

The Weekly Chronicle.

NOTICE.

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HARDLY CONSISTENT.

It is amusing to read day after day the frantic tirades of the Oregonian and Telegram anent the soul-harrowing red rag "New Journalism."

The careful observer might conclude that there is method in their madness, that their objection to hooking come from the fact that their ox is getting hooked, and that their fearsome diatribes are for the object only of forcing the San Francisco papers out of circulation in Oregon, and especially in Portland.

That is why the murder of a prostitute by her male consort gets more space than the extra session of congress. That is why the uprising in Crete is crowded out to make room for the sayings and doings at Carson City.

Isn't that fine scorn? Doesn't that show the high moral plane upon which the editor circulates? Doesn't it send a cold chill over one just from the contemplation of the ethereal and arctic purity of that spiritual news disseminator? But hold!

There is another phase to this situation. There are others. In fact there are just thirteen other notices scattered through that same paper that read as follows:

Tomorrow's Telegram will contain a full account of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons contest, and the other fights at Carson.

It will be seen from this that the Telegram readily ascends to new journalism when the mighty nickel beckons thereto, and the only reason the Portland papers are not new journals is because it is a luxury that comes high.

Senator Wilson of Washington is making an effort to secure the revocation of President Cleveland's order establishing forest reserves. While Wilson is attending to this, the Oregon delegation needs to get in and have the Cascade reserve diminished.

injustice should be remedied by throwing the township open to settlement. There is but little timber on it, it lies well down in Hood River valley, and no good is accomplished by keeping it within the reserve.

SOME PLAIN FACTS.

The Telegram yesterday, as it promised, indulged in "new journalism," and was the better for it. We venture the assertion that it sold more papers of last night's issue than it has for months. Why? The answer is simple.

These be the days of the spectacular. The people demand novelties, and press and pulpit rise to meet the demand. We do not deprecate the taste; we deprecate it, but what would you? As long as there is a demand for liquor, there will be saloons; as long as there are smokers, there will be cigars and pipes; as long as there are brutal instincts, there will be brutal sports; as long as there is lechery, there will be means for its gratification; as long as there are Diomedes, there will be Cressids; as long as there are fools, there will be dialect stories; and just as long as there is money in supplying these demands, there will be an abundance of people ready to supply them, even at the risk of imprisonment for violating the laws.

We believe the world would be much better off without many things that it has; but it wants them, and it is going to have them. We have the utmost contempt for the "holier than thou" journalism, and we can lift our hat to the promoter of a prize fight, the publisher of an off color newspaper, or, if you please, the pandar to depraved public taste, with much more self respect left, than we can to that class of newspapers that preach against prize fights, and publish columns of lies to assist in holding up a legislature; that pen-hoananas over the action of an assinine board of directors of a public library, and are as silent as the damned over a violated constitution and a cowardly political assassination.

New journalism, as the term is understood, is far from perfect, yet new journalism is what we need. A new journalism that does not gag at a gnat and swallow a legislative hold-up; a new journalism that dares to tell the truth, regardless of effect on parties or policies; a new journalism that is always for the right and always against the wrong. We shall have that kind of new journalism when we get into Utopia—not before.

Newspapers can run counter to public sentiment and public demand to a limited extent; beyond that they perish of their own goodness. To their credit be it said they are far in advance of public morals now. They will probably always remain in that position; but until humanity is created with different tastes, different desires, higher aims and nobler resolves, the "new journal" will live and thrive and prosper. Until that time the newspapers that throw their X rays on the vices and follies of man will find greater circulation than those which tell of the virtues that most of us do not possess.

Through the kindness of W. C. Alloway we have been permitted to peruse the initial number of the "University of Oregon Monthly," published at Eugene, and as its name implies, by the students of the university. We confess to a liking for that kind of literature, not that the ideas are always brilliant; not that the language is always the purest, but because in the study of the literary style of those drinking deep of the spring, we may form an idea of what shall come after us. The university, faculty and students, may

well feel proud of its new paper, for it is a gem. The title page contains a poem by Homer D. Angell, which shows considerable poetical genius; and from that to the back page the little paper is filled with matter interesting, instructive and extraordinarily well written.

There promises to be a long and tiresome struggle over the Dingley tariff bill on account of two proposed amendments that are going to receive strong indorsement and bitter opposition. One of these amendments was made by Elkins, proposing a discriminating duty on all imports coming to this country in American ships. The other was made by Pettigrew, and is to the effect that any importer who could prove that the article he wished to import was controlled in this country by a trust, should be entitled to enter his goods free of duty.

Eastern Oregon is deeply interested in the present session of congress, as her interests are at stake in the Dingley bill. If it passes, it means several cents a pound to our wool growers, and as one cent a pound means, for the wool shipped from this point alone, nearly \$70,000, the news of the passage of the bill is anxiously awaited. The powers in the senate are very evenly divided, and it is nothing less than a public calamity that Senator Mitchell was not re-elected to assist us in our hour of need.

It seems to be the accepted opinion in Washington that Mr. Corbett will not be seated. The dispatches yesterday indicate, in fact, that the committee will report adversely on the proposition. Under other circumstances a fight might be made, but there is much work to be done, tariff legislation to be enacted, and those who otherwise might indorse Mr. Corbett's appointment, see that it will lead to endless discussion and create much bitterness. Thus, out side of any merits in the case, and the merits are not much. The precedent established by acknowledging the legality of his appointment would be dangerous to all our institutions, and would prove the entering wedge that would end in anarchy or revolution.

It is probable that nine out of ten Americans desired to see Corbett whipped by Fitzsimmons. Not that they were fascinated with Bob, but that they were disgusted with Jim. His big mouth, his braggadocia, his treatment of his first wife, and his posing as a prize-ring humorist and an all-around tough, created this sentiment. He was Gentleman Jim when he whipped Sullivan, and in six months his conduct was such that to call him a conyict would have entitled every jail bird in the country to damages for slander. Fitzsimmons will never take that road. He has no false ideas about the greatness of the championship, and will be so busily engaged in defending his title that he won't have time to get the swell head.

Baltimore has a ladies' club, the members whereof, by common agreement, appeared on the first rainy day in March in short skirts that came to within not less than five inches of the ground, nor more than six inches from it. The short skirts proved a great convenience, and the ladies assert that they have come to stay. The idea is a good one, but why wear short skirts only on rainy days? The dragging of old cigar stubs and dry filth is just as bad as the mud.

Why not cut all the skirts on that pattern?

It is with a feeling akin to joy that we note the victory of Fitzsimmons. Not that we have any interest in the big bruiser, but that the wifely devotion of Mrs. Fitz, who put her money on her husband, may meet with its deserved reward. There is another reason also, and that is that Pompadour Jim had attained that degree of pride in himself and contempt for others that needed the customary fall. He got it, and he gets no sympathy with it.

Since the report that Weyler had gone hunting for Gomez to sell the island of Cuba to the insurgents, nothing has been heard of that gentleman nor the proposition. It is more than probable the story was a newspaper fake; but at least there seems to be a cessation of hostilities. It may be that Weyler's telegraph operator is sick and unable to fight.

One of the good effects of McKinley's election will be that this country will have an American to represent it in London. Bayard, the truckling toady, will return to that level his flunkey tastes and shoe-kissing proclivities so eminently fit him for. He should lie him to Buzzards bay and weep with his ex-royal nibs at that famous bird roost.

Among the first bills introduced at this session was that venerable old chestnut, the Nicaragua Canal bill. The old thing was not even shaved before its introduction, but went in with all its hirsute appendages. It is to be hoped that the bill will either be passed and the canal built, or else that it will be ignominiously kicked out for all time.

We are pleased to note that the East Oregonian takes the same position with regard to the much-talked-of new journalism that we do. Great minds run in the same channel, and our large contemporaries in Portland might as well come off their high moral plane, where they are apt to freeze to death, and get in the swim.

The dispatches announce that Corbett and Fitzsimmons, and all the motley crew of sports and gamblers have vanished with them. As the Nevada legislature adjourned a few days before the fight, and its members will now go to their homes, the moral atmosphere of Nevada's capital city will be much improved.

Fitzsimmons, like all the other champions, has concluded to fight no more. The battle at Carson undoubtedly developed rare histrionic powers, and Fitz will now, as his illustrious predecessors have done, do the star parts in a pathetic play, written especially for him.

St. Patrick's day is out; St. Fitz's day is in.

SENATE BILL 88.

Owners of Steam Threshers Responsible for Damage by Fire.

In support of this bill, presented by Senator Dufur in the late night-session Oregon legislature, relative to running steam threshing engines, and in answer to the Wasco News, we have this to say:

In the beginning, we claim the fatherhood of the same, having often witnessed the dangers, not only to others, but our own property. However, Senator Dufur's good judgment was by no means slow to "catch on" to the justice and common sense contained in it. Now we ask in all honesty, is there a shadow of injustice in the act of making good that which by common consent, or otherwise, we have already agreed to do? Shall I stand condemned because I ask a surety on an account against a probable loss from inability to pay? We have but to consult the mortgage record, both chattel and real, as to the result of the practice of our business men, to confirm our position. Has not the most insignificant farmer the same right? Is he practicing anything less than business principles when he demands it? We contest for the late utterance that "the farmer is a business man," and has as much right of protection as any one else; but we make no demands that are not already conceded to us by the law of custom and practice. What we want is a surety that they, with whom we deal, are responsible for their acts.

It is justic that a pilot should be supported with proper credentials of his ability before he apply to a strange sea captain to bring his vessel into harbor? As a matter of fact, it is his business to know to whom he is trusting his ship and cargo of lives and freight. Do we not demand a certificate of a common

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And will handle Wool on storage or commission, or will grade or bale it if desired. Thirty years' experience as a Wool Grader.

QUESTION OF LUCK.

Citation That Clinched the Other Side of the Argument.

"I hate to hear people say there's no such thing as luck," remarked the melancholy Mr. Dollittle.

"I don't see why," his wife rejoined. "Because it isn't true," he returned, with asperity. "A man can go on trying and trying, and never get along. And some other person will go ahead and tumble into good things without making any effort whatever."

"Hiram, no great man has succeeded without hard work." "That's the kind of talk you always hear. But nine times out of ten it is all owing to the opportunity that presented itself. Fortune just seems to lie in wait to kidnap some men. Look at Sir Isaac Newton. His name is handed down from generation to generation. And why? Simply because he was sitting under a tree and an apple happened to drop on him. You can't pretend that a man is in a position to claim superior merit simply because, through no action or preference of his own, he gets hit in the head with an apple, can you?"

"Then don't tell me about there not being any such thing as luck."

"It seems to me that you've chosen a poor example in support of your argument. The case of Isaac Newton goes to show that the difference is in the people. If it had been some men that I know of instead of Newton the first thing they would have done after the apple fell would have been to go into the house and moan for the arnica bottle; then they would have spent two or three hours of precious time talking about their bad luck." — Washington Star.



The Report Is Correct.

The Moro Observer this week says: J. D. Wilcox of Kent has been informed by Judge Story that the reported reversal of the action against him and Mr. Messinger was premature. In fact, not a fact. The Observer found the report in The Dalles Chronicle.

The report was published in this paper and is correct. The decision was rendered in the United States court of appeals at San Francisco February 23d. Unlike the Oregon and California decision, in the Messinger case, there was no dissenting opinion, the decision being unanimous.

A Steamship Founders.

The dispatches today give an account of the sinking of the steamship Ste Nazaire, which sailed from New York for Port au Prince, Hayti, March 6th, by which eighty persons lost their lives. The steamer sprung a leak, and as a violent storm caught her, went to pieces. The life boats were launched, four in number, and passengers and crew all got safely away. One of the boats only has been picked up, and out of thirty-eight crowded into it, all but four were dead, and these are in a critical condition. It is supposed that all the balance drowned, or died from exposure.

WALL PAPER WALL PAPER WALL PAPER WALL PAPER WALL PAPER Five thousand rolls just received. SNIPES-KINERSLY DRUG CO.

This Is Your Opportunity. On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City. Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed." Rev. Francis W. Pools, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont. Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

When my little girl was one month old, she had a scab form on her face. It kept spreading until she was completely covered from head to foot. Then she had boils. She had forty on her head at one time, and more on her body. When six months old she did not weigh seven pounds, a pound and a half less than at birth. Then her skin started to dry up and got so bad she could not shut her eyes to sleep, but lay with them half open. About this time, I started using CUTICURA REMEDY, and in one month she was completely cured. The doctor and drug bills were over one hundred dollars, the CUTICURA Balm was not more than five dollars. My child is now strong, healthy, and large as any child of her age (see photo), and it is all owing to CUTICURA. Yours with a Mother's Blessing, Mrs. GEO. H. TICKNER, JR., 622 Walker St., Milwaukee, Wis.

SPEDDY CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA Ointment, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVER (liquid purifier). "How to Cure Every Skin Disease." Free Sold throughout the world. CUTICURA, DRUG & CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

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