

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

POINTS IN POLITICS.

Who has not noted the soothing effect of the music that floats from the churches out into the summer air, on the Sabbath day? There is an absence of those sounds and discords that mark the six working days of the week; there is peace and quiet; the song swells out into space and it seems like Sunday. One can hear this music from afar off and one hearing it can easily forget the exciting and worrisome subjects that crowd the brain on week days for other and more serene thoughts.

Last Sunday morning between the hours of ten and eleven I passed on the way down town three churches where services were being held. From each there came out into the stillness of the beautiful Sabbath the soft and melodious sound of sacred music. The streets were deserted. Not a sign of life anywhere. Scarcely a leaf stirred on the trees. Even the birds sang in a minor key. The music from the churches, soft and low and sweet, pervaded the atmosphere for blocks around. It was soothing—a lullaby to peace and good will. The madding crowd and ignoble strife seemed far away—things of yesterday. It was the quiet Sabbath and all things were quiet.

Five minutes walk brought me to the caravansary at Eleventh and P streets, where the destiny of the state has oft hung in the balance, where ambition has knocked at the door of hope and perseverance has pursued and persisted, 'mid the swirling turmoil of practical politics; that birthplace of intrigue, and cauldron wherein have been brewed the elixir of political life and the potion of political death—the Capital hotel.

And here, almost within sound of the chaste music that came from the churches, there was indeed a madding crowd, and a strife in many instances ignoble. No Sabbath influence here. No hymns of praise. No anthems of swelling joy. No quiet. No peace. The Sabbath came betwixt the Friday of the republican primaries and the Monday of the convention; and the exigencies of latter day politics demanded, or seemed to demand, a general attendance at this head-center of political interest, and a close attention to the peculiar process of slate making, and the politicians were at it. Candidates jostled the unwary delegate. Delegates plotted with delegates. Workers kept their hands on the strings. They were all republicans. But who thought of republicanism in that motley Sunday crew? Who was there in all that mass of politicians that stopped to think of political principles in the race for personal profit? Republican? It might have just as well have been democratic or what-not. There was nothing of party in it. Way up in the high branches of the tree of fortune hung a scant dozen of plums, and the poles just reached the fruit and that was all. In the scramble for advantage men trampled on each other's feet, and sometimes, I am afraid, they resorted to unfair means to add an inch to their poles. Selfishness held high carnival. Practical politics had its exemplification.

Political parties are necessary. Only last week they were defended in THE COURIER. They have indeed given the world enduring institutions of liberty and equality and justice. But, like everything in which men have a part, they have a base side. One's idea of the standard of honor among men is not enhanced by an insight into the workings of what is called practical politics. There is seen the selfish and the base side of men, the struggle for gain, and the abuse of party for private ends. One learns that such a thing as the office seeking the man is the hollowest kind of a hollow mockery. There was, long ago, an idea that men were urged to take this or that place. That idea is now enshrined in tradition. It is obsolete and mummified.

Politics is to some extent comparable to a horse race. All kinds of men enter and seek to pass the judges' stand. Some fail to get off, and some are ruled out at the beginning. The others, the good and the bad, pass the judges, and away they go. Each man flies his colors, and has his friends and supporters who line the track and spur him on. On they go, some neck and neck, others ahead and some behind. They pass the quarter stretch, and head for the wire. The crowd stands breathless, every eye on the men who are making the race—running, and as the first man comes under the wire a great shout goes up.

Some years ago one of the cartoon weeklies, *Puck* I think it was, illustrated the workings of the horse race. There were the horses and the judges and the jockeys and the track, and everything was, apparently, fair and open and above board. The horses seemed to be going for all they were worth. But from a little hidden box came invisible wires that were attached to the horses, and these wires were pulled in and let out, the horses kept back or pushed ahead, at the will of the book-makers—the gamblers—and it wasn't the horse that won. It was the gambler. So in the political race, the candidates are controlled in a measure by some unseen power, and the man who wins may be the best man or the worst. It is sometimes the one and sometimes the other.

There is no intention to cast any discredit upon the men who were candidates before this week's convention. There were many excellent men, good citizens, upright and true; but they were not always permitted to do their own running. Conventions are a good deal alike. A curse of this country is that it has too much politics. It is one of the bad features of a republican form of government. An office is within the sight and almost within the reach of every man, and all men, or nearly all, are politicians. There are too many offices, the terms are too short, and there is too much politics.

There was considerable difficulty in opening the county convention. There was some loose work somewhere, and the confusion was such as to cause one delegate to remark that it seemed a good deal like a pop or democratic convention. In order to bring a semblance

of order out of the chaos that reigned it was necessary to take a recess and start all over again.

It is no secret that there was an organized effort to ignore the sentiment of the delegates and place in nomination candidates particularly acceptable to certain interests, and there was a formidable array of power and influence on the side of these candidates. The younger element of the party was largely represented among the delegates and this element gave no heed whatever to the pin setting and schemes of the politicians who were responsible for the slate, and the result was what the result always will be when the element that dominated Monday's convention is thoroughly aroused and in earnest. There is no desire on the part of republicans to make any criticism at this time; but the feeling that the work could not have been done better is practically unanimous.

It was a surprise when Sam Low carried the Fourth ward primaries by a majority of over 400. It was a greater surprise when this young man broke down every barrier in the convention and received the nomination for clerk of the district court by acclamation. The remarkable hold this candidate has on the people, simply through his personal magnetism and admirable qualities was given a striking demonstration in his nomination. It is not often that such scenes are enacted in political conventions. The enthusiasm could not be restrained. It leapt all bounds. As the delicate and pallid young man, worn by the anxiety of the last few weeks, appeared on the platform, hereceived what can truly be called an ovation. Tears came to the eyes of more than one delegate, and it was a scene that will not soon be forgotten.

The convention was generally unruly, however. Disorganized and demoralized at the outset it was almost impossible to make of the convention the calm, deliberative body it should have been.

An element of the hilarity was the boundless enthusiasm of the young men. Victory was with them from the start and it was natural enough that they should bubble over.

It is the usual thing for the newspapers to say, after the convention, that the ticket named is the strongest ever put up by the party; so that this statement has lost somewhat of its force. But republicans and citizens generally will agree that seldom, if ever, has a better ticket than that selected last Monday been placed before the voters of the county. It is evenly balanced with ability and integrity, youth and age. It is strong at every point. There is no occasion for a defensive campaign. There are no excuses necessary. The nominees are all well and favorably known, and they are clean, straightforward men. THE COURIER said the republicans would do well if they selected men as strong as the leading fusion candidates, Tibbetts, Miller and Baker. The republicans did well, very well.

There was an unjust discrimination against the Fourth ward. All this ward got was two judges of the district court, one clerk of the district court, one county surveyor and one coroner.

It is the judgment of republicans that there isn't a bad nomination on the ticket, and no fears are now entertained that the three county offices at present "held by the enemy" will not be reclaimed. Republican success in every instance seems assured.

The only resolutions adopted by the convention were those instructing the delegation to the state convention for Judge Maxwell and Regent Morrill.

Years ago in a republican county convention held in the Funke opera house, A. D. Burr was a candidate for clerk of the district court, and withdrew his name on the first ballot, as he did last Monday. The coincidence was noted by some of the delegates.

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