THE JANUS FACED DEMOCRACY.

Free Trade for One Faction and Protection for Another.

For one thing President Cleveland is entitled to the thanks of the Republican party. He has boldly torn away the mask of disinterested friendship to workingmen behind which his party has been masquerading for years, and committed them squarely to free trade. Of course he will be labeled protection in Pennsylvania, and, judging by all precedents, the Democratic convention will be able to formulate a platform susceptible either of a free trade or protection construction. It ought not, however, to require a very long course of reasoning to convince the ordinary mind that whatever they may say, they mean open doors to unlimited competition from all quarters of the globe. This Janus faced party ought to die, and its epitaph should be, "Suicided in an attempt to win English favor."—Rutland Telegram.

PITH AND POINT OF POLITICS.

Sharp Shots and Keen Cuts by Republican and Protective Editors.

Governor Hill says "no one man is essential to the Democratic party." Mr. Hill's heart is right, but there is something the matter with his head.—Rome Transcript.

The declination of Mr. Blaine has knocked the bottom out of mugwumpery. —Cleveland Leader.

"Trusts" and "free trade" are two of a kind.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

There are many complaints in regard to the postal service. Economy is a good thing, but it is not to be pushed so far as to impair the efficiency of that service.—Chicago Journal.

Chairman Mills says Cleveland must be the Democratic nominee, whether he wants to or not. Oh, he wants to.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Hill "boom" has grown very, very small, since the meeting of the Democratic national committee.—Albany Express.

Like John Van Buren, Mr. Cleveland has a contempt for a record over twenty-four hours old. Once he favored a one term presidency, but at that time he had not been elected.—New York Press.

When a Republican leader retires his party associates grieve. When a great Democratic leader retires his party associates roll their barrels out where they can be seen and intimate to the country that the sea still contains as good fish as ever were caught.—Philadelphia Press.

Now it is said that President Cleveland may write a letter declining a renomination. Such an epistle will not be accepted as genuine unless it has the indorsement of Frances Folsom Cleveland across the back.—Minneapolis Tribune.

The Wall of Free Trade.

The Mark Lane Express, in its review of the London breadstuffs market for 1887, calls attention to the fact that imports of flour are destroying the milling business in Great Britain. It says:

It will be seen that the total of wheat received in London is rather smaller than last year, but that the combined quantities of wheat and flour are larger, owing to the very great increase in the quantity of flour. It is a startling fact that the bulk of flour—chiefly from the United States—which has come to London during the year 1887 is larger than that received in the form of wheat by a quantity equal to 286,507 quarters of wheat. Under such circumstances as these it cannot be wondered at that the trade has been dull and dragging throughout, and the facts as they stand are of serious import to the British milling industry.—New York Tribune.

Their True Ailment.

This is what ails the mugwump journals: They made Mr. Blaine's nomination a shallow pretext for deserting the Republican party. They are committed to the free trade policy of President Cleveland. Mr. Blaine's withdrawal leaves them without the shadow of an excuse for supporting Mr. Cleveland except free trade. They find themselves exposed in their nakedness as free traders, and they are agitated and looking about for fig leaves.—New York Tribune

The Democratic Dilemma.

It's a funny dilemma, anyhow. If the Democrats renominate Cleveland they will indorse his tariff message, which has been adopted as a Republican campaign document. If they don't renominate him it will be because they will nominate a man who represents the Republican doctrine of protection, and who will stand on a platform with Republican planks in it. What sort of a party is this Democracy?—New York Press.

Just a Slight Mistake.

Some of the Democratic papers hint that Mr. Blaine has withdrawn from the presidential field because his Paris letter relating to President Cleveland's message fell flat. They are mistaken. The letter did not fall flat, but it helped to flatten out the free trade boom, for ever since it appeared the president's friends have been trying to show the message did not mean what it said.—Troy Times.

Revision, Not Destruction.

The tariff issue as presented by Republicans is not an iron clad rule against needed changes in the present schedule. The tariff has been amended, changed and improved time and again, and under Republican control this policy of correcting in it what is obviously for the benefit of the country will continue.—Boston Traveler.

Three Questions in One.

There are, in fact, three great questions to settle in one—the settlement of the tariff question, the removal of sectionalism from politics and the new help of a great element of white men in the south to secure honest elections throughout the south as well as in the north.—Des Moines Register.

This Editor Ought to Read the Papers.

The Republican party was never before in such a pitiable condition as it is now, when it is seeking to find, within its own ranks, a man who is worthy of the presidential office.—Wilmington Messenger (Dem.)

THE GRASSHOPPER TELEGRAPH.

Making Messages Jump from Moving Trains to the Wires Alongside.

A reporter was comfortably seated in the smoking car of an afternoon train on the Lehigh Valley road, when his attention was attracted by a peculiar sound proceeding from one corner of the car. It was interrupted at irregular short intervals, and had the sound been metallic it would undoubtedly have been recognized as the "click" of a telegraph instrument. But it was not metallic; it was more like a mosquito's "ping," emphasized and cut up into short fragments.

Upon looking around for the origin of this peculiar sound the reporter noticed a young man occupying a back seat. Around his head passed a broad band which fastened a peculiar black affair against his ear. A moment later the reporter was seated beside him and learning about "telegraphing by induction."

The operator held on his lap a board about three feet long and two and a half feet wide. At one end of it was a pad of message blanks. Near the center of the board was the key, and on the right was the "induction coil" with a steel case. When the reporter sat down, the operator was sending a message, and the vibrations of the armature were what caused the sound that had first attracted attention.

"Why does your instrument sound so different from other ones?" the reporter asked when the message was ended."

"Oh, we make it sound that way so that the office operator can distinguish it from the regular line. We can, by changing the sounder, make it any note that we please, but this is found very satisfactory."

"Where is your line? Under the cars?"

"Oh, no. That's it, out on those poles, beside the track."

"But how do you make connections?"

"We don't. That is, no direct connection. We telegraph by induction. This," placing his hand on a box about the size of an ordinary valise, "is our battery. We send a current through the tin roof of the car, and down to the ground through the axle box and wheels. Now, there is also a current passing along the line on the poles. The presence of one of these currents affects the other, and when, by using the key, I break and again make the current through the car roof, it produces a corresponding effect upon the line current, and that effect is felt in the office. Now, some people can't understand why this should work at such a great distance from the line when the currents through the wires on the same pole do not affect each other in the same way. But, I reply, they do affect each other to a certain degree. Often, when you are using the telephone, you can hear the conversation of persons using a wire near yours. The only reason that it works better with us is that we use a different kind of electricity—a stronger current, if you will—and our instruments are made especially to be influenced by the currents so affected. I can show you the difference by taking something entirely disconnected. Suppose you heat a quart of water to boiling point, you do not feel the heat from it until your hand comes almost in contact with it or the vessel that contains it. Now heat a piece of iron that hot and you can feel the heat from it for some distance. Our current differs from the ordinary current in a similar way."

"What is the affair strapped to your ear?"

"That is my telephone. We have to use the telephone to receive the message, and I have it strapped in place so that both hands will be left free. Although our system has been working beautifully upon this road ever since last October, the company is constantly experimenting, in order to improve upon it if possible. Of course any one could see after a moment's thought how many advantages, both to the road and the passengers, arise from a system of telegraphy by means of which every two trains on a division of the road are in constant telegraphic communication with each other and with the train dispatcher. Why, just before our system was introduced on this road there was an accident on the Pennsylvania road that cost the company $25,000 and the lives of two employes. It resulted from the carelessness of a station operator, and could never have happened if both trains had been in communication with the dispatcher. Of course, too, this system obviates the great loss of time entailed upon the freight and gravel and construction trains by the old system.

"Then the advantages to the passengers are very great. Every trip numerous passengers send messages by me. Some of them are of such a nature that it would be quite a serious matter for the sender to have to wait until the next stop to send them. Of course, on some of the fast trains, that do not make any stop at all for hours, the importance is increased. Passengers may send messages from the car to any point reached by the Western Union, and can similarly receive messages from any such point. A lady was taken sick on this train going out to Easton the other day. I used my instrument, and when the train stopped there was an ambulance and a physician waiting for her. We had hardly pulled out of Newark yesterday when the conductor received a message from a lady who had got off there, asking him to look out for her satchel, which she had forgotten to take with her."—New York Sun.

Colors for Fashionable Young Men.

"The color of that cravat is called Paille," said a dry goods clerk to a reporter recently.

"Is it a new shade?"

"Yes; you see it is a kind of straw color. It will be very fashionable in the coming season."

"Are many new shades coming into the market for this spring?"

"About nine. A new light gold color is called Ebenier. Corail is a light shade of coral, as the name would signify. Marine is a bright navy blue. Coquelicot, a bright red poppy. Cardinal is a little darker shade than Coquelicot, and Ponpre still darker. Veil-or is a very old gold color, and Pepite a light brownish yellow. These nine will be the most fashionable. There are in all about sixty fancy shades, but a great many of them are old except their names. All the new shades come from Paris.—New York Evening Sun

"Nasal Voices, Catarrh and False Teeth."

A prominent English woman says the American women all have high, shrill, nasal voices and false teeth.

Americans don't like the constant twitting they get about this nasal twang, and yet it is a fact caused by our dry, stimulating atmosphere, and the universal presence of catarrhal difficulties.

But why should so many of our women have false teeth?

That is more of a poser to the English. It is quite impossible to account for it except on the theory of deranged stomach action caused by imprudence in eating and by want of regular exercise.

Both conditions are unnatural

Catarrhal troubles everywhere prevail and end in cough and consumption, which are promoted by malnutrition induced by deranged stomach action The condition is a modern one, one unknown to our ancestors, who prevented the catarrh, cough, cold and consumption by abundant and regular use of what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy and Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, two old fashioned standard remedies handed down from our ancestors, and now exclusively put forth under the strongest guarantees of purity and efficacy by the world famed makers of Warners safe cure. These two remedies plentifully used as the spring and summer seasons advance give a positive assurance of freedom, both from catarrh and those dreadful, and if neglected, inevitable consequences, pnemonia, lung troubles and consumption, which so generally and fatally prevail among our people.

Comrade Eli Fisher, of Salem, Henry Co, Iowa, served four years in the late war and contracted a disease called consumption by the doctors He had frequent hemorrhages After using Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy, he says, under date of Jan. 19th 1888: "I do not bleed at the lungs any more, my cough does not bother me, and I do not have any more smothering spells." Warner's Log Cabin Rose Cream cured his wife of catarrh and she is "sound and well."

Of course we do not like to have our women called nose talkers and false teeth owners, but these conditions can be readily overcome in the manner indicated.

New Yorkers are filled with wonder that this great country moved right along as though nothing had happened when New York was shut up like a boy in a garrett and had nothing to say. A good many Gothamites supposed that commerce would suspend in such a contingency.

New York ran out of milk, but they did not seem to mind it much as the beer and whisky held out. According to a statement of the New York Sun "It took 250,000 barkeepers" to furnish that were demanded.

The breath of a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the spongy bones are attacked, and frequently entirely destoyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purlent secretions into the throat sometimes producing inveterate bronchitis, which in its turn has been the exciting cause of plumonary disease. The brilliant results whidh have attended its use for the years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure.

The Brotherhood of Engineers are second onls to a blizzard in stopping wheels.

Dakota is expecting a heavy immigration this year from the eastern blizzard sections.

Mr. and Mrs. Wtll Carleton are in Scicily.

Strong Hope for Florida.

The New York Times is the last paper to print news that is unduly favorable to Republicans, and there is, therefore, the more importance to be attached to its dispatches from Jacksonville, Fla., relating to the call of a Republican state convention, to be issued Feb. 22. The Times' correspondent says that "this is the beginning of the political fray, and it shows the Republicans are wide awake, and realize fully what an important year this will be for them."—New York Mail and Express.

Sailing Under His True Colors.

The president's message has had one excellent effect. It has brought to an end all the Mugwump twaddle about his devotion to civil service reform. It was a dishonest pretense from the beginning, but the changes were rung upon it month after month as if it were a real issue. All that nonsense has now ceased. The president is now a tariff reformer, if you please. The civil service farce is played out and the free trade afterpiece has been rung up.—New York Tribune.

Whistling Loudly to Keep Up Courage.

Somehow or other the Cleveland organs seem obliged to keep making long winded arguments against the reality of a powerful Democratic following of Governor Hill, in his evident determination to control his party in this state. But they protest too much, at too great length, and with too much seriousness. Silence would answer their purpose better, but they are too nervously apprehensive to keep quiet. —New York Mail and Express