

THE DAYTON HERALD
Entered as second class matter at the post office at Dayton, Oregon.
DAYTON, OREGON
NEWS OF THE WEEK
In a Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

A Resume of the Less Important but Not Less Interesting Events of the Past Week.
France is not quite ready to whip Castro.
The United Mineworkers of America has voted for an increase in wages.
The government has opened its case in the trial of the packing trust at Chicago.
Serious anti-Jewish rioting occurred in Bessarabia during the celebration of Red Sunday.
A shipment of 1,000,000 salmon eggs to New Zealand has been made from Tehama, California.
The Chinese commissioners in the United States to learn our ways are making many friends.
The prosecuting attorney of Missouri is actively engaged in taking testimony against the Standard Oil company.
Burton has renewed his pledge to do all in his power to secure an appropriation for the mouth of the Columbia.
Physicians in attendance upon General Joseph Wheeler say his attack of pneumonia is slight and they expect to have him out soon.
A competitive examination will be held at Whitman college, Walla Walla, February 10, for aspirants for appointment as midshipmen.
A bomb was thrown into a crowd of police at Odessa, Russia, injuring two officers. Two bomb factories have been discovered and many arrests followed.
Fresh trouble has appeared in the Balkan states.
Rockefeller has given \$1,450,000 to Chicago university.
A bill to revive the canteen has been introduced in congress.
Taft denies that the Philippine commissioners speculate in land, as has been charged.
The government has abandoned the Harney irrigation project and will let the private company go ahead with the work.
Representative French, of Idaho, has introduced a bill appropriating \$10,000 for experimental dry farming in semi-arid regions.
The Brazilian warship Aquidaban blew up, killing all the officers and crew excepting 60. The dead will number 300.
The members of the Montana Press association will leave Butte February 10 on an excursion to Los Angeles and Southern California points.
The mild weather throughout the East has been followed by a blizzard. In some sections a drop of 30 degrees in 12 hours has been recorded.
French and German delegates at the Moroccan conference have openly disagreed. The debate may be the beginning of fresh controversies between the two countries.
King Edward is ill.
Six men have been killed by snowslides in Utah.
The Moroccan conference has so far dodged the dangerous points.
Five invitations will be issued to the Longworth-Roosevelt wedding.
Beet sugar men have planned a fight on the Philippine bill in the senate.
Several midshipmen at the Newport navy yard have been attacked with spotted fever.
Jacob Riss has stirred up some senators by declaring it possible that Roosevelt may run again.
The liberal victory in the recent British elections assures Irish home rule and radical labor laws.
A soldier from Fort Lawton was sentenced to one minute's imprisonment by the Seattle municipal judge.
France is acting cautiously in the Venezuelan affair, not wishing to gain the ill will of the United States.
Two French scientists will go as far south as possible by boat and then endeavor to reach the pole by balloon.
Canal zone medical authorities have imposed a six days quarantine on Colombian and Venezuelan ports, as the zone is now free from disease.
Judge Hunt, of the Montana United States court, says cutting of government timber must stop. He has just fined a man \$200 and says each succeeding conviction will bring a heavier fine.
Senator Depew's health has broken down.
Hayburn's pure food bill is likely to become a law.
It is said the United States will offer to sell the Philippine islands to Japan.
Berlin fears further Socialist riots and troops are being held in readiness.
Secretary Taft is investigating affairs in the Philippines for a possible graft by officials there.
Chief Engineer Stevens, of the canal, has been elected vice president of the Panama railroad.
Luke Wright has been appointed ambassador to Japan. General Smith will succeed him as Philippine governor.
Admiral Endicott, chief of the bureau of yards and docks, wants a new dry dock at the Puget Sound navy yard.
Porto Ricans are making a strong plea for home government. They claim the American officials ignore their wishes.
Brown University, New York, will build a \$400,000 library in memory of John Hay. Carnegie has given \$150,000 toward the fund.

STEAMER VALENCIA WRECKED.
Strikes Rocks in Fog Off the Straits of Fuca.
Victoria, B. C., Jan. 23.—The steamer Valencia, which was en route to Victoria from San Francisco with 94 passengers and a crew of 60, went ashore at midnight last night during a thick fog, at Cloo Ose, near Carmanah point, and a large number were drowned when attempting to leave the ship. The steamer is on the rocks against a high cliff, and is likely to go to pieces at any time.
One boat's crew reached Cape Beale at 3 o'clock this afternoon, and nine men got ashore near the telegraph hut, about 16 miles from the light-house.
When the boats were lowered, soon after the vessel was driven into the shore after she began to sink, there was a great loss of life. The boats filled with women and children were smashed against the side of the steamer and all in them were lost.
The lights had gone out by this time, and the crew could not see to work. Seven boats and three life rafts were lowered. Only two of them have been heard from.
There were thought to be about 100 persons still on the wreck, and the survivors who reached Cape Beale say at least 50 were drowned alongside the steamer before they left.
The boatswain and five seamen were sent to secure assistance, and are the only ones that reached Cape Beale, arriving there about 3 o'clock.
HUNDRED REPORTED LOST.
Lighthouse Keeper at Carmanah Files First Telegram.
Victoria, B. C., Jan. 23.—A dispatch from Cape Beale says the steamer Valencia, which was en route to the Vancouver island coast near Cloo Ose. The lighthouse keeper says between 50 and 60 were drowned.
The news of the disaster on Vancouver island coast is meager, being confined to the message received by Captain Gaudin, agent of marine, from Lighthouse keeper Peterson at Carmanah, saying as follows:
"Steamer wrecked between here and Cloo Ose. About 100 drowned. Nine reached telegraph hut. Will wire more particulars as soon as possible."
Cloo Ose is about five or six miles from Carmanah point, and 65 miles from Victoria. Cape Beale is 125 miles from Victoria, at the easterly entrance to Barkley sound.
SEEKER FOR PEACE.
Ambassador White Tries to Reconcile Germany and France.
Algiers, Jan. 24.—Henry White, the American ambassador to Italy and head of the American delegation to the Moroccan conference, is making the weight of the United States felt in quiet endeavors to bring France and Germany nearer together before the disputed questions arise in the convention. The questions cannot be long delayed.
It has been impossible for the United States to take the lead in seeking a way toward an agreement that shall guarantee to all the countries an equal footing in Morocco and yet recognize in some respects the special position of France. It is a difficult task, but all the governments, except those directly concerned, are assisting in it, because of the danger of the situation, should the conference fail in settlement.
TREATS AFFAIR AS A JOKE.
Venezuelan Minister Refuses Explanation of Taigny Incident.
Willemstad, Jan. 23.—Advises received here today say that the dean of the diplomatic corps at Caracas, the Belgian charge d'affaires, has conferred with Senor Ybarra, the Venezuelan foreign minister, on the incident attending the embarkation of the French charge d'affaires, M. Taigny, on board the French steamer Martinique off La Guayra, January 14.
Senor Ybarra evaded the request and treated the Taigny incident lightly, remarking that M. Taigny had "allowed himself to be caught like a rat in a trap."
'France's Splendid Gift.
Paris, Jan. 24.—The magnificent piece of Gobelin tapestry which the French government has decided to send as a wedding present to Miss Roosevelt represents the highest skill of the famous tapestry makers of France. The tapestry was completed some time ago, it was originally intended as a gift to the empress of Russia, but the latter disappointed the Parisians by not coming to the capital on the occasion of her last visit to France. Since then the great work of art, nearly 40 feet square, has decorated a wall in the Elysee palace.
King Peter's Throne Shaky.
London, Jan. 24.—Special dispatches from Vienna to the London papers are inclined to attribute the strained relations between Austria-Hungary and Serbia partly to the waning influence of King Peter. The king is reported as being powerless to control the policy of his cabinet owing to the growth of Radical and Republican influences. The correspondent of the Daily Mail says: "It is believed in Austria that the days of the Karageorgevitch dynasty are numbered and that King Peter and his family will be expelled."
Are Shut Up in Kansas.
Chicago, Jan. 24.—A dispatch to the Tribune from Chanute, Kan., says: "The independent oil refiners of Kansas have mailed to James R. Garfield, commissioner of corporations, an appeal for justice against the alleged conspiracy between the Standard Oil company and the railroad to shut Kansas oil out of the market. The refiners who signed the appeal have invested more than \$1,000,000 in refineries, tank cars, storage tanks, wagons and barrels."
Asks \$2,000,000 for Militia.
Washington, Jan. 24.—The National Guard association today reaffirmed its approval of the bill pending in the senate and house, carrying an annual appropriation of \$2,000,000 to increase the efficiency of the militia and to promote rifle practice.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST
100 STAMPS AT GOLD COIN.
Extensive Preparations Made to Continue Operations.
Baker City—Dr. T. H. White, one of the three owners of the Gold Coin mine, has just returned from Portland, where he arranged for the addition of 100 stamps to their ten-stamp mill already in operation, and purchased a new hoist to be shipped to the mine at once. The machinery will all be made in Portland.
Since the favorable decision in the injunction case by the Circuit court, given the other day, the mine will be in full operation the balance of the winter.
Managing Owner James A. Panting, of the Gold Hill mine, in the Durkee camp, 26 miles southeast of Baker City, here and reports that he has had a full force of men at work remodeling some of the tunnels and stopes, and that he has cut the main ledge ten feet wider on the lower levels. In doing this work he struck another stream of water in the mine, which will give him a sufficient supply to irrigate another 100 acres of the home ranch. He says the recent heavy snowstorm will benefit both farming and mining interests.
No Longer Superintendent.
Salem—David E. Baxter, who was appointed county superintendent of schools in November by the county court of Wheeler county, is out of office. The county superintendent died, and the county court appointed Mr. Baxter to fill the vacancy. Attorney General Crawford held that the appointment was for the unexpired term, and that Baxter would hold office until 1908. Recently it was discovered that Baxter did not hold a first-grade certificate, and again a question came up as to Baxter's eligibility to hold the office. This time the attorney general held that unless Baxter could show a certificate as required by law, the office was vacant. The court notified Baxter to produce his certificate or give up the office. He resigned.
Many Men at Opp Mine.
Grants Pass—At the Opp mine, near Jacksonville, about 60 men are at work in and around the mine. All the machinery, even the sawmill, is operated by electricity. The company owns 240 acres covered with timber, and all the lumber for building purposes at the mine and the timbers used in the mine are cut by the sawmill. This is the first sawmill in this part of the state to be operated by electricity. All the main tunnels and drifts at the Opp mine are lighted by electricity. The company has just finished installing an air compressor and power drills.
Meat for New Railroad.
Arlington—Henry O. Buey has purchased a half interest in the meat business here from C. C. Clark. At the same time the contract has been let to a large Canadian firm to furnish the meat for all the contractors of the Northern Pacific railroad now being built down the north bank of the Columbia river, this Arlington firm is providing the meat for the railroad men for 25 cents a pound. Several dollars each week come into the coffers of this town for meat alone.
"Short Gulch" in Operation.
Grants Pass—The recent heavy rains have started all the giants in the placer mines of Southern Oregon, and even the "short gulch" men are at work. This is the first time in two years that they have been able to do any work of value. About a dozen giants are working on the Applegate that were not operated at all last winter. The rain has been about half snow in the valley, and in consequence there has been a heavy fall of snow on the higher mountains, insuring a long run in the spring.
New Industry for Gresham.
Gresham—The Gresham Trading & Packing company has begun work on a cold storage plant, which will cost between \$3,000 and \$5,000. The company intends to engage in an extensive packing business, and will operate largely in dress meats of all kinds and the storage of all perishable products. It is the intention of the company to conduct a business aggregating about \$400,000 during the coming year, and it will be prepared for hot weather.
Contract Let for Ties.
Elgin—Another large contract for ties for the Walla Walla extension has been let by the O. R. & N. Co. to George Edwards, of Spokane. Mr. Edwards is equipping two camps and hiring men to commence work at once. His contract calls for 20,000 ties to be delivered by June. He has the privilege of accepting another contract for 30,000 more, if he so desires.
To Build Railway.
Salem—Articles of incorporation have been filed with the secretary of state for the United Railways company. The incorporators are W. D. Larrabee, M. H. French and J. W. Evers. The road is to run from some point in Portland to Peak, in Washington county. The capital stock is \$5,000, divided into 50 shares of \$100.
Oregon Firms Dissolved.
Salem—Governor Chamberlain has issued a proclamation, as required by law, dissolving about 5,000 corporations that have not complied with the provisions of the corporation license tax law. Most of the companies have already gone out of business.
Subscribe Many Acres.
Echo—More than 6,000 acres of land have been subscribed to the Walla Walla Watersheds association. The executive committee has met and signed the articles of incorporation and the papers have been forwarded to the secretary of state.
State Loans \$61,200.
Salem—The State Land board has approved 44 farm loans amounting to \$61,200. The money loaned belongs to the state school fund and draws 6 per cent interest.

A DEAD PAST
By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON
CHAPTER XXIII.
He stood up, facing her, with his back to the fire, so that she could see him well, with the light of the lamp shining full upon him, she could see that he was very much altered. He was thin, and worn, and aged; his broad, manly figure had shrunk; his shoulders stooped; the eyes that used to be brave and buoyant, now looked weary and lifeless. She was shocked to see him so changed. He laughed shortly and bitterly as he looked at her.
"I have come half across Europe to see you, traveling night and day through all this frost and snow. I have taken no rest, and scarcely any food for four days, and all you can find to say to me at the end of it is to revile me for not keeping out of your way."
She repeated more slowly: "To see you, Rosamond—to still the raging hunger at my heart. Because, when I found out where you were, I could not rest until I saw you again."
"Have you, you hear where I was?" she said wonderingly.
"There was a man, a poor fellow from this part of the country—he was consumptive, I think—who met us. I heard from him at Mentone. He was Mary's brother! She understood it then. There was a sort of fatality about it. She had seen him with your sister, Brian? You look so fairly ill."
"I have been ill for months. We started, my cousin, Edgar Raikes, and I, to go to China, Australia, heaven knows where. We began by a fortnight in the Austrian Tyrol, and there I got laid up with a sort of fever. I have been there ever since till a month ago, when I managed to get down to the Riviera. I am getting right now, only a bit weak and pulled down."
And journey like this across Europe, in such weather and in your present state! What madness, Brian! It is enough to kill you!"
She looked at him with a kindly pitying concern. What surprised herself more than she said, she said to herself, the utter calmness and indifference with which she saw him. Save in the first moment of surprise, her pulses had beat no faster for his presence. His voice had no power to thrill her.
"Where's that?" she asked, as he told her, as she looked at him, "then the foundations of the building are undermined, and with time and absence the idol itself soon crumbles into powder."
Aloud she said to him, with a kindly reproach in her voice: "What folly could induce you to undertake such a journey for nothing, Brian?"
"Do you call it nothing, then, that I am here, that I can see you once more, hear your voice, touch your hands?"
He knelt down, before her on the hearthrug, and took her hand—his own trembled and shook, hers was as cold as ice and as perfectly unresponsive.
Rosamond, tell me once again—let me hear from your lips, let me love me still. Then I will go. I ask for nothing more. That will be enough for me. Tell me that, once, and I will leave you."
"I cannot tell you that I love you, Brian," she said coldly, wondering, as she spoke, at the fearful evidence of selfishness of which such words, from this man to her whose life he had spoiled, gave evidence.
"You cannot say so! Do you mean that you do not love me, Rosamond? It is impossible! You cannot have ceased to care for me!"
She withdrew her hands from his, and reached them up behind her head with a weary action. Her eyes wandered away from his pleading, earnest face that was haggard with passion and misery. For a moment or two she was silent, then very slowly she said:
"The one thing upon which I am absolutely impossible, Brian, is to be kinder to the ashes of a dead fire."
He rose from his kneeling attitude at her feet, and stood with his back to the mantelpiece. Then he drew a long, shivering breath.
"Ah! It is dead, then," he said, almost in a whisper.
"Yes," she answered, still not looking at him. "It is dead. Thank God! thank God!"
There was silence between them for the space of four or five minutes—absolute silence, during which the clock ticked steadily and the fire logs sparkled and crackled, and Brian Desmond faced his whole life.
It was Rosamond who spoke first.
"You have left your wife, Brian, at Mentone?"
He started.
"My wife! Good heavens! Surely you know—I must have heard!"
She looked at him with interest.
"Is it possible that you do not know that my wife left me before I went abroad?"
"Your wife left you?" she repeated in voice of dismay. Do you mean that you are not living with her—that you are separated from her?"
"Ah, at all events, has separated herself from me," he said bitterly. "It is not I who have left her. She wrote me, very likely I deserve it. 'But, Brian,' she cried eagerly, 'I don't understand! Do you mean that she left her home and went away? What made her leave you?'
"Her own idiotic jealousy," he replied irritably. "Some one, I believe, saw us together that one evening—do you remember it, Rosamond?"
"Could she ever forget it? Although the anguish of it was past, the bare recollection of that day in London was sufficient to make her shudder.
"Yes, yes, go on," she said, hastily.
"I don't know who it was. Either an interfering young fool, called Sir Roy Granley, who imagined himself to be in love with her, or else a mischief-making old woman, called Mrs. Scurrden, who, I think, I never can make out which; but one of them must have seen us together and told her. She wrote me a sensational letter and left my house."
"But, Brian, surely, surely, that alone could not have led her to such a strong measure."
"Oh, she was always jealous about you. She found out—she knew, I believe, that it was you, and not her, whom I loved."
"And it is—I who have worked her all this while and agony?" she moaned. "Oh, what can I do? What can I do?"
"Let me know what you think," Rosamond said, a creature with no depth or power of feeling; she has the inconsequence of immaturity, not the heart of a woman. I do not think she has the power to feel much; she is but a baby."
CHAPTER XXIV.
"Where is that girl, Ann?"
"Where is she in the park, ma'am."
"Is it not fit for her to be out at all in such weather, with that cough of hers that never gets any better. Instead of being a comfort to me, she is nothing but a burden and a responsibility. I am sure I don't know what to do about her—and there's nobody that I can write to for orders nowadays, with the master and mistress gone abroad, and even Mr. Raikes as has taken himself off—the Lord knows where! I think in my old age, that it is hard to be saddled with a useless child like that!"
The speaker was Mrs. Scurrden; she stood at the hall door shading her eyes from the bright winter sunshine, and looking out over the snow-covered garden that reached away, one below the other, till they sank into the dazzling whiteness of the plains below. She had not looked long before she espied between the black trunk of the beech grove some quarter of a mile away a small, dark-robed figure that wandered slowly and aimlessly over the crisp, snow-covered grass.
"There she is!" muttered the housekeeper with a pucker of annoyance on her forehead. "Poor fellow! half-witted creature, sauntering along as if it was midsummer; with no more notion of taking care of herself than if she was a baby."
"Tom," she called out to one of the gardeners, who was sweeping the snow in a desultory manner away from the front door, "go and tell Catherine that I want her."
She came obedient to the summons, a small, dark-robed figure of a girl in her dark dress, with her face that seemed scarcely human in its absolute transparent pallor.
"You wanted me, Mrs. Scurrden?"
"I want you to come in; it is not fit for you to be wandering about in the snow like that. Have you washed the best dinner service, as I told you?"
"Yes, I have done all the work you set me to do."
"Come in, then, and go and dust the glass in the octagon room."
Kitten did what she was told. She went into the octagon room. It was the room where Edgar Raikes used to sit—his own, and where the picture of Miss Gray stood in its frame with the closed brass doors, upon the mantelpiece. It was a place that had a strange fascination for Kitten. She would stand whole minutes at a time motionless in the window that looked out over the now barren trees towards the grey church tower in the hollow.
Kitten never went into the octagon room without dreaming of the window for a while, nor without a glance at the closed doors at Rosamond Gray's picture. This self-torture, which kept her love and her pain alive, became a sort of religious duty to her.
"Was I not right to leave him?" she would say to herself, almost with triumph, "since he loved her so much, and could never, by any effort, have set me in her place? Are not all the mistakes of this world made by the woman who struggles for a man's love which there is no hope of their getting? Better to let it go."
There was a glass-doored cabinet in the corner of the octagon room. It was filled up to the topmost shelf with specimens of old cut glass. It was part of Kitten's duty to dust the glass and the shelves in order in their places. Kitten, mounted upon a low pair of steps, was carefully dusting an old goblet of greenish-hued crystal, which she knew her, was of unusual value, being absolutely unique and unreplaceable. She was still dreaming about Brian's youth, about the beautiful girl whom he had loved long ago.
She could hear Mrs. Scurrden's voice talking volubly, and with a certain animation and animation which was unusual to her, and as the voices drew nearer, she was able to distinguish the housekeeper's words.
"This way, miss—dear me, I beg your pardon—ma'am I should have said! You haven't forgotten the way I'll be bound to think of you, to think of seeing you here again after all these years! It does seem strange indeed! And to think of your living so near, too—only at Dunsterton, and your never having come over to see the place before!"
"Well, I have been a long time, certainly, in coming to see you, Mrs. Scurrden," replied a clear, crisp voice, with a pleasant ring in it, pre-eminently the voice of a lady, as Kitten was instantly aware, and how great is the charm of a refined and well-bred voice. "I owe it to my shame, but to-day, I had a fancy to bring my friend, Col. Trefusis, to look at the vicarage gables and at the dear old church, and as we were so near, why, I could not resist the temptation of coming on across the park."
"Along the old path, miss—ma'am, I mean. Ah, how many a time I've seen you come springing up the slope with your light steps!"
They were well within the room by now. The tall lady in her long fur cloak, the slight figured gentleman a little behind her looking about him with keen, kindly blue eyes and behind them both, Mrs. Scurrden, in her white cap and black silk gown, with her basket

of keys in her hands. Kitten, from her vantage ground at the top of the steps, could see the group who, invaded her solitude, while they were unaware of her presence.
"You have a great deal of glass here," said the gentleman to Mrs. Scurrden. "Ah, you would like to go over the houses, no doubt, sir," replied the housekeeper. "I will see if I can find the head gardener; he is generally about at this hour."
She led the way out of the room; the gentleman went with her. The lady in the long fur cloak made no effort to follow them. She was left alone, standing by the window where Kitten had so often stood with her back to the room, and her eyes riveted upon the grey church tower.
Rosamond moved from the window at length; then she did exactly what Kitten herself had done hundreds of times. She went straight to the mantelpiece, and opened the brass doors of the painted miniature. She took it down from its place and gazed long and earnestly at the lovely face, bright with youth and happiness, that smiled back at her.
She turned away from the fireplace, leaving the doors of the picture wide open. Then Kitten saw her face, and behind it that other face, that was the same, only not the same. The beautiful features were unaltered, the eyes were as lovely, the proud pose of the head was unmistakable, only that in the living woman the curves of the laughing mouth of the pictured one were drooped and saddened, and the hand of sorrow and suffering had swept like a storm cloud over the once bright and fearless brow. But all that Kitten realized at that moment was one thing alone. That was Rosamond Earle, whom Brian Desmond loved!
The room aware round her, her wide-open eyes grew dark and dazed with an unbreakable pain and anguish, then came a crash, and the ash-tray of broken glass, the medieval goblet fell, shattered into a thousand atoms upon the parquet flooring, then a dull, heavy thud, and a little dark-robed form slipped suddenly down from the top of the steps into a huddled mass upon the ground.
(To be continued.)
THE PASSING FRAME-HOUSE.
Fireproof Construction Putting It Aside on Account of Cheapness.
That fireproof construction is now nearly as inexpensive as frame construction, and in some cases even cheaper, owing to the rise in price of lumber, is asserted by the writer of an article on fireproof country homes in the Architectural Record. Bids recently received for a modest residence in Pittsburgh showed \$4,500 for frame construction and \$4,200 for fireproof construction. In Washington the cost of a certain dwelling was stated at \$5,800 for frame construction and only \$5,100 for fireproof construction.
These are city figures. For dwellings in the country frame construction ranges from 5 to 8 per cent cheaper. These prices, while they apply only to the East, seem significant of a tendency all over the country that will make fireproof construction less costly in the near future than frame or frame and brick construction. An editorial writer in the St. Paul Pioneer Press, comments on these facts as follows:
"Far over the country the margin between fireproof materials and lumber is narrowing with some rapidity, and, as has been shown, has already disappeared or is on the point of disappearing in certain sections. At points distant from any source of lumber supply and nearer the centers of steel manufacture lumber is naturally higher, and fireproofing, or at least mull construction, naturally lower than in Minnesota. Yet even here current estimates on the proposed J. J. Hill school showed a margin of only about 11 per cent between re-enforced concrete construction and ordinary brick-and-frame construction.
"In ordinary residences a difference running from 12 to 18 per cent, averaging probably about 15 per cent, remains between the cost of a brick-and-frame building and a re-enforced concrete building.
"But the price of lumber, while now fairly stable, is almost certain to advance again as it has advanced in the last ten years. Fifteen years is set down as the limit of the Minnesota timber supply at the present rate of lumbering, and even before that time we shall have to secure part of our supply of even ordinary grades from much more distant points. But as lumber has advanced the general tendency of steel has been downward. Portland cement has been growing cheaper and cheaper; and brick, tile and other artificial fireproof building material has likewise steadily declined with the improvement in processes and the introduction of other economies possible with an enlarged production.
It is, therefore, safe to say that before long the extensive use of wood in buildings except for floors, doors, and interior finishings will become a thing of the past. The desirability of such a change is apparent."
Getting His Money's Worth.
"Why doesn't Tightwad buy his stamps at the postoffice instead of going to that news stand every night?"
"The news dealer handles the baseball extra."
"I see. Tightwad buys one every night, eh?"
"Oh, no! You see, the papers lay on the showcase and while the clerk is getting the stamps Tightwad reads the score."—Detroit Tribune.
Comparing Records.
"No, indeed," she said, "I can never be your wife. Why, I had half a dozen offers before yours."
"Hub!" rejoined the young man in the case. "That's nothing. I proposed to at least a dozen girls before I met you."
No Pirate Crews.
"Because Switzerland hasn't any navy."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
In Hard Luck.
The Judge—Have you anything to offer the court before sentence is passed on you?
The Prisoner—No, your honor; I had \$13, but my lawyer appropriated it.
No Room to Retreat.
De St. Style—Did you ever do my fighting at close quarters, Major?
Major Weddell—Sure. Most of my married life has been spent in a flat.