Frank P. Rose Shot to Death Behind Prison Walls for the Cowardly Murder of His Wife Last Christmas

PENALTY PAID FOR FOUL DEED

Rose Went to Death Unshaken.

Three Bullets Pierced His Heart and Death Was Instantaneous.

Criminal Makes a Long, Rambling Statement to His Guard, Claiming Credit for Many Crimes.

RANK P. ROSE is dead-sho through the heart in the yard of the Utah State prison at 10:10 o'clock yesterday morning.

When that bright-eyed, chubby baby boy was found-starving where he was left to starve-by his murdered mother's side, the doom of his father was

When conscience made the man coward, fate pursued him, eager, anxfous, relentless, until he marched to jail, and his end was certain.

When he sat in his lonely cell, cringing in dread of the future, when no mortal was near; quaking in the shadow of the doom about him; when despair cast its anchor in the harbor of his mind, then traveled like a nightmare in the arena of his dreams, there was no hope for him.

Without hope, without friends, there was no mercy for the miserable wretch who committed the most cruel murder ever done within the limits of Utah. The only manly thing he ever did was

to surrender. And when he toppled over in that strapped chair in the prison-yard, after the bullets had done their fatal work, there was only a sigh of relief and no plty among those who viewed the

Terror, with pale finger, had fainted eath upon his brow. Remorse, that death upon his brow. Remorse, that grim Nemesis of evil-doers, gnawing at his vitals, made death welcome. His soul may live to suffer for the sins of the flesh. But here's peace to

his soulless clay.

At the Prison.

Utah State prison, April 22, 1904. The brass gong over the prison door clangs and it is 9 45 o'clock A restless group of men are chatting in front of the iron door of the prison. It is a glorious morning. All nature is set to smiles. Bright and biue skies the scene with spring-time of loaf sugar the snow-tops of the Wa-

mountains gleam in the sunlight, a glorious day—to die. It is three minutes of ten and the fron doors open and the restless throng pours into the prison-yard. On the east side of the prison-yard the spectators find an inclosure roped

off with twisted wire. Two red-covered tables stand near the wire. An armed and uniformed guard paces listlessly back and forth on top of the high stone wall.

Within the roped inclosure is an empty wooden chair upon a slight plat-form with the back fastened to a solid wooden frame pressed close against the

Exactly opposite the chair with its grewsome straps and buckles is a huge double door in one of the prison buildings, covered with blue-black

From this blue-black cloth five round

Before the Shooting.

The prison guard walks back and forth upon the high stone wall. Newspaper reporters take seats red-topped tables and begin

make notes.

Among the spectators that crowd closely upon the rope wires are nu-merous men wearing badges indicating that they are Sheriffs from other

countles.
Blue-coated, brass-buttoned deputies stand within the wires and keep the spectators back.

At 10:98 o'clock there is a noise at the south end of the prison yard and a group of men appear around the corner of the prison building. In the group three men stand out in

front conspicuously They are Frank

P. Rose and two deputies.

The deputies clutch the arms of the doomed man tightly and move quickly forward to the vacant chair. The other officers follow close behind. The prisoner's face shows a dark

yellow pallor. He is dressed in a dark blue flannel shirt with gray trousers. He wears no suspenders and the shirt is open at the collar.

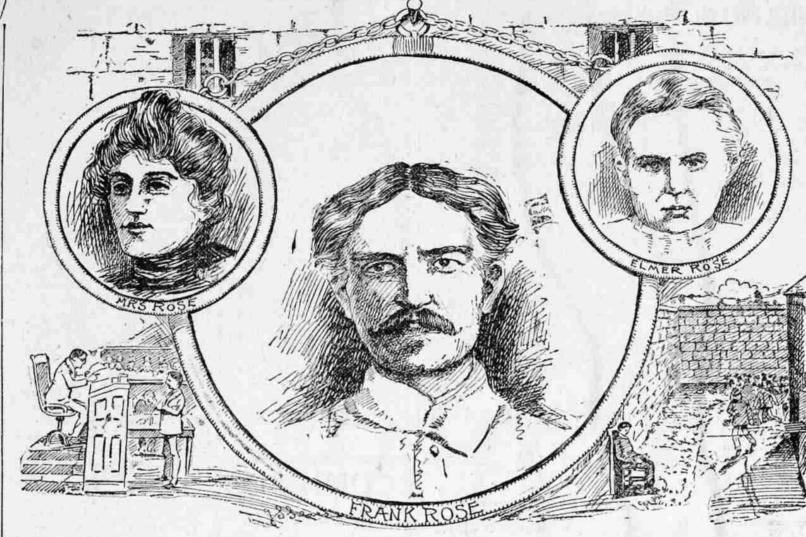
Upon the blue front of the shirt on left side is a four-inch square of

From five holes in the blue cloth por peer the muzzles of five rifles. The prisoner is placed in the chair

Deputies quickly strap his feet and hands and he sits erect. The only evi-dence of nervousness appears in the paleness of his face and in the manner in which his hands clench desperately and tightly the arms of the wooden

It is 10:10 o'clock. The deputies examine the fastenings carefully. They speak a few words of farewell to the blindfolded man strapped in the right, then fall back in a group to the right, then

One of them lingers a moment, then oes back and shakes the limp hand goes back and shakes the limp hand of the prisoner, strapped at the wrist to the arm of the chair. He mutters good-bye and joins the other group.



There is a signal. Then, in the twink-ling of an eye the rifles burst forth in one chorus of sharp, crackling sound. Only one report is heard, as if but one

rifle had been fired.

Of the five rifles one contains a blank cartridge and no man of the five who fired the fatal shots, knows whether his is blank or bullet when he fires.

The Man in the Chair Starts.

Simultaneously with the crack of the so slightly. It seems as if a tramor of surprise has run through his form. His head is erect upon his shoulders and there is not a motion of his paie, set features. He sits as if nothing has

happened.
There is a tense silence among the spectators. The armed sentinel on the high stone wall has stopped his monoto-nous walk and leans eagerly forward. his rifle grasped firmly in his right

Two or three seconds clapse and sud-denly the head of the doomed man falls forward upon his left shoulder. Frank P. Rose is dead—no, he gasps and convulsive shudders run through

The deputies rush forward and gather about the dying man.

"Everybody out," shouts the deputy. Reluctantly the spectators begin to leave. The newspaper reporters gather up their note books, dart under the wire spress and talk the prices deputies at

ropes and join the prison deputies at the side of the prisoner. At 10:14 o'clock the dying man is still

twitching convulsively. A deputy leans forward and opens his shirt front. On the white undershirt four blood spots, about the size of ten cent pieces, mark the place where the bullets enter-ed the body. The spots are in a group, with scarcely any white space between. Seemingly three of them have perforated the heart and Frank P. Rose is, to all intent and purpose, dead But the inanimate clay is still twitch-

ing and gasping.
At 10:15 o'clock, the warden orders the body taken from the chair and place1 upon a rude wooden table, near the door covered with the blue-black cloth. The limbs are straightened out, the ray bandage is removed from the eyes. A physician turns back the eyelid and-

Frank P. Rose is declared dead The armed sentinel resumes his measured tread up the high stone wall. "All out." orders the Sheriff and the newspaper reporters follow the specta-tors that have gone before. A few minutes later and a wagon

drives up with a coffin "I can't wake my mamma up," said little two-year-old Elmer Rose to the officers of the law, when they found the child slowly starving to death by its murdered mother's side. Now little Elmer Rose can't "wake his papa up." Poor little orphan.

Wished to Die With Eyes Open

Incidents of the Day of Execution Leading Up to the Fatal

Moment.

Sheriff Emery rend the death warrant to the murderer in his cell shortly before 10 o'clock, Warden Arthur Pratt and Assistant County Attorney Whitaker were present. The prisoner's pulse was above normal, and, although Guard Shurtliff, who had the death watch from midnight until 8 o'clock in the morning said the prisoner slept well his eyes were bloodshot and his features appeared a little haggard.

"That is pretty well gotten up." said Rose, referring to the wording of the death warrant after it had been read by Sheriff Emery. Warden Pratt asked him if he had anything further he desired to say before the execution, and he replied in the negative. Rose requested the Sheriff not to blindfold his eyes, saying he wanted to see the guns

and that he would have to have his eyes covered.

Was Given Some Whisky. It was a few minutes after 10 o'clock

when the uxoricide was led from his cell to the death chair. Dr. Young acceded to his demand for whisky gave him a large drink before leaving the cell. Rose said good-bye to the guards on duty and called farewell to Charlie Botha, sentenced to be shot in June, who but a few minutes before had been placed in a cell above the tier occupied by Rose, after being brought in by the officers of San Juan county, who had taken him to Monticello for

Rose asked to see the death chair, and he was not blindfolded until out in the prison yard. From the corner of the building opposite to the side of the building where the crowd was gathered he was permitted to see the fatal spot He displayed wonderful control of himself and stood quietly while Deputy Sheriff Andrew Smith tied a handkerchief over his eyes. He could see some-what beneath the bandgage, and asked to be permitted to walk unassisted to the chair. Deputy Sheriffs James Cowan and Joe Burbidge took hold of his arms on either side and the procession moved to the chair.

Seemed Eager to Die.

Rose walked as though eager to reach the chair. He seemed to pull the two deputies along with him. His step was firm and every movement indicated a determined resolve to die game. Quickly the straps were buckled around his wrists and ankles. The work of fastening the prisoner was performed by Dep-Sheriffs Cowan, Burbidge and Smith and Clerk Stowe. Rose tested the bonds that held him and said:

"I can't get away-you've got me strapped tight all right. Dr. Odell fastened the target over the isoner's heart.

Drs. Young and Odell grasped the pulse of either wrist for a few seconds and then shook hands with the murder-er. The others had fallen back. Dr. Beer stepped forward and said goodbye, grasping the man's hands.
"So long, boys!" said Rose. Those

A long rifle barrel was poked through one of the holes in the door, then four more gleamed through as many more stop on the top of the wall, above the crowd, where at his post he patrolled all morning with a double-barreled shotgun on his shoulder.

were his last words.

That Fatal Word, "Fire!"

"Fire!"-the order was given by the Sheriff. Five reports sounded as one. The crowd rushed loward the death chair. It was all over in less time than It takes to tell it. The aim of the marksmen had been true. All four bul-lets had pierced the target; three entered the bullseye; the fourth was an inch and a half lower down. A nickel coin covers the three bullet holes in the bullseye, they were so close together.

The corpse was removed to a table nearby and the crowd dispersed. Thirty nearby and the crowd dispersed. Thirty minutes later a wagon was driven out of the jail and down the hill around to the east side of the prison. It was the hearse. Clerk Stowe, one or two guards and several convicts followed behind the wagon. They constituted the funeral procession. The grave was ready, and the rough wooden coffin, containing all that remained of Franklin Pierce Rose was laid to rest in the prison cemetery.

Rose Reveals Record of Crime

Makes Statement to Guard Pugsley Claiming Credit for Many Murders and Robberies.

Not less than a dozen murders, besides scores of hold-ups and highway robberies, were committed by Frank Rose during his lifetime, according to eyes, saying he wanted to see the guns and everything that took place. He appeared disappointed when Sheriff Emery told him it was against the law lived that were so steeped in crime and everything that took place. He appeared disappointed when Sheriff Emery told him it was against the law lived that were so steeped in crime and everything that took place. He appeared disappointed when Sheriff Emery told him it was against the law lived that were so steeped in crime and everything that took place. He appeared disappointed when Sheriff Emery told him it was against the law lived that were so steeped in crime and everything that took place. He appeared disappointed when Sheriff Emery told him it was against the law lived that were so steeped in crime and everything that took place. He appeared disappointed when Sheriff Emery told him it was against the law lived that were so steeped in crime and everything that took place. He appeared disappointed when Sheriff Emery told him it was against the law lived that were so steeped in crime and lived the law lived that were so steeped in crime and lived the law lived the law lived that were so steeped in crime and lived the law lived that were so steeped in crime and lived the law lived that were so steeped in crime and lived the law lived that were so steeped in crime and lived the law lived the l a confession made by him to Death

so degenerated as was Rose if the story of his life as related yesterday is true. So numerous and villainous are the deeds the wife-murderer claims to have committed, that it is hard to believe that he was telling the truth.

Murder was nothing to Frank Rose, if we are to believe the story of his crimes, related by himself. Paltry, indeed, was the price placed by him upon human life. For a few dollars he would "put a man away," and the sight of blood was no more to his eyes than so much running water. A trivial injury, often only fancled, was sufficient excuse for the taking of life, according to Rose's standards.

His Story of Crime. In his cell at the State prison, with the hour of his execution close at hand, the criminal recited to Guard Pugsley the story of his criminal career. With the same air of bravado and lack of conscience that has characterized his actions since the time of his arrest, he

recounted scores of crimes that he claims to have committed.

Rose made the confession of his own free will, and no influence of any kind was brought to bear on him. The sub-ject came up in a rather peculiar way. Thursday afternoon the murderer and Guard Pugsley were chatting, and Rose

'Don't you know that I always believed that Roosevelt was responsible for the death of McKinley? I am satis-fied that he hired some one to do that

"I don't think that could be possible, replied the guard, "how could be do it?"
"Oh, that would be easy enough. I've seen the time when I'd do that for few dollars," said the wife-murderer. Then followed a conversation in which Rose hinted at his career of crime, and finally, in reply to a ques-tion from the death watch, began:

He Began When a Boy. "I turned my first trick when I was a kid, 17 years old. One night I broke into Robinson's Hardware store in Middleton, Mo., and got away with \$182.35. I made my get-away safely, and a little later robbed Cason's drug

store at Montgomery City.
"A few weeks later I turned 'dip'
and picked the pockets of old Joe Hunt, one of the prominent citizens of the town. I made a good haul and was quite pleased with my success.

Soon after that I got acquainted with a number of young women, and after gaining their affections, I had them marry some wealthy duffers. soon as the girls could get hold of the money we would skip out and take a trip. I landed nearly a dozen suckers this way, but finally had to cut it out. Some Cutting Scrapes.

"In St. Louis I got into a lot of cut-ting ecrapes, and once was pretty badly carved up. I tackled three men on the street, and in the mix-up I stabbed one of them in the body, breaking the blade of the knife and leaving it sticking in the fellow's side. Another one elashed me across the throat, and I thought I was done for. I finally got away, but after wandering about the streets decided to give myself up, for I knew that they would get me, any-

"I started for the police station, but just as I was about to enter I had an idea. A fellow came along the street borrowed his pocket knife he was waiting for me to return it I made a slash and pretended to cut my throat. The stranger called the police and they carried me into the station. Everybody thought I had attempted suicide and they gave me the best of care until I was well, when they turned me losses.

Only Two Got Away.

"In the year 1892 I held up thirty-two shooting, but I don't believe I ever killed anybody.
"After that I went to the Territory

(Oklahoma) and Joined the Dalton gang. I was with Bill Dalton until a few weeks before his death, when I left

a Sixth street saloon one night and the next morning they found him dead down in the Dago district. His head was cracked open and the newspapers said he fell and fractured his skull. 'That day I went down to the morgue to investigate and found it was the same fellow I had given the chloral

to the night before. "Another time a fellow flashed a roll of bills that looked good to me, and I said right away, 'There's my Injun-Before morning I had his roll and a big sixshooter that he carried besides.

Hid Behind Many Names.

"While I was in St. Louis and Oklahoma I traveled under the names of Bill Sly, William Cody, Full-Hand Jim, Tom Lang, William Hartigan and Bill

I was drunk for three days straight St. Louis, and when I sobered up I didn't know what had happened. put my hand in my pocket to get a smoke and pulled out a human hand, evidently that of a young girl. I know that she could not have been dead long, for the fresh blood on the wrist had collected some loose tobacco in my packet I never did find out whose hand it was or where I got it, but I burned it in the kitchen stove at home in the presence of my mother.

Soon afterward I left and went to California. I did a number of jobs out there, but was never caught. Once we had it framed up to liberate a friend of mine who is serving time in the Pre-sidio prison. His name is Ted Murray,

Decided to Reform.

"One night in Kelly's saloon at 'Frisco I suddenly remembered that I had a wife and child in St. Louis, and de cided to send for them and reform. I wrote a letter to my wife and soor went to work on a ranch in Nevada. Later I sent my wife some money and she joined me there. She declared she had been true at first, and we lived as happy as kids for a while. One Sunday night she told me that

she had been false and named a num-ber of men she had lived with while I was away. That broke me all up, from that time on it was all off. I left there the next morning and she came along. I tried to shake her in Ogden, but she wouldn't leave me. A few days later we came to Salt Lake and—well, you know what happened."

Rose further stated that his wife knew about his misdeeds, and he added, "but you bet she kept still. When-ever they'd find a dead man in St. Louis, my wife would say, 'Well, I guess that's some more of your work.'

This is the story of crime as related by Rose himself. If it is true, he is one of the worst criminals known to the world. The man who told the story is now in eternity, and it is hardly possi ble that the truth will ever be known.

Brief Story of Rose's Crime

Chapter Torn From the Record of Unfortunate and Misguided Humanity.

Never in the history of the State had murder of such shocking atrocity been committed as that on last Christmas day, when Franklin Pierce Rose sent a bullet through the head of his girl wife as she lay in bed. Still more persons in St. Louis, and only two of the bunch got away. I had some ex-citing times, and once or twice I did His actions of the succeeding two days were beyond credibility. While his two-year-old babe lay in the blood of its cold and foully murdered mother the father wandered the streets from and traveled with the Starr gang. We made some good hauls from the boomers that rear and quite a number of two days Rose told how he killed his

27th that he walked into the police station and gave himself up. Up to that time not a soul besides himself knew of the tragedy. Rose carried the awful secret in his heart, and when he calmly narrated the circumstances of the crime to Sergt. Roberts the officer was inclined not to credit his story. The murderer described the killing without the least display of emotion. His wife, he said, had been leading a sporting life; that she agreed with him that the best way to end it all was for him to kill her. The confessed murderer was placed under arrest and a coroner's to kill her. The confessed murderer was placed under arrest and a coroner's jury was summoned.

How Child Was Found.

How Child Was Found.

The officers found the tale of the crime only too true. They found the two-year-old child lying inert by the side of its mother's lifeless clay. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict on the following day that Maud Eliza Rose had been killed by her husband, Franklin P. Rose. A complaint was sworn to charging Rose with murder by Capt. J. B. Burbidge of the police department. On December 30th Rose was arraigned in the criminal division of the City court and entered a pica of guilty to the charge. He waived all preliminary proceedings and was bound over to the District court without bail. The case against the man was prosecuted in the District court by the late District Attorney Dennis C. Eichnor. On January 2, 1904, the District Attorney filed the information charging Rose

ney filed the information charging Rose with the crime of murder in the first degree, and on the following day the body of Mrs. Rose was buried.

He Wanted to Die.

A plea of gullty was entered by Rose upon his arraignment in the criminal division of the District court before Judge Charles B. Morse. Attorney Soren X. Christensen was appointed by the court to defend the prisoner, and his clear of sullty was changed to one his plea of guilty was changed to one of not guilty. Letters were received from a sister of the defendant saying that he was insane, and a defense of

ineanity was put up by his attorney.

The trial of the case began on Febru-The trial of the case began on February 23rd. A jury was secured by March 1st, after the examination of many talesmen. On March 3rd the jury returned a verdict of guilty as charged in the information, without recommendation. On March 7th Judge Morse sentenced the murderer to be whot, and fixed April 22nd as the day of shot, and fixed April 22nd as the day of

His Life in the Jail.

At the penitentiary Rose was num-bered convict 1825. He occupied cell No. 129, on the bottom tier of the south side of the south cellhouse. There were only six other prisoners in all the numerous cells on the south side of the south cellhouse, and Rose chafed un-der confinement. Botha was his nearest neighbor in a cell on the tier above him. The two were often to-gether, taking their exercise at the same time. Rose complained because of his incarceration and longed for the day of his execution. He often said he would rather die than exchange places with the shortest term man in the prison. At his request his baby was brought to see him on March 11th. The father was in no way touched by the meeting, and his actions indicated that he would have liked to kill the child. He bade the child an emotionless good-bye. Since April 7th the murderer has been kept under death watch, a guard standing sentinel at his door every hour of the day to see that he did not cheat the law by committing suicide

NO OUTWARD SIGN

OF A BREAK-DOWN

Although there was no apparent breaking down the outward appear-ances of the man did not indicate his real condition. The nervous strain told upon his system, and in a few minutes more there can be no doubt but that he would have collapsed. From the time he left his cell until he was strapped securely in the death chair his nervous

ystem was taxed to its utmost. Before leaving the cell his pulse was 90 beats a minute, and just before his heart was plerced by the leaden missiles the pulsations had dropped to 66, a difference of 24. Prison Physician Dr. A. C. Young stated after the execution that the weakened heart action denoted "A fellow named Long and myself were going to assault the guard, but Long weakened. Two days later they found his body in the bay."

that the weakened heart action denoted a general collapse of the system. It was not long that he had to wait, and he died game, as he said he would, so far as was apparent in his outward de-

NO RELATIVE OR FRIEND TO COMFORT ROSE

Not a relative of the murderer wa present, nor even a friend. True, he was treated with consideration by the officials, as any other prisoner is treated. The only person to display the least evidence of concern in the doomed man was Sciomon Nelson, one of the proprietors of the New State saloon, who sent him a box of cigars Thursday evening. Accompanying the package was a letter from Deputy Sheriff Axel H. Steele. Neither the letter nor the cigars were given to Rose He was, however told about them. The letter from Steele read as follows:

"Kindly accept this box of cigars from Solomon Nelson, a friend of mine who wishes you to accept of same and hopes that you will bear up during trying ordeal. I will inclose a blank letter head of his and hope you will acknowledge receipt of same. A. H. STEELE. PEOPLE WHO SAW

THE EXECUTION The execution was witnessed by per-

haps 150 people. Some arrived at the penitentiary before 9 o'clock. About 9:15 o'clock the executioners were driven up in a closed carriage and taken immediately within the prison walls. Sheriff Emery, with Deputy Burbidge, drove up in a light rig at 9:30 o'clock. The Sheriff tenery. o'clock. The Sheriff had the death war-rant and the target to be placed over the condemned man's heart in an inside pocket. Warden Pratt sent a note in to Rose, asking him if he cared to see any reporters, and the prisoner sent back word that he did not. He refused ab-solutely, saying he had said everything the day before that he cared to say. On the 9:30 o'clock car to the prison

the day before that he cared to say.
On the 9:30 o'clock car to the prison
were Sheriff A. S. Woods and ex-Sheriff
C. L. Christensen, with the convicted
murderer, Charles Botha, sentenced to
be shot on Friday, June 10th. The
officers had a hard trip, being eight
days making the journey to and from
Monticello, San Juan county. They were
glad to turn the convict over to the
State authorities, and after receiving
a receipt for his delivery waited to witness the execution of Rose. Another
outside officer present was Deputy
Sheriff Seabring of Weber county. Dr.
W. C. C. Freeman of Rock Springs,
Wyo., was also among the crowd. The
others were mostly officials and officers others were mostly officials and officers of the city and county, who in one way or another have been connected with the prosecution of the case against Rose. A few business men were present, and also representatives of the daily press.

Gov. Wells was not reconstructed.

and 10 o'clock he telephoned to and 10 o'clock he telephoned that he clemency would be exercised in the prisoner's behalf. Dr. Mayo, as county physician, was unable to present, and his assistant, Dr. 7 to Odell, officiated in that capacity was assisted by Dr. W. F. Beer. A minutes before 10 o'clock the crowd was admitted within the walls and the around to the east wall. Part was tween the north and the south with tween the north and the south stood the chair, directly opposite small apertures in the door of that

LAST RESTING PLACE OF THE MURDERY

Between the graves of Frank Day, ton, the convict killed in the retu-break, and Peter Mortensen, except break, and Peter Mortensen, execute for the murder of James R. Hay, is all that is left of Frank Rose. With thirty minutes after the rifles range thirty minutes after the body of the secin the prison yard the body of the ag murderer, still warm, was lowered its last resting place in the big

its last resting place in the beat prison graveyard.

No sooner had the crowd of spectars left the prison yard than the ponderer south gates of the penitentiary true open and the heavy wagon contains the murderer's body drove out and preceded on a trot to the burial ground.

A rude grave had been previous prepared by a squad of prisoners, and without ceremony of any kind without ceremony of prepared by a squad of prisoners in without ceremony of any kind the best

without ceremony of any kind the betwas lowered into the grave. We Creechley, Wade Nichols, William Rowland and Thomas Emilay, prisoners at the institution, acted as pallbearers. When the rough wooden box containing the wife-slayer's remains by been placed in the grave there was moment's pause. Something seemed a have been omitted, and even the tratter stopped involuntarily to see if any one would step forward to speak a new over the body ere it was covered we seem? over the body ere it was covered we

for the stern command of the gua-brought the prisoners back to the work, and the dismal sound of close dropping on the wooden box began. A plain board with the name "Fruk P. Rose" upon it was planted to mak the identity of the grave.

After the first few shovelfulls of earth had been placed in the grave to group of spectators began to dwind away, and slowly in groups of two ut three they disappeared, until only the squad of prisoners and the guard re-

When the mound had been complete the trustles shouldered their stores and filed back to the prison. Thus enter

Five Executions

Murderers Have Suffered the Death Penalty.

Rose's execution was the fifth that has taken place in Utah during the past ten years, Guard D. A. Hilton, who took such an important part in fratrating the prison delivery attempted last October, is probably the only man who has been present at all five exer-

The first of these five to pay the death penalty was Enoch Davis, who murdered his wife and buried her corpse in a potato pit. His execution occurred at what is known as the Point of the Mountain on September 14, 184 Charles Thiede, another wife murde er, was the next to pay the death per-alty. He explated his crime on the

scaffold in the yard of the county is in this city on August 7, 1896. Pat Cochran was executed on December 7, 1396. He was convicted of the murder of two officers named Stags and Dawes. On being asked what he desired for breakfast on the day he was shot the criminal is said to have abswered: "Stags and dogs on toast Peter Mortensen, convicted of the foll murder of James R. Hay, was set within the prison walls on the 30th day of last November. The execution ec-curred at 10.31 in the morning and the

burial at 3:20 that afternoon.

Frank P. Rose, shot until dead reterday morning, April 22, 1904, make the fifth execution witnessed by Guard David Hilton. Rose was, like the first David Hilton. Rose was, like the first two, a wife murderer. It was on a Fri-day, last Christmas day, that he shat his wife. Maud Rose, and it was on a Friday, yesterday, that he paid the penalty, just four months, lacking three days, from the commission of the crims until its explation. until its explation.

TO BE **ABSOLUTELY** SURE

GOOD TEAS. COFFEES, BAKING POWDEB AND GOOD THINGS

TO EAT. EXTRA PREMIUMS THIS WEEK. IT PAYS

Great American Importing Tes Ca. 245 Main St., Salt Lake City.

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS'

Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the stockholders of the lingham-New Haven Copper & Gold Whing company, a Utah corporation in the office of said company, No. 307 McCornix building. Sait Lake City, Utah, on Saturday, April 39, 1904. at 3 o'clock p. in a said day, for the purpose of ratifying the action of the board of directors of said company in authorizing said company is saue two hundred thousand dollars of six per cent gold bonds, to be dated Just 1, 1904, and payable five years after dat, and in giving a mortgage or trust desupon all of its property to secure said bonds and interest; and to transact said other business as may come before said meeting.

The stockholders are carnestly urged to

The stockholders are earnestly urged is

Rose. A few business men were present at the daily press.

Gov. Wells was not present at the execution. Between the hours of 3

The stockholders are earness as be present at the meeting. COPPER to be present at the execution. Between the hours of 3

The stockholders are earness as the present at the meeting. COPPER to be present at the meeting. GOLD MINING CO.

By Louis E Stoddard, President. Thomas W Farnam. Secretary.

Dated Salt Lake City. Utah, this got day of March, 1994.