

# LOCOMOTIVE 1129 EXPLODED

### Without Fire in Her Furnace Nor Water in Her Boiler

#### She Managed to Blow Up in the Most Approved Style—Story of the Rio Grande & Western.

Mr. Henry Alquist, a prominent railroad man, relates the story of a curious wreck, the facts in which he will vouch for.

"It is such a remarkable thing," said Mr. Alquist to a reporter, "that I fear many will be inclined to brand it as a 'hoax.' I have been railroading now for over 20 years, and never in all my varied experience have I seen such a unique and complete wreck as the one I speak of—that of engine 1129 of the Rio Grande Western. Railroad men will tell you that locomotives seldom explode nowadays, but 1129 did and in a very peculiar way.

"At the time this wreck occurred I was holding down the job of train dispatcher at Soldier Summit, Utah, and a tough old job it was. Never before there, I suppose? Well, Soldier Summit is a station on the top of one of the Wasatch divides, a bleak and lonely place, where the Rio Grande Western has a roundhouse and coal chute located. At the summit are long snowsheds covering the tracks. These sheds protect the line from the winter. And it is only due to this method that a train ever gets over the mountain.

On both sides of the mountain the line winds down in a succession of zigzag curves to lessen the grade. Running off from the railway are gullies, which, diverging from the main line, run up into the hills and gradually come to a dead level. These switchbacks, as they are called, are so constructed that they can be thrown from any point on the grade. And if a train breaks in two while ascending the steep grade the runaway cars can be switched on to one of these spurs, where the breakaway finally stops after it has run up the spur as far as the momentum attained in its descent will take it.

"All heavy trains have an extra locomotive before the grade is tackled. These are called helper engines and are kept in roundhouses at each side of the mountain with steam up.

"One night I got word from Clear Creek, a town in the western valley, that the 9:20 freight would be 30 minutes late on account of having to pull out a crippled engine, 1129. She had burned out her flues and had to be hauled to Grand Junction for repairs.

"That night about 10 o'clock, after I had passed down the Salt Lake express, I heard the freight coughing up the long grade from Clear Creek. There was a snowstorm raging, and the wind howled around the station like the mischief. When the overdue 9:20 pulled into the shelter of the big snowsheds on the wind swept summit, the first thing I asked was, 'Where's the dead engine?' 'Behind the doghouse!' shouted the 'con.' But as I held my lamp above my head I failed to see it. I was just about to call his attention to it when, during a lull in the storm, we plainly heard the familiar rattle of the rails as the runaway engine flew at lightning speed down the mountain. No. 1129 had broken loose and was tearing down the grade to destruction.

"I jumped and pulled the lever which opened the spur switches. This I knew would prevent a smashup, as the engine would run up on the switchback and come to a stop. But I was too late. Almost at the same instant I threw the lever a terrific explosion was heard from far down the mountain. The runaway had exploded.

"I thought you said a moment ago, Mr. Alquist," interrupted the Scimitar man, "that the locomotive was a 'dead one?' If she had no fire under her boiler, how could she explode?" "That was the only thing I couldn't understand myself," the railroad man replied. "I could easily see how the dead engine could break loose on that grade, and I could understand not hearing its descent during such a howling blizzard, but the explosion floored me. The only theory which in any way solved the mystery was that the old kettle was blown up by compressed air.

"You see, when the engine broke loose from the freight and started down the mountain the pistons in the cylinders began to act as air compressors. During the rough trip up her throttle probably jarred open, and as the speed increased with every revolution of her drivers her boiler soon filled with compressed air. It was not long before those flying pistons had worked up a

pressure of nearly 500 pounds to the square inch, which came in faster than it could escape by the safety valve, and before the old machine reached Clear Creek her boiler let go."—Memphis Scimitar.

## STEAMBOAT NEWS.

(Continued from page 1.)

is expected in today.

The prevailing opinion among steamboat men is that the river will close from the 1st to the 5th of next month.

Billy Copping got in yesterday with five scows in a bunch. This is the sixth trip of that navigator this season and every trip has been accomplished without an accident. Coming across the lakes the scows were lashed side by side, each one with a sail up, making a picture to be long remembered by those who saw it. On the river two scows were placed ahead and three behind all lashed strongly together and in this order the fleet arrived in Dawson. Mr. Jones, of the Dawson Hardware Company, speaks in the highest terms of the ability of Billy Copping. One of the scows was consigned to that enterprising firm.

Steamer Bailey is due to arrive at any hour, she left Whitehorse last Sunday, but as she is helping along the C. D. scows the hour of her arrival here is a matter of doubt.

Considerable speculation is rife among the employes of the W. P. & Y. R. at this point as to the reason of Revising Clerk Scott having his luxurious locks sacrificed; he appearing this morning with his hair clipped in the most approved style. Upon investigation it was learned that he had vowed never to cut his hair until a member had been elected to the Yukon council by a vote of the people. Overjoyed at the success of the citizens' party he has kept his vow and will now appear as other men.

### Didn't Like the Smell.

A very "bra mon" is "Scotty" Patterson, and he has been away from the "Heelands" but 14 months. This in part accounts for his thoughtless act of Saturday night. Scotty works in the Scotten stables, and takes his meals in Kurth's hotel.

On Saturday night the Kurth's man of-all-work, who also comes from the land of golf and the "Bonny Briar Bush," gathered in Scotty, and the two sat quite late over reminiscences and Scotch whisky. When it came time for Scotty to return to his room over the stables they found that the Scotch whisky had quite paralyzed his power of locomotion, as well as his sense of direction. Scotty suggested that vacant room in Kurth's hotel might simplify matters, and as the hotel was just across the street, "Jaimie," the chore man, fell in with the suggestion. He pulled Scotty up the back stairs and locked him in. Then Scotty blew out the gas at the third lunge and jumped at the bed.

This morning Mrs. Kurth found Scotty's door locked, in fact she didn't know that Scotty was there at all. They looked over the transom and saw a pair of feet protruding from the foot of the bed, for Scotty had crawled under it. The smell of escaping gas was suffocating, but they kicked in the door and pulled Scotty out. His chaparran had quite forgotten his good Samaritan work. The dazed man was set down in the yard, where he soon recovered.

He had been in the room for over 30 hours, inhaling the poisonous fumes, and his "bra" constitution and the two inches of opened transom are all that saved his life.

Scotty said few things when they pulled him out at 10 o'clock this morning. One of his remarks was: "Hoot, mon, but I dinna like the smeel over weel."—Detroit Journal.

### Queer Cards of Lawyers.

Not all men of the legal profession are content with the severe inscription on their cards to which etiquette and custom usually confine them. An Ohio lawyer who makes a specialty of collections calls attention to this fact by a novel device printed on his cards and letterheads. On a great red splotch intended to represent a drop of blood are the words: "Claims collected in cold blood," the capital "C" for the three first letters of those words being of sufficient size to encircle the other words.

In Maryville, Mo., a lawyer represents his portrait on his card, with the suggestive motto: "He that is not with you is against you. See me early."

Imported cigars at The Pioneer, Ecuador, Henry Clay, and El Triunfo. crt

The liquors are the best to be had, at the Regina.

See Hammell's new store at the Forks. Everything to wear for sale.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

M. A. Hammell has opened a men's furnishing goods house at the Forks.

## COMING AND GOING.

Many swollen heads were in evidence this morning and a few swollen fists.

The river has fallen three feet in the past four weeks. At present it remains stationary.

A large number of men are in town out of employment. This condition it is thought will be but temporary as active winter work will commence at an early date.

Mrs. Grant Perkins, whose husband is bookkeeper for the Yukon Mill Co., received a telegram Tuesday containing the sad news of the drowning of her little 12 year-old brother, "Lote" Littlefield, at Port Townsend, Wash., a few days ago.

George Butler has landed his winter's stock of liquors for The Pioneer saloon. The consignment came in on a scow and arrived in first class shape. A glance at the locals in this paper will give an idea of the completeness of his stock.

Dick Dillon, Dawson agent for the Whitehorse company operating the down coming fleet of scows for the C. D. Co., is busy night and day attending to the duties of his office. He has opened quarters in Pete Steil's place on Second avenue.

### Thanksgiving.

Today, being Canadian Thanksgiving, has been generally observed in a quiet way in Dawson. All the government offices, including the courts have been closed and all business suspended. The stores of the big companies have been closed all day, but the smaller concerns nearly all continued business as usual. A number of private dinner parties will be given this evening.

Domestic cigars at The Pioneer, Tommy Atkins and Flor de Manar. crt

Short orders served right. The Holborn.

"Gimme a shave, hair cut, shampoo, hot towels and the whole cheeze." Try the Bon Ton Shaving Parlors. c17

Same old price, 25 cents, for drink, at the Regina.

Clarets, Ports and Sherries at The Pioneer. crt

## ARCTIC SAWMILL

Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek, on Klondike River.

SLUICE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER  
Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike River and at Boyle's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE.

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All the interior finishings were made from Native Wood.

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BARON VON SPITZELL HARRY JONES  
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## The Standard

WEEK OF OCTOBER 15-20, 1900

The Eminent Actor,  
**EDWARD R. LANG**  
Assisted by the Standard Stock Company, will produce

## Rip Van Winkle

A Four-Act Drama as dramatized by the late playwright, Dion Boucicault.  
New Scenery by Artist Thorn.  
New Mechanical Effects by Casey Moran.

Also...  
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DOLLIE MITCHELL,  
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**FREIGHTERS AND PACKERS**  
**DAILY STAGE TO GRAND FORKS**  
FARE \$5.00

Leaves Dawson Office, A. C. Co. Building At 2:00 p. m.  
Returning, Leaves Forks Office, opposite Gold Hill Hotel, At 8:00 a. m.

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**Alaska Commercial Co.**

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**WRAPPERS**  
In Flannel, Sateen, Silk, Cotton and Eiderdown.

**DRESSING JACKETS**  
In Eiderdown, Silk and Satin.

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Flannelette—All Colors and Prices.

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