

HOW ENGINE 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.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.
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 'pipe.' 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 been 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 winding curves to lessen the grade. Running off from the railway are switches, which, diverging from the grade, 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 fuel 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.

Distinction Without Difference

When Shakspeare said "There's nothing in a name," he probably knew more than he was given credit for by his neighbors. Had "Shake" survived the times and been in Dawson last night he would have seen occasion for reiterating the statement—"There's nothing in a name," that there was practically no distinction between jollification drunks and con olation drunks, and both were, to quote from Genesis, "As numerous as the souls that be by the sea shore," and both drunks were cultivated from the same black bottle. Jollifiers and consolars stood side by side and "intensified" their respective feelings and conditions, the one drinking to drown sorrow, the other drinking in the exuberance of unconfined joy. But on the whole and with but little exception, good feeling prevailed and not a single arrest was made; it is needless to say, however, that longer rope and more latitude was given by the police than is safe to presume will be extended at all times. The same remedy having been employed by the jollifiers and consolars, the same dark brown tastes were harbored this morning, and wet towels were wrapped around throbbing temples the same in both cases. It was a great night, and well it might be, for as it not the first time an election was ever held in the Yukon? It was therefore a time to make merry on the one hand, and a time for gnashing of teeth on the other.

Soggs is Pardoned.

Nelson A. Soggs is once more a free man. He was released from jail yesterday by Sheriff Eilbeck, who received a telegram from Secretary Pope, which bade him, by order of the governor general, release the prisoner.

Mr. Soggs was overcome by the news when he was told what had happened, and could find no words for a time to express his feelings.

The action of the governor general in thus answering the petition forwarded soon after the conviction of Mr. Soggs, is a popular one, and meets with approval on all sides, as it was believed at the time that while he may have been guilty as charged, his guilt was the outcome of great provocation, and his action was, in the minds of many justifiable.

The charge of which Nelson A. Soggs was found guilty was attempted murder, and the action which culminated in the affair was the shooting of one J. R. Rogers early last summer.

The evidence introduced at the trial went to show that Soggs had been harried and bulldozed by Rogers and others for a long time in the hope of driving him off the claim. That Rogers had threatened him with violence often, and on one occasion he had been struck, were facts clearly proven at the trial. Rogers was a very much larger man than Soggs, who stood in great fear of him, and evidently believed himself justified in shooting.

In the eyes of the law, however, he was guilty and his conviction and two years' sentence were the results of the trial.

A petition on behalf of the prisoner was immediately forwarded to Ottawa, and accompanying it was the report of the trial as published in the Nugget at the time, and today Nelson A. Soggs is free in consequence of the steps which were taken in his behalf.

Seventeen Days From Whitehorse

S. P. McClellan arrived yesterday with a scow load of general merchandise, having consumed 17 days on the way down from Whitehorse. Mr. McClellan was more successful this year than last, when he was caught with a laden scow in the ice at Selkirk, where he sold his stock and continued on to Dawson on foot. At present he says there are fully 100 scows stranded between Whitehorse and Dawson, the majority of which will not be floated. Many wrecks are caused by attempts to travel at night which invariably results in disaster. Nearly all the scows stranded, as well as those yet afloat and on the way down are laden either with machinery or hay, being a class of freight which will not pay to sled in over the ice from any great distance up the river.

Many Election Bets.

Sam Ronnifield has placed a large amount of money on the coming presidential election. He thinks McKinley will get there easily. He is also stake holder for many betters who have put up considerable sums in his hands to await the result of the vote.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

STRONG BRYAN SUPPORTER

"Oregon Democrat" Tells Why He Should Be Voted For.

Looks Upon the Apostle of Free Silver as the Acme of Political Perfection—Opposed to Mark Hanna.

Editor Nugget: I heartily indorse your plan for finding which of the two great party candidates for the presidency of the United States is most popular with the people of that nation now in the Klondike, and the plan you have adopted for bringing out this information meets with the hearty approval of all Americans with whom I have conversed on the subject.

I think the result of the election of yesterday's election may be taken as a favorable omen that Bryan will poll the big vote, as the result of yesterday's election is sufficient evidence to me that nothing that savors or smacks of autocracy is or will be popular among those on the creeks. I do not say that McKinley is an autocrat, but he is the candidate of autocrats, the candidate of Mark Hanna, who is on record as saying that 75 cents per day is enough for a common laborer. If the voters want to put the seal of approval on Hanna's statement, let them vote for his candidate. Hanna is like Andrew Carnegie who, owing to the American system which protects the manufacturer at the expense of the laborer, left his Scotch home and came to America where he amassed millions of dollars which he has now carried back to his native land, where he lives in all the pomp and splendor of a nabob. If the voters wish to encourage a continuation of this they will vote for Hanna's candidate.

On the other hand, if they want to place the stamp of condemnation on everything that tends toward autocracy and imperialism, if they want to support a man who is American from the crown of his head to the tip of his toes, the man who stands for everything that will alleviate conditions of hardship, suffering and impositions of capital on labor, they will support the champion of right, the advocate of justice, the disciple of civil liberty, William Jennings Bryan.

On Bonanza creek alone are fully 500 Americans and, while I do not assert that they are unanimous for Bryan, I am confident that two-thirds of them will support him through the Nugget's election system, and would vote directly for him if on the outside. As it is, a strong effort will be made to win for him the Klondike souvenir which will bear to him the information that, although in a foreign land, the hearts of the Americans in the Klondike are in the right place and beat warmly in sympathy with the spirit of American reform and in condemnation of continued Hannaism.

OREGON DEMOCRAT.

Another for McKinley.

Editor Nugget: Dear Sir—While I have no desire to enter into a political controversy over the election of the president of the United States, yet I cannot pass unnoticed the letter in your paper signed "Oregon Democrat." The confidence displayed by the author of it is somewhat surprising in view of the fact that Mr. McKinley's election is already conceded by the majority of Americans in this place.

He states "that the result of yesterday's election might be considered as a favorable omen, that Mr. Bryan will poll the big vote," etc., etc.; "that nothing that savors of autocracy is, or will be popular among those on the creeks." Now, for the life of me I could not make out what relation the local election could have with the presidential election in the States, or how it could be taken as an index to the manner by which an entirely different people should cast their votes, when those votes represent the principles for which one or the other of the two great parties stand.

He adroitly turns the issues from great party principles, which must and shall be upheld, to purely personal motives and springs the old saw of Hanna, quoting him as saying 75 cents per day is enough wages for a common laborer, hoping by that method to switch votes from McKinley to Bryan. I ask him how can it effect McKinley if Hanna should say, "Laborers ought not to be paid more than five cents per day." Does it make Mr. McKinley or the principles for which he stands any the less worthy of the suffrages of the people? Certainly not. In voting for McKinley they are not "setting the seal of approval" on what

Mark Hanna says. They are approving the man and the party that has raised up the States from a fifth to a first-class power among the nations of the world today. The party that stands for progress and prosperity; that has made the United States to be respected and looked up by every country in the civilized world.

Then the reasoning, if reasoning it might be called, of the writer. Just note where he says, "Hanna is like Andrew Carnegie, who, owing to the American system which protects the manufacturer at the expense of the laborer, left his Scotch home and came to America, where he amassed millions of dollars which he has now carried back to his native land, where he lives in all the pomp and splendor of a nabob!" The veriest rot! Carnegie left his home in Scotland when a mere lad, began as an office boy or "laborer" if you will, himself. His thrift and industry, under the same laws as the laborer enjoyed, enabled him to build up a successful business; while the Bryan voters of that day were to be found hanging around the saloon or the street corners, smoking cigarettes and sneering at everybody that was a little more successful than they, themselves were. "Autocrats" if you will.

It is not so that Carnegie has carried back all his millions to his native land. He has done more for his adopted country than a great many of her free-born citizens have done; look at the library building he has erected and endowed, besides the various charitable donations he has made, and then see whether he has carried back his millions to his native land or not.

The writer goes on to say, "If the voters want to place the stamp of condemnation on everything that savors of autocracy and imperialism, they will vote for Bryan, who is an American from the crown of his head to the tip of his toes, the champion of civil rights, the advocate of justice," etc., etc.

If Mr. McKinley is not an American, then all I can say is we haven't any. If he is not the proved "champion of civil right," then we had not war in Cuba; if he is not the tested "advocate of justice," then American soldiers never placed the Stars and Stripes on the walls of Peking in the interest of justice and humanity. As to imperialism, the same policy that governs the Democratic party would have split up the States into a few warring factions. It would stand by now and see other nations step in and carry off the fruits of victory, and impose greater burdens on the people we have freed, while they in their narrow-minded policy would bicker over whether we should have a dollar that is worth 50 cents or one that is worth 100 cents.

Vote for the party that stands for the best of everything the country has ever had; for an enlarged and intensified Americanism; for the party that says with Webster:

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers; The whole, the boundless continent is ours."

If you do the Klondike souvenir will find it rightful place on the bosom of the first American of the day, W. McKinley.

CALIFORNIA REPUBLICAN.

A Pleasant Surprise.

Yesterday being the anniversary of the birth of Mr. E. J. Fitzpatrick, his wife arranged a surprise for him and last night on returning from an errand down town, he found his home filled with friends who had assembled to congratulate him on having successfully reached another mile stone on life's rugged highway. Progressive whist was the feature of the evening, the first prizes being won by Miss Millicent Latimer and Mr. Geo. M. Allen. Mrs. Fitzpatrick had prepared an excellent and bounteous supper which was partaken of at midnight, after which, and until 2:30 o'clock this morning in music and song, the hours sped away. Mr. Fitzpatrick was the recipient of many pretty and useful presents. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Fitzpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Hemén, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. White, Mrs. C. Noble, Miss Latimer, Miss Marcia Latimer, Messrs. John Chisholm, Rudy Kalenborn, Dick Dillon, Geo. M. Allen and W. P. Allen.

Flight Have Been Serious.

This morning when Orr & Tukey's stage from the Forks had reached the southern limits of Dawson and shortly after leaving the Klondike river, the team became unmanageable and ran away. There were 11 passengers in the sled at the time and on the frightened team turning a short corner near the firm's stable the sled upset, throwing all the passengers out, but, strange to say, not one of them was injured to any extent, although the sled was almost completely demolished and one of the horses badly injured. There were two other runaways today, both on First avenue, neither of which resulted in anything more serious than the breaking of harness.

MIZNER IN ROLE OF HOST

Manager of Alaska Commercial Co. "Sets 'Em Up" To Employees.

Fifty-Seven People Take Thanksgiving Dinner with the Head of the Big Company—A Happy Event.

Mr. Mizner, the genial manager of the A. C. Co. tendered a banquet to the employees and their wives Thanksgiving day.

Fifty-seven people participated in the event. A table, made especially for the occasion, in the shape of a horseshoe extended around the large dining hall, giving ample room to the corps of efficient waiters who served the various courses. The company's stock of the best viands and rare old liquors was levied upon for the grand feast.

A requisition for lettuce, cucumbers and fine crisp celery was made upon the green grocer. The turkeys used for the event were the finest procurable.

While Mr. Mizner, as host of the occasion, was carving the meats, Mr. Fairbanks made a very appropriate address in response to one presented by Mr. Thornton on behalf of the employees. Later on, after some of the good things were disposed of, Mr. Mizner distinguished himself in an address to his guests of the evening. After complimenting one and all upon their competency and faithfulness, he took the occasion to impress upon their minds that unanimity among themselves and uniform courtesy extended to all patrons of the immense establishment, whether their purchase was for two bits or \$10,000, was the keynote to success; also that concentrated individual effort and fraternal feelings exhibited to all who do business with the A. C. Co. were what made friends for it, and that a continuance of the same would see wonderful possibilities in the future, which would redound to the their credit.

Mr. Mizner himself a man of broad gauge business principles and rare executive ability, by his concise and pertinent remarks stamped himself as a speaker of no mean attainment. At the conclusion of his speech he was cheered to the echo.

Mention should be made of the recitations given by Mr. Thornton, who knows how to entertain.

Messrs. Glenson and Crowell enlivened the occasion with sentimental songs and negro melodies. A mandolin and guitar club discoursed sweet music during the evening.

Every body who attended voted the occasion a perfect success in every respect.

Before the departure of the guests Mine Host Mizner assured them that this was only a forerunner of similar occasions in the future, as he wishes to cement the social feeling between the employees, than whom there is not a more efficient body of men in their line of business in any country. He also kindly gave orders not to open the establishment till 9 o'clock this morning, which was highly appreciated by all. Everyone reported for duty at the appointed hour and each one is proud in his praises of the management for the kind interest taken in his welfare.

One Humane Driver.

Editor Nugget: Dear Sir—I have noticed with much interest the movement inaugurated by your paper concerning the formation of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and would like, if you can allow me the space, to make a few suggestions.

I believe the movement is a good one and am heartily in favor of it if it is carried out on the proper lines, but I also recognize that it has large elements of danger in it, and if it is to do any good must be carried out by people capable of looking at the matter in a wholly dispassionate and common sense manner, and of leaving the matter of sentiment wholly out of the question.

The first thing the society will have to look after when it is formed, will be the ordinances at present governing such offenses as will come within the scope of its duties. Then new legislation must be procured which will entirely cover the field and conditions.

To do this successfully the society must look to it that its original aim and objects are kept constantly in sight, and in electing its officers and appointing its committees business men who have had experience and who are not sentimentalists are chosen.

DOG DRIVER.