ASHLAND WAS TOO HEAVY

Omaha Champions Were Not in the Game at Any Stage.

MADE A PLUCKY FIGHT AGAINST ODDS

Ball Always in the Omaha Territory, but It Was Gamely Contested—Lincoln Gives Baker a Standoff—Other Warm Games.

The High school boys went down to Ashland to play foot ball yesterday. They were rolled in the dust to the tune of 62 to 0, and are only just beginning to realize that they are no longer the champions.

In the first place the Omaha boys were badly crippled in having both of their half backs done up, one of them not being able to play. However, they went at it pluckily and had it not been for the far greater weight of their opponents, would have given them a hard struggle. Omaha's boys average about 148 pounds, while their opponents were at least fifteen pounds heavier.

Without a doubt the Ashlands put up a great game and would do credit to a town of four or five times the population.

The elevens lined up as follows:

Omaha.	Position.	Ashland.
Sheldon	Right end	Shedd
Ayers	Right tackle	Reasoner
Cross	Right guard	Clarke
Cowgill	Center	Whisler
Stokes	Left guard	Hays
Gardner	Left tackle	Pancoast
Field		
Van Camp	Left end	Brush
Whipple	Quarter	Gould
Clarke		
Purvis	Right half	Gilbert
Burdick		
Young	Left half	Williams
Clarke	Full back	Field
Gardner		

How the Game Was Played.

On a toss up Ashland got the ball. They opened up with a brilliant checker board play, going about ten yards. This was followed by good plays of Williams and Gilbert as halves and Brush at the end. At the end of four minutes Ashland made a touchdown and goal.

Omaha started with a whirling V, but failed to make any headway and lost the ball on downs. Ashland then followed up with good plays, and at the end of the first half there were twenty-eight points to her credit.

The second half opened up with Omaha's N, and they tried hard, but failed to land in Ashland's territory. They soon lost the ball on downs, and as soon as Ashland got the ball it went sailing toward Omaha ground. Omaha lined up again and again, but Ashland was too much. Exceptionally good plays were made by Brush and Shedd as ends, Gilbert and Williams as halves, and Fields as full back of Ashland, and Purvis and Young as halves, and Gardener as full back of Omaha. The game ended at half-past 4, and the score 62 to 0 in Ashland's favor. The umpire and referee were Mains of Crete and Pickering of Omaha. There was a marked fairness in the decisions of the judges. It was very much a surprise to Ashland as well as Omaha that Omaha should be beaten so badly. Ashland bids fair to win the pennant in the interscholastic league.

Lincoln, 20; Plattsmouth, 6.

PLATTSMOUTH, Neb., Oct. 28.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—The Lincoln High school foot ball team triumphed over the Plattsmouth boys in a contest held in this city this afternoon. It was a close and hard fought battle, the victory going to the Lincoln boys chiefly on account of their superior team work. In the first half Plattsmouth got the ball and the toss up for choice, but it soon went to Lincoln, who made a touchdown on a splendid run. Goal was kicked and in a few moments Lincoln had another touchdown, running their score up to 10. This ended the scoring in the first half, the rest of the play being closely contested, although Plattsmouth had the ball in Lincoln's territory most of the time.

In the second half Lincoln led off with another touchdown and goal in short order, and Plattsmouth soon duplicated the performance. Just at the conclusion of the play Lincoln secured a touchdown, but failed to kick goal, thus ending the contest with the score standing 20 to 6 in Lincoln's favor.

McCoy of Lincoln and Livingston of Plattsmouth alternated as umpire and referee. Plattsmouth and Nebraska City adorn the tail end in the race for state championship honors, and the game between these teams at Nebraska City two weeks from today promises to be of unusual interest.

LOST TO THE UMPIRE.

State University Team Hornswoggled by a Big Full Back from Kansas.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 28.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—A disputed decision is all that stood between Nebraska and a brilliant victory in this afternoon's foot ball match between the State university eleven and the team from the Baker university of Kansas. Before the game commenced the money of the enthusiastic Lincoln sports was simply put up against the wager that the husky Bakers would not allow the Nebraska boys to score. The Bakers were sanguine and they boasted freely that the Nebraska eleven wouldn't even be in it. The State university boys allowed Toomey, the full back of Baker's team, to umpire the game. They now claim that if this had not been done the championship held by the Kansas men against the Kansas and Missouri elevens would have been wrested from them. As it was the score resulted in a tie, 10 to 10.

In the first half Baker made one touch down. After the ball had changed hands several times, Heller, Baker's right half, made a run of sixty yards around the left end, scoring a touch down. The Nebraska team then started with the double flying wedge or checkerboard play, and made twelve yards. Then Flippen made twenty-three on a run. The Nebraska team then lost the ball, but soon regained it, and by steady work made a touch down. Crawford missed an easy goal, and the first half ended with Baker two points ahead, the score standing 6 to 4.

In the second half Nebraska made a touch down and goal and Baker a touch down. Nebraska had the ball within two feet of another touch down, but the umpire gave it to Baker on an impossible foul. The game ended, the score breaking even, with the odds decidedly in Nebraska's favor.

K. U. AT DENVER.

Never Beaten Champions Try Beef with the Queen City Athletics.

DENVER, Oct. 28.—The Kansas university foot ball team arrived here from Lawrence, fully determined to give the Denver team a warmer drubbing than it did a year ago. This is one of the strongest teams in the west. The Denver team has been greatly strengthened during the past year and was confident of being able to send the Jayhawkers home with only stiffened joints and a goose egg. The players, weights and positions are:

Kansas.	Positions.	Denver.
Steinberger, 163	End	Mills, 160
Matteson, 180	Tackle	Fillmore, 180
Hamill, 194	Guard	Tease, 175
Harvey, 160	Center	A. T. English, 184
Griffiths, 170	Guard	Blackburn, 185
Armor, 165	Tackle	Adams, 175
Shepard, 150	End	Ellis, 177
Williamson, 145	Quarter back	Smith, 130
Shellenbarger, 156	Half back	P. Foute, 154
Champlin, 165	Half back	Bohn, 150
Johnson, 160	Full back	Field, 171

Substitutes: Kansas—Jantzen, 173; Cowman, 165; McMurray, 145; Platt, 165; Rothrock, 146. Denver—Ernest, 180; Barton, 125; Niblock, 156; Davis, 158; Foute, 145.

The Denver Athletic club won by a score of 24 to 10. The game was a spirited one, both sides playing stubbornly.

Nebraska City, 10; Picked Team, 0.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., Oct. 28.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—Nebraska City High School ball team put up a splendid game this afternoon, playing against a picked taam of old and experienced players and winning by a score of 10 to 0. The High school won the toss and took the ball, starting off for a gain of twenty yards. Failing to advance the ball, it went to the picked team. Exciting play followed for twenty minutes without gain for either side. High school got the ball, and by good blocking scored a touchdown, but failed to kick goal. Ball taken to the center of the field; picked team failed to advance; time called. Score: 4 to 0.

The second half opened with the picked team's ball. They made a gain of twenty-five yards at the start, then, failing to advance, the High school took the ball. Roddy made a run across the field within three yards of goal, but fumbled; the picked team taking the ball and touched down in their goal. Score: 6 to 0. Ball in the center. High school gained fifteen yards, and after repeated rushes scored a touchdown. Score: 10 to 0.

EASTERN FOOT BALL.

Big Events to Come Off Between Now and Thanksgiving Day.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—As Thanksgiving day draws nigh, the interest in the game of football grows apace. The reports from the different universities in the intercollegiate state league are now watched closely by all enthusiasts, and the forthcoming contests between young giants of the various colleges are awaited with eager expectations.

The eastern championship season opens this afternoon, when the Intercollegiate association begins its games at Manhattan field, New York. The great 'varsity clubs composing the association are: Yale, Princeton, Wesleyan and University of Pennsylvania. The schedule of games is as follows, ending with the great Princeton-Yale Thanksgiving day game in New York:

October 28—Princeton vs Wesleyan, at Manhattan field, New York.

November 4—Princeton vs University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia. Yale vs Wesleyan at New Haven.

November 11—Yale vs University of Pennsylvania; place not yet selected.

November 28—Wesleyan vs University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.

Thanksgiving Day—Yale vs Princeton at Manhattan field, New York.

Pennsylvania, by defeating Princeton last year and by the game played against Yale, demonstrated the fact that no reckoning up on the championship this year can be sound unless the Philadelphia team is taken into account, and the arrangement of a final Thanksgiving day game with Harvard makes a foot ball gala day for them of little less note than that of New York.

A number of Princetons, namely, King Ward, Holley and Taylor, have been on the sick list lately; but it is thought they have recovered sufficiently to take part in the day's contest.

Attitude of the College Faculties.

A meeting of the representatives of Yale and Columbia and those of Princeton has been held to discuss the plan of changing in the future the Thanksgiving game from Manhattan field to the Columbia oval at Williams Bridge. For several years past there has been a growing dislike to the field by the players themselves. But the main reason for the change is the objection offered by the faculties of Yale and Princeton. The latter have been regarding with increasing disfavor each year the manner in which the game has been degenerating from true sport to a mere financial scheme. The squabbles over the entrance receipts which have become so public have also annoyed them to a great extent. They propose to put the game on a more thoroughly college basis, or else stop the team from playing in New York at all. According to the decree of the faculties, the tickets must be controlled exclusively by the University Athletic club, or there is no game. This is the first move, and removes one of the objectional features.

Then there was a move not only on the part of the members of the faculties of Yale and Princeton, but also by many of the alumni of those institutions, to have the game played on some college ground, thus giving a more college tone to the whole affair. Obviously, Columbia oval, the athletic grounds at Williams Bridge present the best facilities. To this end private negotiations have been going on for some months past, but on Wednesday night the first meeting was held. It will be impossible to get the grounds ready and in fit condition for this year, but in the future the great game will be played on Columbia's grounds.

Snap for the Tigers.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—The foot ball match at Manhattan Field today between Princeton and Wesleyan drew about 2,000 people. In a minute after play began Taylor scored a touchdown for Princeton and King kicked goal with ease. Wesleyan did them pretty hard with a wedge when the ball was brought out and gained about five yards, but the advantage was only temporary. King promptly caught a punt and in another half dozen minutes Princeton had scored another goal and made 12 points.

Captain Gordon received a bad sprain in his right leg and he was replaced by Mandell, who had been in the game but a few moments when he went down in a crush and had to be helped to the dressing room. Kent was his substitute and he managed to stay to the end. In the first half Princeton made 44 and in the second 32. Total: Princeton, 76; Wesleyan, 0.

Pennsy Had it Easy.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 28.—Pennsylvania today defeated Lafayette, scoring 82 points to 0. Nearly 4,000 people were in attendance. The collegians showed a remarkably strong defense, and at no time did their opponents have the ball near their goal. The line and ends were also strong, and Nippes' playing was one of the phenomenal order. Williams' play at quarter back was a surprise, and he is a worthy successor of Vaile. Lafayette, in the face of the big score being piled up against them, never weakened and kept up a strong fight until the close. Enigma, Edwards and Voight played fine games for the visitors. Lafayette's fumbling in the first half was costly, at least four touchdowns being made by Pennsylvania through their errors.

Vanderbilts Won, of Course.

NASHVILLE, Oct. 28.—The first foot ball game of the season between Tennessee college teams was played at Zwane between the Vanderbilt and University of the South teams. Vanderbilt won—10 to 8.

Trinity the Champion.

DURHAM, N. C., Oct. 28.—Trinity college and University of North Carolina played a game of foot ball for the state championship here this afternoon. Trinity won by a score of 6 to 4.

Made it a Tie.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 28.—Williams and Cornell college foot ball teams played one of the most exciting games of the season at Ridgefield grounds today, in the presence of fully 3,000 people. The result at the end of the second half was a tie, 10 to 10.

Minnesota Was Too Heavy.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Oct. 28.—One of the most hotly contested foot ball games ever played here was that of this afternoon between teams from the University of Minnesota and the University of Michigan. The heavy lines of the Minnesotas were too much for the Wolverines, and they lost the game by 34 to 2.

Minor Games.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—The Crescents defeated Union today. Score, 20 to 8.

ORANGE, N. J., Oct. 28.—Orange defeated Rutgers in today's game of foot ball by 34 to 0.

DANVILLE, Ky., Oct. 28.—Center college defeated the State college of Todington this afternoon. Score, 6 to 4.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Oct. 28.—The foot ball game here today resulted: Lehigh, 6; Cadets, 1.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 28.—Harvard foot ball team defeated Brown here today 58 to 0.

DUMPED AGAIN.

Faithful Followers of Lamplighter See Him Beaten in a Match Race.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—"Yo Tambien wins," and a howl of joy went up from the thousand throats at Hawthorne track today as the magnificent mare with arched neck and splendid stride went under the wire in the mile and an eighth race, with Lamplighter something less than a block behind when the timekeeper's watch snapped at 2:01¼. The triangular race between the two horses named and Eugene Leigh's Clifford had been postponed. Mr. Leigh thought the track too slow for his colt. The postponement was far from pleasing to the ten or fifteen thousand people who had gone to the race track to see that particular race, and it was finally decided to let Yo Tambien and Lamplighter go one mile and an eighth, as the fourth race on the card, for a purse of $2,500 and entrance fees of $1,000 each. Even money bets were readily taken. Shortly before 3:30, Lamplighter, with Fred Taral up, came swinging around the track and past the grand stand. He was greeted with a rousing cheer, which was a moment later forgotten in the roar of applause that struggled with the autumn breeze when Yo Tambien, under Sammy Doggett, pranced past the judges, her 119-pound rider tugging hard at the reins.

Promptly at 3:30 the red flag went down and the two great runners thrust out their noses and settled down to work. As they flashed past the grand stand, Yo Tambien's sorrel coat gleamed a half length ahead of her enemy, and she stayed ahead all the way around. At the half Lamplighter's rider lifted him a half length nearer the leader, but the gain was more than lost in the stretch. Yo Tambien, as she neared the wire, drew further and further away from the eastern crack until at the finish there were fully three lengths between the two horses. The time was 2:01¼. The winning jockey was showered with congratulations and bouquets, and the Lamplighter crowd that had occupied the tallyho folded up its flag and silently stole away.

2:10 AND UNDER.

Horses that Have Touched Low Marks During the Last Season.

OMAHA, Oct. 28.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Now that the racing season is over it is interesting to look back over the records of the year and see what has been done and then to compare them with previous years. In 1883, for the first time, did a horse travel in 2:10, it was old Johnston, the pacer; in 1884 Jay Eye See trotted in 2:10 and Maud S in 2:09¾ and also 2:09¼, and Johnston, not to be outdone, paced in 2:06¼, four miles during the year in 2:10 and better. In 1885 Maud S trotted the only mile of the year better than 2:10¼, in 2:08¾. Up to the close of 1890 no other horse entered the 2:10 list, but Roy Wilkes, 2:08¼ and Cricket, 2:10. In 1891 only six horses crossed the line in 2:10 or better; Nelson, 2:10; Allerton, 2:09¼; Nancy Hanks, 2:09; Palo Alto, 2:08¾; Sunol, 2:08¾; and Direct (pacer), in 2:06. In 1892 only seven horses trotted in 2:10 or better, while seventeen horses paced in 2:10 or better, and the close of 1892 saw both trotting and pacing records at 2:04. During 1893 fifteen horses have trotted and twenty-seven have paced in 2:10 and better without lowering 2:04. These forty-two horses have traveled this year 126 heats of 2:10 or better. Six of these forty-two horses have traveled fifty-five of the 126 heats. They are Mascot with thirteen to his credit, Directum with eleven, Flying Jib with ten, Robert J with nine, and Manager and Nancy Hanks with six each.

The writer is not a horseman, never attends a horse race, because he only cares to see the very fast ones, and they do not come to Omaha, but loves a good horse and to watch the marvelous development of speed and endurance that has been seen during the past few years. He began in 1874 to keep records below 2:18; he has dropped a second or two a year till now he is at 2:10, but this list now contains fifty-eight performers and is too cumbersome. Think of it, in 1883, one 2:10 performer; in 1893, forty-two did it.

The following shows the time of all 1893 heats of 2:10 or better, the horse that did it, and his gait:

2:04—Flying Jib, pacer.
2:04½—Mascot, pacer.
2:04¾—Nancy Hanks, trotter.
2:05¼—Directum, trotter.
2:05½—Flying Jib, pacer.
2:05¾—Saladin, pacer; Robert J, pacer (twice).
2:06—Nancy Hanks, trotter; Mascot, pacer.
2:06¼—Nancy Hanks, trotter; Mascot, pacer.
2:06½—Directum, trotter; Roy Wilkes, pacer; Hal Pointer, pacer.
2:06¾—Nancy Hanks, trotter; Directum, trotter; Manager, pacer (twice); Robert J, pacer (three times).
2:07—Directum, trotter; Manager, pacer; Flying Jib, pacer.
2:07¼—Robert J, pacer.
2:07½—Directum, trotter; Will Kerr, pacer; Flying Jib, pacer; Ontonian, pacer; Hal Pointer, pacer; Mascot, pacer; Saladin, pacer.
2:07¾—Alix, trotter; Arion, trotter; Hal Dillard, pacer; Robert J, pacer; Flying Jib, pacer; Manager, pacer.
2:08—Nancy Hanks, trotter; Directum, trotter; Saladin, pacer; Mascot, pacer; Guy, pacer.
2:08¼—Arion, trotter; Pixley, trotter; Roy Wilkes, pacer; Hal Braden, pacer; Flying Jib, pacer; May Marshall, pacer.
2:08½—Hulda, trotter; Nancy Hanks, trotter; Directum, trotter; Will Kerr, pacer; Coasting, pacer; Robert J, pacer; Hal Dillard, pacer; Flying Jib, pacer; Mascot, pacer (twice); W Wood, pacer; J H L, pacer.
2:08¾—Fantasy, trotter; Arion, trotter; Manager, pacer; Will Kerr, pacer; Hal Pointer, pacer; Barney, pacer.
2:09—Nelson, trotter; Crawford, pacer; May Marshall, pacer (twice); Mascot, pacer (twice); Blue Sign, pacer; Flying Jib, pacer; Saladin, pacer; Hal Pointer, pacer.
2:09¼—Directum, trotter; Crawford, pacer; Hal Braden, pacer; Mascot, pacer; Prima Donna, pacer; Diablo, pacer; Hal Dillard, pacer; Ontonian, pacer; May Marshall, pacer.
2:09½—Directum, trotter; Belle Vara, trotter; Mascot, pacer (twice); Paul, pacer; W. Wood, pacer; J H L, pacer; Flying Jib, pacer; Hal Braden, pacer.
2:09¾—Guy, trotter; Alix, trotter; Directum, trotter; Pixley, trotter; Harrietta, trotter; Stamboul, trotter; Will Kerr, pacer; Laura S, pacer; Flying Jib, pacer; Manager, pacer; Robert J, pacer; Major Wonder, pacer; Hal Pointer, pacer; Atlantic King, pacer.
2:10—Little Albert, trotter; Walter E, trotter; Directum, trotter; Magnolia, trotter; Guy, pacer (twice); Mascot, pacer (twice); Will Kerr, pacer (twice); Hal Pointer, pacer (twice); J H L, pacer; Johnston, pacer; Hal Dillard, pacer; Blanche Louise, pacer.

LAPIS.

Fall Meeting at Frisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 28.—The fall meeting of the Pacific Coast Blood Horse association opened this afternoon at the Bay District track. Despite the fact that the weather was cold and foggy one of the largest crowds ever in attendance upon a race meeting in California was at the track. The races will continue for 100 days, during which time many of the most celebrated runners in the country are expected to appear. Results:

First race, six furlongs: Prize won, Abe P second. Time: 1:13½.

Second race, four and a half furlongs, 2-year-olds: Articus won, Wandering Nun second, Realization third. Time: 56.

Third race, mile, 3-year-olds: St. Croix won, St. Patrick second, Happy Day third. Time: 1:42½.

Fourth race, mile and a sixteenth, handicap: Sheriday won, Sir Reel second, Claymore third. Time: 1:50.

Fifth race, short course, steeplechase: Cicero won, San Jose second, First Lap third. Time: 3:33½.

Opening Day at Nashville.

NASHVILLE, Oct. 28.—Fifteen hundred people witnessed the opening of the autumn meeting at Cumberland park today. The track, while lumpy, was fast. Results:

First race, one mile: Eloroy (8 to 1) won, Sarah Ramey (3 to 10) second, Brazos (10 to 1) third. Time: 1:42.

Second race, selling, six furlongs: Sayon (20 to 1) won, Cora Taylor (7 to 5) second, Out of Sight (3 to 1) third. Time: 1:15¾.

Third race, mile and a sixteenth: Boro (3 to 1) won, Emma Mae (even) second, Indigo (4 to 1) third. Time: 1:49½.

Fourth race, five furlongs: King David (5 to 1) won, George Beck (8 to 5) second, Clara Bauer (2 to 1) third. Time: 1:02¾.

Fifth race, four and a half furlongs: Nicaragua (5 to 2) won, Selma (6 to 1) second, Bayless (8 to 1) third. Time: 57¼.

Sixth race, selling, six furlongs: Safe Home (11 to 5) won, Tom Daly (10 to 1) second, Tom Kelly (even) third. Time: 1:15½.

Bluffing at Virtue.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 28.—The judges at Exposition Park track were satisfied today that the fourth race was a "job," and Lottie Mills and Artless were ruled off the track. It is alleged that their owners bet heavily in the St. Louis pools on Drummer after fixing things here so that their horses would be certain to lose.

Windle Broke Two Records.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Oct. 28.—W. W. Windle established a new world's bicycle record at Hampden park yesterday for one-eighth mile from a flying start, making it in 13 1-5 seconds. He also broke the record for 100 yards, riding it in 5 4-5 seconds, against Zimmerman's previous record of 6 seconds.

Johnson Makes a New Mark.

INDEPENDENCE, Ia., Oct. 28.—John S. Johnson broke the world's bicycle record for a quarter-mile flying start of 0:27, held by Zimmerman and Rhodes, here today. He went the distance in 0:25 4-5 over a slow track and with the thermometer standing at 30°.

SHOT BY A CRANK

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

man, as he walked toward the back end of the hall.

Fired Six Fatal Shots.

Mr. Harrison was in the dining room, which opens onto the rear end of the hall. Hearing the man ask for him he rose and stepped into the hallway and 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, and the third 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 a butler's pantry opening off the room, where, weakened by loss of blood, he fell to the floor.

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, just as Mr. Harrison's coachman ran into the rear end of the hall.

Escape of the Assassin.

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 wild. 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 W. J. Chalmers, the wealthy maker of mining machinery. Mr. Chalmers was standing on the front steps of his residence when the shots were fired. He bounded down the steps and dashing across the street, met Prendergast almost out of the gate.

"What is it?" asked 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 at almost 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.

His Last Words.

"I've got my death, Chalmers," responded the mayor.

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

"I'm shot in the heart and am a dead man," was the only 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 wounds Mr. Harrison was dead.

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 Lake street station, a third of a mile distant, was dashing towards the mayor's home. By the time the officers had arrived all traces 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, 25 years of age.

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

Surrender of the Murderer.

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 out to work on the case, and Sergeant McDonald, who had just come in from other 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 the 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 upright. 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 one 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.

Why He Killed the Mayor.

"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 and a matter entirely to be expected.

He was trembling so he could scarcely stand and the officers led him to a chair and asked a few more questions, to which Prendergast had but one reply:

"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 house he had taken a street car and started toward Des Plaines 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 four blocks over one mile from the Harrison residence, he scarcely had time to do otherwise than he said.

Wild Scenes Before the Station.

The cell door had hardly clanged shut behind the murderer when excited crowds began to gather about the Des Plaines 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 mayor, city officials and the curious crowded over and against each other in a wild endeavor to learn if the story of the shooting was true. An immense throng gathered on the sidewalks and in the streets about the place.

Laboring men going to their homes swung off the cars as they reached the crowd, and when the cause of the disturbance became known, added their voices to the subdued threats of vengeance, for Mr. Harrison was popular with the masses. The streets were soon filled for blocks, and the officers, as they looked out of the station windows upon the surging sea of angry faces, became alarmed for the safety of the prison. A hasty conference was held and it was decided to move Prendergast to the central station in the city hall. The trembling prisoner was led between stalwart officers to a rear door and hurried away in the darkness.

Came with a Shock to the City.

Meantime tidings of the murder had swept like an electric shock through the city. The telephone wires fairly burned with service as inquiries and confirmations flew over the circuits. City officials, politicians and business men dropped their evening papers as the startling news came to their homes and hurried to the center of the city to swell the crowds that clustered about the central station. Bulletins were posted in prominent down town places and about them crowded the throngs. Newspaper offices were 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 street and the place was surrounded. The murderer was rushed through the throng into the dark courtyard and hurried through a private entrance into Chief of Detectives Shea's office. The doors were barred, officers even 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.

Palsied with Fear.

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 a slender man, perhaps 24 years old, with beardless and cadaverous face, and a stupid, almost idiotic expression. His attire was that of a laboring man and not even cleanly. For a time the man refused to answer any questions. In a scarcely audible voice, he said:

"I'm sick, I'm sick."

Chief Shea at length reached over, placed his finger on the man's wrist and told him 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 and 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, it makes no difference which. The last name is Patrick."

"Where do you live?"

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

His Stupid Answers.

Chief Shea asked him if he had ever been a lawyer and Prendergast responded he did not know.

"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.

For several hours the examination was continued, but nothing of importance was developed. Other witnesses were examined, including the servants in Mr. Harrison's house at the time of the shooting and people who had arrived soon after the murder. The prisoner was finally placed in a cell under the city hall and additional policemen 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 revenge were frequently heard.

At one time during the evening as a carriage drove rapidly down the 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 was apparently glad to escape.

Stories of the First Arrivals.

W. J. Moran of 612 Jackson boulevard and E. R. Robinson, a young medical student, were passing the house just as the shots were being fired. They rushed through the door a second after Mr. Chalmers had entered.

"We hurried into the dining room a quickly as we could," said Mr. Moran, "but we were unable to do anything more than help raise Mr. Harrison onto 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 was dead."

"The whole thing was so quickly done," said Mr. Chalmers late tonight, "that I really don't know a thing about it. I was standing at 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 we knew there was no hope for him. He simply bled to death, and passed away so quickly it was utterly impossible to help him.

Laughed at Their Warnings.

"The family, of course, is utterly prostrated and they know nothing about the matter in any way. Young Mr. Harrison told me he was up stairs, and when he heard the shooting he started to run down stairs. As he passed a burglar alarm he turned in a signal. He had found his father a minute before I reached there. He said to me: 'I told father long ago something like this would happen. He was too easy in letting people in to see him, cranks and everybody. I and the other members of the family often told him to be careful, but he only laughed.'

"After we had carried Mr. Harrison to the couch," continued Mr. Chalmers, "he spoke once or twice, saying it was useless to try to prolong his life, and the last words he said, as nearly as I can remember, were: "Give me water; send 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 occurence took place. I was devoting all my time to Mr. Harrison."

Prendergast is Crazy.

"That man Prendergast is crazy," said Corporation Counsel Kraus, who was perhaps the closest friend Mr. Harrison had. "I know him well and have seen him several times. He called at my office twice and told me he was going to be appointed as my successor and that I should resign. I laughed and told him I was ready to quit at any time, and if he would let me know when he received the appointment I would gladly let him have the place. The man was so palpably out of his mind that I did not consider it worth while to talk seriously with him. I spoke to the mayor at one time about it and he said he had received threatening letters from the fellow, but paid no attention to him, as the man was insane and there was no use bothering with him. I never thought of the matter again until I received two postal cards from the fellow a few days ago. They were both written in red ink and gave me the information that he was ready to have me resign and step into my position. I always knew Prendergast was insane, but I never thought he would do such an awful thing as this."

Mr. Kraus was well nigh inconsolable over the mayor's death. When the news reached him that the mayor was dead he was in his carriage going to a ball. He at once ordered his coachman to drive back to his home, where he removed his dress suit and then hurried over to Mr. Harrison's residence, arriving there a short time after the mayor's death.

What the Coachman Saw.

Peter Reicheise, Mayor Harrison's private coachman, made an effort to kill 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. As I stepped into the hall I saw the man walking toward 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. 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. I shouted to him to stop and also called the police. As he ran up Ashland avenue he turned east on Adams street. When I arrived at the corner I could not see him and I returned to the house."

CARTER H. HARRISON.

His Life and Deeds—A Short Biography of the Assassinated Mayor.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—Carter H. Harrison was born in Lexington, Ky., February 15, 1825. His great-great-grandfather was father of Benjamin, who was father of President William H. Harrison. His grandfather was first cousin to Thomas Jefferson and he himself was cousin of John C. Breckinridge and Benjamin Harrison. By the death of his father, he was left, when 8 years old, to the care of his mother, who was daughter of Colonel William Russell of the United States army and a northwestern pioneer. Dr. Lewis Marshall, brother of Chief Justice and father of Tom Marshall, prepared him for Yale, where he graduated in 1845. After graduating at Transylvania in the law school, and traveling two years abroad, he came to Chicago in 1855, invested in real estate and became wealthy. He was commissioner of Cook county from 1871 to 1874, when he went to congress, serving two terms. He attracted attention during the Hayes-Tilden contest, by introducing a resolution for six-year presidential terms, and making ex-presidents ineligible for put one term, but senators for life. He was elected mayor of Chicago in 1879, 1881, 1883, 1885 and 1893. In 1884 he was the democratic candidate against Oglesby for governor of Illinois and the same year a delegate-at-large to the national convention that nominated Cleveland. After completing his fourth term as mayor he made a trip around the world and wrote "A Race With the Sun." In 1890 he visited Alaska and the national parks and his book on "A Summer's Outing," also added to his literary fame. In 1891 he purchased the Chicago Times, which he edited until elected mayor last April and which his sons, William Preston Harrison and Carter H. Harrison, jr., now own. He was married in 1855 to Sophia Preston. She died in Europe in 1876. In 1882 he married Marguerite E. Stearns, who died in 1887, and he was to have been married a few days hence to Miss Anna Howard of New Orleans. He was, at the time of his death, a candidate for United States senator. During the past six months he has received officials and delegations visiting the World's fair and different congresses and conventions from all parts of the country and the world, and his welcoming addresses constitute a volume of happy thoughts and suggestions. His last address of welcome was made today to visiting mayors and municipal officers.

HIS LAST SPEECH.

Mayor Harrison's Address to the Mayors of Seventy Cities.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—The mayors of seventy American cities were present at Music hall today.

Mayor Harrison, so soon