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Bargains of Unusual Merit for This Week.

It's a mistake to think that all the bargains are to found in this catalogue. But it is true that you will find everyone here mentioned of great merit, and hundreds more equally desirable.

Underwear.

Gent's natural wool Shirts, regular price \$1.25, reduced to 85c. Gent's Angora lined Shirts, regular price \$1.00, reduced to 87c.
Ladies' knit Vests and Pants, pure wool, regular price \$1.33, reduced to 95c. Ladies' pure wool Tights in black, regular price \$1.75; reduced to \$1.37 1/2. Ladies' pure wool Union suits, regular price \$3.98, reduced to \$3.19. Ladies' 90 per cent wool Vests, slightly soiled, regular price \$1.50, reduced to 76c. Ladies' natural wool and Camel hair Vests, regular price \$1.33, reduced to \$1.07.
Children's gary Shirts and Drawers, regular price 25c, reduced to 17c. Children's Ribbed Shirts, natural, regular price 69c, reduced to 58c. Dr. Jaeger's \$5.99 Night Robes, Ladies and Gent's, reduced to \$4.00. Dr. Jaeger's \$3.50 Gent's Shirts reduced to \$2.80. Dr. Jaeger's \$3.15 Gent's Shirts reduced to \$2.51. Dr. Jaeger's \$4.00 Gent's Shirts reduced to \$3.20.
All other garments reduced in same proportion to close out this stock. These are not "balds" and "wends" or unsaleable sizes, but a good assortment of all sizes may still be had.

Dress Goods.

Imported novelties in Dress Goods \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 suitings will be offered at the uniform price, 98c a yard. 54-inch Flannel in dark colors, at only 25c a yard. 100 yards Panama weave novelties, regular price 50c, go at 42c a yard. 36-inch Twilled suitings in Brown, Blue, Green, Maroon and Black at 22c a yard. A full Dress Pattern of Satin Berber and Jacquard Berbers with linings, furnishings and trimmings complete ready for the dress maker. See them in our west window.

\$6.48 Black Henriettas, the finest in the house, regular price \$1.00 a yard. We offer this week a full suit with lining and furnishings complete, for even \$6.48. Think of it.

Cloaks.

One lot of imperfect Cloaks, in good sizes, will be sold at one-half and one-quarter of their regular price; another week of those \$5.85 garments. We are headquarters on Cloaks, Capes and Wraps, at least so we are told by people who know.

Linens.

50 pieces of Best table damask, regular 50c quality at 39c a yard. Six pieces of best linen table damask, with white and colored border, at 33c a yard. 66-inch Barmesly linen, very heavy, regular price 69c, at 55c a yard. 72-inch bleached satin damask, worth \$1.50, at \$1.19 a yard. Large damask Doilies, colored borders, at 6c each. Bleached damask Doilies, large, 5c each. Small Doilies at only 1c each. Bleached Huck towels, hemmed, 19x38, at 15c each. Bleached Huck towels hem-stitched, 19x38, at 22c each. Bleached Huck towels, hem-stitched, 21x42, at 23c each. Bleached damask towels, knotted fringe, 25x59 at 25c each. Bleached damask, knotted fringe, 18x36, at 15c each. Turkish Bath Towels, 23x42, at 12c each; Turkish Bath Towels, heavy, 24x45, at 23c each; Linen Glace Towels, 18x36, at 9c each; Assorted lot of Damask Towels, regular prices 25, 29 and 33c each, to make a clean sweep we offer them at 19c each.

DASTARDLY DONE.

The Assassination of Mayor Harrison, of Chicago.

MOST VILE AND COWARDLY CRIME.

Committed by an Alleged Crank Who Had Been Disappointed in an Absurd Ambition.

THE DEED OF A SECOND GUILTEAU.

Facts of the Awful Tragedy that Has Cast a Gloom Over the World's Fair City.

The Popular Executive of the Western Metropolis Called to the Door of His Home and Shot to Death Without a Word of Warning—The Misanthrope Perpetrator Coolly Gives Himself Up and Expects Acquittal—His Victim Cut Down on the Eve of a Happy Marriage—Career of the Dead Mayor—What is Said of the Event.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—Standing in the vigor of perfect health, erect and active in spite of his nearly 70 years of life, before an audience largely composed of men holding the same official positions as himself Mayor Carter Henry Harrison exclaimed last Saturday afternoon in the



MAYOR HARRISON.

Music hall at the White City. "I intend to live half a century yet," and no one knew that he was making his last public speech; that a few short hours would see him a corpse, and a few days a resident of that white city to which some day we will all in our turn be borne.

Dead Before Eight O'Clock.

But so it was, and at the announcement a wave of grief and anger swept over Chicago that has rarely had a parallel. So deep was the anger and so threatening the manifestations that the dastard who did the deed was secretly taken from the Central police station to an outlying station in the apprehension that a mob might attack the city building intent on lynching the murderer. The facts of the tragedy in briefest form are these: Mayor Harrison was shot three times while standing in the hallway of his home at 231 Ashland boulevard Saturday evening at 7:25 o'clock by a man giving his name as Eugene Patrick Prendergast. He died at 7:40 o'clock, fifteen minutes later. Prendergast after firing the shots, the last of which was fatal, went to the Desplaines street station, where he gave himself up.

Called from His Dinner to Die. Mayor Harrison had been at the World's fair all day and was lingering over his dinner at 7:25 p. m. when the door bell rang and a moment later the parlor maid came in and said a young man who said he was a city official desired to see Mr. Harrison. The mayor was a man who never refused to see anybody and he immediately left the table and went into the hall, which was brightly lighted. He advanced to within a few feet of the assassin, when the latter pulled out a pistol and began firing without a word. Three shots were fired so rapidly as he could pull the trigger and two of the bullets took effect in the victim's body.

Had Several Shots at the Assassin. Members of the family in the house, the servants and neighbors heard the reports and within an incredibly short time the dying man was surrounded; not soon enough to capture the assassin, however, who had stood at the main entrance of the hall and did not pursue his victim when he saw the result of his deadly work. William P. Harrison, the mayor's son, heard the shots, turned in a call on a police alarm box, and hurried down to learn the cause of the disturbance. The coachman, who had heard the triple report, came promptly to the rescue and fired several shots at the retreating form of the assassin, but without result.

"This Is Death, Chalmers." The stricken man was soon surrounded by the people in the house, but he walked without assistance to the dining room he had just left and started to gain his bedroom by a rear stairway when he fell to the floor. It was there he was found by W. J. Chalmers, who lives opposite Mayor Harrison. Mr. Chalmers had heard the sound of the revolver, and saw the murderer running away. Hastening to the Harrison mansion he found the front door open and entered. Proceeding into the dining room he saw through the open door Mr. Harrison lying on the floor of the pantry.

"This is death, Chalmers," said Mr. Harrison, "I am shot through the heart." Making a hasty examination Mr. Chalmers said, "You are mistaken, Mr. Harrison. You are shot in the stomach."

"No, through the heart, I tell you," said the dying man, with a return of his customary vigor, and then relaxed into a

state of semi-consciousness.

The Bullet Had Done Its Work.

Within a few minutes after the shots were fired Dr. Foster, who had been summoned, arrived, and almost simultaneously came Dr. Lyman, Washburn and Thomas. There was nothing to be done. The assassin's bullet had accomplished its purpose. Death was doing its work. The dying man spoke very few words after the doctors arrived. To Dr. Foster he exclaimed just before he died: "Where is Annie [his intended wife, Miss Howard]; why don't somebody fetch her." Then a moment later he asked for water and spoke no more. Dr. Foster says that the bullet that killed Mr. Harrison was one that entered just above the navel, it having caused internal hemorrhage. The other body wound was in the right side just under the arm. One shot took effect in the left hand.

The Fatal Influence of Politics.

It is not too much to say that "politics did it." For the assassin shot because he was as he claims, disappointed in getting a city office, and the mayor's presence in the city at the time was caused by the coming election, for which he had postponed his marriage. Had he carried out his original intention he would have been at New Orleans at this time and—but who knows what might have been? His fiancée Miss Howard, of the Crescent City, was here and arrived at the mayor's residence soon after his death. She had been notified of the shooting immediately by telephone, and did not know it was fatal until she arrived at the scene of the tragedy, where on being told the awful truth she sank half fainting into the arms of Mrs. Chalmers.

A BRIGHT FUTURE BEFORE HIM.

Yet Perishes at the Hands of a Worthless, Cranky Misanthrope.

The tragedy is an inexpressibly sad one. His son said: "It was a cowardly and cold-blooded murder if there ever was one. My father had reached home weary with the exertions of a day at the fair. His future was bright in every way and the world held out great inducements for him to live. He was to have been married Nov. 16 and intended to leave the city Nov. 12 for New Orleans, where he was to meet his bride. There seems to have been a fatality in the date, as the wedding was originally set for an earlier day, which, if the plans had been carried out, would have taken father from the city before this time. But because of the election the date of the wedding was postponed."

And the man who shot, who was he? A crank perhaps, but not nearly so crazy as Guiteau. A man of 25 with a face that has viciousness printed all over it is the way he is described by the city press. At his age he had found nothing suited to his talents higher than carrier of newspapers, and he did that so poorly that one paper discharged him. He was not worth to the community or to mankind as much in a month as Mayor Harrison was in a minute. He went to the Desplaines Street station and told the policemen he had shot Mayor Harrison, and they took him to headquarters where for an hour he was questioned and cross-examined apparently with a view to ascertaining whether he was insane or not.

For, as the mayor's son says, "The man who killed my father must have been insane." There are a good many people in Chicago, however, who believe that this particular kind of insanity should always insure its possessor a quick and certain death instead of a term at Kankakee, to be followed by release and freedom to kill some one else. To the questions propounded the assassin said his name was Eugene Patrick Prendergast; that he shot the mayor because the mayor had betrayed his confidence (said betrayal consisting as near as it could be made out in refusing to appoint Prendergast to the position of corporation counsel); that he expected to be acquitted, because he was justified in shooting.

He also said that he had a plan to raise the tracks of the railways at little cost to the railways and none to the city, which he had explained to the mayor, and it was for the purpose of getting this plan into operation that he wanted to be co-operation counsel. There was a lot more to the same effect which left the policemen of the opinion that the fellow was insane. On the other hand his mother—not knowing of his crime at the time—said that he was perfectly sane, but cranky on some subjects, particularly the single tax theory. The physician who has attended the family for years said that Prendergast was perfectly sane, and that no one had ever suspected him of insanity so far as he knew.

SCENE AT A REPUBLICAN MEETING.

The Audience Adjourns on Receipt of the Awful News.

News of the tragedy reached the business part of the city within a few minutes. Before the reporters could reach the Harrison mansion there was a crowd of vehicles on Ashland avenue and the lawn was covered with people. Within half an hour the news had apparently reached every city and county official, and before the body had been removed to the upper room, where it now lies, the crush had become so great that Capt. Shea's men were obliged to keep away all visitors. The Commercial club was holding a banquet, but the banquet was untouched; at the club the greatest excitement prevailed and half a dozen social functions prepared for the night were abandoned.

But the most remarkable scene was at the Republican campaign meeting held in the North Side Turner hall. Here had gathered a large throng to listen to speeches many of which would have been in parts decidedly uncomplimentary to Carter H. Harrison. John P. Farwell presided and ex-Governor Oglesby was speaking when J. C. W. Rhode entered and walking to the stage gave a slip of paper to ex-County Attorney Bliss, who read it and let it fall on the floor. He picked it up again and whispered its dreadful tidings to a reporter, who seized his notes and left. These acts had attracted attention and Governor Oglesby stopped in his speech and inquired what was the matter. He in turn was handed the slip of paper.

The ex-governor glanced at it, and as he walked slowly forward the whole audience showed intense interest in what had been seen on the stage, men leaning forward and half rising in their excitement. Everybody dreaded something.

"Fellow-citizens, I have terrible news to impart." Governor Oglesby uttered the words scarcely above a whisper.

Nearly the whole audience was on its

feet by this time.

"Read it," cried a voice from the audience.

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot," the white-haired ex-governor exclaimed in trembling tones, as he handed the scrap of paper to Chairman Farwell.

The chairman took the note and read it in tones so low and broken that it could not be heard. But cries of "Louder" caused him to pull himself together and in tones that could be heard all over the hall he shouted: "Carter H. Harrison has been assassinated—murdered!" He added "This meeting is adjourned." Then ensued a scene which will never be forgotten by those present as long as they live. The announcement was followed by a cry of anguish, pain, anger, and sorrow combined that filled the hall. Out of the hall and down the broad stairway swept the tide of men. Some went directly home. Others boarded street cars for the city hall. Hundreds stood upon the sidewalk and discussed the awful tragedy. Every man was a mourner. Politics stood dumb in the presence of death.

There probably is not a man in Chicago who does not feel the deepest regret at this shameful assassination. He was universally esteemed. He had his political enemies who fought him and his political principles and methods with the greatest asperity, but whose personal relations with him was of the most friendly character and all held him a man worthy of all the honors Chicago has bestowed on him. As the crime is talked over its remarkable similarity to that which robbed the nation of Garfield comes out stronger. Both assassins were "cranks" and political cranks at that; both thought they should be rewarded for their services in the campaign with office; both fired without a word of warning and both gave themselves up.

CARTER H. HARRISON'S CAREER.

Kentucky Born, but a Chicago Citizen from Early Manhood.

From young manhood to the hour when the assassin's bullet put an end to a life filled with years and with honors the career of Carter Henry Harrison has been closely interwoven with the history of Chicago. Born in Fayette county, Ky., sprung of a stock represented at the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Carter H. Harrison led till his 20th year the fine life of a son of one of the gentleman planters of the old commonwealth. And no life could be more pleasant. The date of his birth was Feb. 15, 1825. After completing his common school and academic education he studied under Dr. Marshall, of Lexington, brother of Chief Justice Marshall and father of the celebrated wit Tom Marshall, preparing himself for his university course.

He entered the sophomore class at Yale in 1842 and was graduated in law and letters in 1845. At college he was a member of the Scroll and Key society, whose roster embraces the names of the most prominent men who claim Yale as their alma mater. After graduation he returned to Lexington and attended a postgraduate course of law lectures for one year. Having gone thus far in his legal education he returned to the old Harrison homestead in Fayette county and devoted his attention to the management of the big plantation for the four years between 1847 and 1850. It was in 1851 that Mr. Harrison first went abroad. His journey embraced what was in those days called the grand tour, and during this trip Mr. Harrison familiarized himself with the French and German languages, which in his subsequent career stood him in such good stead.

After completing his tour of Europe Mr. Harrison traveled for many months in Syria, Palestine and Asia Minor, his companion during this eastern tour being Bayard Taylor, who was then gathering material for his book "The Land of the Saracens." In the preface of this work the author refers to "My traveling companion, Mr. Carter Henry Harrison, of Clifton, Ky." He returned to Kentucky in 1852, resumed and completed his studies of law, and was shortly admitted to the bar. In 1855 Mr. Harrison married Miss Sophia Preston, of Henderson, Ky., by which marriage were born his four living children—Mrs. Lina Owsley, wife of Heaton Owsley, of this city; Carter H. Harrison, Jr., William Preston Harrison and Miss Sophie E. Harrison. There were six other children, all of whom died in early youth.

In 1855 Mr. Harrison paid his first visit to Chicago. He was greatly taken with the young city, and when he returned to Kentucky he sold his plantation, and in 1857 removed to Chicago for good. He had sold his Kentucky property for some \$30,000, all of which he at once invested in real estate in the city of his adoption. One of his earliest purchases was the block at the corner of Clark and Harrison streets, which he owned at the time of his death and which constitutes a goodly proportion of his estates. He also bought acreage on the west side, which subsequently became the Carter Harrison subdivision of the city of Chicago. Mr. Harrison practiced a little at the Chicago bar in those early days, but as he himself admitted, was a mild success as an advocate and was so timid about public speaking that he abandoned the profession completely.

MAYOR AND REPRESENTATIVE.

Beginning of His Political Life—Success Against Great Odds.

His political career began in 1871, and those who have only known "Carter" Harrison—as he was universally known here—since that time will find some difficulty in believing that he was ever timid about speaking. For a man more ready to speak at all times and on any subject has never shown himself "within the city walls" of Chicago, and he was an entertaining speaker, too, he always was perfectly frank. He knew what he wanted and what he thought he could do and he said it "right out." There was no deception about Carter Harrison.

In the year mentioned he was elected a county commissioner on what was called, in reference to the then but recently past conflagration, the "fireproof" or citizens' ticket. He served with honor in that capacity through those trying days, and in 1872 was prevailed upon to make the race for congress against John D. Ward. In this contest Mr. Harrison was defeated by a plurality of 760 votes. In 1874 he ran again, his opponent on this occasion being George B. Davis (the present director general of the World's fair). The contest was one of the closest ever recorded. Both candidates claimed election, and a recount of the ballots was found necessary to de-

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

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