

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., Jan. 21, 1898.

TWO VERDICTS.

She was a woman, warm and thin,
Whom the world condemned for a single sin.

They cast her out on the King's highway,
And passed her by as they went to pray.

He was a man, and more to blame,
But the world spared him a breath of shame.

Under his feet he saw her lie,
But raised his head and passed her by.

They were the people who went to pray
At the temple of God on a holy day.

They scorned the woman, forgave the man—
It was ever thus since the world began.

Time passed on and the woman died,
On the cross of shame she was crucified;

But the world was stern and would not yield,
So they buried her in a Potter's Field.

The man died, too, and they buried him
In a casket of cloth, with a silver rim;

And said, as they turned from his grave away:
"We have buried an honest man to-day."

"Two mortals, knocking at Heaven's gate,
Slood face to face to inquire their fate;

He carried a passport with earthly sign,
And she a pardon from Love Divine.

O! Ye who Judge 'twixt virtue and vice,
Which, think you, entered Paradise?

Not he whom the world had said would win,
For the woman alone was ushered in.

—Arthur Lewis Tubbs.

A MOMENTOUS INTERRUPTION.

"The theory is fine and you have acted your part of bachelor-girl charmingly, dear, but the play grows long. Is it not time for the curtain?"

"You mean I ought to marry?"

"Exactly, dear."

"Whom would you suggest?"

"There was a faint tinge of bitterness in her voice that did not escape the sharp featured little lady in the arm chair at the other side of the grate.

"Now, Marion, don't be prickly. I am simply speaking for your own good. I am old, so old I can afford to say so frankly. You have no other relation, not even a stray cousin. When I am gone, you will be quite alone. It is terrible to be a truly lonely woman. I know," the speaker nodded her head emphatically.

"You have never spoken this way before grandmother."

"I have thought of it for a long time, ever since."

"Ever since Mrs. Gale asked you whether this was my fourth or fifth season," tartness was plainly visible now.

"I know you have never thought, Marion. Why should you? Are you not as beautiful and popular as the day you made your debut?"

Marion moved uneasily in her chair, then moved to a low stool at her companion's feet. There was silence for some moments. The older woman gently stroked the pretty head at her knee.

At last, Marion said, slowly and with an effort:

"I have thought about it. I am as beautiful as ever, but popular? Oh, no. Where there were ten to admire there are now only two."

"Mrs. Marston's restless eyes grew soft as they rested for a moment on her beloved grand-daughter. But she believed in heroic treatment and as she spoke they shone with a hard brightness that hid the tenderness of her heart.

"You see, I am right; the play is long. The audience is slipping away. You had best take one more scene, or you will soon be playing to an empty house."

"An artistic speech! Shall I applaud," cried Marion, springing to her feet.

"But what would you say grandmother, if your advice came too late? Suppose—"

"Marion, don't tell me you have refused them both," the old lady's tone was almost tragic and she looked anxiously at the tall, handsome girl before her.

"Oh, no. But tell me; why should I be lonely if I do not marry? Other women are not. Look at Kate James and Grace Maynard."

"Loneliness is horrible—horrible! To feel that you have no one—nothing, but yourself to live for is terrible. Miss James has sisters and brothers and a score of nieces and nephews. You haven't a relative in the world but me. Miss Maynard has her music. Think of her glorious voice. It is a companion and friend in itself. You have nothing. You have tried many things and—"

"Failed, utterly failed. Don't hesitate to say it. I have known it a long time in secret. It does me good to hear it. Say it again."

"Marion, Groveland, you are a failure. You tried to paint and dabbled; you tried to sing and squeaked painfully; you attempted literature, and oh, that was the most humiliating failure of all! But no one knows save you and I, and the girl laughed.

Marion, Marion child, you have forgotten. You made the most cozy, happy home in the world for an old woman. Your art is home-making, dear. Try and exercise that talent for the benefit of some good man," the old lady spoke softly as she placed her hand lovingly on the young girl's arm. "Marion, they both love you. Promise me you will marry one of them."

"Yes, I promise. Do you care which one? I am sure I don't."

"Oh, don't talk that way, child, it hurts me. I thought you liked them both."

"I do. There is where the difficulty lies or rather the solution. Either would make a model husband and I like both equally well."

Mrs. Marston looked at her searchingly. There was doubt in every one of her wretched features. Marion was glad the dusk hid the rising blush which gave the lie to her words. She kissed the upturned face and left the room.

On reaching her own room she placed herself before the long cheval-glass and looked intently at the reflection. A pensive smile dimpled at the corners of her mouth. She was very beautiful and she reveled in the thought of it. Each separate charm of her face and form gave her pleasure.

Beauty charms quickly. Added to her fairness Marion possessed a wondrous fascination which would last even after her more outward beauty faded. Either of the men she might choose loved her, and as for herself she had often said that love was nothing more nor less than the harmonious adjustment of two natures; and was she not noted for her adaptability?

"Dear grandmother," she murmured, "she thinks all I have to do is to make a sign to have either or both at my feet."

A slight smile of acquiescence in her grandmother's belief stole over her face

Famine in Cuba.

Two Hundred Thousand Persons in Sorest Distress. Thousands Have Starved to Death—No Measures of Relief Possible Under Spanish Rule—Heartrending Scenes.

A correspondent of the New York Journal writes from Cienfuegos, Cuba, as follows: Christmas and New Year's in war-stricken Cuba, the two great fiestas of the Cubans, Noche Buena and Año Nueve, usually a season of rejoicing, this year presented a striking irony for a period of peace on earth and good will to man. Havana Spaniards were in a fever, but in the interior the holidays were celebrated by the moans of the starving and the wails of those mourning their dead. Cuba has been visited by an unprecedented cold wave, which has increased the sufferings of the reconcentrated tenfold, and its continuance will simply hurry the inevitable end and cut short the agony of hundreds whom human hand can never save.

The correspondent just returned from a hasty tour through the provinces of Spanish Cuba, first in Pinar del Rio and Havana, and later through Matanzas and Santa Clara.

From Havana to Matanzas there is an unbroken line of filthy settlements, from which grim spectres oner human crawl and gnaw at the bony arms and claw-like fingers for alms that are seldom forthcoming. At Camp Florida and Juraco the scenes are indescribable. Down in the south also, Bejucal, San Felipe, Guines and many less important towns I was horrified to find how few reconcentrated were left since my last visit in August. In Matanzas city the conditions are fearful. The pacificos' settlement is on high ground and therefore healthy, but disease has only spared these women and children for the worse starvation and the streets are full of semi-naked skeletons clamoring for bread.

The guerrillas at each town were exceedingly active and though a few old men venture beyond the limits to dig for sweet potatoes, no white woman or child dares accompany them, though open permission is given. What use their risking outrage and murder, only to be deprived of the scanty gleanings by the first armed band they meet or at the ports? Might is right here, and the starving Spanish soldier cannot be harshly blamed for the appropriation.

At Limonar a few negroes only remain; the better class of whites are all dead. At Perico there are 200 left from 4,000. At Jovellanos it is as bad, and after buying a stock of hard biscuit at a wayside bodega, the only food available, and starting to distribute it, I precipitated a riot among the starving, who fought even for crumbs left in the mud after the scramble. At Colon the police behaved with respect, striking the tiny children with canes and driving them from the street.

At Magagua a corporal of the guards civil kicked a child who approached me for relief, and answered my remonstrances with a flourish of his cut-throat razor. He was maimed and rebels. At San Pedro de las Yucas children are huddled in the damp corners, shaking with cold and silently starving, their abdomens distended, their hair gone and feet swelled. A good meal would kill them.

At Caszar I saw several bodies long awaiting interment. I met one broken hearted father at La Jás carrying out his two dead children in an old portmanteau. On a plantation close by there were five corpses in the first row of shelters, and scoured everywhere around festering on the highly covered bodies exposed by the heavy rains.

In Santa Clara City people die in the streets daily, and in Esperanza three-fourths of the reconcentrated are dead, but in the Sagua La Grande district things are worse. Six thousand people are starving. The reconcentrated there started and they are not yet decided. There is no food, and Oliverate and Carraers, the bloodiest guerrillas on the island, continue their reign of terror. None dare venture outside.

In Cruces I was assured there was no distress and I felt sure that any child by chance I found the reconcentrated by the town out off by a deep ditch and a railway, which they are too weak to cross. There are perhaps 250 left from 2,000, and the residue are all woman and children in the last stages. The poor wretches simply lay on their backs, unable to get up two sweated hand to aid them, and it is difficult to realize that they are human beings. At Trinidad whole families have been exterminated. In one but the swollen naked body of a girl, aged sixteen, in an advanced stage of decomposition, was discovered, while the bodies of fourteen lay by the corpse nearly dead.

At Condada the settlement is now "under ground," as a Spanish sergeant grimly remarked. Here, a few days ago, Lieutenant Vasquez, of the Bai en battalion, met an old padicito driving across the field with six bodies for burial. Despite all remonstrances he seized the cart, threw out the bodies and took it off to carry grass for his horses. The dead lay in the field, preyed on by buzzards, close to the town, until moved by the alcalde.

Near Camarones I found a starving family, the father nursing a son, whose leg had been hacked off by the guerrillas because he refused to give up two sweet potatoes he was taking home for his dying sisters.

Near Cruces in Saint Marcos, once a fair sized town, and now its inhabitants live in two huts. This was one of the places entirely wiped out by Weyer.

In Santa Domingo the distress is fearful. The day before I visited the town an elderly man was found asleep beyond the limits. As they brought him in Captain Lasso rode out and quietly on the prisoner down. He has since been recognized as Manuel Frutos, pacifico, who had gone out the day before for vegetables, and was afraid to pass the foris after sunset, and so slept outside.

The prolongation of the war will surely finish the extermination of the pacificos. No relief sent from the United States can really save them. There are now about 200,000 in direct need. The Cubans openly express the feeling that the administration that has allowed 600,000 people to be exterminated without protest is now only opening the relief fund to disburse money favoring intervention. One thing is manifest, the war is being carried on in the interior as relentlessly as in Weyer's day and no real measures of relief are possible under the Spanish rule.

The mining plant which Duncan & Spangler contemplate putting in their No. 8 mine at Hastings, Cambria county, will consist of fifteen machines. Each of these mechanical diggers is calculated to do the work of about five men. Compressed air is the motive power. The plant will cost about \$10,000 and is expected to be ready for operation within six weeks.

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A Family of Patriots.

Moses Chamberlain, of Milton Pa., and His Father Represent a Span of 160 Years.—Moses Chamberlain, Whose Father Fought in the Battle of Germantown.

There lives in the town of Milton, in this State an aged gentleman who unquestionably occupies the most unique distinction of any living American; this is Moses Chamberlain. His father was a colonel in the Revolutionary War, and was the father of twenty-three children, of whom Moses is the youngest and the only survivor. His brother Lewis, the first born, was killed by his father's side in the battle of Germantown, Pa., October 4th, 1777.

During the persecution of the Huguenots a prominent Huguenot refugee named Tambrlain found his way to London, England. Here he changed his name to an English equivalent, Chamberlain, and continued to reside in London until that city was devastated by the Great Fire in 1666. He then emigrated to Ireland, where he died, leaving a family.

Three sons of the refugee came to America near the beginning of the last century, one of whom settled in Maine, another in New York, and the third in New Jersey.

Among the children of the Jerseyman, whose given name is unknown, was William Chamberlain, born in Hunterdon county, on September 25th, 1736, only a few years after General George Washington.

William Chamberlain was a man of considerable prominence. Upon the outbreak of the war of the Revolution he at once entered the field in the struggle for freedom.

He was made lieutenant-colonel September 9th, 1777, of the Second Regiment of the New Jersey line, and took a prominent part in the great conflict. In addition to his services on the field he was often charged with other responsibilities. In November, 1777, he was directed by Governor Livingstone to report to Messrs. Penn and Chew of the Union works of Trenton, N. J., and conduct them to the State council at Worcester, Mass. At another time he was authorized to procure 10,000 flints for the use of the army.

At the battle of Germantown Colonel Chamberlain met with a heart-rending experience. Some time prior to the engagement his eldest son, Lewis, then a boy of 18, and a non-combatant, was visiting his father. A battle being imminent, the father wished the boy to retire to a place of safety, which the plucky fellow refused to do. Procuring a gun, he took his place in the ranks, and was struck by a cannon ball, which shattered a knee, from the effects of which he died on the field.

Colonel Chamberlain was the husband of four wives, with each of whom he had a family.

In 1791 Colonel Chamberlain removed to Buffalo Valley, in (now) Luzerne county, Pennsylvania. He acquired an extensive plantation on Buffalo Creek, a few miles west of Lewisburg. He had a grist, saw and fulling mill on his place, and did an extensive business. In this valley his third wife died immediately upon his arrival in the month of March, Miss Kimball, whose parents, with many other Jersey people, had also recently arrived. Several of Colonel Chamberlain's children, by his first marriages, also came to the valley. Among them his son-in-law, John Lawshe, whose descendants are numerous and prominent.

Colonel Chamberlain died August 21st, 1817, and was buried at Lewisburg. His monument may be seen on the hill at the west end of the cemetery, and it is a remarkable circumstance that so many his own resting place. Only a few yards distant is the monument of Hon. Wm. Cameron, brother of President Lincoln's great war secretary. A few rods south lies Col. Henry Spiker, who was paymaster of the Pennsylvania militia during the Revolutionary war. He died only a few months prior to Col. Chamberlain.

A few rods east lies the famous Revolutionary hero, Colonel John Kelly, who died February 18th, 1832, and has a monument. During the retreat of Washington across New Jersey Colonel (then Major) Kelly was ordered to destroy a bridge in order to check the British advance. This he did with his own hands, the bullets of the enemy flying thick around him as he fell with the bridge he had cut in two into the stream, but he was not captured, as, losing, in his field book of the Revolution erroneously says he was.

Moses, the last survivor of Colonel Chamberlain's family, presents some unique historical features. He, whose father represents a span of over 160 years. His remarkable position will more plainly appear when we know that two living great-grand-children of Colonel Chamberlain—Mrs. David Slifer and her brother, Hon. A. M. Lawshe, of Lewisburg—are respectively 82 and 77 years of age. Moses Chamberlain has, until recently, been a stirring business man. He engaged in the tanning, mercantile and lumbering business, and now, at the advanced age of 85, enjoys a well-earned rest.

He married first, in 1835, Miss Mary Ann Corry, by whom he had two daughters. His second wife was Jane Montgomery Watson, whom he had six children, of whom William and Frank, of Milton, Tenn. Colonel Thomas Chamberlain, now in Philadelphia, and Captain Wesley Chamberlain, of California.

REV. A. STAPLETON.

Why He Got a Pension.

Wm. P. Bane, who was a member of the Ringgold cavalry during the civil war, has been granted a pension of \$30 per month. He is 7 feet high and got the pension on the ground that owing to his great size the government was unable to provide him with an overcoat during the cold weather of his army service, and that because of the lack of the needed garment he caught cold and contracted rheumatism from which he now suffers.—Lock Haven Democrat.

—Mrs. Anita McKee, of Jackson, Miss., has asked president McKinley to appoint her Collector of Internal Revenue at New Orleans, La.

A public meeting has been called in Williamsport to aid the suffering Cubans. Sheriff Martin will act as custodian.

The Different Elms.

Four Species, All Different, and Yet Much Alike—Their Values Compared.

The elms have become so conspicuous as shade trees in certain sections of the country, especially in New England, that most people take it for granted that an elm is an elm, and one is about as good as another, but the practical woodworker discriminates very carefully between the different species in ordering his supply of timber, and it would be better for the future of our country if every individual planting an elm tree should adopt the same policy. Where other qualifications than beauty enter into the selection of elms for planting it will be well to observe the following from *Country Gentleman*:

The most common elm is the Ulmus americana, or American elm, which goes also by the name of white elm, soft elm and water elm. The beauty of this tree is well known, and its popularity as a shade tree is well deserved. In recent years the demand for the soft elm has come into great demand for making furniture as a substitute for oak. The wood is strong, tough and close grained, and the figure produced by the grain greatly resembles quartered oak, and when stained with amber it readily passes for oak.

The rock elm is the best species for the manufacturer, and all the best wagon hubs are made from it. It is a wood that cannot be split under any circumstances, and it is for this distinguishing feature that it is in great demand by the wheelwrights and makers of bicycle rims. When young and growing, the rock elm looks very much like the white elm, but the tree seldom grows quite as large and is not quite as handsome. The trees are easily distinguished apart either by the grain or the bark. The grain of the soft elm is large and coarse and that of the rock elm close and fine. The bark of the rock elm is rougher and furrowed with more scales than the soft elm. The tree does not grow naturally in New England, except in a few isolated places, but it has been planted quite freely and is known in different sections as the hickory elm, cliff elm, cork elm and very often as white elm.

There is a closer resemblance probably between the rock and slippery elms than between the former and the white elm. The slippery elm is quite as heavy as the rock, although inferior in quality and totally unsuited to the needs of the wagon manufacturer. It splits much more readily and would never do for hubs. Slippery elm, or moose elm, is found occasionally in New England, but it is much more common in the south west. The tree never attains the size of either the rock or white elm and is consequently inferior to either as a shade or ornamental growth.

A fourth elm that is found in New England was transplanted from England by the early settlers. It is a distinctly English elm and is known as the Ulmus alata and called the wahoo elm. It is almost as abundant as the American elm, and two distinct varieties are found in New England. This tree makes very good furniture wood, but it does not equal the rock elm for wagon manufacturing. It is about as tough and hard as the American or white elm, and, like this tree, it is used extensively by the manufacturers of furniture.

Good Recipes.

Creamed Oysters—Procure a pint of medium-sized oysters; remove the oysters with a fork from their liquor into a small saucepan, add half a teaspoonful salt, quarter teaspoonful pepper; strain the liquor and add half cup of the liquor to the oysters and half cup of milk; mix half a table-spoonful butter with half a table-spoonful of flour to a paste, place the saucepan over the fire, and when it begins to boil add the butter and flour. Stir and cook till the mixture is thick and smooth, which will take about two minutes' cooking. Remove the saucepan and serve either over toast or with crackers.

Celery Cream—Take three or four heads of nice white celery, cut in small pieces, cover with water and boil until tender, which will take from one-half to a whole hour. When tender, drain off the water and mash fine. Have ready three pints of milk boiling hot, and add to it the mashed celery and the water in which it was boiled. Stir a table-spoonful of flour with a lump of butter the size of an egg, add to the cream, season with pepper and salt, boil three minutes and serve.

Angels' Food—The secret in making angels' food lies in the baking of it. Sift one cup of flour and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar several times through a fine sieve. Beat the whites of nine eggs to a stiff froth and to them add one cup and a half of sifted granulated sugar; mix carefully into this, stirring constantly, the sifted flour, and add one teaspoonful of extract of vanilla. Pour this batter into an ungreased pan and bake in a slow oven for 45 minutes. When baked, turn the pan upside down on something that will admit the air passing under it, and allow it to stand until the cake falls from the tin. Ice with white icing. Be careful in making this cake to have all the ingredients as light as possible.

Deviled Oysters—Wash, drain and chop slightly one pint of oysters; mix with a sauce made by melting two table-spoonfuls of butter, two of flour, and pour on slowly two-thirds cup milk; add yolk of one egg, little salt, pepper, one table-spoonful lemon juice; place in buttered dish, cover with cracker crumbs; bake 15 minutes.

Raw Beef for Consumptives.

For a period of more than a dozen years Joshua Hepford, a dry goods clerk residing on Spruce street, has eaten raw meat, at least a pound and a half of it each day, for the sake of his health. By this strange dieting he has developed from a consumptive young fellow into as robust a man as is to be found behind the counters of the big stores in which he works. He apparently had not long to live when an expert consulting doctor gave him the meat prescription. At first, as can well be imagined, it was distasteful to him, and it was especially so in his case because he had always been fastidious about his meals. He would have put it up into his hash and bolt it without looking. The treatment soon made its effect apparent, and as Hepford improved in bodily condition and spirits under the treatment, he gained an appetite for chunks of uncooked flesh. In less than a year from the beginning it was a positive pleasure for him to devour it. He has on occasion eaten as much as five pounds in a day. Fat, however, he does not care about. Ordinarily he confines himself to eating beef, mutton and chicken, but in the height of winter he indulges in a little pork.—Philadelphia Record.

In the late destructive tornado at Fort Smith, Ark., 43 lives were lost and 70 injured. The force of the wind was such that a roof was carried thirty-five miles.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

An entirely new profession for women is that of piano tuner, which is said to pay well and is quite easy to acquire, provided one has a good ear, which is an absolute necessity.

Several bright women are in the insurance business and doing well for the companies they represent, while the number who go out as commercial travelers is constantly increasing, fluency of speech and a good general knowledge of people and things being about all the capital required.

If you would avoid that chief disfigurement of lovely women on a wintry day—a red nose—see to it that the stays are comfortably loose and that the feet are warmly shod; and when washing the face morning and evening do not be afraid to rub that sensitive organ as briskly as you do check and brow. Friction starts the circulation of the blood and so scatters it from the point of the nose. If you would preserve the beauty of your skin do not indulge too freely these cold winter mornings in over rich food, such as buckwheat cakes and sausages. And remember that fruit is just as essential to your diet in cold weather as in warm—indeed more so as we have fewer green vegetables.

If you are economically inclined, you can turn your last year's walking dress of chestnut brown cloth into an attractive afternoon gown by getting guimpe and cuffs of pistache-green corded silk. The guimpe should be a double yoke, front and back, with the corners rounded off; and you can save your own alignment in determining whether or not to overlay it with strips of heavy lace insertion or the lattice work of all over lace. The collar and belt attachment may be of the pistache-green silk, or of ribbon to match, as you choose. But with a guimpe the collar is not often "en-tente," that is to say, of the same material, but more than likely it is dark repeats the key note of the rest of the costume.

A pretty girlish frock recently made for a debutante is of white silk, trimmed all the way up both skirt and bodice with row after row of palest green baby velvet ribbon, the waist line defined by the narrowest band of white satin, caught with an antique green clasp.

The Russian blouse is more popular than ever, but it has been abandoned by many of the fashion leaders, who favor, instead of it, a bodice of cutless shape, tight-fitting and with a few seams showing as possible.

The most popular skirt fits tightly around the hips and over a small bustle; below the knees it flares into a deep flounce. The tight-fitting piece may be laid in tucks from the waist down, or it may be covered with narrow ruffles. It looks best braided or left plain.

The skirt which has the mark of more exclusive fashion has three flounces around the back and sides running up to the waist and in front working after a redingote impression.

The bustle has grown large enough to be seen. It has existed in the form of small and obscure pads, neither useful nor objectionable, for some months; it is emerging from this innocuous slough, to what violence its activity is not yet possible to say. The bustle is inevitable to the French corset worn now, which produces a small waist at the expense of abnormally large hips. In its present stage of development it continues the hips well around.

"Put it any way you choose," said a recent speaker, herself a woman, "to the vast majority of mankind home means cooking. A woman's domestic power and influence are, in most instances, in exact proportion to her ability to cook or to command good cooking. The old phrase, 'a notable woman,' means above and beyond everything else, skill in housewifery, and it means this just as much to-day as it ever did. It is a very democratic standard, and it applies no less to the tenement house woman than it does to the mistress of a score of servants, but it is none the less forcible for that. Like love, housewifery levels all ranks; it is common ground whereon all women, be they high or low, rich or poor, must meet, the only aristocrat that it admits being based upon excellence."

For even \$10 a dainty dancing gown of white silk may be evolved, which is equally suitable for crepe, chiffon, gauze, net, etc. The one in question is of pink, with black velvet ribbon, Valenciennes inserting and edging and little steel buckles. This has very little work on it and should be lined with peraline. The skirt is five yards wide, gored and deeply trimmed; on each side are graduated bands of insertion, edging and velvet ribbon, with wider ribbon forming a bow in a buckle at each end. Small sleeves of the trimming and a low blouse with neck border and side pieces of the garniture. Narrow, soft belt and lace edged sash ends of the same silk. Satin-back velvet ribbon is not necessary for this trimming.

The collar is now a more important part of a costume than the sleeve, and seems likely to grow to the exaggerated dimensions that up to late characterized that one time fad. Fashion has not decided what to do with the sleeve. It is still in evidence, and the latest model costumes have the bishop sleeve, the leg-o-tunton, long sleeve, no sleeve at all, tight, loose and puffed sleeve.

Massage is said to be a great aid to beauty, and of the well known beauties of the day confess that their youthful appearance is due to it.

Massage excites the circulation, brings the blood to the surface and makes the joints supple; it should follow the bath because after the bath the skin is most supple and flexible and is more apt to receive outer impressions.

There are different kinds of massage. The Swedish consists in exercising all the limbs of a perfectly passive patient. Russian massage is given with an oiled or soaped glove followed by an application of the birch rod. The Turkish method is to take the hands and then make the fingers crack as if they were dislocated. Every joint of the body is operated upon in this way, and the spine is broken in all cases of a being is vigorous with long strips of rubber or horsehair at either end. Linen gloves, gloves of Turkish toweling and other similar material.

For face massage use the purest and best of cold cream. Rub gently for awhile, then rub off the cream and put more on. After this wash the face with rose water.

Oil is good for hard skins, and flabby skins need to be rubbed with alcohol perfumed with verbena.

The Trial of Sheriff Martin.

The trial of Sheriff James Martin and his eight deputies, charged with the felonious wounding of strikers at Latimer, has been set down for Tuesday, January 25th. About seventy-five witnesses will be subpoenaed and the best legal talent in the State will be employed on both sides.

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