

Daily Astorian.

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Advertising rates can be had on application to the business manager.

The Weekly Astorian, the second oldest weekly in the state of Oregon, has, next to the Portland Oregonian, the largest weekly circulation in the state.

Jno. F. Handley & Co. are our Portland agents, and copies of the Astorian can be had every morning at their stand, 121 Third street.

"I believe the Republican party at St. Louis should be governed by a conservative sentiment respecting the tariff, but it cannot be too pronounced on the money question. I am in favor of an explicit and unequivocal declaration in favor of maintaining the gold standard; for the money question and not the tariff, will be the issue of the campaign this year."—Benjamin Harrison.

"The agricultural, manufacturing, mercantile and wage-earning interests of the United States, have now an opportunity to put this country beyond the reach of doubt on a sound, safe and permanent gold basis. The party which fails to see that this is the only true issue, and to take its stand on a gold platform, will fight a losing battle in the coming campaign."—Chauncey M. Depew.

THE VOLUME OF MONEY.

Many questions have been asked about the old story that the volume of money in circulation in the United States has been greatly reduced since the "crisis" of 1873. The total volume of all forms of money in circulation in 1873 was \$23,000,000, or \$13.20 per capita. In 1894 it was \$1,864,000,000, or \$35.50 per capita. There has been some increase, chiefly in national bank circulation, since then. And the fact is that we have never had anything like as much money per capita in circulation as during the last four years. Before the war, or in 1860, the total per capita circulation was \$13.38. So that if an increase in the volume of money had any effect on business and prices we should have had a more active business and higher prices for our products during these years than ever before. In fact, the business depression of the last three years set in in face of the largest volume of money we ever had, and prices for nearly everything have gone down while the volume of money has increased.

Not only is our present money circulation per capita 35 per cent more than in 1873 and 38 per cent more than in 1860, but it is a greater circulation in proportion to population than any of the great commercial nations in the world except France. In France checks are rarely used in the payment of bills or accounts, while in this country 55 per cent of the traffic exchanges of the country are settled by checks and bills of exchange. So that France has a very large circulation per capita—\$42.54. But in Great Britain, where checks are freely used and which has immensely more trade than France, the money circulation is only \$18 per capita. In Germany it is only \$17 per capita. These facts demonstrate that business activity or prosperity is not dependent upon the volume of money in circulation to any such extent as is popularly supposed.

In this country very little money is used in business transactions in proportion to their enormous bulk. Of the thousands of millions of dollars represented by these business transactions only about 5 per cent are settled in money. The other 95 per cent are settled by checks and bills of exchange. Of course, the money is always on deposit in the banks to pay these drafts or checks, but instead of being paid out to meet these checks the bank, through their clearing house system, count up every day the amount of checks which each holds against the others, and the only money is the small amount necessary to pay the balance which is found due each bank.

This fact will explain to our correspondents why so little money passes from hand to hand, and why it is true that when the extended use of this clearing house machinery and its results is taken into account, we have immensely more money in circulation in proportion to our need of money than any other country in the world.

THE FLAG.

It has been stated by a Boston newspaper that the American flag is no more than a piece of bunting. The thoughtlessness of this unhappy expression must receive our commiseration rather than our contempt.

The man to whom the flag of the United States is worth no more than its intrinsic value, would swap his native land for the next best piece of ground that could be stumbled upon, without a twinge of remorse.

It is no use to talk the power of the flag to men who have fought under it; they know as no one else does the magnificence that lurks in its folds. It is the man who has never seen the Stars and Stripes when enraptured by the smoke of hostile fire that needs to reflect upon the significance of our national emblem.

The flag may not be any better than any other piece of bunting, but it is not a mother more than a mere female? It would horrify the jester to listen to the latter assertion, but both together.

The man who does not respect his flag would be dishonorable to his family. There is but one hope that draws all parts of the United States. There is but one rallying point for every American

citizen. When the flag is bisected in the streets of New York, a far deeper insult is borne to the character of every American than were ones' mother slandered. It is not real disloyalty that is neglecting the flag today. Peace has so long enshrouded the Stars and Stripes that we do not appreciate the spirit that will make a thousand men go wild in prison at the mere sight of a miniature flag. We should suffer a bit under it; we should go to Venezuela, perhaps, and see its veneration in the backwoods, and we shall return convinced that the sweetest essence of pure patriotism is bound up in twinkling grace of "Old Glory."

It is probably true, as a New York paper claims, that McKinley represents the tariff idea of the "wild and woolly West." That's the reason the Western farmers, who haven't looked a sheep in the face for four years, are all for McKinley. They want another woolly tariff.

Nearly all of the great Central West this year rejoices in the prospect of abundant crops. All the signs, natural and political, indicate the near approach of the national prosperity so ardently desired by the people.

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

As for man, his days are as grass.—Psalms, ciii, 16.

"To what would you liken a man's life?" asked some one centuries ago. It is like a bird, was the answer, who flies through the window from outer darkness, then flies through the opposite window into the darkness again. At the very longest, life is very short. No man finishes his work before he is called. "Something like underdone" are words to be inscribed on every tombstone. Time may linger in our youth, but in our age its speed is breathless. We no sooner leave the cradle than the grave comes into view.

To some of us this is a very grave matter; to others it is a matter of small consequence. If one lives in a house of many rooms he does not weep when asked to leave the room in which he happens to sit and enter another which will afford him better accommodation. It, however, the house has only one room and you are forced to leave that, your tears may be pardoned. If we are only dust, we shrink from going back to that from which we came, but if we are souls, we may shake the dust off without a tremor, for the soul will find a better body somewhere when it needs one.

There are periods of life when these great facts assume special importance, and other periods when they seem to be dreamy and unreal. When we are young, for example, the near future attracts the eye, but the far future is hardly worth a thought. We are so busy laying plans for tomorrow that we seldom cast even a glance at the day after tomorrow. There is something charming about even the impulsiveness and carelessness and thoughtlessness of youth. It is sufficient upon itself, is full of resources and it laughs at difficulties. You speak of evils to be avoided, but it shakes its head in doubt—first, because it thinks you exaggerate matters, and second, because, however great these evils may be, it feels itself quite competent to handle them.

Religion seems to buoyant, hopeful youth rather an encumbrance than a benefit. And so it would be if it were really the dull and sombre something which it is frequently represented to be. When you practically tell a young man that religion will take all the enthusiasm out of his life—and this is sometimes done—be very naturally wants a little of it as possible. One reason why young men are loath to accept religion is that it is grossly and grievously misrepresented. In very truth, it is their best friend, and will give them more good cheer and more ardor and more happiness and more assistance in the accomplishment of their high purposes than any other system of thought they can adopt. But when they are told that in order to be religious they must never do what they want to do, and must always do what they do not want to do, we need not be surprised that during the years of effervescence they turn their faces the other way. This is all the more pitiful because these years of effervescence are the years in which the corner stones of character are laid. In my judgment, the kind of religion which is not joy producing is rank heresy.

Youth may think itself sufficient unto itself, but he knows that it is not. The most startling period of life is that in which the consciousness steals over that more than half of your journey has been covered. So long as the future is longer than the past you may cherish a certain indifference, but when the future is compassed by only a few more summers and winters you become solicitous as to what that future contains for you. When you say to yourself, "I am old now," you add, "I must think seriously." If there is anything in God's great universe that can give you hope, or better still, a certainty, you reach out your hands and your heart for it. If it be true that there are "mansions in the sky," you want to be assured of that fact, for between doubt and faith there is a vast, not to say an awful, difference. If Christ's promise to "prepare a place for you" was founded on authority, and not on imagination, all dread of the days to come is at an end, and death merely transports you to the home of those who have gone before.

To advancing age, therefore, faith is a prime necessity, without which there can be no peace of mind. To die, and so to end it all, is a stiletto driven into the heart by a cruel hand, but to have heaven to look forward to, with larger fields of activity and more favorable opportunities—then we are like the poor man who has suddenly fallen upon a large inheritance, and who is even anxious to get away from the old ad that he may enjoy the new.

Religion gives us all these assurances. Their acceptance by the soul adds to it a dignity and grandeur immeasurable, and withal a peace, a happiness, which no words can express. When once God's hand and yours are clasped He may lead you where He will, for the end of the journey when nightfall comes will find you in "the holy city, New Jerusalem."—GEORGE H. HILP WORTH.

DeWitt's Sarsaparilla is prepared for cleansing the blood. It builds up and strengthens constitutions impaired by disease. Chas. Rogers.

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Advertisement for Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco. Includes illustrations of a man smoking and a woman, and text describing the quality of the tobacco.

PERHAPS HE WAS RIGHT. Washington Times. Miss Smartley—No, that's true. Now, for example, your sermons are not in reality very long and yet they seem interminable.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she clung for Castoria. When she became Miss, she cried for Castoria. When she was Married, she gave it to her Castoria.

A BAD WRECK. —of the constitution may follow in the track of a disordered system. Do not impair blood or inactive liver. Don't run the risk.

MIGHT BE EITHER. Washington Star. "Doctor," said the anxious mother, "I can't hardly speak above a whisper."

ROYAL Baking Powder. has been awarded highest honors at every world's fair where exhibited.

LUCKY ESCAPE. Indianapolis Journal. Wickwix—I have been thinking what a narrow escape I had from being killed by Holmes.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN. Cleveland Plain Dealer. He passed right by the gutter. "Poor old soul!" he said. "Has it come to this?"

LET US REASON TOGETHER. It needs "no ghost to come and tell us" that the sooner dyspepsia is remedied, the sooner we shall enjoy that right to which our ancestors laid claim in the "good old times."

THE CHAMELEON. Boston Transcript. Fuddy—So you think Foesler an exceedingly bashful man? Duddy—Eminently so. Why, the other day he took a bicycle lesson in the presence of some of his relatives, and he absolutely changed color.

MARVELOUS RESULTS. From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderson, Dimondale, Mich. we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitations in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were most marvelous in the case of my wife."

MODERN WARFARE. Washington Evening Times. Englishmen have introduced football into the Lake Nyassa region in Africa. Whatever else may be said of them, the English have never been foremost in adopting the most formidable means of exterminating their enemies.

ELECTRIC BITTERS. Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed when the languid, exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt.

A PICKLE MIND. Exchange. Dearest Susan—When I refused George he said he would go and help the struggling Cubans.

BUCKLE'S ARNICA SALVE. The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Bore, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Bore, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Childrens Corns, and All Skin Eruptions, and positive cure for Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by Chas. Rogers, Old Fellow's building.

NOTICE OF ABANDONMENT OF DRAIN IN ADAIR'S ASTORIA.

Notice is hereby given that the assessment made by Ordinance No. 302, of the city of Astoria, confirming the assessment on Roll No. 1, for the construction of a drain in the city of Astoria, as laid out and recorded by John Adair, commencing at a point in block 68, and having its outlet in Thirty-third street, between blocks 10 and 11, Adair's Astoria, and known and designated as "Drainage District No. 1," will be due and payable on the 15th day of May, 1896, in U. S. gold or silver coin, at the office of the city treasurer, and if not so paid within or before said time, the common council will order warrants issued for the collection of the same. The assessment is as follows:

Table listing property owners and their addresses in Adair's Astoria, including names like Laura P. Adair, Mary L. Adair, and John Adair, with corresponding block and lot numbers.

Table listing property owners and their addresses in Adair's Astoria, including names like George Nelson, Adair's Astoria, and various lot and block numbers.

Advertisement for The Great M. De Key West cigars. Includes text: "50¢ HONEST GOODS AT HONEST PRICES \$1.60", "CAL. SPOT CASH MERCANTILE COMPANY, 320 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.", and "50 REAL 10-CIGARS MAILED TO EVERYBODY ON RECEIPT OF \$1.60 MONEY ORDERS CHECK OR POSTAL NOTE."