

## CAPTURING A STATUE

With Paint, Wig and Beard a Work of Art May Easily Be Made Repulsive.

In the course of my long and eventful career I have the honor of planning various schemes which have taken a conspicuous place in point of audacity in the records of crime, but perhaps in none of these transactions was such audacity more prominent than in the incident of the carrying off of the Apollo statue from the residence of Sir Titus Blaydes, Bart., the statue in question being the work of the famous sculptor Apelles and being valued by experts at \$250,000.

One evening I was sitting in a restaurant finishing an after dinner cigar when a short, foreign looking man, expensively dressed, came and sat down beside me.

"Excuse me the liberty I take in addressing you," he began courteously, speaking with a strong foreign accent, but in perfect English, "but your fame has indirectly reached my ears. I think I have the honor of addressing Mr. Godfrey Vince."

"That is my name," I returned, much amazed. "May I ask what you desire with me?"

He came very close and, sinking his voice, said in a whisper, "I want you to carry off for me the Apollo statue from the house of Sir Titus Blaydes at Longworth Court."

One glance at the card told me all. It bore the name of Count Antonio De Larocca, the famous millionaire collector of the antique, whose gallery at Milan contained priceless glories of ancient masters.

"I recognize your name, count, and shall be glad to be of service to you. But may I ask what constrained you to fix upon me as the instrument of your designs?"

"I chanced to be present at your trial over the Wigmore case, when, as you will remember, you escaped with a light sentence, though the evidence showed you to be an artist in crime. I kept my eye upon you, resolving to offer you this delicate mission directly the government no longer required your services."

"I shall be delighted to do all in my power for you count, but first of all you must tell me in detail what you require done."

"Most certainly," he made answer, as he offered me a cigar and relit his own. "During the past four years I have made countless offers to Sir Titus Blaydes for his Apollo, the offers being made through secret agents of mine, for naturally the baronet would not part with the statue to a rival collector such as myself. My last offer was no less than \$250,000, but this also was unhesitatingly refused."

He paused and blew a great cloud from his cigar. Then he resumed: "I am a man of iron will, and what I set my heart upon I always obtain. Sir Titus has proved unamenable to fair means. I will now assail him with the only alternative—stratagem. Yes, merely stratagem, not robbery, for on the day that you hand over to me the Apollo statue I shall forward him anonymously the sum of \$250,000. And you, my friend, would receive \$25,000. Come is the bait sufficiently tempting?"

Before we parted he gave his address in Milan, for which place he was leaving on the morrow, and it was to this address that I was to convey the statue if my efforts proved successful. I may add that he left with me the sum of \$2,500 as a guarantee of good faith.

On the following Monday I journeyed down to Longworth court, and, mingling with the crowd, entered the spacious mansion, I soon gained admittance to the gallery.

The more I contemplated the business the further and further away did the count's reward seem, and by the time I reached London I was in a despairing mood.

I retired to bed, resolved to think no more of the matter, though on the following morning I visited two of my oldest chums, Jack Grimes and Tom Harris, and put the case to them. They sneered at the affair, declaring it was impossible.

It therefore came about that the matter passed out of my mind until the end of November, when it was brought back to me in a curious manner.

I happened to enter a theater one night where a play was being enacted in which a distracted hairdresser, being pursued by a statue which had been miraculously endowed with life, suddenly conceived the idea of painting her face and dressing her in modern attire, so as to render her appearance more conventional when she was tracking his steps.

An idea flashed through my brain when I witnessed this incident. I did not wait for the end of the play, but leaping into a hansom, drove to our den, where, by a lucky chance, I found Grimes and Harris ensconced in arm-chairs and smoking peacefully.

They both looked up quickly, but did not speak.

"My plan is this," I went on, speaking very slowly, so that their rather sluggish brains might follow me. "I propose that we three disguise ourselves as police officers, you two as constables and I as inspector. We arouse Sir Titus Blaydes one night and inform him that we have reason to believe that burglars are in the house."

"While he is waiting and I am there to keep him company, you two fellows make track for the gallery, and when you get there you proceed to make up the statue in the guise of a modern burglar by means of coat, trousers, muffler, overcoat, cap shoes, beard, whiskers and grease paint, all of which you can conceal about your persons."

"Directly the disguise business is completed you fire a revolver. Hearing the report, I rush up to the gallery with a long face to tell Sir Titus that the burglar, a desperate ruffian, has been accidentally shot. You two men will then carry down the supposed burglar, whose face will be covered with a handkerchief."

Grimes drew a long breath. "Well, I'm blown!" he exclaimed hoarsely, as he knocked the ashes from his clay, "if that ain't the rummest an' the cutest dodge as ever I came across. Yer 'hand, gov'nor, yer 'and. It's a pleasure to commit a fellerney with a bloke like yer to boss it."

The evening of Dec. 1 was a typical foggy night. By the time St. Giles' church struck 12, a cab containing Grimes, Harris and myself was on the way to Longworth Court.

The dressing of the statue had already been rehearsed a dozen times on a plaster Apollo which I had bought in Euston road, and there was therefore little to fear in the way of a breakdown unless Sir Titus insisted on accompanying the supposed constables in search of the imaginary burglars. However, in all probability he would do nothing of the sort; at worst, if he did so, we would simply abandon the business and go home.

Longworth Court was some 15 miles from London, and it therefore took us the best part of three hours to reach our destination.

We alighted at the end of the lane leading to the mansion, and bade Flowers, one of my oldest and smartest chums, to wait till he heard our whistle before driving up to the door. This precaution was taken in case any local police chanced to be hanging about the house while we were engaged inside.

We then marched boldly up the drive and rang the bell. After an interval of five minutes there was the sound of heavy bolts being drawn, and the door swung open, disclosing a white haired old man whom I took to be the butler.

He gave a cry when the light from his lantern fell on our faces and uniforms.

"Calm yourself, my good man," I said, assuming an official voice. "You have nothing to fear. From information received, we believe that burglars are in the east wing of this house, and we have come to catch them. Arouse your master immediately."

Sir Titus Blaydes, a thin, pinched up little man, appeared quickly. He was evidently quite as scared as his butler, and when we told him our mission he wrung his hands.

"Be quick officers," he screamed, his face blanching with terror, "and I will wait here in the hall till you return. Stay, inspector. You might stop with me in case the blackguards should come this way."

During their absence Sir Titus, with chattering teeth, conversed with me, telling me how he had always dreaded such an attack, and now it had come to pass. His reflections were interrupted by a loud report, which rang out sharp and clear through the still house.

I darted from the hall and an instant later returned, with a gloomy mien.

"I regret to say, Sir Titus," I cried, "that the man has been shot dead. There was only one of them, but he made terrible resistance, and in the struggle his own weapon went off, the bullet entering his brain. We will take him away at once."

I thought my heart would stand still when, after the supposed corpse had been brought toward the door, Sir Titus came forward and exclaimed in a quick, hurried tone: "Stop! Set it down. Strangely enough, in all my 38 years, I have never seen a dead man. Let me see the face of this one."

There was nothing to be done but to let the morbid baronet have his way and trust to luck and to the deception of wig, paint and beard.

The baronet knelt beside the statue and raised the handkerchief from the blood stained face. Then a look of disgust crossed his patrician features,

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## FIFTEEN DOLLARS PER DAY

Being Taken Out on the Bars of Indian River.

By the Aid of "Grizzlies" in Place of Rockers—A British Columbia Improvement Used With Good Results.

From Indian river comes information which will be of surprising interest to every intending Cape Nomer on the Klondike. Indian river has long been known to miners as a "grub-stake" stream, with more or less fine gold scattered over the many bars. Not sufficient of the precious metal has there been found to attract miners to deposits which will not rock but about \$3 to \$5 per day to the man. Only destitution will drive a man into such unprofitable labor which at best can be prosecuted but a few months in midsummer. However the past month has witnessed a change upon that stream and the knowing ones are hastening to gobble it up by hydraulic concessions and such like. Surveyors are passing backward and forward to and from the Indian river, while several sacks of Indian bar gold have been put into the Dawson circulation.

Bill Taylor is an old miner from the Saskatchewan country in British Columbia. He is just from the Indian river and is enthusiastic over the success attending his brother Saskatchewan. He says it is all because of them abandoning the rockers as developed on the Fortymile, and because of the adoption of the "grizzly," brought to perfection on the Saskatchewan. For years in that district the individual miners were unable to catch enough of the fine gold contained in the gravels to pay them for the working. By degrees the rocker was changed and improved until it began to resemble a "Long Tom" in some of its features. Canvas and riffs were gradually abandoned, while blankets were substituted. In its stage of development the canvas and riffs have entirely disappeared, while woolen carpet and blanket are all that are used to catch the gold.

And now for results. On the abandoned bars of Snake river in Idaho the Chinamen have discovered they can make good money with blanket and carpet and the numbers of Celestials pouring in there show them to have a good thing. On the Saskatchewan miners are now making wages where formerly a Chinaman couldn't live. But what interests us more than all is Indian river. Bill Taylor is our authority for the statement that miners with grizzlies are making \$15 per day right alongside of and upon the bars with rockers which are yielding but from \$3 to \$5 per day. The difference is so marked that some of the miners with rockers protest it is occasioned by the difference in the ground; but the Saskatchewaners, headed by Bill, point to the indisputable fact that all the grizzlies are doing three times as well as all the rockers.

Should results continue in this proportion, the grizzly is the very identical thing for the sands of Cape Nome.

The proposition is already afoot for introducing them at that point. There is no patent upon the thing, so there is no royalty to detract from their output, and Bill says that the results at the mouth of Dominion demonstrate that if on the beach at Nome a rocker will yield \$20 per day, a grizzly will give \$60 on the same ground.

## Going Out of Business.

It will be easy on those who are about to purchase anything in the upholstery line, such as lounges, mattresses, etc., or easy chairs and draperies, as our old friend H. E. Stumer is closing up his business preparatory to a trip outside. He will sell at greatly reduced prices for the next 30 days. His present address is on Third street, near the corner of Second avenue.

Pocket memo books, counter blotters, time books, pens, pencils, ink, mucilage, paper fasteners, letter paper and writing tablets for sale at Nugget office.

For space in warehouse apply to Nugget Express office, in the Aurora.

## A Fowl That Won a Battle.

A singular story is told of a gallant cock whose moral influence at a critical moment during the battle of St. Vincent helped to save a British man-of-war from the hands of the enemy. The fowl in question formed part of the live stock of the Marlborough, a vessel which had suffered so severely that her captain was considering the advisability of striking his flag. The ship was entirely dismasted, while the chief officers had been carried below severely wounded, and the crew, without anybody to cheer them up, were beginning to grow sullen under the heavy fire of the enemy, to which they were hardly able to respond.

At this emergency a shot struck the coop in which the fowls were confined.

The only surviving occupant, a cock, finding himself at liberty, fluttered up and perched himself on the stump of the mainmast and surveyed the scene of carnage around him. Then, flapping his wings in defiance, he began to crow vociferously. He was answered by three hearty and exhilarating cheers from the crew, who all had a good laugh, and, with spirits thus renewed, continued the action with a vigor that lasted until a turn in the battle rescued them from their tight position.—Washington Star.

## Women's Shoes and Their Heels.

It certainly is a pity that women with all their neatness and correctness of dress, should be so dreadfully lax about the heels of their shoes. If it is not clearly understood what is meant by this, just take a look at the heels of the next woman passing. As she raises her skirt daintily to cross the street, there is a swish of silken draperies, a wee bit of bright hued ruffle displayed, and, alas, two woefully downtrodden heels.

The run down heel is a characteristic of almost every woman—the athletic girl not excepted. They are exceedingly remiss in this direction. When a man's shoes begin to get run-down, he immediately bundles them off to the shoemaker, who speedily makes them presentable. Women should take lessons on this score from their brothers and attend to the "sloppy" shoes without delay.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## To Operate All Winter.

Manager Green, of Dawson's waterworks, is about to introduce a novelty in waterworks construction, the like of which has not been seen before upon the American continent, so far as we know. He is confident that by covering up the hydrants, at which the public draws water, with little wooden houses, each one containing a stove in an active state of eruption, that the Dawson system of water distribution can be maintained all winter—or at least until long after Christmas. He contends that though laid in frozen muck, the wooden pipes of running water are in no danger of freezing up so long as the hydrants are kept open.

The public will watch the experiment with interest.

## EARTH'S PLEASANT VOICES.

There is no solitude on earth—  
"In every leaf there is a tongue"—  
In every glen a voice of mirth—  
From every hill a hymn is sung,  
And every wild and hidden dell,  
Where human footsteps never trod,  
Is wafting songs of joy, which tell  
The praises of their Maker—God.

Each mountain gives an altar birth  
And has a shrine to worship given,  
Each breeze which rises from the earth  
Is loaded with a song of heaven—  
Each wave that leaps along the main  
Sends solemn music on the air,  
And winds that sweep o'er ocean's plain  
Bear off their voices of grateful prayer.  
—Whittier.

## Lost or Strayed.

Back brown husky dog, about 8 years old, weight 102 pounds; owner can have same by calling and proving same at Hobbs' store, Klondike City, and paying for this advertisement.