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TWO TIGHT CORNERS.

EXCITING CHAPTERS IN THE LIFE OF  
A POLICE CAPTAIN.

A Hard Struggle For Life With a  
Sneaky 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 hesitatingly, 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 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 confident 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?" he asked.

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

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

"Saying which, he leaped at me, landing on 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 every 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. "It's all ways glad to meet a caller."

"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 stout and had an attractive face that bore slight traces of dissipation.

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

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"I state my position regarding the gravity of the present national political situation through The Cosmograph, because I know that my opinions will be presented exactly as I have uttered them." -- Richard Croker.

Published, 1900, by the Cosmographic Co., N. Y.  
New York, Sept. 28. -- This country has become a close corporation, in which the man with his wry to make in the world has no part or prospective place. The President and his cabinet is a Trust. Hanna is the real President, and the money getter, engaged in destroying the privileges and rights of the ballot. Combined capital dictates the policy of the present administration. This power of the Trusts is present and growing menace. Twenty-five men can tie up this country with their vast wealth. Mr. Rockefeller has money enough to take all the gold in circulation. Hanna recognizes the value of those trusts for political purposes and is now laying large sums of money with the intent to utterly destroy the sacredness of the ballot. I am told that there are to be \$25,000,000 obtained from Trusts, poured into the doubtful states just before election day. We already have a government by the rich. If the people are to tolerate this, we might better have an Empire at once!

"I was sitting with my profile to the stranger, and he was leaning toward me. Casting my eyes aside, 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 Moor is not strictly beautiful, but he is valiant and, let us trust, good. As for his better half, in her native dress, with tattered lips and chin and long, single curl of greenstone and with an appropriate background of tree fern or fl tree scrub, she is savage and not unpleasing. But in town, when her fancy has been permitted to riot among the violent aniline dyes of the drapers' cheap lots and she is dressed to the hilt of her barbaric taste, she is a hideousity.

"Regard at the ground and picture a pair of large, flat, brown feet and thick ankles appearing beneath a badly cut skirt of some howling design in checks. Above hangs a short and disproportionately full jacket of scarlet, purple, magenta or green velvet. A neckerchief of yellow, blue or crimson encircles the neck and framing all the grotesque tattooed face half concealed by the flapping frills of a brilliant pink sunbonnet.

No sketch of a Moor lady of respectability is complete without a pipe-frequently a heavy silver mounted one -- worn in the mouth, the united effect of the pipes, the frilled bonnet and the grotesque gowns being to bestow upon the worthy dames the appearance of animated Aunt Sallies. -- Blackwood's.

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"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:

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