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## THAT ORPHANS' HOME RULING.

In another column will be found an interview with Senator Metzel, in which Attorney General Haskell is shown up in a very unfavorable light. The senator says he has it from the best of authority that the irrepressible state legal adviser found it convenient to make his unjust ruling against the orphans' home last fall, by which a large number of homeless children were turned out doors, because, forsooth, the state treasury was running low! That's a legal proposition for doctors of law to scramble their brains over. Granting that Senator Metzel gets his information from a reliable source—it comes through Superintendent of Instruction Steere—the attorney general of the great state of Montana would make a handy affidavit man in a contest like the capital election. Senator Metzel is not a man who talks wildly—his most meaningless utterance is better than some men's oaths—and therefore if Haskell's associate tells the truth the attorney general stands charged of a very grave indictment. If such motives influence his rulings impeachment is too good for him—he should be debarred from practice.

## THE HAYWARD CASE.

The miscarriage of justice is alas too frequent in this free land of ours; too often do red handed murderers go free, in fact acquittals are much more frequent than convictions, and the conviction of Harry Hayward is the source of much satisfaction to the people of Montana as well as the nation.

So much has been said and written concerning the trial that the following brief history of the case will be of interest to readers of the MADISONIAN:

The body of Catherine Ging, a dressmaker, twenty-eight years old, was found lying in the road near Lake Calhoun, close to Minneapolis, on the night of December 3, 1894. A gunshot wound had produced death.

The body was discovered by a man going home, who just before he stumbled upon the corpse saw a horse and buggy pass him at a furious rate and turn into the boulevard leading into the city. It was learned that the woman had ordered a carriage from a livery stable by telephone early in the evening and had departed alone. About half-past nine the horse and buggy dashed up to the stable. In the bottom of the buggy, which was unoccupied, was a quantity of fresh blood.

The police found out that Harry T. Hayward, an insurance agent, who was generally regarded as a fellow of bad character, had been on close terms of acquaintance with Miss Ging; that he had induced her to have her life insured for \$10,000 and that she had then signed the policies over to him he giving her \$7,000 for them.

He was arrested on suspicion, together with his brother, Adry A. Hayward. The following day Claus A. Blixt, an engineer, was arrested on the charge of being connected with the murder. Investigation at first indicated that Harry Hayward had planned the murder and that Blixt executed it. Blixt said that on the night of the murder he induced the girl to drive with him in the buggy which she had engaged. When they reached a lonely spot he shot her, and taking the body out of the buggy, laid it on the ground. Then he turned back to town and left the buggy near the stable.

Adry Hayward confessed all he knew of the plot, and said that his brother had attempted to draw him into it, but he refused to join in it. He tried to dissuade him from his murderous purpose, but without success.

It was found that Miss Ging had \$12,000 on her person the night of her

murder, \$7,000 of which she had obtained from Hayward. He expected to get this money, as well as the \$10,000 insurance.

Blixt made a second confession Dec. 8, in which he said he had not committed the murder, but had witnessed it. Hayward and the girl had driven to an appointed spot, where Blixt was to meet them. Hayward shot the girl, left the buggy, and Blixt took his place, throwing the body out, after driving about one mile. Blixt insisted that he had been under Hayward's hypnotic influence for some time previous to the murder.

It was said that while confined in the county jail awaiting trial Hayward attempted to bribe Sheriff Egg to allow Blixt, who was also a prisoner, an opportunity to kill himself, telling him that a crowd was breaking into the jail with the intention of lynching him.

The trial of Harry Hayward began early in February. Blixt turned state's evidence.

The Butte Mining Reporter says: "There is gold in Alder Gulch if the miner would only go for it." If the editor of this paper would visit Virginia during the season he might understand how amusing his comment is.

The Butte Miner of last Sunday was a handsome 16 page edition, profusely illustrated, and containing a number of special articles and timely topics. The Quinn-Miller combination is the tower of strength of Montana journalism.

"If any — traitor interferes with the stars and stripes, shoot him" was all that Representative Rossiter said in reference to the American Flag bill and those 12 words said more and came nearer expressing the sentiment of the American people than did all the noisy mouthings of the would-be patriots on the day of that memorable and useless discussion. True patriotism needs no advertising.

## SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

(Communicated.)

It is now a self evident fact that knowledge is power; that truth is shown on every page of the history of the world. But does not the knowledge of a man's own self, his power and worth generally, stand too much neglected to suit our advanced civilization at the present time. A much greater development and culture of our own faculties is—in most cases—needed to do the required duty to ourselves and others as "free and moral agents," which we really are. Self-neglect is the worst and most hurtful infidelity or duty-shirking there is. It is not enough to know something, what one can see or hear or acquire by book study, of the outside world, but a man's own inside, his brain-stored powers and faculties and possibilities, should, as well, be looked into with care and a strong will. And as one's will-power, in conjunction with legitimate and moral desire, is the mainspring of all progressive human actions, is it not necessary to develop and sprout this foremost brain faculty by strong recognition and rightly directed use? That all our so called natural gifts (faculties) stand highly in need of being pushed forward by knowing of their existence and by uses in action, none will deny. All true philosophy holds knowledge and development of self the highest and most fruit bearing of all acquisitions and gatherings leading to happiness.

The old educational system of our children did not fully correspond to this lay out, for it taught the children too much humility and will-crushing; it was afraid to let the children know the good points and talents they possessed, instead of—as ought to have been done—pointing out to them their high inborn undeveloped intellectual faculties and qualities. The thought seed was too often sifted out to the growing up manhood that mankind was a good-for-nothing, degraded race, and a helpless, crawling worm in the dust. The greatest service will be done to any child or any grown person by being told of their good intellectual qualities (talent, faculty) in order to give them a chance for self development, for nobody can develop what he does not know he possesses. Therefore praise the children right before them for their splendid natural intellectual gifts. Vanity, that has been made to be such a monster, is a small thing alongside the truth. Stout, strong, fearless and independent manhood will have to recognize and know their intellectual faculties, (will power, thought power, unchristian desire) and then keep on making them larger, stronger and keener by constant use.

Self-trust is the thing to cultivate.

We ought to know that a knowledge of our own worth establishes our valuation in the world. Individualization is the knowledge of greatness of self. A man's belittling of his estimate is degrading. Self evolved men, men that have understood themselves and cultivated the bump of self-esteem, are the men, the rank and file of which many now figure in the world's history. Napoleon Bonaparte's punctuality, concentration of mind and great iron will were all developed faculties. The same can be said of Newton and Shakespeare, that they were born with their splendid faculties dormant. Neither was Thomas Edison, the greatest man for the world's uses to-day, born with his genius, it is mostly cultivated gifts, bloomed out buds, faculties brought forth. The majority of our thrifty business men and millionaires and our grasping corporations throughout our land, are self made men, self cultivated, self trusting, hopeful, strong, fearless and yet careful men, knowing how to calculate, weigh, sift and measure in order to lead them to a successful conclusion. Outside of the power of the use of money, it is no wonder these self trusted, head-strong men have been so hard to cope with in the struggle in regard to the adjustment of the widening gap between capital and labor, and the gold bug scheme to demonize the world for silver. If two-thirds or one-half, nay, one third of the laboring classes and farmers would be true to themselves, and be men of self-cultivated inner brain, bold, strong, fearless and independently standing for their rights, then their own would have come to them without much struggle, and here is where it comes in.

Every gift or talent in man, possessed from nature, will have to be brought forth by strong, persistent cultivation, the more the sharper, till a genius shows forth. The brain of Nature's topmost creature man is alright. A strong enough and rightly directed development would produce wonders in the different branches, like T. Edison. It is not true that a man ever has been born a genius, as has been more or less the world's belief. It is a great mischief making mistake like very many of the world's old beliefs.

C. N.

## Cry of the Unsuccessful.

Have you thought in your moments of triumph,  
Oh, you that are high in the tree,  
Of the days and nights that are bitter—  
So bitter to others and me?  
When the efforts to do what is clever  
Result in a failure so sad,  
And the clouds of despondency gather  
And dim all the hopes that we had?

Have you thought when the world was applauding  
Your greatness, whatever it be,  
Of the tears that in silence were falling—  
Yes, falling from others and me?  
When the hardest and latest endeavors  
Appeared to be only in vain,  
And we've curtailed our eyes in the night-time  
Indifferent to waking again?

For it wants but little reflection,  
And you'll be the first to agree  
That the favors in which you are basking  
Are darkness to others and me.  
And it's hard when you lie in the sunshine  
Of fortune, so smiling indeed,  
If you have not a thought for the many  
Who'll never—can never—succeed.  
—Fall Mall Budget.

## Ghosts.

When the brilliant hues of the sunset fade  
Into amber and pale gold,  
When the wren and the robin sleep in the glade  
And the shepherd shuts his fold,  
When the lamps are lit in the deep blue skies  
And toil of the day is done—  
Pale, haunting ghosts of the past arise  
From the shadows one by one.

The ghost of the words we did not say  
In the days forever fled  
Comes out of the shadows dim and gray,  
And the ghost of the words we said,  
Of the cruel word, of the bitter word,  
Of the word of blame or scorn,  
That was keen as the point of a warrior's sword  
On a fateful battle morn.

The ghosts of the woes of age and youth  
That we passed unheeding by;  
Of the griefs we did not ask to soothe,  
Of the tears we did not dry;  
Of the ills of which we took no heed,  
Of the grievous wrongs unfought—  
Come with that of many a churlish deed  
Or of good deed left unwrought.

They cluster round us, these phantom shades,  
These ghosts of the days of old,  
As the cheerful glow of the daylight fades  
In the twilight dim and cold.  
And in vain we moan, and in vain we weep,  
And we may not from them hide;  
Closer and closer these shadows creep  
In the twilights to our side.  
—Chambers' Journal.

## Words Too Cold to Tell.

Love thee! Do I love thee?  
Art thou not all and more than all to me?  
Has life a single joy unshared by thee?  
A grief that by thy tender sympathy  
Thou canst not charm away?

Love thee, darling! Love thee?  
Thy voice, thy lightest word is praise or blame,  
Thy touch, thy careless glance, thy very name  
Thrills all my pulses with a sudden flame  
Of joy akin to pain.

Love thee? Yes, I love thee.  
Sometimes, in dreams, I lean upon thy breast  
With all these sad misgivings hushed to rest,  
My weary heart at last so blest, so blest,  
And the long conflict past.

Love thee? Alas, too well!  
Words are too cold to tell thee how I love,  
Life is too short my faithfulness to prove,  
But when my soul meets thine in realms above,  
Beloved, thou wilt know.

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