ROOSEVELT ON CIVIC DUTY.

GOVERNOR MAKES AN ADDRESS AT THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

He Illustrate What He Means By Americanism He Relates Some of His Official Experiences—His Belief That Every Man Should Stand on His Own Merits.

HOTEL CHAMPLAIN, N. Y., Aug. 21.—Governor Roosevelt was the chief figure at a reception at the Catholic Summer School to-night. The officers of the school and many well known Plattsburghers were on the stage. The Governor was introduced by the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, president of the Summer School. The Governor was greeted by a storm of cheers. When the applause had subsided he said:

"Father Lavelle, and you, fellow citizens, men and women, who are studying here to perfect yourselves for helping the State: I am more than delighted to have the opportunity of speaking to you to-night. What I am going to say to you is based, partly upon the accident of having met here to-day, one or two old friends, with whom I have had pretty intimate dealings, in the course of my public service in the past; and its entire statues depends upon whether you think it squares pretty well with what I have done in the past. I am going to speak to you first about certain phases of Americanism which I want to see put into action and translated into deeds; not merely hold as ideals, but adopted by all of us until they become part of our flesh and part of our blood, so that we would not think or act differently. And whatever value my words may have will come, as I have said, partly because I have, according to my light, striven to live up to them, and partly because I would tell it to any other audience just as I tell it to you.

"Yesterday, I was received by Mr. Riley—he was formerly connected with civil service affairs—and to-day, in coming over here, I met my friend Dr. Wall, and I said to Mr. Riley: 'If you want to know how the civil service law worked when I administered it, I refer you to Dr. Wall; you take what he says, as to what I have done.'

"I will give you a little of my experience of it, and he will correct me if I do not give it to you with perfect exactness. Before coming to that I want to repeat a statement made to me the other day that pleased me so much I want to have the pleasure of telling it to you. In Oyster Bay, where Mr. Travers and I live—pretty good place, Oyster Bay—one of my great friends is Father Belford, a Catholic priest, whom many of you know. We had a Fourth of July celebration, and I had Episcopalian, and Methodist, and Baptist and Presbyterian and Father Belford, all down on that platform. All good Americans, they had to come on that platform; and without any discredit to any one else and including myself, Father Belford made the best speech that was made there. Just the other day I was speaking to a young fellow on the police force, a young fellow who lately came from Ireland. I said, 'Well, how do you get on? What is your pull?' 'Oh,' he said, 'I got in when Roosevelt was there; you didn't have to have a pull then' [applause]. I did not know the name of the young fellow, and I don't know as I ever met him personally; but that sentence made me feel as though I had a pretty fair reward for my work as police commissioner. That is where the reward comes in doing work that is hard to do and that does not produce undivided admiration, but in which you feel that you get some practical result from it.

Now, as to what I was going to tell you about Dr. Wall. After I had been in office a few months in the Police Department, we got a law passed allowing us an increase of several hundred policemen, and I gave notice in the papers that we would take none but men of the highest character; but that granted, that we would pay no heed whatever to any man's political or religious affiliations; that he must be of good character, and after that his going in would depend upon his passing high enough the requisite physical and mental examinations.

"Recollect that I put the character first. It is a good thing to have a sound mind; and it is almost as good a thing to have a sound body; but if you haven't got character, neither of them will fit you to be more than an obnoxious man of society. You have got to have character. [Applause.] About two days after I made that statement, a card was brought in to me one morning—that of Dr. Wall—down in Mulberry street headquarters. I had the doctor shown in; he said he had seen this statement; and now I am using my own language, but I am conveying to you the substance of what the doctor said. He asked me if it was "straight goods" (laughter), I told him it was; and he then explained that it was in connection with his church; that he was running a Young Men's Catholic Temperance league, and he had a number of first-class young fellows who would like to try for the police, but he didn't want them to try for it if it was a fake. I said to him: 'You go on and take two of your men, and be sure you get men of good intelligence and sound body; don't you tell me their names at all. Tell them to take the examination and then see how they get through. If there is anything crooked about the examination, I want to know it more than you do.'

"Well, the two men tried, and they passed, and they were appointed. Down came Dr. Wall, and told me. That inspired others, and I think I am right in saying that something between twenty-five and thirty of the doctor's church got appointed. [Applause].

"Now, I almost had precisely the same experience with a little Methodist church up in City Island at the time when the boundaries of New York were extended to take in City Island. There was a Rev. Mr. Langlois, who wrote me practically the same inquiries: to know if it was a fact. He said that they had a number of young fellows, ship carpenters, I believe, who would like to take the examination if they were going to have a square deal. I said yes, they should have it. I think a dozen were appointed from that church.

"Now the moral of that is just this. I did not appoint a man because he came from Dr. Wall's church; I did not appoint a man because he came from Mr. Langlois's church; I gave each man a square deal on his own merits. [Applause.] That is what I mean by Americanism, that you shall take a man, treat him as a man; realize that we have all got to shape our own courses. I trust it may be toward heaven—but in our own ways; exercise the privileges of liberality about it and on this earth treat a man according to his deeds. If he is good, stand by him. If he is a strong and upright man support him; and if not, down with him. [Applause.]

I am going to give you one more illustration from my own regiment; and I feel a certain slight hesitancy in talking about a volunteer regiment that served four months in a small war, while there is here present a General from the last generation, who commanded a brigade in the big war, General Henry; and more than that a gentleman who has got what you might call an ancestral right to sit on the platform with the Governor, because his great grandfather, the late Daniel T. Tompkins, was Governor of this State. I think, for eight years during the entire time of the war of 1812, of which the most decisive battle was won right out in the bay there. (Applause).

During that war, when the finances of New York became pretty low, the general's grandfather said, when they told him there was no money in the Treasury, "you draw a check to my account." He said further, "If the country is going to be ruined, I'd just like to be ruined too." [Applause.]

When the General had that kind of an ancestry I don't know that he is entitled so much credit for turning out as he has.

"I must speak a word about my own regiment. One reason why I was so proud of that regiment was because I regard it as typically American. It represented the North and South, East and West, and had in it men of every grade, men who had inherited wealth and men who all their lives long had earned their living daily by the sweat of their brows. It had in it Catholic and Protestant, gentile and Jew, but they went in on their merits as men; and not all the outside influence in this nation could not have helped or hindered the rise or fall of any one of them. If he was a good man he went up, and if he was a bad man I had him sent down."

A FLY MANHATTAN COP.

He Loses His Watch at Coney Island, and the "Farmers" There Recover It for Him.

When Policeman John Nelson was transferred from Manhattan to the Coney Island squad, he was disgusted and expressed his sentiments somewhat after this fashion:

"What d'ye think of 'em putting a fly guy like me down among them farmer cops? I'll go to sleep down there with them hayseeds around me."

Nelson was off duty last night. He dressed in his best, and, pulling back his coat so as to show his $40 watch chain, he started to walk along the Bowery at Coney Island. Attached to the chain was an $80 watch. At the corner of Henderson's walk and the Bowery two men approached him.

"Say, pard," said one of them, "that's a mighty fine chain you've got there."

"I've got a better watch," said Nelson.

"Let's see it," said the man.

"Not on your life," replied Nelson. "That watch is so fine you have to pay a price of admission to see it. Come around to-morrow between 12 and 1 o'clock and pay a quarter. It will be on exhibition then."

Nelson doesn't know exactly how it happened, but there was a little confusion and then he realized that the two men had disappeared and that his watch and chain had gone with them. He was unable to find the men, and reported the matter to the "hayseeds." Two hours later Capt. Kenney's detectives had the men, who said they were Robert Bedell and Thomas Clarkins of Galveston. They said that they worked on a steamship plying between this city and Galveston. They were locked up on a charge of highway robbery. Nelson fondled the watch and remarked that the Coney Island police were not such a sleepy lot of farmers after all.

ELEVEN MEN HELD FOR A MURDER.

A Row Among Swedes in Jamestown, N. Y., Ends Fatally—Drag Net Out.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Aug. 21.—Axel Johnson, a Swede, living at 205 Fenton street, on the south side of the city, is dead in the morgue. Eleven men are under arrest as possible murderers. The police have out a drag net and expect to capture several more. This is the supposed result of a row in which a dozen or more men engaged on Saturday night. Just at present the guilty and innocent are locked up in a bunch. The Police Justice is busily engaged in taking depositions which will doubtless fix the crime. All that is known is that Johnson was sandbagged by some man in the party.

The first that was known of the affray was late on Sunday afternoon, when Dr. J. W. Morris notified the police that Johnson was in danger of dying. Dr. Morris says that he was aroused on Sunday morning by Charles and Andrew Lawson, who bore between them the injured man. An examination disclosed a deep cut behind the ear. This cut the physician did not consider serious, and after bandaging it up he sent the men home with their patient. Late in the afternoon he was called again, and this time saw the skull was fractured. He immediately notified the authorities. Johnson died Monday morning. The autopsy showed he was stabbed and sandbagged. All the men abroad in the neighborhood at the time have been arrested on suspicion. The men arrested are Thomas D. Miller, Charles and Andrew Larson, Victor Johnson, Charles Dahlquist, Albert L. Ellis, George Lepp, Ralph A. George and Thomas Paul of Jamestown, and Almond E. Oswell of Cherry Creek. Oscar Nelson, a deaf mute, was also arrested. The Coroner's inquest will be held to-morrow night.

TO VISIT CHINESE PORTS.

Minister Conger to Go From Port to Port on the Gunboat Princeton.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—The gunboat Princeton, now on the Asiatic station, has been placed at the disposal of the State Department temporarily for the use of Minister Conger. In accordance with frequent custom, Mr. Conger will make a tour of several Chinese ports for the purposes of observation, the length of the trip depending entirely on his own convenience. It is said officially that there is no special significance in Minister Conger's coming trip. The Princeton was reported to the Navy Department this morning as having arrived at Yaku.

Despite the fact that no special importance is attached by State Department officials to Minister Conger's expected visit to various ports in the Empire, more than usual interest is certain to attend his tour. The recent movements of Russia and other powers, resulting in commercial advantages which have attracted the attention of the world, will of course be made the subject of careful study by Minister Conger, and he will doubtless endeavor to secure personally an accurate knowledge of the exact situation in several districts.

A report of his trip will certainly be made to the State Department and this report is expected to contain some interesting and valuable information for this Government.

CYCLISTS KILLED BY TROLLEY CAR.

Wheels of a Man and a Woman Collide in Racine and Both Perish.

RACINE, Wis., Aug. 21.—While riding down Main street on his bicycle this morning Eugene Sprague, an aeronaut, who has been giving exhibitions in this city, collided with Mabel Schumacher, who was also on a bicycle. They fell under a trolley car, the wheels of which passed over Miss Schumacher's chest, killing her instantly, and disembowelled Sprague.

Officer John Schumacher hurried to the car. When the mangled body of the girl was carried to the sidewalk and her face exposed to view he recognized his daughter and fell fainting into the arms of bystanders.

Sprague lived nearly an hour in terrible agony. He had been making ascensions here for about a month. Four weeks ago Rose Behl, daughter of J. Behl of Greenwood, disappeared, and it was found that she had eloped with Sprague. Her parents came to this city in the hope of inducing her to return to her home, but found that both she and Sprague had gone to Michigan. He advertised another ascension for Racine last Saturday, and the parents of the girl again came here to take her home with them. They found her at one of the hotels, and on Sunday she went home with them.

Golf at Deal Beach.

While awaiting with equanimity the play off on a neutral links of the tie with the Norwood Park team for the championship of the North Jersey Shore League, the Deal Golf Club members have a long schedule of club contests to decide. In the club championships for the women and the men, in which the qualifying rounds have been played, the following dates have been arranged:

Men's championship, for medal presented by Col. G. B. M. Harvey, Thursday, second round; Saturday, semi-finals; Saturday, Sept. 2, finals. All matters at thirty-six holes.

Women's championship, for medal presented by A. C. Twining. To-morrow, semi-finals. Friday, finals. Both at eighteen holes.

Mixed foursomes, prizes presented by Mrs. G. B. M. Harvey, Tuesday, Aug. 29, preliminary eighteen hole medal round, best four pairs to qualify; Friday, Sept. 1, semi-finals; Sept. 2, finals.

Team championship, thirty-six holes, handicap match play, club champion barred, for medals presented by G. B. M. Harvey, Sept. 6, 8 and 9.

Married women's contest, handicap match play, eighteen holes; prize, set of clubs presented by R. B. Wilson, Sept. 4, 5 and 7.

Of special interest is the announcement that on Saturday, Sept. 16, the Deal Club will hold a tournament for the individual championship of the North Jersey Shore League, and that on next Saturday R. B. Wilson and George Low will play the first half of a seventy-two hole home-and-home match, at Deal, for a purse of $50 presented by R. H. Burch. The second half of the match will be held on Aug. 31, at Dyker Meadow.

FRENCH ARMY MURDERERS.

CAPTAINS KILL TWO OFFICERS SENT TO ARREST THEM IN THE SOUDAN.

One of the Murderers a Son of Gen. Chaneine, Former Minister of War—Through Him the Case Has a Connection With the Dreyfus Affair—The Murderers.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

PARIS, Aug. 21.—The *Figaro* announces that Lieut.-Col. Klobb and Lieut. Mennier have been killed in the French Soudan by members of a French expedition. Lieut.-Col. Klobb was ordered to inquire into reports which had been received regarding the conduct of an expedition led by Capts. Voulet and Chanoine. The inquiry resulted in confirmation of the rumors, and Klobb was instructed to assume command of the expedition and bring the compromised officers and members to the coast, where they would be court-martialed. Accordingly Klobb started off to catch up with the expedition, sending a messenger ahead with a letter addressed to Voulet and Chanoine enjoining them to stop. This letter was delivered, and the messenger returned with a laconic answer from Voulet to the effect that if Klobb persisted in carrying out his instructions he might consider himself a dead man.

Not intimidated by this threat, Klobb proceeded, accompanied by Mennier, and overtook the expedition, but was not allowed to approach beyond hailing distance. Voulet, who was surrounded by his officers and men told him to go back, adding that if he approached a step further he might expect a fusillade. Klobb's reply was: "I cannot have my arms loaded. Fire if you dare." Voulet thereupon ordered his men to fire a volley, which they did. Mennier falling dead and Klobb being hit in the leg. Despite his wound Klobb advanced a few steps further, when a second volley was fired by Voulet's followers, killing Klobb and wounding some of his men. The surviving members of Klobb's party fled, and one of them, a sergeant, brought the news to the nearest point of communication.

The survivors say that after the shooting Voulet and Chanoine, with their followers, took to the bush.

Official reports confirm the details of the murders. It is interesting to note the connection between this strange story from the distant colony with the all-pervading Dreyfus affair. For a long time damaging stories have been told of the conduct of Capts. Chanoine and Voulet. It was said that the expedition had committed atrocious crimes, that it had been guilty of great cruelty, and that its rule was one of lust and blood.

These stories leaking out gave the party of persecution a hold over Gen. Chanoine when he was Minister of War, Capt. Chanoine being his son. Threats to disclose the latter's conduct forced the Minister to abandon M. Brisson in his task of securing justice for Dreyfus, and to join the persecutors of the prisoner in order to save his son's career.

Capt. Voulet, Capt. Chanoine and their companions have been declared to be mutineers. Orders have been sent to the Foureau-Lamy expedition to treat them as outlaws. Capt. Voulet was at the head of the expedition, and Capt. Chanoine was his second in command.

ACCUSED BY A LONDON CHORUS GIRL.

Dr. Masterson Charged With Stealing Her Ring, but Discharged.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Aug. 21.—William Masterson, an American physician staying at the Hotel Cecil, was charged in the Bow street police court today with stealing a ring from Edna Kent, a chorus girl of Keppel street, Russell Square. The girl said she met Masterson in the Strand and accompanied him to the American bar in the Hotel Cecil and thence to a house in Fitzroy Square. They failed to obtain admission to the house, she says, and while standing outside the prisoner remarked: "What pretty rings you have," at the same time snatching one of the rings from her finger and running away. The girl said she pursued the prisoner, who was stopped by a constable. She charged Masterson with the theft and the constable arrested him.

The prisoner denied the theft and declared that he thought the woman was attempting to rob him. He became frightened and ran away.

Several Americans, including the editor of the *Washington Post*, appeared in the prisoner's behalf. They stated that Masterson had a good practice in Washington and was of irreproachable character.

The Magistrate came to the conclusion that no jury would convict Masterson and discharged him.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—Dr. William L. Masterson is a local physician of good reputation. His house and office are at No. 2 I street, N. E.

GEN. WHEELER REACHES MANILA.

Nine Soldiers Drowned Crossing the San Mateo River on a Raft.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

MANILA, Aug. 21.—The United States transport Tartar from San Francisco, with Gen. Joseph Wheeler and two battalions of the Nineteenth Infantry on board, has arrived here, but the troops are unable to land owing to the typhoon which is raging.

This morning a reconnoitering party of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, under Capt. Crane, went up the Mariquina Valley. In crossing the San Mateo river the raft on which they were floating split in two and nine men were drowned. Capt. Crane was saved.

BRITISH COUNSEL OPTIMISTIC.

Confident of the Result of the Venezuelan Arbitration.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

PARIS, Aug. 21.—The British Crown Counsel are optimistic as to the result of the proceedings of the Venezuelan tribunal. The Venezuelan advocates are admired for the brilliancy of their conduct of a weak cause, though Mr. Soley is said to be disposed to overstate his case and to misrepresent Sir Richard Webster, the British counsel. The arguments will terminate early in September.

THE MALARIAL MOSQUITO FOUND.

Major Ross Reports Success in His Researches in Sierra Leone.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Aug. 21.—Major Ross, who was sent to Sierra Leone by the Liverpool School of Tropical Diseases to try to discover the malarial mosquito, has wired to Prof. Jones, the Elder Demster of the School, that the mosquito has been found and asking that the Government send men to him at once. It is believed that the Government will send medical experts to assist in the researches.

DEWEY'S MEN ATTACKED IN ITALY.

Five Persons Arrested at Leghorn for Wounding Some American Sailors.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LEGHORN, Aug. 21.—Five persons have been arrested here charged with attacking and wounding some of the sailors of the United States cruiser Olympia, Admiral Dewey's flagship.

Quarantine Against Portugal Ports.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, Aug. 21.—Despatches received from Antwerp, Havre, Dunkirk and Rotterdam say that a strict quarantine has been established at those places against all vessels hailing from Portuguese ports.

CHICAGO GIRL SUES FOR $25,000.

Virginia L. Willard Proceeds Against O. P. Curran for Breach of Promise.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—Orville P. Curran, manager for the Equitable Life Assurance Society, is defendant in a suit brought by Virginia L. Willard, in the Superior Court to-day, for $25,000, for breach of promise. The parties to the suit refuse to make statements. Curran lives in a fashionable part of town and is said to be a man of means.

BETRAYED HER LOVER TO BE SHOT.

As He Climbed In at a Window the Girl's Father Fired.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Aug. 21.—Lem Watson, a young farmer who had been attentive to the 18-year-old daughter of George Sloan, a neighbor, says that before leaving the house one night recently he was invited by her to return after the family retired, a signal being agreed upon to let him know when the coast was clear. Then the girl, so he alleges, informed her father of her appointment, and the old man got his shotgun and lay in wait in the hallway outside his daughter's door. In due time, he declares, the prearranged signal was given and Watson appeared at the window. He was astride the sill when Sloan fired, the charge entering his breast. He made his way home and the doctors pronounced his injuries fatal. A magistrate took his deposition, which embraced the facts above related. To the surprise of the physicians, he improved and is now on the road to recovery. The girl explained her conduct by saying that she was jealous of her lover's attention to another woman.

Yesterday the members of the Mount Lebanon Baptist Church, where Sloan is a deacon, held a meeting and after discussing the shooting adopted resolutions commending his act. They declare "that on account of his desire to avoid the shedding of human blood, Brother Sloan endured the imposition of the shameless fellow much longer than he ought to have done and that had his shot proven fatal more good would have been done for the cause of justice and the good order of society in this neighborhood than has been done by the courts in several years."

Watson will prosecute both father and daughter.

GEN. BUTTERFIELD IMPROVED.

His Condition Has Been Most Serious—Able to Talk Once More.

FISHKILL LANDING, N. Y., Aug. 21.—Dr. George W. Murdock, the family physician of Gen. Daniel Butterfield, who left the bedside of the patient late to-night, said that there was an improvement in the condition of the General. He has been more seriously ill than has been supposed. He was stricken on Thursday night, and for nearly eighty hours did not speak or comprehend what was said to him. As Chairman of the Dewey Reception Committee, Gen. Butterfield has been working hard of late. After a hard day's work he returned on Thursday night on an early evening train to Cold Spring. He complained of the oppressive heat and when he reached Craig Side, his country home, he sat down on the piazza. After a few moments he apparently was attacked with a fainting spell. He was carried into the house and Dr. Murdock, the family physician, summoned. He found the patient suffering from a most serious brain trouble, and aphasia of a pronounced and serious type soon developed. Dr. Holland, of New York, was at once called in consultation, and Dr. Banister, of West Point, an Army Surgeon, was also called. There was no change in the condition of the patient until last night, when he began to show an improvement. This improvement has continued to-day.

Dr. Murdock said to-night that, although the patient had been unable to speak or comprehend speech for several days, he had improved greatly during the past twenty-four hours and now talked rationally. The doctor looks for a still further improvement during the night.

UPSET IN NORTH RIVER.

Two Amateur Yachtsmen Come to Grief in a Squall.

Two men in a yawl-rigged boat were capsized at the foot of Barclay street by the squall which brought the first shower of rain from New Jersey. They were both saved and went away without leaving their addresses. The ferryboat Hamburg, of the Hoboken line, was approaching the Barclay street slip at the time, and Capt. Hickman remarked to his pilot that a yawl just out from the pier was carrying too much sail for so small a craft. The lightning showed the yawl from time to time, and then when the rain was coming down the hardest cries were heard.

"Ferryboat ahoy! we're drowning; save us!"

By the light of the next flash the yawl was seen to be upside down in the water. The Hamburg stopped and deck hands Ludlow and Miranda threw lines to the men and hauled them aboard. The yawl drifted away. The men wore double-breasted blue yachting coats and white duck trousers. They were evidently amateur yachtsmen.

SAVAGE CAT ATTACKS A CHILD.

A Stray Visitor Bites Baby Sherler at the Grand Central Station.

YONKERS, N. Y., Aug. 21.—While in the waiting room of the Harlem road at the Grand Central station in New York this afternoon, Harriet Sherler, four years old, was severely bitten by a cat. The child was with her father John J. Sherler, of 239 Riverdale avenue, this city. They were about to return home and the father let go his hold on the child's hand, to purchase a ticket. The next instant Mr. Sherler heard the child's screams. Turning, he saw her standing at the door leading to the trains with blood flowing from wounds on her left forearm and chest. She said a cat had bitten and scratched her. The father sucked the wounds and the depot matron poured turpentine on them.

Mr. Sherler was told that no cat is kept in the Harlem station, but that one makes an occasional visit there. Mr. Sherler said to-night that he had taken the child to the Florence Hospital where her wounds were cauterized, and that he had also reported the matter to the police station. No one, he said, had seen the cat, excepting the child, who said that she stooped down to play with the animal when it sprang at her, biting her severely and scratching her.

STORM DISPELS HUMIDITY.

Last Night's Thundershower Brought Relief After a Sweltering Day.

A thunderstorm from New Jersey came to town just before 9 o'clock last night and knocked the humidity out of the atmosphere hereabouts. There was an impression at first that the phenomenally persistent West Indian hurricane was trying to break in from seaward, but Mr. Emery, the local forecaster, declared that the great blow had really scooted to the eastward, never to return. The shower was of purely local origin. It finally brought in a fresh, northwesterly breeze, laden with the pleasant scents of wooded places and farms. It drove down the mercury fifteen degrees or more. At its maximum, the official thermometer registered 84 degrees yesterday, which was hotter than any other day of this month.

Nine cases of heat prostration were reported by the police yesterday. None of the cases in Manhattan proved fatal.

BRYAN'S PLANS IN KENTUCKY.

Will Talk 16 to 1 to the Mountaineers in the Feud Region.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Aug. 21.—Col. Bryan will spend much of his time in eastern Kentucky when he makes his speeches in behalf of Senator Goebel. An old-fashioned barbecue will be given. The place of this meeting has not been settled as yet, but it will be in the heart of the mountains near the scene of the recent feud. It is urged by the managers that this section has been neglected by the Democracy, owing to the fact that it is largely Republican. In the central and southern parts of the State Bryan will tour with the Goebel nominees on a special train.

Thomas S. Petrit, the Populist candidate for Governor in 1895, will speak for the Goebel ticket.

Two Killed in a Street Brawl.

DALLAS, TEX., Aug. 21.—A despatch from Gonzales says that a pitched battle took place in the streets of that town to-day, and that two men were killed and one fatally wounded. Two of the men shot are Dr. J. Houston and his son.

IS CUBA YET A NATION?

QUESTION RAISED IN A LOUISIANA EXTRADITION CASE.

American Arrested for a Crime Alleged to Have Been Committed in Havana Contends That There Is No Power in the United States to Send Him There for Trial.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 21.—The case of Cox, under arrest here charged with embezzling $1,500 in Havana, which will come before the New Orleans Criminal Court to-morrow, promising to be most interesting, turning as it does on the relations existing between the United States and Cuba. The United States District Attorney, under direction of the Department of Justice, will take part in it, although the matter is before a State court.

Cox is an American and he prepared a directory of Havana. He is charged with having embezzled $1,500, and the case was taken before one of the courts of Havana. The New Orleans police were asked to arrest and hold him which they did. The necessary papers for his extradition, signed by Gen. Brooke, as Governor General of Cuba, were forwarded to Washington.

Cox through his attorneys has resisted all the efforts to send him back to Cuba. The objections raised by him are that Cuba is an independent nation, under the resolutions adopted by Congress, and the terms of our declaration of war against Spain; that it is not a part of the United States, even if occupied by American troops, and not bound by the laws of the United States; that we have no extradition treaty with Cuba, and that the military authorities now administering the affairs of the island are not the civil government.

It will be seen that the trial calls upon the United States to explain by what title the island is held and what is the exact status and authority of the American military officers in command there. The United States District Attorney has for these reasons intervened in the case and will contend that under present conditions a criminal captured in Cuba or the United States can be returned to the place where he committed the offence.

Cox's lawyers have made arrangements to transfer the case from the State court to the United States courts if the decision is against him.

MAD DOG IN BARBER SHOP.

At Sight of It Barbers and Customers Fled in Terror—Policeman to the Rescue.

A white mongrel dog, weighing about forty pounds, went mad in Grand street yesterday afternoon and caused considerable excitement before it was shot and clubbed to death by Policeman Thomas Bell of the Delancey street station. The dog first put in an appearance in the neighborhood of Grand and Clinton streets. It snapped and snarled and tried to bite a lamp post. All who saw the animal ran away except the policeman who boldly marched to the attack. At sight of him the dog ran into the flower store of William Winderoth at 419 Grand street.

Winderoth and his girl clerk climbed on top of the counter and the dog made several ineffectual attempts to get at them. A crowd gathered in front of the store and watched the policeman chase the animal behind some frames used for floral pieces. The dog finally escaped and made straight for the crowd, which promptly scattered.

Bell chased the dog down Grand street with the crowd following. When the dog reached 451 Grand street it bolted into the barber shop of Tony Meringene and snapped at the barbers who were shaving two customers. The barbers and customers fled in terror to the street. The dog ran into a rear room of the place and hid under a sofa.

Bell followed it into the room, and stooping over, put his pistol under the couch and fired one shot. The dog emerged, but Bell put two bullets into its body and then drove it into a corner, where he clubbed it to death. The crowd cheered Bell for his bravery.

A GOSPEL READER DISAPPEARS.

He Was Out of Work, and This, With His Religious Zeal, May Have Upset Him.

John Duffin, thirty-nine years old, has been missing from his home, 25 Cator avenue, Jersey City, since Saturday evening. His wife called at the Ocean Avenue Police Station yesterday and said that he took $5, all the money there was in the house, and the account book with the grocer. He intended to do the marketing for Sunday. After several hours had passed she sent one of the children out to look for him. The child returned with the information that he had not been at the grocer's or butcher's, and no trace of him could be found in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Duffin says that her husband is a very religious man and spent most of his spare time in reading the Bible. He was a regular attendant at the Linden Avenue M. E. Church and active in church work. Although not a member of the Salvation Army, he often spoke at the Army's meetings and took a great interest in the work. He never drank and was a model husband.

Duffin has been out of work for some time and his wife believes that his inability to obtain employment and his excessive religious zeal may have made him temporarily insane. Mrs. Duffin is an invalid. She has a son and two daughters. Duffin is five feet six inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, has black hair streaked with grey, sandy moustache and blue eyes, and wore a dark suit when he left home.

RAZOR OUT FOR HIS RIVAL.

Everesto Rodriguez's Face Slashed and Augustino Rodriguez Missing.

Everesto Rodriguez, 27 years old, and Augustino Rodriguez, 30 years old, have been living at 250 West Thirty-ninth street for the last three months. They occupied separate rooms, and they were both so uncommunicative that the other people in the house did not know last night if they were related to each other. Yesterday Augustino learned that his girl was walking out with Everesto, and he slashed Everesto's face with a razor.

Augustino ran away, and Everesto fainted in a few moments from loss of blood. He was taken to Bellevue hospital. The police are looking for Augustino, who, his victim says, is a brother of Gen. Alexander Rodriguez, who made a name in the Cuban army.

PROVINCIAL OF PASSIONISTS.

The Rev. Stephen Kealy of Dunkirk Elected to Fill The Office.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., Aug. 21.—A despatch received this evening by the Rev. Casimir Taylor, assistant rector of St. Mary's Church, Dunkirk, says that the Rev. Stephen Kealy, rector of St. Mary's, was elected to-day Provincial of the order of Passionists in the United States and Mexico, to succeed the Rev. John Bandinellie. The present Provincial was also rector of St. Mary's at the time of his election as Provincial and has recently been elected Consultor-General of the order at Rome.

The Provincial's consultors will be elected to-morrow and the rectors and assistant rectors the next day.

A. W. HALE STRICKEN WITH APOPLEXY.

Taken Ill in the Harper Building and Removed, Unconscious, to a Hospital.

Albert W. Hale, a civil engineer, was stricken with apoplexy while visiting his friend, H. G. Paine, the managing editor of *Harper's Weekly*, in the Harper Building, on Franklin square, yesterday afternoon. Mr. Paine sent to the Hudson street hospital, and Mr. Hale was taken there in an ambulance. He had not recovered consciousness late last night.

Mr. Hale is 60 years old, and is unmarried. He lives at 115 West 106th street.

HARLEM BRANCH. THE SUN, 119 WEST 125TH ST., NEAR LENOX AV.

STORM ENDS ST. CYRUS'S FEAST.

Picturesque Procession of a Thousand Italians Breaks for Shelter.

The three days' celebration of the feast of St. Cyrus in Little Sicily closed last night with a grand parade of the Society of Marineo. The celebration was closed abruptly by the rain, but that came only just as the procession was about to disband.

The parade formed at about 8 o'clock in front of the Church of Our Lady of Loretto in Elizabeth street, and marched through the Italian sections of Elizabeth, Mott and Mulberry streets. There were about 1,000 men, women and children in line, and each carried a lighted candle. The feature of the procession was a group of about 200 little girls dressed all in white, each wearing a long white veil and a wreathe of roses and carrying a bouquet. Following the girls came the women, some of whom carried their babies, then the men, and finally about 200 little boys. Every one was bareheaded. At intervals in the line were men carrying large rose colored transparencies inscribed "Viva San Ciro."

Elizabeth street was all ablaze with the soft light from thousands of colored lanterns and thousands of people lined the streets. Most of the spectators were Italians, but there were hundreds of others attracted to Little Sicily by the unusual spectacle. As the procession passed through Elizabeth street hundreds of Roman candles were set off and the paraders marched in a shower of sparks. Just at the close came the rain. Few people had noticed the preliminary drops and consequently when the storm broke there was a great scamper for shelter. Everybody seemed to run in a different direction from everybody else. Men yelled, women screamed and children, not understanding the cause of the commotion, cried from fright. Mothers who had children in the procession, viewing the stampede from the tenement windows, rushed to the street to rescue their little ones, but were prevented from reaching them by the people who crowded into the hallways. Men carrying transparencies dashed into doorways and basements, and in the scramble tore away draperies and decorations.

But no one was seriously hurt. A few persons were slightly bruised as the result of falls and collisions, and a few women had their clothing torn. On account of the storm the closing services in the church were dispensed with, and a further display of fireworks was postponed.

MAJOR BENDIRE AS A NATURALIST.

The Way He Fooled Two Apaches—His Whiskey Dose for a Spur Wound.

The late Major Bendire, honorary ecologist to the United States National Museum, was an enthusiastic naturalist and ardent collector. He had many thrilling adventures while collecting in the West during the early days. Once while stationed at a fort near the Mexican boundary, in the Apache Indian country, the Major's life was saved only by his coolness and clear thinking. At the time he was in search of birds' eggs, and had discovered the nest of a rare hawk in a large cottonwood tree near a stream. He climbed the tree, and on coming to the nest, took the two eggs it contained, and was about to place them in his collecting box, when his eyes caught sight of two Apache Indians, gazing at him from a bluff several hundred yards away.

Without showing any excitement, the Major went on with his work, keeping a close watch on the redskins. After packing the eggs securely, he slid to the ground, unfastened his horse, mounted, and heading the horse towards the bluff, so as to reach it at a place a quarter of a mile or so below where the Indians were, put spurs to the animal, and galloped briskly forward.

This action caused the Indians to make a détour, in order to bring them within gunshot of the Major as he passed. No sooner had he started up, and the Indians saw his intentions, than they drew back out of sight. Quick as a flash, the Major wheeled his steed about, and forced the animal to its utmost speed. On arriving at the fort, "boots and saddles" were sounded and soon a troop of cavalry was racing over the plains. All they found on arriving at the bluff, was two pair of moccasin tracks, and the tree to which the Indians had tied their horses. Prints of horses' feet heading toward the mountains showed that the redskins, realizing that they had been foiled, lost no time in making their escape.

All of the Apaches were hostile then, and had it not been for the Major's trained and quick eye, probably the world would have been robbed of two volumes of a fine work on ecology.

The Major had another exciting, and somewhat amusing experience in the Northwest. The region abounded in rattlesnakes. He was on a collecting trip. He had tied his horse, and was making his way through a patch of thick, tall grass, when the warning rattle of a snake caused him instinctively to jump aside. At the same time he felt a stinging blow in the calf of one leg. A hasty examination revealed two small punctures in the flesh. Hurrying to his horse the Major quickly emptied a large flask of whiskey, which he always carried for emergencies of the kind. Again he examined the wound, and noticed that instead of being parallel, as the wounds should have been had they been made by a poisonous snake, one was situated above the other. A moment's reflection solved the problem. He had not been bitten by the snake, but in jumping from the reptile, in some manner he had struck himself with one of his spurs.

Realizing the effect of such a dose of whiskey, when not coping with poisonous venom, he started for the fort at all possible speed. But the distance was too great, for before he arrived he was reeling in his saddle. There were several hours of scandal at the fort before he sobered sufficiently to explain matters, and save himself from being court-martialed.

JUDGE HILTON IMPROVED.

Some Hope Now That He May Recover From His Illness.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 21.—Ex-Judge Henry Hilton of New York was resting easier to-day, and it was said that he was better than at any time during the past twenty days. While the family had abandoned all hope, there is now a possibility that the Judge may recover.

Danger of Gallantry in Mexico.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"A flirtation with a native belle is an exceedingly idiotic enterprise to an American in any of the smaller Mexican towns," said a New Orleans railroad man who has spent much time in the sister republic. "I had that fact hammered into me originally at Paso del Norte, across the Rio Grande. The circumstances were these: I had attended a Mexican dance in the centre of town, and met a very pretty senorita who talked English with a most captivating accent. We danced together a good many times, and after the ball was over it developed that she and her younger sister were without an escort to see them home. Of course, I volunteered. They lived in the suburbs, about half a mile away, and the street down which we passed was a perfect tunnel, by reason of the overarching cottonwood trees that grew on either side. When we reached the house I sat down in front to talk to the girls, and presently along came a young American of my acquaintance who had been tempted by the delicious night to take a stroll and a smoke. He stopped to exchange a few words, and his straw hat blew off and fell in a nearby irrigating ditch. We fished it out and hung it up to dry, and as he was in a hurry to return I insisted on lending him my Scotch cap. The poor fellow had scarcely passed out of sight up the gloomy roadway when we heard the crack of a pistol, and presently he came staggering back with a bullet through his jaw. How we bound him up, sent for a cab, and finally took him across the river, has nothing to do with my story—the point is that I subsequently obtained positive proof that he was fired on by a native admirer of my beautiful senorita who mistook him for me, chiefly on account of the Scotch cap. The young man got well, and he is now in the passenger department of the Mexican Central, but the episode taught me a lesson. Scores of Americans have had experiences along the same line, and I would advise any tourist who can't resist flirting with the dark-eyed beauties of Mr. Diaz's republic to wear a sheet of boiler iron on his back. He will need it."

EIGHTEEN FISHERMEN DIE.

CAUGHT ON ISLANDS NEAR NEUSE RIVER AND FORCED TO EMBARK.

**In a Party of Sixteen Only Two Escaped, the Boats of the Others