

HARRISON IS SLAIN.

Chicago's Mayor Victim of a Murderer's Bullets.

SHOT DEAD AT HOME.

THE ASSASSIN WAS A CRAZY OFFICE-SEEKER.

Chief Executive of the World's Fair City Called from Slumber to Death—Three Bullets Fired at Him in His Own Home—No Word of Warning is Spoken by the Murderer—The Station Besieged by Indignant Crowd—Chicagoans Astounded by the News of the Killing.

Carter Henry Harrison, Mayor of the city of Chicago, has been assassinated—shot down in the hallway of his own home by an irresponsible crank. This is a shocking announcement to go before the world in these closing days of the Columbian Exposition. Just when the name of Chicago is on the tongues of all men in every clime, when every mention of the name brings pleasant memories to millions of people, it is a cruel fate that associates the name of the city with the crime of assassination. It was the cherished ambition of Mr. Harrison to serve as the World's Fair Mayor. He had almost completed the six months covering the period of the Fair; the papers of the morning of his death had announced the date of his marriage to a most estimable lady; he was at the proudest moment of a most extraordinary career when cut down by the cruel shot of an assassin. The story of the murder seems to indicate that it was committed by an insane or partially demented man. The



CARTER H. HARRISON.
Speaking at the World's Fair on the day of his assassination.

act was, cold-blooded and deliberate. The man had come to the Harrison mansion bent on murder, and whether actuated by motives of the birth of an unbalanced mind or not, he did his field-work well.

Shortly after a 7 o'clock dinner Saturday night, the Mayor, feeling fatigued from a day spent at the World's Fair, laid down on an ottoman in the dining room of the mansion. There had attended him at the meal William Preston Harrison, Miss Harrison, his affianced wife. All of these, save the Mayor himself, had repaired to rooms above. There were two servants in attendance, Mary Hanson and Maggie French, when at 8:10 o'clock the door bell rang. The former of the two servants named was in the doorway. A man giving his name as Eugene Patrick Prendergast inquired for the Mayor and was admitted into the hallway. Mr. Harrison came forward at the call of his name and met the caller near the front door of the residence.

Without a moment's warning Prendergast drew a revolver and fired three shots in rapid succession. The first shot struck Mr. Harrison in the abdomen, near the stomach, and he threw up his hands and staggered backward. As he did so, another bullet hit him in the left breast near the shoulder and over the region of the heart. Not content with his deadly work the assassin again fired, piercing the left hand of his vic-



MISS ANNIE HOWARD.
Carter Harrison's Betrothed.

tim as he sank to the floor mortally wounded.

Preston Harrison, son of the Mayor, when the first shot was fired was in his room, on the second floor. He ran down with all haste and rushed after the man as he left the hall. Prendergast fired a shot at Mr. Harrison, but missed him. The assassin, having completed his work, turned back to the door, the butler of the Harrison household at his heels, fled across the lawn, out of the gateway, and out of sight. The police were quickly on the spot.

Preston Harrison was soon at the side of his prostrate father, the latter pale and uttering hardly articulate groans.

"I'm shot," moaned the Mayor. "Get a doctor."

Dr. Foster, who lives half a square removed from the Harrisons, hastened to the side of the wounded man. A hurried examination during which the patient gritted his teeth and bore up heroically, and Dr. Foster announced the sufferer beyond a doubt.

"I've been shot," muttered Chicago's chief executive, and I am going to die. I know it. I cannot live." "You're not hurt, father," returned the son, reassuringly. "You'll be all right," with a feigned smile. But the Mayor had caught the look of discouragement from the doctor, and added

his own apprehensions thereto. "Yes, I am going to die," firmly, and then, modulating his intonation somewhat, he gasped. "Where's Annie?" This reference to her who was soon to leave him he brought to the tear to his eyes, and, growing faint at heart as in death, he fell back on the rude improvise couch of rags. "Where's Annie?" he repeated, his voice now almost still. A convulsive throb, his voice failed him, he choked up with the blood that was forcing up from the awful gape in his abdomen, a last look about him, and the Mayor of the great Western city turned his head slightly to the right and gasped his last.

Retreated Sober by Her Dead.

A few minutes later Miss Howard rushed in, distressed. She begged to be allowed to see the man she loved. She threw herself on his bleeding body and sobbed as if her heart would break. Her piteous cries brought tears to the eyes of those near her. Preston Harrison alone stood dry-eyed. He seemed to be transfixed with horror. Miss Howard wept over her dead lover like one distraught. She had almost to torn from the body. Mrs. Owsley, daughter

assassinated the whole city was aroused. The people came from all directions, both in cars and on foot. They gathered on the sidewalk in front of the house, and crowded into the large front room, which opened onto the house. The police, however, prevented this, and soon a guard was set at the door. Then the yard was cleared. Still the crowd lingered, pressing against the iron fence.

Politics Forgotten in Sympathy.

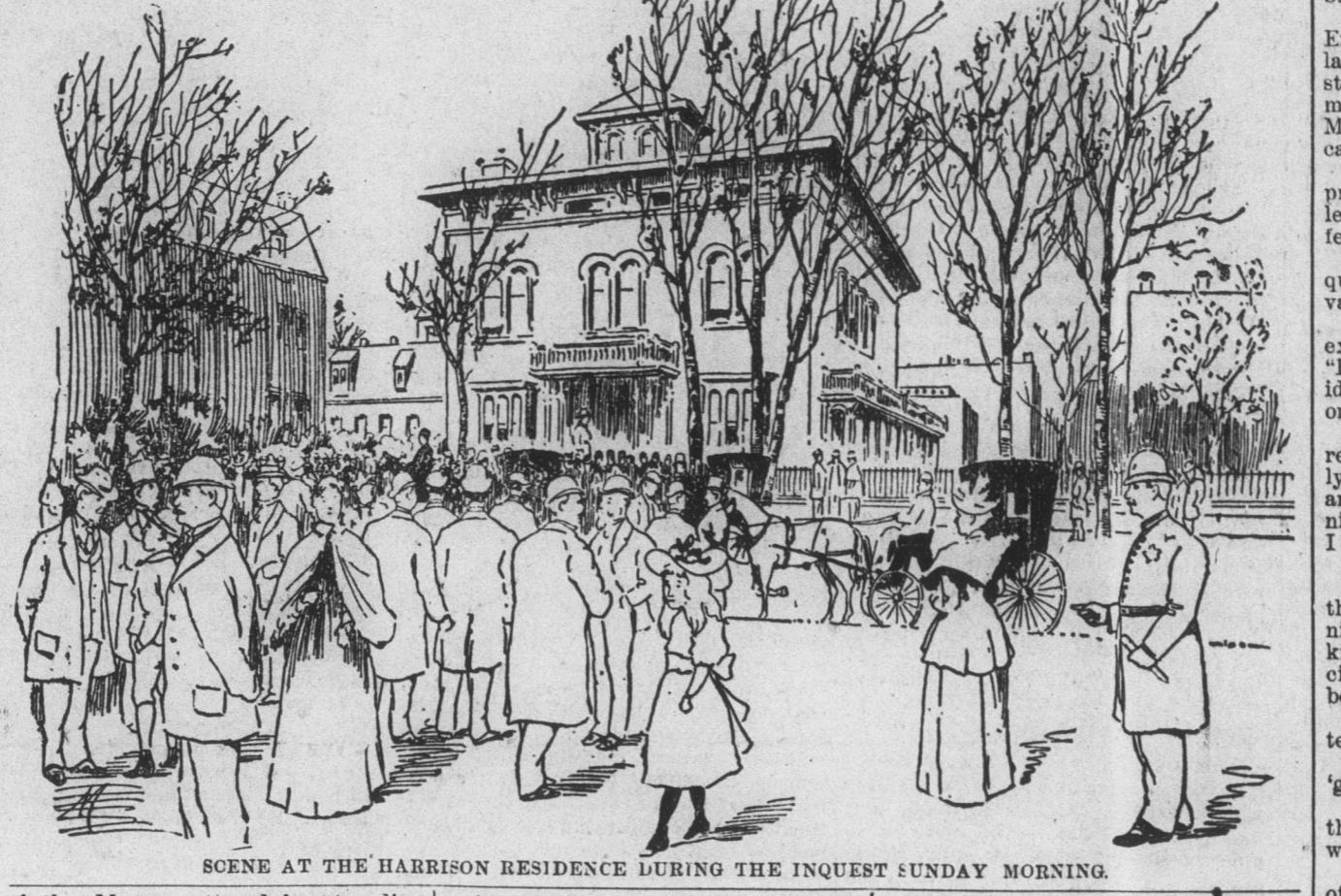
The news spread to a big Republican campaign meeting being held at the North Side Turner Hall and the meeting terminated suddenly. The men were wild enough to rush to the jail and hang the murderer to the nearest lamp post. Another crowd gathered around the Desplaines street station, but the police were all out and the men were kept back.

Prendergast was taken to the City Hall and examined by Inspector Sha and three other officers. He gave a clear statement concerning his deed. From his own account it was a cold-blooded action, deliberately planned and carried out. Here, again, another crowd waited to catch

long before church time of the irreparable disaster that had befallen it on the night before. The church were all crowded in the morning with the regular parishioners and strangers eager to hear whatever eulogies or other references that might be made by the pastors to the dead Mayor.

The Inquest.

Five bullet wounds were found in the body of the murdered Mayor. A coroner's jury, composed of C. C. Kohl, Ulric King, S. A. Scribner, W. J. Chalmers, P. R. O'Brien, and Charles F. Elmes, impaneled by Coroner McHale, rendered a verdict of murder without delay. The inquest was held at the Harrison mansion Sunday morning. The assassin was present under a heavy guard and a line of stalwart policemen surrounded the house, guarding every gate and door. These were but few witnesses to examine, and the proceedings occupied short time. Previous to the inquest a post mortem examination had been made, and the testimony of the surgeons was the only information differing from that printed in Sunday's papers.



SCENE AT THE HARRISON RESIDENCE DURING THE INQUEST SUNDAY MORNING.

of the Mayor, uttered heartrending cries over her father. Overcome with grief Miss Sophie Harrison fainted near her father's body. The three women were taken upstairs and the doctors turned their attention to them.

There was a sad scene between those three women upstairs. Mrs. Harrison, Jr., also arrived, distraught at the fate of her husband's father. The four women wept together, consoling each other by their tears. Miss Howard refused all consolation. The name of her dead lover was on her lips, and she cried that she might die and go with him. Despairing wails and hysterical groans, prayers, pleadings, the restoration of her lover to life, implored by the women upstairs. The words little was added to the information already at the disposal of officers of the law. The verdict recommended that Prendergast be held ill for Prendergast if he had been taken back to the Desplaines Street Station.

Treats of Lynching.

While the civilized world wondered at the infamy of the deed and the law-abiding citizens paced the streets and asked each whether lynch law was not justifiable under certain circumstances. The glib-tongued wretch covered in a cell at the Central Station. He had made bold from before Major Brennan and Inspector Sha, but when thrust back into his cell he sunk into a silent, lifeless, beast at bay. It was nearly midnight then. A crowd had gathered in the street. It gathered with the primal object of hearing authentic news of the assassination and when the verification of the rumor came to them there were hotheads who talked of lynching.

Never in the history of the city since the great calamity of 1871 were such serious threats of lynching indulged in as on Saturday night and Sunday morning. In a crowd of men gathered at the corner of La Salle and Washington streets on Sunday morning was a burly Irishman who towered above every other man. "I say," he shouted, "that we lynch the dog." I am a Republican and have fought Harrison in politics, but he was an American and the first citizen of Chicago. This is not to mention his friends and enemies. Kill the dog!" His shot was taken up by a score of men, but the picket men of the Central station marched out and told the people to move on. Their cool determination was enough and they

sketch of Carter Harrison's Career.

According to a recent biographer, Carter Harrison was born in Kentucky in 1825, but traced his ancestry back to Cromwell's Lieutenant General. His official life began as County Commissioner in 1871. In 1872 he ran for Congress against Jasper D. Ward, and was defeated. In 1874 he ran again, and was elected. He was re-elected in

Excepting a technical description of the words little was added to the information already at the disposal of officers of the law. The verdict recommended that Prendergast be held ill for Prendergast if he had been taken back to the Desplaines Street Station.

Excepting a technical description of the words little was added to the information already at the disposal of officers of the law. The verdict recommended that Prendergast be held ill for Prendergast if he had been taken back to the Desplaines Street Station.

Treats of Lynching.

While the civilized world wondered at the infamy of the deed and the law-abiding citizens paced the streets and asked each whether lynch law was not justifiable under certain circumstances. The glib-tongued wretch covered in a cell at the Central Station. He had made bold from before Major Brennan and Inspector Sha, but when thrust back into his cell he sunk into a silent, lifeless, beast at bay. It was nearly midnight then. A crowd had gathered in the street. It gathered with the primal object of hearing authentic news of the assassination and when the verification of the rumor came to them there were hotheads who talked of lynching.

Never in the history of the city since the great calamity of 1871 were such serious threats of lynching indulged in as on Saturday night and Sunday morning. In a crowd of men gathered at the corner of La Salle and Washington streets on Sunday morning was a burly Irishman who towered above every other man. "I say," he shouted, "that we lynch the dog." I am a Republican and have fought Harrison in politics, but he was an American and the first citizen of Chicago. This is not to mention his friends and enemies. Kill the dog!" His shot was taken up by a score of men, but the picket men of the Central station marched out and told the people to move on. Their cool determination was enough and they

sketch of Carter Harrison's Career.

According to a recent biographer, Carter Harrison was born in Kentucky in 1825, but traced his ancestry back to Cromwell's Lieutenant General. His official life began as County Commissioner in 1871. In 1872 he ran for Congress against Jasper D. Ward, and was defeated. In 1874 he ran again, and was elected. He was re-elected in

Excepting a technical description of the words little was added to the information already at the disposal of officers of the law. The verdict recommended that Prendergast be held ill for Prendergast if he had been taken back to the Desplaines Street Station.

Treats of Lynching.

While the civilized world wondered at the infamy of the deed and the law-abiding citizens paced the streets and asked each whether lynch law was not justifiable under certain circumstances. The glib-tongued wretch covered in a cell at the Central Station. He had made bold from before Major Brennan and Inspector Sha, but when thrust back into his cell he sunk into a silent, lifeless, beast at bay. It was nearly midnight then. A crowd had gathered in the street. It gathered with the primal object of hearing authentic news of the assassination and when the verification of the rumor came to them there were hotheads who talked of lynching.

Never in the history of the city since the great calamity of 1871 were such serious threats of lynching indulged in as on Saturday night and Sunday morning. In a crowd of men gathered at the corner of La Salle and Washington streets on Sunday morning was a burly Irishman who towered above every other man. "I say," he shouted, "that we lynch the dog." I am a Republican and have fought Harrison in politics, but he was an American and the first citizen of Chicago. This is not to mention his friends and enemies. Kill the dog!" His shot was taken up by a score of men, but the picket men of the Central station marched out and told the people to move on. Their cool determination was enough and they

sketch of Carter Harrison's Career.

According to a recent biographer, Carter Harrison was born in Kentucky in 1825, but traced his ancestry back to Cromwell's Lieutenant General. His official life began as County Commissioner in 1871. In 1872 he ran for Congress against Jasper D. Ward, and was defeated. In 1874 he ran again, and was elected. He was re-elected in

Excepting a technical description of the words little was added to the information already at the disposal of officers of the law. The verdict recommended that Prendergast be held ill for Prendergast if he had been taken back to the Desplaines Street Station.

Treats of Lynching.

While the civilized world wondered at the infamy of the deed and the law-abiding citizens paced the streets and asked each whether lynch law was not justifiable under certain circumstances. The glib-tongued wretch covered in a cell at the Central Station. He had made bold from before Major Brennan and Inspector Sha, but when thrust back into his cell he sunk into a silent, lifeless, beast at bay. It was nearly midnight then. A crowd had gathered in the street. It gathered with the primal object of hearing authentic news of the assassination and when the verification of the rumor came to them there were hotheads who talked of lynching.

Never in the history of the city since the great calamity of 1871 were such serious threats of lynching indulged in as on Saturday night and Sunday morning. In a crowd of men gathered at the corner of La Salle and Washington streets on Sunday morning was a burly Irishman who towered above every other man. "I say," he shouted, "that we lynch the dog." I am a Republican and have fought Harrison in politics, but he was an American and the first citizen of Chicago. This is not to mention his friends and enemies. Kill the dog!" His shot was taken up by a score of men, but the picket men of the Central station marched out and told the people to move on. Their cool determination was enough and they

sketch of Carter Harrison's Career.

According to a recent biographer, Carter Harrison was born in Kentucky in 1825, but traced his ancestry back to Cromwell's Lieutenant General. His official life began as County Commissioner in 1871. In 1872 he ran for Congress against Jasper D. Ward, and was defeated. In 1874 he ran again, and was elected. He was re-elected in

Excepting a technical description of the words little was added to the information already at the disposal of officers of the law. The verdict recommended that Prendergast be held ill for Prendergast if he had been taken back to the Desplaines Street Station.

Treats of Lynching.

While the civilized world wondered at the infamy of the deed and the law-abiding citizens paced the streets and asked each whether lynch law was not justifiable under certain circumstances. The glib-tongued wretch covered in a cell at the Central Station. He had made bold from before Major Brennan and Inspector Sha, but when thrust back into his cell he sunk into a silent, lifeless, beast at bay. It was nearly midnight then. A crowd had gathered in the street. It gathered with the primal object of hearing authentic news of the assassination and when the verification of the rumor came to them there were hotheads who talked of lynching.

Never in the history of the city since the great calamity of 1871 were such serious threats of lynching indulged in as on Saturday night and Sunday morning. In a crowd of men gathered at the corner of La Salle and Washington streets on Sunday morning was a burly Irishman who towered above every other man. "I say," he shouted, "that we lynch the dog." I am a Republican and have fought Harrison in politics, but he was an American and the first citizen of Chicago. This is not to mention his friends and enemies. Kill the dog!" His shot was taken up by a score of men, but the picket men of the Central station marched out and told the people to move on. Their cool determination was enough and they

sketch of Carter Harrison's Career.

According to a recent biographer, Carter Harrison was born in Kentucky in 1825, but traced his ancestry back to Cromwell's Lieutenant General. His official life began as County Commissioner in 1871. In 1872 he ran for Congress against Jasper D. Ward, and was defeated. In 1874 he ran again, and was elected. He was re-elected in

Excepting a technical description of the words little was added to the information already at the disposal of officers of the law. The verdict recommended that Prendergast be held ill for Prendergast if he had been taken back to the Desplaines Street Station.

Treats of Lynching.

While the civilized world wondered at the infamy of the deed and the law-abiding citizens paced the streets and asked each whether lynch law was not justifiable under certain circumstances. The glib-tongued wretch covered in a cell at the Central Station. He had made bold from before Major Brennan and Inspector Sha, but when thrust back into his cell he sunk into a silent, lifeless, beast at bay. It was nearly midnight then. A crowd had gathered in the street. It gathered with the primal object of hearing authentic news of the assassination and when the verification of the rumor came to them there were hotheads who talked of lynching.

Never in the history of the city since the great calamity of 1871 were such serious threats of lynching indulged in as on Saturday night and Sunday morning. In a crowd of men gathered at the corner of La Salle and Washington streets on Sunday morning was a burly Irishman who towered above every other man. "I say," he shouted, "that we lynch the dog." I am a Republican and have fought Harrison in politics, but he was an American and the first citizen of Chicago. This is not to mention his friends and enemies. Kill the dog!" His shot was taken up by a score of men, but the picket men of the Central station marched out and told the people to move on. Their cool determination was enough and they

sketch of Carter Harrison's Career.

According to a recent biographer, Carter Harrison was born in Kentucky in 1825, but traced his ancestry back to Cromwell's Lieutenant General. His official life began as County Commissioner in 1871. In 1872 he ran for Congress against Jasper D. Ward, and was defeated. In 1874 he ran again, and was elected. He was re-elected in

Excepting a technical description of the words little was added to the information already at the disposal of officers of the law. The verdict recommended that Prendergast be held ill for Prendergast if he had been taken back to the Desplaines Street Station.

Treats of Lynching.

While the civilized world wondered at the infamy of the deed and the law-abiding citizens paced the streets and asked each whether lynch law was not justifiable under certain circumstances. The glib-tongued wretch covered in a cell at the Central Station. He had made bold from before Major Brennan and Inspector Sha, but when thrust back into his cell he sunk into a silent, lifeless, beast at bay. It was nearly midnight then. A crowd had gathered in the street. It gathered with the primal object of hearing authentic news of the assassination and when the verification of the rumor came to them there were hotheads who talked of lynching.

Never in the history of the city since the great calamity of 1871 were such serious threats of lynching indulged in as on Saturday night and Sunday morning. In a crowd of men gathered at the corner of La Salle and Washington streets on Sunday morning was a burly Irishman who towered above every other man. "I say," he shouted, "that we lynch the dog." I am a Republican and have fought Harrison in politics, but he was an American and the first citizen of Chicago. This is not to mention his friends and enemies. Kill the dog!" His shot was taken up by a score of men, but the picket men of the Central station marched out and told the people to move on. Their cool determination was enough and they

sketch of Carter Harrison's Career.

According to a recent biographer, Carter Harrison was born in Kentucky in 1825, but traced his ancestry back to Cromwell's Lieutenant General. His official life began as County Commissioner in 1871. In 1872 he ran for Congress against Jasper D. Ward, and was defeated. In 1874 he ran again, and was elected. He was re-elected in

Excepting a technical description of the words little was added to the information already at the disposal of officers of the law. The verdict recommended that Prendergast be held ill for Prendergast if he had been taken back to the Desplaines Street Station.

Treats of Lynching.

While the civilized world wondered at the infamy of the deed and the law-abiding citizens paced the streets and asked each whether lynch law was not justifiable under certain circumstances. The glib-tongued wretch covered in a cell at the Central Station. He had made bold from before Major Brennan and Inspector Sha, but when thrust back into his cell he sunk into a silent, lifeless, beast at bay. It was nearly midnight then. A crowd had gathered in the street. It gathered with the primal object of hearing authentic news of the assassination and when the verification of the rumor came to them there were hotheads who talked of lynching.