

# The Daily Astorian

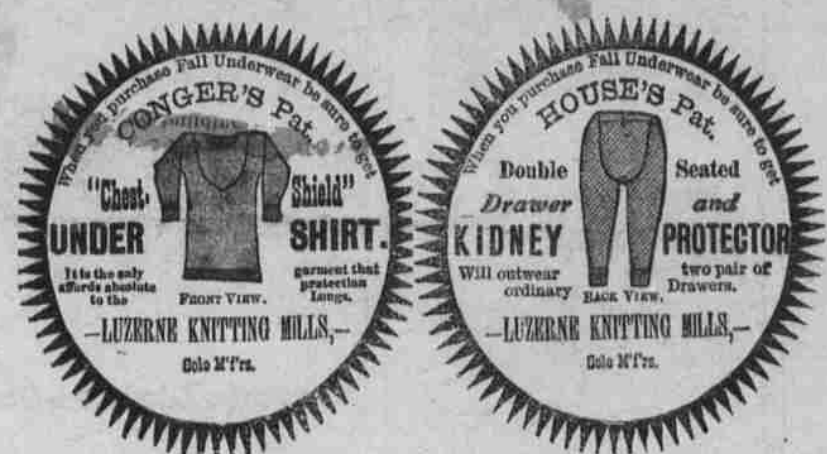
EXCLUSIVE TELEGRAPHIC PRESS REPORT.

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ASTORIA, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 29, 1893.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

There Are No Others Like Them!



The Best Underwear Made.

They Come in White, Scarlet and Natural Wool Colors; also in Camel's Hair, and at Prices Lower than Formerly. They can be bought only of the Sole Agent for the Lower Columbia,

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To be sold at the American Book Company's price list.

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FINE WINES AND LIQUORS

I have made arrangements for supplying any brand of wines in quantities to suit at lowest cash figures. The trade and families supplied. All orders delivered free in Astoria.

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Conducted on the European plan. Rooms 25, 50 and 75 cts. Special Rates by the Week or Month. Jefferson St. - Astoria, Or.

**STEAMER R. P. ELMORE**



WILL LEAVE FOR TILLAMOOK EVERY FOUR DAYS, AS FOLLOWS:  
For October it will be the 2nd, 6th, 10th, 14th, 18th, 22nd, 26th and 30th.

The steamer R. P. Elmore connects with Union Pacific steamers for Portland and through tickets are issued from Portland to Tillamook Bay points by the Union Pacific Co. Ship freight from Portland by Union Pacific steamers.

**ELMORE, SANBORN & CO., Agents, Astoria!**

UNION PACIFIC R. R. COMPANY, Agents Portland.

**THE PACKERS**

**Choice Columbia River Salmon,**

THEIR BRANDS AND LOCATIONS.

NAME	LOCATION	BRAND	AGENTS	AT
Aberdeen Pkg Co.	Iiwaco	Bear	Aberdeen Pk' Co	Iiwaco, Wash
Astoria Pk'g Co.	Astoria	Astoria Pk'g Co. Kinney's John A. Devlin.	M. J. Kinney	Astoria
Booth & Pk'g Co.	Astoria	Black Diamond Oval	A. Booth & Sons	Chicago
Elmore Samuel	Astoria	Magnolia White Star	Elmore, Sanborn & Co.	Astoria
George & Barker	Astoria	Eldere Palm Decademon	George & Barker	Astoria
J. O. Hawthorn & Co.	Astoria	J. O. Hawthorn & Co.	J. O. Hawthorn	Astoria
J. G. Megler & Co.	Brookfield	Tag, St. George	J. G. Megler	Brookfield Wa
Fishermen's Pkg Co.	Astoria	Fishermen's Scandinavian Fishermen's	Fishermen's Pkg Co.	Astoria
Columbia River Pkg Co.	Astoria	Cocktail	Cutting Pkg Co.	San Francisco

**STUPID, UNSEEMLY CAPERS**

France Makes a Fool of Herself among the Nations.

**GARLIO AND RUSSIA KISSES**

The Ball Given in Paris Was a Disgraceful Blemish on the Fair Fame of that City.

Paris, Oct. 28.—(Copyrighted Oct. 28 by Associated Press.) The Russian fetes which have kept the main thoroughfares of this city congested and the people who thronged them wildly joyful, were prolonged from Lyons to Toulon. Before starting for Toulon, President Carnot was visited by the Grand Duke Sergius, governor of Moscow, and Paul. The grand dukes were instructed by telegraph from the czar to come to Paris and express to the president the heartfelt thanks of the czar and Czarina at the magnificent and cordial reception given the Russian squadron and its officers. The Grand Duke Sergius, in thanking President Carnot, said that Russia and France were now indissolubly united in cordial sympathy, the strongest of the two nations had ever known. President Carnot responded, with transparent joy. Handsome gifts were made to Admiral Avellan and his officers. At the ball previous to their departure from Paris was the final effort of the festivity as



ADMIRAL AVELLAN.

It is admitted that ladies, moved by patriotic ardor, came in order to let the Russian officers dance with and embrace them. The Russians, while being driven through Paris, had to kiss it faintly by the score, while the mothers who handed up the wee things, began with an embrace, showing the indissolubility of the union. In Toulon, where the people universally smell of garlic, the kissing and embracing ordeal was much more trying than that in Paris.

And now the visit of Admiral Avellan is at an end, and he goes up the Mediterranean on a cruise. Great though Paris is, it looks like a ball room just deserted, and into which the light of day has come. One only sees wearied eyes and pallid or congested faces. Those worst off were the Russian visitors, they being surfeited with banqueting and rounds of pleasure. The indiscretion of Emperor William has helped to swell the Russian triumph. He says and does foolish things, having entertained the prince of Italy at the Metz review. This made the French back rise and the blood of Frenchmen boil. The mob is not blamed for crying "Vive la Czar." The French want an ally against Germany and want to wrest Alsace and Lorraine from her, but their statesmen play more than a dangerous game. Europe may at any time be Cossacked through republican France. Eiffel who was convicted of swindling the Panama shareholders out of \$10,000,000, was asked to take Admiral Avellan up his tower. Arthur Meyer, of Galoues, ex-secretary of Blanche Antigny, the original of "Nana," was charged to organize a gala representation at the opera. He invited all the theatrical demi-monde. Darnaze Meiba, mistress of the Duke of Orleans, was invited to participate. Yvette Gullbert, famous for indecent songs, Mme. Judlo, noted for innuendo, Yrma Pochot, noted for Canaille pique, and Emilie Nallendon, reputed for pagan views, were present and exalted in the highest degree. The state box was filled with duchesses and other grand ladies to keep Baroness Von Mohrenheim and Mme. Carnot, wife of the president, in countenance. What power can a nation showing such scandalous incongruity exert in controlling the forces which it has been rashly unloosening? It has enormous military strength, but wants moral backbone. Every one professes to want peace, but with popular emotion to lead, and knaves wanting great military contracts, France may easily be helped by irresponsible politicians into war. In any case, Russia will be the ruling and directing party. The Germans claim to believe that France has not yet been allowed to see all this

drift which is the scheme of Ignatien in 1868 repeated. I doubt whether the French understand what they are doing. In any case, Europe has entered into a new phase of historical evolution.

NO VOTE AS YET.

The Repeal Division is to Come up on Monday.

Washington, Oct. 28, 10 a. m.—The prospect now is that the greater part of the day in the senate will be given to speech making, though voting on the amendments may begin late this afternoon. There is no special desire on the part of the repeal managers, however, to secure a vote on the repeal bill before Monday or Tuesday, because there are several absentees who are expected to be here by that time who wish to have their votes recorded. It is not supposed that the vote will be postponed for their return, but several speeches are to be made yet, including those of Gorman, Cockrell, Dubois, Jones, and Stewart, and they will probably consume the greater part of the day. There will be a few short speeches after the amendments are disposed of before a vote is taken on the bill.

When the senate convened at 11 a. m. there were fifty-two senators present. The urgent deficiency bill was taken up and passes. The repeal bill was then taken up and Wolcott addressed the senate in opposition to it. He was followed by Sherman. He spoke of the depleted condition of the treasury. To rectify this the secretary of the treasury should be authorized to issue bonds. He considered it unwise to offer such an amendment to the present bill, but he had ready a proposition for the sale of two hundred millions in three per cent bonds as the method he would suggest for relief. He was followed by Gorman, who said that when congress met, the democratic party had been hopelessly divided on the silver question, as were the republicans. There was not a majority in favor of unconditional repeal, he asserted, for many of those who would vote that way wanted some other measure passed in place of the Sherman law. Stewart offered a substitute for the Perkins amendment which was practically to the same effect, but was differently worded. The substitute was lost by a vote of 39 to 29. The Perkins amendment was lost by a vote of 30 to 41. Perry, of Arkansas, offered the Bland-Allison law as a proviso to the repeal bill. The Bland-Allison amendment was lost, by a vote of 23 to 37. Allen of Nebraska, offered an amendment to coin the bullion in the treasury. This was lost by a vote of 31 to 41. The vote on the Blackburn amendment offered some days ago resulted—yesterday 28, nay 42. Stewart offered an amendment for a conference of all American states to fix a uniform silver coinage. This was rejected by the following vote: Yeas, 32; nays, 41.

At 4:40 p. m. Voorhees gave notice that he would ask for a final vote on the repeal at 2 o'clock on Monday.

At 5 p. m. Allen of Nebraska, offered an amendment for free silver coinage, which was rejected by a vote of yeas, 29; nays, 41.

**FEAR AN INVESTIGATION.**

The Methods of an Anti-Catholic Society to be Exposed.

Washington, Oct. 28.—Representative Wedlock of Michigan, who yesterday offered a resolution for an investigation into the methods of the American Protective Association, an anti-Catholic organization which has been making its power felt in politics in Michigan, Ohio, Western New York, Illinois, and Wisconsin, says it resembles the old Know Nothing movement, except that instead of being directed against all foreigners, it is directed against the Catholics. If an investigation is ordered, it is expected that some astonishing revelations will be made.

**THE EFFUSION OVER.**

Toulon, Oct. 28.—The great series of fetes in honor of the visiting Russian sailors are at an end, and they carry away with them as mementos, presents valued at half a million dollars.

**A BRUTAL MURDER.**

Chino, Cal., Oct. 28.—Last night at about 8 o'clock, Herbert R. Holman, an employe of a sugar factory was brutally murdered. The motive is supposed to have been robbery.

**A SPLENDID RACE.**

Chicago, Oct. 28.—The sweepstakes race between Lampighter, and Chford was won by Yo Tambien, Lampighter, second. The time was 2:01 1/4.

**LARGE EXCESS TODAY.**

New York, Oct. 28.—The weekly bank statement shows that the banks now hold about \$45,000,000 in excess of legal requirements.

**THE NEW GRAND MASTER.**

Boston, Oct. 28.—The convention of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen has elected E. E. Wilkinson, grand master.

**CARTER HARRISON KILLED**

Murdered in His Chicago Home by a Crank.

**FIRED FOUR SHOTS INTO HIS BODY**

The Excitement in the City when the Fact of the Killing Became Known Was at Fever Heat.

Chicago, Oct. 28.—Another crazy crank has done his deadly work, and Carter H. Harrison, five times mayor of Chicago, and one of the best known men in the West, lies dead at his home, 231 South Ashland Boulevard. Three bullets entered his body, making two wounds sufficient to cause death. The murder was committed by Eugene Patrick Prendergast, a paper carrier, who had declared that Mayor Harrison had promised to make him corporation counsel, and had not kept his word. This, he said, was the only reason for committing the crime. The only persons in the house at the time of the shooting besides Mr. Harrison, were his son, William Preston Harrison, aged 25, and the servants. Shortly before 8 o'clock the door bell rang and when Mary Hansen, a domestic, opened the door, she was confronted by a man about five feet, five inches high, smooth shaven, with clean cut features, lit up by a pair of dark eyes.



CARTER H. HARRISON.

"Is Mr. Harrison in," asked a quiet, pleasant voice.

"Yes, sir," responded the girl, as she threw open the door to admit his entrance.

"I would like to see him, please," said the man, as he walked towards the back end of the hall.

Harrison was in the dining room, which opened into the rear of the hall. Hearing the man ask for him, he stepped into the hall and walked towards Prendergast. Without saying a word, Prendergast drew a revolver and commenced firing. He pulled the trigger but three times, and every bullet hit the mark. One bullet shattered 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. The third bullet entered the chest slightly above the heart. This wound was the immediate cause of death. As soon as Prendergast began to fire, Harrison turned and walked rapidly towards the dining room. He passed through the room into the butler's pantry, where, weakened by loss of blood, he fell to the floor. Prendergast did not follow up his victim, but replaced the revolver in his pocket with the same deliberation that marked all of his actions, and started towards the door. Just as he was passing out, Preston Harrison came tearing down stairs, and a coachman ran into the rear end of the hall. The cries of Mary Hansen directed the son to where the 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 sent a bullet after the disappearing form of the murderer. A second time he fired, but both bullets went wild. Running to the door, the coachman prepared to continue hostilities, but several people entered to learn the cause of the shooting, and by the time the coachman had reached

the sidewalk he had disappeared. Across Ashland Boulevard, directly opposite Harrison's residence is the home of W. J. Chalmers, a wealthy maker of mining machinery. Chalmers was standing upon the front steps of his residence when the shots were fired. He dashed across the street and met Prendergast at the gate.

"What is it?" asked Chalmers. The man walked rapidly away without replying, and Chalmers hastened into the house and reached Harrison almost at the same moment as Preston Harrison found where his father lay.

"Are you hurt?" asked Chalmers, as he and the son of the dying man strove to raise him.

"I have got my death, Chalmers," responded the mayor. "I'm shot in the heart and I'm a dead man."

A moment later Harrison said, with his voice rapidly losing strength, "Unbutton my vest. There's where the trouble is." By this time the stricken man was borne to a couch in an adjoining room and, as he spoke, Chalmers gently opened his waistcoat. The front of his shirt was soaked in blood which welled rapidly from the wound.

"It's through the heart," said the mayor again, his voice scarcely above a whisper. A moment later he sank into unconsciousness and twenty minutes after receiving the wound Mr. Harrison was dead.

When young Harrison came down stairs and learned the cause of the shooting, he turned in a burglar alarm, and even before he reached his father's side, a patrol wagon filled with officers from the Lake street station came crashing toward the mayor's house. By the time the officers arrived, all trace of the murderer was lost, and even before the mayor had breathed his last officers from every station in the city were on the lookout for the murderer. Every possible effort was made to secure medical attendance for Harrison, but when Dr. Lyman, the first physician to arrive, reached the mayor's side, he was a dead man. About twenty-five minutes after the shooting, Sergeant Frank McDonald was standing in the office of the Desplaines street police station. Every available officer had already hurried out to work on the case, and McDonald was preparing to follow, when the door was pushed gently open and in walked a small, smooth-shaven, poorly dressed man carrying a revolver in his hand. He shook like a man with the palsy. His face was white and drawn, and great drops of perspiration chased each other down his face, and his tottering limbs seemed scarcely able to hold him up. Looking McDonald straight in the eyes he said "I did it."

"You did it?" asked McDonald.

"Yes, I did."

"Did what?" asked the officer, as he laid one hand on the fellow's shoulder and with the other took the revolver.

"I shot Mayor Harrison, and that's what I shot him with," was the reply.

"What made you do it?" asked McDonald.

"He said he would make me a corporation counsel, and he did not. That is what I shot him for."

Prendergast was trembling so that he could scarcely stand, and the officer led him to a chair and asked a few more questions to which Prendergast would only make the reply he had first given as to the cause of the shooting. He said that after leaving Harrison's house he had taken a street car and started towards the Desplaines street station with the object of giving himself up. "The car did not run very fast," he said, "or I would have been here sooner."

The cell door was barely closed behind the murderer when an excited crowd began to gather about the police station. Patrol wagons rattled up to the place, cabs and carriages came by the score, and their occupants crowded and pushed their way into the office. Personal friends of the dead mayor, and city officials, crowded against each other in a wild endeavor to learn if the story which had spread like wildfire through the city was true. An immense throng gathered, and laboring men who stopped on their way home added their voices to the subdued threats of vengeance, for Mr. Harrison was popular with the masses. The streets 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 prisoner. A hasty conference was held, and it was decided to remove Prendergast to the central jail.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

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**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE