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HINTS OF A SENSATIONAL CONSPIRACY ON THE TURF.

Was the Great Suburban Race "Thrown" by a Jockey for a Ring of Bookmakers?

William H. Clark Suspends Maher for Two Years, During Which He Cannot Ride on Any Track.

By Francis Trevelyan.

May Hempstead's splendid showing did not furnish the leading topic at the Sheepshead Bay track yesterday. The advance guard of the visitors had scarcely settled down to the afternoon's amusement before the whisper went around that ex-Corporation Counsel W. H. Clark, the employer of Danny Maher, had determined to take matters into his own hands and punish to the utmost the lad who was responsible for the favorite, Banastar, being left at the post in Saturday's Suburban.

At first the report was that Maher had been put, bag and baggage, out of the stable, but this would have been a crude and inartistic punishment compared with that Mr. Clark has actually determined to inflict.

Maher's Two-Year Contract.

Maher is under contract to Mr. Clark until the end of next year—"until the end of the century," as some wag remarked—at an annual salary of $10,000. The salary will be paid regularly, a nice enough honorarium for a lad still in his teens, but not a mount will Maher have from the stable, not a mount on the outside will the man who holds the duly filed papers on him allow him to take. Next year, maybe, the Jockey Club will not issue a license to Maher, but if it does the salary will go on as usual, and the same arrangement as to mounts will continue.

Needless to say, this determination has not been reached without the idea having been conceived that Maher's handling of Banastar was not an honest error of judgment. The stewards of the meeting have punished him for abusing Banastar with the whip and breaking up starts by a $200 fine and ten days' suspension. It seems to be the concensus of opinion that they can, if they wish, report Mr. Clark's action officially to the stewards of the Jockey Club and that then the latter may take action, but it is quite within the bounds of possibility that no official notice will be taken of the happening.

"I Have Reason," Says Clark.

Mr. Clark was quite willing to talk of the matter. "Yes, I have set Maher down and will continue to do so next year, should the Jockey Club grant him another license. I am perfectly satisfied that I have ample reason for doing this.

"Banastar will show that the way he acted at the post on Saturday was no fault of his own, unless indeed the way he was whipped over the head shall prove to have spoiled him entirely for racing. After he was unsaddled he was covered with great welts.

"I do not care whether the matter is officially investigated or not. I shall not ask for any inquiry. I am sure that there was something more wrong about the race than mere accident.

"The betting was suspicious. Do you know that at the last moment the price went back to 2½ to 1? The books were willing to take any amount of money. I had sent down all the money I expected to bet—and Mr. Allen had told me that I could bet all I had a mind to, for the horse could not lose. Then I heard about the longer price and I bet another $1,000 on my horse."

Blames Maher Alone.

"After that I went up into my box with some of my friends. I watched what was going on at the post for some minutes and then made the remark that my money was 'burned up,' for Banastar would not get away from the post.

"Practical men who were at the post tell me that Maher was responsible for the horse being left. He pulled the horse over to the fence in the early breaks, as if to prevent him running out and that settled the matter. Mr. Fitzgerald has corroborated my ideas about the start in every particular. As to what Maher did at New Orleans, he says that the authorities told Maher that he had better go away from there."

What the upshot of this most sensational occurrence will be no one can say at present. When Messrs. F. R. Hitchcock and H. K. Knapp, stewards of the Jockey Club, were interrogated about the matter, especially as to whether the Jockey Club would take it up, their answers were virtually identical. They do not believe that the matter comes within the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club's stewards unless it be reported to them by the stewards of the meeting, and the disposition seems to be to think that their limit of action was taken when they disposed of the affar by fining and suspending Maher.

It is certain that either Maher has done something which should condemn him to being ruled off for life or else he has had a great injustice done to him. Such brutality and ill-temper as he displayed were punished to a fairly adequate extent by the decision of the stewards. But if he was in a scheme to rob Mr. Clark of the race and the public of their money, it should be shown up and every one connected with the roguery put off the race courses of the country, even if they cannot be put in jail.

It would not be feasible to let the business stand as it is. It would be an open, reeking cesspool that would taint the atmosphere of the whole turf. If the Jockey Club stewards really cannot interfere—though the plenary powers bestowed on them by the Rules of Racing would assuredly seem to entitle them to do so—the State Racing Commission must step in and force an investigation. A thorough sifting of this Maher-Banastar episode is the only thing that can save the Eastern turf from being set back many years. The Durham-Chetwynd scandal in England was no bigger thing, and the English turf did not suffer materially from that only because it was thoroughly and unreservedly sifted in open court.

Jockey Danny Maher.

MME. DREYFUS IS NOT TO SEE HER HUSBAND.

Her Request to Be Allowed to Greet Him on His Arrival Said to Have Been Refused.

Paris, June 20.—The French second-class cruiser Sfax, which is bringing Captain Dreyfus to France, anchored off St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Her commander cabled "All well on board."

After coaling the cruiser will proceed for the Azores, where another short stoppage will be made.

It is said that M. Dupuy has refused the request of Mme. Dreyfus to see her husband on his arrival.

D'ARCOS MAKES HIS PLANS FOR THE SUMMER.

With No Business Pending, He Will Close the Legation During Hot Weather.

Washington, June 19.—The Spanish Minister, the Duke d'Arcos, has decided on Manchester-by-the-Sea as the place to spend his Summer vacation, and, accompanied by the Duchess d'Arcos and the staff of the legation, he will go there the latter part of the month.

The legation here will be closed during his absence. No move for any new treaties has yet been made.

FOUNDER OF GREEK FRATERNITY DEAD.

Professor Abel Beach, of Iowa State University, Expires Alone in the Night.

Iowa City, Ia., June 19.—Professor Abel Beach was found dead in bed this morning. He was the last but one of the founders of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity in America. Judge A. H. Green, of Syracuse, N. Y., is now the sole survivor. Professor Beach taught Latin and Greek in the State University of Iowa and was Deputy State Auditor of Iowa. He was a college mate of former President Chester A. Arthur and fellow fraternity member with Secretary of State Hay and Attorney-General Griggs.

General Woodford's Daughter Ill.

General Stewart L. Woodford, ex-Minister to Spain, whose daughter is ill at the Waldorf, said last night that his daughter was suffering from shock due to the death of her mother, but that there is no dangerous results expected. The attending physician said that she could go driving to-day.

SATAN IS BEHIND MEDIUMS, HE SAYS.

Bishop Moreland Holds Him Responsible for Spirit Messages.

THE WORK OF DEMONS.

Any Communication from the Other World Is Due to a Lying Spirit.

WARNING TO HIS HEARERS.

Tells Them That to Seek a Clairvoyant's Aid Is to Put Their Soul in Peril.

San Francisco, June 19.—The Right Rev. Dr. William H. Moreland, Bishop of Sacramento, preached yesterday on "Spiritualism." He said in part:

"I believe that communications with the spiritual world are reasonable and to be expected; indeed, that our whole religion reveals it and requires it, and that as a matter of fact we practise intercourse with the spiritual world every day of our lives. I feel bound to respect the testimony of intelligent, earnest people whom I would believe if testifying on other subjects.

"When I lived near Boston I had frequent conversations with Professor Hodgson, American secretary of the English Society of Psychical Research. He had given his life to the study of mental and psychical phenomena. He told me he had investigated 150 instances of 'spiritualism' in America, and had not discovered one fact which could not be accounted for on ordinary natural grounds. This was in 1892. Since then I have heard from him that he has changed his judgment; that in continuing his studies he has been compelled to face facts which could not be explained on any ground except that of a supernatural agency. He is convinced that there are some facts—a small quantity—mingled with an immense amount of trickery and fraud in the so-called phenomena of spiritualism.

"Now, mark you, if there is any residuum of fact whatever it must be accounted for. It cannot be ignored.

"Spiritualists and mediums have existed since the beginning of the world. We believe that mediums and those who apply to them are deliberately deceived by evil spirits; that if any real communication comes from the invisible world it does not come from the deceased person at all, but from a lying spirit who personates the deceased person. The fruits of spiritualism convince us that the whole system emanates from that cunning, malignant spirit Satan, the bitter enemy of Jesus Christ.

"Every time you go to a medium or clairvoyant you are denying the true Church and God, committing idolatry, putting your soul in peril. You cannot be a Spiritualist and a Christian at the same time."

SCHLEY CALLS IT AN OFT-REPEATED CALUMNY.

Denounces as False the Reported Colloquy with Hodgson in the Battle Off Santiago.

Washington, June 19.—Rear Admiral Schley characterizes as an "oft-repeated calumny" the alleged colloquy between himself and Lieutenant-Commander Hodgson, of the Brooklyn, on board that vessel in the fight with Cervera's squadron.

This statement of the Rear Admiral appears in a statement sent to the Navy Department to-day by Captain F. E. Chadwick, of the New York, who had been asked by Secretary Long to ascertain the facts. The record is signed by Captain Chadwick and Lieutenant-Commander Hodgson. In his report the Lieutenant-Commander says that he "wrote a denial of the colloquy, certainly not intending to say that no such colloquy occurred, but that it did not occur as printed." He says that his object was "to refute the fact of any controversy existing at a critical stage of the battle."

C. E. LITTLEFIELD TAKES NELSON DINGLEY'S SEAT.

John Scott, His Opponent, Defeated by a Vote Larger Than That of '98.

Rockland, Me., June 19.—Charles E. Littlefield, Republican, of this city, has been elected to Congress to succeed the late Nelson Dingley, Jr., defeating John Scott, of Bath, by an overwhelming majority.

Scott polled a smaller vote than when he stood against Mr. Dingley in the 1898 election.

CHURCH AND STAGE MEET AS ALLIES.

Bishop Potter Tells Players He Never Entered a Theatre.

The church and the stage met on common ground last night at the Berkeley Lyceum, and took the first decisive steps for an alliance between the two.

On Sunday last, pastors all over the city invited on behalf of the Actors' Church Alliance the attendance of their congregations at the meeting.

The result was most encouraging. The Lyceum was crowded to its doors, and the enthusiasm of the audience reached far beyond.

Bishop Potter presided, and in his opening address welcomed the movement and the actors. He said that while he himself had never been in a theatre before, he was heartily in sympathy with the members of the profession, and would be glad to see the church and the stage brought closer together.

Other speakers were Father Ducey and Dr. McGlynn, the Rev. Drs. John P. Peters, R. Heber Newton, Thomas R. Slicer, Percy C. Grant, Joseph Reynolds and Rabbi Silverman. The stage was represented by F. F. Mackay, president of the Actors' Society; James A. Herne, Frederick Warde, Miss Mary Shaw and many others of the profession. Miss Viola Allen and Miss Maida Craigen were unable to be present.

The meeting last night was tentative, and there were no resolutions passed toward a permanent establishment of the organization. The attendance and enthusiasm were so encouraging, however, that at the next meeting, which will be called within a month, the alliance will take palpable form.

The main object of the alliance will be the establishment in every theatrical centre of a chaplain who shall visit the different members as temporary parishioners. Not only will the temporal welfare of the actors be looked after, but if they are ill or in need their more material sufferings will also be alleviated.

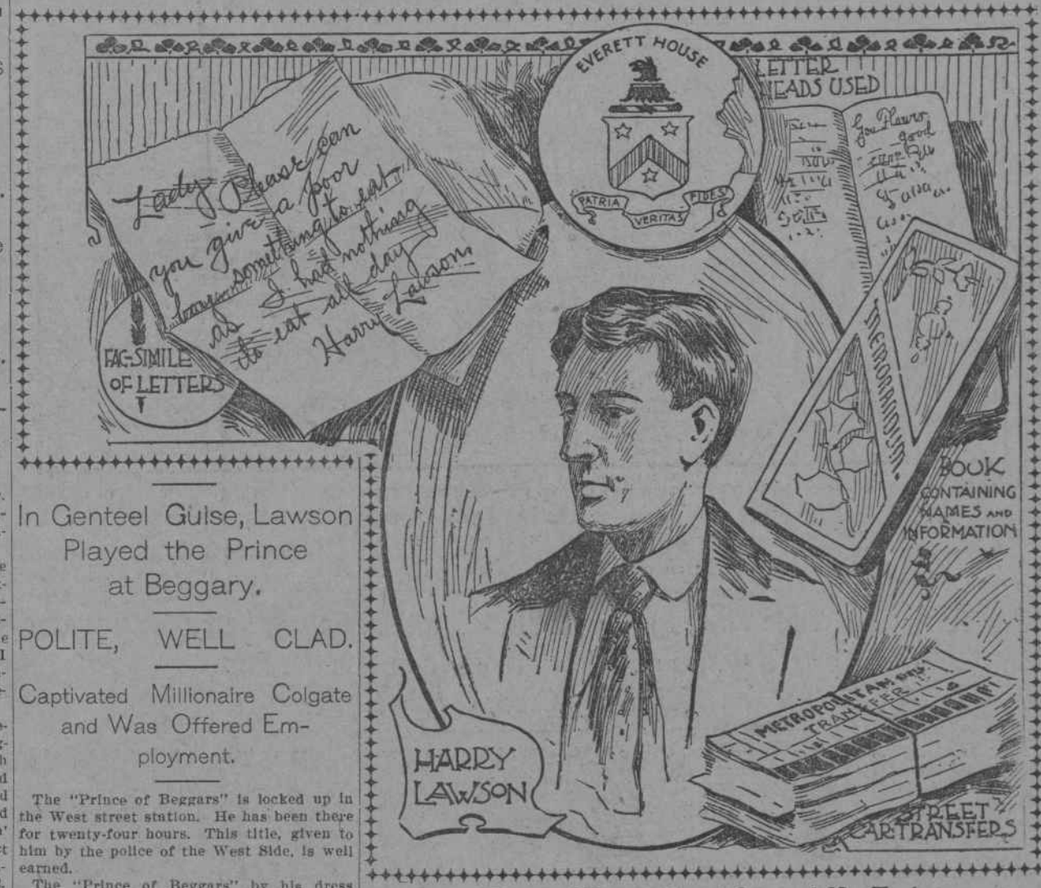
The alliance will also make a vigorous fight against theatrical performances on Sundays.

MRS. EMMONS BLAINE TO HELP CHICAGO CHILDREN.

Chicago, June 19.—Hull House is to have a rival in a model school which Mrs. Emmons Blaine is to establish on the west side. The model school will occupy the same relation toward children of the crowded district that Hull House does toward the parents.

One hundred thousand dollars will be devoted by Mrs. Blaine to the founding of this school as a sort of adjunct to the college of teachers which her philanthropy has secured for Chicago. Mrs. Blaine is determined that the school shall be ready for pupils simultaneously with the opening of the college, on July 1, 1900.

KIND AND UNKIND GIVEN A RATING IN THIS CLEVER HOBO'S BOOK ON RICH MEN



"Prince of Beggars" and Some of His Tools.

Harry Lawson, now locked up in the West Sixty-eighth street police station, has proved his title to the above soubriquet. In an interview he speaks of begging as a "profession" and fails to see why he should be disturbed in its exercise. He is well dressed and soft-spoken, and his methods were always "genteel."

In Genteel Guise, Lawson Played the Prince at Beggary.

POLITE, WELL CLAD.

Captivated Millionaire Colgate and Was Offered Employment.

The "Prince of Beggars" is locked up in the West street station. He has been there for twenty-four hours. This title, given to him by the police of the West Side, is well earned.

The "Prince of Beggars" by his dress would not be taken for anything less than a gentleman. He is young, well attired, has made a good living at his profession, and has had plenty of leisure and a good time generally.

One evening about a month ago a ring came at the door of the big gray-stone house of Gilbert Colgate, No. 306 West Seventy-sixth street. The butler saw standing on the step a boy of about eighteen. He was genteely clad and did not betray the slightest sign of embarrassment.

"Please take this to Mrs. Colgate," he said, as he handed the butler a square envelope.

Deception Perfect.

The envelope was entirely as it should be. It was made of heavy white paper. It looked for all the world like a note from some friend of the Colgate family. Such the butler believed it to be when he delivered it to Mrs. Colgate. Inside, on a sheet of fine white paper, was written:

Lady: Please can you give a poor something to eat, as I had nothing to eat all day.
HARRY LAWSON.

Mr. Colgate went downstairs and interviewed the bearer of the note. He was so much of a gentleman, he expressed so much humiliation at being compelled to ask for charity, and altogether told such a splendid "hard luck" tale that he won Mr. Colgate in a very few minutes.

Not only did Mr. Colgate give him all he wanted to eat, but he promised him a position if he would call next day at his office at No. 53 John street.

Mr. Colgate is one of the chiefs of the millionaire soap manufacturing concern of that name. An opportunity to enter his employ is a thing that many rich young men would jump at.

"Thank you, very much, sir!" said the beggar to Mr. Colgate. "I will be at your office at 9 o'clock in the morning."

Chance Against Him.

He never came and Mr. Colgate was still on the lookout for him when he went to dinner last Sunday evening at the house of his brother-in-law, John Putnam, at No. 216 West Seventieth street. Harvey W. Putnam was also present. His home is in Buffalo, and he is one of the State Commissioners of Charity. He has had some experience with all sorts and conditions of professional criminals.

Mr. and Mrs. Putnam, with their guests, were in the drawing room upstairs when the maid handed a note in a square white envelope to Mrs. Putnam.

"It's from a nice-looking young man at the door," she said.

"This must be a case of real distress," said Mrs. Putnam, as she read. "Here is a young man named Harry Lawson, who says he hasn't had anything to eat all day. How much misery there must be in New York!"

Mr. Colgate took up the note as she laid it down.

"I know that man," he said. "I'm looking for him. He's a rascal and ought to be in jail."

Mr. Colgate stood by while Lawson repeated to Mrs. Putnam the same tale of woe that he had heard from the same source a month before. When Harvey Putnam learned how Mr. Colgate had been duped, he said quietly to the beggar: "I think you had better tell that story to a policeman."

The young man's face grew very pale and he trembled a little. "Oh, there is no need of doing that," he said. "The police have no regard for poor unfortunates like myself."

But Detective John Kennell came from the West Sixty-eighth street station and put some pointed questions to the gentlemanly beggar. He denied that he had ever seen Mr. Colgate before and contradicted himself a good many times.

"I guess you had better come with me," said the officer, as he put his hand on his shoulder.

Taking his alpine hat in his hand, the young man bowed to the three men who had caused his arrest and said with the utmost dignity:

"Gentlemen, I trust that you are pleased with your work."

Then, with a martyr-like expression, he accompanied the policeman to the station. There they searched him. The questionable memoranda which they found in his pocket are keeping detectives of the West Sixty-eighth street station busy as they have not been before for weeks.

Besides a number of transfer slips from almost every street railroad in New York, and a newspaper clipping containing an account of the recent incendiary fire on Randall's Island, the police found twenty letters with as many envelopes, all of them duplicates of the ones which had been received by Mrs. Colgate and Mrs. Putnam. In his waistcoat pocket was a narrow memorandum book, containing about fifty names and addresses.

Nearly all of the names are of men well known in New York. After many of them is entered a commentary by the writer. At the top of one of the pages are the words:

Governor Flower, res., No. 597 Fifth avenue; bus., No. 45 Broadway.

Another entry is as follows:

"$2,750 a year a cap.
R. Croker, 111 Broadway."

Under the word "Positive" is entered the following: "Shepherd, Knapp & Co., 6th Avenue and 13th Street."

No. 308 West Sixty-ninth street is marked: "Shy!" One item in the strange little book reads: "2 houses near Grant's Tomb, near 109th. Street are some." Then follows this list of merely routine comment:

152 West 76th street—excellent.	307 West 90th street—good
489 West End avenue—fair	155 West 78th street—N. G.
505 West End avenue—90 Riverside Drive—bad	266 West 93d street—good
52 West 56th street—N. G.	525 West End avenue—fair
781 Fifth avenue—good.	52 West 47th street—N. G.

When the desk sergeant questioned Lawson as to the meaning of the memoranda he said, with the utmost nonchalance:

"Oh, those are merely houses where I visited. I was always business-like, you know, and I like to keep a record of the manner of my reception, so that, in case it was not a pleasant one, I would not make the mistake of calling there again."

The memorandum book told the story. Lawson had the art of begging carried to a higher point than, perhaps, has ever been attained before. The memorandum book was the ledger of his business.

His daily cash book consisted of a dirty piece of paper folded inside of the note book. It is written rather illegibly, and the entries are purposely as obscure as possible. Many of them cannot be deciphered. But they are evidently a list of various articles of clothing which had been given him by charitable people and which he had pawned. Here are three sample accounts:

"Pants, 50 cents, in Sixth avenue and Eighth street.

"Bicycle shoes to renew in July, 75 cents, Levy.

"Pants in Levy, ran out May 30."

A Journal reporter interviewed Lawson in his cell in the West Sixty-eighth street station.

Apparently the "Prince of Beggars" is not more than about twenty years of age. He is slender and rather tall. His light auburn hair is parted in the middle and inclined to be curly. A good many people would call Lawson's face handsome. His forehead is high and his features clean cut. The nose is of the Bourbon type. His lips are thin and compressed. In no sense is it the dull, plebian face of the ordinary beggar.

But it is a bad face, just the same. The eyes are small and restless. In talking they never look into yours, but seem constantly trying to find some escape in the ceiling or floor. The sneer is there about the corner of the mouth that indicates indolence and crime. The "Prince of Beggars'" linen was immaculate. From a turned-down collar floated a loosely tied polka-dot four-in-hand necktie. He wore a well-fitting double-breasted blue serge coat. His gray herring-bone trousers were carefully creased and turned up at the bottom. His patent-leather shoes were highly polished.

"I can't understand," he said, in a sort of drawl, "why I've been arrested. My philosophy of life is different from that of the majority of people. That is all the trouble.

"You earn a living by working. I prefer to make mine by begging. I have been very successful in my calling and I can't understand why I should be interfered with. I am a gentleman in everything. I never insist on a man giving me anything; I only offer him an opportunity to do so. I was in business once, but I lost my position some time ago, and instead of trying to find some other kind of work I have made a practice of going to people's houses and letting them feed me. I am sure it is their privilege to do so if they wish.

"Why did I go to the house of Mr. Flower? Why, simply on a visit, of course. I have a great deal of leisure in my business and time often hangs heavy on my hands. I read the papers and naturally take interest in men and affairs. I like to see things myself. The only way in which I could form an estimate of the character of such a distinguished man as Governor Flower was to visit his house. I did go and asked for food. Is there anything wrong in that?

"I was a beggar and made a successful living at it. I was caught. That's the whole story. I don't care to explain in detail the entries in my book. They relate to my private affairs. And it would not be business-like for me to talk about them.

"I am not going to employ a lawyer, because I don't think that my case needs one. I can be punished only for being a beggar, and that means a comfortable sentence on Blackwell's Island. My parents live in Binghamton, N. Y. I could call on them for assistance if I were inclined to do so, but I don't think it necessary. In fact, I hope that I shall be sentenced quickly."

But his wish was not realized. When Detective Kennell told Magistrate Wentworth in the West Side Court yesterday morning the story of the prisoner, the Magistrate looked at the "Prince of Beggars" for a moment and said:

"I am not going to sentence you to the Island, as I would an ordinary beggar. This is a very strange case. You are remanded in custody of the detective for twenty-four hours."

Lawson's case will come up again in the West Side Court this morning.

PRIEST BRAVES SURF FOR A LIFE.

Father Burke Saves a Girl Caught by the Undertow.

SWIMS TO THE RESCUE.

His Seventh Rescue from Drowning, All Having Been Young Women.

Bathing at Sandy Hook yesterday near Life-Saving Station No. 1, Maggie Sclagel, whose home is close by, was lifted off her feet by an extra tall comber and swirled, screaming toward the shore. Her girl companions laughed at her predicament and continued to bob up and down in the foam.

Father R. E. Burke, pastor of St. Mary's Chapel, Fort Hancock, was strolling meditatively along the beach, poking the ferrule of his stick into the sand. He is a muscular Christian, and a swimmer of renown. A few years ago he rescued six girls from drowning in a lake at Brown's Mills, Warren County, N. J. Mary Sclagel's gurgling screams made him all alert.

He saw her when the big comber shattered itself into yeast scramble wildly for a foothold, her breath all spent and her hair over her face. But the outrush of the undertow swept the sand from under her feet and herself under the boiling surface.

Father Burke jammed his stick in the sand, threw off his coat and kicked off his shoes. As he ran with great strides into the surf Miss Sclagel reappeared a dozen yards further out—reappeared for just a moment, beating the water with her hands, her face turned to the sea.

At the first breaker to hit him in the face the priest stopped wading and launched himself to swim. From the shore his head could be seen rising over each successive wave like a cork, and then disappearing. For greater speed he used the double overhand stroke, learned by white men from the blacks of Australia—a stroke that enables the swimmer to look constantly in the direction he is following.

The third or fourth time Miss Sclagel reappeared—and it was far out from shallow water—Father Burke grasped her floating hair. Towing her thus, he turned on his back and swam ashore, at an expenditure of uncommon strength.

The girl was unconscious when landed and was resuscitated with difficulty.

"WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH DREYFUS'S COFFIN?"

Message Received from the Isle of Devils Tells a Tale of Popular Suspicion.

London, June 20.—Mrs. Emily Crawford, the Paris correspondent of the Daily News, says:

"This curious message has been received from the Isle of Devils: 'Dreyfus has gone. What shall we do with the coffin and embalming drugs?'

"This coffin was specially made about the time of the Zola trial, and was sent out by the Meline Government, because it was feared that if Dreyfus died, it would be necessary to bring the remains to France for identification to allay the suspicions of the anti-Semites that he had been allowed to escape like Marshal Bazaine."

Children of the Poor on War Ships.

Boston, June 19.—Nearly six thousand of the poor children of Boston visited the war ships of the North Atlantic squadron in the harbor this afternoon, the public being excluded. The youngsters had the freedom of the ships.

ATLANTIC LINER SEEN WITH A BROKEN SHAFT.

La Champagne Reports Having Spoken a Steamer of the Transport Company Off the English Coast Saturday.

Manager Franklin Says the Vessel Was One Going from This Side of the Ocean, but Its Name Is Not Known.

The Ship Probably Is a Freighter, and as She Did Not Signal for Help Little Fear Is Entertained.

London, June 19.—The French line steamship La Champagne, which arrived at Havre to-day, reports having spoken an Atlantic Transport liner Saturday, with a shaft broken.

Philip A. S. Franklin, manager here of the Atlantic Transport line, was seen last night at his cottage at Monmouth Beach. All he would say was that the disabled vessel was bound for London. Whether she had left this port, Philadelphia or Baltimore—the line's three principal ports of call on this side—he either could not or would not say.

It is not believed probable that the ship sighted by the Campagne was a passenger vessel, as the Marquette, which left this port last Saturday, is the only one of the Atlantic transport passenger liners from New York now at sea bound to the eastward.

The Menominee, which left here on June 3, reached London safely on June 14. Manager Franklin's remark disposes of the theory that it might have been one of the line bound out from London, and the Maritime Register gives no vessel of this line leaving London within the last week.

It is therefore believed to be more than likely that the craft spoken by the Champagne was one of the score or more of freighters of the Atlantic Transport Line plying between London and Philadelphia and Baltimore.

The French liner at the time she ran across the disabled craft was one day's steaming from Havre—or about 350 miles. The Atlantic Transport steamship apparently asked for no assistance, which is taken to indicate that her officers expected to make temporary repairs and bear up for London or Falmouth. In any event the vessel was directly in the track of vessels in and out of the English Channel and could easily obtain assistance.

GENERAL WOOD SAYS CUBA IS IMPROVING DAILY.

Houses Are Being Rebuilt and the People Are at Work in the Fields. No Yellow Fever.

Boston, June 19.—The Boston Fruit Company's steamer Admiral Dewey, which arrived here to-day, brought among her passengers Major-General Leonard Wood, Military Governor of Santiago de Cuba, Mrs. Wood and their two children.

General Wood, in talking about Cuban affairs, said: "Everything is quiet in Santiago Province. Every man who is entitled to receive the United States bounty it being paid, and he is very glad to get it.

"The condition of the island is improving daily. The houses are being rebuilt and a large number of people are at work in the fields.

"The inhabitants are striving to have their schools rebuilt, as they seem anxious that the younger element should go to school.

"The troops are healthy. There has been no yellow fever since last November, and the death rate is about as low as it is in any good-sized town here."

METROPOLITAN OFFICIALS LAUGH AT STRIKE TALK.

No Cause for Any Dissatisfaction—Root Has Heard Nothing of It.

The officials of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company expressed surprise yesterday at the report of a threatened strike among the employes, printed in some morning newspapers.

The only dissatisfaction, say the railway officials, that the employes might have would be over the uncertainty of the earnings of the "trippers." The smallest sum earned by the regular men per day is $1.75 and the maximum, reached after two years' faithful service, is $2.25.

President Vreeland's chief assistant, Orrin Root, Jr., says that he has had no notice of a strike.

Already the company is flooded with applications for employment on the part of men willing to take the places of strikers, and requests of private detectives anxious to ferret out any organized movement of the employes against the rules of the company.

TALBOT OVERTHREW MOB RULE IN MONTSERRAT.

British Cruiser's Marines Victorious After a Sharp Conflict—Trouble in Guadeloupe.

Kingston, Jamaica, June 19.—Advices received here from Antigua, British West Indies, say there has been a recurrence at Montserrat, Leeward Islands, of serious riots in the Northern district, extending to the capital, Plymouth, over the old excise duty collections trouble. This question occasioned the riots of last year.

The people have been openly rebelling against the police abuse of the domiciliary search law, the police were overcome, and the island was for a time in the hands of the mob. The chief Government officials were confined in their houses until the arrival of the British cruiser Talbot changed the conditions. After a sharp conflict between a detachment of marines and the rioters the ringleaders were arrested.