

THE MCCORMICK ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO THE GENERAL WELFARE.

VOLUME II.

MCCORMICK, S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1886.

NUMBER 35.

The Better Day.

A better day! All prophets speak
Its coming with their tongues of flame;
It ever comes, it is, it came,
But eyes are dim and hearts are weak.

Broad as the universal sky,
Deep as the centre of the sphere,
Its glory flashes on the sea,
Its vital heat goes pulsing by.

Faith calls the lily from its tomb;
The coming day has come to them
Who see her garments' golden hem
Shake dust over midnight's gloom.

The little soul may draw its fill,
And crowd on Nature's dandling knees
The larger life, more hard to please,
Drains all her breast and hungers still.

In every hope, in every pain
The promise breathes; our very night
Is but our shadow in the light,
We turn and all is clear again.

The coming day's eternal dawn
Whitens the shore-line of our east,
Unseen still, but still increased,
As through the unending spires we draw.

—Geo. S. Burleigh, in Providence Journal.

ON THE BRINK.

"Not broken off the engagement!" cried Sylvia Denton, breathlessly. "O, Kate! And he's the handsomest fellow I ever saw in my life!"

"Yes," said Kate Harley, quietly, "he is a very handsome man."

"What has he been doing?" persisted inquisitive Sylvia. "Flirting with another girl? They all do that, my dear."

"No."

"Gambling? Playing cards? You must make some allowance, Kate, for men who have no home, except a hotel, must be amused."

"I have heard no such accusations brought against him," said Kate, coldly.

"What is it, then? Do speak out, Kate Harley, and not keep a poor girl in suspense."

"Because, Sylvia, I feared he was falling into the grooves of habitual drinking," Miss Harley answered, with an evident effort. "Because I have a horror too great to be described of such a bondage."

"And was that all?"

"That was all."

"Kate," said Sylvia Denton, deliberately. "I think you are the greatest fool I ever knew in my life. All men drink, you yourself would despise one who did not, and he is the first to characterize him as a sinner."

"On the contrary, I should respect him beyond expression."

"My brother-in-law always has wine on the table," went on Sylvia, impetuously. "We invariably have champagne at our little evening gatherings, and I challenge you to have a better man or a kinder husband than Edmund Avery."

"It is possible," said Kate. "But in that case he is the exception, and not the rule. I have seen too many cases of young men being led to ruin by the glass offered in open-handed hospitality, the decanter ever at hand, to approve of wine always on the table."

"You are as old-fashioned as Methusalem's eldest daughter in your doctrines," retorted Sylvia, half laughing, half vexed. "I, for my part, should think no more of finding fault with Hervey Morrison because he takes an occasional glass of wine, than because his mustache is black instead of brown."

Kate smiled rather sadly.

"That is your affair, and not mine," said she. "I am not willing to risk it."

And Sylvia Denton went home and raised a general laugh at the dinner-table of her pretty, blooming sister at the ridiculous Quixotism of Katherine Harley.

"She'll not get another offer like Basil Hartford," said Mrs. Avery. "But Kate always had a streak of eccentricity about her."

"She had better go into a convent at once and done with it," said Edmund Avery, contemptuously. "No, Charley, old boy," (to his eldest son, a fine lad of fourteen), "one glass of claret is enough for a slip like you. As I was saying, I have no toleration for such extremists. I hope, Sylvia, you don't intend to follow your friend's example?"

"If No, indeed!" cried Sylvia, with a toss of her pretty head. "I am willing to satisfy myself with an ordinary man, possessed of man's feelings. I don't expect to discover perfection, and neither do I believe in finding fault with trifles."

It was scarcely a week after this domestic discussion that Charley Avery came to his mother and accosted her in a mysterious whisper:

"Mamma, Bill Stickney is coming up from Pleasantville to spend the day in New York. I should like a holiday to show him around town. We used to be seat-mates at old Middleton's school."

Very well, dear," said the indulgent mother; "I'll send a note of excuse to Dr. Lessonwell."

"And, mamma, can I take him to Barnotelli's for lunch? It's so much more jolly than coming home, you know. Just for once, mamma, dear—and I'll tell old Barnotelli to charge it to your bill."

"Yes, if you like," said Mrs. Avery, secretly proud of Master Charley's spirit and enterprise.

The same day, Miss Denton, who had been shopping for a new blue silk party dress, chanced to encounter Kate Harley just opposite the plate-glass door and decorated windows of Barnotelli's fashionable restaurant.

"Dear Kate, do come in with me," said Sylvia, laying her perfect kidded hand on Kate's arm. "I am just dying for a cup of chocolate and an oyster stew. Come in, and I'll show you a sample of the sweet shade of blue I've been buying, and ask your advice about how to have the corsage cut."

"Here's a nice, secluded little table," said Sylvia as they entered the restaurant, pointing to one surrounded by a semi-circular velvet sofa, and luxuriously seating herself. "Dear me, what nasty crew is that opposite? Why, good gracious, it's our Charley!"

Charley Avery it was, seated with a boy of about his own age at a table diagonally opposite, loaded with all the dainties in and out of season which Barnotelli's larder could supply. A waiter stood grinning opposite, and M. Barnotelli himself was evidently remonstrating with his young customers.

"But Monsieur Charles has of enough already," he said. "Look—see—two bottles of de Veuve Cliquot are enough for two boys! Monsieur, your papa would make of the great objection, could he know. Be satisfied, Monsieur Charles."

"Now look here, Barnotelli, that's all fudge," said Charley Avery, whose thick voice and flushed cheeks denoted that the little Frenchman was right in his deductions. "Give us another bottle, and look sharp about it! Just as if I was unused to wine! Why, we have it on our table every day!"

Barnotelli shook his head.

"I should be pleased much to oblige," said he, "but M. Charles has had too much already. Take the word of an old campaigner, that one more bottle would make you what you call—drunk, M. Charles!"

"You are an old fool," said Charley, starting up—but the very motion betrayed that he was unsteady on his legs. "If I want champagne, I'll have it. And—"

"Monsieur," whispered the Frenchman to Charley's companion, "if you are wise, get a carriage and take M. Charles home. He has already drunk too much. When he gets in the air it will go into his head, buzz—buzz, like one top spinning itself. He is but a boy—his brain cannot stand the foam and sparkle, like a man."

"Charley, come home," urged Billy Stickney, an honest, heavy-featured fellow, who had not indulged with the freedom of his friend. "It's most time for me to take the train, too."

"I won't go home," cried Charley, huskily. "Why, we've only just begun to enjoy ourselves, Bill. What a miff you are."

But Sylvia Denton came hurriedly forward at this juncture of affairs.

"Charley," said she, "if you don't go home at once, I'll send a policeman after you. How dare you conduct yourself so disgracefully in a public place like this! Have you no atom of pride and decency left?"

And Charley, who really stood in some awe of his Aunt Sylvia's authority, sullenly obeyed.

Sylvia returned to her friend, to sip with what little appetite remained to her the frothing chocolate, served in painted cups as translucent as egg-shells.

"And this," she said to herself, "is what comes of teaching boys to accustom themselves to the daily use of wine."

While she was thinking thus, the voices of two gentlemen in an adjoining seat broke in upon her meditation. Evidently they, too, had not been observant of this little episode, and it had suggested some kindred topic to their minds.

"It's booming altogether too universal," said one, a fine-looking, gray-haired man of sixty or thereabouts. "Now, there's that young Morrison—did you know that Meredith & Son had decided to dismiss him from his place as cashier in their establishment?"

"No."

"Upon that very account. He is getting to drink so constantly that they don't feel as if they could trust him any longer. It's a bad beginning for a young man, you know—leads to all sorts of other dissipations, and one never knows what may be the end of it. I'm sorry for him myself; he's a fine young fellow, but I could not feel justified in recommending him to any other firm, under all the circumstances. Won't you have another cup of coffee? No? Well, then, we may as well be moving."

Sylvia and Kate heard all this—Sylvia with deeply crimsoned cheeks, and Kate half sorry for her friend's distress and mortification, half glad that she was beginning to be undeceived as completely.

"Kate," said Sylvia, as at last they arose to go, "you were right when—when you rejected Basil Hartford; I never knew before how right."

Two good results eventuated from this day's happenings. One was the banishment of wines from the daily table of the Averages and the reorganization of

Master Charley's education on an entirely new basis; the other was Sylvia Denton's firm but quiet refusal to see her lover again until he had signed the temperance pledge.

Hervey Morrison was not so far gone but that he could see his own impending danger, and he did sign the pledge. Aye, and kept it, too.

"Sylvia," he said, years afterward, "you were my salvation."

It was the truth.—N. Y. News.

Staying Power.

In a book on sheep-raising recently published, the author mentions a singular method in use among Scotch shepherds of choosing the best dog from a litter. The puppies are carried into a room apart from the mother, and kept there some time until she becomes anxious and frightened. When the door is opened, and she is allowed to come to them, the dog which she first carries out is invariably the best.

"Donald, my herdsman, made this experiment with a litter of shepherd-dogs. The one chosen was the smallest and weakest of the lot. 'The mother instinct felt short this time,' I said to him.

"'Aye, no, sir,' Donald replied. 'It's no big honest big-bark ye want in a colly, but staying power.' Time proved Donald and the mother to be right."

President C., the head of one of the oldest and best American schools, used to say, "Never choose a horse or a boy that 'spurts' for your favorite. It is not the first mile, but the twentieth, that tells the blood of your nag, and it is the years that lie between thirty and forty which show the quality of work which a man will do for the world, not the eager prancings and leaps of his boyhood."

Steady-going, quiet lads at school are often thrown into the background and discouraged by the brilliancy and eagerness of quicker witted comrades. But they should remember that there are many and divers gifts in the intellectual as in the spiritual world, and that endurance, dogged perseverance, and "staying power" in the long race of life, win as sure successes as more brilliant qualities. The old fable of the hare and the tortoise is as true now in America as in Rome in the days of *Æsop*.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Care of Preserved Fruit.

In order to keep preserved fruit in condition it is necessary that the jars be airtight, and that they be kept in a cool, dark place. Atmospheric air is "extremely insinuating," and it will penetrate even by microscopic openings, and thus injure the product of labor performed in the torrid summer days in a kitchen with a temperature considerably over 100 degrees. The top of the very jar with a screw or rubber fastening should be sealed with bottle wax. Jelly glasses should be secured with bladders, or with paper dipped in white egg and pressed about the glass without a wrinkle. Many persons take the precaution to wrap every glass jar or tumbler in paper, and then pack each of them in sawdust or sand, so that they will not be affected by light nor by atmospheric changes. The closest in which preserves are kept should not be damp nor should it be in close proximity to the kitchen. In winter the temperature must be a degree or two above freezing point. It is always well to keep preserves in a closet by themselves, so that it need be opened when necessary to store each new addition of jars. Thus the atmospheric changes are reduced to a minimum and the fruit will remain in good condition.—*New York Commercial*.

Fond of Their Native Soil.

The Cantonese go in large numbers to America and Australia, while abroad they dress as foreigners, but once they set foot on their native soil the foreign dress is discarded, and the returned exile, with his trousers and flowing garments, meets his friends with as much ease and grace as if his limbs had never been encased in the tight-fitting barbaric costume. No length of residents abroad ever naturalizes a Chinaman. High and low, rich and poor, they all long to get back to China and have their bones mixed with those of their ancestors. About two years ago I came across a Chinaman who had left his native village when a boy of ten, and had returned a wealthy man after thirty years' residence in Boston, having almost entirely forgotten his native dialect. At first he displayed his native surroundings and boasted of American freedom, but after a few months he settled down to the life of his neighbors, took great pains to cultivate a pigtail, married, Christian though he was, a couple of wives, and became a model citizen of the Celestial Empire.—*Nineteenth Century*.

An Fascination.

He had been out for a day's fishing, and as he proudly displayed the contents of his basket to his wife she exclaimed: "Oh, John, aren't they beauties! but I've been so anxious for the past hour, 'Foolish little one!' said John, carelessly. "Why, what could happen to me?"

"Oh, I didn't worry about you, love; but it grew so late I was afraid that before you got back to town the fish markets would all be closed."—*Boston Herald*.

WORK OF LOGGERS.

How Pine Trees are Brought to Market in the Northwest.

Hauling the Logs on Sleds to Dammed Ravine—Formation of a Boom.

The logger's harvest and means of getting his crop from the pines to market is, perhaps, as little understood as any other great industry in the land, says the St. Paul Pioneer-Press. Even those residing in the logging districts who are not engaged in the business, have little idea of how the pine logs they see floating down the Mississippi, St. Croix, Chippewa, and other rivers leading from the pines are gathered and rafted. The pines of the northwest are located on and about the great watershed where the Mississippi, its tributaries, and the tributaries of Lake Superior find their source. The main shed, which divides the St. Louis, Little Black, and the other rivers on the north side from the Mississippi, St. Croix, Chippewa, and other rivers on the south side, has branch sheds extending between the streams flowing south down to their confluence, and between the streams on the north side down to Lake Superior. The shed and branches are high enough to furnish head for a strong current, and from the head, leading down to the main streams, are a multitude of creeks, brooks and more ravines. These last are all utilized by the loggers. A series of shallow dams are constructed along each creek, brook and ravine, and each dam is put in shape in the fall of the year to collect water for use in the spring. After the dams are repaired and in shape the crews of men are set to work cutting pines and piling the logs in convenient localities. When the snow comes the work of hauling the piles in the pines to the dammed ravines begins. For this purpose immense sleds, hauled by four or six very heavy horses or as many oxen, are used. These sleds are from twelve to fourteen feet wide, and sometimes as many as 100 logs are hauled at a load. The piles of logs are seldom more than three miles from the ravine, so that many loads are hauled by each teamster in a day. The logs are dumped from the sleds on the ice and scale. Scaling is a logger's term for measuring a log to determine how many feet of lumber it contains. The scaling is done by skilled men, and with scaling clippers or log rules. The logs come from the pines all cut in uniform lengths—12, 16, 20, 24 and 28 feet. The caliper takes the diameter of the log and indicates on the rule the number of feet of lumber according to the length. In the spring the accumulation of water from the fall and winter rains and snows is sufficient to carry the logs away which have been piled on the ice.

The sluice-dams are accordingly opened, and the work of driving begins. The driving process is accomplished by crews of men who follow the logs as they float down to the main streams and prevent or break log jams or gorges. The next place of interest in the transit of the log is the boom. It is at the boom that the logs are put into brails to be floated down to the rafting-grounds, placed in rafts, and pushed by steamers down the Mississippi. A brief description of the St. Croix boom will give an idea of all the large booms of the northwest. The St. Croix boom commences four miles and a half below Mirabeau, is five miles long, terminating two and a half miles above Stillwater, and is on the west side of the main channel of the St. Croix river. It is practically an inclosure into which the logs are driven, made into brails, let out at the foot and delivered to the owners. The inclosure is made in this way: A row of piles, extending above medium water about seven feet, line the west shore, and another row of piles line the west edge of the main channel. Attached to the row of piles are continuous floating walks, made of heavy, strong planks. Across the foot of the boom is stretched a row of logs, fastened end to end, for the purpose of retaining all logs in the boom until through with them. The logs, as they come down the river are driven into the enclosure by a crew of men stationed at the head of the boom. All along the floating plank walk on the shore side are men at work tying with ropes the logs together into brails. Every logger has certain recorded marks which are placed on his logs in the pines. The men on the plank walk are nearly all divided into squads, each of which places all the marks of a certain logger in a brail. A few rods apart are ropes stretched from the piles along the shore to the piles along the channel. Hanging with their hands to one of these ropes and stepping on the floating logs are two or three men engaged in sorting out the particular marks wanted by the squads nearest to them on the walks making brails. The marks not wanted are permitted to float by to the ropes below.

A wire apparatus has been placed in the Black Sea by American engineers to catch and destroy hostile torpedo boats by electric fuses. The construction is kept a secret. The port of Sebastopol was closed for twelve hours while the apparatus was being laid.

Too Economical.

My wife's name is Maria. Until recently I was editor of *The Wayback Horn of Plenty*. My journalistic career was short, sad and painful. I am now brooding over the painful past. I have so much painful past to brood over, that I haven't time to do much else.

Let the frivolous and trifling pause here, and turn to another column. These remarks are not for them. They are for those who can weep a couple of tears over my painful past.

My wife's name is Maria. She is a woman of an economical turn of mind and great force of character. In her domestic walks "waste nothing" is her maxim, and her constant efforts to have me "waste nothing" have been the cause of much of my painful past.

The advertising patrons of *The Horn of Plenty* paid me mainly in sad-irons, cork-screws, garden seeds, health food and a variety of other things which Congress has thus far neglected to make a legal tender. In this respect my paper was truly a horn of plenty. It was more of the nature of a hollow horn.

My first advertising contract yielded me a dozen liver pads. I tried to trade them to the grocer for a piece of bacon, which, I thought, would give my liver more joy than a pad, but he looked at me coldly and said that liver pads had gone out of style. When Maria found them on my hands she insisted that I should wear them, and when Maria insists I usually give in to save trouble and loud talk.

For twelve weeks I wore a large, scarlet-trimmed pad over an innocent and well-behaved liver. Then Maria gave the cast-off pads to the local benevolent society for the poor.

My next important contract brought me an artificial leg. That rather stumped Maria, as we were both fully supplied with legs. The old wooden limb caused her a great deal of mental pain. Sometimes she seemed to almost wish I would lose a leg somehow or other, so that the artificial limb could be turned to use. I knew that she was grieving herself sick because I couldn't wear it and wouldn't try. I oft found her weeping over the old unavailing leg, and I was sorry I had told her anything about it. She worried over it for months, and then a bright idea struck her. She sent it to a dear relative on the occasion of her wedding. The dear relative had a full set of legs of her own, but Maria said that did not matter, as an anniversary gift was not valued for its usefulness but for the giver.

Then a travelling agent traded me a case of horse powders. That sort of health food nonplussed Maria for a time, as we had no horse to feed them to. She often gazed at me in a way that seemed to say I ought to end her perplexity by taking the health food myself, but she did not speak out, and I was glad. After some months I ventured to ask about the horse powders, and then Maria told me frankly she had mixed them in my griddle cakes, and that I had seemed to like them thus. She couldn't think of having them go to waste, she said, and as I complained so much about taking any little thing of that sort, she had decided to smuggle them into me in disguise.

I had another short respite from keeping things from going to waste, when a mustard plaster maker sent me six dozen of his biggest and strongest plasters, with a request for a write-up.

"Dear Archimedes," said Maria, with a tender look at me, "we cannot afford to waste these excellent plasters. You must let me put several of them on you every night. A man of your build and habits is liable to have some sort of sickness at any moment. These six dozen plasters may save your life."

I kicked, but to no purpose. I went to bed with six or seven large, warm, thrilling mustard plasters stuck about here and there on my person. There was one on each foot, a large one covered my gothic backbone and another warmed my bosom. When all these shop-made mustard plasters got to work they made things lively for poor old Archimedes Hardpan. They filled me full of intense excitement. I am a tough old fossil, but I couldn't stand a great deal of that sort of thing, so I rose up in bed with a wild, blood-chilling warwhoop and filled the air with mustard plasters.

I sold the "Horn of Plenty" soon after that last painful event. Maria has given those vigorous, thrilling mustard plasters to the missionary society to send to the heathen and when the heathen adorns himself with nine or ten of them and a stovepipe hat, and goes to church with a triumphant air, I shall want to hear how he departs himself. I am, therefore, anxiously awaiting advices from the heathen. I don't know the heathen, but I am well acquainted with those mustard plasters.—*Scott Way in Puck*.

At the sea level, where the atmospheric pressure is about fifteen pounds per square inch, water boils at 212 degrees. At Argenta, Montana, where the pressure of the atmosphere is considerably less, the boiling point of water is about 200 degrees. On Mont Blanc it is 187 degrees. In a vacuum it is about 99 degrees, according to the perfection of the vacuum.

SCIENTIFIC SNAEPS.

By a new French method of diagnosis the condition of the eye is accurately estimated in sounds sent through a sort of phone placed against the eyeball.

Prof. Sanson, a French biologist, concludes that the use of animals is more economical than that of steam engines in cases where the power required does not exceed that of twenty horses.

A botanical phenomenon in which the people of Leominster, England, take pride, is a pair of trees—an oak and an ash—which appear to have but a single trunk. They grow together for about four feet, and then divide.

The coldest place known is at Werkhofjanek, Siberia, observations made during 1885 giving the mean temperature of the year as one degree Fahrenheit, of the month of January as 58 degrees below zero, and the lowest temperature of the same month as 90 degrees below.

A remarkable case is reported from Central Warwickshire, England. A child, five years old, had eaten a large quantity of green sorrel, took a drink of soapy water the next day, and soon followed by death. A post mortem examination showed that poisoning had resulted from oxalic acid set free from the sorrel by the alkali of the soap.

Investigations by Dr. R. Von Helm, holtz, described to the Berlin Royal Society, confirm the statements that the formation of cloud in saturated air is induced solely by particles of dust, and that the finer and sparser are the dust particles the more slowly is the cloud formed. These results are also confirmatory of Prof. Tyndall's explanation that the blue color of the sky is due to floating dust.

The carefully compiled list of Prof. C. G. Rockwood, Jr., reports 71 American earthquakes for 1885, five of the number being doubtful. Of the total the Canadian provinces furnish 8; New England, 5; the Atlantic States, 9; the Mississippi Valley, 8; the Pacific Coast of the United States, 24; Alaska, 2; Mexico, 1; Central America, 2; the West Indies, 2; Ecuador, 1; Peru and Chili, 8; the Argentine Republic, 1. Classified by seasons, 24 came in winter, 22 in spring, 14 in summer and 11 in autumn.

In Harbor.

I think it is over, over—
I think it is over at last;
Voices of foemen and lover,
The sweet and the bitter have passed;
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath blown its ultimate blast.
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbing through the river,
Those lights in the Harbor at last—
The heavenly Harbor at last.

I feel it is over, over—
The wings and the water success;
How few were the days of the Ross
That smiled! the beauty of pencil
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release,
From the ravage of life and its riot,
What marvel I years for the quiet
Which bites in this Harbor at last!
For the lights with their welcoming quiver,
That throbs through the sacred river
Which girdles the Harbor at last—
That heavenly Harbor at last.

I know it is over, over—
I know it is over at last;
Down sail, the sheathed anchor uncovers,
For the stress of the voyage has passed;
Life, like the tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast,
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver,
Of heart-pulses throbbing through the river,
Those lights in the Harbor at last—
The heavenly Harbor at last!

—Paul Hamilton Payne.

HUMOROUS.

A man of principle.—The banker.
There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the saucer.

"Yes, my child; Weddingsday was put immediately after Choeseday on purpose."

"To-day is a good deal closer than yesterday," said Smith to Jones. "Yes," said Jones, "it's nearer."

China and Japan buy our dried apples freely. Thus does American industry help to swell the population of the Orient.

"This is evidently a clearing-out sale," said the captain on a yachting trip as he looked around at his sea-sick passengers.

It is a little paradoxical for people to go to Europe to recover their health when they had not been previously there to lose it.

"Mamma," said Bobby, "I have eaten my cake all up, and Charles hasn't touched his yet. Won't you make him share with me so as to teach him to be generous?"

"Ma, can I go over to Sallie's house and play a little while?" asks four-year-old Mamie. "Yes, dear; I don't care if you do." "Thank you, ma," was the demure reply, "I've been."

"We don't wish to be understood as finding fault with nature," writes a correspondent, "but we'd wish from the bottom of our hearts that the luminous end of the fire-fly had been hatched to the mosquito."

A little girl, visiting a neighbor with her mother, was gazing curiously at the hostess' new bonnet, when the owner queried: "Do you like it, Laura?" The innocent replied: "Why, mother said it was a perfect fright, but it don't scare me!"

Easy Mathematics.

A farmer spends \$13 per year for tobacco, and his wife spends \$2 per year for shoes. How much more does her shoes cost than his tobacco?

It is twenty-eight feet from a certain kitchen door to a wood-pile, and 2358 from the same door to a corner grocery. How much longer will it take a man to walk to the wood-pile than to the grocery, estimating that he walks three feet per second?

If it takes a boy twenty-five minutes to cut three sticks of wood to get supper by, how long will it take him next morning to walk three miles in the country to meet a circus coming to town?

A cook hires out at \$3 per week, and when Saturday comes she has broken \$4.80 worth of dishes. How much is due her, and how on earth did the mistress find out that she had broken anything?

A young lady who is out with her bean drinks four glasses of soda water at five cents each; two glasses of ginger ale at five cents each; eats three dishes of ice-cream at ten cents each; four pieces of cake valued at thirty cents, and throws out a hint for a box of candy worth fifty cents. What does she cost him in all?

A tramp tackles a farm-house, and a dog tackles the tramp. The tramp passes over thirty-two rods of ground per minute, while the dog passes over forty-eight rods. How long will it take the dog to overhaul him?

Four boys who are on a visit to their aunt discover a cake of maple sugar weighing five pounds and eleven ounces. What will each boy's share be if equitably divided?

If a saddle-horn has caused the death of four different ladies who were advertised by their doctors to try the saddle for exercise, how many ladies could have been decently killed in half the time by riding over rail fences in buck-board?

John has an orange, and six boys lick their chops and want him to divide. He puts it by himself, sends, rin and all. How many pieces would he have had to divide the orange into, in case he had been a fat, to give each boy a piece?