

by Mr. Soderberg as like that of a passing freight train. As best we could judge from the movement of our office, the wave traveled from the Southeast toward the Northwest. Earthquakes have not been prescribed for us, and we are not fond of the sensations they produce. We therefore respectfully request the parties who manipulate those interesting phenomena to take our name off the subscription list and discontinue the same.

OUR CHURCH AID SOCIETY.

On Thursday evening of last week, the subscribers in the Church Aid Society, met at the church and effected an organization. The meeting was largely attended, and was a good earnest of the success of the enterprise. Sixty names have been subscribed to the Articles of Association. The following officers were elected:

President, Dr. J. C. King; Vice-President, Mrs. Lulu Carpenter; Secretary, Prof. J. E. Roberts; Treasurer, Mr. Chas. Hamilton; Executive Committee: Messrs. Alex. Mackey, Walter Hathaway, W. H. Ingelow, Thos. E. Fraser and Chas. H. Ingelow.

For the first time in the history of Banning, a united effort of definite and organized form is made to secure a resident minister, and for the first time in many people's experience, the various religious sects in a community have united in an unselfish effort to secure a worthy common public worship. In our society, are represented the Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Christians, Episcopalians, Universalists, Congregationalists and other views. The fact is, we are inaugurating a thing in Banning, of which the last will not soon be heard.

This country is full of communities who are religiously dead, simply because they do not know how to unite their efforts in securing a religious establishment. We, in Banning, are going to demonstrate to all such that we can promote religion by uniting, the same as we promote education; that the God of this universe sits high enough above us to see over the little sectarian fences we build, and take all in his beneficent glance. The lowly Christ managed to live without ever hearing of a Presbyterian or a Baptist. And it has occurred to us to wonder, if his saintly feet were set on this earth again, where is the church today that he would enter? Think you any sect would monopolize him? Think you the jealousies, the envies, the unchristianlike exclusiveness, or any of the miserable elements that enter into the sectarianism of small souls, would find any encouragement from him? We are establishing here in Banning a tabernacle, that Christ could recognize without wounding the sad soul of any Magdelene, or puffing the pride of any Pharisee. The shores of Galilee on which Christ preached, had been dedicated to the services of no denomination. The Church Aid Society of Banning has come to stay. It will be a success. The only enemy it will ever find will be sectarian jealousy, and in our humble judgment that is a long way from being of the Lord. We commend the society to all our citizens. If you have not signed the articles, see Dr. King and do so. Almost every family in the town is now enrolled. We will not get our minister in a day or a week. But it is only a matter of time when we shall be supporting among us a saintly man doing a healthy religious work.

The young gentlemen from Beaumont who play ball, found the sensation of a victory so novel, and at the same time so delightful, that they came down to enjoy it again last Saturday. Some people despise a weak foe, everybody does not though. Indeed to some, weak foes are a rare and pleasing luxury. Our Beaumont ball friends not only came themselves, but they brought a very charming bevy of young ladies to witness our discomfiture. Triumph affords its deepest joy, when it evokes the approving smile of beauty. Baseball becomes a social diversion, when the innings are interlarded by snatches of gay chat with young ladies. Of course, our ball club got a drubbing. Evidently base ball isn't our forte. We learn that our Beaumont friends contemplate an expedition into San Bernardino valley. If it were our affair, we would suggest that it would be tactful to leave the ladies at home on that trip. As consolers, on some occasions, ladies have nothing like the grace which they exercise in congratulating.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. Samuel Longabaugh, of Empire, Nevada, is again in Banning. No buzzards well-earned him this time. Indeed, he isn't half so offensive a Democrat as he was in the pre-election days when there was such a name heard among men as Grover Cleveland. But Uncle Sam is welcome. His friends here are everybody in Banning. He is one of the people of perspicacity enough to see not only Banning's present but Banning's future. We confidently look forward to the time when he will be a city father of this place.

We hear it rumored that in excursioning about the mountains, young men are apt to come in contact with other things than catamounts.

THE HERALD'S OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

SIR:—When you were a candidate for re-election, we opposed you as strongly as we knew how. Now that you are contemplating the serenities of private life, we are disposed to encourage you. Your public life has brought you notoriety, but not fame. It has invested your person with a prestige that, if prudently managed, will secure for you a dignified career and a comfortable income for the rest of your days. But above and beyond all other advantages—the pearl above price which your official life has brought you—is your incomparable wife. So far as we can see, she is the sole and only trophy which you carry with you, as you retire from public gaze. When Washington went back to Mt. Vernon, the halo of immortal fame was on his brow, and the consciousness of great achievements was in his heart. The trophy which you carry away, he had been great enough to win in private life. About Lincoln's deathbed, the veneration of the world hung like clouds of glory round the setting sun. Your departure from Washington will be drowned in the huzzahs that welcome your successor. But you will shed no idle tears over this. Fame nor veneration bring meat or drink. You will go to New York and resume the practice of your profession. As an advertisement, you will be an immense acquisition to any firm with which you may associate yourself; unless you have become a great lawyer since you got a great

office though, your legal attainments will not be a large contribution. You are better fitted for the position you are now assuming, than for any you have lately filled. A dignified retirement—*otium cum dignitate*—a stately non participation in affairs, embroidered with a social distinction which your wife can maintain, these are entirely within your capacities. Let no flattering fool beguile you again into politics. Follow no will-o'-the-wisp by at-

tempting to pattern after the Old-man-Eloquent. The people will allow you the consideration due an ex-president, providing you abstain from office hereafter. Eat your meals, smoke your cigars, pose with all your avoidupois, and you will not offend. But the sword of Damocles was a comfortable appurtenance beside the bolt of wrath that is already forged for you, if you ever lift your head in political aspiration again.

SPORT BY MOONLIGHT.

In the transparent air of this Pass, the evening star on a moonless night will cast a distinct shadow. When the full-orbed moon comes on, her light is a silver twilight—the prose of hard daylight translated into poetry. It makes an earth of silver and an atmosphere of pearl. Unfretted with any street lights, on these soft February evenings, the moon bathes this town in such glory that a house becomes a jail, and sleep a jailor.

On last Tuesday evening, out doors was too tempting to be resisted. The air was soft as May, the white cowl of Grayback was lustreless in the moonlight, and soft as finest wool. San Gorgonia Avenue was a white boulevard, sweeping from foot-hill to foot-hill. Some restless mind to whom the tranquil beauty of the time was too familiar to be absorbing, proposed some sport. In the twinkling of an eye, his suggestion was adopted, and with fewer preliminaries than Sullivan and Kilrain used in making their match, Prof. Roberts and Mr. William Monroe were backed for a foot race. Each had his friends and they talked the eloquence of tinkling silver, until twenty dollars was in the stakeholder's hands.

The course decided upon was the smooth stretch of avenue just below the railroad, for one hundred yards. Sam Black's fine stride marked off the distance. The contestants stripped to the shirt, and joined hands before Judge Hathaway. The professor was the heavier in build apparently, and more nervous and wiry. But Monroe was symmetrically and well muscled every inch of him, from head to foot. Equal in height, contrasted in temperament, it promised a close contest, and both men meant to win. The crowd collected at the foot of the course. Mr. Hedges, by moonlight, timed the run with a stop watch, starting it at the pistol short that signalled the start. Our sporting editor stood about two-thirds way of the course, and as the racers flew by, the advantage of the winner was just born. The course being down hill, each head was thrown back, chest expanded, and the play of limb was beautiful. Monroe won by a few inches, and amid the cheers of the crowd was escorted to Messrs. Hanna & Hathaway's, where the winners became generous and cigars were free. Another race between these same gentlemen is talked of for Saturday evening.

RAILROAD LANDS IN THE RESERVATION.

On Monday last, Judge Ross, U. S. District Judge at Los Angeles, decided the long pending case against McCallum and Murray, wherein they had been indicted for taking wood from Government land. The Court found that the wood had been taken, but decided in favor of the defendants on the ground that the land from which the wood was taken was railroad land, and did not belong to the Government. The land in question was one of the unsurveyed odd sections within the Indian Reservation and located North of Banning. If correctly reported, the decision is an important one, and affects this community very materially.

The attorneys for the Southern Pacific Railroad have all along insisted that these odd sections did belong to the Railroad. We have reasons for thinking that the Indians' own attorney is of the same mind. It is now a matter of judicial determination. And it is time that the Southern Pacific Railroad Company did something in the premises. The United States Government, in its Boston-born zeal to clear this immense and useless Reservation, has driven settlers off these odd sections. They have been compelled to submit. The Railroad has refused to lift a finger to help them or to allow them to help themselves. We understand that the Railroad, in its permits to these settlers, has obligated itself in no manner to secure patents for these lands; and that these settlers have no other claim of title than a license from the Railroad. The Railroad refuses to take the necessary steps for securing the patents.

It is not just to these settlers whom the Railroad has invited to go upon its lands, and it is a wrong to this community. As citizens of this region, that at once support and are dependent upon the Railroad, we ask it to stand aside and not block the way of our prosperity. We do not ask the Railroad to expend money—we do not ask it to incur any litigation on its own account. But the Southern Pacific Railroad should put these settlers in a situation where they can maintain their legal rights. The Company has patented other sections in this neighborhood—there seems no reason why they cannot go further and take these few. Let surveys be made at our expense—let patents be applied for at our expense—let us use the Company's name in our necessary litigation.

We have no share in any prejudice against large corporations. So far as we know, they are public benefactors universally. And we have yet to learn of any reasonable request having been made of the S. P. R. R. Co. on behalf of this community that has not received kindly consideration. Now, Mr. Jerome Madden, you say, and the Court says, that these lands belong to your Company. What objection under the sun is there to your quitclaiming your interest in them to these settlers—or doing such other thing as may enable them to stand in Court for their rights, when it will cost you nothing?

A BACHELOR AFTER OUR SCALP.

PASADENA, Cal., Feb. 13, 1889.

EDITOR OF THE HERALD OF BANNING:

In more than one number of your very readable paper, I have seen some strong language on the subject of bachelors. I have wondered what was your motive; whether, on the principle that misery loves company, you desired to have others partake of a discomfort such as your own married life brought you, or whether you were merely a conceited Benedict, inflated with the notion that unless other men acted after your infallible pattern they were fools or scoundrels. You rise in your climaxes to the assertions that bachelors are deadbeats whose property should be forfeited to the State. You remind me of a bull in a china-shop—your talk is as reckless as the whisks of his tail. Marriage is the sacredest of human ordinances. Contracting it is the most delicate and the gravest act of human life. You seem disposed to stampede men into its holy bonds. You appear to be utterly blind to the caverns of misery that are hidden behind most of the white portals of wedlock. The fact is, that living tragedies abound. Couples go about, chained together by the prejudices of society, carrying between them the loathsome corpse of their affections. There is no worse doom than to be bound in matrimony to a being whom you cannot love. Every bachelor has his own reason for being one. Some of them, behind a calm exterior, bear a vital wound inflicted by a woman that never can heal, and from whose lips forever ooze the dark drops of despair. Some of them, capable of an unflinching self-analysis, know that in disposition they are unfitted for the trying ordeals of married life, and have deliberately renounced their opportunities for it. Some of them carry burdens which they are too highminded to ask any woman to share. Most bachelors have the loftiest ideals of married life. Go to history, and, beside the figures of great men whose domestic infelicities have impaired their usefulness and marred their fame, from Socrates down, place the calm, untarnished records of the great bachelors, Plato, Christ and the whole noble line, and get some notion of how feeble is your piping.

A BACHELOR.
(Our Lay Sermon of last week contained the remark that all bachelors over thirty were either prodigies or cranks. It is not difficult to classify our correspondent. He is no prodigy. We publish his letter as a fine example of how ethereal are the notions on which these men live. They read poetry and novels; they get "lofty ideals; their excited fancies try to lift the sublunary earth into the firmament; they talk about "living tragedies" and "caverns of misery," that exist nowhere but in their own fancies. It is true, some people do make mistakes in marrying. Some married people are not happy. But that is no reason for all the rest of mankind remaining single. Some people get killed on the cars—but still we all ride. Accidents do not rule wise men. One good home is worth all the bachelor apartments in America. And as for History, from Abraham in Israel to Abraham in America, the married men of the earth have been its great ones. The fact is, we must spend this life on the ground—we cannot live in the clouds. We must take hold of the things around us, and not idly pine for the pink visions of our silly dreams.—Ed.)

Uncle Samuel Longabaugh graced Los Angeles with his wholesome presence on Tuesday. It takes a metropolitan corps of bootblacks to finish Uncle Sam's toilet right up to the Queen's taste.