

MRS MARY FARMER IS ELECTROCUTED

[United Press Leased Wire.]

Auburn, N. Y., March 29.—With eyes half closed and muttering prayers taught her by a Catholic priest, Mrs. Mary Farmer, mother of a 2-year-old boy, walked without wavering to her death in the electric chair in the state prison here this morning, while her husband, James Farmer, sentenced to die for the same crime, paced the floor of his cell, scarcely a stone's throw away.

The last act of the woman's life was an unselfish effort to save her husband from the death which she almost complacently met. She made a brief confession before a notary public, in which she admitted that she killed Sarah Brennan a year ago for her property, and swore that her husband knew nothing of the crime. She stated that Farmer was not at home on the day of the killing, and that he was not connected with it in any way.

Father Hickey, who fought hard to save the woman from death, remained with her during the last hours in her cell, and he said that, though she was comforted in her soul, and ready to face her death with assurance, she still did not show great human emotion, and was stoical and almost indifferent.

As the party of witnesses and officials passed through the long corridor from the office of the warden to the little death chamber, there was a great stillness through the great prison, so that the footsteps of the men as they proceeded, double file, resounded and re-echoed against the stone and iron of the walls.

Even in Auburn prison, where it is not a rare thing to hear an early morning march to the little room where the electric chair fulfills the extreme mandate of the law, here where the men of long sentences have missed fellow prisoners so often that an incident scarcely breaks the routine of the prison day, there was an air of unusual suppression and nervousness this morning.

The fact that it was a woman to die—the second woman to be electrocuted in this state—the fact that this woman's husband was one of their fellow prisoners; the remembrance of the shadowy figure of that frail and miserable woman, as they had seen her once or twice during her incarceration—all these things seemed to have made a deep impression on the convicts, and Auburn has never seen a time of greater suspense. The air seemed charged with mysterious feeling of sup-

pressed anxiety peculiar on the days of some extraordinary event within the walls.

As the witnesses took their seats in the death chamber, the hum and bur-r-r-r of the electrical instruments could be heard.

The heavy door opening from "death row" swung ajar, and the figure of Father Hickey appeared, moving with solemn tread and chanting prayers.

Behind him were three women. In the center was the condemned woman. On one side was Mrs. John Dunnigan and on the other Miss Mary Gorman. Those two women had been with Mrs. Farmer almost constantly since the death sentence was passed upon her, and they supported her slightly on either side in her approach to the chair.

The face of Mary Farmer was blanched and drawn. It bore the marks of the prison life. It was pallid and worse signs of the life. With her eyes half closed, she seemed to look beyond the walls of the room. She moved slowly and deliberately, and took her place in the chair calmly.

Instantly the attendants were at their work. The electrodes were strapped to her legs below the knee and the wrists were fastened to the plates on the arms of the chair. The headpiece, holding a wet sponge, slipped down over the woman's eyes. The chin strap almost covered her mouth, leaving little of her face visible. It was the work of but an instant as these men have been trained to act quickly.

Then State Electrician Davis, watching closely as the woman breathed and as he saw the chest sink at the exhalation, he swung the switch into place. The body jumped into the creaking straps and the breath never came back into the lungs of the woman, who died peacefully and instantly.

Though Davis had been careful to bring the contact when the lungs held no air, there was a slightly audible moan, which was the only sign of the woman's death other than the time stiffening of the body.

The first contact was given at 6:05 o'clock, when 1,850 volts, at seven and a half amperes were used. This contact was maintained for one minute and two seconds. A second contact was given at the suggestion of the doctors and was maintained five seconds. A third of three seconds was applied as a precaution, and at 11 mines after 6 the doctors pronounced her dead.

The Harmony Of Home

Does Not Mingle With or Emanate From the Table of Dyspepsia.

In the home, meal time should awaken in all the inhabitants a peculiar harmony of joy which will make for the home the abiding place of interest and happiness.

If one member at the dinner table is out of sorts, his influence is felt and the harmony is lacking. Conversation and mirth are absent. Devouring thoughts assail the diners and silence prevails.

"At the Dyspeptic Table Ominous, Quiet and Gloom Crowds Out Mirth."



All physicians agree that mirth and joy at meal time does much toward digestion. Mirth tingles the whole nervous organism of man, the cells wherein are stored valuable digestive juices, empty their contents under the nervous stimulation and promote the highest degree of digestion.

If gloom and discomfort prevail at table the reverse action obtains and meals become necessities, not anticipated joys.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are little storehouses of digestion which mix with the stomach juices, digest food, retingle the mucous membrane and its nerve centers, give to the blood a great wealth of digestive fluids, promote digestion and stay by the stomach until all its duties are complete.

If dyspepsia sits at tables it makes the dining room a place of awe these tablets should be taken after meals and dyspepsia of a consequence flee.

No need for diet or fasting. The dyspeptic who will use them religiously will find no sense of nausea in the sight of generous meals or in the odor of rich cooking.

It matters not what the condition of the stomach Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets only improve the juices and bring quiet to the whole digestive canal, of which the stomach is the center.

Forty thousand physicians use these in their practice, and every druggist sells them. Price 50c. Send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall Mich.

"I suppose your wife was tickled to death at your raise in salary?" "She will be." "Haven't you told her yet?" "No; I thought I would enjoy myself for a couple of weeks first."—Nashville American.

HIDDEN DANGERS.

Notice Gives Timely Warnings That No Salem Citizen Can Afford to Ignore.

DANGER SIGNAL NO. 1 comes from the kidney secretions. They will warn you when the kidneys are sick. Well kidneys excrete a clear, amber fluid. Sick kidneys send out a thin, pale and foamy, or a thick, red, ill-smelling urine, full of sediment and irregular of passage.

DANGER SIGNAL NO. 2 comes from the back. Back pains, dull and heavy, or sharp and acute, tell you of sick kidneys and warn you of the approach of dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently. Here's Salem proof.

William Bumgardner, retired, 525 Water St., Salem, Ore., says: "I speak from personal experience when I say that Doan's Kidney Pills do all that is claimed for them in curing kidney complaint and backache. I had felt the need of a kidney remedy for a long time, but I found many of the medicines I used worthless. When I read of Doan's Kidney Pills, I was induced to procure a supply at Dr. Stone's drug store. The backache and weakness of the kidneys, which had annoyed me were quickly removed and I was restored to good health. I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone in need of a kidney medicine."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Jules Murray will present Norman Hackett in "Classmates" at the Grand opera house in the near future.

SON SEES MOTHER TAKE POISON

[United Press Leased Wire.]

Spokane, Wash., March 29.—Seven-year-old Jimmy Orr is today sorrowfully sitting beside the remains of his mother, regretting that he did not know in time to save her life that it was morphine, and not medicine, that she swallowed with suicidal intent yesterday, while seated in the rest room of the Y. W. C. A.

Mrs. Orr left her husband in Godfrey, Wash., and came to Spokane in search of work. After her went to the home of the Y. W. C. A. arrival she grew despondent and to rest. While her son was seated beside her, Mrs. Orr drew a bottle from her handbag and drank the contents. The boy thought she was taking medicine, and did not realize what had really happened until she fell over unconscious. Mrs. Orr died a few hours later.

New Incorporations.

Articles of incorporation filed in the office of Frank W. Benson, secretary of state, March 27, 1909, as follows:

Campbell Lumber Company; principal office, Portland; capital stock, \$700,000; incorporators, John K. Kollock, Frank E. Smith and M. A. Zollinger.

Green Whitcomb Company; principal office, Portland; capital stock, \$50,000; incorporators, W. L. Green, C. S. Whitcomb and B. M. Whitcomb.

Married.

Mr. Albert E. Buck of this city went to Arlie, Polk county, Saturday last and was there married Saturday evening to Miss Bertha D. Fuqua. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Buck, of this city, and is an expert roofer and shingler. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Fuqua, prominent in their home town. The young couple will probably come to Salem to reside.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly, Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newspapers.

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DR. STONE'S Drug Store

The only cash drug store in Oregon, owes no one, and no one owes it; carries large stock; its shelves, counters and show cases are loaded with drugs, medicines, notions, toilet articles, wines and liquors of all kinds for medicinal purposes. Dr. Stone is a regular graduate in medicine, and has had many years of experience in the practice. Consultations are free. Prescriptions are free, and only regular prices for medicine. Dr. Stone can be found at his drug store, Salem, Or., from 7 in the morning until 9 at night.

WARNING

The Portland Railway, Light and Power Company has recently repainted and fixed up all its suburban depots, but finds it impossible to keep them up owing to the particular pleasure some people find in destroying property. The electric lights are invariably stolen or broken and the walls marked with pencil or cut with knives.

These depots were put up for the accommodation of the public as a place to rest and wait for the cars. The Yew Park waiting room near the S. P. depot is the one most mutilated.

Twenty-five Dollars Reward will be given any person furnishing information which will lead to the arrest and conviction of any party damaging these depots.

PORTLAND RAILWAY LIGHT & POWER COMPANY

A Capital Journal Want Ad Is a Great Deal More Powerful Than It Looks--Don't Judge Its Power By Its Size--Try One and See For Yourself.

Mitchell Wagons

Represent More Than Seventy Years of Experience in Wagon Building

It is an Absolute Impossibility to Build a Wagon Better than the

MITCHELL

Why?

Because money cannot buy better timber than is bought for the Mitchell. Mitchell & Lewis Co., the manufacturers, positively pay 25 to 35 per cent above the market price of first grades for the privilege of culling over and "skimming off the cream" of the wagon stock. This is carried from three to five years in open sheds under cover until thoroughly seasoned, being culled three to five times in the process of handling. Wood stock for three to five years ahead means wood stock aggregating in value nearly ONE MILLION DOLLARS. It is not every factory that can carry this kind of a stock, consequently it is not every factory that can build wagons as the Mitchell is built—too many of them build from hand to mouth—buy stock today and make it up tomorrow. Do you want a wagon made in that way, or do you want one of our kind? One that carries with it AN ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE THAT IT IS THE BEST POSSIBLE TO BUILD—always has been and always will be. If you want our kind make up your mind before you start out that it will cost you more money than the "other kind," because it costs more money to build it.

The best is always the cheapest—all that you want to know is that you are getting the best. You can be absolutely sure of it when you buy a Mitchell Wagon.