

LITTLE QUESTION OF HIS INSANITY

Carter Harrison's Assassin a Crank on the Single Tax Theory.

FAIRLY-WELL EDUCATED

The Murderer Secretly Conducted Back to the Scene of His Crime, Where the Inquest Was Held, and Later Is Taken to Jail—No Further Talk of Violence—The Postmortem Reveals Five Bullet Wounds—The Assassin Non-Communicative.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—Patrick Eugene Prendergast, the crank who Saturday night assassinated Mayor Harrison, is now safely locked up in cell No. 11 in the county jail. There is no longer any fear of lynching, but the higher officials of the police department thought it best to be on the safe side, and at 7 o'clock yesterday morning Prendergast was removed quietly from the central station, where he was first confined, to one of the outlying police stations.

Up to the time of his removal Prendergast maintained the sullen, defiant and indifferent attitude that he had shown ever since he gave himself up to desk Sergeant Barber at Desplaines street.

No Doubt of His Insanity. Despite the assertion of Dr. Laidlow, the Prendergast family physician, that the assassin had never shown any indication of mental aberration, there is no doubt in the minds of those who have seen and conversed with him that he is insane. His actions for several weeks past confirm this supposition.

He has been writing threatening postal cards to various city officials; he has threatened the life of the mayor in the presence of Mr. Graham, the mayor's secretary; he has demanded that Corporation Counsel Kraus should resign in his favor, and his whole conduct has been that of a man mentally unbalanced, whose mania, taking a homicidal turn, settled upon Mayor Harrison as the imaginary author of his wrongs.

A Feeling of Sorrow and Horror. In Chicago to-day there is a universal feeling of sorrow and horror, but public indignation no longer threatens to vent itself in the form of an attempt at lynching.

It is realized that the parallel which was at first drawn between the assassination of President Garfield by Guiteau and the present murder is not a true one. Guiteau was a disappointed office-seeker who had some qualifications and some claims to office. He was a monomaniac, it is true, but he was undoubtedly responsible for his actions.

Prendergast, however, is beyond doubt a lunatic pure and simple. He had studied and read cranky economic theories until his mind gave away.

Imagined Himself a Reformer. He imagined that he was a reformer. He had schemes for the betterment of all mankind. He was especially interested in the welfare of Chicago and imagined that he alone could reform the abuses from which the city is suffering. He was especially bitter in his denunciation of the railroad grade crossings which are responsible for many deaths every year, and the idea became fixed in his mind that if he were made corporation counsel he could solve the problem of elevating all the railroad tracks within the city limits.

Particulars of the Crime. The details of the shooting obtained to-day do not vary materially from the account first set out.

Mayor Harrison had been to the world's fair with his son Carter H. Harrison, Jr., and had returned home about 6 o'clock. The son remained at the fair. Though tired out with the day's sight-seeing the mayor was in good humor and chatted gayly with his younger son, William Preston Harrison, and his daughter Sophie. No cloud of presentment came to disturb the happiness of the father and children.

Mr. Harrison had not noticed, as he walked down Ashland avenue, that a man was leaning heavily on the railing surrounding the house. The man was Prendergast.

Laying for His Victim. He waited at the corner of Jackson street, watching the lighted window, muttering threats of vengeance against the man who he deemed had blighted his life by refusing him office. A lunatic, without qualification for the office he sought.

Prendergast insanely resolved to put an end to the man who would not make him corporation counsel.

While the assassin watched, the father chatted with his children and smiled as he told the story of his journey that day through the White City.

He was feeling particularly happy at the prospect of his approaching marriage.

His Betrothed Was Near. Mrs. Annie Howard was at his son's house a few paces away and he spoke several times to his son and daughter-in-law.

ing toward his son, "Bring Annie." But Mrs. Howard did not arrive until after the mayor had breathed his last.

A Crank on Single Tax. Prendergast's relatives are firm in their belief that he is insane, but they admit that he has always had some kind of a hobby, and for several years he has talked a great deal about the single tax theory, and has read and studied every book on the subject. He is well educated, and his relatives believe that he has saved quite a little sum of money.

THE INQUEST. Prendergast Secretly Conducted Back to the Place of His Crime. CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—History of the shooting retold and statements of physicians occupied the attention of the coroner's jury at the Harrison residence for an hour yesterday. Excepting a technical description of the wounds little was added to the information already at the disposal of the officers of the law. The verdict recommended that Prendergast be held for the murder until discharged by due process of law.

The announcement was made that Prendergast would not be present, but he was driven in a closed carriage to the back door and slipped in without his presence being known outside of the house. He came in charge of Lieut. Haas and was driven away by the same officer. He made no demonstration of violence and crowds in the streets near the mayor's house were in ignorance of the officer's plans.

After the inquest the prisoner was turned over to the county authorities and locked up in jail.

Five Bullet Wounds Found. According to the postmortem examination, results of which were submitted to the jury, five bullet wounds made by four bullets were found in the mayor's body. Three balls remained in the body. One lodged in the muscles of the back. Another passed through the liver and was found in the bowels. The third struck near the shoulder and ranging downward, lodged under the skin.

Death Came Swiftly. Leveling the weapon at the mayor as he advanced, the assassin fired. The mayor clutched at his breast and tried to pluck out the biting pain, which seemed to paralyze his heart. Staggering backward he grasped at the wall for support.

Prendergast followed the tottering man. He brought the hammer down again and the bullet plowed through the stomach of the mayor. The first missile had passed through the right breast and penetrated the lungs. Retreating still before the murderer the mayor staggered into the dining room. Prendergast still followed the now dying man.

Shot His Dying Victim Again. The mayor's face was convulsed with pain. Blood was flowing from the wound in the stomach. The agony of death was on the mayor, as he vainly tried to clutch the wounded spot on his breast. With his face aflame with hate and revenge and insanity, Prendergast was still unsatisfied in his lust for blood.

For the third time he raised the revolver. The old man, bleeding internally and dying, turned toward the murderer as the hammer came down again. The little strength left him impelled the mayor to throw up his left hand to stop the bullet. Death had already come to him.

His lifeblood was ebbing away. Yet the instinct of self-preservation, the strong desire for life made the brave old man thrust out his weakened arm. His left hand almost grasped the barrel of the revolver.

The Assassin Desperate. Another flash, a loud report and the bullet ploughed its way through his hand, almost shattering the little finger. The missile buried itself in the wall.

As the last shot shattered Mr. Harrison's hand, a terrible cry broke out. The servants screamed and tried to get out the back door. Preston Harrison, who had been reading in his room upstairs, came bounding down the stairs. Before he could get near his father, the coachman, Charles Parth had dashed from the servant's dining room into the private dining room.

Shot at the Coachman. Prendergast fired at the coachman, but missed. Then the murderer turned and left the house. Parth rushed to the barn, got his own revolver, and gave chase to the murderer. Prendergast had gone toward Madison street and the coachman lost sight of him. Parth chased another man along the avenue yelling, "Stop the murderer," but it appeared later that he had got the wrong man. Prendergast continued his way to the Desplaines street station.

Called for His Prospective Bride. At the house of death the mayor lay breathing heavily and calling for his future bride.

Preston Harrison had heard the reports of the shots which he thought were like explosions. Instinctively he ran to the patrol alarm and rang it. Hearing his father's groans, he ran into the dining room. "I'm shot, Willie," murmured the dying man. "This is death, I feel it. Bring a doctor. Bring Annie, bring Annie." Away went the son flying for a doctor. Ulric King and Dr. Foster soon came. The doctor made an examination of the wounds, but he shook his head. There was no hope. Hardly had he ceased his examination when Preston Harrison ran in, followed by the coachman.

ing toward his son, "Bring Annie." But Mrs. Howard did not arrive until after the mayor had breathed his last.

A Crank on Single Tax. Prendergast's relatives are firm in their belief that he is insane, but they admit that he has always had some kind of a hobby, and for several years he has talked a great deal about the single tax theory, and has read and studied every book on the subject. He is well educated, and his relatives believe that he has saved quite a little sum of money.

THE INQUEST. Prendergast Secretly Conducted Back to the Place of His Crime. CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—History of the shooting retold and statements of physicians occupied the attention of the coroner's jury at the Harrison residence for an hour yesterday. Excepting a technical description of the wounds little was added to the information already at the disposal of the officers of the law. The verdict recommended that Prendergast be held for the murder until discharged by due process of law.

The announcement was made that Prendergast would not be present, but he was driven in a closed carriage to the back door and slipped in without his presence being known outside of the house. He came in charge of Lieut. Haas and was driven away by the same officer. He made no demonstration of violence and crowds in the streets near the mayor's house were in ignorance of the officer's plans.

After the inquest the prisoner was turned over to the county authorities and locked up in jail.

Five Bullet Wounds Found. According to the postmortem examination, results of which were submitted to the jury, five bullet wounds made by four bullets were found in the mayor's body. Three balls remained in the body. One lodged in the muscles of the back. Another passed through the liver and was found in the bowels. The third struck near the shoulder and ranging downward, lodged under the skin.

Death Came Swiftly. Leveling the weapon at the mayor as he advanced, the assassin fired. The mayor clutched at his breast and tried to pluck out the biting pain, which seemed to paralyze his heart. Staggering backward he grasped at the wall for support.

Prendergast followed the tottering man. He brought the hammer down again and the bullet plowed through the stomach of the mayor. The first missile had passed through the right breast and penetrated the lungs. Retreating still before the murderer the mayor staggered into the dining room. Prendergast still followed the now dying man.

Shot His Dying Victim Again. The mayor's face was convulsed with pain. Blood was flowing from the wound in the stomach. The agony of death was on the mayor, as he vainly tried to clutch the wounded spot on his breast. With his face aflame with hate and revenge and insanity, Prendergast was still unsatisfied in his lust for blood.

For the third time he raised the revolver. The old man, bleeding internally and dying, turned toward the murderer as the hammer came down again. The little strength left him impelled the mayor to throw up his left hand to stop the bullet. Death had already come to him.

His lifeblood was ebbing away. Yet the instinct of self-preservation, the strong desire for life made the brave old man thrust out his weakened arm. His left hand almost grasped the barrel of the revolver.

The Assassin Desperate. Another flash, a loud report and the bullet ploughed its way through his hand, almost shattering the little finger. The missile buried itself in the wall.

As the last shot shattered Mr. Harrison's hand, a terrible cry broke out. The servants screamed and tried to get out the back door. Preston Harrison, who had been reading in his room upstairs, came bounding down the stairs. Before he could get near his father, the coachman, Charles Parth had dashed from the servant's dining room into the private dining room.

Shot at the Coachman. Prendergast fired at the coachman, but missed. Then the murderer turned and left the house. Parth rushed to the barn, got his own revolver, and gave chase to the murderer. Prendergast had gone toward Madison street and the coachman lost sight of him. Parth chased another man along the avenue yelling, "Stop the murderer," but it appeared later that he had got the wrong man. Prendergast continued his way to the Desplaines street station.

Called for His Prospective Bride. At the house of death the mayor lay breathing heavily and calling for his future bride.

Preston Harrison had heard the reports of the shots which he thought were like explosions. Instinctively he ran to the patrol alarm and rang it. Hearing his father's groans, he ran into the dining room. "I'm shot, Willie," murmured the dying man. "This is death, I feel it. Bring a doctor. Bring Annie, bring Annie." Away went the son flying for a doctor. Ulric King and Dr. Foster soon came. The doctor made an examination of the wounds, but he shook his head. There was no hope. Hardly had he ceased his examination when Preston Harrison ran in, followed by the coachman.

DO THEY FEAR LOBENGULA? British Anxious for a Peace Settlement With the Brutal Chief.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—Sir Henry Loch, British commander-in-chief in South Africa, has telegraphed to the Marquis of Ripon, colonial secretary, that Major Goolt Adams, commander of the imperial police, has arrested King Lobengula's delegates in Tati, pending an inquiry into their mission, which so far has been kept secret.

When they learned of their approaching arrest the delegates tried to run away. The imperial police fired at them and shot two. Sir Henry Loch deeply deprecates the occurrence and has ordered an inquiry.

A dispatch from Cape Town says the imperial government is evidently desirous of settling without delay the terms of peace with Lobengula, as it fears that the company's forces will gain a decisive victory soon.

It is understood at Cape Town that negotiations with Lobengula are about to be opened for the purpose of speedily concluding hostilities.

MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

California's Governor Sends Out Invitations for the Show.

Boston, Oct. 28.—Gov. Russell is in receipt of the following from Gov. Markham, of California:

"As the chief executive of the sovereign state of California, I desire to give notice to the official heads of various governments, states and departments of the world, that the people of this state will hold an international exposition in the city of San Francisco, commencing Jan. 1, 1894, and I would most respectfully invite the same hearty support of your citizens as was so generously given to the Columbian exposition at Chicago."

Gov. Russell has replied to the effect that he can do nothing till the legislature meets next year. He told the governor of California, however, that he would be only too glad to encourage the support of such an exposition as was contemplated.

THE ANGEL DANCERS.

Two Taken to Prison, Others May Follow if They Don't Reform.

HACKENSACK, N. J., Oct. 28.—"Evangelist Huntsman" and Jane Howell, the leaders of the Bergen county band of "angel dancers," convicted for keeping unruly houses at Park Ridge, were taken to Trenton prison last evening by Sheriff Bogert to begin their one year imprisonment.

"John the Baptist" and May Storms are still in jail, but may also be sent to Trenton, unless they promise Judge Van Allen that they will mend their ways and live more honorable lives. The others of the band hastened to their homes when released.

BUFFALO BILL IN THE LEAD.

Novel Race in France Between Horse and Bicycle.

PARIS, Oct. 29.—The 12 hours' race between Col. Cody (Buffalo Bill) on horseback and the bicyclist Meyer began yesterday at the Levallois trotting club. The conditions of the match are that the men shall race four hours daily for three days and that each shall be allowed ten remounts.

At the end of the first day's race Cody had covered 124 kilometres and Meyer 112 kilometres.

Meyer's track was bad and the betting was greatly in favor of Cody, who did not exert himself in the least.

Ministerial Call.

GENEVA, N. Y., Oct. 29.—Rev. W. W. Faber, assistant minister of St. Peter's church, at this place, has received a call to become rector of Grace church, at Lockport, with a very liberal offer as to salary.

Mr. Faber was formerly a Presbyterian minister at Westfield, N. Y., but joined the Episcopal church about one year ago. He was made a deacon in May last, and will be soon advanced to the priesthood. Mr. Faber is 33 years old. He will probably accept the call.

Probably a Victim of the Wreck.

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y., Oct. 28.—It is now believed that among the unrecognizable bodies found in the Michigan Central wreck at Battle Creek, Thursday night, is that of Ellsworth J. Moschell, a prominent farmer of the town of Root, and formerly of this village. He left for the world's fair and probably took that train. No trace of him has been found since.

The Antwerp Exposition.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—The chiefs of nearly all departments, a number of the national commissioners, the officers of the Associated American exhibitors and the American propaganda of the Antwerp exposition were appointed as an honorary commission to represent the United States at the Antwerp exposition.

Stricken Brunswick.

Brunswick, Ga., Oct. 28.—Last night at 7 o'clock rain began falling steadily, making the atmosphere somewhat cool. The indications for a cold, rainy northwester are good. The effect on the patients under treatment will be bad, and the change will cause the disease to spread rapidly.

Madison Square Bank.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—After a long argument over the Madison Square bank affairs, Justice Barrett decided to clothe the temporary receivers with the full power of permanent receivers, and to adjourn the motion to appoint permanent receivers and have the bank declared dissolved for 30 days.

Nancy Hanks to Run To-day.

TERRA HAUTE, Ind., Oct. 28.—The races here that were advertised for the last three days of this week will be finished to-day. Mr. Noble has been decided to start to-day. Mr. Noble has been decided to start to-day. Mr. Noble has been decided to start to-day.

Myers' Final Declination.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—Theodore F. Myers, the nominee of the City club for comptroller, has sent to the chief clerk of the police board his official declination of the nomination.

Battle-Ship Oregon Launched.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 27.—The battle-ship Oregon was successfully launched at the Union Iron works yesterday. She is over 10,000 tons displacement and when completed will have cost \$4,000,000.

Many Messages of Sorrow.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—A pile of telegraphic dispatches nearly two feet in length occupied the center of the table in the library of the Harrison mansion this morning. The winged messages of sorrow and regret came from almost every state and territory of the union.

Funeral Arrangements.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—According to the plans already decided upon the funeral of Carter Harrison will take place on Tuesday, from the city hall, and the casket will be temporarily placed in the vault of Graceland cemetery. Unless the city council should decide otherwise at its meeting this morning the remains will be taken to the city hall this evening and lie in state until noon to-morrow.

Later a change was made in the funeral arrangements by the family and it was decided to remove the remains to the city hall on Tuesday instead of to-day, the funeral ceremonies to be held on Wednesday afternoon.

GRIEF MARKS THE END

World's Fair to Close With Memorial Exercises.

The Entire Programme of Gaiety, as Arranged for To-day, Set Aside, and One Befitting the Memory of the Murdered Mayor Arranged.

World's Fair Grounds, Chicago, Oct. 30.—There will be nothing of gladness and congratulation in the White City at its official closing to-day. It was to have been Columbus day in the category of fetes and special days and the exposition was to have gone out of official existence in a blaze of pyrotechnic glory by day and by night with pageant on land and water, with merry music and happy speech.

But it will not be.

The Giteau of the world's fair city has changed every plan which could be constructed into official rejoicing.

Individual visitors, coming from many states and lands, cannot of course be expected to restrain their enjoyment nor refrain from mirth and laughter on the Midway, but everything will be subdued because of the great affliction which has come upon the host of the world—Chicago.

Harrison Memorial Day.

To-day in reality will be known in the annals of Chicago's history as "Mayor Harrison Memorial Day."

The programme of closing ceremonies, which were to have been held in the Festival hall at 1 o'clock to-day has been turned by common consent into a memorial meeting of men and women from the nations which the murdered mayor visited when he made his memorable trip around the earth. They will be invited to come, not as guests to a wedding feast, but as mourners to a memorial service.

No world's exposition has ever ended in such manner and perhaps never will. It will be a tribute of respect to the memory of a man who was as popular among the foreigners at the fair as he was among his fellow citizens of Chicago and his fellow Americans with whom he came in official contact within the White City.

None but the kindest of words were heard among the foreign and American officials who came to the fair yesterday to know what change there would be in the ceremonies set for to-day.

The supposition that the assassin is insane did not deter anyone from uttering execrations upon his wretched head and suggesting various modes by which he should be put to death.

Europeans Particularly Dumbfounded.

The Europeans particularly could not be brought to realize that the chief executive of a great American city had been shot down in his own house without provocation or reason. They did not understand the nature of the mayor who never refused the humblest stranger admission to his house and refused to surround himself with those safeguards which are common at the homes and offices of public officials in Europe.

At a meeting of officials it was unanimously decided that the exposition should be officially closed to-day, as required by the act of congress, but without any of the exercises or festivities which had been planned.

Clarence Eddy will play an appropriate selection on the great organ in Festival hall, prayer will be offered, and President Palmer will make a formal announcement of the closing and an explanation of the grievous reason for abandoning the original programme.

Entire Change of Programme.

The following official order has been issued:

"In view of the assassination of the chief magistrate of the city of Chicago, the ceremonies which were announced to take place to-day, Oct. 30, in connection with the closing of the World's Columbian exposition will be wholly dispensed with, except that all heretofore invited guests and the public generally are requested to assemble in Festival hall at 1 p. m., as originally intended."

"Hon. Thomas W. Palmer, president of the World's Columbian commission, will preside."

"Prayer will be offered by Rev. John Henry Burrows."

"Appropriate resolutions will be submitted by President H. N. Higginbotham."

"All the festivities arranged for the closing ceremonies will be omitted with the exception of the firing of an appropriate salute, and the lowering of the United States flag at sunset."

"It is further ordered that the flags upon all buildings within the grounds remain at half mast until the closing of the exposition."

Foul Play Suspected.

PRINCETON, N. J., Oct. 30.—The body of William Ward, who mysteriously disappeared a week ago last Saturday night, was found floating in the Delaware and Raritan canal near Princeton yesterday. The condition of the body and the manner of the disappearance give color to a theory of foul play.

Ball Player Sullivan Dead.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 27.—Daniel Sullivan, the ball player, is dead of consumption, aged 38. He was catcher for the Louisville, St. Louis, Pittsburg and other clubs.

Horse Beats Bicycle.

PARIS, Oct. 30.—The 12 hours' race between Col. Cody (Buffalo Bill) on horseback and the bicyclist Meyer was won by Col. Cody, who covered 940 kilometres. Meyer covered only 333 kilometres.

the smart

up