

HALLELUJAH.

Benjamin Harrison is President-elect of the United States. The days of Grover Cleveland's public career are numbered. The good citizen, who loves to contemplate the majesty of Washington, and the elemental yet sublime simplicity of Lincoln, may look forward to an administration, during every day of which he can keep lighted the fires of his patriotic pride. The President of this Union is a king of kings. The people of the United States, made up of sovereign individuals, is the finest aggregation of men on the globe. In the mass of our people, like gold in the hearts of our mountains, is stored in richer pockets than anywhere else on earth, the genius of the race. It takes a man to be the leader of such a people. We want to be done with Presidential pigmies. Let children of chance and men of moments stay in the rear, and let the seat of Washington and Lincoln be sacred to the priesthood of brains and character.

The public life of Benj. Harrison is a structure built from the foundation up. The Presidency is the only office in the country to which he can be promoted. He will enter the office no sooner than the 4th of March. His life is luminous with achievements. He will take his place as a patriot, and ripe in practical statesmanship. That firm mouth, familiar to every American, tells the tale. The firmness of Andrew Jackson will supplement the lively and patient wisdom of Lincoln. It will be a great day for America when we inaugurate another President whose name will touch the fountains of enthusiasm. Hero worship, Americans, is simple self respect, and heroes are our comrades and our guides. We predict an administration that will resume its ancient dignity, and the man will be President, who will discharge the duties of his high office to the demands of party exigencies. We predict an administration that will disappoint the spoilsmen, rebuke demagogues, appal the corrupt, and faithfully serve the people. Let a clean page be prepared, and a fresh pen be put into the hand of the Chronicler, for four years of great history is to be written. Its letters will be golden, and its pages lustrous with glory.

HURRAH for HATHAWAY.

The Mountain Spring Water Company Bites the Dust.

Mr. Murray Respectfully Permitted to Remain in Private Life.

In last week's issue, we mentioned the scheme for massing the vote in the Western end of this district for the purpose of forcing upon Banning a Justice of the Peace whom we didn't want. The beneficiary of this scheme was Mr. Welwood Murray. It sprang from two sources. One was, in our opinion, the purpose of the Mountain Spring Water Company—the new or-

ganization of Smith, Allen, Forquer, the Deyos and others, that is attacking our water supply—to get under control the entire judicial machinery of the Pass; and the other was the inordinate ambition of Mr. Murray to hold an office. With the Water Company it was a matter of business, and while we fought the entire outfit then, and propose to continue its enemy, we recognize its contest as one in which no personal feeling need enter. We entertain friendly feelings toward such of its members as we know, and hope to continue to. But with Mr. Murray the case is different. His attempt to foist himself upon this community as Justice of the Peace was not only a piece of political impudence, but we are unable to conceive how such a course can find justification in the mind of any upright and patriotic citizen. The facts are that Mr. Walter S. Hathaway, our present Justice of Peace, has filled the office to universal satisfaction. His integrity, where he is known, goes absolutely unquestioned. He accepted his present appointment, and consented to be a candidate for election, only after the earnest solicitation of our people. He does not want the office, it interferes with his business, and he holds it only for the convenience of the public. On the other hand, Mr. Murray is a man, who has had the misfortune to incur the bitter animosity of a number of Banning's leading citizens, and of whom there exists in this community a very widespread distrust. Mr. Murray himself complains of the bitter feeling that prevails against him in Banning. Without entering into the merits of these differences, it is sufficient here to state that they exist. The feeling is sufficiently shown in the fact that out of 43 votes cast in that part of Banning in San Bernardino county, Mr. Murray got but 3, and in a similar contest for the same office four years ago he got but 4. The relations which exist between Mr. Murray and so large a number of people of this town, utterly disqualify him for administering justice among us. That he ought to know. He does know that we do not want him for Justice of the Peace. The privacy of a home is no more sacred than the seat of justice among a people, and the man who insists, against the will of the master, on enjoying the one, is on the same plane with the man who attempts, against the will of the people, to thrust himself into the other.

Mr. Murray sought and got all the support he did get, away from home. In Beaumont he got 63 votes to Mr. Hathaway's 30. If both these gentlemen had been residents of Beaumont, and known there as they are here, we believe the result would have been different. As it was, Mr. Hathaway got the most votes of any candidate in the Pass, and Mr. Murray got the least. Mr. Hathaway's majority over Mr. Murray was 65.

To the 30 good citizens of Beaumont, who respected the wishes of this community and voted for Mr. Hathaway, we are sincerely grateful, and hereby tender them our thanks. They exercised toward us the spirit of good neighbors, and if occasion arises, they will live to learn that we appreciate favors. And to the royal fellows down in San Mateo, who stood by Walter Hathaway to the tune of 67 to Mr. Murray's 4, we extend the open palm of grateful fellowship. When you

want to make a political point call on the Banning boys and we are with you. And to Mr. Ollie Smith, who, with Mr. Clancy, presented our case to the San Mateo gentlemen, we are under deep obligations. As a political ambassador, we commend him to all who need skillful service.

Some incidents of the campaign deserve mention. For instance, the following dodger was scattered about Beaumont and in the San Mateo Canyon:

"NOTICE.—For Justice of the Peace, vote for W. Murray, the friend of widows and orphans, and Foe to Rings and Monopolies, who had the courage to champion the cause of Mrs. Tutaine after Judge Hathaway had imposed a Fine of Fifty Dollars or fifty days in the county jail, for the most trivial offense."

This flash of genius was a fit means in furthering the cause it represented. We know of a man who enjoys the notoriety of having twelve toes. We have heard of another who boasts of having an India rubber skin. But since the account of the time when Tittlebat Titmouse distinguished himself by crowing like a rooster in the English Parliament, we do not recall ever having seen a smaller or more easily satisfied hunger for publicity than is displayed in this dodger. The heroes of ancient Greece had their glory sung by the immortal Homer; the knightly soul of Richard the Lion Hearted was portrayed in the matchless periods of Scott; the deeds of Grant are told in his own luminous and simple annals, but this modern philanthropist and her, this unselfish "Friend of widows and orphans," this chivalrous "Foe to rings and monopolies," this Chevalier Bayard of the New World, who had the tremendous courage to walk right into the office of a Justice of the Peace, and then and there, with reckless daring, right in the teeth of the Justice himself and four spectators, espouse the cause of a prisoner on trial for a misdemeanor, secures his undying fame for that exploit in a new way. He emblazons it on a 6x9 dodger in fancy colors of red and green, and circulates them in the community. Happy the community, that is permitted in the Providences of God to repose in the luminous presence of so mighty a hero, and to ever bask in the fragrance of so great and secured a fame.

Before we close we want to congratulate our friend Mr. Peter Allen on his success as a political worker. Mr. Allen undertook himself to see to it that the vote of San Mateo Canyon was secured for Mr. Murray. And by the adroitest of canvassing he succeeded in bagging the startling number of four votes out of seventy-three.

In the Banning precinct of the new district, in San Diego county, the vote stood: Harrison, 8; Cleveland, 18. For Justice of the Peace—Forquer, 7; Morris, 19. For Road Overseer—Ingelow, 19; Mathias, 6.

THE CASE OF MRS. TUTAINE.

In the campaign against Mr. Hathaway, it was charged that he had rendered an unjust judgment against Widow Tutaine. It is due to Mr. Hathaway, and to those interested in the prosecution of that case, that the facts be made known. Mrs. Tutaine is a widow, who has lived about Ban-

ning from its beginning. She keeps several head of cattle, and for years the fields, orchards and vineyards of this community have been subject to the depredations of these cattle. It did no good to take them up, for no corral would hold them overnight. Time and time again have these cattle been corralled, only to turn up missing in the morning. The Banning Land Company has a hundred acre vineyard adjoining Banning, which being the nearest cultivated ground to Mrs. Tutaine's, has suffered the most from her cattle. This year they had the vineyard covered with trays of grapes and raisins. But a short time before the one in question, her cattle had been caught in the vineyard and corralled, and the next morning they were gone, and the lock to the corral broken. The next time they came into the vineyard, they were corralled in the absence of Mr. Barker, the manager. He arrived home after night, and Mrs. Tutaine then saw him and begged for her cattle. It was impossible that night to determine what damage had been done, and Mrs. Tutaine had no money to settle it. Mr. Barker agreed with her to investigate the thing in the morning early, and if no damage had been done he volunteered to release her cattle and drive them home for her himself. And just here it should be said, that in the numberless cases of trespassing by this stock, Mr. Barker has acted toward Mrs. Tutaine with extreme and untiring forbearance. On this occasion, the stock was not only locked in the corral, but men were set to watch it. About midnight, Mrs. Tutaine came on the scene, tore down a portion of the corral fence, and began to drive the stock out. After she had driven out one cow, the watchers made themselves known. The widow declared that she would have the rest of the stock, and refused to drive back the one she had driven out. But after reasoning with her until almost daylight, she concluded to return the cow let out. For breaking into this corral Mrs. Tutaine was prosecuted the next day. Her arrest and fine was a public necessity. She had so long abused the forbearance extended her as a woman, and had so long outraged the rights of people having ground in cultivation, that the law had to be enforced. In taking out the cow, she had committed the offense of grand larceny. But she was arrested on the smallest charge that could be made for her crime—that of breaking through a fence. On the trial she was told that she was entitled to a change of venue, if she wanted it. She was also told that any attorney would be sent for whom she wanted. She was not only accorded every legal right, but was treated with that due and proper kindness and courtesy, that everybody, who knows Walter Hathaway, knows he would extend to any woman in distress anywhere. Her fine was the least the law allowed. The evidence was conclusive, and at the suggestion of the attorney who was employed to prosecute her, half of that fine was suspended. The writer of this article was familiar with every step of this proceeding, and asserts that everything that was done was not only necessary, but it was legal, just and even merciful.

Prof. Roberts has proscribed for his liver a riding horse, and his equestrianism is one of the features of San Geronio Avenue after 4 o'clock, p.

The Bryant House ball, on Friday night of last week, was the prize piece of festivity of the season. Twenty-seven couples were present. The dancing began at 9 o'clock and didn't subside appreciably until 3 a. m. on Saturday. After us old people had long retired, the lithe limbs of youth answered to the calls of the music in rhythmic grace. Mr. Chas. Button and his wife, Dr. Button, of the Beaumont Hotel, favored the occasion with their presence. The midnight supper was one of Mr. Crosley's masterpieces. There comes to us now, along with the memory of sweet music, bright eyes and gliding sylphs, the fragrant breath of the coffee we drank that night, and the ineffable recollection of the mince pie we ate. Good authority tells us that there is a time and place for everything. True enough, and the time and place for good mince pie is whenever and wherever you can get it. The way of our lives is illuminated at intervals, like a boulevard at night, with brilliant points of intense gratification, and the glory of advancing years consists in the extension of this series of illuminations, along which we can look back as down a lighted street. There are the minutes when a loved one vouchsafed us a caress, there are occasions when our efforts have provoked the applause of our neighbors, there are days when fortune showered us with gold, but distinct from all, luminous as stars and unforgettable as our names, are those rare times, when we sat at a hospitable board before one of those marvels of the pastic art, a mince pie. The meat of it, pulpy as the heart of a ripe peach, fragrant with every breath of spiceland and the appetizing odor of fine brandy, and rich as the ambrosia dispensed on Olympus, all deftly covered by a crust as flaky as new fallen snow on the mountain, and as soluble too, mine pie is the most delicious thing that the cheeks of man can ever compass. The young people of Banning are carrying on a gay season, and are much indebted to the genial host and hostess of the Bryant House for their opportunities.

Messrs. Carpenter & Hamilton have served their community a good turn by importing a yellow dog. He is a greyhound notwithstanding, and possesses all the points of a thoroughbred. His game leg is unique in its line—that line, however, isn't an exact perpendicular.

Mr. M. L. Bridge is holding the ribbons over a long-legged gray roadster of some pretensions. Mr. Sweeters professes to have some speedy stock. We would like to encourage a friendly emulation among our citizens in the horse line. We really are not above enjoying a good horse race.

Mr. Chas. Hamilton heard that some people at Los Angeles were betting on Cleveland last Tuesday. He took the first train for the city, to see if there really did exist a creature who had the audacity to bet on such a dismal failure as Grover Cleveland.

The picnic on the mountain last Saturday was a test of endurance, in which some of the ladies distinguished themselves. Cushioned chairs were in demand the following day. The party was composed of Misses Morris, Lounsbury, Van Arsdale, Pickering, gallanted by Messrs. Bigley, Hathaway, Roberts and carpenter.