

HOME DUTIES

Women seem to listen to every call of duty except the supreme one that tells them to guard their health. How much harder the daily tasks become when some derangement of the female organs makes every movement painful, and keeps the nervous system unstrung? Irritability takes the place of happiness and amiability; and weakness and suffering takes the place of health and strength. As long as they can drag themselves around, women continue to work and perform their household duties. They have been led to believe that suffering is necessary because they are women! What a mistake! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will banish pain and restore happiness. Don't resort to strong stimulants or narcotics when this great strengthening, healing remedy for women is always within reach.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

For Proof Read the Symptoms, Suffering and Cure Recited in the Following Letters:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I suffered intense pains. Menstruation occurred every other day. For about five weeks I was so that I could not stand on my feet from weakness. I also had severe pains in limbs, my head at times seemed as though it would burst. I was completely played out; could not sleep. My children were also affected. I could not begin to explain all I suffered. Your medicine completely cured me, and I cannot tell you how thankful I am to have my strength back. I can work at anything. Your medicine is certainly wonderful, and I am not afraid to tell anyone of its merits. It is a great thing in our home. I wish to have this letter published so that anyone suffering may read it, and use your Vegetable Compound and be benefited."—Miss LIZZIE MOHR, 1135 Dörfer St., Philadelphia, Pa.

\$5000

FOR EACH OF THE ORIGINAL LETTERS AND SIGNATURES OF ABOVE TESTIMONIALS, WHICH WILL PROVE THEIR ABSOLUTE GENUINENESS.

Remember, every woman is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about her symptoms she does not understand. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is free and cheerfully given to every ailing woman who asks for it. Her advice has restored to health more than 500,000 women. Why don't you try it, my sick sisters?

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Last summer I was very miserable. I suffered with falling of the womb, headache, a bad discharge, swelling of limbs and very painful menstruation; would be confined to my bed from three to five days every month.

"My husband got me three bottles of your Vegetable Compound. I had been taking doctor's medicine nearly two years and never got any help, and before I had taken half a bottle of your medicine I felt some relief. My head and back felt better, and I could go to bed and sleep, which I could not before taking your medicine. After I had taken the three bottles and used the Sanative Wash, I was well and strong and felt like a new woman.

"Last September I became pregnant and again took your medicine, and got along nicely during pregnancy and got up from my confinement sooner and felt better than I ever did before. I have a nice baby boy. He is well and strong, the healthiest of my children, and it is all owing to your Vegetable Compound. I cannot find words with which to thank you. Your medicine is surely the best medicine in the world."—Mrs. MARTHA JACOBS, care C. C. Holbrook, Johnson, Va.



EGBERT GIVES UP HIS LIFE

(Continued from first page.)

ing his daily afternoon walk he was closely guarded.

Silent About His Past.

Warren B. Cyrus, one of the wall guards who acted as one of the death watch during the first two weeks of Egbert's stay in the prison and to whom the condemned man took a great liking from the first, went to see him every afternoon and took him for a walk about the prison yard. Egbert was always heavily ironed for these strolls and by means of heavy handcuffs was shackled to his guard, who is a powerful man, and an officer of unquestionable courage and good judgment. During these walks Egbert would grow quite confidential with his guard and talk freely, but he was always guarded about telling of his past life, and said little of his criminal career prior to his coming to the penitentiary the first time. Even when in the barber's chair for a shave he was shackled, his hands being ironed to a broad leather belt, this being done to prevent his seizing a razor and committing suicide, which it is known he contemplated if he should have been able to carry it into effect.

He spent most of his time in reading, being supplied with books from the prison library and by the minister and the ladies who called on him. He ate well and slept well until within the past few days, but a few days ago became nervous, realizing the awful position he was in, and taking less interest in his bodily comforts. Tuesday afternoon, after he had been shaved, he requested that his best underwear be brought to him, and, selecting a suit, presented the rest to the convict barber.

Story of His Life.

He was reluctant, when asked to speak of his early life by a representative of the Journal, but finally unburdened sufficiently to say that he was a native of Exira, Audobon county, Iowa, where he was born, raised and educated, and where he began his career as the operator of a "blind pig," or unlicensed saloon, after graduating from the high school. From that point he strayed west and in 1890 came to Oregon, and soon thereafter, in March, 1901, he was arrested and convicted for the crime of larceny from a building in Lane county, and sent to the penitentiary for one year. He was received at the penitentiary March 22, 1901, and was released from that institution February 19, 1902. In 1903 he was wanted for burglary in Douglas county, but he escaped and notice was sent to the sheriff of Harney county that he was believed to be in that county, and that a warrant had been issued for his arrest, and requesting the Harney county officers to arrest him if possible. Attorney John G. Saxe, a man of unquestioned nerve, was deputized to secure the man. He found and arrested him, but the criminal

made his escape and left the state, but a few days later it was learned that he had again been seen in Wild Horse valley, 35 miles south of Burns, and only 20 miles from the Nevada line.

Love and Murder.

Hearing of the location, Attorney Saxton, accompanied by another deputy sheriff, Jack West, started out after their quarry, with the result that neither man came back alive.

It seems that Egbert was in love with a half-breed woman known as Mabel Rhodes, and with her he was living at the ranch of Charles Fields in Wild Horse valley, the woman passing as his wife. When the two officers approached the house, the fugitive opened fire on them from behind the corner of the ranch house, killing West. He then went into the house through a window, while the woman made her escape, and Saxton entered the house through the door. A thin partition separated the two men, and a terrible hand to hand battle ensued, the fugitive firing with a rifle and the officer with a revolver. It seems that Saxton, running out of cartridges, went to West for a fresh supply, when Frost, as he was called there, shot the officer from the second story of the building, inflicting a mortal wound.

Fled to Nevada.

After the fight the fugitive and twice a murderer went to a near-by ranch, where he secured a horse and fled to Nevada. Here a large posse started on his trail, and when near Elko, Nevada, a posse of Mormon settlers, headed by Deputy United States Marshal Sidney McCoy, ran him down, arrested him after a running fight of nearly four miles, and held him until Sheriff Allen, of Burns, could come with a requisition and return him to Harney county, where he was tried December 8th last, and on December 10th he was sentenced to be hanged January 29, 1904, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. He was brought to the penitentiary Tuesday, January 15, 1903, on the evening train, by Sheriff Tom Allen, of Harney county, and Special Deputy Buoy, a prominent citizen of Burns. On the way out from Harney county, Egbert, who was kept heavily ironed, was in the best of spirits and constantly told of his escapes and love affairs.

Attacked His Guards.

Once only did he express any ill feeling toward his ever-vigilant guards, and that was on the occasion of the stop for breakfast at Austin's station, on the stage route from Burns to Whitney. His shackles had been temporarily taken off his hands, so as to enable him to eat with some degree of comfort, though his feet were heavily ironed and weighted down with 16-pound Oregon boots. A heavy sledge hammer was lying on the floor of the room in which the prisoner ate his meal, and, suddenly seizing it, he swung the deadly weapon over his head and turned on Deputy Sheriff Buoy, Sheriff Allen, quick as a cat, sprang at the murderer from the rear and grasped the sledge just as Egbert was in the act of bringing it down upon the head of the deputy. A desperate fight for the possession of the hammer resulted, and, as the prisoner and arrested him, but the criminal

it took the two officers some little time to overpower and shackle him, but at last it was accomplished, and from that moment the shackles were not again removed until the party reached the penitentiary on December 15th. When the prisoner was turned over to the penitentiary officials he roundly cursed the Harney county officers, using the vilest of epithets, and expressing the hope that on their trip home their train would be wrecked and they would both be killed.

Tried to Commit Suicide.

Before leaving Burns, Egbert tried to knock out his brains by beating his head against the wall of the cell in which he was confined.

In addition to the above, short sketch of his career Egbert acknowledged last evening, while in conversation with a representative of The Journal, that he had served one enlistment in the Eighth United States cavalry, having enlisted at Fort Riley, Kansas, and that the greatest part of his army life was spent at that post. He talked interestingly of his experience in the army, and expressed his regret at ever having quit the service, in which a man with ambition and ability could climb to the highest point in an honorable profession.

In speaking of his life, Egbert said: "I was born in Exira, Audobon county, Iowa, and will be 28 years old March 27th, next. I was adopted by a farmer named Egbert, and assumed the name of Harry D. Egbert, though my name is John H. Frost. I was known by the name given me by my adopted parents, while I attended school, I graduated from the high school of Audubon county, and immediately thereafter I engaged in the liquor traffic, which in Iowa is illegal, owing to the prohibition law. I conducted a secret saloon, or a 'blind pig,' and made money, my profits being as much as \$10 a day. After a time I was compelled to leave there, and I drifted further west."

He refused to state what he had done from the time he left Iowa until he came to Oregon, but of his career in this state, he said:

His Career in Oregon.

"I came to Oregon in 1900, and for a time I worked as a teamster, until I got into trouble, in Lane county, when I was sent to prison for a term of years, having been convicted of larceny from a building. Here I knew Tracy, but I never had anything to do with him, and when I was discharged I determined to lead a respectable life. I adopted the name of Henry D. Egbert, by which I was known when an adopted son of a family in Iowa, and I determined to be straight. But I got into trouble, and in a quarrel struck a man over the head with a six-shooter, while in Douglas county. I left there, and left the state, but my love for the woman at Burns brought me back, and this is the result."

Claims Self-Defense.

"I will say this, I did not kill those two men in cold blood, but was fighting for my life, for I had heard that Saxton had made a boast that he would kill me on sight, and when I saw him come to the Fields ranch, accompanied by another armed man, I knew that it was up to me to fight for my life, for I knew Saxton to be a de-

termined man, and there was nothing for me to do but give him battle. I had escaped from him once, and this so galled him that he 'had it in' for me. After the fight, I escaped to the Nevada line, which was only 20 miles away, and I thought I was comparatively safe, but McCoy, of Elko, one of the bravest officers I ever met, ran me down.

"I killed those two men in self-defense, and I should not have been found guilty of a greater crime than manslaughter, and my attorney, Mr. A. D. Leedy, of Canyon City, holds the same view, but the people of Harney county were prejudiced against me, and I could not secure a fair trial. If I could have secured a new trial and a change of venue, I could have escaped the gallows, but I had no money, and I suppose I must die."

Not Drink, But a Woman.

"Most fellows, when in my position, lay the blame to whisky, but that is not my case, for I never was addicted to the use of strong drink. I have not been drunk three times in my life, and have seldom tasted whisky. Strong drink is not the cause of my being here, but women have been at the bottom of all my trouble. Women were the cause of my downfall, and it is on account of a woman that I am here today, awaiting death on the scaffold. I was always a fool after them, and there was one woman that I loved—Oh, God, how I loved her!—and she is directly to blame for my present predicament. I was safe out of the state, but I returned to see her. If I had then gone away, as I intended to, after seeing her, I could have escaped, but I remained with her, and the officers found me, with the result that I had to fight for my life, and this is the result. I love her still, and will as long as I live. A good woman is a blessing to a man, but a bad woman is the worst curse a man can have, and I know what that is."

"I have relatives in different parts of the country, but they can do nothing for me, and I am doomed to go to the scaffold, when I did not commit the degree of crime of which I am accused, and convicted."

also wrote to his grandmother at Exira, Iowa. When the prison missionary came to his cell, the prisoner always gave him respectful attention, and a few weeks ago he was baptised by that gentleman, Rev. St. Pierre, who is a Presbyterian missionary, entering the cell with the prisoner, and administering the sacred rite to him.

Is Grateful for Kindnesses.

When speaking with a representative of The Journal last evening, he expressed his thanks to Mr. St. Pierre and the Christian ladies, who had visited him, for their interest in his future welfare, and for the many kindnesses shown him.

Night before last he did not sleep at all, but yesterday morning, between the hours of 9 and 11, he slumbered lightly, and was refreshed when he arose. He scarcely tasted his breakfast, and his mid-day meal was entirely untouched when removed from his cell. Last night he ate a little, and during the night he spent the major portion of his time bending over his little table writing what he said was his last will.

Sure Cure for Piles.

Itching Piles produce moisture and cause itching, this form, as well as Bleeding or Protruding Piles are cured by Dr. Bo-sank's Pile Remedy. Stops itching and bleeding. Absorbs tumors. 50c a jar at drug stores, or sent by mail. Treatise free. Write me about your case. Dr. Bo-sank, Phila., Pa.

Notice.

The Hughes bridge will be closed to teams until further notice. By order of the committee on bridges.

H. C. TAPLEY,
Street Commissioner.
Salem, Or., Jan. 20, 1904. I 21-101

Parents in aKansa.

Egbert's parents reside at Smith Center, Kansas, where he writes to his father, James Frost. He also writes to his aged grandmother, Mrs. L. Frost, of Exira, Iowa, and to his sister, Mrs. Kidwell, of Alseel, Union county, Oregon. His sister writes to him, but his father has not been heard from. His attorney, A. D. Leedy, of Canyon City, Oregon, has not written to him recently, as it is evident that his relatives will not take a hand to save him from the death penalty. In speaking of his approaching end last evening, he said:

"Life is a struggle at best, and there is nothing in it for a man who born poor. There is nothing in life except the pleasure you can get out of it, and that is little, for the man without wealth. Still, life is sweet to all of us, and we hate to die, but what choice is there for me?"

His Last Walk.

Yesterday afternoon Egbert took his last walk in the yard of the penitentiary. He was shackled to Guard Warren Cyrus, and together the two men, fine looking, athletic fellows, both of them, marched back and forth

on the cinder path, the prisoner stepping quick and fast, and inhaling the pure, sweet air in deep breaths. He spoke entertainingly with Mr. Cyrus and seemed to be in good spirits, and even showed that he was not at all nervous, claiming that his hand did not tremble one particle. He thanked the guard, to whom he had taken a liking during the past six weeks, for the kindnesses shown him, and expressed his entire readiness to die, though he stated that no one knew how hard it was to bear the thought of his certain approaching end. When the guard escorted him back to his cell and turned him over to the death watch, Egbert removed a plain silver ring from the little finger of his right hand, with the statement that he had worn it for many years, and presented it to Mr. Cyrus, asked that the recipient would always wear it. The ring was accepted, and is now the property of Mr. Cyrus.

His Nerve Weakens at Times.

Up to within the past few days, Egbert was cheerful and composed, but during the last week his iron nerve gave way at times, and he had moments of deep depression and nervousness. This he attempted to hide, especially when visitors were at his cell door, and he gave himself the appearance of a perfectly serene and composed person, who had nothing to worry him. His appetite failed him during the last few days, and some of his meals were sent away untouched, the condemned man's great soul seeming to be cigarettees. These he smoked constantly, and when a visiting newspaper man handed him cigars he accepted them thankfully, and seemed to enjoy them.

He spent a goodly portion of this week writing letters to his relatives, his father, a well-to-do rancher at Smith Center, Kansas, and his sister, Mrs. Alice, Union county, each receiving last messages from him. He

Don't Send a Boy To Mill

If you want a man's work done, is an old saying. You can send anyone to our market for meat, and your order will be filled just as well as if you came yourself. We keep nothing but the very choicest meats, fat, prime, tender and juicy, and we cut and trim your steaks, roasts and chops as only experts can for your table.

E. C. Cross

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Successor to D. S. Bentley.

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Roche Harbor Lime, Alsen Cement, Lath and Shingles, Sand and Gravel

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