YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST'S SONS, Publishers. | A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the People. | TERMS---$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1855. YORKVILLE, S. C., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1911. NO. 73.

A DARK DEED

By ETTA W. PIERCE

CHAPTER VI.

Suicide or Murder!

ke Poole stood at his barroom win- w in the morning sunshine, looking on the dull main street of Black- t. Suddenly a splendid carriage hed by the inn door. A colored chman in livery occupied the dri- 's seat, and a pale, high-featured ntleman, wrapped in costly furs, led upon the luxurious cushions of e vehicle. At the sight a thought erced old Ike's muddled brain.

"Bless my soul, Mercy!" he cried, in sudden remembrance, "Rob Greylock didn't come back here last night!"

Mercy Poole, with her sleeves rolled up over her dimpled, brown elbows, and a big work-apron about her comely person, was washing the bar, and setting the shining glasses in order upon it. She did not turn or look.

"Have you just found that out?" she answered—Mercy seldom wasted respect on her erring parent—"But I needn't ask. You were so far gone when you staggered to bed last night that you didn't know who was in the house or out of it."

"I'll own I have my failings, Mercy," whined old Ike; "but you mustn't be hard on me—you, my own daughter. I'm mighty glad that Bob found a lodging in his father's house. There goes the old man now, grand as a lord, and stiff as a pine-tree. Blackport folks never liked him, and never will. Well, it's a good thing that he's reconciled, at last, to his son. Young folks can't see with the eyes of old folks, and I go for to say that the boy, in this free country, had a right to choose his own wife."

Mercy Poole left her glasses, and stalking up to her father, stared over his shoulder at the receding carriage.

"Yes," she said, sharply, "they've made it up, or he'd have been back before this."

"Did you wait up for him last night, Mercy?"

"Yes, I waited up."

"You were always fond o' Rob," said old Ike, "and he o' you. I hope he'll bring his wife and young 'un to the Woods now, and make things lively here."

The dark, fierce face of the girl grew gray as ashes.

"You talk like a fool!" she cried, flinging passionately back from the inn-keeper, and then, with a great effort she continued. "Of course he will bring his wife and child here, why not? Do you think I care? But I didn't suppose it would turn out like this—I didn't suppose his father would forgive him so soon. He is called a hard man."

"Good lud!" cried old Ike, imprudently. "One would think from your tone, gal, that you felt sorry the gov'nor's heart had softened that much."

Into Mercy Poole's face flamed a fierce crimson. She laid one strong hand on his shoulder.

"If you were not my father I would shake you! The 'gov'nor,' it seems, didn't take his forgiven son to ride with him this morning; he might have done that just to show Blackport folks that he was friends with him again."

"That's so," pondered old Ike. "I 'spose there isn't a mistake anywhere, eh? Rob didn't come to the inn last night and find locked doors, and so go off to some other lodging place, did he?"

Mercy turned and went back to her work at the bar. The two had the room to themselves. The big stove was redhot as usual, and the sunshine lay in bright patches on the floor—everything was sure to be clean where Mercy Poole presided.

"Three more of these glasses cracked!" she said, holding up the damaged vessels to the light; "I would like to smash them altogether over the heads of the old sots who waste their time here—Caleb Brown in particular. The doors were not locked at all last night, dad. Do you think for the good name of the inn that I would let such a thing happen? I waited up myself for Robert Greylock, and that he didn't come I can take my oath, for I never closed an eye all night."

Ike Poole had by nature a dull brain, and the cup that inebriates had not tended to make it more brilliant, but something in his daughter's tone made him stare.

"Eh? Lor' now! That was hard for you, and proper friendly toward Robert. Well, kin is kin. No doubt the old man welcomed him with open arms, and killed the fatted calf and all that. Now, Mercy, how is it that you never think of getting married, like other gals? I wish you'd bring a man here to help me look after the inn. There's plenty of Blackport fellows hanging round, making eyes at you—take your pick. You're smart and you're handsome—a gal like you oughtn't to go longer without a mate."

She turned on him with a short, unpleasant laugh.

"Let the Blackport fellows hang about and make eyes—much good may it do them; but when you see me mated, dad, there'll be ships sailing over the salt meadows, and you and your precious cronies will have ceased to drink grog together. I am the only one who will ever help you take care of the in. Marry? You'd better be wary how you mention that subject, for it stirs in me more demons than were ever cast out of Mary Magdelene!" There was something so startling in the look and tone of the handsome vixen, that old Ike was obliged to go behind the bar for a drop of rum to steady his nerves.

"Lor', lor'," he said to himself as Mercy pickeup up her pail of soapsuds and went out. "She's a consarned firebrand that's what she is! I can't think what it is that's come across her sperrits in the last year or two."

The master of Greylock Woods rode by Pool's Inn again and again after that morning, and through all the streets of Blackport, but at no time was his son seen with him.

Day succeeded day. There was little communication betwixt the villa and the sleepy old town on the shore. The people at Poole's Inn heard nothing more about the returned prodigal, and all their curiosity concerning him remained ungratified. Inclement weather prevailed and as it happened, no person traversed the path across the marshes and over the old salt-pits. The ancient town pursued the even tenor of its dull, uninteresting way, until, at the end of a week, something happened.

One bitter morning a man came riding at full gallop up the frozen avenue to Greylock Woods. It was Dr. Jarvis, the Blackport physician, and the only being in the place who might be said to approach to anything like intimacy with the autocrat of the villa.

"Where is Mr. Greylock?" he said to the servant who answered his ring.

"At breakfast, sir."

"I must see him at once—I have news for him."

After a brief delay the Blackport doctor was ushered into a charming breakfast room, where, on a hearth of Persian tiles, burned an open wood-fire, and where Godfrey Greylock, the very picture of a Sybarite at ease, sat at his morning meal, with his spinster sister, Miss Pamela. The small round table was spread with fine damask, and ornamented with Serves porcelain, massive silver and a huge vase of hothouse flowers. The odor of roses and lilies mingled with that of hot muffins and French chocolate. As the doctor entered, Godfrey Greylock, with his velvet dressing grown wrapped about his slight, delicate person, was leaning back in a carved oak chair, snapping his fingers at a Siberian bloodhound that was stretched on a rug by his side.

"I regret to say," began the doctor, making his best bow to Miss Pam, "that I have been sent here as the bearer of evil tidings."

In person Miss Pamela Greylock was the feminine counterpart of the brother whom she feared more than loved, but there the resemblance ended. In mind and heart the two were utterly unlike. A gentle, timid little lady, with emotional tendencies was Miss Pam, and for months she had borne her nephew Robert upon her heart. As the doctor spoke her thoughts flew to him instinctively. With a cry, she started up in her chair.

"Sit down, Pam," commanded the autocrat, in a tone that made her drop as if shot, "shall I bid my servant set another plate, doctor?—No? You have taken breakfast? Absurd, at this hour. The Blackport natives are a primitive people. May I ask the nature of the news you bring us?"

The doctor was an old man, brusque but kind. He averted his eyes from Godfrey Greylock, and answered, in a low voice:

"It relates to your son Robert."

"Oh!" gasped Miss Pam.

"Pamela, will you have the goodness to keep quiet?" said Godfrey Greylock, as she calmly attacked a dish of chicken; "your nerves of late seem sadly unstrung—you had better consult Jarvis concerning them. Doctor, perhaps you do not know that my son is to me a very disagreeable subject. I must ask you to keep your tidings for awhile. I make it a point never to be disturbed during meals—you, as a medical man, must know that it is highly injurious. At my age one cannot safely allow one's digestion to become impaired."

"True," said the doctor, gravely, "yet such news as I bring ought to be delivered at once"—

Godfrey Greylock interrupted him with a wave of his delicate hand.

"I refuse to listen! I confess that I am an epicure, doctor, and my breakfast at the present moment is of far more importance to me than my son."

"But, my dear friend—you do not know"—

"Pardon! I know quite as much as I wish to, doctor, until my inner man is satisfied. Here are the morning papers—take—read—do anything you like, but refrain from disturbing me at this critical time."

"Godfrey—I beg you"—ventured Miss Pam, but he silenced her by a single look.

With a troubled face Dr. Jarvis seated himself to wait. Truly this was an odd sort of a father who could refuse to listen to important news of his only child, on the ground that such might spoil a good breakfast. Miss Pam had pushed back from the table, and was white with anxiety.

The doctor chafed and fumed, and regarded the epicure with open horror, while the latter deliberately emptied dish after dish, maintaining an air of refined languor through it all, yet eating like a cormorant, and quite oblivious, as it seemed, of his sister's agitation and lack of appetite. Every moment seemed an hour to the doctor, who had no time to waste, and to whom the position was vastly uncomfortable, particularly as poor Miss Pam was searching his face with agonized looks of inquiry. But Godfrey Greylock showed no haste.

He sipped his chocolate lazily, tossed bits of chicken and crumbs of muffin to the Siberian hound, rang for fresh dishes, and otherwise tried the doctor's patience to the utmost. As for Miss Pam, she was well-nigh frantic.

"Really," cried the exasperated Jarvis, at last, "I cannot remain here longer, Mr. Greylock; and neither can I go with my errand undone."

The master of the Woods dropped his fork, and threw himself back in his carved chair, with an air which, in a less refined person, might have been called sulky.

"Well?" he answered, "what do you wish to say to me?"

The doctor looked preternaturally grave.

"Mr. Greylock," he answered, "when did you last see your son Robert?"

"My son Robert? Why call him Robert? One would think I had a dozen sons, and that each must be mentioned by his particular name. I saw him a week ago, late one dismal evening. His intention at that time was to leave this part of the country for the Far West."

"And you have heard nothing from him since?"

"Certainly not. I did not wish to hear anything."

The old doctor grew graver yet.

"My dear sir, Robert supped at Poole's Inn the evening he visited you here, and on starting for Greylock Woods he told the inn people that, in case of his failure to secure your forgiveness, he should return to them for a night's lodging. Mercy Poole, it appears, waited up for him till morning, but he did not appear, whereupon everybody at the tavern concluded that you had become reconciled to your son, and detained him here at the Woods. Early this morning a Blackport fisherman had occasion to cross the marshes to that piece of ground where the old salt-pits are, and there he stumbled upon a frightful thing—the dead body of a man!"

The doctor paused. Miss Pam sat as if bereft of speech.

"How very disagreeable," said Godfrey Greylock, flinging another bit of chicken to the hound.

"Evidently," went on the doctor, in a low voice, "the corpse had lain there for a week. An ugly wound in the left breast told its own story, and an empty revolver was found on the ground by the poor fellow's side. God help you, Greylock—that dead man was"—

The master of the Woods leaped up from his chair and looked the speaker straight in the eye.

"My son?"

"Your son!"

It seemed to Dr. Jarvis that the cold, pale face into which he gazed did not change in the least. There was no deepening pallor, no contraction of muscles. The words which seemed sufficient to crush the life out of this childless father, overwhelm him with remorse and anguish, glanced from his heart like pebbles off armor.

"He was killed the night he left this house?"

"Beyond doubt."

"That is strange. I gave him money; was he robbed, also?"

"No. The sum of five hundred dollars was found intact in his pocket, also his watch. The fisherman who discovered the body ran immediately back to town for help. At the inn that young grenadier in petticoats, Mercy Poole, went off in a dead faint when she heard the news. I was one of the first to reach the spot."

The Siberian hound leaped suddenly up from the rug and began to howl. His master made a quieting gesture.

"Was it murder or suicide?" he asked, in a composed voice.

"That we cannot as yet decide," the doctor answered, feeling that this Spartan father was, indeed, a strange study. "The fact that the money was found in his pocket untouched, and that his hand was fairly frozen to the revolver, seems to point to suicide; but that will be determined at the inquest. I am a coroner of this district, and the weapon by means of which the poor fellow, without doubt, met his death, is in my possession. Ah, good heaven! look at Miss Pam!"

The poor lady had fallen speechlessly forward on the elegant breakfast table. Here was one heart, at least, that fondly loved gay, handsome Robert Greylock. Without a word the master of the Woods rang the bell for assistance. The servants carried Miss Pam to her own room. Then Dr. Jarvis, who was watching at a window, turned to Godfrey Greylock, and said, impressively:

"My friend, prepare yourself for that which is at hand—the remains of your unfortunate son are being brought home to his father's house."

Yes, he who had been thrust out in anger just one week before, the unforgiven prodigal, was returning, indifferen now to the welcome which awaited him, deaf alike to endearments and reproaches. A little procession advanced slowly up the great avenue, under the evergreens, their feet making a monotonous thud on the frozen ground, their heads uncovered in the ghastly presence of death. With a cloth spread decently over it, they bore that which had once been Robert Greylock. That short, unlucky life had come to a dark and sudden close. In midnight and solitude and mystery, among the old salt-pits on the edge of the lonely marshes, the curtain had dropped abruptly on the tragedy of his little day, and Sylphide, the ballet-dancer, was a widow.

With a firm step the master of the Woods advanced to the door which his servants had opened, to meet the ghastly procession. His face was like a stone mask. Dr. Jarvis, who followed him, searched it in vain for some sign of grief or remorse. Godfrey Greylock did not wear his heart on his sleeve. With a hand that never trembled he reached and lifted the cloth from the face of his son—that face upon which the disfiguring touch of death had been set for seven days. Robert Greylock's nearest and dearest would scarcely recognize him now. Under the curious gaze of the bearers, under the half pitiful, half reproachful eyes of Dr. Jarvis, this Spartan father stood for a moment straight and stony, with one end of the cloth clutched in his bloodless fingers; then he swayed and went down like a log at the feet of those who carried his dead son.

The man was made of flesh and blood after all.

This was the way that Robert Greylock came home for the last time to his father's home, and no one denied him admittance now. In his pockets letters were found, unpaid bills and memoranda, all unimportant, yet revealing something of the miseries of his brief married life. Godfrey Greylock sent in haste for the one lawyer of Blackport, and placed the bills in his hand.

"Go, pay these immediately," he said.

The legal gentleman turned to depart, but was restrained by Dr. Jarvis, who chanced to be present.

"Mr. Greylock," ventured the physician, "your son had a wife. Will you not notify her of her husband's death? She must be suffering great anxiety concerning him."

The look on Godfrey Greylock's face was like the breaking up of ice when spring floods are out.

"True," he muttered, with a shudder, "I had forgotten her. Yes, Mervin, find the woman and bring her here, and her child with her."

The messenger departed from Blackport by the next train.

Early in the afternoon he stood at the door of that West-end lodging house, where Robert Greylock had lived, and loved, and quarreled with his fair wife Iris. He rang the bell, and Martha, the disheveled maid-of-all-work, answered it.

"I wish to see Mrs. Robert Greylock," said the messenger.

"Oh, lor'!" cried Martha, starting nervously back, "she ain't here, sir; she's gone—they're all gone, the whole family—and two months' rent due for the room, and the landlady as mad as a yard full of cats."

"Whither has Mrs. Greylock gone?" demanded the messenger.

"I knows no more than the dead!" answered Martha, mildly. "She went off one night a week ago in a carriage, with a gentleman that used to send her flowers and things, and we haven't seen or heard of her since."

The lawyer's face grew preternaturally grave.

"Ah! And where is the child?"

The simple query threw Martha into a strange panic.

"Don't ask me!" she cried, incoherently. "I had nothing to do with it. I'm allers blamed for everything that happens in this house, from the chimneys that smoke us blind to the folks that run off with their rent not paid. The child? Oh, lor'! what am I saying? The mother took it, in course."

There was a secret on the girl's mind. Not a moment's peace had she known in the last week. On that fatal night when she had been set to watch the Greylock baby, and, recreant to her trust, had fallen asleep by its bed, Martha on the stroke of eleven, awoke to find the cradle empty, and her charge gone—gone, with not the smallest clue to the mode of its departure.

The house was still as death, plainly its inmates were asleep. In great terror the girl ran around the room searching everywhere for the missing infant, then out upon the landings and all about the house she went, listening for some sound of it, but in vain. The sick child was gone—stolen, abducted. Consternation overwhelmed her. Would she be held answerable for its safety? Would she be called upon to produce it at any cost? And failing to do this what would her punishment be—fines, imprisonment or hanging? Martha was timid and cowardly. To shield herself, by fair means or foul, was her first instinct. But how could she face the mother on the return of the latter from the play? Time passed, and Sylphide did not return. The night wore on, yet she came not. Then a thought struck the stupid brain of the maid. Perhaps it was Mrs. Greylock herself who has taken the child—indeed, now that she considered the matter, nothing could be plainer. No other person could have entered the chamber successfully, and made off with the little thing in darkness and secrecy. So, next morning, when it was noised about the house that the Greylock family had disappeared, and when the landlady and the other lodgers began to question Martha about the infant, her story was ready.

"I gave the child its medicine," she declared, "and it was sleeping sound, and I was a-leaning back in my chair with eyes closed, but not dozing, oh, no! wide awake, when in comes Mrs. Greylock, all in a flutter, from the play, and she just snatches up her baby and throws her shawl around it, and goes out, and I so dazed I couldn't say a word, and, anyway, it wasn't my business to stop her, for the child was her own property."

To this little fabrication Martha had ever since adhered so tenaciously that she now began to believe it herself. And when this Blackport lawyer stood on the lodging house threshold and overwhelmed her with questions, after the first guilty panic, Martha told her lie again.

"Lor' sir, Mrs. Greylock took the baby away the night she went off for good. She had quarreled with her husband that day—a right-down battle the two had—and after the play she came back for her baby, and carried it, the Lord only knows where! 'Twas sick. I watched with it myself, and the doctor said it couldn't live."

"Call your mistress, girl," cried the lawyer. "I must hear the whole of this story."

(To be Continued.)

ENGLAND'S LARDER.

It Might Be Stripped Pretty Quickly If She Had a War.

With ships bringing foreign food supplies into England at the rate of £434 worth every minute of every day in the year Great Britain cannot accumulate a stock of provisions large enough for a year's supply, some experts say not enough for half a year.

"Others doubt if we could hold out for three months without foreign supplies," says the Queen, "and all agree that three weeks war, or even threat of war, would enormously increase the price of foodstuffs. In the ordinary way the proportion of food and drink brought over the sea is over 42 per cent of our total imports, being in round figures £250,000,000 out of a total of £550,000,000. Of this sum £70,000,000 goes for grain and flour alone, and nearly fifty millions for meat, in addition to sixty-three millions for food and drink not otherwise specified, and excluding fifty millions for food, drink and tobacco subject to duty.

"What we as a nation have to fear is not invasion but starvation. To the great mass of the people of this country the question is not "Shall we win or lose in war? but, shall we have enough food to live on when the next big war comes? It is to meet such an emergency that the use in this country of silos for grain, or national granaries, has been advocated.

"The cost of creating and maintaining silos might be considerable, though we suppose the cost of a single dreadnought would easily cover it; but as an insurance against panic it would well be worth the expense, while as a safeguard in time of war, and against imminent famine it would be invaluable, and might easily turn defeat into victory and disaster to safety.

"Gibraltar is provisioned for two years and Malta has silos which keep corn good for as long as four years, thus supporting the truth of the Biblical statement that Joseph in the dry climate of Egypt fed the people with corn stored for seven years. The idea is the gradual collection of an amount of wheat equal to one year's import and its automatic renewal by exchanging it for the new grain as it arrives at the different ports."

H. C. BEATTY JR. IS DECLARED GUILTY

Virginia Wife Murderer Convicted by Jury.

DEATH SENTENCE NOVEMBER 24TH.

Jury Took the Papers, Kneeled In Prayer, Gave the Whole Case Careful Consideration, and was Back In the Court Room In Less Than an Hour.

Chesterfield Court House, Va., Sept. 8.—Twelve Virginia farmers knelt at dusk tonight in the obscurity of the small jury room of Chesterfield court house, praying fervently that they might pass judgment aright on Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., indicted for the murder of his wife. Grimly determined they arose a moment later and silently, one by one, recorded the unanimous verdict of "guilty."

Pausing in solemn contemplation for fifty-eight minutes, weighing carefully the meaning of their decision and once more on bended knees beseeching Divine assistance that they might not err, they filed into the hushed stillness of a crowded court room and with startling suddenness twelve voices, instead of the usual one of the foreman, spoke the single word "Guilty."

Receives Verdict Coolly.

It was almost a shout. The specter of death which stalked Midlothian turnpike on July 18 last when the life of Mrs. Louise Owen Beattie was taken away with the single report of a shotgun, stared hard at the young husband, ready to claim its victim by electrocution on Friday, November 24. But the prisoner returned the gaze, unswerving and unafraid.

The court of appeals, to be sure, will be asked to grant a writ of error and a new trial. Young Beattie, cognizant of the legal weapons yet at his disposal, did not surrender. Instead, he consoled his broken-down father, white-haired and wrinkled, and comforted him as he whispered:

"I haven't lost yet, father."

Unusual as has been the tragedy and the gruesome stage where it occurred, the twelve jurymen did not hesitate to admit to their friends that they stood in judgment not only over the cold-blooded murder, but upon his marital infidelity as well. It perhaps was the dramatic climax of Virginia justice which in the last half-century has swiftly sent to death such famous murderers as Cluverius, Phillips and McCue.

Wendenburg Convincing.

At the close of a powerful address by L. O. Wendenburg, the voluntary assistant of the commonwealth in the case, the suspense was felt not alone in the courtroom but in Richmond where thousands of people waited the outcome.

The jury had for eleven days heard evidence, for two days speeches, but the words of Wendenburg rang in their ears as they left the court room to find their verdict.

"Let that man go free," he cried, "what, let that man go free! Why the motherhood of Virginia, the womanhood of this nation, will shudder in terror as the security of its life is threatened. Let this man go free! The man who basked in the degraded sunshine of another woman, while at his home a young wife nursed his child! Gentleman, I merely ask you in the name of justice to do your duty."

Vividly Portrays Crime.

In vivid details, the prosecutor portrayed the wife as she started on her innocent journey into the cool air of a summer night. The jury saw again in their minds the automobile in which she rode beside her husband, how Beattie stepped into the darkness of the thicket, found the shot-gun which he had earlier concealed and deliberately slew his wife.

The desperate ride home with a bleeding and lifeless body crushed into the small space in the front part of the machine, the husband coldly sitting against the blood-covered head of his wife, were graphically detailed to the jury. Only passing attention was given by Wendenburg to the purchase of the gun by Paul Beattie, a cousin of the accused. The defense had claimed, he said, that on Paul's story alone was built the case of the prosecution but he held aloft the blood-stained clothing of the prisoner "as the mute evidence of the crime," and asked:

"Do you want any other evidence?"

Displays Bloody Clothing.

Blood flecked the lower fringe of the shirt in deep black blots; not a mark was on either sleeve of shirt or coat. The prisoner had said that he held his wife with one hand and steered his car with the other but the absence of blood on the arms, the prosecutor declared, gave the lie to his story. Not alone with the clothing did the prosecutor disentangle what he termed "the cheapest fabrication of the cheapest murder," but he shouted shame at the prisoner for his relations with a mere slip of a girl, from the age of 13 until within his own married life, and held her forth as the motive for the crime.

"And the prisoner admits that it was his passion," said Mr. Wendenburg. "Yes it was passion, but passion born of the devil, and passion that sent to death his wife so that he might continue his vicious pleasure."

Mr. Wendenburg concluded his address a few minutes after five p. m. A brief respite was given the jury and at 5.28 'oclock it began consideration of the case.

Minds Already Made Up.

For fifty-eight minutes, they were together in deep consultation, a jury of simple farmers who each morning sang hymns and strove to forget the story of dissipation with its filthy chapters as related day after day on the witness stand. What had been generally predicted was true—their minds were well made up before they left the court room. W. T. Burgess, a square-jawed man, with an earnest face, was elected foreman.

They balloted and it was no surprise, they afterwards declared, that all voted alike. They prayed that they might not take a life in vain and they opened their consciences to one another for nearly an hour, so that they might go back to the court room firmly convinced of their duty and of one mind.

Beattie's Nerve Endures.

And in the court room sat Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., the sporting page of a newspaper spread before him. But he did not read long. He folded the paper and concealed his face in it. Those who sat near the boy of iron nerve observed a move in the twitching of his lips as though murmuring a prayer as he sat with closed eyes awaiting hte return of the jury. He raised his head for a moment, dropped the paper again and began reading. Then he whispered a few words to his father and brother. It was for them he felt and to them he counselled cheerfulness.

It was nearly dark in the court room when the jury returned. Three oil lamps gave meager lester to the scene. Sunset's red rays still streaked through the windows. On every sill rested a telegraph instrument and operators tensely waited for the announcement of the verdict. A thick mass of faces rising in an incline to the shabby ceiling stared at the jurymen. Famous jurists looked down, too, from fly-specked paintings. In the minds of the gaping crowd remained the thought of the powerful speech of the prosecutor and his denunciation of the man "who exchanged the glow of virtue for passion's feeble tapers."

The Dramatic Moment.

The court asked the prisoner to rise. He drew himself up calmly and waited.

"Have you gentlemen agreed on a verdict?" asked Judge Watson.

"We have" said Foreman Burgess.

The prisoner had confidently expected a "hung jury," not acquittal nor conviction. The court requested the audience not to manifest its approval or disapproval whatever the verdict.

"And what is your verdict?" asked Judge Watson, turning again to Foreman Burgess.

"Guilty," answered Burgess, but his voice was swelled by the shout of eleven others.

Unversed in law or the forms of a murder trial, the jurymen had not specified what degree of murder. Asked what degree, Mr. Burgess answered simply "guilty as indicted." Under Virginia practice murder is presumed to be second degree unless otherwise specified. It was incumbent upon the jury to fix the degree. So Judge Watson advised the jurymen to confer again on the point and seven minutes later they conformed, this time with the verdict of "murder in the first degree."

Hears Doom Calmly.

The prisoner stood erect and motionless. His face, in color a yellowish green throughout the day, was immobile. The light of a lamp cast a dreary shadow on his upturned chin as he faced the jury. His eye-lids sagged, but did not blink. In steady gaze he fastened his eyes on the faces of the twelve men who had pronounced his punishment as if to penetrate their minds and determine the reason why. It was not a resentful expression, however, and when the court asked if the prisoner had anything to say, he answered:

"I have nothing to say," and sat down.

The perfunctory motions for a new trial were made by counsel for the defense. The usual granting of permission even to argue the point was denied as Judge Watson in a stern voice declared that all rulings of the court were on comparatively unimportant detail and in no way could have influenced the verdict. A stay of execution was granted, however, in order to give counsel an opportunity to apply for writ of error when the court of appeals meets in November.

Judge Lectures Prisoner.

Judge Watson delivered an impressive speech to the prisoner. He told how the young man had stained his own life and that of the community in which he lived by his sordid acts. When the trial first began, said Judge Watson, he had hoped that Virginia might be cleared of the crime for which not only the state felt shame, but the entire country deprecated. He had hoped that counsel would prove the defendant innocent, but the evidence, he regretted to note, was all convincing and overwhelming.

"The court in this trial," said Judge Watson, "has endeavored in all its decisions to lean toward the side of the prisoner and in its charge to the jury as well attempted to give him the benefit of every doubt and every opportunity to establish his innocence. The rulings mostly have not been on matters of law but on small questions of fact.

Sentenced to Death.

"You have had a fair and impartial trial, Mr. Beattie, and the jury has done what it considers its duty. Therefore, you have been convicted of murder in the first degree and on November 24, between the hours of sunrise and sunset, you must forfeit your life to the community. May God have mercy on your soul."

A moment later, by the side of his father and his brother, Douglas, their heads bowed in grief, walked young Beattie in the darkness to his cell a hundred yards away.

But the drama of the day was not over. A sharp report and a flash rent the thick blackness outside.

"My God!" exclaimed Judge Watson as through his mind flitted the same thought that startled hundreds around him.

But it was not another tragedy. The prisoner was seen walking calmly on. The detonation was an unusually heavy charge of a photographer's flashlight.

Finds Relief In Tears.

The crowd lingered at the jail and peered into the cell illuminated by a single lamp. On the bed with his head in his hands sat Beattie, his father and brother beside him. Jailer Cogbill sent the curious away. Only a few saw the prisoner break down and weep in the solitude of the cell.

An hour later the hamlet was deserted. A few hundred yards away frim the stone jail i na small hotel twelve men gathered their belongings in silence, and one by one they drove away into the darkness to the simple homes from which for a fortnight they had been absent.

As to Beulah.

Beulah Binford, the girl of the underworld the woman in the case whose relations with young Beattie furnished a dominating feature of the prosecution's case, did not figure as a witness during the trial. Neither side was willing to call her. Immediately upon her release from the jail where she had been held for possible testimony she disappeared from Richmond, hurried to New York and almost at the hour when the jury was registering its verdict that carried the penalty of electrocution for her quondam companion she was posing for motion pictures at Staten Island and nursing theatrical ambitions. Step by step during today's arguments Attorney Harry M. Smith, Jr., associate counsel for the defense, had endeavored to show that young Beattie's story was entirely compatible with his actions and the testimony before the jury. He reviewed the evidence to indicate the danger of circumstantial evidence.

Wenderburg's Argument.

Attorney Wendenburg for the state held up the shirt that the prisoner had worn and charged that Beattie sat against his wife's lifeless body instead of holding her with one hand on his desperate ride to the Owen home after the tragedy. He referred to the clothes as mute testimony to prisoner's guilt. He ridiculed the idea of a bearded, unknown giant highwayman of 200 pounds weight allowing "this little stripling of 135" (Beattie) to take away the gun and scouted the probability of such a giant walking away when in the grapple the accused fell to the ground with the gun. Mr. Wendenburg said that young Beattie on the night of the murder put on the oldest suit he had.

"He was too cheap," said the prosecutor, "to spoil any but the oldest suit he had with the blood of his wife." The prisoner nervously fingered a denial two fingers denoting that he had worn the suit twice before.

Gave Jury Re.pite.

The arguments were concluded at 5.08 p. m. Judge Watson had the jury exercised in the open air for fifteen minutes or so. When the prisoner also was given a brief airing on the lawn a big crowd surged around him and he asked to be taken to his cell in the jail. Soon he resumed his seat in the bar. Judge Watson briefly delivered the case to the jury, which retired at 5.28 p. m. The court informed them that if they desired to see any of the exhibits in the case they would be brought by Sheriff Gill.

At 6.26 p. m., the jury returned to the court room and announced its verdict of murder. It was sent back to fix the degree and after being out about nine minutes, returned with the verdict of murder in the first degree.

Defense Begins Fight.

The defense then made its fight for ninety days within which to file its petition for a writ of error to the state supreme court of appeals. Prosecutor Wendenburg objected to what he termed the unnecessary delay in the administration of justice in this case.

Mr. Carter claimed the defense had already been forced to an early trial, but November 24 was finally set as the day to which execution of sentence would be deferred. The court adjourned at 7.22 p. m.

REPORT OF GINNERS.

Work of Baling Is More Advanced Than Usual.

The ginning of cotton of the growth of 1911 was carried on more actively throughout the cotton belt to September 1, this year, than in any similar period in the history of the industry, at least as far as accurate ginning records have been kept. This is shown by the first ginning report of the season compiled by the census bureau from reports of its correspondents in the cotton growing states. A total of 771,415 bales had been ginned up to a week ago. This is greater by almost three hundred thousand bales than the previous record, made in 1905.

The continued hot and dry weather in a greater portion of the belt, especially in Texas, was chiefly responsible for the increase. These conditions meant the early maturing of the crop but this alone is considered not the cause of the greater ginning. Farmers have been more active in getting their crop to the ginneries, and it is said, in some counties of Texas, where the bulk of the increased ginning was reported, the entire crop practically already has been ginned.

Little relation appears to exist, according to census bureau experts, betwen the size of the crop and the quantity of cotton ginned during any period of the season. This is shown in the big crop years of 1904, 1906 and 1908, each of which produced more than 13,000,000 bales. In these years the percentage of the total crop ginned to September 1 was 2.8, 3.1 and 3.1 per cent, respectively, while in 1905, when the crop was 10,800,000, 4.5 per cent of it was ginned by September 1. Last year 3.1 per cent of the total crop was ginned to September 1.

The first cotton ginning report of the season, issued last Friday by Director E. Dana Durand of the bureau of the census, department of commerce and labor, shows that 771,415 bales, counting round as half bales, had been ginned from the growth of 1911 to September 1, compared with 353,011 bales of the growth of 1910 ginned to September 1, 1910; 388,242 bales for 1909, and 402,228 bales for 1908.

Round bales included this year are 6,994, compared with 10,976 for 1910 11,587 for 1909, and 20,862 for 1908.

The number of sea island bales included is 539 for 1911, 218 for 1910, 1,236 for 1909 and 1,221 for 1908.

Comparisons of the number of bales, counting round as half bales, ginned to September 1 for the past four years, follows:

States.	1911.	1910.	1909.	1908.
Ala.	40,500	4,196	13,535	26,298
Ark.	170	28	449	323
Fla.	3,764	608	3,542	2,524
Ga. . . .	134,075	20,491	106,301	64,693
La. . . .	7,616	1,101	3,450	4,618
Miss	1,849	538	1,670	4,330
N. C.	1,209	4	1,070	101
Okla. . . .	4,205	398	1,370	8
S. C. . . .	18,907	208	18,949	9,399
Tenn	5	——	4	6
Tex.	559,114	325,435	237,901	289,928
Other Sts.	1	4	1	1

BAGDAD, MEXICO.

A Wicked City That Prospered and Then Was Wiped Out In a Night.

There are a few people still living in Matamoras who remember the riotous town of Bagdad, which at the height of its prosperity had a population of nearly 10,000 and was the neutral port through which practically all the cotton from Texas and other southern states was exported during the civil war when the southern ports were blockaded.

Bagdad was on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande near the mouth of the river, about twenty-five miles east of Matamoras. With the closing of the southern ports by Union blockading vessels the necessity of finding an outlet for cotton and an inlet for supplies became urgent. It was in response to this demand that Bagdad came into being.

The population of Bagdad was cosmopolitan. Thieves, fortune hunters, bandits, adventurers and the riffraff of the seven seas gathered there and revelled in the gold that flowed through the place. Finally the town met the fate of its Biblical predecessor in crime, Gomorrah, and was completely destroyed. In October, 1867, Bagdad was swept away by a combination hurricane and tidal wave. More than 3,000 lives were lost, and not a vestige remains to mark the site of the town. It was annihilated in one night.

R. M. Miller, who came from New Orleans to Matamoras in 1868 and established a merchant business here, is still a resident of the town.

"During the latter days of the civil war," said Mr. Miller, "and immediately following the close of that strife crime and chaos ruled this part of the border, both on the Mexican and the Texas side.

"I remember that shortly after my arrival in Matamoras I had business that took me to Bagdad. A regular stage line was operated between the two places, and taking this lumbering vehicle one morning I and several others started on the trip to the wonderful port. A few miles out of town we were held up by a band of brigands led by Juan C. Cortina, the notorious bandit chief, and robber of all our money. A little further on another band of thieves stopped us and relieved us of our watches.

"I had friends in Bagdad and decided to continue on the journey. Arriving in the town I found conditions the most remarkable, I believe, that ever existed in any place of similar size. The narrow streets were thronged with hundreds of drunken and vicious people. All nations were represented in the uncontrollable mob. Negroes from the West Indies, Frenchmen, Cubans, Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese and men of nearly every other nation were represented in that riotous population.

"Murder and robberies were of almost hourly occurrence. Gamblers plied their vocation upon the streets. One night in the town was sufficient for me. I vividly remember, however, the scene presented in the harbor. I counted twenty-two steamships and many sailing vessels waiting to discharge and take cargoes.

"Bagdad was believed by the people at that time to have a promising future as a deep water port. Millions of dollars worth of traffic poured over its wharves, but with the closing of the civil war and the ending of the efforts of Maximillian to obtain control of Mexico the future of the mushroom port and town did not seem to be so bright. It could not have survived many more years even had it not been destroyed by the great storm."

Modest Job.—They were discussing a United States senator who had been a railroad attorney before he became a statesman, and who, many thought, had not given up his job when he assumed his toga.

"It's all rot!" said a man who knows the senator. "He never was a railroad attorney except to go out and try damage cases. Why, all that man ever was was a cow-coroner!"—Saturday Evening Post.

BATCH OF OHIO SNAKE STORIES.

Some Ancient Tales About Reptiles In the Middle West.

The first serpent of its race which started out by destroying the prospects of the whole human family in the Garden of Eden, the Midgard serpent of Norse mythology, and the almost equally ancient sea serpent of periodical bathing place notoriety have perhaps stimulated more imaginations than any other indivduals of their species, but none of them has anything to do with one fine collection of snake stories which is familiar to every student of North American ethnology.

These stories, says The New York Sun, begin 1,500 or perhaps 2,000 years back, when the parent stock of all the Algonkian tribes still lived up in Canada north of the strait of Mackinac and most of the Iroquoian family lived north of the St. Lawrence.

The country south of the lakes, the Ohio valley, was the abiding place of a tribe of serpents of tremendous size, who when not doing business elsewhere were likely to appear suddenly and unexpectedly in the Algonkian or the Iroquoian country, to the consternation of the peaceful human inhabitants. Sometimes a single serpent would come rolling across the country, his head sticking up like a factory chimney above the top of the tallest forest, and sometimes a party of them made day and night hideous for the wretched villagers, whom they regarded as suitable fare.

The first of these invaders, according to one Algonkian story, desired to destroy all human beings out of pure unadulterated cussedness, a trait showing his close relationship to the serpent of the Garden of Eden. Not satisfied, apparently, with his own swallowing capacity for that purpose, he brought with him an undescribed monster, three other indivduals of unclassified kind, and a flood.

The flood and the monsters together materially reduced the Algonkian population, but the remainder climbed up on the Turtle Island, or Mackinac, until Michabou, the Hercules of Algonkian mythology, came to their assistance and put a quietus on the flood and its author together.

Another Algonkian story preserved by the Chippewas is that a number of serpents, perhaps to retaliate for the first one's defeat, attempted to blot Michabou himself out of the universe. They were taught the difference between a man warrior and a wide-awake, full-sized demi god when Michabou skinned the white chief snake of the party alive, and covering himself with the skin as a convenient kind of armorplate chased the remaining reptiles back into their own country before they realized that they had been headed in that direction.

The Iroquoians, competitors of the Algonkians in everything else, seem to have resolved early not to be outdone by the latter in the telling of snake stories. The Senecas relate that a serpent besieged their forefathers in a fort on the hill Gerundewah, in northern New York, by the effective process of coiling himself entirely around the fort. Some of the inmates, attempting to escape, walked down his throat, whereupon one of the tribe who from the inside of the defences had prudently watched the disappearance of his relatives conceived the idea of experimenting upon the monster's vitals with a poisoned arrow.

The expedient was so successful that the serpent went rolling down the hill, clearing off the timber as he went, and disgorging the heads of the people whom he had swallowed into Lake Canandaigua, where they still remain in the shape of large black boulders. Some patriotic Seneca, realizing the deficiencies of this narrative, seems to have improved upon it, for his tribesmen have another version, asserting that two serpents besieged the fort and that both were disposed of by a reckless young warrior, who made love to the female snake of the pair.

The Tuscaroras apparently understood that the snake idea per se had been developed to the limit in the Seneca legend and, therefore, to acquit themselves creditably added horns to the enormous reptile, which, they affirm, once appeared south of Lake Ontario provided with a breath so poisonous that a multitude of the Iroquoians died from inhaling the infected atmosphere. This last snake of the series so far outclassed the Seneca serpent in formidableness that presumably poisoned arrows were inadequate to the occasion, for a storm of thunderbolts was required to expel him from the Iroquois country.

The indestructiveness of this horned serpent, so impressed the imaginations of the Cherokees that they believe him to be still in existence and in some of their sacred formulas invoke his favor and help as a great medicine god.

Some archaeologists do not regard these tales as mere examples of the human mind's inherited ambition to excel in snake fiction. They recognize them as myths, that is historical accounts with most of the facts left out and the remainder popularly exaggerated.

They find other statements in the ancient histories of the Algonkian and Iroquoian tribes which show clearly that the monstrous snakes were really human tribes, who, like the ancient Mexicans and Central Americans, worshipped a snake god along with the sun deity. These snake people built more than one earthern representative of their ophidian deity in what is now southwestern Ohio. The celebrated Serpent Mound in Adams county, Ohio, which is a quarter of a mile long, seems to be the model from which the Algonkian and Iroquoian historians got their idea of proportion in describing the size of their forefathers' adversaries.

Made Fast Time.—The New York Times has made the interesting experiment of sending a telegraphic message around the world, directed to itself. No especial arrangements were made in advance, the message being filed in the telegraph office in a purely commercial way, with the ordinary press request to "please rush."

It was rushed. The message was sent west and was received from the east by the same operator who sent it exactly sixteen minutes and thirty seconds later. Eleven years ago President Roosevelt and Clarence H. Mackay sent a dispatch around the world in a fraction over nine minutes, but on that occasion special arrangements had been made and every operator along the route of 28,613 miles was sitting at his key ready to speed the message along its secured right of way. The speed made by the Times message was, though, rapid enough for all practical purposes.

The message was filed at exactly 7 o'clock Sunday night. It passed through Manila, 9,160 miles away, sixty seconds later, at 8.01 o'clock Monday morning, allowing for the thirteen hours added for the difference in time. Sixteen relays were made during the journey, which gave an average speed of twenty-nine miles a second. During its entire journey around the world the Times message travelled north of the equator.

It is an interesting question whether the new wireless method of sending messages will enable the Times's record for commercial messages around the globe to be lowered.—Rochester, N. Y., Democrat and Chronicle.