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We will continue our Special Sale this week of Men's \$18 and \$20 Cassimere and Cheviot Sack and Frock Suits for

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AT THE WHEN.

SALE :: EXTRAORDINARY SELIG'S BAZAAR

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\$50,000 worth of DRY GOODS to Be Closed Out Before JAN. 1, 1894.

We inaugurate a great sale of the entire stock of Domestic Dry Goods, Prints, Muslins, Canton Flannels, Wool Flannels, Sheetings, Henriettas, Silks, Cloths, Lace Curtains, Portieres, Blankets, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, Table Linens, Towels, Crashes,

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Ladies' Cloth Jackets at \$1.50. Ladies' new style Fur Trimmed Jackets at \$2.90. Ladies' Three-Cape Jackets at \$4.50, worth \$9. Children's Coats at \$1.25 upwards. Ladies' Beaver Jackets, Columbia collar, sealette trimmed, pearl button, at \$6.90, worth \$12.50. 50 Fur Capes, full length, at \$3.90, worth \$7.50. 500 Fur Muffs at 25c apiece.

Large line of New Style Garments, Suits, etc., at about one-third less than cost of manufacture.

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OCTOBER 27, 28, 29, 30 AND 31

VIA

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THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

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ASSASSINATED

Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, Killed by a Crank.

Shot Three Times, Early Last Night, by Patrick Eugene Prendergast, a Carrier of Newspapers.

NO WARNING WAS GIVEN

The Murderer Entered the Mayor's Residence and at Once Fired.

One Bullet Struck the Victim's Hand, Another Hit the Abdomen and a Third Pierced the Heart.

LIVED BUT A FEW MINUTES

His Fiancee and One of His Sons in the House at the Time.

The Former So Overcome with Grief that Friends Hurried Her Away from the Scene of the Tragedy.

SURRENDER OF THE ASSASSIN

Calmly Took the Street Car and Went to the Police Station,

Where He Said He Killed Mr. Harrison Because the Latter Wouldn't Make Him Corporation Counsel.

MANY THREATS OF LYNCHING

The Prisoner Secretly and Hurriedly Taken to the City Hall.

Where He Was Examined and Reiterated His Previous Statement—Mr. Harrison's Career.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—Another crazy crank has done his deadly work, and Carter H. Harrison, five times Mayor of Chicago, and one of the best known men in the West, lies dead in his home, No. 231 South Ashland boulevard. Three bullets entered his body, two of them making wounds sufficient to cause death. The murder was committed by Eugene Patrick Prendergast, a paper carrier, who declared that Mayor Harrison had promised to make him corporation counsel, and had not kept his word. This, he said, was his only reason for committing the crime. The only person in the house at the time, besides Mr. Harrison, was his son, William Preston Harrison, twenty-five years of age, and the servants.

Shortly before 8 o'clock the door bell rang and when Mary Hansen, the domestic, opened the door she was confronted by a man about five feet five inches high, smooth shaven, his rather clean cut features lit up by a pair of dark eyes.

"Is Mr. Harrison in?" asked the man, in a quiet and pleasant voice. "Yes, sir, responded the girl, as she threw the door wide open to permit his entrance. "I would like to see him, please," said the man, as he walked toward the back end of the hall.

Mr. Harrison was in the dining room, which opens into the rear end of the hall. Hearing the man ask for him, he rose and stepped into the hall, walked toward Prendergast, who, by the time he caught sight of Mr. Harrison, had advanced about ten feet from the doorway. Without saying a word, Prendergast drew his revolver and commenced to fire. He pulled the trigger but three times, and every bullet hit the mark. One ball shattered Mr. Harrison's left hand; another passed into the lower right side of the abdomen, making a wound that would have been mortal within a few days. The third bullet entered the chest, slightly above the heart. This bullet was the immediate cause of death. As soon as Prendergast began to fire, Mr. Harrison turned and walked rapidly toward the dining room. He walked through the door, across the dining room and passed into the butler's pantry opening off the room, where, weakened by loss of blood, he fell to the floor.

THE ASSASSIN'S ESCAPE. Prendergast did not follow up his victim or make any attempt to ascertain how deadly his aim had been. He replaced his revolver in his pocket with the same deliberation that had marked all of his actions, and started toward the door. Just as he was passing through the doorway William Preston Harrison, the Mayor's son, came tearing down the stairs from the upper portion of the house. At the same time Mr. Harrison's coachman ran into the rear end of the hall. The cries of Mary Hansen directed the son to where his father lay, but the coachman was after other game. He had a revolver of his own, and as quickly as he realized what had occurred he leveled his weapon and sent a bullet after the disappearing form of the murderer. A second time his revolver spoke, but both bullets went wide. Running to the door, the coachman was prepared to continue hostilities, but several people were entering to learn the cause of the shooting, and by the time the coachman

had reached the sidewalk Prendergast had been swallowed up in the darkness.

Across Ashland boulevard, directly opposite the residence of Mr. Harrison, is the home of J. Chalmers, the wealthy maker of mining machinery. Mr. Chalmers was standing upon the front steps of his residence when the shots were fired. He bounced down the steps, dashed across the street, and met Prendergast almost at the gate.

"What is it?" said Mr. Chalmers. The man walked rapidly north on Ashland avenue without replying, and Mr. Chalmers hastened into the house. He reached Mr. Harrison's side almost at the same instant that William Preston Harrison had found where his father lay.

"Are you hurt?" asked Mr. Chalmers, as he and the son of the dying man strove to raise him.

"I've got my death, Chalmers," responded the Mayor. Then the dying man asked "Where is Annie?" meaning his fiancee.

Noticing a spot of blood on the Mayor's waistcoat, Mr. Chalmers said: "I guess not."

"I'm shot in the heart, and I'm a dead man," was the reply. A moment later he said with a voice, which was rapidly losing strength: "Unbutton my vest," Chalmers; there's where the trouble is."

By this time the stricken man had been borne to a couch in an adjoining room, and as quickly as he spoke Mr. Chalmers gently opened his waistcoat. The front of his shirt was soaked in blood, which welled rapidly from two holes, one just above the heart, the other in his abdomen.

"It's through the heart," said the Mayor, again, his voice now scarcely above a whisper. A moment later he sank into unconsciousness, and in twenty minutes after receiving the wound Mr. Harrison was dead.

Every effort was made to secure medical attendance for Mr. Harrison, but when Dr. Lyman, the first physician to arrive at the house, reached the Mayor's side, he was dead. Drs. Thomas, Foster and Washburn followed in quick succession, but they were unable to do anything and they soon left the house.

HIS HEART WAS HURT.

W. J. Morgan, of No. 612 Jackson boulevard, and N. E. Erickson, a young medical student, were passing the house just as the shots were fired. They rushed through the door a second after Mr. Chalmers had entered. "We hurried into the dining room as quickly as we could," said Mr. Morgan, "but we were unable to do anything more than help to raise Mr. Harrison on to a couch. We did not think he was badly hurt at first, and when the little gentleman (Mr. Chalmers) said he thought he would get over it the Mayor said: "No; my heart is hurt, and I am a dead man. I can feel the blood flowing inside, and I cannot last long." We did what we could for him, but he sank rapidly, and in a few minutes he was dead.

"The whole thing was so quickly done," said Mr. Chalmers late to-night, "that I really don't know a thing about it. I was standing on the top of my steps when I heard the shooting, and about the next thing I knew I was in the house and helping young Mr. Harrison to care for his father. I expressed to Mr. Harrison the hope that he was not badly wounded, but he said: "I am a dead man. I have got it through the heart." He repeated this several times, and sank so rapidly that we knew there was no hope for him. He simply bled to death and passed away so quickly that it was utterly impossible to help him. The family of course is utterly prostrated, and they know nothing about the matter anyway. Young Mr. Harrison told me that he was upstairs, but that when he heard the shooting he started to run down stairs. As he passed a burglar alarm he turned in a signal without knowing what really was the matter. He had found his father a minute before I reached him. He said to me: "I told father long ago that something like this would happen. He was too easy in letting people in to see him—cranks and everybody. I and all the other members of the family often told him to be careful, but he only laughed." After we carried Mr. Harrison to the couch," continued Mr. Chalmers, "he spoke once or twice, saying that it was useless to try and do anything to prolong his life, and the last words he said were, as nearly as I can remember, 'Give me water—and for Annie—give me water.' His articulation was not distinct at that time, but that is what I think he said. I really don't know anything about how the occurrence took place. I was devoting all my time to Mr. Harrison."

MISS HOWARD OVERCOME. It was learned late to-night that Miss Annie Howard, the fiancee of Mr. Harrison, was in the house at the time the fatal shot was fired. In accordance with the wounded man's request she was at once summoned to his side, and was present when the end came. When it was evident that Mr. Harrison could not survive his injuries and could live but a few moments at most, Miss Howard's grief was pitiable. She was completely overcome, and was led away by friends, who feared for the effect upon her of her grief. She was taken in a closed carriage to the home of Carter H. Harrison, Jr., where she spent the night.

Carter H. Harrison, Jr., was at Jackson Park when the news of his father's death reached him. As soon as possible after the shooting a messenger was sent to the fair grounds to find him, as it was known he had intended to spend the evening there. He would hardly believe the news when it was told him, but he immediately left the fair grounds and as quickly as possible went to the family residence at Ashland boulevard.

Mrs. Heaton Owsley, the Mayor's daughter, resides at No. 504 Erie street, on the North Side, fully five miles from her father's residence. The news was conveyed to her by telephone, and she hurried to Ashland boulevard with all the speed her horses could make. She came too late, however, to see her father alive, as he had

been dead fully twenty minutes when her carriage stopped at the doorway.

Peter Reichez, Mayor Harrison's private coachman, was laboring under great excitement when he returned, after making an effort to capture Prendergast. "When I entered the house through a rear door," he said, "I commenced taking off my overcoat. Suddenly I heard three shots fired very rapidly, one after the other, and I hastened at once to the front of the house, from where I thought the sound of the shots came. As I stepped into the hall I saw the man walking towards the front door, with his revolver in his hand. I did not see Mr. Harrison, for he had by that time entered the dining room again, but I drew my revolver and fired four shots at the man. I was so excited that my hand was unsteady and although only a short distance separated us, none of the shots took effect. The man fired one shot at me and then turned and started to run out on the street. I was after him in a moment, shouted for him to stop and also called the police. The man was too swift a runner for me though, and as he ran up Ashland avenue, he turned east on Adams street and when I arrived at the corner I could not see him and I returned to the house."

GIVES HIMSELF UP. The Murderer Hurries to the Desplaines-Street Police Station.

When young Mr. Harrison came running down stairs to learn the cause of the shooting, he passed a burglar alarm. He reached out his hand and turned in an alarm, and even before he had reached his father's side, a patrol wagon, filled with officers from the Lake-street station, about a third of a mile distant, was dashing toward the Mayor's house. By the time the officers arrived all trace of the murderer had been lost, and even before the Mayor had breathed his last, officers from every station in the city were on the outlook for a small, smooth shaven man, twenty-five years of age.

About twenty-five minutes after the shooting Sergeant Frank McDonald was standing in the office of the Desplaines-street station. Every available officer had already been hurried to work on the case. Sergeant McDonald, who had just come in from another work, was preparing to follow. The door was pushed gently open and in walked a small, smooth-shaven man, poorly dressed and carrying a revolver in his hand. He shook like a man with palsy. His face was white and drawn; great drops of perspiration chased each other down his face, and his tottering limbs seemed scarcely able to hold him up. He walked up to McDonald, who is a powerful fellow, six feet tall and, looking him straight in the eyes, said: "I did it."

"You did it?" asked McDonald. "Yes, I did it."

"Did what?" said the officer, as he laid his hand on the fellow's shoulder, and with the other quietly took the revolver.

"I shot Mayor Harrison, and that's what I shot him with," was the reply, as Prendergast made a motion with his hand toward the revolver.

"What made you do it?" asked McDonald. "He said he would make me corporation counsel, and he did not do it. That's what I shot him for."

That was all there was about it. Nothing dramatic; no bravado. He spoke of his crime as though it was nothing out of the ordinary—as a matter entirely to be expected. He was trembling so that he could scarcely stand, and the officer led him to a chair and asked a few more questions, to which Prendergast had replied: "He said he would make me corporation counsel. He did not, and I shot him. I meant to shoot him, and I went there to do it." He said that after leaving the Harrison home he had taken a street car and started towards the Desplaines-street station with the object of giving himself up.

"The car did not go very fast," he said, "or I would have been here sooner." As the station where he gave himself up is just about four blocks over a mile from the Harrison residence he scarcely had time to do otherwise than as he said.

LYNCHING FEARED. Prendergast Hurried to the Central Station and Examined.

The cell door had hardly closed behind the murderer when excited crowds began gathering about the Desplaines-street station. Patrol wagons rattled up to the place, their bells clanging as the officers jumped from their seats and rushed into the station. Cabs and carriages came by the score, and their occupants crowded and pushed their way up the steps and into the office. Personal friends of the dead man, city officials and the curious crowded over and against each other in a wild endeavor to learn if the story of the shooting were true. An immense throng gathered on the sidewalks and in the streets about the place over the prisoner. A hasty conference of the officers was held, and it was decided to remove Prendergast to the central station in the City Hall. The trembling, pale-faced prisoner was led between stalwart officers to a rear door and hurried away in the darkness.

Meantime, tidings of the murder had swept like an electric shock through the city. The telephone wires fairly burned with service as queries and confirmations were being besieged by eager questioners, and down-town business was, for a time, at a standstill.

Before the prisoner had reached the City Hall news of his coming had been communicated to the crowds about the streets and the place was surrounded. The murderer was rushed through the throng into the dark court yard between the county and city buildings, and hurried through a private entrance into Chief of Detectives Shea's office. The doors were barred and officers were hurried from adjacent stations to guard the windows, doors and corridors. A few detectives and police officers were called into the chief's office, and the examination of Prendergast began. The prisoner, as soon as he had reached the office, sank exhausted into a chair, his head fell back and his livid face and staring eyes presented a ghastly picture. He is slender, perhaps twenty-four years of age, with beardless and cadaverous face, and a stupid, almost idiotic, expression. His attire was that of a laboring man, and was

not overly cleanly. For a time the man refused to answer any questions that were addressed to him. In a scarcely audible voice he said: "I am sick. I'm sick."

Chief Shea at last reached over, placed his finger on the man's wrist and told him that it was a doctor who questioned him. "Why did you kill the Mayor?" asked the Chief.

"Well," the man responded, feebly, "he told me he would make me corporation counsel, but he did not do it. So I shot him. I went to his door and rang, and I went in and shot him. I just shot him; that's all; I shot him."

"What is your name?" asked the detective. "Prendergast, Patrick Eugene or Eugene Patrick. Makes no difference which. The last name is Prendergast."

"Where do you live?" "I don't know. Don't know where. Around here somewhere, I guess. But," and the man raised his head to make his answer more emphatic, "I don't live at the railroad tracks, I'll tell you that," and no amount of inquiry could induce him to give his place of residence.

The Chief asked him if he had ever been a lawyer, and he responded that he did not know; he did not believe he had. "Then why did you expect to be made corporation counsel?" asked the officer. "The Mayor promised me; that's all," was the answer.

In attempting to learn the man's means of livelihood the officers experienced great difficulty. His replies were incoherent and rambling, but at last the examiners became convinced that he had been a newspaper carrier, whose route was along Ashland boulevard and in the vicinity of the Mayor's home. It is said he carried the Times, Mr. Harrison's paper.

For several hours the examination was continued, but little of importance was developed. Other witnesses were examined, including servants who were in Mr. Harrison's house at the time of the shooting and people who had arrived after the murder. The prisoner was finally placed in a cell under the City Hall and additional policemen were stationed about the building for the night's vigil. All night long crowds came and went about the place. A bitter feeling against the murderer was manifested. Significant but subdued remarks about convenient lamp-posts and swift vengeance were frequently heard. At one time during the evening, as a carriage drove along Ashland street, a young man pointed his umbrella at the vehicle and shouted: "There he goes." There was an immediate rush for the retreating carriage, but some one shouted that Prendergast was still in the chief's office and the crowd stopped and began looking for the man with the umbrella. An officer, however, had rushed the man away and he, apparently glad to escape, could not be found.

During the course of his talk the prisoner stated that he had originated a plan for elevating the railroad tracks within the city limits, and that he had desired to be corporation counsel, so that he could carry out this plan. "You see," said Prendergast, "I have done some work in a political way in my ward during the last few campaigns, and all for Harrison. I knew a large number of people, and because of my influence Harrison promised me a position if he was elected in the last campaign. I was asked what I wanted and I said that I had a scheme for the elevation of the railroad tracks. I wanted to be corporation counsel, so that I could push the schemes. I was told that I might have the position. Since election I have asked for the office again and again, and have been put off repeatedly. The office was given to another. The Mayor had betrayed me and I resolved to have revenge. I have it."

"You wanted to have the tracks elevated, did you? You did not have any particular plan, did you?" asked the chief, thinking, perhaps, Prendergast was crazy on that subject.

"Yes, I had a plan that would have cost the railroads little and the city nothing. But I have forgotten it now," he continued, wearily, and a moment later began to talk again incoherently about Mr. Harrison's failure to give him a position. Prendergast lived at No. 699 Jans street with his mother.

SCENES OF EXCITEMENT. The News Announced at Political and Other Meetings.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—The excitement in the down-town streets to-night was exceeded only by the scenes of the last presidential election. About forty minutes after the murder occurred extra editions of the evening papers were on the streets, and the cries of the newshawks, "All about Carter Harrison's murder," soon aroused the people to a pitch of intense excitement. The newspapers were sold at all prices and the supply was totally inadequate. Crowds quickly assembled in front of the different newspaper offices and read with avidity the and the apprehension of the murderer. The greatest crowd, however, was that which assembled in front of the office of the Times, Mr. Harrison's paper. The information was not enlarged upon here, the bulletin simply stating that Mayor Harrison had been killed and his assassin apprehended. Mutterings were heard on every hand, and the fact that the whereabouts of the assassin was kept a secret by the police no doubt prevented summary action. In the lobby of every hotel, in restaurants, bar rooms and in all places where people congregate the news was noised about with astonishing rapidity, and inquiries were pressed right and left for information. Several meetings that were being held in different parts of the city were hastily adjourned when the dreadful news reached them, and at many there were heard threats against the assassin could his whereabouts be established.

Ex-Governor Oglesby was painting a rosy picture of the glory of Chicago at a Republican mass meeting in North Side Turner Hall, when a note was placed in his hand. He staggered and tried to announce why the meeting should adjourn, but the words only came in a hoarse whisper. They were, "Chicago's shame!" By lips other than those of the ex-Governor was the news of the tragedy conveyed to the wondering crowd of one thousand men. When they heard the news there was a silence, and then rose a shout like the roar of a mountain torrent. If over the flash in men's eyes spoke of lynching, it assuredly did in theirs. The cry was started, too, and a rope and the culprit was all that was needed for a hanging without waiting for the law.

J. V. Farwell, the well-known dry goods merchant, was chairman of the meeting, and he it was, who, after a mighty struggle with himself, told the meeting of the terrible deed. "An awful deed has been committed," he said, "an awful deed has been done. Blood has been shed. Carter Harrison has been assassinated, and there is another murder to be avenged." For fully a minute no one stirred. The roar that broke the painful stillness began near the stage and rolled down along the benches. The eyes of those men shone like balls of fire. Mr. Farwell had said: "There is another murder to be avenged." The cry, "Lynch him!" reached the cool-headed merchant, and with outstretched hands and tears trickling down his cheeks, he shouted: "Stay, men, for a moment." The crowd did not heed him, but tore