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A STORY OF ... THE LAW.

[Original.]
Among the many advantages of concentration of thought is one disadvantage. Such concentration leads the thinker to place an undue relative value upon the subject of his thought. A specialist in throat diseases is apt to refer all the ills man is heir to to the throat. The professor of ancient languages cannot understand how a man can be properly equipped for any profession without a knowledge of Greek and Latin. To the merchant the chief end of man is to buy cheap and sell dear.

In the legal profession this species of monomania tends to make the courtroom a tournament of lawyers. The real object of a court, to do justice, is buried under a rank professionalism that has grown up like weeds in a flower garden.

Edward Avery, a brilliant young lawyer, was especially under the influence of this professionalism. Having been elected state attorney, he considered it his duty to convict alike the innocent and the guilty. As soon as his duty to the state had ended and he became an independent attorney, he considered it his duty to secure the acquittal of any client, whether innocent or guilty. His friends used to remonstrate with him on the want of elasticity of his principles, but without avail. He was intensely logical and could give the best of reasons for his deductions. He forgot that logic is but a machine which will grind out anything that is put into it.

One day while Avery was practicing on his own account a man whose trial for burglary was to come off immediately sent for him and asked him to make his defense.

"But I know nothing about the case."

"Don't want y' to know nothin' about the case. The more you know about it the worse for me."

Avery's fancy was tickled at going into court to conduct a case he didn't know anything about. He prided himself on his readiness and readiness. He would add another to his already large number of stories that he was used to telling his friends illustrative of these faculties. The accused man had but \$5 to give him for a retainer, but Avery was not after money. His object was to have an opportunity to show what he could do for nothing.

The case came off the same afternoon. Avery was somewhat surprised to see in the courtroom several of his clients, mostly of the legal profession, was told that they had heard he had taken a case he didn't know anything about, and they were curious to see how he would handle it. Avery was pleased. This meant that they were there to witness a bit of professional fireworks.

Avery in summer lived in a handsome suburban residence. In winter he shut it up, went to the city and lived in apartments till spring. When the prisoner was brought into court and the witnesses were got together, the counsel for the defense was surprised to see among the latter faces of his neighbors in the country. But what was his astonishment when the prosecution brought out the fact that the robbery had been committed in his own house.

Avery's friends were watching him, and when this fact dawned upon him they sneered. The young attorney saw at once that they had placed him in a position to defend his client from robbing him. But he was game. Not the slightest change of countenance indicated that his professional equanimity had been disturbed. He listened calmly to the evidence against his client, while the expression of his face and quick flashings in his eyes told that he was straining his brain to find some weak spot in the prosecution, some technicality by which he might secure the acquittal of his client.

The burglar had been seen coming down a trellis from an upper story by a man with whom Avery was well acquainted. He had been chased, but on the way had contrived to get rid of some valuable articles. When apprehended, he had nothing on him to convict him of theft. Of course the jury were entirely ignorant of the situation that had been brought about by Avery's friends. When the prosecutor's evidence was all in, Avery took the witness who had seen the burglar descend the trellis and asked him how he knew the prisoner was the same person. The witness could not swear that he was. He had seen him run, and he had been followed by a policeman and several citizens, but the witness had merely seen a man descend the trellis. What was he to do, not know, Avery trapped him into saying what threw doubt on the fact of the identity between the man who had descended the trellis and the prisoner, then showed how easy it would be for the one to be mistaken for the other. He closed by a powerful argument against ruining a man's life by evidence that was defective and a pathetic appeal for the prisoner. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. There was a dinner served that night at the bar association club rooms, given by those who had played the joke on Avery. He revealed the fact that he had lost articles that had been in his family for 200 years by securing the acquittal of his client, but that he would rather have suffered the loss than do so unprofessional an act as to turn against a client. He thanked them one and all for having given him an opportunity to prove that even under the severest temptation he could not be recreant to his duties as an attorney. All of which is very fine, but it does not add to securing the object for which courts are organized—justice.

F. B. ANDERSON.

The Fog Guide.

[Original.]
Having been commissioned by a publishing house to write a life of one of England's great political leaders, I went to London and took apartments where I would be nearest the reference libraries I should need to consult. One day while I was on the street the city was suddenly enveloped in a fog. It was so dense that I could not see my hand held eighteen inches from my face. I could hear the shouts of the drivers in the street, who at once began to creep along and even at this pace came into frequent collision. I heard footfalls about me, and now and again some one, doubtless more used to fogs and not to be stopped by them, brushed against me. Suddenly I felt a light touch on the arm, and a hand slid down it and grasped mine.

"Show you the way, sir?"
I caught at the offer eagerly, for there was confidence in the man's tone. "Get me out of this," I said, "and I will pay you well." Then I gave him my street and number.

He moved off at a pace that astonished me. How he dared proceed at what on a clear day I would have considered an ordinary gait I could not imagine. Now and again above the confusion of noises I heard a tapping as of some one hitting the pavement with a stick. Strange to say, we jostled no one, and no one jostled us, but I could feel my guide pull or push me to one side or the other in order to avoid collision.

"Are you a stranger in London, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, an American."
"An American? Then I am conducting a fellow countryman?"

"Indeed! How came you to be a fog conductor in London?"

"I came here to find a better literary field than ours in America."

"And got stranded?"

"Yes."
"I am a literary man myself and am here now doing literary work, but I have an order."

"You're fortunate. I had no orders. I had some success at first, but my wife sickened and died, and my daughter became a confirmed invalid. This reduced me to working on potboilers, and at last—"

"Even they would not sell the pot?"

"They did till my daughter failed me as an amanuensis."

...Ah, this moment, whether the man's by his misfortune or through carelessness, we were nearly knocked down by some one proceeding more rapidly than was safe. After this we ceased our conversation. As to my location, I had no knowledge of it whatever, but my guide told me he knew exactly where we were. In about an hour from our starting he led me up to a door, which he opened, and we stood in the hall of a tenement house.

"This is not my lodging house," I said sharply, fearful that I had been tricked.

"Forgive me," said the man, who I could now see was intellectual looking, but very shabby; "I live here. I have brought you to my home to show you what can happen to an American who trusts himself on the literary sea of London." He opened a door and took me into a room, or, rather, two rooms communicating. In one of them on a couch lay a girl with the glaring eyes and hectic cheek of a consumptive.

"I would offer you some refreshments," said the man, "but there is not a crust of bread here. We have neither fuel nor lights, and my poor daughter, far from having the delicacies she needs, has not even ordinary food."

I am taking no credit to myself in saying that I relieved their distress. It would be a flinty heart that could refuse a fellow countryman in a strange land. While I was listening to a more detailed story of their lives a ray of sunlight came streaming in at the window, and, taking a memorandum of their location, I left them.

One day the father appeared at my apartments to tell me that his daughter had but a short time to live and desired to thank me in person for what I had done for them. I promised to be there the same afternoon. I expected a melancholy scene and preferred to get through my day's work before entering upon what would interfere with that condition of mind necessary to mental effort.


During the afternoon I went to their rooms. They were alone together, the father being the sole minister to his daughter's comfort. The remains of some delicacies I had sent a few days before were on a table. The invalid was resting in a steamer chair, and I approached her with a sad heart.

I can never forget the look of gratitude that accompanied the girl's words. Only an exile who had been snatched by one from her native land could have felt as she felt. When I took my departure I asked her father, who spoke only by a pressure of the hand, to let me know more of his daughter's condition.

The next day I received word from him that she was dead. I went immediately to the old man to cheer him by the announcement that I had made arrangements for his return to America. On leaving him I laid some bank notes on the table and called his attention to them. He went to the table and felt over it till he touched them. He was stone blind.

When I finished my labors, which I did soon after his daughter's death, I took him with me to America. There I secured some literary work for him to do.

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FIRST ANNUAL STATEMENT

of the

Southeastern Life INSURANCE CO.

Spartanburg, South Carolina. Year Ending December 31, 1906.

ASSETS	
Real Estate Mortgage Loans	\$ 70,140.00
Certificate of Deposit with State Treasurer	10,000.00
Cash in Bank and Office	9,419.63
Cash at Interest and other Interest bearing Assets	22,701.11
Accrued Interest	2,030.63
Due and Deferred Premiums	2,978.96
Total Admitted Assets	\$117,273.33

LIABILITIES	
Reserve (net)	\$ 9,980.00
All other Liabilities	4,896.73
Surplus (security to policy holders)	102,396.60

INCOME	
Premium Receipts	\$ 47,380.70
Interest	1,670.02
Total Income	\$49,050.72

DISBURSEMENTS	
Death Claims	None
Commissions, salaries, Medical fees and all other Disbursements	\$34,586.95
Total Disbursements	\$34,586.95
Excess of Receipts over Disbursements	14,463.77

INSURANCE ACCOUNT	
Policies Issued	740
Policies Surrendered and Cancelled	72
Policies in Force December 31, 1906	674
	\$1,370,325.00
	102,157.00
	1,268,178.00

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