

BULLETIN OF THE DAILY GLOBE.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 11, 1895.

Weather for Today—Fair, Northwesterly Winds.

PAGE 1. Harry Hayward Hanged, Reconciled to His Brother, St. Louis Gets Republican, Boston Goes Democratic.

PAGE 2. Selecting Carnival Site, Prayer in Public Schools.

PAGE 3. Royal Legion Meeting, Federation of Labor Meeting, Col. Bradley in Office, Family Murdered by Apaches.

PAGE 4. Editorial, Attempt to Impach Bayard, Modern Woodmen at Faribault, Sale of the Santa Fe, Big Rate Cut From Chicago.

PAGE 5. Sultan Issues the Firmans, Campos' Hope for Victory, Anti-Toxine Cures.

PAGE 6. Revolutionary Sons to Unite, Fauntleroy Makes Answer, Stocks Irregular.

PAGE 7. Bar Silver, 66c, Cash Wheat in Chicago, 58 1-4c.

EVENTS TODAY. Met—Passing Show, 2.30, 8.15. Grand—Lily of Killarney, 2.30, 8.15.

Can it be that Senator Chandler has swallowed his war cry?

There is only one way to get at the tobacco trust. Smoke it out.

Today the sensation center shifts from Minneapolis to San Francisco.

Bob Evans doesn't seem to have put his vote where it would do any particular good.

Chicago can get even with the Republican national committee by going Democratic.

The Chicago Record's cartoons in the Dispatch would look just as well if they were credited.

Mr. Jefferson has announced rather bluntly that when he is interviewed he wants to be present.

St. Louis skated Chicago a heat yesterday afternoon that made the Windy City's hair curl.

John L. Sullivan is in Chicago, but he hasn't such a hold on the old town as Charles T. Yerkes.

Zella Nicolaus is about to write a book. Don't, Zella, Sackville-West and Lord Dunraven each write a book.

Here is a gauntlet for the Republicans to pick up. Ex-Speaker Crisp has defied them to pass another tariff bill.

Miss Millie Viola, who has deserted the stage to become an aeronaut, may be said to be a rising young woman.

The earthquake season is not yet quite over. Henry Irving is to present three new plays in New York tomorrow.

The sultan's disposition to drown theological students indicates that he has an Ingersollian idea of the future life.

San Francisco was beaten for the Republican national convention because the men who founded it located it too far west.

Thomas H. Carter is only forty-one years old, and yet he has made as many political blunders as a man of sixty generally makes.

But the great central fact remains that the chairman of the Republican national committee is for free silver first, last and all the time.

Perhaps if Mr. Harrison had advertised that he wanted another wife, he would have had a larger crowd of girls to select from.

John Day Smith has at least the consolation of knowing that his client went into the west hereafter under the John-Day-Smith hanging law.

Col. Bradley is advised to make hay while the sun is shining. The Bourbons have merely put him up where they can get a better shot at him.

From the kicking among the New York Republicans it is evident that there is soon going to be a concerted effort to make a football of Thomas C. Platt.

Hon. William C. Whitney is handling his presidential boom in such a way as to score a touchdown while the players are looking elsewhere for the ball.

Two Massachusetts Republican congressmen are traveling to fame over the pons asinorum. They would have Bayard impeached for his truthfulness.

Can it be that Principal Smith, of the high school, was held up by some of his own bad boys whom he had refused to mark perfect in their examinations?

There are some pretty "rocky" musicians over in Wisconsin. It is related that a Salvation Army band played so badly at Green Bay that it cracked the ice in Fox river.

HARRY HAYWARD HANGED

The Fiend Who Plotted the Death of Katherine Ging Pays the Penalty of His Awful Crime.

TRAP SPRUNG AT 2:08 THIS MORNING.

Hayward Fully and Freely Exonerates His Brother Adry a Few Hours Before Going to the Gallows.

HOW HE SPENT HIS LAST DAY ON EARTH.

Writes a Short Letter Authorizing the Publication of the Story of His Connection With the Crime.

DYING STATEMENT OF THE PRISONER.

It Is of a Rambling Character and in No Way Connects Hayward with Miss Ging's Violent Taking Off.

"Pull her tight, boys, and I'll stand pat."

These were the last words of Harry Hayward on the scaffold, and in another instant he was hurled into eternity. The wondering world which has been questioning for months as to whether Harry Hayward would weaken when the final hour came can be told through the public press this morning that he did not waver for an instant, and died game without even the slightest touch of fear, but seemed rather to be in a jocular humor. When asked if he had anything to say, he slowly said:

"Well, yes," and then only did he show the slightest sign of embarrassment, which was a twitching of the muscles of the mouth and a slight hesitation in speech, but, once started, he spoke rapidly until at a point where he seemed to forget what he was saying, he suddenly looked up and asked for Inspector Doyle. He said: "You asked me to bow to you. Where are you?"

"Here I am, Harry."

"Where? I can hear you. Hold up your hat or your hand."

At this Inspector Doyle held up his hat, and Harry said, pleasantly, "Oh, there. Why, how do you do?"

He then called for several other of his friends, and, with the utmost sang froid possible, asked them in turn as to whether they had received tickets to the execution, and many other trivial matters, winding up with the request that Dr. Burton take one of his books, not that I do not think you have't got the 50 cents, but I want you to take it as a bequest from me."

The march from the doomed man's cell was taken up at precisely 2 o'clock, and, headed by Sheriff Holmberg, the procession came through the corridor leading into the old jail building, where the gallows stood grim and silent, awaiting the victim.

The body shot straight down, turned half-way round, and the second still the noose slipped round to the back of the head and strangulation ensued. Mrs. Burton and Kissler stood beside the black figure, with watch in hand, and at 2:21 pronounced him dead and removed the straps from the body.

The body was taken to Warner's undertaking establishment, where an autopsy will be held this morning by brain specialists from Chicago, at the request of W. W. Hayward, who wishes to have Harry's brain examined. The inquiry will be conducted by W. A. Jones, J. W. Williamson and Dr. J. H. Dyson.

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Doyle responded: "Here I am, Harry."

"Where are you, Doyle? I can't see you. Hold up your hat so I can see you. That's right. How do you do? Where's Eugene's dog? Is he here? Is he here? Did you get those tickets? Ah, yes. Let me see. That's Doyle and Clements. Was there anybody else? There certainly was. Oh, yes—Mannix. Don't get excited. Take your time. I knew there was some one else. Where are you Mannix?"

At this juncture Mannix addressed himself to the doomed man in the most impressive manner. There was a deathlike stillness and Hayward looked Mannix full in the eyes as the latter spoke in a hoarse voice.

"Harry, here I am. Harry, you have nothing further to say. You have made a clear, concise statement before this and have given your solemn promise to do nothing more which may not be as dignified, as manly and straightforward as you have been given. Harry, my dear sir, you are in a most solemn position. You are standing there ready to meet your God. Do it, Harry, thinking of your poor father and mother, and of the honest, manly manner in which you have executed and forgiven your brother Adry. Bear only good will now, as you said you did, and speak, if you do at all, of the fatherly affection of your parents. Say nothing more, Harry, but prepare for the awful end which awaits you."

After a moment's thought Hayward resumed his rambling talk. "Yes, Joe, you're right," he said. "I have forgiven Adry wholly and completely. I have done him wrong and he may have done me wrong, but I don't take the same religious views as he do. About my lawyer, John Day Smith, I can only add that he has been earnest and kind and faithful to me. He asked me and I promised to say what I was going to say now, and that is, 'O, God, for Christ's sake, forgive me for my sins.' Good-bye, Sheriff, Good-bye, Dr. Burton, Good-bye, Joe Mannix, and Good-bye to Goodsell (Joe Mannix put in that Ed Goodsell was absent, but had sent good-bye) Well, that's too bad, no matter, good-bye, all right, Mable, I think I've said what I am to say to everybody. Which ear do you put the knot under. That's right, pull it tight, and be sure to get it under the right ear. Now then, everybody, keep up your courage, I stand pat."

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A reporter of the Globe had reached the home of Adry Hayward just as a messenger boy arrived with the touching missive from his mother. Adry was cool and exhibited no indications of any emotion or excitement over the terrible fate about to overtake his brother.

Adry's wife was weeping as she sat in a rocker with her child upon her knee, and in an arm chair sat her mother, silent and depressed.

Much has been said of Harry's nerve. It must be a family trait, for no man ever displayed a more calm demeanor than did Adry Hayward when last night he penned that missive to his mother. The silence was impressive as he wrote that the noise of his pen could be heard in the further corner of the room. No one present was as calm and collected as he.

When the messenger had gone Adry turned with an inquiring glance to the reporter, who said: "Mr. Hayward, I have come to ask you if you will again visit your brother before the final act takes place?"

"I cannot answer that at present." "Will you join your family in their efforts at reconciliation?" "You say that note I sent?" "Yes."

"Then draw your own conclusions." "Do I understand, then, that you are not going?" "I cannot answer that question now."

"Are you going down to the Midland?" "I do not mean to be discourteous, not to show any disrespect either to you or the Globe, but I must decline to be interviewed. In a day or two I may have something to say, but not now."

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At 2:02 the procession turned on the platform, and Harry Hayward, dressed in sombre black, being enveloped in a huge black cloak and having the black cap partially adjusted, turned to face the crowd in the full glare of a locomotive headlight, which shone directly on his form, and, bowing to those present, he looked down and asked Otto Langrum if he was standing on the proper spot.

Sheriff Holmberg then asked him if he had anything to say and he started to speak, which is given in full below. Just before he closed his speech he called to Joe Mannix to remind him of all he was going to say, and Mr. Mannix told him to say no more, but he was as dignified at this awful moment as he had been for the past forty-eight hours.

He declared before those present before those present that he forgave Adry all that he had done and that his testimony was in the main correct. He bid good-bye to the sheriff and Goodsell, and as he was about to mention others Mannix asked him to remember what John Day Smith had said to him, and Harry loudly and strongly asked God to forgive him all his sins.

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