HAPPENINGS FROM AROUND OREGON

DRAIN 5,000 ACRES.

Coquille Land Owners Cooperate to Reclaim Marshes.

Coquille—Five thousand acres of rich Coquille valley land is being reclaimed by drainage systems through the co-operative efforts of farmers owning the land. This work has now been under way for over 12 months, though the actual work has been going on for a far less period of time. At the present four reclamation projects are under way.

The first and oldest is the Beaver Slough drainage project. The first move in this plan for the reclamation of the bottom land of the Coquille valley was begun, by petition, over five years ago. However, the first petition was killed by the opposition of cold-footed property owners in the proposed district. After a district was formed which cut off the greater portion of these dissenters and the petition carried and the project was launched.

The Beaver Slough drainage district includes 1740 acres of bottom land, which will be draiend, and the cost of the complete project will be about $17,000. The complete project will include over eight miles of drainage canals, the main canal being 50 feet wide and the lateral canals over 25 feet in width. In connection with the main canals lateral ditches will be dug through the land, and these will be extended through their private holdings by the individuals so far as they see fit.

At the point where the main canals flow into the river tide gates will be installed which will allow the water to drain from the land freely, but will prevent the tides from overflowing over the lowlands, as has formerly been the case. These lateral canals are about 30 feet in width and extend from the main canal to the foothills east.

The second of the projects is the Fat Elk drainage district, which is located on the south side of the river and which extends two or three miles above the city. It will entail the dredging for about miles of canals and several miles of lateral ditches. This project embraces 2,273 acres of bottom land and will make of the section of the river directly across from this city a veritable paradise in the way of dairy land. About four miles of canals are complete and it is thought that without further delay the work will not occupy more than two months longer. The main canal follows the channel of what is supposed to have been the old river and will be fitted with the usual tide gates. Including the last assessment, this project has cost $28,423, and the end is not yet.

The third, the Harlocker project, is practically a private plan of increasing the value and productiveness of a progressive farmer's land. It was started by L. Harlocker, of this city, for the purpose of draining his farm about five miles below town. He was joined by several neighbors, who have agreed to stand a portion of the expense.

This project embraces 651 acres of land and has cost $2,000. The cost of digging lateral ditches from the main canal through the land will perhaps aggregate $1,000 more, the entire system cost about $3,000. There will be about one mile of lateral ditches when the project is complete.

Big Baldwin Ranch Sold.

Portland—One of the largest transactions on record in eastern Oregon ranch lands was consummated last week when the immense Crook county holdings of the Baldwin Sheep and Land company was sold to a syndicate of Portland capitalists for a figure said to be in the neighborhood of $450,000.

The Baldwin company's holdings comprise 26,600 acres located on Hay creek and Trout creek, and occupying the best lands in the district south of Shaniko and east of Madras. The purchase includes the improvements on the place, including a large general store and bank, the value of which is conservatively estimated at $100,000.

A large portion of the Baldwin ranch comprises some of the finest alfalfa land in Eastern Oregon to the extent of several thousand acres. It is the intention of the new owners of the property to develop all of the alfalfa lands by conserving the waters in Hay creek and Trout creek for irrigation purposes. Practically all of the water in both those streams for their entire length is controlled by the Baldwin ranch. The Deschutes line of the Harriman system will run through the Baldwin property and arrangements have already been made for establishing one or more shipping points on the company's land.

Accommodations for Passengers.

Salem—The railroad commission has taken up the matter of providing facilities and conveniences at the point near Derry where the West Side division of the Southern Pacific crosses the line of the Salem, Falls City & Western railroad. Waiting rooms will be built and the schedules arranged so that connections both north and south can be made by the passengers en route from Salem and Dallas to Corvallis and Portland.

Fruit Growers Will Build.

Eugene—The Eugene Fruitgrowers' association has taken an option on a lot belonging to B. F. Dorris and adjoining the Southern Pacific yards in Eugene. It is the plan to erect this spring a large fruit packing house. The association now occupies a building in the business district which will be moved away soon to make room for a brick block.

WOOL GROWERS OBJECT.

Charges are Made Against K. H O'Brien of Wallowa Reserve.

Baker City—Trouble between the sheepmen of this section and the forestry officials has reached an acute stage and there is every probability that the grievance of the Baker-Union Counties Woolgrowers' association will be appealed to the officials at Washington.

A meeting was held in this city between K. H. O'Brien, of the Wallowa reserve, and District Forester Chapman, and the woolgrowers of thir section. The growers allege that lass year the officials agreed to allow on the Wallowa reserve 125,000 sheep from Wallowa county and 150,000 from Baker and Union counties, but only 65,000 sheep were admitted from Walla Walla and 69,000 from Baker and Union counties. The sheepmen now ask that the original limit be established again and the larger number of sheep admitted.

Serious charges are made against K. H. O'Brien, of the Wallowa reserve, the sheepmen believing and intimating that Mr. O'Brien's business interests, his relationship commercially, socially and financially are of such a nature that he is unduly influenced in matters pertaining to the range. The sheepmen demanded of Mr. Chapman that they have a hearing on these allegations and that he give a decision. All complaints were reduced to writing and Mr. Chapman took the case under advisement. It is generally believed that the meeting is merely the foundation for an appeal by the sheepmen to Washington.

Strike Pure Water at Well.

Vale—Newbill & Coleman, who have been sinking a test well one half mile southwest of the town, struck an unlimited flow of pure water. A sample has been sent to Portland for analysis. The well was sunk on the Road company's land, and the mayor has written to that company asking for a donation of the land where the well is situated, and for a plat of land on the Vale hill for a reservoir, and also for a park site to be donated to the city.

Change in Rail Route

Portland — A copy of a resolution adopted by the board of directors of the O. R. & N. on January 13 declaring the new line from a point west of Echo, Umatilla county, to the main line, near Coyote, a branch line of the corporation, has been filed with the county clerk. This is the straight cut which officials of the line have recently announced would be built.

Freewater on Railroad Map

Freewater—At last Freewater has a recognized place on the map, the O. R. & N. company having changed the name of the depot from Milton to Milton-Freewater. New folders contain the new name. It is a recognition of the passenger and traffic business originating at this point.

New Buildings at Eugene.

Eugene—The concrete blocks for the new restaurant which T. H. Ellis will build for the A. L. Smith company near the depot have been delivered. The foundation is already in.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices — Bluestem, $1.15; club, $1.07; red Russian, $1.04 @1.06; valley, $1.05; 40-fold., $1.10.

Barley—Feed and brewing, $28@28.50 ton.

Corn—Whole, $35; cracked, $36 ton.

Oats—No.1 white, $31@31.50 ton.

Hay—Track prices—Timothy: Willamette valley, $19@20 per ton; Eastern Oregon, $21@22; alfalfa, $17@18; California alfalfa, $16@17; clover, $16; grain hay, $17@18.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, $1.25@3 box; pears, $1.50@1.75; cranberries, $8@9 per barrel.

Potatoes—Carload buying prices: Oregon, 70@80c per sack; sweet potatoes, 2¼@2¼c per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, $1.25 per dozen; cabbage, $2 per hundred; cauliflower, $1.75 per dozen; celery, $4 per crate; sprouts, 9c per pound; squash, 2c; tomatoes., $3.25@3.50 per crate; turnips, $1.25 per sack; rutabagas, $1@1.25; carrots, $1; beets, $1.25; parsnips, $1.

Onions—Oregon, $1.50 per sack.

Butter—City craemery extras, 37@39c; fancy outside creamery, 35@37c per pound; store, 20@22½c. Butter fat prices average 1½c per pound, under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, 28@29c per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 11@12c per pound.

Poultry—Hens, 17½@18c; springs, 17½@18c; ducks, 20@23c; geese, 13@14c; turkeys, live, 23@24c; dressed, 27@30c; squabs, $3 per dozen.

Cattle—Best steers, $5.50; fair to good steers, $4.50@5; strictly good cows, $4.50; fair to good cows, $3.75@4; light calves, $5@5.50; heavy calves, $4@5; bulls, $3.50@3.75; stags, $3@4.

Hogs—Top, $9@9.25; fair to good hogs, $8.50@8.75.

Sheep—Best wethers, $5.50; fair to good wethers, $4.50@5; good ewes, $4.75@5; lambs, $6@6.50.

Hops, 1909 crop, prime and choice, 20@21½c; 1908s, 17½c; 1907s, 11½c per pound.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@23c per pound; mohair, choice, 25c;.

Cascara bark—4½c pound.

Hides — Dry hides, 18@18½c per pound; dry kip, 18@18½c; dry calfskin, 19@21c; salted hides, 10@10½c; salted calfskin, 15c pound, green, 1c less.

HERMANN JURY DISAGREES

One Man Blocks Conviction—Eleven Believe ex-Commissioner Guilty, But Cannot Convince the Twelfth

Portland, Feb. 14.—One juror, and one alone, has saved Binger Hermann from conviction on the charge of conspiracy to defraud his country out of its public lands.

That one juror withstood the pleas of his fellow talesmen from Friday forenoon at 11 o'clock until this morning at 9. His position proved beyond the power of argument to shake, and the twelve men came before Judge Wolverton this morning with the report that they could not reach a verdict. Judge Wolverton discharged the jury from further duty, and the first trial of Binger Hermann was closed, after five weeks of testimony and argument.

When further instruction was asked of the judge Saturday, fear began to be felt of a hung jury. The hours that passed without a verdict Sunday brought conviction that the jury would be unable to agree.

This morning the conclusion was confirmed by the appearance of the jury in the courtroom, when its foreman announced that an agreement was impossible, and asked that the 12 men be discharged from further attendance upon the court.

Judge Wolverton was loth to have the case terminated without a verdict. But the positive assurance of the men that agreement could not be reached, left no alternative. In view of the long time spent in deliberation, and the positive assertion of the jurors that they could not agree, the judge found it useless to confine the men longer, and discharged them from the case.

Disagreement had been feared, but few who had been speculating on the issue had thought the margin would be so narrow as one. Mr. Heney and his assistants were absolutely confident of a conviction. Mr. Hermann, on the other side, expressed his faith in acquittal, and did not seem to worry over the delay in reaching an agreement.

When the report of disagreement was made, the aged defendant showed more signs of concern than at earlier stages of the case, and when it was rumored through the corridors that only one man stood out, friends of Mr. Hermann realized the danger to which he had been subjected, and gave voice to their concern.

George Selkirk is the one man who hung the jury.

WEST WARNS WALL STREET.

Taft's Lincoln Day Speech Meets With Approval.

Chicago, Feb. 15.—That the country has been reassured by President Taft in his Lincoln-day speech in New York that the administration has no intention of turning the business world topsy-turvy, and that the law-abiding corporations have nothing to fear, are keynotes sounded today in the editorial comment of the country on the speech.

Western editors admonish Wall street that it is time to put its bogeys away and get down to business on a basis of belief that legitimate business is safe under the Taft administration.

The sentiment seems to be that the president fell short of convincing the people that the tariff law is to be trusted for results and that in spite of the New York speech, will go on as before.

The Democratic press expresses the view that Mr. Taft is solicitous of the integrity of his party and that there is no less cause for worry now than there was before. He is credited with a sincere desire to avert anything that would upset the business equilibrium, while at the same time adhering steadfastly to his declared policy of making the corporations subservient to the public welfare, and not paramount.

With the exception of a few bankers, who do not relish the idea of the establishment of a postal savings bank system, and some manufacturers who are opposed to the new law relating to the regulation of corporations, the men of affairs in Chicago generally indorse the president's speech and policies.

Wealthy Aviator Drops.

Marysville, Cal., Feb. 15.—Frank J. Johnson, the San Rafael millionaire, this afternoon, after announcing that he would attempt to establish a world's record by traveling over a course of 20 miles and encircling the Sutter Buttes, mounted his Curtiss biplane and made a start.

After traveling to the north end of the track he turned around and on his return the machine dropped to the ground and crashed into the fence. He escaped with nothing more than a few slight bruises.

Alleged "Still" on Farm.

Asotin, Wash., Feb. 15.—William E. Norris, a well known farmer of Anatone, was arrested yesterday for alleged operation of an illicit distillery on his farm near Anatone. He appeared before United States Commissioner Shaughnessy, and gave a cash bond for $2,000. Norris had the alleged still under the windmill of his farm. The machinery is expensive and complete. Norris will appear at the April term of the U. S. court.

Worst Feared for Tug.

Boston, Feb. 15.—No news of the missing naval tug Nina, which left Norfolk for the Charlestown navy yard February 6, came today to relieve the anxiety as to her fate. The belief is growing that she went to the bottom with her crew.

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

Copyright, 1909, by The Bowen-Merrill Company. All Rights Reserved

CHAPTER XXI.

Quietly, gently, briefly as he could, David narrated the events of the past few months, and as he did so she drew in short breaths or long inspirations as the story shifted from phase to phase, and when at last he had finished, she clasped her hands and gazed up into the depths of the sky with eyes that were swimming in tears.

"Poor doctor, poor old man," Pepeeta sighed at last. "Oh! How we have wronged him, how we have made him suffer. He was always kind! He was rough, but he was kind. Oh! why could I not have loved him? But I did not, I could not. My heart was asleep. It had never once waked from its slumber until it heard your voice, David. And, afterwards—well I could not love him! But why should we have wronged him so? How base it was! How terrible! I pity him, I blame myself—and yet I cannot wish him back. What does all this mean for us, David? Perhaps you can see the light now, as you used to! I think from your face and your voice that you are your old self again. Oh! if you can see that inner light once more, consult it. Ask it if there is any reason why we cannot be happy now? Tell it that your Pepeeta is too weak to endure this separation any longer. I am only a woman, David! I cannot any longer bear life alone. I love you too deeply. I cannot live without you."

Waiting long before he answered, as if to reflect and be sure, David said quietly but confidently, "Pepeeta, I cannot see any reason why we should not begin our lives over again, starting at this very place from which we made that false beginning three long years ago. We cannot go back, but, in a sense, we can begin again."

"But can we really begin again?" she asked. "How is it possible? I do not see! We are not what we were. There is so much of evil in our hearts. We were pure and innocent three years ago. Is it not necessary to be pure and innocent? And how can we be with all this fearful past behind us? We cannot become children again!"

"I have thought much and deeply about it," David responded. "I know not what subtle change has taken place within me, but I know that it has been great and real. My heart was hard, but not it is tender. It was full of despair, and now it is full of hope. I am not as innocent as I was that night when you heard me speak in the old Quaker meeting-house, or rather I am not innocent in the same way. My heart was then like a spring among the mountains! it had a sort of virgin innocence. I had sinned only in thought, and in the dreamy imaginations of unfolding youth. It is different now; a whole world of realized, actualized evil lies buried in the depths of my soul. It is there, but it is there only as a memory and not as a living force. There must in some way, I cannot tell how, be a purity of guilt as well as of innocence, and perhaps it is a purity of a still higher and finer kind. There was a peace of mind which I had as an innocent boy, which I do not possess now; but I have another and deeper peace. There was a childish courage; but it was the courage of one who had never been exposed to danger. There is another courage in my heart now, and it is the courage of the veteran who has bared his bosom to the foe! I know not by what strange alchemy these diverse elements of evil can have become absorbed and incorporated into this newer and better life, but this I do know, and nothing can make me doubt it—that while I am not so good, yet I am better; while I am not so pure, yet I am purer. Yes, Pepeeta, I think we can go back on our track. We can be born again! We can once more be little children. I feel myself a little child to-night—I who, a few days ago, was like an old man, bowed and crushed under a load of wretchedness and misery! God seems near to me; life seems sweet to me. Let us begin again, Pepeeta. We have traveled round a circle, and have come back to the old starting point. Let us begin again."

"Oh! David," she said, kissing the hands she held; "how like your old self you are to-night. Your words of hope have filled my soul with joy. Is it your presence alone that has done it, or is it God's, or is it both? A change has come over the very world around us. All is the same, and yet all is different. The stars are brighter. The brook has a sweeter music. There is something of heaven in this intoxicating cup you have put to my lips! I seem to be enveloped by a spiritual presence! Hush! Do you hear voices?"

The excitement had been too intense for this sensitive woman to endure with tranquillity. Her heart, her conscience, her imagination had suffered an almost unendurable strain. She flung herself into the arms of her lover and trembled upon his breast, and he held her there until she had regained her composure.

"Do you really love me yet?" she asked, at length, raising her face and gazing up into his with an expression in which the simple affection of a little child was strangely blended with the passionate love of an ardent and adoring woman.

"Love you!" he cried; "your face has been the last vision upon which I gazed when I fell into a restless slumber, and the first which greeted returning consciousness, when I waked from my troubled dream. My life has been but a fragment since we parted; a part of my individuality seemed to have been torn away. I have always felt that neither time nor space could separate us for——"

At that instant the horse which had stood patiently beside them on the bridge, shook his head, rattled his bridle and whinnied.

"Poor fellow! I had forgotten all about him in my joy!" said David, starting at the sound, and patting his shoulder. "You have had a hard run, and are tired and hungry. I must get you to the barn and feed you. They will miss you at the stable to-night, but I will send you back to-morrow, or ride you myself, that is, if Pepeeta wishes to be rid of me."

He said this teasingly, but smiled at her—a tender and confident smile.

"Oh! you shall never leave me again—not for a moment," she cried, pressing his arm against her heart.

He paused a moment and looked down as if a new thought had struck him.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Do you think they will welcome me home?" he said, with a penitence and humility that touched her deeply.

"Welcome you home?" she exclaimed; "you do not know them, David. They talk of nothing else. They have sent messages to you in every direction. The door is never locked, and there has never been a night since you disappeared that a candle has not burned to its socket on the sill of your window; what do you think of that? You do not know them, David. They are angels of mercy and goodness. I have been selfish in keeping you so long to myself. Come, let us hasten."

Just at that instant a loud halloo was heard—"Pepeeta, Pepeeta, Pepeeta!"

"It is Steven—the dear boy! He has missed me. You have a dangerous rival, David."

She said this with a merry laugh and cried out, "Steven, Steven, Steven!"

"Where are you?" he called.

"I am here by the bridge!" she cried, in her silver treble.

"She is here by the bridge!" The deep bass voice of her lover went rolling through the woods.

There was silence for a moment, and then they heard a joyous shout, "Uncle David! Uncle David! Oh! mother, father, it is Uncle David."

There was a crashing in the bushes, and the great half-grown boy bounded through them and flung himself into the arms extended to him, with all the trust, all the love, all the devotion of the happy days of old.

CHAPTER XXII.

David's welcome home was quiet, cordial and heartfelt. The Quaker life is calm; storms seldom appear on its surface, even though they must sometimes agitate its depths; mind and heart are brought under remarkable control; sympathy and charity are extended to the erring; hospitality is a duty and an instinct; domestic love is deep and powerful.

When David had frankly told his story, he was permitted to resume his place in the life of the old homestead as if nothing had happened. He expressed to his brother and sister his love for Pepeeta, and his determination to make her his wife in lawful marriage.

They assented to his plans, and at the earliest possible moment the ministers and elders of the little congregation of Friends were asked to meet, in accordance with their custom, to "confer with him about a concern which was on his mind."

They came, and heard his story and his intention, told with straightforward simplicity. They, too, touched with sympathy and moved to confidence, agreed that there was no obstacle to the union. The date of the wedding was placed at the end of the month, which, by their ecclesiastical law, must elapse after this avowal, and an evening meeting was appointed for the ceremony.

In the meantime David remained quietly at home, and took up his old labors as nearly as possible where he had laid them down. Such a life as he had been leading induces a distaste for manual labor, and sometimes he chafed against it. Again and again he felt his spirit faint within him when he recalled the scenes of excitement through which he had passed, and looked forward to years of this unvaried drudgery; but he never permitted his soul to question his duty! He had decided in the most solemn reflections of his life that he would conquer himself in the place where he had been defeated, perform the tasks which he had so ignominiously abandoned, and then, when he had demonstrated his power to live a true life himself, devote his strength to helping others.

The charms of this pastoral existence gradually came to his support in his heroic resolution. The unbroken quiet of the happy life which had irritated him at first, grew to be more and more a balm to his wounded spirit. The society of the animal world lent its gracious consolation; the great horses, the ponderous oxen, the doves fluttering and cooing about the barnyard, the suckling calves, the playful colts, all came to him as to a friend, and in giving him their confidence and affection awakened his own.

Above all Pepeeta was ever near him. It was no wonder that her beauty threw its spell over David's spirit. It had been enhanced by sorrow, for the human countenance, like the landscape, requires shadow as well as sunshine to perfect its charms. But the burst of sunshine which had come with David's return had brought it a final consummation which transfigured even the Quaker dress she had adopted. Her bonnet would never stay over her face but fell back on her shoulders, her animated countenance emerging from this envelope like the bud of a rose from its sheath. She was as a butterfly at that critical instant when it is ready to leave its chrysalis and take wing. She was a soul enmeshed in an ethereal body, rather than a body which ensheathed a soul. Quietly and sedately the lovers met each other at the table, or at the spring, or at the milking.

And when the labors of the day had ended, they sat beneath the spreading hackberry trees, or wandered through the garden, or down the winding lane to the meadow, and reviewed the past with sadness or looked forward to the future with a chastened joy. Their spirits were subdued and softened, their love took on a holy rather than a passionate cast, they felt themselves beneath the shadow of an awful crime, and again and again when they grew joyous and almost gay they were checked by the irrepressible apprehension that out from under the silently revolving wheels of judgment some other punishment would roll.

Tenderly as they loved each other, and sweet as was that love, they could not always be happy with such a past behind them! In proportion to the soul's real grandeur it must suffer over its own imperfections. This suffering is remorse. In proud and gloomy hearts which tell their secrets only to their own pillows, its tears are poison and its rebukes the thrust of daggers. But in those which, like theirs, are gentle and tender by nature, remorseful tears are drops of penitential dew. David and Pepeeta suffered, but their suffering was curative, for pure love is like a fountain; by its incessant gushing from the heart it clarifies the most turbid streams of thought or emotion. Each week witnessed a perceptible advance in peace, in rest, in quiet happiness, and at last the night of their marriage arrived, and they went together to the meeting house.

(To be continued.)

WORKING WOMEN AND BALLOT.

Argument to Show That They Would Be Worse Off with It.

The lack of the ballot has nothing whatever to do with the fact that women workers are paid less than men in the same occupations; the grant of the ballot would not raise the rate of women's wages to an equality of that of men's, says the Boston Transcript. The comparatively low pay of women is due to economic and social causes which the voting power could not affect in the slightest degree. Briefly put the chief of these causes are: (1) The lower efficiency of the average woman worker, resulting mainly from physical limitations; (2) the temporary nature of the employment, which in most cases is terminated by marriage; (3) the rapid increase of the supply of woman labor, which in recent decades has been crowding into occupations already filled by men; (4) the lack of organization, which has left women at the mercy of sweat masters; (5) the parasitic relation of many women toward their industrial occupations, which are not their sole means of support. These causes would persist even if women had the ballot. Whatever the suffrage would or would not do for woman, it would assuredly not bring her equality of pay with man.

Nor would the ballot assist working women to obtain better legislative protection against injurious conditions of employment. On the contrary, much of the present legislation limiting the hours and regulating the terms of employment for women would be rendered unconstitutional by the proposed extension of the suffrage. This legislation, so far as it applies to adult women, now stands the test of constitutionality only because women are in the same class with minors as regards their constitutional status. If women were given the ballot and thus were placed in the same class with adult men, they would be deprived of the special protection now afforded them by the labor code. In this respect the working woman would be worse off with the ballot than she is without the boomerang "weapon."

Hope for the Victims of Narcotics.

In an article in Success Magazine Alexander Lambert, M. D., says: From time immemorial mankind has sought substances to help celebrate his joys, or soothe his sorrows, or blunt the drudgery of his existence. Opium and alcohol have most frequently been used for these purposes. Of late years cocaine has been added to this list. Whenever these narcotics have been employed for these purposes they have often been used to excess.

When the habit of the excessive use of narcotics has once been formed, so rare indeed have been the instances of individuals successfully freeing themselves from their enslaving habit that they have been regarded as medical curiosities. In the whole broad range of the practice of medicine there is no situation more trying to patient and physician than the struggle to obliterate the craving for narcotics and to re-establish the patient in a normal state in which he may again face successfully the problems of existence.

Until recently this seemed all but impossible, but lately a treatment was discovered which successfully obliterates the craving for narcotics, and persons who were formerly enslaved may now have the opportunity to begin life anew without their resistless desire for narcotic indulgence.

An Example.

"Some adjectives," said the teacher, "are made from nouns, such as dangerous, meaning full of danger; and hazardous, full of hazard. Can any boy give me another example?"

"Yes, sir," replied the fat boy at the end of the form, "pious, full of pie."—Sporting Times