ALL RECORDS BROKEN.

Last month THE WORLD broke all previous "Want" records, including its own, with a total of 79,772, a gain of 8,568 over October, 1889.

MONDAY--THE WORLD'S HALF-RATE SITUATION DAYS--SATURDAY.

The EVENING EDITION World.

The World Against the Field.

41,304 "Help" and "Situations" "Wants" were published in THE WORLD last month, about as many as appeared in all the other New York newspapers combined.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1890. PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

ALL VOTING.

Seventy Per Cent. of New York's Electors Had Been Polled at Noon.

Party Leaders Count On an Unusually Full Vote.

Tammany's Forces the Best Drilled in the Secret Ballot Methods.

Unusual Quietness at the Polls—Scenes and Incidents.

At 12 o'clock reports from all the districts indicated that about 70 per cent., or 150,000 ballots had been cast.

A Tammany official stated that the organization's vote was coming out promptly and heavily, and that the work of the leaders in instructing the voters was bearing rich fruit at the polls.

"The election is progressing quietly as we go to press."

This is the stereotyped, time-honored first paragraph in the well-ordered country newspaper on Election Day, but it is as true as preaching to-day.

Never in the history of parties has New York had an exciting election contest with so little noise and bustle and buttonholing.

Bright Phœbus has smiled with unclouded face upon the sovereign electors all day, and the air has been as balmy as could be hoped for in November.

The noiseless battle of the ballots is waging from the Battery to Yonkers on 947 battle grounds, and the outcome of the conflict is looked for with anxious hearts by those who are interested in either party.

The secret ballot and the secret balloting is a stumper to the prophets. It is even more uncertain in its results than was even expected by its most ardent champions, but the uncertainty comes, not from the ignorant voter, the poverty-stricken or venal citizen who has been popularly supposed to vote blindly any ticket that he was paid for voting, but from the intelligent well-to-do or aristocratic citizen who asks no help in preparing his ballot for the boxes.

The conditions of this election under the new Ballot law are entirely novel, but from a careful observation of its workings the citizens of New York may rejoice at some of the peculiar things which it has introduced.

For the first time in many years the law closing saloons and drinking-places within 300 feet of the polling-places has been enforced, and this and the secret ballot prepared and voted, out from under the watchful eye of the "ward-worker," leave the heelers and bums without their usual employment of buying and selling votes for rum.

WORKERS AT THE POLLS.

But the election workers are on hand and busy, all the same, and if the People's Municipal League imagined that Tammany Hall was to be the only lover by the new Ballot law, it has reckoned without its host. As a matter of fact Tammany Hall is the only organization that has reduced the election to a science.

Beyond the 150-foot limit at each polling place there is one of the old familiar Tammany Hall ballot booths, manned by intelligent fellows, who carefully instruct each voter who comes their way how to vote, how to fold his ballots, what to do with the ballots that he does not wish to vote, and how to attach the blanket paster to any ballot that he desires to vote.

Then, last of all, the Tammany teacher gives the voter a paster bearing the names of all the Tammany candidates, and the voter, be he ever so ignorant, cannot make a mistake.

The County Democrats and the Republicans each have similar booths, but the workers are not so skilled in the game, and they offer no instructions at all.

THE VOTING IN DETAIL.

The experience of an EVENING WORLD reporter may serve as an example of the process of voting under the new Law. The reporter votes at Thomas F. Murray's undertaking rooms, 151 East Twenty-ninth street.

On approaching the polls he found the three party booths. "Jim" Blye, a bright, keen-eyed truckman, was in charge at a booth marked "Friends of Tammany Hall meet here."

Mr. Blye carefully instructed the reporter how to fold the ballot and attach a paster, and gave him a Tammany "blanket paster," and told him fifty things good to know in the emergency.

Sam Sulzy, a County Democracy worker, invited the reporter into a Third avenue hat store for instruction, but his "instructions" were more puzzling than the law itself.

Andrew M. Soumacker, in charge of the County Democracy booth, seemed to be more at sea than the supposed ignorant voter.

Colonel Beals, of the Republican booth, had a bag of pasters, a voluble tongue, but more information about how he worked for his party than about the methods of voting.

INSIDE THE POLLING PLACE.

The reporter entered the undertaking room, and there found Policeman Larry Clinton and Joseph Johnson keeping order and guiding the voters.

U. S. Deputy Marshall Owen Leddy and U. S. Supervisor Simon Harmon and William Bislinger looked as if they appreciated their positions as the fifth wheel to the suffrage coach.

John Irwin and Richard D. McCarthy stood behind a little counter, on which were eleven piles of ballots, each ballot 12 by 6 inches in size.

To Chairman Nathan Unger the reporter gave his name and address, and it was repeated by him to Inspectors Theodore H. Strich, Jacob Sulzy and William Fawcett.

The name being discovered on the registry list, the two ballot clerks handed one of each of the eleven kinds of ballots to the reporter, each ballot bearing the number 41 and the initials of the ballot clerks.

Then a policeman directed the voter to one of four booths against the side wall, and the reporter entered. Inside, he examined every ballot and found that four of the eleven were Tammany Hall ballots, one of them being the straight ticket, one having the name of Gabriel Marks for Sheriff, one the names of Hatter Shaler and P. H. Morris for Assembly and Alderman respectively, the "mugwump party" candidates, and the fourth has no names at all on those places.

The fifth ballot contained the names of the Republican candidates for city offices, but no name for Sheriff, Assemblyman or Alderman. The sixth was a Republican ballot from the Seventh Assembly District, with a County Democracy ticket, with McDermott and McMahon for Assembly and Alderman; the ninth was a Commonwealth party ticket; the tenth a Socialist ballot and the eleventh a blank.

On the back of each was indorsed:

"Official ballot for the Third Election District of the Eighteenth Assembly District of New York, Nov. 4, 1890. Charles F. MacLean, President of the Board of Police Commissioners."

Jim Blye had instructed the reporter to fold his ballot lengthwise, so, to be contrary, the reporter folded it first the other way and folded all the other ten ballots in the same manner.

AT THE BALLOT-BOX AT LAST.

Taking the ten in his left hand and the one in his right, he emerged from the secret booth just four and one-half minutes after entering it, having examined every ballot and made notes of their differences and prepared his own ballot also.

Despite the peculiar folding the ballot was received and the one ballot was placed in the election box, which was two feet square, and the other ten were tucked away in another box twice as big. Poll Clerks J. F. Murray and Peter Tobias, writing down the reporter's name, and P. Cavanagh and John Smith, Tammany and County Democratic watchers, checking his name upon their lists.

VOTERS COMING OUT EARLY.

There are 185 voters registered here. At 9 o'clock sixty-five of them had voted and not a ballot had been destroyed, though George F. Armstrong, an intelligent middle-aged, nervous man, living at 135 Lexington avenue, got rattled and finally surrendered all his ballots in disgust and went away without voting.

One man, Mike Murray, was repeatedly instructed by Jim Blye. He was on deck at 5.45, was ready to vote at 6, but backed out. He returned for more instructions, and repeated the performance for 3½ hours, finally voting at 9.15 o'clock.

A placard gives "Instructions for Voters" in several languages at each polling-place, and the experience of every voter is about the same.

In the Second Election District of the Eighteenth there had been no failures nor destroyed ballots at 9 o'clock, and 72 votes out of a registry of 223 had been polled in a plumber's shop.

In the Twenty-fourth Election District of the Sixteenth—the Gas-House Assembly District—there were nine varieties of ballots, and 62 voters out of 185 had cast their ballots without error.

In the Twenty-third Election District in the Sixteenth, out of 242 registered, sixty-five had voted at 9 o'clock in an Italian's tailor-shop. This is a First avenue district full of laboring men.

SILK-STOCKING VOTERS BUNGLE.

In the Twenty-fifth Election District of the Sixteenth, a silk-stocking quarter in East Twenty-third street, out of 285 voters only 76 had voted at 9.15, and four men had destroyed their first sets of ballots. One of these was a $500,000 citizen, two were laborers and the other was a physician.

One man, suffering from paralysis, had help from Heyman, the horse dealer, in preparing his ballot.

There was actually more trouble and more mistakes were made in the Gramercy Park precinct than in either of the workingmen's localities named above.

Abram S. Hewitt and Cyrus W. Field had not voted at 9.30, but 90 of their neighbors had, out of 286 registered in their election district, and four ballots had been mutilated, one man had failed to prepare his ballot in the prescribed ten minutes, and the others were so slow that a line of 25 voters was waiting their turn when the reporter looked in.

One millionaire tried the new-fangled law, got disgusted and swore he wouldn't vote, but he was coaxed by a "worker" to try again, and finally cast his ballot after repeated trials.

GRANT FORGETS "THE EARLY BIRD," ETC.

At 10 o'clock neither his Honor Mayor Grant, who lives in West Seventy-third street, within biscuit shot of the polls in the 324 election district of the 19th Assembly, nor Col. Daniel Lamont, his next-door neighbor, had stirred out of doors.

AN EVENING WORLD reporter who called at Mayor Grant's house at this hour found the lights still flaring in the official lamp on his stoop. A sleepy functionary announced that the Mayor did not retire until 3 this morning, and had left orders not to be called until this afternoon, and to turn away all comers short of Richard Croker himself.

The polling-place is in a barber shop at 2176 Western Boulevard, and there is a crowd steadily maintained of very respectable-looking electors.

It takes from half to three-quarters of an hour for each comer to get through the line and finish the business—a tedium that arouses some mild complaint among business men.

DR. CROSBY IN A HAND-PAINTED BOOTH.

The Twenty-fourth Election District of the Third Assembly takes in one of the strongholds of the Citizens' Reform movement in the "Hour Glass District."

Among its residents are the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby and numerous members of his flock, who live in and about the aristocratic neighborhood of Gramercy Park.

The polling place is a large airy paint shop on Third avenue, near the corner of Twentieth street. Everything about the place was fixed up this morning in spick and span order, and even the booths were in highly aristocratic appearance with their frames of hard wood finish and canvas panels decorated after the manner of aesthetic Japanese screens.

Cologne water had been sprinkled around in reckless profusion by the three young men who composed the board of election officers in this district, but the odor of paint and turpentine clung to it still.

During the early hours of the morning the young men in attendance had a pleasant time of it, and resolved themselves into a sort of free and easy during the long waits between the intervals of voting. Only once during this part of the day did anything of more than ordinary interest occur to vary the monotony of their duties.

This was a little after 7.30 o'clock, when the door opened and in bustled a rather stout old gentleman, of stern and somewhat forbidding aspect, and with an air of terrible earnestness about him.

His short gray side-whiskers were trimmed down closer than usual, showing the severe lines about the mouth, and a stovepipe hat of ancient style and vertical in its block, was pulled way down over a big head and rested on the top of his ears. He was enveloped in a big cape coat, which reached nearly to his feet. When the chairman saw him he got up and bowed with a grave and stately courtesy.

The old gentleman walked right up to the first poll clerk and announced in a deep, hoarse voice,

"Howard Crosby, one sixteen East Nineteenth street."

The young man behind the ballot counter did not keep the Doctor waiting, and without any further words he made his way into the most remote of the Japanese hand-painted stalls.

He had evidently made up his ticket before hand, for he did not remain in the booth a second over the required three minutes, and when he came out he had all his twelve ballots neatly folded.

"I poll these," he said to the ballot-box clerk, handing him first the single ballot and then the rest of his set.

The doctor saw that his vote was properly deposited, and then got out as quickly as possible, as if the mingled fumes of turpentine and cologne were becoming too much for him.

When he got outside he lighted a cigar, and strolled slowly up Nineteenth street with an abstracted and meditative mien.

AN EVENING WORLD young man was registered in the Thirty-second Election District of the Nineteenth Assembly District, the polling place for which is in a barber-shop at 1320 Amsterdam avenue.

He reached the place at 6 o'clock this morning, but found everything unprepared for the work of receiving votes. Full twenty citizens had already arrived, and were waiting impatiently for an opportunity to vote.

The place was crowded to suffocation, for the barber shop is but more than 8 feet wide and only about 15 feet from front to rear. With the poll clerks, ballot clerks, inspectors, Davenport's supervisors and the two policemen in addition to the voters themselves, to say nothing of the books, tables, railings, stands for ballot boxes and the rest of the paraphernalia of the Board, the room was so jammed that it was hard work even to turn around.

New voters were continually coming up and trying to squeeze into the little room, adding to the discomfort of those already crowded in there.

Up to 6.30 A. M. all was confusion, and no one could find out the cause of the delay. Then the two policemen brought out the eleven packages of ballots, which up to this time had been certainly hidden somewhere, and began to distribute them among the ballot clerks, who were required to give proper receipts for them.

This took at least fifteen minutes of very laborious work on the part of the clerks, who didn't seem to know exactly what to do, and it was 6.35 o'clock before the name of the first voter was called out by the pol clerk and the two ballot clerks began to collect his set of ballots for him.

In order to be regular, each ballot must have the initials of one of the clerks on the back of the slip, and in affixing the necessary signature, both clerks were very slow. It seemed to be a new and painful experience to both of them.

One of the clerks had only to sign the initials "R. R.," and yet to witness the facial contortions and ossific twistings of this young man as he laboriously formed the two simple letters, one would have supposed that he was undergoing painful internal agonies.

When the first voter had got his set of ballots it was accidentally discovered before he had squeezed himself into a booth that the clerks had given him two ballots numbered 1,801 instead of one. In fact, they had begun at the custom of the packages to give out the ballots instead of at the top.

The disgusted voter had to give back all his ballots in consequence of this blunder, and wait until he had procured a new set before he could enter the stall.

It was 6.45 o'clock when THE EVENING WORLD young man, who was the fifth in line, got a chance to secure his set of ballots and retire to the inner chamber. He prepared his ballot, and was folding it up after carefully smoothing it out with a blotter, when he found that the surface of the paper was smeared over with mucilage, and if it had been folded in that condition it would have been hopelessly stuck together.

The trouble had been caused by some careless person upsetting the mucilage bottle all over the table, covering the blotting papers, pens, pencils and everything.

He had to fix another ballot, and by the time he had finished this and folded up the dozen or so remaining ballots of the set and had deposited his vote it was 6.55 A. M.

His was voter No. 5 in that election district, and when he left the polling place there were nearly half a hundred citizens in line.

AN ABSOLUTELY SECRET BALLOT.

At the polling place of the Fifty-second Election District of the Nineteenth Assembly District, a well-dressed, prosperous-looking, middle-aged man came out of the booth with his ballots all folded correctly, and presented the whole eleven in a bunch to the election inspector.

"Which one do you vote, Mr. ——?" asked the official.

"Why, what's the odds? Ain't they all alike?" returned the citizen.

The matter having been explained to him, he simply picked out one ballot at random from the bunch in his hand, voted it and passed on. If there was any secret ballot in the city that was one, for even the voter himself don't know how he voted.

BOTHERED BY THE FOLDING.

At the Thirty-eighth Election District polling place of the Seventeenth Assembly District, West Forty-fourth street, a swarthy coal-heaver, with an unmistakable brogue, entered a booth with his eleven ballots grasped firmly in his fist. When he emerged, nine minutes later, he perspired as though he had just handled six loads of coal.

In his hand were the ballots, but each was folded differently, and all were crumpled into an almost shapeless mass.

"For Heaven's sake, man, that'll never do!" shouted an inspector. "Here, officer, show this man how to fold his ballots."

The policeman, who likewise had his brogue with him, viewed the wreck of the ballots, and exclaimed, despairingly:

"Oh, dear. Oh, dear. Fwhat the div—Why, ye dang fool, don't ye know anything at all, scarcely?"

This nearly drove the coal heaver wild, but he managed to exclaim, desperately:

"Well, I'm danged if I knows how to fold the danged things anyhow. I've folded 'em every way I knw how, and now it appears that they're wrong intoirely."

THE DAY'S VOTING ELSEWHERE

Alleged Violation of Law by Marshals at Albany.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD]

ALBANY, Nov. 4.—The new election law is working with fair success, although the details of folding ballots occasion some delays.

In many election districts in the city Federal deputy marshals, appointed last night, are breaking the law openly, working within the guard rails for the Republican nominees, accompanying voters to the booth and watching them prepare their ballots.

A Strong Boston Vote.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

BOSTON, Nov. 4.—The day is a fine one and voters were early at the polls. There are indications of one of the city's heaviest off-year votes.

Interest in North Carolina.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

GREENSBORO, N. C., Nov. 4.—Election Day is quiet, but the interest is intense. The Prohibition vote is falling off and the Democrats have gained considerably from that source.

NEWBERNE, N. C., Nov. 4.—Quiet election, but a full vote. The Congressional ticket will poll the full Democratic strength.

Indications in Connecticut.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Nov. 4.—The Democratic State ticket seems likely to be about 300 votes ahead in this city. Hubbard (Rep.), for Congress, runs ahead of his ticket.

NORWALK, Conn., Nov. 4.—There are indications that Miles (Rep.) will be returned to Congress. Democrats seem to gain in the minor offices, but the city's Republican majority on Governor will hardly be disturbed.

Republican Traders in Pittsburg.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 4.—A heavy vote is being polled, and Pattison is getting a great many Republican votes.

Republican heelers are trying to trade Congressmen for Governor.

DRAWING THE LINE ON COLOR.

Boston Girls Who Object to the Company of Colored Musicians.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

BOSTON, Nov. 3.—Miss Florida L. Les Verney, daughter of a wealthy Savannah cotton broker, and Miss Maude Cheeney, daughter of the Collector of the Port of Galveston, Tex., both colored, were admitted last Fall as students to the New England Conservatory of Music in this city. Some of the other students objected to eating, reciting and associating with the young ladies, and now the Executive Board of the Conservatory do not know whether to send them away or take the chance of losing a large number of their wealthy white patrons.

Mrs. Harrison to Aid a College.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—The Washington committee organized for the purpose of securing funds for the endowment of the medical school of Johns Hopkins University, in order that women may be admitted on equal terms with men, has prevailed upon Mrs. Harrison to become its President. Mrs. Harrison has selected Nov. 14 as the day on which to make an inspection of the hospital, and on the visit she will be accompanied by Mrs. Blaine, Mrs. Levi P. Morton and the leading ladies of official society here. Ladies of the local committees of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore will also be present at the inspection, and the entire party will be entertained at lunch by the trustees of the university.

Ten Thousand Men to Strike.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., Nov. 3.—Ten thousand men, employees of the Frick Coke Company, will strike on Wednesday morning for the reinstatement of Andrew Vereotsic, the discharged Tip-Top Coke Works Committeeman.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Tipsters' Opinions as to the Various Winners To-Day.

Programme of the Several Events to Be Run Off.

Elizabeth begins the second half of its Fall meeting to-day with a rarely good card. A race of mile heats and a prospective meeting between Badge, Eon, Schorita and Riley are among the features.

In view of his very good race when last out, Tipstaff ought to have no difficulty in winning the first race. G. W. Cook ought to be second, providing Monahan does not ride him. Blithe has an excellent chance to defeat the others for third place.

St. Patrick may win the second race from Goldstep, though the latter may press him very closely. Park Ridge should be no worse than third.

The match race, which comes third on the programme, should be won by Text, as he is apparently the better of the two just at present. The race should be a close one, and the duel between McLaughlin and Garrison should be very interesting.

Rambler, notwithstanding his hard race yesday, ought to win the fourth event, which is a race at heats of a mile. B. B. Million ought to run well for the place and Longshot may be third.

Pearl Set should win the fifth race without much trouble, for her rest has no doubt done her good. Forest King may be second and Kyrie Bell ought to be no worse than third.

Eon is very good now, and he ought to win the last race. Badge should be second and Riley, if George Taylor rides him, may be third.

The *Sporting World* makes these selections:

First Race—Meridien, Tipstaff.
Second Race—Park Ridge, Bush Bolt.
Third Race—Pearly Dale.
Fourth Race—Longshot, Rambler.
Fifth Race—Pearl Set, Jack Rose.
Sixth Race—Eon, Senorita.

Other Morning Papers.

First Race—Tipstaff, Cousin Jeems.
Second Race—Park Ridge, Goldstep.
Third Race—Text, Charley Post.
Fourth Race—Long Shot, Woodcraft.
Fifth Race—Quotation, Jack Rose.
Sixth Race—Badge, Eon.

First Race—Tipstaff, Cousin Jeems.
Second Race—Park Ridge, Goldstep.
Third Race—Text.
Fourth Race—Long Shot, Woodcraft.
Fifth Race—Quotation, Jack Rose.
Sixth Race—Eon, Riley.

First Race—Tipstaff, G. W. Cook.
Second Race—Bush Bolt, Park Ridge.
Third Race—Text.
Fourth Race—Longshot, Eric.
Fifth Race—Pinny, Dundee.
Sixth Race—Riley, Eon.

ELIZABETH ENTRIES.

First Race.—Five furlongs.

Index.		Lb.	Index.		Lb.
(2206)	Cousin Jeems	122		Morden	112
3144	G. W. Cook	115	2978	Ballarat	110
(2976)	Mad-stone	110	1329	Prince Blitz	107
3108	Tipstaff	115	3247	Mamie B.	107
3236	Prince Edward	115	2265	Zed	100
3138	Kitty Clover	110	3230	Blithe	100

Second Race.—Selling allowances; six furlongs.

Index.		Lb.	Index.		Lb.
(3236)	Park Ridge	112	3231	Rushlight	105
1306	Beaney	111	3236	Blithe	105
3207	Bush Bolt	110	3237	Goldstep	103
3230	St Patrick	109	2282	Nellie Peyton	103
3231	Lorsy	108	3111	Billy	100

Third Race.—Match $1,000 a side, $300 forfeit, the club to add $1,000, to carry 125 lb., and Monahan and McLaughlin to ride, seven furlongs.

Index.		Lb.	Index.		Lb.
(3277)	Text	125	3328	Charley Post	125

Fourth Race.—Selling allowances; nine horses.

Index.		Lb.	Index.		Lb.
337	Longshot	115	(342)	Rambler	103
312	Vengeur	107	295	Longford	98
343	Woodcraft	107	3	B. B. Million	98
343	Woodcraft	107	317	Admiral	93
313	Eric	107			

Fifth Race.—Selling allowances; one mile.

Index.		Lb.	Index.		Lb.
337	Kyrie B.	113	3307	Grenadier	94
336	Dallowie	106	327	Quotation	91
301	Meteor	105	294	Pearl Set	91
3327	Jack Rose	105	300	Fleet Tile	85
334	Pinny	103	332	Raymond	82
144	Grenadier	102	318	Dundee	80
(312)	Elkton	101	291	Bertie	80
	Marie K.	100	173	Emotility	80
338	Forest King	100	300	Pearl Set	75
(303)	The Abbess	94	336	Fernwood	83

Sixth Race.—One mile.

Index.		Lb.	Index.		Lb.
(332)	Cynosure	122	2267	Senorita	109
(334)	Badge	120	3227	Riley	103
70	Belmont	112	(284)	Vanite	103
(296)	Eon	112		Prince James	101
332	Louisiana	112			

THEY are very small, no trouble to swallow, CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

HIS LOVE DROVE HIM MAD.

Four Times Berthe Meyer Had Rejected Jacob Groatz.

The Fifth Time He Tried to Kill Her and Killed Himself.

Miss Berthe Meyer, at whom her importunate rejected suitor, Jacob Groatz, fired two shots last night in her Brooklyn home, and then killed himself by shooting two bullets into his own head, not almost entirely recovered this morning from the shock, and gave a vivid description of her narrow escape from death.

Groatz, who was thirty years old, went to work for Miss Berthe's widowed mother about a year ago. Mrs. Meyer keeps a butcher-shop at 41 South second street, Brooklyn, and a boarding-house next door, where Groatz lived after he went to work for her.

Mrs. Meyer's pretty daughter is twenty-two years of age, and from the moment he first met her, Groatz expressed the greatest admiration for her.

The young lady did not reciprocate his affection, and when he proposed marriage three months ago, she promptly refused him. At intervals thereafter he asked her again three times to become his bride, but she was obdurate and would not listen to him.

Saturday night she refused him again, which made him feel so bad that he remained in bed sick all day Sunday.

He opened the butcher shop as usual yesterday morning, but was gloomy and sullen all day. After the store was closed last night he sat near Miss Meyer in the boarding-house parlor.

An old man went for some beer. When it was brought in Groatz drank three glasses, and then said:

"Bertie I ask you for the last time. Will you be mine?"

"No," she promptly replied.

"Then we will die together," he shrieked, drawing a huge revolver from his hip pocket and aiming at her.

She dashed into the hallway, closely pursued by Groatz, who fired a shot at her as she started to run upstairs.

The bullet whizzed right by her ear and she screamed "Murder."

Again Groatz fired at her and again he missed her.

At the head of the stair was a bedroom open, into which she ran and locked herself in. Groatz followed her upstairs and tried the handle of the door.

"Open it, open it," he growled, but the girl never made a sound.

Every one else had fled from the house and were out in the streets scarching for policemen.

Thinking that he could not break open the door, Groatz called out, "Good-by, Bertie," and then she heard his footsteps going downstairs again.

Shortly after she heard two more pistol-shots, and then the hurried tread of many feet, but she did not leave the room until her friends told her that it was "all right, Groatz had killed himself."

Her too persistent admirer had gone into the parlor, and standing in front of a mirror and fired two shots into his head. Either one of them would have proved fatal.

He was dead when the boarders came in with the police. The revolver was a new one of 38 calibre, and it was evident that he had purchased it for the purpose of killing Miss Meyer and himself.

It is believed that Groatz was mentally deranged. His actions have been queer for some time past, and his friends think that Miss Meyer's refusal of his suit drove him stark mad.

During the last few weeks he had several violent fits of passion merely because Miss Meyer happened to mention the names of other young men in his presence.

Groatz's body was removed by friends to an undertaker's shop this morning, from whence he will be buried Thursday.

Political Glance at Baltimore.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

BALTIMORE, Nov. 3.—Success is generally conceded to the Democratic Congressional candidates in the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Districts. The Republicans have the call in the Sixth, but the vote in the two last-named districts will be very close. Compton, Democrat, will be lucky to get a majority of 500 in the Fifth, and McComas, Republican, is not expected by his friends to poll more than 800.

Pool-Selling at Louisville.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 3.—The following pools were sold at Bourbon's Exchange this evening:

First Race, Tipstaff, $60; G. W. Cook, $30. Second Race, Mamie B., $15; Mad-stone, $15; Blithe, $15; Zed, $10; Mamie B., $10; Ballarat, $6; Kitty Van, $6; others, $3 each.

Third Race, Goldstep, $30; Park Ridge, $27; Bush Bolt, $10; St. Patrick, $6; Beaney, $6; others, $3 each.

Fourth Race, Longshot, $15; Rambler, $15; Longford, $6; Eric, $5; others, $3 each.

Fifth Race—No sales.

Sixth Race, Eon, $36; Senorita, $10; Lou. Belmont, $10; Riley, $8; Prince James, $5; others, $2 each.

THEY are very small, no trouble to swallow, CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

ELECTION RETURNS.

"THE WORLD" TO-MORROW

will contain the latest and most accurate returns from the Congressional and State elections throughout the Union, as well as the result of our Municipal election. Extra pains have been taken to secure complete returns from the country at large for the early editions.

Returns will be displayed by stereopticon from the front of the new Pulitzer Building and from THE WORLD'S Brooklyn Office, No. 359 Fulton Street, to-night.

The demand for to-morrow's issue of THE WORLD will be great and Newsdealers should govern themselves accordingly.

No Paper will contain such complete returns as

"THE WORLD" TO-MORROW MORNING.

EDGAR'S STRANGE DEATH.

Inspector Byrnes's Men Still Working in the Dark.

Growing Impression That a Murder Plot Will Be Revealed.

Inspector Byrnes absolutely refused this morning to disclose what progress, if any, he has made in clearing up the mystery surrounding the death of the wealthy old Englishman, James H. Edgar, who died in the Getty House, Yonkers, a week ago yesterday under circumstances which at first indicated suicide, but which, in view of facts that have since become known, may have been murder.

Two of the Inspector's men pumped dry Mr. Perrin H. Sumner, the real estate speculator of 198 Broadway, who identified Mr. Edgar's body and bore the burial expenses, and who is in consequence the central figure of the mystery at present.

The dead man's relatives, George H. Edgar and Robert Rowe, have disappeared completely, although the former was the first to notify Mr. Sumner of the elder Edgar's death, and stated at the same time that his cousin Rowe was in New York and that he had seen him within a few weeks.

J. J. Thornley, a Park Row lawyer, does not believe that young Edgar told the truth.

"I think Rowe is dead," he said to an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning.

"Why?" he was asked.

"Because I was employed by him in 1887 to bring suit against a man named Murdock to recover $250. Since then I have never heard from him. Now, don't you think if he was alive he would be likely to correspond with me to find out at least how his suit went?"

Capt. Mangin, of the Yonkers police, does not believe that old Edgar was murdered. His reason is the woman's reason!

"Because,"

Neither he nor his men have shed the least light on the mystery as yet. The handsome, black satchel, which it is positively known that the old man carried to the Getty House with him and in which he had at least $5,000, can not be found by Capt. Mangin nor any trace of it.

When Edgar was found dead he was undressed, and an old suit of clothes, not his own, was found by his bedside. In place of the valuable gold Howard watch which he habitually carried was an old silver one, never seen with him by any of his friends.

A microscopic examination of the watch yesterday, revealed the following engraving on the inside: "1857. Aug. 3, 1888," and also a pawnbroker's mark.

Mr. Edgar was not a man to pawn a watch. He was always well supplied with money.

The efforts of Inspector Byrnes and his men are now directed towards finding Rowe and young Edgar, and also the pawnbroker who once took the silver watch in pledge.

MANY ILLEGAL BALLOTS.

A Discovery in Connecticut That Alarms the Republicans.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Nov. 3.—The Prohibitionists of this city have been notified by a Republican attorney and office-holder that their ballots as printed for State officers are illegal, being contrary to the new law, and if deposited as printed they will be thrown out. The illegality consists in having the word "For" before the name of every office. Ballots similar to these have been sent all over the State, and were printed at the office of the *House*, in Hartford. The discovery was made too late to issue new ballots, and the Prohibitionists have consoled themselves with the thought that as a party they do not expect to elect their ticket, and if the ballots are illegal and thrown out the world at large will know how many votes they cast.

The reason for the Republican office-holder's interest in the matter is apparent. The State ticket has to be elected by a majority over all or the Legislature elects the Governor and other State officers. The Legislature has been Republican for the last few years, and in that the Republicans see their only hope of getting the State offices. If the Prohibition party polls 3,000 votes, as they very likely will, and these ballots are illegal, then the Republican ticket would be elected by the people and the Republican Legislature could not help themselves. Hence the kindness of the Republican office-holder in notifying the Prohibitionists.

In conversation with THE WORLD correspondent this evening one of the leaders of the party said that they would cast the ballots as printed, regardless of the result.

AS DEMOCRATS FIGURE IT.

They Hope for a Majority of Forty-four in the Next House.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—Calculations made at the headquarters of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee show that the Democrats are likely to gain in Alabama 1 member, in Arkansas 1, in California 1, in Connecticut 2, in Massachusetts 1, in Iowa 2, in Kansas 2, in Kentucky 1, in Maryland 2, in Michigan 2, in Missouri 2, in Minnesota 1, in New Hampshire 1, in New York 2, in North Carolina 1, in Ohio 7, in Pennsylvania 2, in South Carolina 1, in Tennessee 1, in Illinois 1, in Virginia 2 and in Wisconsin 1.

Two Arkansas Democrats were turned out of this Congress on contests, and it might be expected naturally that they would both be returned, making a gain of two from the way the delegation now stands, but it is feared that Mr. Breckenridge will be defeated in Louisiana the Democrats expect to defeat Cousins, but they fear also that they will lose one, so no gain is counted there. A gain of two and a loss of one in Illinois are expected by Illinois Democrats, leaving a gain of one. The Republicans gain two members which the Democrats do not lose—one from Idaho and one from Wyoming, making the membership of the House 332.

There are now 154 Democrats in the House. A net gain of 44 would give them 198 in the next House. This would give them a majority of 64.

An Insane Man's Suicide.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Nov. 3.—L. L. Lafrance, a member of the well-known Elmira cement firm of Lafrance & Wise, has been a patient for two years in the Middletown State Hospital, and had so improved that at the request of his friends he was allowed to go about the grounds, and to visit in the village on parole. He had been home on a visit for several weeks, and had visited his brother in New York. He left the institution on Saturday to take exercise. He was discovered Monday in rising in a secluded place in the grounds. He had evidently poisoned himself with morphine and strychnine, as bottles containing these drugs were found. He had cut out his head with a knife and bruised it with a stone. He was taken to the hospital, but died soon after. Lafrance was forty years old and leaves a widow and child. He was a brother of the inventor of the Lafrance fire engine.

One of Clafin's Debtors Fails.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

PEORIA, Ill., Nov. 3.—The large dry-goods house known as "The Alsacia," owned by Herman Furchgott, was attached to-day by creditors aggregating $30,000 being filed. Among the attachments were two by H. B. Claflin Co. aggregating $11,000.

FORTY-FIVE DAYS ON AIR.

Signor Succi's Long Fast to Begin To-Morrow Night

He Has Equalled Tanner's Record and Says He Will Now Beat It.

That a man can live forty-five days on merely air and water will be shown by Sig. Succi, the Italian faster, who begins his long fast to-morrow evening. That is, the signor says he will show it, and as he has shown considerable skill in subsisting on nothing, there are not a few who believe he will be successful.

The arrangements for the forty-five days' fast have been completed, and to-morrow evening the signor will take up his fasting abode in a private parlor over Koster & Bial's, in West Twenty-third street.

A committee of medical men and the students of Bellevue College Hospital will watch him during his long fast and see that he does not touch food.

Sig. Succi is determined to outdo Dr. Tanner, who lived to enjoy watermelons after forty days' abstemiousness. He equalled this record last Spring in London, and had previously played a trick on his stomach by refusing it food for a period of thirty days.

The medical profession has acknowledged that he has performed some remarkable feats, and say that the secret of the nature of the elixir of life which Succi uses in addition to water is a valuable one.

During his fast at the London Aquarium last March the signor lost weight at the rate of half a pound a day. His temperature was well maintained, but his pulse varied greatly. The room in which he lived was kept at a high temperature, and he did not exhaust his nervo-muscular apparatus by exercising, as he proposes to do in this city.

The fast will begin at 8 o'clock to-morrow evening, and Sig. Succi will be at home in his parlors at Koster and Bial's until the evening of Dec. 20.

A neat little bed will be placed in plain sight of all who come. It is not his intention, however, to give any exhibition of bedridden suffering, for he proposes to indulge in plenty of exercise at billiards and similar amusements.

Sig. Giordani Succi is about forty years old, below the average height and with dark as hard as rawhide and piercing brown eyes. His skin is dark and clear, and his wiry black hair is slightly mixed with gray.

He is a nervous man, quick in speech and gesture and he moves about briskly. A strong jaw and cain indicate his character.

THE RABELAISIAN PICTURES.

A London Art Gallery Closed Up by the Police.

[POPULAR'S CABLE NEWS SERVICE.]

LONDON, Nov. 3.—A remarkable seizure of pictures was made to-day which created a great deal of excitement. For the past three weeks there has been exhibited at an art gallery in Pall Mall a series of paintings illustrating the works of Rabelais. They are by the French artist Garnier, the painter of "Nana." The pictures are all innocent and some of them are so bad that they were put into a private room into which ladies were refused admittance.

The gallery has been crowded ever since it was opened. To-day the Chief Police Superintendent of the District, Mr. Fisher, accompanied by Inspector Conquest, entered the gallery and strolled about looking at the pictures. Then they entered the private gallery and seized all the pictures that were on exhibition. As soon as the fact of the seizure was known the crowd of visitors became panic-stricken and immediately fled, as people feared if they were on the premises they would be arrested. Then the doors of the gallery were closed.

The prosecution of the owners, which will begin to-morrow Tuesday at Bowstreet, was instigated by the Vigilance Association. It appears that the owners anticipated trouble, for they sent four of the worst pictures to Paris on Saturday last.

The following is