

FIREMEN'S WET BERTH

Engine Scow Sinks With All on Board

No Fatalities, However, Though the Engineers Narrowly Escaped a Ducking.

The engineers and stokers of No. 2 fire engine at the foot of Queen street had a rather chilly experience at an early hour this morning, one that was responsible for one of the quickest moves Max Probst and Joe Stingle ever made. Just prior to the breakup the scow which contains the engine was hauled in over the ice and snubbed up close to the bank so as to be as much out of danger as possible when the smash came. The engine was taken out and placed on the street as an additional precaution, the crew using the scow only as sleeping quarters. Last night the water was very high, but toward evening it began to fall suddenly and in 15 minutes had dropped four feet, leaving one end of the scow high and dry on the mud with the other end in the water at an angle of 20 or 25 degrees. Equally as sudden the water began to rise again and in a few moments it had risen to a level with the well through which the engine draws the water when in operation, and then before the sleepers were aware of what was happening a veritable flood poured in, the scow settled peacefully back on the bottom and the stokers and engineers made a quick exit through the door. Stingle grabbed some clothes and a mattress, ran out to the bank, hurried back after more and stepped in to water up to his waist. Probst fared no better and both are today mourning the loss of new shoes and other articles of wearing apparel. All forenoon pike poles were employed in fishing up tools, etc., but nothing can be done toward straightening things around until the water falls and the scow empties itself. It is too open to attempt pumping it out.

Bottomless Roads.

Stage drivers report the various roads throughout the district as being almost as bad as it is possible for them to get, four and six horses being required to each stage.

However, if the present clear, warm and sometimes windy weather continues it will be but a few more days until dust will take the place of mud. Three or four more clear days will cause all of Dawson's principal thoroughfares to become dry and dusty.

Wild Rumor.

Some Ananias started a report on the street today to the effect that the steamer Prospector which left lower Lebarge yesterday morning had been wrecked in the Thirtymile river. The result was considerable uneasiness and a string of men trotting to the telegraph office for confirmation of the report. But at the

telegraph office no information was received further than the announcement that no such news had come.

In the Jaws of the Fire.

The risk that firemen take are an everlasting wonder, even though almost every paper contains stories of their bravery. But the man behind the fire engine—apparently he has only to keep his machine going, and is as safe as the man who pulls the lever of an upright "donkey." The story of Bill Brown, as told by Mr. Cleveland Moffett in "Careers of Daring and Danger," shows that the engineer's bravery is sometimes put to tests as severe as those which the hosemen or the laddermen even has to endure.

What happened was this: Engine 29, pumping her prettiest, stood at the corner so near the drug house that the driver thought it wasn't safe for the horses, and led them away. That left Brown alone, against the cheek of the fire, watching his boiler and keeping his steam-gauge at seventy-five.

As the fire gained, chunks of red-hot sandstone began to smash down on the engine. Brown ran his pressure up to eighty, and watched the door anxiously where the four firemen from his squad had gone into the furnace.

Then an explosion of chemicals in the building sent a flame wide as a house curling across the street, enveloping engine and man, and setting fire to the elevated railway station overhead. Bill Brown stood by his engine with a sheet of fire above him. He heard footsteps on the pavement and voices that grew fainter, crying, "Run for your lives!" He was alone, and the skin on his hands, face and neck was blistered.

Brown knew why everyone was running. There would be another explosion. It was tolerably certain that he must die if he stayed. But his four chums were in the fire and needed the water. If he quit his engine the water would fail.

He stoked in coal and ran the gage up another notch, easing the running parts with the oiler. He was offering his life for his friends.

In a few minutes the four firemen came out of the building. Then Bill Brown ran for his life with his comrades. A second or two later engine 29 was crushed by the falling walls.

I. W. Nordstrom, teacher of mandolin and guitar, Rochester hotel.

A county curate in England who was newly married called on a great lady of the village, and as he presented his wife introduced her with the fippant and horribly ill-bred quotation, "A poor thing, madam, but mine own." The lady, looking at the curate severely, replied: "Your wife ought to have introduced you as 'A poorer thing, but mine own.'" Short Stories Magazine.

Pay Your Bills.

Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to The Alaska Commercial Company that accounts remaining unpaid May 15th next will be placed in the hands of the company's solicitor for collection.

Smithson (the celebrated poet, novelist, playwright, etc.)—But, my dear young lady, I really don't understand you. I haven't been winning any ping-pong tournament. I don't play. Miss Brown—Oh, but surely I heard our hostess say you were the Mr. Smithson.—Punch.

EXTREME HIGH WATER

Is Within Six Inches of Last Year's Mark

Jams Still Hold at Ogilvie, Five Fingers and Above Tantalus.

Today the Yukon is entirely free of ice as far up and down as the eye can reach with the exception of a few straggling floes which float silently by unheralded. The big jam from Stewart which was expected last night failed to materialize, the ice at Ogilvie still holding fast. During the early morning the water performed one of its extraordinary feats with theatrical effects for which the Yukon at this season of the year is so justly famed, fell four feet and rising the same amount all within the space of a half hour. At 11 o'clock this forenoon the water was as high lacking six inches as it was at any time last year, and a further rise of a foot will flood the outer docks at the White Pass office. In the slough near No. 2 fire hall there is enough water to float a steamboat. The following report was received from up river points this afternoon:

Ogilvie—The ice has not moved yet but it is beginning to break off in small chunks.

Stewart—The river is pretty well cleared at this point and the water is gradually falling. Canoes are crossing today.

Selwyn—All clear here.

Five Fingers—The ice is still jammed above here. No boats have so far arrived at Tantalus indicating that there must be also a jam above that point.

The steamers Bailey and Zealandian left lower Lebarge at 4 o'clock this morning making four boats that are known to be following closely behind the ice. The Sifton will doubtless join the procession either today or tomorrow. All are loaded principally with perishables and live stock.

Much speculation is being indulged in along the water front as to which will be the first boat in and the time it will arrive. In point of speed the Prospector has the advantage and everything else being equal she should be the first to tie up at her Dawson dock. Last year, it will be remembered, the ice moved for the first time at 4:12 in the afternoon of the 14th, but it was not until 7:50 in the morning of the 23rd that the first boat arrived, nine days later lacking a few hours. It is now thought the delay will be so long this year and many of the transportation men are willing to back their opinion that a steamer will arrive by Saturday evening.

Training the Eye to See.

That the faculty of sight needs training will be admitted by every reasonable person, but how best to give the eye this advantage is a question which has never been settled.

J. A. Hubley Is the Winner of the Prize!

We, the undersigned representatives of the Dawson newspapers, having been appointed by Hershberg & Co. to count the ballots in the guessing contest as to the date of the moving of the ice in front of Dawson, do hereby certify that we have counted the said ballots and have found that J. A. Hubley having guessed the nearest according to the official time, 8:45 p. m. on the Eleventh of May, 1902, his guess being, in fact, on the exact moment occurring to the official time. He is hereby declared to be entitled to the complete outfit offered by Hershberg & Co. under the provisions of the said guessing contest. Witness our hands this 12th day of May, 1902.

HERSHBERG The Reliable Clothier, 1st Ave. Opposite White Pass Dock

An English hunter, the author of a book on sport in Norway, gives some interesting hints upon the matter:

The reason that the different characteristics of tracks are not observed by the untrained eye is not because they are so very small as to be invisible, but because they are so inconspicuous as to escape notice. In the same way the townsman will stare straight at a grouse in the heather, or a trout poised above the gravel in the brook, and will not see them; not because they are too small, but because he does not know what they look like in those positions. He does not know, in fact, what he is looking for, and a magnifying glass would in no wise help him. To the man who does not know what to look for, the lens may be a hindrance, because it alters the proportions to which his mind is accustomed, and still more because its field is too limited.

My own belief, after seeing good trackers in more than one country, is that it is a positive disadvantage to be near the impression; and for this reason an expert will often do his work better from a horse than on foot.

Undoubtedly the tiny indications that an animal leaves behind him, such for instance as stones moved a trifle so as to expose new soil, are much more easily seen a few yards ahead than at your feet. On snow again, the freshly thrown-out particles which the sun has not yet rounded off are invisible under your nose, but look ahead a hundred yards and there you will see without difficulty the very different character of the track made five minutes ago and that made an hour before, although you may not be able to state exactly in what the difference consists.

The fact is, I think, that the distant marks being seen edgewise, or in section as it were, catch the eye much more rapidly than the near ones, which are represented only as a faintly drawn ground plan.

In the same way plovers' eggs in a

fallow are much more conspicuous a dozen yards in front of you than at your feet.

No Real Danger—Clara—Bob Preston has proposed to me, and I really don't know how to refuse him. I hate to break the poor boy's heart. Amy—Oh, don't worry about that. I refused him twice last week, and he seems to be getting along.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fond Mother (to teacher)—Don't you think my boy is bound to make his mark? Teacher—I am afraid so. It seems impossible for him to learn to write.—Tit-Bits.

A parish doctor, having obtained a better practice elsewhere, engaged the sexton to remove his furniture.

Afterwards the doctor sent an account for medical attendance, and the sexton sent his bill for the removal. This the doctor said was a gross overcharge, and that if the sexton could get work removing furniture at the same rate he might give up grave-digging.

The sexton replied:—"Dear Sir,—I would be very glad to get steady work at anything, as there has been almost nothing to do in the churchyard since you left."—English Paper.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Earl & Wilson Collars and Cuffs Wilson Bros. Shirts and Neckwear ALL NEW GOODS. SARGENT & PINSKA, 118 Second Avenue.

ROBINS Handle Dirt and Tailings Cheaply Belt Conveyors For information see B. A. HOWES, Hotel Metropole, Dawson

FOR KOYUKUK STEAMER May 17 From MAY WEST S.-Y. T. Dock For Rates See H. W. GARR, Third Avenue, Opposite Post Office. Telephone 102-C.

Grand Sacred Concert St. Mary's Church Wednesday, May 14, 1902 Tickets \$2.00 and \$1.50 On Sale at Rudy's Drug Store and Gandolfo's

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC. H. L. Hedger, Dentist, has removed his Dental Parlors from the Exchange to the Bank Building and associated with Dr. G. M. Faulkner (formerly with Dawson Dental Parlors). Rooms 3, 4, 5 Bank Building, Opp. N. C. Co. Your patronage solicited. Phone 172. DR. FAULKNER & HEDGER.

Horrible! Horrible! Horrible!

We have been accused of reducing the cost of supplies to the miner, and of the awful crime of landing goods cheaper than our competitors. It has become such a habit with us that we cannot change now. We will still continue to do THE business at the old corner.

Flour \$3.00 Per Sack, Eagle Milk \$10.00 Per Case, Etc.

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