

## NEW YORK ELECTION INCIDENT.

## 124 Hearst's Ballots in an Inspector's Pocket.

POLICE WON'T TAKE THEM, COUNTY CLERK AND BOARD OF ELECTIONS SAY "NO" TOO.

Nobody Meant to do Wrong, but Ballots Were Left Out of Box by Mistake.

Brooklyn Eagle—Theodore F. Whitehead, chairman of the Board of Election Inspectors in the First Election District of the Ninth Assembly District, has in his pocket 124 ballots which were cast and counted for Hearst on election-day, which ought now to be under seal in the ballot box, and which he wishes to heaven he could get there. It isn't his fault that they have not been returned to their legal custodians. For three days he has tramped the streets in a ring-around-the-rosy game, prayerfully beseeching the authorities to restore them. The men on whom he has called have listened to his tale with interest, tendered him their sympathy and advice, but when he tendered them the ballots they were not in a receptive mood.

"Haven't the authority to put anything in the ballot boxes after they are sealed," said the clerk of the Board of Elections. "Better take them to the police."

"Nothing doing," declared the police captain. "Brass buttons become me better than stripes. Try the County Clerk."

"Not on your life," exclaimed the County Clerk's representative. "Carry them around to the Board of Elections."

As a last resort Whitehead took ballots to Robert Stewart, who is looking after Hearst's legal interests in Brooklyn, and explained the situation to him. Mr. Stewart drew up an affidavit which the inspector signed, and promised Whitehead to try to straighten out the tangle out, provided the inspector didn't lose the ballots. After Whitehead's experience of the past three days he is convinced that he couldn't lose them if he would.

Before proceeding let it be stated that no wrongful intention is imputed to Whitehead in the case. He declares that the ballots were left out of the box, after the count was made, purely through an oversight and everyone who has investigated his story believes that he is telling the truth. Moreover, his three associate inspectors have in sworn affidavits, substantiated his statements in every detail.

The polling place in the First Election District of the Ninth Assembly District is in a small store on the east side of the Fifth Avenue, just below Nineteenth street. The other inspectors beside Whitehead, who is a Republican, are John J. Coleman, Republican, and John P. Campbell, and John M. McCullagh, Democrats.

After the count had been made, giving White 80 votes, McCullagh 122 and Hearst 149, the ballots were stacked in separate piles on the table, preparatory to being put in the box. The table was a small one not large enough to hold all the individual piles. For the sake of convenience the stack of straight Hearst ballots, numbering 124, was placed in a nearby chair. Presently some watchman, not noticing the ballots, sat down in the chair. With the inspectors, tired by a hard day's work and anxious to get the ballots to the police station as soon as possible, it was a case of "out of sight out of mind."

All the other ballots, including 3 void ones which should have been left out, were hurriedly thrust into the box, the seal was fastened and the box given to two policemen, who carried it off to the Forty-fourth Precinct. In going over the Tally sheet, Whitehead discovered for the first time that the Hearst ballots had not been returned to the box. A hasty search of the room was made and the ballots were found, undisturbed on the chair. Wrapping them in a piece of paper Whitehead hot-footed it to the station house.

"Here are some ballots from the First Election District," he exclaimed to Captain Carson, who was standing near the door watching the sending out of the returns.

"All right," replied the captain, thinking the package contained void or unused ballots. "Give them to the policeman in the rear."

Whitehead did as he was told, explaining to the officer that they were ballots which had been left out of the box by accident and that they ought to be restored. That changed the situation materially. The policeman repeated the story to Captain Carson.

"Don't touch those ballots," said the captain. "Tell the inspector to take them to the board of elections and also tell him that if he loses them he's likely to go to jail."

The policeman returned the package to Whitehead, who started to the Temple Bar Building in anything but a happy frame of mind. He thought of all the stories of election night hold-ups he had read and started every time he heard footsteps behind him. The words of the song, "For It's Dear Sing Sing," chased hotly through his mind. He reached the Temple Bar Building only to find that the officers of the Board of Elections would not be open until the following morning.

After sleeping with the ballots under his pillow, Whitehead appeared at Temple Bar almost as soon as the janitor on Wednesday morning. After a long wait one of the clerks arrived. What he told Whitehead did not cause things to take on a particularly rosy aspect.

"Young man," said the clerk, "granting your story to be true—

and I do not doubt it in the least—you're in a bad fix. The board has no authority to put any ballots in the boxes, either before or after they are sealed. I would very much like to oblige you, but really I can't run the risk of going 'up the river' just to be obliging. Take them to your police captain. It's evidently a case for the police."

Whitehead started back to the station house, wondering just what the clerk meant by his last remark. This time he saw Captain Carson in person. He explained the circumstances at great length to the captain, while several detectives increased the tension by apparently jotting down of everything that was said. Whitehead asked the captain if he please wouldn't as a personal favor, not only to him, but to his three associates, take the ballots and put them in the box where they belonged.

"Not for a million," replied the captain, after pondering for an instant. "I believe your story thoroughly and I'd gladly do anything to help you out, but I'm not anxious to exchange my uniform for stripes. What you wish me to do is a state's prison offence, and if any one's going to prison I don't want to be the one."

"You're in a tight hole—there's no doubt about it—and let me warn you right here, that, while I wouldn't touch those ballots any more than I'd eat poison, I shall hold you personally responsible for them. I advise you not to let them get out of your possession until you can find some one in authority who's willing to receive them. Try the county clerk; he might take them."

Convinced that he had a white elephant on his hands and with the words of the song beating vigorously in his ears, Whitehead trekked for the county clerk's office.

"Take those ballots? Not on your life," was the reply of the county clerk to whom the inspector explained his mission. "Just take them around to the board of elections. They or the police, are the proper persons to attend to a case of this kind."

Back to Temple Bar Whitehead marched, but with no better success than attended his first visit.

"It's clearly up to the police," was all the satisfaction he could get.

Whitehead began to think it was up to the police, but he decided to make one more effort, he summoned his associates to a conference which was held on Wednesday evening. As a result of this conference Whitehead took the package of vagrant ballots home with him and again yesterday went to Mr. Stewart and laid the case before him. Mr. Stewart was soon convinced of the truth of the inspector's story and promised to help him out of his unfortunate predicament. He drew up an affidavit, setting forth the facts, and asked Whitehead to send the other inspectors to him that they might also make sworn statements as to the occurrence. The three inspectors appeared at Mr. Stewart's office early today and willingly affixed their signatures to the required documents.

Mr. Stewart then advised Whitehead to seal the ballots in an envelope and offer them to the Board of Elections, accompanied by a sworn statement as to how they came to be left out of the box after the count was made. If the Board refuses to accept them again an application will be made to the courts to have them restored to their legal abode.

The count turned in by the inspectors shows that Hearst received the full 149 votes that were cast for him. In case of a recount, however, only 25 Hearst ballots would be found in the box unless a way can be devised of having the 124 wayward ballots returned.

BROKEN SLEEP — TIRED NEXT MORNING.

Sleep not only rests, but builds up the body. Cut down the hours of sleep, and you cut down health in the same proportion. Rebuilding then ceases, nerves go to smash, you grow tired, weak and wretched. To restore sleep you must get more bodily strength, more nutritious blood, healthier nerves. Ferrozone solves the whole problem, makes you sleep soundly, gives endurance, vim, ambition. No more morning weakness—instead the fire of youth will run in your veins, supplying abundance of energy and vigor. Witchery expresses the instant effect of Ferrozone; try it.

ROMANCE OF LOVE HAS TRAGIC CLOSE.

Honeymoon of Couple Wed After Forty Years Cut Short by Death.

London, Nov. 13.—The romance of two faithful lovers at Epping Green, who waited for each other for forty years, has just been brought to a tragic close three weeks after the long-delayed wedding.

Forty years ago the belle of Epping Green was Mary Ann Adams, the daughter of a rich farmer. There were two suitors for her hand. One, to whom she was devoted, was a smart young militiaman named Nat Ricketts. Her father, however, objected to the match, for Ricketts, despite his bright, gay uniform, was only a poor farm laborer. So Mary

## THE HERALD'S FASHION PLATE.



A GOOD MODEL OF A SEMIDRESS-SY WAIST.

While the lingerie waists are strong in favor this season they have by no means driven from the field the separate waists in silk and cloth. Indeed, the lightweight woolen waists have a prominence this year that they have not enjoyed for many a season. Fine flannels, henriettes and albatross are favorites, and occasionally we see a veiling made up over a checked silk lining. The illustration is a fawn colored henrietta of fine

quality, the fabric one that gives extremely soft lines to the figure. A square yoke effect is outlined with sapphire blue velvet, two plaits on either shoulder and tiny tucks in the front giving ample but not voluminous fullness. The elbow cuffs and girdle are also of the sapphire velvet and the chemisette and long wrist cuffs of cream all-over embroidery. Let us add here a new feature of the season; that is, the use of these fine wool waists with silk skirts, a reversal of the usual combination of wool and silk.

Ann had to marry her other lover, George Newman, the son of a neighboring farmer. Evidently the marriage was not a success, for after a little more than a year Newman left his wife at Epping Green, with a cottage and a small allowance, and settled at Rye Hill.

This all happened in the early sixties, but through all the intervening years Mrs. Newman's heart remained true to her old love, and when a short time ago, Mr. Newman died, his widow and the once smart militiaman were able to be married at last.

So the old people, now aged 70 and 75 years, respectively, set out in their donkey cart for Lindsay street chapel at Epping.

It was only three miles away, but the donkey was also affected by the passing of years, and took three hours to accomplish the journey. Still after waiting forty years, three hours does not matter much, and the faithful old couple were duly married amid the congratulations of their friends.

Unhappily, their married life was not destined to be a long one, for a few days ago the body of Mrs. Ricketts was found in a pond at the back of the cottage. A pall was found close to her hand, and it is supposed that she was getting water and missed her footing in the dark.

SELL YOUR COLD FOR \$1.

You surely won't stop at a dollar bill to cure that horrid, sniffeling cold? Go to any druggist and get "Catarrhazone," and your cold will be a thing of the past. There is almost witchery in the swift way Catarrhazone kills colds. But when you consider the penetrating, healing and antiseptic qualities of Catarrhazone, perhaps it's not so wonderful. Certainly there is no remedy half so prompt for colds and catarrh as Catarrhazone. Refuse a substitute and insist on having "Catarrhazone."

LEFT THE PEPPER.

Disseminating Bears Loot Boundary Survey Stories.

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 13.—Bears ate two months' provisions which one party of the Alaska boundary survey cached in the summer of 1904 so as to save the need of more packing work this season. Edward Johnston, who has just returned from assisting in the survey in the neighborhood of Portland Canal, says the work of delimiting the boundary is very hard, and at the present rate of progress will not be finished for from seven to ten years. The country is much tougher than is generally supposed, and everything has to be packed in. Last season they tried making a cache of all the provisions they had on hand. Two months' rations of flour, sea-biscuit and pepper were stored in a strong-hold made of four great trees. But the snowfall smashed in the roof, and when they returned this season the party found that the bears had taken all the grub except the pepper.

One hundred and sixty-five accidents, involving sixty-five deaths, have occurred on the Alps since January last.

Nothing goes to waste in France. Even the smallest twigs are carefully gathered by the fagot makers, whose bunches retail in town and city for 5 cents apiece.

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Doan's Kidney Pills go to the seat of the trouble, strengthen the kidneys, and help them to filter the blood properly and flush off all the impurities which cause kidney trouble. Mr. Thomas Mayhew, Smith's Falls, Ont., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with my kidneys, and my back got so lame I felt miserable all over. After taking five boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I was as well as ever."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

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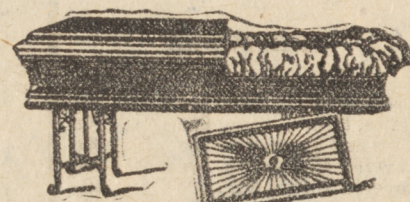
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Oct. 17, 1905

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