The Daily Astorian.

ASTORIA, OREGON:

WEDNESDAY.....APRIL 9, 1890

City and County Official Paper.

THERE is considerable consolation in contemplating the state of affairs in this country, especially to the residents of the Pacific coast, as illustrated by a telegram on the first page concerning the decrease in our Chinese population. In the last seven and a half years the arrivals of Chinese have been 79,881 and the departures 94,213, so that we have lost 14,332. This is indeed gratifying, as all here know full well how detrimental to our industries and injurious to our population is the presence of the Mongolians. Yet our friends beyond the Rockies think we are cruel to oppose Chinese immigration. Of late, however, John is not quite so welcome to them as formerly, for they are beginning to understand the evil, as the moon-eyed heathen increase among them.

A TARIFF for revenue only is free trade. No one understands that free trade means essentially that no duty at all be levied on any imports. That for convenience is called extreme free trade or absolute free trade. But free trade against which protectionists contend is a tariff that is not protective. It is not correct to say that a manufacturer enjoys "some protection" if the tariff is so low as to give the foreign competitor an advantage. For instance, if an article costs ten cents to manufacture it in England and bring it to our market, and the same article costs twenty cents to manufacture and put on the market here, a tariff of five cents on that article affords no protection whatever—it is free trade to all intents and purposes, so far as the issue between free trade and protection is concerned. In the case supposed it would require a tariff of ten cents to enable the home manufacturer to compete with the foreigner on the merits of his goods, and he would still have to share the market with him unless he could reduce the wages of his employes or otherwise lower the cost of his goods so as to undersell the foreign competitor. These simple and plain truths are ignored or thrust out of sight by the advocates of the Mills bill, who talk about the "protection" it leaves in the tariff.

A WEAKNESS OF MANY MEN.

People who Like to See Their Names In The Newspapers.

The editorial puff, says the Punxsutawney *Spirit*, is the gentlest, breeziest thing about a newspaper. It encourages many a man who is contemplating suicide to brace up and respect himself, and hurries others into untimely graves. There are various kinds of puffs. Some resemble the zephyr, that make the lily bow its head like the modest girl; some are like the breezes, perfumed with apple blossoms, that sway the hollyhocks; others like the wind, that sweeps across the fields of grain and causes gentle billows to arise and fall like ocean waves; and still others like the tempest that rives the knotty oak and lashes the angry waves against the beetling rocks. Modest people like the mild variety. Business men the medium grade, and actors and politicians the furious kind filled with picturesque adjectives and superlatives. Before the advent of newspapers, the knights and squires of those queer old times must have led a very unsatisfactory life. Think of a man wearing out his old frame and waiting around during all the weary years of his profitless existence without ever seeing his "name in the paper." It must have been excruciating. Most people say they do not, but nevertheless many people do like to see their names in print. A friend of ours from Locust Lane came in the other day and said:

"I thought you would have my name in the paper last week."

"On what grounds?" we inquired.

"Because," he replied, "I was thrown out of a buggy and fractured my clavicle."

"Ah, ah," we answered, "that was unfortunate for you, but the accident was scarcely serious enough to merit newspaper mention."

"What?" exclaimed our friend in astonishment, "does a man have to break his neck before he can get his name in the paper?"

IS IT FICTION?

Immense Wealth Supposed To Be Buried on Hez Caples' Farm.

Tradition says that in the year 1841 a Spanish bark was riding at anchor opposite the present townsite of Columbia City and near the farm now owned by Hez Caples. There was a large amount of treasure aboard the vessel, and the crew conspired to obtain possession of it. They mutinied, assassinated the captain, and buried the gold and silver in the vicinity of Caples' farm, so at least is the report.

The inconsistent shade of this tradition, however, is the burial of the treasure when the mutineers had unswayed control of the bark. But as the story is told a *Telegram* reporter, some of the Spaniards subsequently returned, endeavoring to recover the money, yet without success.

Others who became acquainted with the fact that a great fortune had been buried on or near Caples' farm made unsuccessful efforts to find it, but always with serious consequences to one or more of the searching parties.

At a spiritualistic meeting in this city some five or six years ago a spiritualist claimed to have had a revelation as to the identical spot where the Spaniards had covered up their ill-gotten wealth which never gave them a moment's happiness or enjoyment.

Several of the spiritualists, reposing confidence in revalation, visited Caples' farm, and, after searching several days, they discovered a large deposit of small rocks at a depth of a foot in the soil, and supposed the money to be buried beneath it. While they were at work removing the rocks one of the men dropped dead. This created such consternation among the rest that the party abandoned their labors.

No further efforts to secure the hidden treasure were put forth till last week, when another party went on this evident wild goose chase. Among them was one William Matthews, who succeeded in locating the rock depost. While delving underneath it, in the expectancy of unearthing a huge fortune, he struck a mass of human bones. During the few minutes consumed in examining them, Matthews was transformed into a raving maniac. After that his associates also abandoned the work.

Matthews was brought to this city on the steamer *Alarm* last Friday and is now under the care of his friends, who will cause his removal to the insane asylum should he not soon recover his reason.—*Portland Telegram, 7.*

NEW TO-DAY

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT there are funds in the city treasury to pay all warrants endorsed prior to July 18th 1889. J. G. HUSTLER,
Astoria, April 8, 1890. City Treasurer.

Stockholders' Meeting.

THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE ASTORIA Building and Loan Association are hereby notified that the annual meeting of said association will be held at their office on Tuesday, May 13th, 1890, for the purpose of electing nine directors for the ensuing year and to transact any other business that may come before the meeting. The election of directors will be by ballot from 2 o'clock P. M. until 8 o'clock P. M. By order of the president.
Attest: W. L. ROBB, Secretary.

Special No. 2.

SECOND SATURDAY SURPRISE SALE at Herman Wise's will be 100 dozen woolen socks at FIVE CENTS A PAIR. This price good for Saturday only.
HERMAN WISE.

Notice to Builders.

BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED UNTIL April 14, 1890, at two o'clock P. M., for the erection of a building on Third street, 50x80 feet. Plans and specifications can be seen at P. J. Goodman's store. Privilege reserved to reject any and all bids. Address bids to box 91, Astoria, or leave at P. J. Goodman's store.

Note Lost.

ALL PERSONS ARE HEREBY CAUTIONED against buying a promissory note for $50, by N. A. Eberman, in favor of the undersigned, said note having been lost on the steamer "Bonita" on March 31st, 1890.
C. A. McGUIRE.

Notice.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKholders of Progressive Land and Building association for the election of officers will be held in this city at the house of Job Ross, on Tuesday, April 15th, 1890, at 7 o'clock P. M. W. R. ROSS, President.
Attest: F. L. PARKER, Secretary.

Republican County Convention.

THE REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENtion heretofore called to meet at Astoria, Oregon, on Wednesday, April 9th, 1890, will meet at the Ross opera house at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day. W. L. ROBB,
Chairman Republican County Com.