

TWO TIGHT CORNERS.

EXCITING CHAPTERS IN THE LIFE OF A POLICE CAPTAIN.

A Hard Struggle For Life With a Stalwart Murderer and a Narrow Escape From Death at the Hands of an Armed Maniac.

"Yes, we have to deal with some queer people and some dangerous people," said a police captain, "and I must say, but not boastfully, that we now and then have to use judgment that is at once quick and reliable. I remember several years ago we had a highwayman in the station house who had shot a man and robbed him. He was a dangerous criminal and a mighty powerful man, and he was in a good position to go down for life or to be executed, for his victim was at the point of death. One night he asked that I be sent to his cell. I had arrested him and had tried to get a confession from him, but all my efforts had been vain. He had taken a violent dislike to me, and he had laughed at all my endeavors. The deduction I made when I heard he wished to see me was that he had changed his mind and intended to confess, so I went to the cell and talked with him.

"Captain," said he in a confiding way, "I want you to come in here and sit down. This secret is making a wreck of me, and I want to tell you everything."

"He seemed quite penitent, and without any hesitation I opened the cell door and sat down on the bench beside him.

"Is Mr. — going to die?" was his first question.

"The doctor says he cannot live," I replied.

"Then the chances for my going to the chair are better than good?" asked he.

"I replied that they were. The prisoner looked apparently into deep meditation, and while the spell was upon him he paced up and down the cell. Suddenly he slammed the door of the cell, placed himself before me and said in a rather fearsome voice:

"I've finished one, and if I do two I can get nothing worse than the chair."

"Saying which, he leaped at me, leading out a powerful blow as he did so. I was, of course, up and ready for him and had a billy in my hand. He had nothing but his big fists, feet and teeth, any of which he was ready and anxious to use, but he was twice a match for me even up. I don't know how I did it. If he had got the best of me just for a second, I would have been pounded to death; there is no doubt of that. I rapped him on the head time and time again with my billy, felt his blood flying over me, heard him snarl and also felt the imprint of his powerful fists. It took me five minutes to lay him out, and I must say that I never spent five busier minutes in my life. Oh, he's in prison now. He's doing 20 years.

"I remember another little experience I had that is not easy to forget. I was sitting in my private office one afternoon when a well built, stylishly clad young man entered, bowed pleasantly and sat down on the edge of the sofa.

"I never was down in this part of the city before," he said, "and, being here, I thought I'd stop in and visit with you."

"That's right," I rejoined, "I'm always glad to receive callers."

"I looked closely at the man. I couldn't place him at all. It seemed that I had seen him some place too. He was about 30 years old, was stalwart and had an attractive face that bore slight traces of dissipation.

"Beg pardon, my friend," said I, "but I really can't just place you. I know we've met, but where?"

"No, we haven't met before. I never saw you before today in my life. I'm from Baltimore. I've heard of you a lot of times."

"The dialogue lagged for a few moments, and in that time I scrutinized the stranger. He mystified me in a small degree, and I was interested in him. He broke the silence:

"Say, captain, I've got something very important to see you about. I'll just close this door, and it's just as well that no one knows what we do or say. Now, I wish first to impress you with the importance of this meeting. It is the most momentous occasion of my life, and on its success or failure depends my future. Captain (the stranger leaned over and whispered in my ear), I'm going to cut your throat!"

"I was sitting with my profile to the stranger, and he was leaning toward me. Casting my eyes sidewise, I saw that he held an opened razor in his right hand. I did not move immediately.

"So you're going to cut my throat?" I said, quietly turning part way around.

"Yes, captain. I have been commanded by God to do so. I'm sorry, but it must be done. Get ready."

"That's all right, my friend. I'm perfectly willing you shall carry out your mission; but, to tell the truth, I hate to get blood all over my furniture here. It wouldn't be nice to dirty up the office, would it? Suppose we go in the back room?"

"That'll do. Come on," rejoined the maniac quickly.

"I got up. The maniac's back was toward me. With one bound I had my arms about his waist and his arms pinned to his side. I then called for help, and two officers rushed into my office. It took four big men to put that maniac in a cell. He's in an asylum now."—Buffalo Express.

THE LIMIT PASSED.

One Scheme Which the Girl's Stern Parent Would Not Sanction.

"Please, mamma, please!" "Papa, I beg of you do not refuse!" Cordelia Pasetout clung wildly about her fond but obdurate mother's neck and rained kisses upon her cheeks, while Anastasia, her sister, did likewise to her father.

But their pleading seemed of no avail. The elder Pasetouts shook their gray heads firmly in negation, though it was evident that the necessity of refusing their daughters' request pained them beyond measure.

Gently, but with decision, as one shakes a hard shelled crab from out a sculp net, the parents disentangled their daughters' arms from their shoulders; then, mastering his emotions, the father said:

"No, Anastasia and Cordelia, what you ask of us is too much! Never before have we refused a request of yours. We have moved from city to city, from state to state, to the injury of my business and the destruction of your mother's health, in order to deceive people as to your ages. For the last ten years it has been nothing but move on for us, for every time the people of one place would begin to suspect your true ages you have insisted on our packing up and going elsewhere, that you might start anew at 22 and 23, respectively. We have submitted to this nomadic life for our love of you, but your most recent demand is too much. We absolutely refuse."

The daughters sobbed like anything. In fact, they sobbed like everything. But their firm parent remained firm.

"No," continued Mr. Pasetout; "we will not, absolutely will not, celebrate our silver wedding again in order to prove to people that you were not over 24 at the outside! The idea!"—Harper's Bazar.

TAKE WATER FOR MEDICINE.

A Health Producer Which is Available Everywhere.

There is no doubt that we do not drink enough. Our bodies consist largely of water, and the average man needs to drink from four to six pints of water daily in order to maintain health. This is the amount of water eliminated from the body by means of the kidneys, the skin and lungs. It is evident that a fresh supply is constantly needed to supply this lost aid in the process of digestion and carry away waste matter.

If the amount of water imbibed is not sufficient for all this, the health must suffer. Air, water and food are the essentials of life in the order given.

A person can fast a long time—experiments have proved this—but that same person could not get along without water for that length of time.

As a usual thing women are the ones who suffer the most from an insufficiency of water. Mothers should see to it that their children have plenty of water to drink.

There is a diversity of opinion regarding drinking at meals. Some assert that the practice is injurious, as it dilutes the gastric juice. Others again claim that a glassful of pure drinking water taken during the process of mastication is healthful. On one point, however, all authorities agree—namely, that ice water is injurious.

Generally speaking, the theory advocated by the best physicians nowadays is to drink often and much. It cleanses the system, increases circulation and helps to make a clear complexion.

Therefore, ye men and women, the latter especially, drink. Take clear, pure, sterilized water and be thankful so simple a remedy of nature is near at hand.—Table Talk.

Fireproof Safes.

"For city use in modern buildings," said a safe manufacturer, "safes are nowadays made thinner walled than formerly, thus giving them more room inside in proportion to the space the safe occupies. The modern building is fireproof, or substantially so, and in case of fire the safe does not fall down through the burned floors into a mass of burning debris in the cellar, but it stays where it has been placed, supported by the steel floor beams of the room and, with less around it to burn, subjected to comparatively less heat."

"Under such conditions the thin walled safe is as fireproof as the thick walled safe would be under the conditions in which it is used in the old style buildings, for use in which the thick walled safe is still commonly sold."—New York Sun.

Just Like a Man.

Biggs (to cabman)—What will you charge to take me and my wife to Blank's hotel?

Cabman—One dollar, sir.

Biggs—And how much for taking me alone?

Cabman—The same—one dollar.

Biggs (to his wife)—There, my dear, you see how much you are valued at.—Chicago News.

I and My.

The pronouns "I" and "my" are greatly to be avoided in general conversation. "I" do this or that; "my" children are so and so; "my" cook, "my" house, "my" equipages—such iteration sets terribly on the nerves of the listener, besides being in very bad form.—New York Tribune.

Handy.

"This man," said the keeper softly, "imagines he has millions."

"Isn't that nice?" answered the visitor. "Whenever he needs money all he has to do is to draw on his imagination."—Kansas City Times.

A Drifting Wreck.

"What is a skeptic, pa?"

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

"Well met, Spurlus Lartius," cried young Lucretius as they clasped hands beneath the three headed dog on the signboard of the Charon Shades.

"Oh, Lucretius, how is't with thee?" "Passing well, my Spury. Will you join me?"

And they pushed their way through the swinging green baize doors.

"What's this I hear," continued the young Lucretius, "concerning an unfortunate affair in the arena?"

"Bah, it is nothing," said Spurlus indifferently as he sipped his honey of Hyblas.

"But I heard you violated the emperor's orders in the new Olympian games by neglecting to respect his turned down thumb when he signaled to you to let your opponent live."

"I was justified in my action, good Lucretius."

"By what, Spurlus?"

"If you had seen my opponent's entrance into the arena you would appreciate the justice of my act. I slew him only because he deserved it!"

"And what about his entry into the arena, Spurlus? How did he come on?"

"He came on—gods, think of it! He came on doing the cake walk prance to rag time!"

"You did well, Spurlus. Have another with me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Misunderstood Him.

"I don't see how any sane man can want more than one wife," he said as he finished reading the news from Turkey.

"Yes; one is quite enough, isn't it, dear?" she returned. "The human heart is not large enough for more than one, and then polygamy always seems to me so cheapen women too."

"I wasn't thinking of that," he answered. "What bothers me is how any man can go to work deliberately to accumulate troubles—to make a collection, as you might say."—Chicago Post.

A Liquid Kiss.

Miss White—Mistah Jackson, if yo' wants to be Romeo, put yo' mouth to dah rain spout en Ah'll send yo' down a kiss.

Miss White—But befo' yo' recedes de kiss leah an some lee watah to cool yo' lips.

A Warning to Artists.

Hicks—What is the matter with Gray? He doesn't go to McHone's barber shop any more.

Wicks—It came about in this way: He went in there a few days ago and said, "I want my hair cut." McHone's something of a joker, you know, and when he got Gray into the chair he looked at Gray's head in a sort of undecided way and asked Gray, "Which one did you wish to have cut, sir?" This was too much for Gray. He is awfully sensitive about what little hair he has left.—Boston Transcript.

Not Superstitious.

Wicks—Poor fellow! He's in a bad way. The doctor says his voice is gone completely.

Wicks—I suppose he'll have to use the deaf and dumb language when he wants to talk to anybody.

Wicks—No; that's the worst of it. He claims he can't do that consistently because he always declared he didn't believe in signs.—Philadelphia Press.

Maligning a Rooster.

"That rooster of yours," complained the irascible neighbor, "wroke me a dozen times last night. I don't think people living in a crowded community ought to keep chickens."

"We don't keep chickens," retorted the man on the other side of the back yard fence, equally angry. "It was the baby."—Chicago Tribune.

Keeping It Safe.

Miss Jane Jones—No, sir; I'll not tell you my age.

Census Taker—It will be a perfectly confidential matter, Miss Jones.

\$25,000 EXPRESS ROBBERY.

Daring Theft of Money Package From a C. B. and Q. Car.

Chicago, Aug. 20.—The mystery of a \$25,000 express robbery is perplexing officials of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad company, the Commercial National bank of Chicago and the Adams Express company.

The \$25,000, which was in bills of large denomination, was shipped Friday morning by the bank through the express company over the Burlington road. Its destination was Burlington, Ia., and it was drawn to the account of the railroad company on the order of J. C. Peasley, the vice president and treasurer.

Somewhere between Chicago and Burlington the package containing the money was opened, the currency abstracted, some folds of brown paper substituted and the parcel restored to its former appearance.

When the huge theft was discovered, there came consternation. So few persons had known of the withdrawal from the bank and the ensuing removal to the express car that the officials hoped at first that it would be an easy matter to trace the crime home. But up to last night little progress had been made by the score or more detectives detailed on the case. They found that the men on the run to Burlington were long and trusted employees, and suspicion was removed from the messenger at once. This has only made the affair more complicated.

BASEBALL SCORES.

Results of Yesterday's Games in the Different Leagues.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At St. Louis—R. H. E. St. Louis... 1 0 0 0 0 2 2-5 11 3 Cincinnati... 3 0 1 2 1 0 1 0-8 12 1 Batteries—Powell and Robinson; Scott and Peltz.

At Chicago—R. H. E. Chicago... 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0-2 8 1 New York... 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0-1 9 2 Batteries—Garvin and Chance; Carrick and Grady.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

W. L. P. C. W. L. P. C. Brooklyn... 27 35 629 Boston... 47 48 463 Pittsburgh... 54 43 557 Cincinnati... 44 51 463 Philadelphia... 47 46 505 St. Louis... 42 50 457 Chicago... 48 48 500 New York... 36 54 409

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

At Kansas City—Kansas City, 3; Minneapolis, 8. Second game—Minneapolis, 4. At Buffalo—Buffalo, 14; Indianapolis, 6. Second game—Buffalo, 4; Indianapolis, 8.

At Chicago—Chicago, 2; Milwaukee, 3. Second game—Chicago, 2; Milwaukee, 1. At Detroit—Detroit, 3; Cleveland, 4.

EASTERN LEAGUE.

At Syracuse—Syracuse, 1; Rochester, 4. At Providence—Providence, 3; Toronto, 2.

Labor Unions to Leave K. of L.

New York, Aug. 20.—Three of the largest local assemblies in the city are making against the granting of the charter of the engineers and firemen's organizations by the local assemblies of the same trades which are already in the federation.

Buried Miners' Bodies Found.

Mahoning City, Pa., Aug. 20.—After many hours of desperate battling with drenching wind damp one of the successive rescuing parties succeeded in locating the bodies of George and William Thompson and Charles Irtis, who were entombed in the burning Primrose colliery.

The bodies were found near the middle of the tunnel. They were lying in a heap of 40 males which were in the mine when it was discovered on fire are also dead and have been raised to the surface. The fire is still burning fiercely, and the mine officials are bending every effort to extinguish the flames.

Cornish to Quit Athletics.

New York, Aug. 20.—The Journal says that Harry Cornish has written his resignation as physical director of the Knickerbocker Athletic club. A prominent member of the organization says that the resignation of Cornish will be accepted at the next meeting of the board of governors. Cornish will not only retire as physical director of the Knickerbocker Athletic club, but will sever his connection with athletics altogether. It is understood by those close to him that he has another business in view, although he has refused to tell what it is.

The Alleged Anarchist Plot.

London, Aug. 20.—The Rome correspondent of The Daily Mail says: "The arrest of Maresca and Guida in New York and of some letters received at Bresci's lodging subsequent to the assassination of King Humbert. One of these, dated New York, July 25, and signed 'Mabor,' urged Bresci to commit the crime, urging that Maresca and Guida would do their duty toward President McKinley. Maresca is known to the Italian police as a most fanatical anarchist."

Severe Drought in Kansas.

Kansas City, Aug. 20.—Two-thirds of Kansas west of the three easternmost tiers of counties is experiencing one of the most severe droughts in the history of the state, and the general opinion is that the Kansas corn crop will be the smallest in proportion to its requirements for feeding that has been raised in many years.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES.

Former President Ignacio Andrade of Venezuela, who was deposed from the presidency and succeeded by Cipriano Castro, the present incumbent, is dead.

Attorney General Davies has dismissed the charges preferred against Mayor James K. McGuire of Syracuse, chairman of the executive committee of the Democratic state committee, by Attorney Francis Gill.

GILBERT GATES ALIVE?

New Development in the Jester Murder Case.

CLERGYMAN TELLS ODD STORY.

In 1876, Five Years After the Supposed Crime, He Saw a Gilbert Gates on the Way to Texas—Thinks He Was John W.'s Brother.

St. Louis, Aug. 20.—Since the dramatic trial and acquittal of aged Alexander Jester in New London, Mo., for the alleged murder of Gilbert Gates in 1871 the Rev. C. A. Emmons of Mount Vernon, this state, has come forward and told of meeting a man named Gilbert Gates in 1876, five years after the crime for which Jester was acquitted is alleged to have been committed.

Alexander Jester, now a young man, who was or is a brother of John W. Gates of steel and wire fame, traveled westward together in 1871. Gates disappeared, while Jester afterward was found with Gates' team and a part of his clothing. He said he had purchased them from Gates, who had given up the trip in disgust. He was arrested and managed to escape from jail.

Less than a year ago Jester, white haired and bent, was arrested in the Indian Territory, where he was living with his wife, and was brought back to Missouri to stand trial for the alleged crime.

Witnesses from all parts of the country were brought together by the prosecution. After a trial lasting six weeks the jury acquitted him. The prosecution was unable to prove that Gates was dead, as his body never was found. The contention was that Gates' body had been thrown into the Mississippi river by Jester.

A few days after the close of the trial a letter was received in New London by Sheriff Richard Jones asking about the case. It was from the clergyman in Mount Vernon.

The sheriff gave to Dr. Emmons the information he desired, and on Friday another letter from Dr. Emmons was received.

In this Dr. Emmons says that in the spring of 1876, with his brother-in-law and his family, he was traveling from Callaway county, Mo., to Texas, and at about Fort Smith, Ark., he fell in with a man about 25 years old who was driving a four mule team. The man had with him a woman about 18 years old who was introduced as his wife. They had a little boy with them about 2 years old, and there was also a young man who was known as Sam, who was 18 years old.

Dr. Emmons in his letter says: "The man told me his name was Gates, and I heard his wife call him Gilbert 50 times while we traveled together. They were bound for western Texas, and we parted after two weeks near Clarksville, Red River county, I going on to visit my brother, and he told me he was bound for Brown county, on the Colorado river."

The clergyman also gives a good description of Gilbert Gates, saying the man had large, expressive brown eyes, as did the brother of John W. Gates. He adds other details which would seem to indicate that Gilbert Gates was alive in 1876.

He says that all through the trial he kept trying to recollect where he had heard the name Gilbert Gates and that it was only the day before the verdict was reached that he was able to recollect it, and then it all came back to him like a flash.

Dr. Emmons is a member of the Methodist conference of Missouri and is well known in the state.

Sheriff Jones has sent the letter to John W. Gates, with the suggestion that he cause an investigation to be made in Brown county, Tex.

Porto Rico Strike.

New York, Aug. 20.—The Social Democratic party has received a letter from Alvin Huescher, secretary of the Federation Libre, a central labor body of Porto Rico, asking for aid on behalf of a number of strike leaders who were arrested. The letter stated that the cigarmakers, painters, carpenters and bricklayers were on strike in San Juan, and the strike was beginning to spread over the whole island. In all 20 strike leaders had been arrested, including Santiago Iglesias and Eduardo Conde, the delegate from the Socialist Labor party of Porto Rico who came here about nine months ago and returned after a short stay in this country.

Small Cotton Crop This Year.

Atlanta, Aug. 20.—Commissioner O. B. Stevens of the Georgia department of agriculture has compiled statistics indicating that the cotton crop of Georgia for 1900 will be from 50,000 to 200,000 bales shorter than in 1899. Commissioner Stevens, who is president of the Cotton States Commissioners' association, received reports from commissioners of the different states, as to the effect that the south as a whole is short. Indications on the 1st of August were that every state in the cotton belt would be behind on the staple with the exception of Texas, reported to be 2 per cent ahead of the average crop of the last five years.

Claims the Klondike.

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 20.—Richard White, explorer and miner, son of Richard Grant White of New York, has created a sensation on the coast by declaring that the whole of the Klondike is American territory. He first makes the point that the international boundary where the Alaska dispute is now going on cannot be less than two marine leagues from the sea. He also contends as a result of this that the White Yukon valley, including the Klondike, according to the mountain summit scheme, should be part of Alaska proper and in the domain of the United States.

Fast Run of Express Train.

Syracuse, Aug. 20.—The east bound New York Central train No. 16, known as the New York and New England express, made for the New York Central a new record yesterday, running from Rochester to this city, a distance of 81 miles, in 89 minutes. The train pulled out of Rochester 25 minutes late, reaching here five minutes ahead of schedule time. The train consisted of six well filled Pullman cars.

Cuba's Success at Paris Fair.

Washington, Aug. 20.—The secretary of war has received the following cable message from Paris, signed by Senor Onozada: "Great success. Cuba obtains 140 prizes. Please convey to president and cabinet Cuba's gratitude for interest and support in giving us an opportunity to show our resources and progress."

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