

Dreadful Deed!

The Mayor of Chicago Murdered in His Own Home.

Carter Harrison the Victim of a Crazy Crank.

The Assassin Surrenders Himself to the Police—Last Hours of the Victim—His Prospective Marriage—Biographical Sketch.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—Another crazy crank has done his deadly work, and Carter Harrison, five times mayor of Chicago, and one of the best known men in the west, lies dead in his home, 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 beside Mr. Harrison was his son, William Preston Harrison, 25 years of age, and the servant. 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, smooth-shaven, his rather clean-cut features lit up by a pair of dark eyes. "If Mr. Harrison is in," asked the man in a quiet, pleasant voice.

"Yes, sir," responded the girl as she threw the door wider 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, stepping 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 right side of the abdomen, making a wound that would have been mortal in 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 a butler's pantry opening off the room, where, weakened by the loss of blood, he fell to the floor. ESCAPE OF THE ASSASSIN. 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 and walked rapidly out of the door that had marked all his actions and started towards 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. 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 happened 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 W. 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 bounded down the steps and dashed across the street, met Prendergast almost out of 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, and the son of the dying man strove to raise him. SHOT IN THE HEART. "I've got my death, Chalmers," responded the mayor. Noticing a spot of blood on the mayor's waistcoat, Mr. Chalmers said: "I guess so." "I'm shot in the heart, and I'm a dead man," was the only reply. A moment later he said with a voice which was rapidly losing strength: "Unless 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.

"Is this the heart?" said the mayor, 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. About 25 minutes after the shooting Mr. Frank McDonald was standing in the office of the Des Moines street station. When in walked a small, smooth-shaven man, poorly dressed and carrying a revolver in his hand. He shook like a man with the palsy, and his face was white and down. He walked up to McDonald, 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 arm and 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 shot him for."

dramatic, no bravado. He spoke of his crime as though it was a matter entirely to be expected.

THE ASSASSIN. Prendergast was at one time employed on the Chicago police force, and has been trying for some time to get back on the force. The man's actions before the shooting were not such as to attract attention, but his talk and manner since he was placed under arrest leave no doubt as to his insanity. The thought uppermost in the minds of many men was to take the life of the assassin, and all the reserves were massed in front of the city. There were grave fears that some outbreak might occur before the night had passed, but Prendergast is in secret custody.

HARRISON'S LAST HOURS. The details of the shooting to-day do not vary materially from the earlier account. Mayor Harrison had been to the World's Fair with his son Carter H. Harrison, jun., and had returned home about 6 o'clock. The son remained at the fair. Though tired with the day's sight-seeing the mayor was in good humor and chatted gaily with his younger son William Preston Harrison and his daughter Sophia. The three dined together, making a pleasant family party. No cloud of presentiment came over the happy father and children. His betrothed, Miss Annie Howard, was at his son's house a few paces away, and he spoke several times to his son and daughter about her. After dinner, Preston Harrison went up stairs to his room. Miss Harrison went around to her brother's house in Marshfield avenue. The mayor declared he would rest in the dining-room for a while and shortly before 8 o'clock he had fallen into a light slumber.

About ten minutes to 8 o'clock the assassin left his post of observation and gained admission to Harrison's house as already described. The only warning of death received by Mr. Harrison was the sound of a revolver as Prendergast pulled it out of his pocket and fired the fatal shots.

"I am dying," muttered the mayor, turning toward his son, "bring Annie." But Miss Howard did not arrive until after the mayor had breathed his last. HARRISON'S PROSPECTIVE MARRIAGE. Two weeks from next Tuesday, had Carter H. Harrison lived for that brief period, he would have taken to himself a third wife in the person of Miss Annie Howard, of New Orleans. It is less than two months since his engagement to the only daughter of the late Crescent City millionaire and king bee of the Louisiana lottery was made public. It was only Friday morning that the Times, the mayor's own paper, announced that the wedding day had been fixed for Nov. 7, and that it would be solemnized in the bride's native city. Apparently all concerned had overlooked the fact that Tuesday week was election day, and that if the programme was carried out Mayor Harrison would miss the opportunity of casting his vote. Later in the week word went out that the date of the wedding had been changed to a week later—to Nov. 14.

THE INQUEST. The verdict of the coroner's jury recommended that Prendergast be held for the murder until discharged by process of law. The report of the examination made by Dr. Mitchell says: "I found five wound openings on the body such as usually made by bullets. Number one passed through the left hand, breaking the bone of the little finger and came out in the palm, forming wound number two. Number three passed once through the bowels and lodged in the muscle of the back. Here a bullet was found. Number four wound passed through the tenth rib and liver and a bullet was found in the bowels. Number five wound was just below the front right shoulder, and passed down under the skin about four inches. Here a third bullet was found."

THE PRISONER AT THE JAIL. Prendergast arrived at the county jail from the inquest about 1 o'clock this afternoon. He asked for a paper and read the account of the murder. Then he dropped the paper and said, "I did my duty," repeating this sentence several times. "What was your reason for killing the mayor?" was asked. Prendergast replied emphatically: "I was to have had the position of corporation counsel, but he played false to me, and I only did right to kill him. I did not know that I had fired three shots at him until I read it in the paper."

BIOGRAPHICAL. Carter H. Harrison was born near Lexington, Ky., Feb. 16, 1825. His great-grandfather was father of Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States. 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 Col. William Russell, of the United States army, and a northwestern pioneer. Dr. Lewis Marshall, brother of the chief justice, presaged him for Yale, where he graduated in 1845. After graduating at Transylvania in law 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, introduced a resolution for six years' presidential term, and making himself eligible for one term only, but senators for life. He was elected mayor of Chicago in 1879, 1881, 1882, 1885 and 1893. In 1884 he was the Democratic candidate against Oglesby for governor of Illinois and the same year defeated him for 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 Outing" also added to his literary fame. In 1891 he purchased the Chicago Times, which he edited till election day last April, and with his sons, William Preston Harrison and Carter H. Harrison, jun., 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 delegates visiting the World's Fair and different congresses and conventions from all parts of the country and the world, and his welcome addresses constitute a volume of happy thoughts and suggestions. His last address of welcome was made yesterday to visiting mayors and municipal officers.

The campaign previous to the nomination of Harrison for mayor was one of the most dramatic in the history of the city. Three candidates presented themselves to the ranks of the Democratic party, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Cregier, and Washington Heising. The convention which was called together on March 1 was one of the largest ever held in Cook county, and some of its scenes were dramatic in the extreme. The contest in convention was between Mr. Harrison and Mr. Heising, and both of them sat side by side on the platform. After several hours, during which the wildest excitement reigned, Mr. Heising withdrew his name, and Mr. Harrison was made the unanimous choice of the assembly for World's Fair mayor. The campaign preceding the election was one of the most spirited in the political history of Cook county. Opposed to Mr. Harrison, as the Republican candidate, was Samuel W. Allerton, who had the support of every newspaper in the city, with the exception of Mr. Harrison's own paper, the Times. Nothing daunted, however, by the confident prediction of the press that he stood not the ghost of a show for re-election, Mr. Harrison, by the management of his campaign, and by perfect organization and by his presence night after night at political meetings, and by a vigorous protection of his interests through his own efforts, and by the support of his opponents by beating Mr. Allerton by a plurality of over 20,000 votes. The result was all the more surprising because of the confident predictions which had been made that Mr. Allerton was the choice of the city's citizens, and that Mr. Harrison's fifth race for the mayoralty did not meet with the sanction of the people.

Equal Rights.

New Zealand's Legislature Gives the Franchise to Women.

Riot and Bloodshed in the Village of Bethlehem.

Suit Against Stanley, the African Traveler and Lecturer.

Earthquake in Verona.

Selling Gold.

An Action Against Stanley.

Suit Against Stanley.

Wheel vs. Horse.

New Zealand Women Can Vote.

London Discount Rates.

Riot at Bethlehem.

They Love Each Other.

Repeal Fear at Hand—The Amendments Voted Down.

Sir John Abbott's End Very Near.

Died on the Gallows.

Steamships Arrived.

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