

**BRISTOW BAKES ALDRICH.**

**KANSAS INSURGENT EXPOSES ALDRICH'S PERSONAL INTEREST IN TARIFF.**

Tells of Organization of Intercontinental Rubber Company and Effects of Tariff in Producing Dividends For Aldrich and Friends.

Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 12.—United States Senator Joseph L. Bristow of Kansas in his speech here tonight, which he stated was in reply to a letter last night to Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, launched into the subject by saying, "Senator Aldrich declares that the Intercontinental Rubber company is not a trust and at the same time admits it is a holding company."

Senator Bristow then took up Mr. Aldrich's declaration that neither he nor his family had profited directly or indirectly by the tariff on manufactured rubber, "yet," Senator Bristow said, "he admits that he is producing millions of pounds of crude rubber per annum, selling it to American manufacturers and that they increased duty on their products when they did not need it for protection."

**First Point.**  
Going into the question of the organization of the Intercontinental Rubber company, Senator Bristow quotes Mr. Aldrich as saying that the Continental Rubber company was organized under the laws of New Jersey January 29, 1903, and that the Continental Rubber Company of America was organized under the laws of New Jersey January 5, 1906, and further that "Mr. Aldrich says that the first two companies named were subsidiary companies of the Intercontinental company and that they owned all of their stock and that they were organized for the sake of convenience."

Mr. Bristow asked: "How could they be subsidiary companies of the Intercontinental Rubber company and organized for its convenience when both of them were organized before it was?"

**"Where Did You Get It?"**  
"He admits that dividends had not been paid before the consolidation of the various companies into one and that after the consolidation enormous dividends were paid, as stated in my speech."

"He says, 'It isn't true that there was an increase in the rate in paragraph 463, which includes certain manufactures of India rubber with other items and it is true that I am a stockholder and director in the Intercontinental Rubber company, but none of the other statements referred to contain a single element of truth?'"

"Now what were the other statements I made? I stated that the Continental Rubber company was organized under the laws of New Jersey, January 29, 1903. That the Continental Rubber Company of America was organized under the laws of New Jersey, January 5, 1906, and that the Intercontinental Rubber company was organized under the laws of New Jersey, December 6, 1906. Now Mr. Aldrich says that the first two companies named were strictly subsidiary companies of the Intercontinental Rubber company and that it owned all of their stock and that they were organized for the sake of convenience."

"I stated that this Intercontinental company, after these mergers were completed, had within three months and four days paid on its preferred stock dividends aggregating 18.2 per cent. This Mr. Aldrich in substance admits."

"I stated that the Intercontinental Rubber company owned the capital stock of five other companies in addition to those absorbed. This Mr. Aldrich admits."

"The company owned a controlling interest in the capital stock of the American Congo company, organized through the concessions given by the Belgian government. This Mr. Aldrich neither affirms nor denies."

"I stated that since the tariff bill passed and since the absorbing of these other companies by the Intercontinental Rubber company the price of manufactured rubber has advanced to the people of the United States about 25 per cent."

**One Thing Barred.**  
"Mr. Aldrich knows that the Guggenheims, Thomas F. Ryan, H. P. Whitney and himself are the controlling influences in this Intercontinental Rubber company and under its charter it is empowered to transact any kind of business on earth except to preach the gospel."

"He admits that the increased duty of the manufactures of rubber was an added protection given to the American manufacturers when it was not needed."

"Mr. Aldrich further admits that the increased duty of manufactured rubber resulted in decreased importations. This Mr. Cannon in Kansas denied and stated in a public address at Emporia that I made false statements in regard to such decreased importations."

"The long letter submitted from Sharretts is one of those ridiculous statements that this man Sharretts is accustomed to make to suit the con-

venience of Mr. Aldrich when there is any explanation made in regard to the tariff bill."

**TO BE MAN'S GOOD ANGEL.**

A Desire That Is Part Of The Feminine Make-up.

(From the Kansas City Star.)  
The woman does not live who is not flattered by the idea that she is a good angel to some man. It is a part of the feminine make-up to wish to be a guiding star. Men know this instinctively, and when they need an excuse they word it something like this: "I know I am not worth it, but you are the one good thing in my life."

Girls, especially young girls, with a slight knowledge of the world, are strong in their own sense of power. They think that their wanting to make a man good will make him good. Knowing nothing of the awful grasp of evil habits, they believe from the bottom of their little white souls that they can bring him up to the heights. And that is how it happens that women marry men to reform them.

A great problem faces the girl who falls in love with a man who is weak. Generally her love for him makes her underestimate his weaknesses. She calls his liking for the things that harm him by other names than the true ones. If he drinks, she tries to convince herself that he can stop if he will do it. She is sure gambling will have no attraction for him when he can bask always in the pleasure of her society, and she contends that his flirtatious regard for other girls will cease when married.

Sometimes her faith in him is justified. Some men lead reckless, care-free lives until they meet the one woman to whom they give a great love and that love transforms them. But such cases are exceedingly rare. The average man, in the first flush of adoration, makes promises which he cannot keep. Bad habits are not easily replaced by good ones and the girl who engages herself to a man whom she knows to be dissipated should insist upon a long engagement. Only in such an engagement can her lover prove himself worthy. It is easy enough for the intemperate man to refrain for a few weeks or months from tipping, but a year or longer will test its strength and prove his love.

If all women were strong they might bear up weak men on the wings of their strength, but marriage, after the honeymoon, is a practical proposition. The young wife faces problems that have never before confronted her, and she needs a husband who will help bear them and not add to them. The wives of weak husbands are always to be pitied. They never have their womanly heritage of protection and tenderness. They go through the world with more weight than their slender shoulders really ought to carry.

No man who is the victim of his own weaknesses should ask a girl to marry him. If his love for her is very great he may tell her of it, tell her that he wishes her for his wife, but that, as yet, he has no right to bind her to any vows. If she loves him she can wait for him, marry him. The brave-hearted girl will say at this point, "Let me help you." And that is her mistake. She may help, but not as his wife. If misery is to come he must bear the burden of his own weaknesses and not inflict it on a woman and perhaps on her child.

Love is a sacred thing, so sacred that no two people should treat it as trivial. It should not demand of its object perfection, but it must demand a striving toward good. The young couple who wishes to marry must have ideals if they are to have happiness. They must have strength if they are to benefit their race. They must be temperate if they wish to hold the respect of the community.

**Degrees of Hunger.**

"I'm simply starving!" cried the short story writer at the Hungry club. "I wish they'd begin dinner."  
"I never saw you when you weren't starving," said the poet.  
"I'm never as hungry as you are, though," the short story writer declared, "because I write prose."—New York Press.

**Why He Stopped.**

"You used to be an awful spendthrift."  
"Yep. But I ain't any longer."  
"Ah! Reformed?"  
"No; spent it all."—Cleveland Leader.

He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more.—Boiste.

**Sprinkling a Trestle.**

A wooden trestle on the Klamath Lake railroad, in Oregon, is protected from fire in the dry season by a system of sprinklers which keep it continually wet. A pipe runs the entire length of the trestle between the tracks, and at short distances are holes through which the water is sprayed over the structure.—Popular Mechanics.

Summer street since having been surfaced with the Congaree clay gravel is about the best street in town.

**BALLINGER AN ENCUMBRANCE.**

G. O. P. READJUSTMENTS BEFORE FALL CAMPAIGN.

Developments Indicate General House Cleaning at Headquarters. Possible that Uncle Joe Cannon Will not Have Administration Support for Speakership.

Beverly, Mass., August 13.—Certain events of today following incidents of the past week or so lead inevitably to the conclusion that a complete political readjustment in circles close to the President is in progress.

Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, called to see the President early today. The President was gratified that Senator Aldrich had replied to Senator Bristow's charges regarding the tariff. In doing so, it is said that the Senator from Rhode Island performed an act which fitted exactly into a programme which has been framed by party leaders close to the President. Although he is not to retire until March, 1911, the readjustment plans which plainly are in progress, apparently treat with the influence Mr. Aldrich may have had with the President as a thing of the past.

The elimination of Mr. Aldrich, according to close political advisers, is soon to be followed by the retirement of Secretary Richard Ballinger from the Cabinet. The Republican party is facing one of the most crucial campaigns in its history this fall and the leaders who have been coming more and more into influence with the President are arriving daily to do all they can to bring about an adjustment of the differences within the party.

Mr. Ballinger practically has lost all his personal fortune in defending himself from the attacks that have been made upon him.

If the Secretary is to recover these losses it is said he must assume the lucrative practice of law which he left in his home State to take up the arduous duties of head of the interior department.

The retirement of Mr. Ballinger is fixed for September 15. The Congressional committee will have reported by that time and the date is sufficiently early to take the so-called Ballinger issue out of the campaign.

The third move in contemplation is said to be directed against Speaker Cannon. It is not admitted in Beverly that Mr. Cannon will even be a candidate for the Speakership. Once it is known that President Taft would like to see a change in the Speakership, however, it is believed that all doubt as to the result would be removed.

That Beverly is being made the headquarters of the movement to set the Republican House in order is now generally admitted. The various moves are being made quietly, but effectively.

Reports have reached Beverly that the recent results in Kansas and Iowa were due largely to the activity of Speaker Cannon in Kansas to the charges against Senator Aldrich and doubt in the West as to whether he actually intended to retire. The situation developed in these two States evidently has made an impression upon the party leaders that has stirred them to action.

**If Jupiter Were Inhabited.**

Calculations as to the size required for human beings on the other planets vary widely, according to the basis of reckoning. According to those based upon the attraction of gravity, Jupiter should be peopled by pygmies of twenty-eight inches. Wolfius, on the other hand, argued that Goliath himself would be accounted decidedly undersized upon that planet. He worked from the feebleness of the sun's light there, which would demand that the pupil of the eye should be much more dilatable. Since the pupil stands in a constant proportion to the pall of the eye and that to the entire body, said Wolfius, a little calculation shows that an average Jovian must be nearly thirteen feet seven inches tall—not quite four inches shorter than Og, king of Bashan, according to the measure of his bedstead given in Deuteronomy.

**A Bright Blacksmith.**

The greatest improvement in vehicle construction was when some bright blacksmith thought of heating the tires and shrinking them on the wheel. While many claim the honor, it is not known to whom it rightly belongs. Previous to this event tires were made in short sections and held on the felloes with nails. When starting on a long haul the driver always laid in a good supply of nails to use on the trip.—Shop Notes Quarterly.

**Poisonous Gas Geyser.**

In the midst of the great faunal wilderness near Nairobi, Africa, is a big blowhole in the earth issuing poisonous gases. Surrounding this hole for many yards are piled bones of dead animals poisoned by this gas geyser. Dogs dragged by ropes over the hole were killed in less than a minute. The gas has been found to be hydrochloric, coming from some volcanic depth. The death trap has been fenced and billed with warnings.—New York Press.

Better an ass that carries us than a horse that throws us.—Timothy Titcomb.

**HORSE SWAPPING**

In the Good Old Days It Was Sport. Not Commercialism.

**A MAN TOOK A CHANCE THEN.**

He Didn't Ask For a Written Guarantee That the Animal Was Sound, and if He Got Stuck He Bided His Time to Pass Along the Prize.

"I have been reading that David Harum story," said the ancient liveryman when his cronies were comfortably seated in his little office. "A friend told me that story was the last word on horse trading, but the man who wrote it didn't understand the spirit of the game at all. David Harum would have been skinned out of his teeth if he had blown into any western town in the palmy days of horse trading twenty-five or thirty years ago."

"I tell you, my friends, all the dead game sports are asleep with their fathers. Nobody is willing to take a chance nowadays. If a man buys a cigar he wants a bill of sale with it. The other day a cheap skate pestered me a whole afternoon talking about buying a horse. He tried out all the nags in the barn and finally decided that the glass eyed bay would suit him. And he actually wanted a written guarantee that the horse was sound! A written guarantee! No, gentlemen, I am not joking. That bald-headed travesty on a man actually asked for such a document. I regarded it as an insult, and after I had rebuked him they had to pour four buckets of water over him before he recovered."

"In the good old days horse trading was a game, not a commercial transaction. If a man wasn't willing to take the chances when he went trading he was advised to try some other line of business. Many and many a time I had the harpoon administered to me. One day Major Charlie Slaughter drove to my barn."

"I have quite a neat package of horseflesh here," said the major, "and I have a sort of presentiment that he can travel a few lines when the wind is blowing in the right direction."

"His horse was a handsome roan, a regular peacock for style, with his head away up in the air so you'd need a stepladder to see if he had a star on his forehead. And the way he bit the road was a sin. Talk about galloped horses! That roan handled his legs as though he had taken sparring lessons. Now, my weak point in the horse business is that when I want a certain nag the worst way I can't conceal the fact. I just can't sleep or eat my victuals until that horse is in my barn with a new halter on him. The major was wise to my weakness."

"It's no use, Jake," says the major. "This hoss isn't on my swapping list. Every roan hair on him just suits me, and I'd be a chump to let him go."

"Well, of course I got the roan all right. The major was just bluffing. And I gave him the biggest trade you ever heard of—gave him a matched team and several bills for that galling roan. And when I took the roan to the water trough for a drink I found that he couldn't lower his head. He had to carry it about ten feet in the air all the time, owing to some injury in his neck. He had to eat his flaked rice off a shelf and drink from a garden hose, and a man needed an aeroplane to put a bridle on him."

"Did I raise a fuss with the major? What sort of skate do you take me for? Next time I met him I told him I liked the roan better than any horse I ever saw. 'He isn't always rooting in the ground like a pig,' said I, 'and if you had told me about his patent dirigible neck I'd have given you \$10 more.' We were sports in those days."

"One time the veterinary surgeon told me about a fine trotting horse in a town some distance away which had been deprived of its tail by a surgical operation. I went and looked at the horse. He was a perfect beauty and could trot like an avalanche. But he had just a stump of a tail, and the owner was ashamed to drive him, so I bought the critter for a song. I went to a lot of trouble having a tail made for him. It was a beautiful, flowing tail, a credit to the hairdresser's art. It was fixed to slip over the horse's stub tail and was then fastened to the crupper of the harness, and a man needed good eyes to see that it wasn't the real thing."

"The major had poor eyes, and when I took him for a drive behind that black trotter he simply had to be tied down to the seat he was so excited. He said he'd always wanted a horse with a tail like that. He had my own weakness. He couldn't pretend indifference when he wanted a thing the worst way, and he wanted that horse so bad that his hair was falling out. After a great deal of deliberation I issued my ultimatum."

"I'll give you the horse, harness and buggy just as they stand," said I, "for your sorrel three-year-olds and \$50. Either of the sorrels was worth a herd of horses like the black."

"It's a trade," cried the major. "Next morning the major came around to my barn all smiles. 'Ever since I was a child and quit playing with a rattle,' says he, 'I have wanted a horse with a detachable tail—a tail that a man could take off and use as chin whiskers at a masked ball. I just called to pay you another 50 cents, so that when I meet you after this you can't say I took advantage of you in our trade yesterday.'

"Oh, there were real sports in those days."—Walt Mason in Chicago News.

When the sea is smooth we have many good sailors.

Poetry is the natural language of all worship.—Madame de Staël.

**A TRICK IN FENCING**

One Highly Distressing to an Accomplished Swordsman.

**URNS A DUEL INTO A FARCE.**

Used by a Weak or a Timid Opponent It Renders His Adversary Practically Helpless—A Case of Two Playing at the Same Game.

A long and interesting chapter might be written on the humors of duels which never came off or which in some way fell short of deserving the name. A case which occurred a few years ago in Paris, the particular home and harvest field of the habitual duelist, merits mention.

A peaceable looking gentleman was walking down one of the boulevards with a lady on his arm when out of a vice sprang a man, who dealt him a violent kick. The victim turned, only to meet the horrified apologies of the aggressor, who begged to assure him that it was wholly a mistake in identity. Instead of insisting upon an exchange of cards and the other customary forms, the kicked man answered, with much warmth, but admirable self control: "I cannot, sir, accept your expression of regret as sufficient. Your action may have been a mistake, as you say, but acquaintances of mine may have witnessed it and will go away and spread the news that I have submitted to an insult without avenging it. I must therefore and instantly slap your face with equal publicity." The other most becomingly assented, the first surfer administering a ringing blow on his ear, and the affair ended with entire satisfaction on both sides.

Weak or timid fencers are sometimes taught by their masters to keep a more skillful antagonist busy by fixing the sword in one position, aimed straight at his sword hand, and then not moving except to retreat when pressed too hard. It is highly distressing to an accomplished swordsman to have to face a learner so instructed, for it means a great outlay of energy and wind to little purpose.

Comte de Dion once thus chased a retreating adversary across plowed fields for a mile and a half and finally under the wheel of a cab for the poor satisfaction of giving him a slight prod in the back. Dr. Clemenceau in his famous duel with M. Deschanel, after a swift and wearisome pursuit, halted, shouldered his rapier like a walking stick and strolled back to his original place, throwing the contemptuous remark over his shoulder, "And now, monsieur, I will await you here."

Catulle Mendes had a similar run after Eugene Poe through the forest of St. Germain, which he ended by flinging his own sword into the bushes, with the angry exclamation, "I am willing to die from exhaustion by the roadside, if need be, but not from running after a poltroon."

A yet funnier incident was that which occurred in Toulouse, where a lawyer of some note named Cazeneuve was called out by a landed proprietor whom he had offended by a speech in court. He repaired at once to a fencing master, as he knew nothing whatever about handling a sword. This teacher gave him the usual advice about keeping his adversary at arm's length with the poised and immovable rapier, but strongly enjoined him not to retreat. It so happened that the landed proprietor, being equally ignorant, applied to the same master for instruction. The master, who was somewhat of a wag, gave him the lawyer's lesson in duplicate.

When the two men met and their seconds had duly placed them a long and tedious stillness ensued. For more than five minutes each foeman stood with his sword arm extended at full length, waiting for the other to advance. Then the seconds intervened, claiming that both had proved themselves men of honor and courage and that nothing further was necessary but to shake hands and be reconciled.

And this recalls the occasion when Lieutenant Randolph Ridgely of our army while in the Mexican war was sought by two young officers who had quarreled and each of whom wished the lieutenant for his second. It was finally arranged that he should act as second for both. On the field, where the adversaries were armed with shot-guns, Ridgely measured off a line of ten paces and placed them respectively at its two termini, cocked his own revolver and announced that he would give all the orders himself and in his own way and that he would shoot down whichever of his principals disobeyed him in the slightest particular.

Then came the orders, very deliberately uttered: "Present arms!" "Carry arms!" "Shoulder arms!" "Take aim!" They took careful aim and waited almost breathlessly for some minutes for the command to fire. It never came. Instead came the orders: "Present arms!" "Carry arms!" "Shoulder arms!" "Right about face!" "Front!" "Forward march!"

They recognized his commands as given in deadly earnest and knew that it would be instantly fatal to rebel. He kept them marching till they reached his tent. There he halted them and bade them stand at parade rest till they had listened to a lecture on the folly of dueling which fairly made their ears ring. But he seasoned his dose of rebuke with a few words of praise for the soldierly mettle they had shown in facing each other's gun without flinching, and the two men became fast friends from that hour.—New York Post.

We talk little if we do not talk about ourselves.—Hazlitt.

**DELEGATES APPOINTED.**

Governor Ansel Names Prominent Citizens to Attend Waterways Congress.

Columbia, Aug. 13.—To represent the State at the Inland waterways congress in Providence, R. I., August 31 September 3, which he will himself address Governor Ansel today appointed the following: From Georgetown, J. I. Hazard, L. H. Ehrlich, H. Kaminski, R. S. Farr, G. A. Doyle; From Charleston, P. S. Gadsden and R. G. Rhett; From Bennettsville, A. J. Matheson and Knox Livingston; From Orangeburg, Samuel Dibble; From Marion, W. J. Montgomery; from Columbia, Wm. Otis.

**PATTEN AGAIN INDICTED.**

Cotton Bills Patched Up By Grand Jury.

New York, Aug. 12.—It became known today that James A. Patten and others indicted in June by special federal grand jury for conspiracy in restraint of trade in connection with the alleged bull pool in cotton, have been re-indicted by a regular federal grand jury. Papers were sealed and filed two weeks ago, but who was named in them did not come out until tonight.

Counsel for the defendants question the legality of the first indictments on the grounds that the special grand jury was improperly drawn and a second indictment was returned to cover any possible defects. Charles A. Kittle, member of the firm of S. M. Pell and Co., of New York, named in the first indictment, escapes in the second because he was called as a grand jury witness, although forced to testify by the court.

**BATTLE OF THE HATS.**

Daring Original And Successful Stratagem of A Milliner.

(From the Boston Courier.)

A milliner in Copenhagen for a long time had the privilege of supplying the hats to all the best families in the Danish capital. Then came a change of fortune; her business began to decline, and this was coincident with a rival establishment in Copenhagen ordering largely from a Paris house of renown.

The milliner, patronized by the nobility and gentry, was a woman of spirit, so she resolved to fight for her position—put her back to the wall, so to speak. Her first idea was to make hats larger than her rivals, but hats are not like Euclid's line. There is a limit, so this idea was not practicable. After serious deliberation she hit upon a plan which not only restored the fortunes of the house, but changed the fashion in Copenhagen, as the sequel shows. The Copenhagen milliner's stratagem was both daring and original.

She openly purchased a score of the largest and most attractive hats in her rival's show rooms and presented one to each of the market women, who are exposed all day to the rays of the sun. These ladies gratefully accepted the gifts, and showed their appreciation by putting them into immediate use. When the society ladies were making their purchases of fowls and fish, seeing the vendors with hats as attractive as their own, they at once concluded that they had become very common, and translated their thoughts into action by presenting their hats to their maids. The stratagem was a success, and the society milliner had by this time dressed her windows with small hats. The rival firm sold off its stock at a reduced price, and now Copenhagen is the only capital in Europe where a hat of less than two meters in circumference is not despised.

"If your liver is sluggish and out of tone, and you feel dull, bilious, constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets tonight before retiring and you will feel all right in the morning. Sold by W. W. Sibert."

**FATHER SHOT BY SON.**

Probably Fatally Shot in Attempting to Save Life of Another Man.

Hampton, Aug. 12.—W. H. Gooding and John Altman were seriously shot by Jake Gooding yesterday afternoon at the Crockettville picnic as the result of a quarrel between Jake Gooding and his brother-in-law, John Altman. W. H. Gooding, the father of Jake Gooding, rushed in between his son and Altman to prevent trouble and received the discharge from Jake Gooding's pistol just below the left nipple and in the right side, the other two loads hitting Altman in the abdomen and groin.

Both men are probably fatally wounded.

**Struck a Rich Mine.**

S. W. Bends, of Coal City, Ala., says he struck a perfect mine of health in Dr. King's New Life Pills for they cured him of Liver and Kidney Trouble after 12 years of suffering. They are the best pills on earth for constipation, malaria, headache, dyspepsia, debility. 25c at Sibert's Drug Store.