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A Tri-County Paper

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FRIDAY, March 19, 1909

It was freely said seven years ago that it would be a cold day when Roosevelt voluntarily gave up public office. And it was!

If the National Congress is able to back its resolve by deed, the inauguration day will be changed from furious and fickle fourth of March to the more placid weather of the last week of April. It is calculated that there have been over a hundred and that there will be a thousand deaths from pneumonia caused by exposure to the blizzard on the day of President Taft's inauguration.

President Taft's cabinet is strong on law and it is suspected that he knows some law himself. It is said the new President will make his own policies and that his cabinet will act as general counsel to the administration. It is believed that it will be in a way quite as much a one-man affair as was that of the last President, but on a different plan. The President knows what he wants to do. He has some very clear ideas as stated in his inaugural address and the eminent legal lights with which he has surrounded himself insure as good advice as the country can afford about the constitutional and legal questions that are continually arising.

THAT CARMACK JURY

A few weeks ago Senator Carmack one of the ablest and most brilliant men of Tennessee—yea of the South—was ruthlessly shot down on a street of Nashville by the Coopers. The trial of the slayers is now in progress. In selecting a jury over 3,000 jurors from several counties were examined before the panel was complete. The jury as it stands now is composed of 12 of the most ignorant men in Tennessee. Four of them can not even read, two can scarcely understand English and not one of them has read a newspaper since before the killing. "The jury of his peers"—what a mockery! A case requiring the best trained minds and the clearest knowledge in order to be able to sift out the nuggets of the truth from the mass of evidence to be passed upon by a jury, the only recommendation of which is that it is composed of ignorant and illiterate men, is a travesty upon intelligent justice!

A few cases like this and our much boasted jury system will fall and rightly so. If the selection of this jury is lawful—and it is—then the law is at fault and if it be not speedily remedied our jury system will fall.—Branchville Jury.

The Advocate  
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SCRUPLES.

(By Thomas Cobb.)

[Continued from last issue.]

tation about her sympathy, and she had never been more in earnest than tonight—except perhaps during her interview with Wray on Monday afternoon. "You always seemed so exactly in your place at Horsemere," said Pauline.

"Then if I am not contented, it will be my own fault." "Or—or mine," she murmured. At this point they were interrupted, and Gilbert did not find an opportunity to speak to Pauline again. It was almost impossible not to feel some faint fluttering of hope; he began to attach greater importance to Joan's advice, and at least determined to spare no opportunity of putting himself in Pauline's way.

He saw her next on Sunday afternoon. She was walking with Mrs. Cathcart near the statue of Achilles in Hyde Park, Amabel following with Bernard. But as well as Pauline, Gilbert recognized Wray Waterhouse a yard or two in advance of himself.

Gilbert saw the flush of recognition on her face, saw her step away from Mrs. Cathcart's side, holding forth her right hand with every appearance of cordiality. Gilbert pressed his lips together, passing on, himself unseen, whilst Wray walked by Pauline's side, and Mrs. Cathcart fell back to Amabel and Bernard.

"I wondered whether she would speak to the Johnny," whispered Bernard. "Pauline always keeps her most gracious manners for the rejected," said Amabel.

"Still, she hasn't rejected Waterhouse, don't you know," Bernard retorted, hopefully. "You are staying in London, then," said Pauline, after one or two casual remarks.

"Oh, yes—." "My sister said something about your taking up politics." "It's the only game worth playing," he rejoined.

"Rather serious game?" said Pauline. "The whole of life's a game," he exclaimed, "and we are the pawns." "No, no," she protested. "I should have said that you were the Queen," he insisted.

"You must remember we are living pieces, Wray." "We might be inanimate for all the influence we have on our destinies," he said.

"I am afraid," she answered, "you are becoming a pessimist. Oh, I know how sorely you have been tried. But you mustn't let it spoil you, Wray. There are things it is difficult to talk about—"

"Discussion is the better part—." "I wish I were always discussed," said Pauline, with a sigh. He laughed gently as he met her eyes, but Pauline's face was grave.

"I aspire to be a reasonable woman," she continued, but sometimes I feel like one of those lecturers who take the pledge to live rationally a year, then in one day break out and spoil everything.

"The breaking out must be an immense relief," he answered. "Ah, but when one returns to her senses again, think of the remorse; and the mischief may be irrevocable." "You have not allowed anything you have done to be irrevocable," said Wray, and they were brought to a standstill by the throng.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Waterhouse," cried Amabel, offering her hand, whilst Bernard curtsy nodded. "We meet in a crowd," she added. "It's pleasant to meet anywhere," Wray answered, lowering his voice. "I shouldn't have imagined you thought that!"

"Why not?" he demanded. "You never come to see us," she said. "You forget I was at your house on Monday," Wray suggested. "Well, I didn't see you," she returned, with a laugh. "Shall I come?" he asked.

"Why, of course," Amabel answered, whilst Bernard gnawed his lower lip and walked on with Pauline. On reaching home, Pauline accompanied Amabel to the drawing-room. "Why did you bother Wray to come here?" she asked. "I didn't know you could hear me," said Amabel.

"You know I don't care about money, whatever may be my faults." Then Amabel's excitement subsided and she smiled again. "Besides," she added, "Bernard will have ever so much more than a thousand a year."

"How is that?" asked Pauline, with scant interest. "When Mrs. Venables married you know," said Amabel mischievously. "I don't think she will marry."

"Oh, but indeed she will!" "I suppose you can tell me the man's name," said Pauline skeptically. "Certainly."

"What is it?" "Waterhouse," said Amabel. "How can you be so blind?" "I really think that is the most absurd idea I ever heard of," exclaimed Pauline, and in her staid manner she walked to the door.

She passed Mrs. Cathcart on the threshold, and her mother observed Pauline's angry expression, whilst she heard Amabel's gleeful laugh. "What have you been saying to my boy your sister?" Mrs. Cathcart demanded.

"I simply suggested that Mr. Waterhouse might marry Mrs. Venables," said Amabel. "The most ridiculous idea," Mrs. Cathcart insisted. "You have no right to say such a thing except in jest. Why do you imagine Mr. Waterhouse is coming here?"

"Oh, I suppose he likes to come," answered Amabel, rather self-complacently. "Pauline has given up an excellent match for his sake," said Mrs. Cathcart, "and no wonder she was annoyed."

"Of course, no one likes to have a man do as he pleases for her," Amabel retorted, "whether she wants him or not. I won't say Pauline doesn't love him."

Later that Sunday evening Mrs. Cathcart discussed the matter with her husband. "We met Mr. Waterhouse this morning," she explained, and he had a long conversation with Pauline. He seems on such excellent terms with Amabel too. She suggested that he should call."

"H'm," ejaculated Mr. Cathcart. "There can be no doubt about it," she continued. "Pauline has got herself talked about again, and the only possible solution is for me to marry the man."

"My dear," said Mr. Cathcart, "you are an opportunist." Wray came on Wednesday, when he found Bernard Venables and one or two other guests in Mrs. Cathcart's drawing-room. His reception could not have been more cordial.

"I suppose," said Pauline, "you are renewing many old friendships. Do you see much of Mrs. Venables?" "Her garden is delightfully shaded these glowing afternoons," answered Wray.

"To say nothing of Anamylis," murmured Amabel. "But," Wray continued, "I have not taken advantage of it since I met your people, and I am sure you will be glad to see me."

When Wray had finished his remarks, the smile which Bernard had just left his face faded, and he said, "I am sure you will be glad to see me." "I don't think you will be," said Pauline, with a slight smile.

"Oh, I can tell you how to win his eternal gratitude!" cried Amabel. "Would the game be worth the candle?" "A matter of taste," said Amabel. "You have only to marry his aunt, you know."

"You discuss serious matters with shocking flippancy," Wray retorted. "I'm bound to do that," she said. "Why?" "To maintain a happy medium in my family."

"Anyhow," he suggested, "your advice is hardly disinterested." "Indeed it is." He looked at her with a smile. "Isn't Venables engaged in the vain exercise of kicking against Fate?"

"I daresay you haven't heard," said Amabel. "Mrs. Venables does by good stealth." "Well, I think that's the fact," he retorted. "She has endowed her nephew with a thousand pounds a year."

"Let me hasten to congratulate you," said Wray, leaning towards her, not unobserved by Bernard. "What a mean return for my confidence!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it a matter of congratulation?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I think things are immensely nice as they are," said Amabel. "But, you see, they won't continue as they are. The world moves on, and even you will grow old some day."



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"The world moves on, and even you will grow old some day." "Please don't suggest anything horrid," she pleaded. "I points a moral," he answered.

"I detect a moral," with a moral. "Though," Amabel added, "one may perceive a moral in Mrs. Venables' liberality." "Her object no doubt is to facilitate Venables' marriage," said Wray, significantly.

"But it seems to remove all probability of her own marriage. You see, if she intended to marry, all her property would pass to Bernard as a matter of course, and the allowance would be quite unnecessary."

CHAPTER XX.  
Although Joan had paid the piper, she found that she could not call the tune. This sounded rather discordant and it required an effort to take any thing like a cheerful view of life.

She had on her hands two melancholy, discontented, hopeless men, whilst the third held studiously aloof. Bernard afforded a fine study in jealousy. There was nothing of the man of the world about Bernard Venables save his clothes. His experiences were of the narrowest order, for he had never bestowed an honorary thought on any woman but Amabel. Upon her he bestowed a great many such thoughts, but once more the fruit of his love was bitter in the mouth.

"You know, Bernard," said Joan, "about a fortnight after Wray's second visit to Horsemere Place—it was after he had left one morning—I am sure you are pleased to have you meet me, do you think you might try to call on me, and then?"

"Thank you, I can't be ungrateful," she said, "but I don't think I should enjoy the duties of Mrs. Waterhouse's last night, then?" "I don't think I should enjoy such an evening in my life," she cried. "What was there?" he asked. "I don't know," she said. "I don't think I should enjoy such an evening in my life," she cried. "What was there?" he asked.

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May 14th, 1908.

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U. S. Bonds	569,400.00	Surplus and Profits	39,667.00
S. C. Bonds, Securities, etc.	265,829.31	Circulation	237,500.00
Banking U. S. Gov. Bonds	99,756.50	Bills payable and Res-	
U. S. Gov. Bonds	246,543.39	discounts	95,150.00
		Deposits	1,448,605.00
	\$2,065,912.94		\$2,065,912.94