

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., February 20, 1891.

WHEN SAMUEL LED THE SIN GIN.

Of course I love the house of God,
But I don't feel to him there
The way I used to adore
New fangled ways had come the re,
The things are finer now, a heap,
My heart it keeps a singing
To our big, bare old meatin' house,
Where Sam'el led the singin'.

I 'low it's sorter solemn-like
To hear the organ pealin';
It kinder makes your blood run cold
An' fills ye full of feelin'.
But somehow it don't teach the spot—
Now mind ye, I ain't singin'—
No slurs—no that base viol did
When Sam'el led the singin'.

I tell ye what, when he struck up
The tune, an' Sister Hamner
Put in her party riddle—oh! feel—
That's what you call soprano—
Why, all the choir, with might an' main
Set to an' seemed to be singin'—
Their hull souls out with every note,
When Sam'el led the singin'.

An' land alive, the way they'd race
Thro' grand old "Coronation"
Each voice a chasin' fother round,
It was 'bout all creation!
I'llus thought it most a set
The bell's been blown a ringin'—
To hear us 'crown Him Lord of All,
When Sam'el led the singin'.

Folks didn't sing for money then;
They sung because 'twas in 'em
An' must come out with 'em
If person couldn't win them
With preachin' an' with prayin' an'
His overboard singin'—
That's what our fether sinners to the fold
When Sam'el led the singin'.

QUITTEN PIRATES.

In the year 1859 a British steamer called the Fairfax arrived at Shanghai in distress, and upon investigation her damages were found to be so extensive that she was sold to a corporation known as "The Golden Tea Company." It was composed of five British tea houses and it had four coasting vessels in its trade. This steamer was wanted to establish a line to the Loo-Kioo Islands, in the Pacific ocean, but more particularly to the Island of Kiu-Siu, where the company intended to establish a branch headquarters.

The Fairfax was a side-wheeler of 600 tons burden, and noted as being very fast. She was changed about a great deal in making repairs, and when I went aboard of her as a wheelman I found several things to excite my curiosity. The cabin had been done away with, and in its place was an officer's messroom aft, and a comfortable dining-room forward. The space between was used for berths and a storage. I noticed that a great deal of the interior wood work was covered with heavy sheet iron, which had been painted to resemble wood. The doors were very heavy, and were further protected by metal. The engine room was entirely enclosed, and when I came to the wheelhouse I was surprised to find it so arranged that iron shutters hung on the inside, could be closed so as to make a life fortress of the place. Two rifles and a pair of revolvers comprised the armament. When I came to ask questions of the mate he informed me that they were going among a lawless and desperate lot, and were prepared for any emergency. In addition to what I had seen he showed me a six-pound field piece on the promenade deck, and a score or more of rifles in a room set apart for an armory.

The steamer made her first and second trips without adventure. The crew in each instance was composed almost entirely of white men—English American, German, and French sailors who had been picked up in Shanghai. The cook, steward, and stokers were natives, and on each trip we carried quite a number of native passengers. On the third trip about one-half of the white crew had to be replaced by natives, and when we left Shanghai we had sixty native passengers. I remarked on the singular fact that all were men, and the mate explained matters by saying it was a religious body on their way to a famous temple situated on the island we were bound for. They looked to me like a cratty, villainous lot, and my fellow wheelman, who was an American named White, predicted that we should have trouble with them before the voyage was over. We had scarcely left port before we saw to it that all our weapons were loaded, and we got "the hang" of the iron blinds so that we could shut them quickly. One of us would certainly be in the wheelhouse, no matter at what hour trouble might come.

As the steamer only had a small load of freight, and that was all in the hold, the party of natives were quartered on the lower deck. The weather was very mild and they did not need covering. The distance from Shanghai to Kiu-Siu is about two hundred and fifty miles. As we left port at 6 o'clock in the morning, and averaged twelve miles per hour, until four the next morning we were pretty fairly across the big bay or straits crested right there by the lay of the coast and the location of the islands. I came on watch at four o'clock. It was then fairly daylight and the sea was smooth and everything very quiet.

My chum gave me the course, reported that there was nothing new, and went off to turn in. He had scarcely disappeared when I was two junks dead ahead, and five minutes later the lookout on the bows reported them to Mr. Graham, the first mate. It could not have been more than two minutes after this when I heard a shrill cry of "Murder!" followed by two pistol shots and a rush of feet, and I realized that trouble was at hand. I rang the bell for the engineer to stop and then shut and secured my blinds, and I was not a minute too soon. The wheels had scarcely ceased to revolve when I heard the rattle of feet outside, followed by exclamations of anger and disappointment. Then I used the speaking tube to warn the engineer and he speedily informed me that he had made himself a close prisoner.

My iron shutters were provided with port holes, and when I looked down upon her bow deck I saw the dead bodies of the mate and lookout lying there and covered with blood from numerous knife wounds. None of the natives was in sight, but directly a fierce yell arose from the lower deck, followed by pistol shots, and I knew that the saffron-faced wretches were murdering the white men as fast as they could get to them. They left me alone for about a quarter of an hour. Then about half a dozen of them came up and demanded my surrender. From their dialect I knew them to be Koreans. They called to me in that language, saying they had full possession of the steamer, and had killed all but two of the crew, and that my life would be spared if I promised to do as they directed. I communicated with the engineer, found that he was all right, and he added that the Captain and some of the crew were in the armory and prepared to hold out to the last. I then informed the pirates that I could not think of surrendering, and as they began battering the door with a capstan bar I shoved the muzzle of a revolver out and killed one and wounded another before they could get out of range.

There was only a gentle breeze blowing, and that was at our backs. The two junks were coming down slowly, having to make frequent tacks, and when about a mile and a half away I saw that they were loaded with men. It was a put up job between the two parties, and all the details were thoroughly understood. The engineer had been blowing off steam to prevent an explosion, and I asked him to hold fast and give me a show to carry out a plan which had suddenly suggested itself. Fortunately for us the native stokers had just fired up before they got the signal. They had murdered the chief, who was an Englishman, as also the oiler, who was a German, and had left the furnace doors shut as they rushed up on deck to join in the murderous melee. The boilers were therefore making steam at a lively rate.

As soon as the engineer understood what I wanted he started ahead, and I took the wheel and brought the steamer's head in line with one of the junks. We were headed about north. One of the junks was headed about southeast on her tack, the other southwest. They were, therefore, nearly broadside to me. We went ahead at moderate speed, as I did not want to alarm them. The natives on board gathered in the bows and began waving cloths and hats as a warning to the junks. The people on the latter must have argued that the steamer was in the hands of their friends, for they fired their jingals and waved their cloths in reply.

I held for the junk headed to the southeast, and she at once lowered her sail to wait for the steamer to come up. When within a quarter of a mile of her I rang the bell for the engineer to go ahead at full speed, and the steamer started off like a wild locomotive. We were almost upon the junk before the people divined our object, and they had only time to utter one long drawn shout of terror. I held the steamer for her broadside, and she divided that junk like the two halves of an apple falling away from a knife. I expected a great shock, but there was none. It was no more than a puff and we ran down a yawl. I believe she held at least fifty men.

A great cry went up as we passed, and when I had headed the steamer around not more than half a dozen of the poor wretches were in sight, and those were clinging to fragments of the wreck and tossing about. I gave the engineer information of how we had succeeded and told him I proposed to serve the other junk the same way. The natives aboard the steamer seemed helpless and terror-stricken at first, but when they realized my plan they moved to prevent it. They ran down and opened the furnace doors to lower the steam, and a gang of six or eight attacked the wheelhouse. A second party made an attack on the engineer's room at the same moment.

"Don't shoot me! We meant you no harm! We have thrown away our weapons!"

went down to find them cowering in the passageway, every man's pluck completely gone. The captain and second mate were in the armory. I let them out, and then freed the engineer. The four of us were the only white men left alive. We collected the prisoners in the mess room, held a short consultation, and then proceeded to act. While I remained among them to check any new ambition, the captain took his station at the forward port gangway.

The engineer then led the pirates out to the Captain one by one, and the latter put a bullet through each man's head and pitched him forward into the sea. It was retribution with a vengeance, and certain writers, who were a thousand miles from the scene and underwent none of its perils, have termed it "the massacre of the prisoners." I went out with the last one. Like all others who had preceded him, he humbly begged his death, not even uttering a protest. When he had been disposed of we turned to and prepared the bodies of our dead for burial, cleared the decks, and by two of us acting as stokers, we worked the steamer up to Kiu-Siu.

For a few weeks the natives kept wondrously quiet about the adventure, but it then leaked out that about 130 lives had been lost in the attempt to capture us. Had they got possession of the steamer it was their intention to run her up to the head of the Yellow Sea, and make use of her in their piratical excursions from the coast of Formosa. As none of them understood how to navigate "the wingless devil," they called her, it is likely that she would have been blown up within an hour or two after they got charge. She was in the trade and on the same line for the next five years, and every native craft would turn tail at the sight of her five miles away.

What Makes a Man Old.

To himself, a man is as old as he feels, to others as old as he looks. There is nothing strikingly new in this observation, but it is applied well in an amusing case the other day. On a train that was coming into Boston there were two gentlemen, sitting in contiguous seats. One of them was gray and bent. As the train approached the station the white haired man rose, took up his overcoat, hesitated, and glanced nervously around. Then he said:

"Young man, I will be much obliged if you will help me up with my overcoat."

The other rose quickly and gave him the assistance that was asked for.

"There—ow! I'm a little stiff. Thank you," said the old man. "You are kind. Some time you may be glad of a young man's assistance."

The other laughed. "Perhaps, sir," he said, "you wouldn't object to telling me how old you are?"

"I? Oh! no," said the old man. "I'm 63 years old—almost 64," he said with a sigh.

"Indeed," said the "young man," and I'll tell you how old I am. I shall be 71 years old my next birthday."

It was his actual age, but the first man flatly refused to believe it and went off with an air as if he thought the other were trying to play a rather bad joke.

How Daughters Should be Educated.

To inaugurate an economical fashion is well; only let it be one of prevention, not of cure. To rear a girl in absolute dependence and exacting in her demands, is a sin against the daughter and against society. To begin at her birth to economize and retrench in every department for the accumulation of money, that this constant provision of her life may be accomplished and maintained, is grotesque and heathenish. Girls thus trained will fail of attaining a high order of womanhood. Their aim will be petty, their ideals low, and nothing very excellent can be expected of them in wifehood or womanhood. Let the reform already inaugurated be made fashionable and be carried on.

While we carefully guard whatever is womanly in our daughters, let them be trained to more of fibre and firmness. Educate them to self denial if pecuniary circumstances demand it, and not to self indulgence. Accustom them to be of service in the household, to regard economy as praiseworthy, and even heroic, and to add to all their other accomplishments a practical knowledge of work and the possession of some lucrative vocation or industry by which they can support themselves. Such girls when portionless will carry to their husbands dowries in themselves.

One Reason for Woman's Small Pay.

Often, when men and women seem to be doing just the same work, the woman is requiring one trifling concession and another which she really pays for in her own wages.

The bottom of it all rests of course on the simple fact that so few women take their work seriously. With a vast share of them the serious business of life is getting married, and none of them could be in better, but this turns the work they do into a mere expedient for support until marriage comes, and the inevitable results in the lower scale of wages for women.

But for this women would drive men out of some pursuits, like stenography and typewriting. There is something in the feminine capacity for taking pains which really fits her to do work of this order better than a man, provided she gives herself to it instead of devoting half her energies to giving herself away to some man.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Little James had been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth. "Indeed, James," replied the minister indulgently; "and what will he do with the old set?" "Oh, I suppose they'll cut them down and make me wear 'em."

Wit and Wisdom.

Resignation is an invaluable treasure which can not by the most violent evils be taken from us.

Learning is a good thing for man to have in his upper story if he has common sense on the ground floor.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.

Passenger—Which of the fool questions you hear every day tires you the most? Conductor—That one.

"Breaders," remarked Rev. Poindexter Cranberry, "neither judge udder folks by yourself, but judge yourself by udder folks."

"I can't find where that plumber did anything to this heater." "Neither could I," told the man, but he said "we'd certainly find it in the bill."

He—What do you think of the idea that 16,000 years hence we will be here just the same as now? She—From present indications it seems quite plausible.

A sure scheme.—"At last I have it," said the poor but honest man who knows it all. "I shall advertise for pupils to incorporate myself into a university and wait for some rich man to endow me."

"Every thing is at a stand-still with us," said the dear old Philadelphia matron. "So I have observed," replied the major. "Your daughter I hear is still twenty-three just as she was ten years ago."

"I'm willing to bet anything that that young lady has just graduated from some seminary." "Yes, so am I! Isn't she refined-looking, modest and cultured in her behavior?" "That's! I don't mean her. I mean the gushing, game-chewing girl with her, who is using so much slang."

Never be discouraged because good things go on slowly here, and never fail daily to do that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime view of it. God can afford to wait, which can not we, since we have him to fall back upon.

Loving Wife—"Now that you are ruined, Henry, I will disclose my secret. For years I have been saving up, and now (pouring a shining heap of gold in to his hat) this may tide you over." Husband—"Oh my darling, how did you manage to do it?" Wife—"Easy enough. Every time you said a mean thing to me I put ten cents in a box."

Literary Aspirant—"I have just written a novel. It will make a book of about 400 pages. What step would you advise me to take in getting it published?" Literary Veteran—"What step? Step into any second-hand bookstore and look at the cords of 400-page novels with the leaves uncut for sale at 15 cents a copy."

They Settled the Pin Money Question.

He was a young man who had been a few years married. In answer to a question about pin money he said: "I get my wages every Saturday night. I carry the money home and give every cent of it to my wife. If I want any I ask for it. She buys what we want, and she puts in the bank all we can spare. It is as much her interest as it is mine to save all we can. If she is fit to be my wife and bring up the children she is fit to be trusted with the money, and I never ask her what she does with it."

Another man, who receives monthly wages, said: "When I am paid I hand over to my wife as much money as she earned before we were married, and that was \$4 a week."

There is peace in both these houses. There is no need of comment.

A Bag of Milk.

"Here you are, two pounds of chops, good scant weight," said the merry Cranston street grocer to the young man of family who had brought in an order from his wife "and now your milk; where's your can?" The young man of family protested that he hadn't read the order, and had not been equipped with a can. "Never mind," said the grocer; "here hold on to it," and he dexterously slipped one paper sugar bag inside of another and flipped the corners into place. The two quarts of milk were poured into the inner bag. "The grease on the milk prevents it from going through the paper as water would," explained the grocer. "I had hard work to get people to believe they could carry milk in a bag at first, and had to let it go at my own risk. I've sent it so half a mile by slow transit; still I'd advise you not to stop to tell any long stories on the way home."—Providence Journal.

A Red Noah.

The Messiah craze among the Indians of the west and northwest revives interest in anything that pertains to the puer delusions and beliefs that have been rife among the different tribes for the past century. It is remembered now that in 1888 the Sanpoois, a small tribe in what was then Washington territory, became greatly agitated over the teaching of an old chief who professed to believe that another flood was near at hand. He said that the Great Spirit had commanded him to collect tribute and build an ark that would outride the waves. His great canoe, 112 by 288 feet, is still to be seen in an unfinished condition near one of the tributaries of the Columbia.

Eighty Days for Eighty Oaths.

Park Wilson, a well known character about town, was sent to jail by Justice Hansman, at Chambersburg, Pa., Dec. 10, for eighty days for swearing eighty profane oaths. Under the Pennsylvania "blue laws" act of 1794 the penalty for profane swearing is sixty-seven cents for each oath, or in default of payment thereof one day in jail for each oath. Wilson would not pay a fine of \$57.30 for the oaths indulged in Saturday night, so he went to jail for eighty days. A conviction under the blue laws is a very rare occurrence in Pennsylvania.—Baltimore American.

White people in several towns in Oregon have banded together and driven out the Chinese by force.

The Bacteria Fad.

Science Gave Mud in the Hands of Enthusiasts.

These doctors are a wearisome lot, observes the Milwaukee Sentinel. If the world were foolish enough to attempt to follow all their suggestions and to avoid all that hygiene cranks declare to be dangerous, living would be impossible except under conditions that would make living intolerable. The latest fad, next to the disposition of surgeons to extirpate all the important organs of the body, is to find bacteria everywhere, and to warn people against doing, for fear bacteria, what it is necessary to do in order to get along at all. A Buffalo doctor has found nothing better to occupy his time or no better way to advertise himself than to examine under the microscope the straps in the street cars by which unhappy wretches maintain an upright position when the cars are crowded. He finds these straps "fairly reeking with bacteria." This is a strange use of the work reek. We might as well speak of the atmosphere as reeking with birds. Reeking means steaming or smoking. Bacteria have as much right to be everywhere as birds and butterflies have to fly in the air, and they are for the most part as harmless.

The idea the doctors seek to convey is that where there is microscopic life there is danger to health. If there is a space on earth where microscopic life does not exist, man can not exist on that spot. The air we breathe, the water we drink, is full of harmless micro-organisms and would not be life sustaining otherwise.

We are warned against sneezing, except into a bacterium receiver, for fear of letting loose into the air destructive bacteria to attack the nasal membranes of other folks. We are warned against receiving money—hard money or paper money—without first putting it through a disinfecting process. We are told to go through the world with a strainer over the nose and the mouth, wear carbolic gloves, and so on. In short, if we are to stand any show of living to a reasonable age we are to shut ourselves up in gauze saturated with disinfecting preparations, drink distilled water, abstain from everything we like, and have no other concern in the world than the care of health.

There are certain reasonable sanitary rules based on a few facts of observation that are worthy of serious attention. They are not attended to ordinarily, because hygiene cranks urge so many ridiculous and impossible rules and so constantly shock the common sense of mankind. To ask a rational being to refrain from grasping a friend's hand for fear of bacteria, to deny himself the pleasure of osculation and all that, is too much. If these doctors persist in pointing out microscopic life wherever they find it, the thing is to recognize the fact that microscopic life is edible and wholesome—raw, fried, stewed, baked or in any other form. We are made up—all of us and every part of us—of microscopic organisms. A man is simply a collection of such organisms, every minute particle of his being having an independent life. There is nothing to be frightened at. Bacteria have been in the world a good while, and enough people have managed to live to make a pretty active world.

Buffalo Bones.

Hundreds of Tons of Them Shipped to Eastern Manufacturers.

Not satisfied with killing the buffalo for his fur, says the Grand Forks (N. D.) Plaindealer, the avaricious man now picks up the dry bones, as they are found over the State, and sells them to eastern manufacturers. Only a few years ago these animals numbered millions. Now there may be fifty within this State. A few figures regarding the bones of the animals slaughtered during the last few years will show in what numbers they existed. Where the buffalo flourished there his cousin, the domesticated cow, will thrive, and sheep and horses will do especially well on the nutritious herbage that enticed the bison from the south and central plains. From the single station of Minot there were shipped of buffalo bones in 1886, two hundred and twenty-five tons; 1887, six hundred tons; in 1888, three hundred and seventy-five tons; in 1889, two thousand seven hundred and seventy-five tons; and there have been shipped this year and are ready for shipment, at that station, two thousand four hundred tons. Col. Lounsbury estimates these bones represent two hundred and fifty-nine thousand two hundred animals, and that these shipments do not represent over one-thirtieth of the entire amount of buffalo bones that have been bleached on the sunny surface of North Dakota—bones that once were the frame work of seven million buffaloes.

Difference in Hair.

The difference between straight and curly hair is very apparent on a microscopic examination. A hair is a hollow tube, and straight hair is as sound as a reel, while a curly hair is always flattened on both sides and curls toward one of the flat sides, and never toward the edge. It is a curious and little known fact that the hair of women is coarser than that of men as well as thicker on the scalp. In an average head of hair there are about 130,000 individual hairs. The hair seems to have life of its own, independent of that of the man, for numerous instances are known of the hair continuing to grow after death. In one of the St. Louis cemeteries the body of a lady was some years ago disinterred for the purpose of removing it elsewhere. When the coffin was opened the entire cavity was filled with the mass of Auburn hair which had grown after the interment had taken place.

AN EXHAUSTING PLACE.—Misses—I am at a loss to understand your motive in leaving.

Bridge.—The work is too hard, mum, and it's worn out I be entirely.

Misses.—Why, I have done most of it myself.

Bridge.—Yes, but it's worn out I be hearing yoz tell me of it.—Ma nusey's Weekly.

Two swallows don't make a summer, but two drinks often make a fall.

Points About Poultry.

We know a man who makes his hens "hoe" his garden, at least practically. He make a long box with slat sides and top which will just fit between the rows, and in this contrivance the hens are left to scratch to their heart's content.

All farmers should keep pure bred poultry; there is no economy or profit in common barnyard stock. They eat no more, and certainly a thinking farmer prefers the blooded fowl and will keep it and demand a good flock should naturally demand good stock.

There is nothing so welcome to poultry in winter as green food, so hard to obtain at moderate prices. For this reason the nearest substitute comes in the way of clover hay cut in small lengths, steamed and mixed with a warm feed in the morning. The hay is stored after harvest of each year.

Guinea fowls will go into a house to roost if they have been accustomed to it though they like to choose a place for themselves, and have a decided liking for trees. It is necessary to keep them in pairs, as they are monogamous. They nearly always steal their nests. They are not remarkably beligerent, but it is not advisable to confine them with other fowls.

A feed trough should never be used for poultry, nor should food be kept before the hens in a feed hopper. When feeding poultry it is better to scatter the grains, in order that each hen should hunt for herself, and secure her share, as well as exercise at the work of scratching. The feed hopper induces overfeeding, and the hens soon become too fat to lay.

A fattening coop should be away from the flock and roomy enough to accommodate the birds without crowding. If fed on good sound wheat, oats, and bran, two weeks should find them in excellent condition for the table. A fowl neatly dressed, entrails taken out, and thoroughly washed, adds much to its attractiveness to the buyer. The price should be the best for choice dressed stock.

The last season has witnessed the introduction of large numbers of white Plymouth Rocks among our farmers, with good results as far as has been learned. Like their progenitors, the white Plymouth Rocks are plump, full breasted, and heavy bodied fowls, hardy and good layers, and good table fowls. They are handsome because they are spottles, and always show to advantage upon a green lawn or meadow. They are easy to raise, and breed very true—more uniform than the barred variety.

Holland is noted throughout Europe as a center for fine geese, ducks and turkeys. They show keen perception of the demands of the market by producing eggs and feathers, which bring better prices the year round than market boilers. Large flocks of from 1,000 to 6,000 geese may be seen on some of the best farms close to Amsterdam. The farmer drives his geese to market several miles distant, as we would a flock of sheep. They export large quantities of eggs and geese feathers to the New York commission houses each season, selling them at a good profit and pay expenses of transportation.

Pretty Girls as Nurses.

"She's a King's daughter, God bless her! and she's been all through this house, leaving joy and sunshine in her wake."

It was an old wrinkled woman who spoke. Her eyes were dimmed with tears as she gazed affectionately at a pretty young girl, scarcely twenty, who was just turning the corner.

The scene was a Brooklyn street, in one of the most densely populated parts of the city, and the young girl a member of the King's Daughters.

"We do all the good we can," said an elderly member of the order, "but the greatest service is being done by our young girls just budding into womanhood. They are indefatigable workers, and each day finds them climbing tall tenement house stairs and in the sick rooms of the very poor."—New York Journal.

Sad Fate of a Little Girl.

A five year-old child of William Berry, who lives near Shamokin, was burned to death on Thursday. The boys had a bonfire in the street, about a hundred yards from Berry's house, and in some way the child wandered to the fire while the boys were absent. In a few seconds the clothing of the little one was in flames and they were burned from her body before the flames were subdued. Her sufferings were excruciating, as her body was burned raw. The little one only lived a few hours and death relieved her of her misery.

—A man who was afraid of thunder crawled into a hollow log as a place of safety during a thunder storm. The thunder rolled and the rain poured down in torrents, and the old log began to swell up until the poor fellow was wedged in so tight that he could not get out. All his past sins began passing before him. Suddenly he remembered he hadn't paid his newspaper subscription, and he felt so small that he was able to back right out.

—It is said of Senator Gorman that he is so cool, nerve and self-possessed that it is impossible to surprise or disconcert him. Were he, in the midst of a speech, to put his hand into his coat-tail pocket and find a California earthquake hatchling out Idaho cyclones he would go on with his remarks as unconcerned as if he had only found a cough drop.

—"How is your son getting along at school, Uncle Abe?" "Mighty fine, sah. Gittin to be a gem'man mighty fast. Ye jes' order see how he makes fun of us two ole nigger folks when he comes home. It makes me mighty proud, sah."

—Too Bad.—"You must write a regret, John. I can't go to the Bronson's dinner."

—"Why not? Didn't your dress come?"

—"Yes—but the dentist hasn't sent my teeth."