

SENSATIONAL MURDER TRIAL IN VIRGINIA



THE trial of Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., for the murder of his young wife, which is now in progress at Chesterfield, Va., is replete with thrills and sensations. The actual standing of the accused, the circumstances surrounding the killing and the flippant bearing of the alleged murderer have already made the trial a cause celebre. In the picture above are seen (1) Judge Watson, before whom the trial is taking place; (2) the interior of the cell that is occupied by the prisoner; (3) Henry Clay Beattie, Sr., the father of the accused; (4) Sheriff Beattie with his straw hat partially concealing his face; (5) crowd outside the little court house trying to obtain an entrance; (6) profile view of Beattie.



Cement Talk No. 2

Portland Cement does not come from Portland, Maine, or Portland, Oregon, and it was not first made at either of these places. It is called Portland because it was given this name by the Englishman who first made it. He called it Portland because he thought it resembled certain natural deposits on the Isle of Portland in England. Portland Cement is the finest product produced by pulverizing the clinker resulting from the burning together of various materials of proper chemical composition. In the case of Universal Portland Cement, these raw materials are blast furnace slag and pure limestone. There are many brands of Portland Cement on the market, produced by different manufacturers. Universal is one of the best known and highest grade Portland Cements. You can always tell it by the name Universal and the blue trade mark printed on each sack. Forty million sacks of Universal are made and used yearly in this country. If you have any concrete work to do, you will make no mistake by using Universal Portland Cement. Universal is sold by every dealer in cement and concrete. UNIVERSAL PORTLAND CEMENT CO. 72 W. ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO. ANNUAL OUTPUT 10,000,000 BARRELS

KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS BY RANDALL DADSHIP



trail, and he had overheard tales of mysterious disappearances in both Larned and Carson City. Could it be that he had now, accidentally, stumbled upon the rendezvous of the gang? He was not a man easily startled, but this thought sent his heart beating. He knew enough to realize what such a gang would naturally consist of—deserters, outlaws, rustlers; both Indians and whites, no doubt, combined under some desperate leadership. Gazing into the girl's questioning eyes he could scarcely refrain from blurting out all he suspected. Why should he? What good could it do? He could not hope to bear her south to the "Blue X" Ranch, for the posties were already too thoroughly exhausted for such a journey; he dared not turn north with her, for that would mean his own arrest, leaving her in worse condition than ever. If only he knew who this man Hawley was, his purpose and plans! Yet what protection could he and Neb prove, alone here, and without arms? All this flashed through his mind in an instant, leaving him confused and uncertain.

"I hope not," he managed to say in answer to her query. "But it is rather a strange mix-up all around, and I confess I fail to comprehend its full meaning. It is hardly likely your friends will show up to-night, and by morning perhaps we can decide what is best to do. Let me look around outside a moment."

Her eyes followed him as he stepped

"And are you going to trust your soul to my care?" She came around the table with hands extended. He took them into his grasp, looking down into her eyes. "Yes," she said softly, "I am going to trust you, Captain Keith."

"Oh, well," Keith acknowledged, gently, "I cannot say I am sorry you know something of my past glories; if one can't have a future, it is some source of pride to have a past to remember. But now about the present. We're not much protection to any one, the way we're fixed, as we are unarmed."

"There is a big revolver hanging in a holster in the other room," she answered, "and a short, sawed-off gun of some kind, but I don't know about ammunition."

"May we investigate?" "Most certainly," and she threw open the intervening door. As the two stepped into the other apartment

"I have been a perfect brute," he acknowledged frankly, "with no thought except for my own pleasure as my master, and I ask your forgiveness, Miss Maclaire."

"Whoever it may be, Mr. Keith, and really that seems only of small importance, I came to Fort Larned seeking some trace of my only brother, whom we last heard from there, where he had fallen into evil companionship. On the stage trip I was fortunate enough to form an acquaintance with a man who told me he knew where I could meet Fred, but that the boy was hiding because of some trouble he had lately gotten into, and that I should have to proceed very carefully so as not to lead the officers to discover his whereabouts. This gentleman was engaged in some business at Carson City, but he employed a man to bring me to this place, and promised to get Fred, and meet me here the following day. There must have been some failure in the plans, for I have been here entirely alone now for three days. It has been very lonesome, and—and I've been a little frightened. Perhaps I ought not to have come, and I am not certain that kind of a place this is. I was so afraid when you came, but I am not afraid now."

"You have no need to be," he said soberly, impressed by the innocent trust of the girl, and feeling thankful that he was present to do it. "I could not wrong one of the South."

"My father always told me I could trust a Southern gentleman under any circumstances. Mr. Hawley was from my own State, and knew many of our friends. That was why I felt such unusual confidence in him, although he was but a traveling acquaintance."

"Mr. Hawley?" "The gentleman whom I met on the stage."

"Oh, yes; you said he was in business in Carson City, but I don't seem to remember any one of that name."

"He was not there permanently; only to complete some business deal. 'And your brother?' I may possibly have known him."

She hesitated an instant, her eyes dropping, until completely shaded by the long lashes.



He Flung Both Coat and Hat Down With the Intention of Remaining.

through the door into the darkness; then her hand dropped into the support of her hands. There was silence except for the crackling of the fire, until Neb moved uneasily. At the sound the girl looked up, seeing clearly the good-natured face of the negro. "You don't need to cry, Missus," he said soberly, "so long as Massa Jack done 'greed to look after you."

"Have—have you know him long?" "Has I knowed him long, honey? Eber sense befo' de wah. Why I done knowed Massa Jack when he wasn't more'n a d' little high. Lawd, he sho' was a lively youngster, but mighty good hearted to us niggers."

She hesitated to question a servant, and yet felt she must uncover the truth.

"Who is he? Is he all he claims to be a Virginia gentleman?" "All the loyalty and pride of slavery days was in Neb."

"He sho' am, Missus; dar ain't nuthin' in de negro's back when he wasn't more'n a d' little high. Lawd, he sho' was a lively youngster, but mighty good hearted to us niggers."

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CHAPTER X. Mr. Hawley Reveals Himself. A fragment of candle, stuck tightly into the neck of an empty bottle, appeared on a low shelf, and Keith lit it, the girl returning the lamp to her.

CHAPTER XI. Necessary Part of the Professional Equipment, Without Which Success is impossible. "It has always been held that steady nerves are about the most valuable qualification a man can have to fit him for playing poker successfully."

CHAPTER XII. "Not Noticeable." "Has anything ever been discovered of the kind?" asked the student of astronomy.

BITTEN BY RATTLE SNAKE

Experience of Oregon Stockman While at Spring.

Struck on Right Arm Between Wrist and Elbow by Snake, Man Makes Desperate Run for Medical Assistance.

Antelope, Ore.—William J. McGreer, who three weeks ago was bitten by a rattlesnake and all but lost his life, is one of the few men in Oregon who have received severe bites and been able to describe in detail how it felt. McGreer was riding the range for horses eight miles east of Antelope. He is a Clarno (Ore.) stockman. He dismounted at a spring to drink and was bitten in the arm. He has nearly recovered, and his story, as printed in Clarno county newspapers is as follows:

"Oh, yes, I'm getting along all right; but the snake did as a result of his indiscretion. I've ridden the range so long that no reptile that bites me can survive."

"You can say for me—and I'm an expert now—that rattlers don't always rattle before they strike. This one didn't. I had just got into position to drink from the spring in Galliger canon when the cuss struck me on the right arm between the wrist and the elbow. It felt as though some one had given my arm a hard jerk. The snake hung on by his fangs. I knocked him off with my left hand and killed him. He had six rattles and was about 18 inches long."

"It was some time after the doctor arrived until he got my arm to bleeding. I was suffering indescribable agony and my arm was swollen to an immense size and was a glassy blue color. Dr. Bower worked with me all night and I understand took two quarts of blood from my arm. The doctor and Jack Morgan took me to Antelope the next morning, where the treatment was continued through the day. My

WOULD PUZZLE ANY SOLOMON ONLY WOMAN JAILER Veritable Amazon Has Unique Position in Rhone Valley. Record of Madame Jenny Porchet During Husband's Illness for Three Years, Makes Her Choice for Place.

SIX YEARS UNDER A CHURCH

Diver Is Given Silver Rose Bowl for Arduous Labor Under Cathedral—Scheme Cost \$500,000.

London.—The dean and chapter of Winchester cathedral, Hampshire, have presented to W. R. Walker, a diver supplied by Messrs. Shee, Gorman & Co. of London, a silver rose bowl as a memento of his six years' work beneath the cathedral. Working in about 20 feet of water, Walker had to remove the pent and seal down the water in the gravel below the foundations by means of bags of concrete and concrete slabs. This work has been carried on in darkness, and those responsible for the preservation scheme have had to trust entirely to the conscientiousness and skill of the diver, as they could not inspect the work. The scheme, which has cost over \$500,000, is now nearly completed.

Eighty-Bushel Wheat. Chico, Cal.—The threshing of 400 varieties of grass has been completed at the government's plant introduction gardens at this place. Some varieties of wheat yielded as high as 80 bushels to the acre. This is about twice the average yield of common wheat in California's grain growing district. The varieties producing most heavily are varieties of hard wheats. H. F. Blanchard, who has the charge of the experiments, the propagation and budding of deciduous fruits are now being followed. Corn breeding is also under way.

Why, Willie! Sunday School Teacher—Yes, Willie, the Lord loves every living creature. Willie—I'll bet he was never stingy with a wasp!—Puck.

Birds of a Feather "What's the bill for fixing my motor car?" asked the strange patron. "It figures up to \$110, sir," replies the garage man. "Where'll I have to give you a check. I left all my money in my drug store." "Why, are you a druggist?" "Oh, in that case the bill will be a dollar and a quarter. We fellows ought to staid together."

In Strict Obedience. Master Gregory Graham, aged three, had been having an ocean bath, and breaking away from his older sister he ran all dripping wet to the door of the living room, where Mrs. Graham was entertaining a caller from the fashionable hotel. "Why, Greg," his mother greeted him, "you mustn't come in here like that, dear. Go straight upstairs and take off your bathing suit first."

A Large Package Of Employment—Post Toasties Served with cream, milk or fruit—fresh or cooked. Crisp, golden-brown bits of white corn—delicious and wholesome—A flavour that appeals to young and old. "The Memory Lingers" Sold by Grocers Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

Swimming Ghosts

Lecturing before the Camera club of London, England, Dr. Francis Ward said that in an attempt to photograph fish in their natural surroundings, he had constructed a pond with an observation chamber let in at the side, beneath the surface of the water. Through the windows of this chamber, which the fish could watch and photograph their movements. He discovered by this means that the

Good Nerves of Gamblers

hitting the man who was caught cheating at cards. That is precisely what public opinion did in many parts of the United States not so many years ago.

SKYSCRAPER OF 2,000 FEET

New York Engineers Say That It Limit for Safety—Structure of 120 Stories Possible.

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