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## THE STANDARD OF MORALITY.

Yesterday in conversation with a prominent attorney, we received quite a lecture on the duties of the press. We were told that the newspaper had a holy mission to perform; that to it should be, is, delegated the upholding of the standard of public morality; that on all occasions the newspaper should be in the lead, taking a high moral stand on all subjects, and lifting the public up to that standard. The beauty and force of the lecture was increased by its absolute truth. Yet there is another side to that question. The newspaper is worldly; It is conducted for the purpose of earning a living, and in the delusive hope of earning more.

The newspaper as it should be, and the newspaper as it is, are two entirely different things. Why? Because those who read it make it what it is. Its success depends more on what is kept out of it than what goes into it. Let it take the high moral standard our friend pictured for us, and inside of six months one-half of its subscribers, one-halt of its patronage, and mayhap more would be gone, and from its subscription list would be stricken, at his own request, the name of the friend who so kindly lectured us. How would the same plan of action suit our legal friend, and how far would he go in lifting the standard of public morals. Suppose, for instance, he is employed to defend a murderer. He is certain of his client's guilt. Does he advise him to plead guilty, to repent, to explate his crime as the law, as humanity, as religion would dictate? No. He begins to manufacture a defense; with subtle skill to weave from the evidence in the loom of fancy a robe of innocence. He brings to bear upon the court the delicate niceties of law; contending inch by inch; driven from one point, intrenching himself in another; but fighting for all he is worth. Beaten in this, he turns to the jury. Every device known to the profession, every sophistry that human ingenuity can invent, is brought to bear. For what? In the interest of justice and law? No! In the interest of the client; in the interest of the lawyer, whose reputation increases as his ability to defeat and render of no avail the taws, increases. We are not finding fault with the lawyers, they have a code of morals of their own, the first and greatest command of which is duty and faithfulness to those who employ them; but we draw the comparison simply in self-defense. We cheerfully admit that a venal bar is no excuse for a venal press; but we assert that it is a venal world. Does the mer-

chant who sells his goods thereby indorse the character of his customers?

## A TRAGIC ROMANCE.

A Texas Desperado Whose Victims Were Scattered Far and Wide.

Allison's life was a tragic romance," he "Clay Allison was a desperado. began. He lived in the Red river country in Santa Fe. I myself saw him kill Bill Chunk, a bad man, who shot people just for the fun of seeing them fall. They were the prize killers of the

spirit of rivalry which made them swear to shoot each other on sight. Their friends bet on the result of their first chance rencontre. The met one night at a cross-road inn in New Mexico and sat down at tables opposite each other, with their drawn six-shooters resting on their laps beneath their napkins. A plate of oysters on the shell had just been set before Chunk, when he dropped his hand, in careless fashion, and sent a ball at Allison beneath the table. Quick as a leap of lightning Allison's gun replied. A tiny red spot between Chunk's eyes marked where the bullet entered. The dead man rolled over on the table and was still, with his face downward in the

dish of oysters. "Allison was a large cattle owner. He went on a drive to Kansas City once, and while here fell in love, married, and took the woman to his home in the west to live. A child was born to them -a child whose face was as beautiful as the face of cherub, but whose poor little body was horribly deformed. Allison loved the child with the great love of his passionate nature. In the babe's misshapen and twisted form his superstitious mind read a meaning as significant as that of the message which the Divine hand wrote on the

palace walls of the king of old in Babylon. God, he thought, had visited a curse upon him for his sins. He quit his wild ways. He drank no more. No wear nightca man ever after the birth of his child York World. fell before his deadly pistol. He was completely changed. In the new life

which followed he devoted himself with absorbing energy to his business interests. He became rich in time. ranges bore his brand. A few years ago he was driving from his ranch on a heavy road wagon to town. The heavy wheels jolted down into a deep rut. the ground. His neck was broken. The team jogged on into the distance and left him lying there, dead and

alone upon the prairie." A COSTLY PROCEEDING. The Penalty of Asking for a Kiss in Brit-

sh Eurmub The police court reports in the London papers sometimes quote the price of a kiss, which manily rouges from half a crown to half a noverci m. ac-

cording to the temperament of the cgistrate. How ridiculously cheap is, says a writer in London Truth, will be seen from the following ac count of the cost of merely asking for Sweet Pickles. a kiss, which has been sent to me from India

"Probably you will hardly credit the story, but it is quite true, and, though the names are withheld by the Allaha- Pickled Pork, bad paper which gives the facts, the parties are well known. An officer of the Madras medical service was holdin one of the most desirable civil surgeoncies in the province, and there he received a visit from a civilian and his wife. While driving with the lady Fine Mackerel, in a dog-cart the doctor asked her for a kiss. It was very wrong, (especially as there was a native servant sitting behind the couple), and he met with the stern repulse which his impudence and imprudence invited. This exemplary woman afterward wrote to the doctor that she had told her husband of his conduct. The doctor then wrote an abject apology, which the husband submitted to the Madras government. sale and the sale of its space he ekes out an existence. He treats it as the mer-on his own behalf, the doctor was sign the service to avoid dismissal. Since then the Madras government has been induced to modify its decision The offender is graciously permitted Ladies' and to serve the further nine months neces sary to qualify him for the lowest seale of pension, but he has been transferred from his civil surgeoney back to milito edit the Examiner of that city for one tary service and packed off to a remote station in upper Burmah."

pleased to learn that there is at least one The man who told the story between dreaded disease that science has been the puffs of his eigar was from Texas, able to cure n all its stages and that is says the Kansas City Times. "Clay Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a conthe panhandle. Hs trigger finger was stitutional disease, requires a constitubusiest in the early '80s. His record tional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure was twenty-one. He boasted of it is taken internally, acting directly upon was twenty-one. He boasted of it. Twenty-one dead men, whose graves were scattered from Dodge City to system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the consti-The two men had no cause for quarrel. tution and assisting nature to do its work. The proprietors have so much same section of the country. It was a faith in its cultivative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonals. Address.

Der Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Married man-Yan, I'm afraid I shall have to build soon. You see, my family is getting so numerous I shall have to throw out a wing. Facetious bachelor-Why not throw out a baby-it's cheaper. -Half-Holiday.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

ville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail, and .was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store, I sent for a bottle and began its use, and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at Snipes & Kinersly's.

worn in bed at night to make the hands soft. Miss Coldeal-Indeed! Do you No wear nightcaps, Mr. Chumpleigh?-New

The regular subscription price of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE is \$1.50 and the regular price of the WEEELY OREGONIAN is \$1.50. Any one subscribing for THE Ten thousand cattle on the Texas CHRONICLE and paying for one year in advance can get both THE CHRONICLE and the WEEKLY OREGONIAN for \$2.00. All old subscribers paying their sub-Allison was pitched headforemost to scriptions a year in advance will be entitled to the same offer.

(Correctly spelled meams) Mixed Pickles,

Queen Olives.

Pickled Pigsfeet,



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Is the smile with which he greets customers more than a portion of his stock in trade? Does he seek to "raise the standard of morality," or does he look after the shekels? Surely the last, and that only.

So is it with the newspaper. It is in the field to live, and to do this it cannot be much above or beyond its readers. The newspaper man must live. His paper is his stock of goods, and by its chant does his goods, the lawyer his. forthwith officially advised to re-He furnishes the goods his customers want; not those that perhaps in some other person's opinion they need. He supplies the demand, and if he does not, loses his trade.

The ladies of San Francisco are going day, and that day Christmas. The proprietor, Mr. Hearst, will turn the entire plant over to them on that day, and they will write the editorials, collect the The Sole Object of a Minnesota Couple at local, edit the telegraph matter, and take the entire receipts of the paper for the day. What appearance the paper will present is hard to predict. That it will be "just too sweet for anything is sure; but whether the columns will be fluted, put on bias, with frills at top and bottom of column, or what the style of the make-up may be, cannot be even guessed at At the best, or worst, it is an interesting experiment, and one that will attract considerable attention as the time for that issue to get ripe approaches.

Two privates of the First regiment, Niedermark and Garrettson, have been tried by court martial and acquitted of the charge of violating the 62d article of war. As the offense these military gentlemen were charged with was the swiping of a couple of tickets from the society circus secently showing in Portland, it would seem from this that the 62d article of, war is to the effect that "thou shalt not steal circus tickets," or else that inflicting a society circus on a trusting public should be punished with death or at least disgrace.

Grain sacks for sale at the Wasco warehouse. tř All druggists soll Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

EASILY SATISFIED.

the World's Fair.

At the world's fair it was amusing to note the diversity of objects which visitors found the most interesting. One young woman, who was busy writing in her note-book in the agricultural building, hurriedly ran over to a table and pushed to the front with so much zeal that the bystanders supposed she had forgotten her purse or something else equally important; but having scanned the table eagerly, she merely said: "O, yes, sugar beets," and ran away again to a sheltered place to write it down. .

Another instance was that of an old couple, weary-looking and bundleladen, who asked a guard where the Minnesota building could be found. He indicated the direction.

"Is it fur?" asked the man. "Yes, about half a mile from here." "O dear! Well, come, Mary, we'll put her through now we're here," said the old man, shouldering his heavy bundle.

But the woman was more garrulous. She detained the guard long enough to explain that they lived in Minnesota twelve years and then moved to Ohio. Now they were going back to Minnesota

"We was goin' through Chicago, so we jest stopped off two hours to see the fair. We don't keer much for fairs | Business Before the United States Land anyway; all we want to see is the Minnesota buildin', and we are bound to see that, if it takes half a day!"