

ian constitutional trouble that varelaid does to smallpox. Well, all at once there comes among us a Nevada Democrat, and the rankness of his Democracy attracts a buzzard to his chambers. No wonder that! Indeed, the wonder is that the day was not dark with the shadows of visiting comrades.

Our political editor went to Los Angeles last Friday. On the way down, some enthusiast took a canvass among the passengers in the car, and found that 22 were Cleveland men, while only 11 were supporters of Harrison. The result rather astonished our reporter, for Southern California isn't in Texas, nor was this car going there. A moment's thought discovered the secret—it was the smoking car. Every Indian and Mexican on the train was in that car. If there had been an emigrant car attached, the Democracy could have made a better showing. Straws are straws to be sure, but it makes a heap of difference whether you get them from a clean stock or from a dung heap.

We had a little whiff of politics on Tuesday. THE HERALD's ticket for School Trustees was one which commended itself so strongly to everybody that no opposition was looked for. But it seems a little plot was hatched by some of the brethren to break the slate, and the polls were but fairly opened when Mr. Sweetser's and Dr. Murray's carts were seen spinning about town like all possessed. The game was to elect Messrs. Gilman, Bridge and Sweeters. It came very near succeeding, too, but Messrs. Gilman, King and Ingelow were elected.

The ladies made a great success of their supper Friday night, both culinarily and financially. They cleared \$46.70, a sum quite sufficient to buy a neat suit of winter clothes for some poor mortal of parts that we know of, who is racking his brains and entire system for means to advance this community, and yet it is to be spent for two or three hundred pounds of iron to make a noise with. We could buy a good sized rattle and hire a small boy to shake it twice a month for two hours at a time right in the ear of every mortal in town who is hungry for a noise, a great deal cheaper than you can buy a bell.

The supper Friday night was followed by a dance in the unfinished room of the school house. Nearly everybody was there, either dancing or looking on. We had the misfortune to be born in a little old sun-dried town in Indiana, where a few years ago a dance in the school house threw all the pious people into spasmodics, and materially shortened the membership of every church in town. It is one of the Providences that a man don't have to live where he was born. It is as refreshing as our mountain air to be in a community, where piety has not gone to seed in the old pods of Puritanism, and the people can look upon dancing and card playing as the innocent amusements they are. The young people had a joyous time, and the pleasure was doubled because the matrons and fathers of the community were there and approved.

Mr. Card's fine peaches still hold out. Our mounted staff did some delicious foraging this week.

lack of discipline, is astonishing. Next in authority to the chief is the captain. This office is held at the Potrero by an Indian known as Pablo. Next to the captain are two alcaldes. These alcaldes, the captain and the chief form the judiciary of the community. Matters of controversy are presented first to the alcaldes. Civil difficulties, if not too important, are settled by them. Criminal matters and graver civil ones are taken by the alcaldes before the captain, and if his decision is unsatisfactory, or if he is unable to decide, they are taken to the chief. There are two sheriffs whose duties correspond to those of constables. Debts are collected and punishments inflicted among themselves in ordinary cases, entirely independent of State or Federal law. If a debtor neglects to pay, his creditor goes before the alcaldes and the debtor is brought before them by the sheriff. If they determine the debt to exist, the debtor is compelled to make an inventory of his property, and is given a certain time within which to pay the debt. In default of payment within the time, the sheriff seizes and sells enough of his property to pay the indebtedness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our obstreperously genial friend and chronic Democrat, Mr. Sam Longabaugh, of Empire, Nevada, dropped into Banning last Tuesday night for a two days' stay. The town has been hilarious ever since. He reports his good family well, and shows himself to be in blooming condition. Uncle Sam is one of those fortunate persons who came to Banning early enough for its climate to restore him. His stay here last fall did him incalculable good.

An old citizen of Nevada was putting up at the Bryant House the middle of the week, and on Wednesday morning was treated to a genuine surprise. On awaking, he heard a noise in his room. He looked up and, mirabile dictu, there stalked a full-grown buzzard about the floor like a sentinel on duty. The open window had admitted the creature, and since Poe's immortal visitation from the black angel of despair, we take it no stranger guest ever greeted a waking host. Had the bird not remained about town and been seen by women and children, the men could not have accounted for the incident, with the pony demijohn our Nevada friend carried in his satchel. Worse things than buzzards have been known to emanate from demijohns. Many theories are afloat about the event. A Prohibitionist suggested that there clung about the man so much of the aroma of the rotten borough of Nevada, that the bird smelt it. An Easterner recommended allopathic applications of castile soap as a preventative of future visits. One dainty woman suggested ammonia. A preacher said he must have caught a breath of the slums of San Francisco in coming through, and that it lingered about his opulent whiskers. But the HERALD has discovered the key to the strange phenomenon. We have a singularly pure air here. There are few polluting presences among us. Not a mugwump in the country, and such Democrats as are with us have the infection in a very mild and endurable form. The doctors would call it Democracoid, and define it as bearing the same relation to the old Jackson-

two thick, and tied with twigs and bark into a sort of matting. This is fastened around the posts, with above width, overlapping until a wall is made from five to seven feet high. The village straggles for a third of a mile up and down the stream. There are no regular streets. A wagon road wanders alone, but by paths lead you from house to house. About most of the homes is an irregular patch of ground, enclosed with a primitive fence. The fence is made by sticking limbs or poles into the ground for posts, and stringing on them light poles and branches, which are tied to the posts with willow twigs. The fence wouldn't turn any enterprising animal. There are no animals, except the ponies and a few cattle, to demand a fence. We never saw a hog about the place. Dogs infest it like vermin. The ground enclosed, never exceeding ten acres, and generally less than five, is in some cases in alfalfa, sometimes in garden—mainly beans. There are one or two orchards, and some vines, but there is no cultivation worth mentioning. It is the merest trifling. The village life, as it appears to a stranger, is the essence of monotony and stolidity. We never saw the place when a dozen old squaws could not be seen squatting about. An ordinary squaw can outstep the most maternal hen on earth. She drops into a heap as graceless as a half-filled bag of barley, and there she sits, not merely by the day, but by the generation. A red bandanna about the head, a calico dress and shoeless feet make a not enticing vision. Indian women, when not too old, have one grace that their more civilized sisters might well imitate. They are as straight as poplars, and carry their heads high and proudly. They wear no hats or bonnets, but have the Mexican way of throwing a colored shawl over their heads, and we have in mind one Indian woman who has the carriage of a Roman matron. They are not pretty in their youth, but we have seen mature females that were fairly comely. In the matter of chastity they are neither better nor worse than other people on their plane of intelligence. Besides the Indians in the village there are a few families scattered about within three or four miles, and a few tramps down in San Bernardino valley who are classed with the Potrero Indians. In all they number 219 souls. Pickaninnies, papooses, animated mummies, bucks, squaws and all, the Potrero Indians muster but 219; yet that is a sufficient number to provoke from the milky bosom of this munificent Government enough puling nonsense to cripple the business and interfere with the comfort of every inhabitant of the Pass, while at the same time it paralyzes every aspiration of every Indian interested.

These 219 Indians are comprised in about thirty families. There is preserved among the Indians a government and social organization of their own, by which all matters among themselves are regulated. Just now there is no chief at the Potrero, but a call has been issued for a council to elect one to-night. The chief is the supreme authority among the Indians. He is the Judge to whom cases are appealed from the captain; he is the counsellor of his people, and the respect for his authority which pervades the Indians, considering their

Riverside canals. The Court holds that the owner of land on the banks of a river, having riparian rights, cannot take the waters of the river and use them on another tract of land than that on the river, by virtue of his riparian rights. It further holds that a riparian owner can lose his rights to the water of a stream, by allowing an appropriator to use the water adversely and injuriously to him, for five years.

A vast amount of testimony is reviewed and many points decided in connection therewith, but the above were the great principles of the decision. The victory is a great one for the Riverside people, and the entire decision is one, from which the parties who are attempting to get possession of some of the Banning Water Company's supply, will get small comfort. The spirit of our courts to confirm the rights of those who have enjoyed the use of water for any length of time, grows with every decision.

There are too many bachelors in Banning and vicinity. From Chris. Gottman up on San Jacinto to John Cummings up the Water Canyon, they abound distressingly. Men tolerate those stupendous nuisances, boys, through all the exasperating years of yelling infancy, incessantly mischievous boyhood, and nauseatingly silly youth, on the assumption that when the common sense of manhood comes to them they will make some amends by marrying and assuming their share of the burdens of society. It is altogether too much to expect society after enduring a boy, to tolerate a bachelor. The head of a family, representing from three to ten hungry mouths, goes to his business only to find himself competing with a bachelor, who represents only one mouth. A man who supports and represents only himself fills a larger space than he is worth. There are too many homeless single men about here. A few marriage licenses are needed in this community. THE HERALD is itching to get to the Legislature and be the first to propose a beneficent piece of legislation whereby no bachelor of forty years of age and upwards can own any real estate or any personalty over five hundred dollars.

THE POTRERO INDIANS OF SAN GORGONIA PASS.

The word potrero means meadows, and all over Southern California are fertile spots, frequently at the mouths of some canyons through which run streams, that are called potreros. The Potrero in this Pass, where the Indian village is located, and from which this particular congregation of Indians take their name, is about four miles Northeast of Banning at the mouth of Jost Canyon. No finer body of land is in the whole Pass than that which surrounds the Village. Level, moist and inexhaustibly fertile, under intelligent cultivation, it could be made a Paradise. Here exist the Potrero Indians. About twenty homes make the entire settlement. Two or three of them are adobe houses, whitewashed and rather neat; others are of lumber or tire. All are small. The thatch houses are simple in construction. Poles are set in the ground at the corners and about the sides at intervals. Rushes and reeds from the swampy ground are laid parallel an inch or

everything that his land can grow with just profit. He realizes on every gallon of milk, every egg, every blade of grass, while the Nebraska farmer can only raise the comparatively unprofitable staples of wheat, corn and rye. His orchard gives him no revenue; his milk is wasted. He puts out fine potato ground that could net him fifty dollars an acre, in oats, that will only net him fifteen, because he has no market for potatoes. Now, the law that compels us to do our own manufacturing establishes our own manufactories all over the country, and every manufacturing establishment is a large consumer of all the highly profitable products of a farm.

It provides diversified industries to employ the varied talents of our people. No people can be great and engage in only a few industries. In one family where there are four sons, each will likely have different talents. One will be a natural farmer, another a natural machinist, another a natural chemist and another a natural painter. If all these must be farmers there will be one good one and three failures. But if we have all employments represented among us, each of these boys can develop into a highly useful man.

It makes us independent of other nations. It preserves, to manure our own soil, the refuse of the raw material which we work up. It saves the useless expense of transporting raw material to foreign countries to be manufactured, and then back again to be consumed. It provides a large revenue to the government. It relieves us from the oppression of foreign monopolies and trusts, who are beyond our legislative control. It develops all the resources of our country.

It is a system that makes us a self-supporting, dignified, self-reliant, many talented and patriotic people, and the only complaint that theorists bring against it is that we are not buying some things as cheaply as we might, and that some of our manufacturers are getting too rich.

Against the want of cheapness, we put the prosperity that makes us as a people amply able to buy, and to the complaint of Americans getting too rich, we can only answer that rich Americans are calamities that we can better tolerate than rich foreigners.

It is a spectacle to see the thirsty Prohibitionists of Beaumont board a passing train to get draughts from the water coolers.

THE BIG RIVERSIDE WATER SUIT.

Judge Gibson, of our Superior Court, this week decided the celebrated case of Riverside Water Co. vs. Matt. Gage. The suit was brought to enjoin Gage from diverting from the Santa Ana River more than 200 inches of water, and to recover damages for having diverted more. The Riverside Co. took water through two canals from the river. Above these canals Gage took out his water, and claimed that he was entitled to the entire water of the river. Messrs. Curtis and Otis, of San Bernardino, and Mr. Houghton, of San Francisco, represented the Riverside Company, Mr. B. M. Waters, of San Bernardino, and L. McAllister, of San Francisco, represented Gage.

Gage claimed the entire waters of the river, because he owned lands lying up on and embracing the banks of the river for three miles above the