary form. The heat is conducted by flues all around the oven before it escapes. The oven, of fire-clay just over the furnace, is large enough to receive any body. At the rear and above is an aperture where gases may escape so as to come into the furnace and be consumed before emerging up the chimney. The oven has double iron doors lined with fire-brick. In each door is an aperture or window covered with mica, through which the process of the body's combustion can be witnessed. These windows have light iron shutters that must be lifted when one is observing. Bodies are usually brought in plain coffins. It is sufficient and better to have them wrapped in a sheet saturated with alum water. It it is brought in a coffin, the coffin and all is put in the oven. The society must be notified two or three days in advance, so that the furnace may be heated. It is quite a process to get it ready, and entails considerable expense. A heat of 2000 degrees can be reached. The sheet of alum is to protect the body as it is being put into the intensely heated oven. The fee for a cremation is $75. The expense of heating the oven is so great that it requires this charge. The crematory is not a money-making affair, and is maintained by the society for the accommodation of its members and the public. There have been but eight or ten cremated here. It takes one man three days to prepare for a cremation. The fuel used is the best coke, and the furnace must be carefully fired. A body is consumed in from one to two hours, depending upon the size of the bones. For the first half hour of the process, the gases so fill the oven that one cannot see the body through the windows in the doors; after that time, the oven is seen rosy with heat, and the skeleton lies on the bars that reach across the pit into which the ashes drop. The process is so quiet that the form of a branch of evergreen in the bouquet that lay on the breast, was intact in ashes, and could be seen through the aperture, lying on the skeleton. The bones do not consume. Properly, the residue is not ashes, except of the coffin, but small pieces of lime, retaining the shape it was in the bone. Pieces are sometimes two inches long. The oven must cool for 24 hours before the residue can be removed. No bodies will be cremated whose death is not duly certified to have been regular by a physician. This precaution is taken to prevent destroying such evidences of poison or other foul means as may exist in cases of murder.

Messrs. Hanna & Hathaway have gotten on enough new dry goods to clothe all the cladless on the Desert. Some very novel dress patterns among them. The greatest novelty is the rubber gloves for those ladies who have the good taste to want to preserve their white hands from the ravages of dish water.

The plentiful rains have made an abundant barley crop almost a certainty next season. Ranchmen are figuring how they will be prosperous with barns and warehorses full of cheap barley. How would it do to import some lean cattle from Arizona and transform the cheap barley into high priced beef?

Some enterprising gentleman sent THE HERALD specimens of Ensenada nuggets. After unwrapping ten or more reams of manilla paper, we found six copper cents. Even with those, we fancy we have larger profits from the excitement than ten-elevenths of the men who had a nearer acquaintance with the gold fields.

The Education of the Mission Indians.

In a former article wherein are outlined what we believed should be the policy of the government toward the Mission Indians, we named three things that should be provided, to wit: homes, education and legal advice and services. Of allotting the Indians homes, we have spoken. The question of their education is the prime one. The Mission Indians generally live in small villages. At present the government is supporting a number of day schools. At San Diego and at Yuma, the schools are in charge of organizations of the Catholic church, who have them under arrangement with the government. The Industrial training school at San Diego, under the auspices of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, has an attendance of 80, and costs the government $12.50 per month per pupil. The girls are taught to sew and to cook, and the arts of housekeeping. The government has in contemplation the erection of an industrial school at Banning, where children may be gathered from all over the agency, and instructed in the manual arts as well as in books.

An education is a thing put on from without, like a shirt. With the Indian, the point is to make it adhere. We believe its adhesiveness is stronger when it is acquired at home. Every day's deposit settling on amid home influences, such as they are, will stay better than if acquired in an alien atmosphere. As much as possible, therefore, we would educate the Indians at home.

The average Indian has no use for a collegiate education. We cannot cultivate the Indians into full enlightenment in one generation. If the next generation of Mission Indians can read and write, they will be well advanced. A definite limit should be put to the courses of the day school. The things taught will, of course, be more than the things acquired. The course must be varied and attractive as possible; but the object is high enough if it be the acquirement of reading, writing and figuring. Occasionally a pupil will appear whom it will be wise to give a wider training. He should have it. But such will be the exception. The day schools should be in charge of married people. The teachers should live in the Indian villages with their families in true missionary style, and make their own home life the most potent instruction. While the Potrero school here is an example of how efficient may be the work of single young ladies in the school room, it also illustrates how far removed from the lives and sympathies of those about her is the influence of one who makes a temporary residence among them. It will be impracticable to have a day school in every village. It will therefore be necessary to enlarge the most accessible ones into boarding schools, where children from the smaller places, and from single families may be educated.

The day schools should be supplemented by an industrial school, centrally located, to which the graduates of the day schools may go. Here girls should be taught all housewifery, and boys should learn the common occupations, chief among which, in this region, is horticulture. As we maintained in allotting homes, the government should be guided by the Indians' manifest destiny and capacity, that of a laborer, so in his education, the same idea should rule. This is a fruit growing country. Teach him to prune, to irrigate, to preserve fruit, and all the details of our leading industry. Carpentering, blacksmithing, and the essential trades should be taught to some specially endowed with mechanical talent. A too elaborate industrial course is unnecessary; the simpler it is, and the more adapted to our peculiar life, the more effective and practicable it will be.

The history of the Mission Indians and the schools at San Diego and Yuma suggest a method of conducting an industrial schoool. The Mission Indians are peculiarly the wards of the Catholic church.

The story of the Indian missions in California is not only moving in pathos, but wonderful in its success. The men who established them were heroes and sometimes martyrs; the men who maintained them were philanthropists; and we, the men who enjoy the benefits of their labors in the peacefulness of the people whom they taught peace, owe them much. The government must view all religious sects with impartiality. There are to-day more Indian schools maintained under contract with the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missiens than with organizations of any other sect. The Catholic church has a title to the care of the Mission Indians, not only ancient, but justified by its achievements. Moreover, the discipline of Catholic schools, that has won for them so much patronage from the best of our own people, is specially fitted for Indian girls. Its teachers, conscientious and devoted to their work from principle, will do better service than the average government teacher on a salary. Their system of conducting schools is already organized and perfected. The government could confidently rely upon the selection of specialists necessary to man an industrial school, which the church officials would make. The statistics show such an arrangement to have pecuniary advantages for the government. The government's aim in an industrial school should be to educate a class of useful men and women.

We must defer to a later time our further development of a local Indian policy that commends itself to our judgment. We have gone into this subject for two reasons. First, it is a matter in whose settlement this community is vitally interested. Second, we resent the assumption of Eastern people that they monopolize all the philanthropy in the world, and desire to make known that we, too, have a regard for the Indians' welfare.

The most diverting sight we have enjoyed of late was our local physician while engaged in gardening. He is always clothed in dignity, and the peculiar charm of the spectacle lay in the success with which he maintained that dignity, even while doing common labor. Many a pleasant morning hour does the doctor beguile among the trees and vines of his home place. In watching him we remember how Washington, whose dignity was iron-clad, engaged himself on the farm, and we recall the hackneyed picture of of Cincinnatus among his cabbages. The doctor will shed his coat, but neither his grace nor becoming gravity. With no other solace than that ancient and succulent pipe he will prune and spade, rake and irrigate, and do it all with the same imposing demeanor that inspires his patients with trust when in his office they answer his dulcet interrogations.

The price of wood has gotten down to $6 and $5 per cord. Truly Providence smiles upon us. In our Eastern States, the luxuries of life consisted of diamonds, mince pies, satin neckties, etc., and wood was not among them. In this country the nabob has been the man who had a pile of cat's-claw roots big enough to make tea with during the winter. It was a very prince of opulence who could toast his toes by a coal grate. Times are changing now. By the favor of the Higher Powers and the grace of the Potrero Indians, we are getting fairly cheap fuel.

Mr. S. Hargraves is plowing up a small plot on his vacant ten acres on Barbour Avenue to sow in San Froin grass. This is an experiment. This grass is something like alfalfa. It does not produce so much but does not require as much water, and will not bloat cattle. Mr. Hargraves says he is weary of examining his cow every time she whisks her tail to see if she is not inflating.

Our Lay Sermon.

To a Minister of the Gospel:

We preach this week to a preacher. The privilege has never been ours of giving pills to a doctor, nor of pulling teeth for a dentist. But we now indulge in the rare felicity of preaching to a preacher. Before beginning we complacently smooth the folds of our surplice, and mount clear on top of our pulpit. Attention! The Sermon on the Mount was of immortal excellence, but the voiceless quivering of Christ's limbs on the cross was eloquent as his lips had never been. Character preaches as the sun gives light; words are but lamps that you manufacture. Character shines all the time, resplendent and beneficent. The light which words make comes entirely from the stores which character has deposited in the race. If, therefore, you have not character, your sermons will be as sounding brass.

Do not make the mistake, though, of supposing that you have character if you have not intelligence. There is no character without brains, although there be much brains without character. There be those of your ilk who say that a good man can preach the Gospel, though he be not a wise man. That, my friend, is a mistake. There is a perfunctory sort of goodness that obeys the commandments as a horse obeys the bit, which a common man may have and which is of estimable virtue. There is honesty, veracity and charity that exist without great intellect. But simple goodness is almost as different from conscious character as instinct is from trained art. The bee can make a more exquisite hexagon in wax than the trained artist, yet the bee could never teach the art. The elements of goodness are simple—to be comprehended of all men; but the noble perfections of character are complex. For instance, you must not only teach veracity but must teach tolerance, and tolerance is a virtue that belongs to large minds. You are called upon not only to encourage the believers, but to convince the unbelievers, and the unbelief of the day must be combatted with brains if it is to be overcome. There is no virtue in ignorance. Intelligence is of divine origin as well as goodness, and the pulpit demands brains as much as any other profession. You assume to teach, and the thing you teach is a divine message—upon its acceptance depends the eternal welfare of your hearers—think you an intellectual pigmy is fitted for such a mission?

Some people deny that your profession is a legitimate one, and maintain that you are a superfluous affair in a community and an object of charity. Well, very many of you are. But a good preacher is as necessary as a blacksmith—as truly essential to a community. Morality is not only lovely; it is of great utility. And a good minister always increases a community's morality. The distinctions of society are terribly unjust. A minister can do much to mitigate the pains of that injustice. The distribution of property under our social system inflicts poverty on people who must learn the art of enduring it. Good ministers can teach that. Sick people require more attention than they get. Ministers can help that wrong. You should have no doubt of your usefulness. And when a railroad gives you a half-fare ticket, or a parishioner brings you a bag of potatoes, take it, not like a pauper, but with your head lifted with the consciousness that you have earned it. Good preachers always earn all they get. We do not mean to be understood as saying that *all* preachers earn all they get.

If your congregations are slim, it is nobody's fault but your own. Don't whine over it, but change your business. Don't be a recluse; go among men everywhere. Be of them and knit your sympathies to them.

Above all things be frank and true. Teach only what you believe. Be married to no creed that does not command your unqualified love. Your profession can be made glorious and delightful.

The doleful news has reached us that a school bell is on the way to harass us. The works of God are comparatively noiseless. The only voices of nature—the whispering of the winds and the roar of the waters are soothing sounds, and do not torment the ear. Noise is a production of man. Whistles, bells and firecrackers are his first toys in childhood, and he never outgrows them. Every echo in these peaceful hillsides will protest against the invasion. Truly, silence is golden, not only in its intrinsic worth, but in its rarity.

We were astounded at the announcement that gold had been found in Banning. The find on investigation proved to be a ring of more or less value dug up in Mr. H. Ingelow's flower garden. It is composed of two simple gold bands and has a stone, which so far as a rural editor's knowledge of such things goes, may be anything from a sapphire to a petrified bird's eye. It is is a good flower garden that will produce such blossoms. Anybody out any such article of jewelry can statisfy their curiosity in the premises by calling at THE HERALD office.

On last Saturday a party composed of Mrs. and Miss Barr, Mrs. Fraser, Miss Parker, and Messrs. Hathaway and Munson started on a trip to Pine Bench. The road lies by Mellen Heights, at which place a call was made on the gracies hostess of that delightful ranch. Further up in the hills is the Arcadian retreat of Mr. Butler, but a few rods above which are the homes of the Urtshin brothers, and their well-known potato ranch. Here, under the hospitable shade of a big live-oak, beside a mountain stream, the party unsaddled and took lunch. In such a situation, after an 18-mile ride on horseback, a hard boiled egg takes on more excellencies than usually get into one shell, and cold fried veal surpasses the juiciest porterhouse. From this point, the excursionists on horseback proceeded to the Bench. Pine Bench, a little to the west of north of Banning, is a plateau of from 50 to 100 acres suspended on the south side of the San Bernardino mountains, and about one-third the way to the peak of Grayback. It is covered with a growth of giant pines, and is singularly free from underbrush. The chaparral is impenetrable up the precipitate sides of the Bench, and to its edge. The view from here gluts the vision. San Gorgonio pass lies at your feet, carpeted in brilliant green. Beyond the foothills spread the San Jacinto plains, across which meanders the San Jacinto river. Blue mountains in the far distance bound the landscape. To the east glistens the yellow desert, shading to a gray vague in tne distance. The eye travels on and on over the waste until, like a broken traveler, it lies down, baffled in its attempt to distinguish aught in the void. From the