

# THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

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## Extra Edition!

### DAWSON IS ONCE AGAIN IN ASHES.

#### Queen of the Yukon Is Once More Attacked by Her Old Time Enemy.

#### THE CITY'S LOSS WILL BE FULLY A MILLION DOLLARS.

#### One Hundred and Eleven Buildings Gone Up in Smoke and Flame.

#### Incompetency in Operating the Fire Steamer Charged With Being the Cause of the Heavy Loss—Police and Soldiers Do Heroic Service—List of Some of the Principal Losses—Four Business Blocks Involved at One Time.

It has come at last. The really great fire which Dawson people had been dreading with a genuine inspiration through months of continuous dread, beside which previous conflagrations, though bad enough in themselves, sink into insignificance—a fire which, laid all but took the other—that is the fire which inspired last night. The scene of its origin, the wind, the hour and scores of other elements seemed to favor the city's old-time enemy, and within half an hour of the time that the first smoke of warning was seen there was no room to question the extent of the disaster that was then impending. The city is gone, was the cry that welled from hundreds of anxious breasts, and how nearly the terrible fear was realized is witnessed by the blocks and blocks of burning, steaming ruins which mark the path of the destroying element.

**STARTED IN THE BODEGA.**  
The fire found its origin in the apartments of Helen Holden, located in the second floor of the Bodega saloon on the west side of First avenue. Of this there is not the least doubt, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The first jet of smoke curled from the building at about half past seven o'clock. It was seen at almost immediately by Fireman Farrell, who ran with lightning step to the fire station and turned in an alarm.

The response was prompt enough to win the favor of all who saw the rush of the gallant fire boys, and hope was seen in every face. No time was lost in hurrying the steamer to its position on the river, and then came the anxious wait for water.

Five minutes went slowly by, then ten minutes, more slowly still, and yet no water filled the waiting lines of hose, or gladdened the hearts of the gallant fellows who waited, nozzles in hand, for the saving fluid. It was 25 minutes before the water flowed on its way to the fire and it was during that dreadful period that the thin curl of smoke which Farrell had seen, grew into a huge volume and the little blaze beneath expanded until it had become a roaring, all-powerful body. When the water came it was too late to stay the fire in the course of the wind, and its march of devastation depended only upon the quantity of material lying in its path.

**THE TRACK OF THE FIRE.**  
The fire started, as has been said, in the upper apartments of the Bodega. The wind was from the river, and in a southerly direction. The exasperating and inexcusable delay in getting water to the nozzles soon caused it to be seen that the neighboring buildings were doomed. First the two-story building—the Northern—on the south took fire through the chimneys of moss, and then the Tivoli theatre buildings on the north. The Northern Cafe on the south and the Board of Trade on the north. Still no water from the fire engine. The general alarm grew, and preparations were made for moving from the entire block. Then the bazaar and library store took fire on the south, followed rapidly by the Aurora restaurant.

The Tivoli theatre building created such an intense heat that the Rutledge building on the opposite side of Front street took fire as if spontaneously, and it was just at this moment that the water supply failed after a fitful life

of just a few weak minutes. Then the practical men of the city saw she was indeed doomed. For one engine, even could she keep up steam, was now helpless to save the city.

**SPREAD TO THE SOUTH.**  
From the Aurora restaurant to the Aurora saloon was short work for the flames, notwithstanding the levee stand made by men on top of the building with pails and blankets.

Meanwhile the long Tivoli building had communicated the heat and roaring flames to the cabins in the alley at the rear occupied by members of the demi-monde and leaped from cabin to cabin without let or hindrance. The Aurora saloon and hotel made a terribly hot fire which leaped over Second street and the two-story building of the Victoria saloon, gaining house and restaurant was involved as if by magic, causing serious danger to the throngs of men who lined her roof in an effort to prevent the fire communicating. Up Front street went the flames, the Northwest Trading company being the next to go. Then the Madden house, then a grocery store, then the Ryan boot and shoe store, then the Jeweller, then the Douglas boot and shoe store, then the Mand M news stand followed, then the Arlington saloon, followed by the Montana restaurant. Some small buildings in course of erection were torn out and the devastation on the east side of Front street was stayed at the building of McPherrin & Johnson building occupied by the Oregon store.

**ON THE WATER FRONT.**  
Meanwhile, the head of flame had been spreading on the water-front; notwithstanding the repeated attempts to tear out buildings in time to prevent the spread. The Rutledge building was the first to catch, southward went the sea of flame in sympathy with the opposite side of the street. Arthur Lewson's cigar store, then Ripstein Bros., then the Central Market, Pioneer barber shop, Allen & Schmitt's store, Portland restaurant, Hyde laundry, a cigar store, the candy factory, boot and shoe store, Pfeifer's restaurant and bakery, a grocery store just going up and Anderson Bros. sign and paint shop. The flames stayed at this corner notwithstanding that it leaped Second street on the opposite side.

**NORTHWARD ON THE WATER-FRONT.**  
The flames fought against the wind on the water-front with a diabolical persistence and the Seattle store was quickly involved. Then followed the Pioneer barber shop. Dr. Caldwell's building was soon in flames and then came the Eagle restaurant. Mrs. Faucher's store was next and the Rosenthal swimming baths were quickly doomed. The Adecock store went up and then an incomplete building was torn out and the flames were stayed in that direction.

**NORTHWARD ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE STREET.**  
The flames, having once involved the Tivoli, as has been stated, took the Board of Trade without hindrance. From there to Clark's barber shop, and to the DeVille building was quickly made.

Then came the Dominion with its two stories of logs and from there to the Opera House was short work. It was here that the water began to flow from the fire engine to the nozzle with both force and volume, and notwithstanding that the flames had involved

that building until it is now a complete wreck, the fire was stopped right there as far as that direction was concerned.

**UP SECOND STREET.**  
All this time the fire fiend had been making a clean sweep of Second street on both sides. From the Aurora saloon and hotel on the one side was only a few bawdy cigar stores, a restaurant and some bawdy houses, and then came Second avenue, which the flames failed to cross. On the other side of the street, after the Victoria saloon had involved the Victoria restaurant, the three stores next went under followed by the McDonald building. strenuous efforts were made to now save the Bank of British North America with all the known valuables it contained; but she was quickly involved in the general conflagration. This reached the corner. Across Second avenue was the Parsons Produce Co.'s large building and for a while the flames were stayed in that direction, being forced to be content with making rapid headway along Second avenue. The Ottawa hotel was quickly afire, followed by a succession of bawdy houses until First street was reached. Then the heat crossed Second avenue to the threatened Parsons Produce building and she broke out so quickly that men had to scamper out of the way. There were many buildings here but by strenuous efforts the flames were prevented from crossing to the Pioneer drug store and the scores of buildings which are clustered thickly to the rear and were stopped also at the Flannery hotel. A lot of bawdy houses went up.

**THE LOSS.**  
The loss can only be estimated at this time, but the fact that some hundred and eleven buildings were burned and fifteen more torn down, affords a good basis for an estimate of the loss. Besides this, the loss in goods hurriedly removed from stores and carried, in many cases, by unknown people, or dumped in the mud or water, must amount into the tens of thousands. Many of the burned buildings were by far the very best in Dawson, built at enormous cost and fitted up at a lavish expenditure, with all the costliest luxuries in the way of fittings which could be brought into the country by the use of seemingly bottomless pocket-books. Conservative estimates place the loss at over a million dollars. No compiled statement of losses can be offered at this time.

**SOME OF THE HEAVY LOSSES.**  
Among the most expensive buildings destroyed are the following:  
Opera House, owned by Dakke, Wilson and Peterson. About two-thirds destroyed, and will be torn down. Cost \$25,000 to construct.  
Dominion saloon, owned by Eddie Lewin and Joe Cooper, completely destroyed. The building, with its interior adornments, was valued at not less than \$25,000. Nearly all the fixtures were saved, but the four billiard and pool tables were destroyed.  
The Tivoli theatre and saloon, owned by Joe Cooper & Co., completely destroyed, though most of the contents were saved. The building was worth at least \$20,000.  
The Northern saloon, owned by Kelly & Marchbank, completely destroyed, together with the bar fixtures. The firm recently bought in for something like \$40,000. The building was worth \$7,000 and the bar fixtures \$4,200. The stock was saved.

Aurora saloon and restaurant, completely destroyed. Cost Alex. McDonald and Tom Chisholm about \$10,000.  
Bank of British North America building, completely destroyed. Was built by Alex. McDonald at a cost of \$14,000.  
McDonald building completely destroyed. Cost \$12,000 to construct.  
Parsons Produce building completely destroyed. Worth \$12,000.  
Victoria hotel building, with additions. Worth probably \$2,000.

**Fire Brands.**  
While the fire was yet blazing fiercely Captain Hansen, on behalf of the A. C. Co., ordered the two warehouses of the company thrown open for the reception of homeless people, and caused information of the same to be carried through the ranks of the sufferers. He also provided comfortable blankets for all.

Three little Japanese women who left their domicile in the alley back of the Bonfield block were found by a Nugget man ensconced in a boat lying back of Second avenue. "What you think of our new home?" one of them mischievously called out.  
When Juneau Joe's restaurant, located beside the Bonfield block, was pulled down as a precautionary measure, the feelings of the proprietor were assuaged by Captain Hanson, who generously told him he would give him a stock of new logs with which to rebuild.

While Prof. James Donaldson was assisting in building one of the chemical engines, he broke a blood vessel in his side and was under a doctor's care for two hours.

Manager Jones of the telephone, says the company's loss will be at least \$1500, but that the service will be in operation again by tonight.

Seeing how things were going about 12 o'clock last night, Colonel Steele ordered all the saloons to be closed forthwith until 7 o'clock this morning. It was a wise order.

The A. C. force, from officials to janitors, worked with a zeal and intelligence that attracted the admiration of all. Falling upon a pile of timber lying in the street, they hastily, but carefully, constructed a number of ladders with which the building was mounted, and

then, with blankets soaked in water, it was covered from roof to foundation until not an inch of timber was visible. Luckily, the fire never seriously threatened the place, except through falling sparks, but if it had the boys were prepared for a long and fierce siege.

The *Midnight Sun* was quartered in the Rutledge building and the stock narrowly escaped being destroyed.

Not a complaint was heard of the volunteer firemen, but there has to be an inquiry into the failure of the engine at so critical a time and which has cost the city so much. Let the inquiry be genuine and thorough—no whitewash—and let the culpable ones go.

The soldiers turned out in command of their officers and did good work tearing down buildings. Many uniforms were seen in places of supreme danger and importance.

The engine was dragged through a half-mile of garbage to the point where it was put to work.

The police, as usual, were omnipresent and indispensable.

The failure of the engine was little less than criminal.

Over 25 minutes after the fire was well started in the fire engine before she was throwing water, and then after a few fitful gusts, a shut-down and then another and another.

Fireman Lyons was struck in the face by a grappling hook which might have cost him an eye, but happened only to badly damage the nose.

Dr. Caldwell had to be helped to a cabin by two men.

Many of the losers in the fire had but recently rebuilt from the last fire, while some were still more unfortunate and had suffered three fires in three months.

In many buildings burned the effects of the last fire had not yet been entirely obliterated.

The Bank of British North America had a very large amount of valuable papers in what it was supposed was a fire proof vault. As we go to press it is learned that nothing in the vault was saved. Books, valuables and papers in the safe are supposed to be all right, though until the ruins cool off and an examination is made it is not known positively.

As we go to press at 2:40 a. m., it is seen that the fire has been stopped in all directions, though the engine and fire boys are still at work.

The citizens were much distinguished by their helpfulness than at any recent fires.

Drunkenness was one of the evils resultant from so many saloons burning at once. Whiskey lay in heaps on every hand in bottles, kegs and barrels. The wisdom of Colonel Steele's order closing every saloon in town was apparent to all, but nevertheless drunken men were to be seen by the hundred in every direction as the gray of dawn appeared.

**A Noted Character.**  
J. J. Nicholson, late of the Melbourne hotel force, arrived home this week from a trip to the Forty-mile district, having gone there to stake on Tolly creek, a tributary of the Forty-mile, forty-seven miles up and nearly opposite O'Brien creek. There has been a bit of quiet prospecting there, it is said, and word was sent out to friends to get in on the ground floor. Mr. Nicholson had the pigsture, white away, of meeting one who is probably the best known and most prominent character in the Forty-mile district. This gentleman is Sam Patch, a resident of the place for the past eleven years, and an American of such uncompromising character that, until last winter, he had steadfastly refused to cross the international boundary line into Canadian territory, notwithstanding his homestead of 100 acres lies on either side of the line. During all the long years he worked an old bar on the American side of his property and resisted every inducement to put foot on the Canadian portion. But last winter "the boys" who knew of and were amused by his hobby, put up a job on him. They told him that an international agreement had been reached by which the whole of Forty-mile became American territory, and they wanted him to go to town to celebrate. He took the bait eagerly, boarded the sled awaiting for him and was soon at Forty-mile, where a ball was in progress. The old man was the lion of the hour, and enjoyed such a good time that he never regretted having crossed the line. Sam lives 23 miles up from Forty-mile, and his hospitable cabin is continually under the shadow of a huge American flag, which was presented to him by a body of admiring Seattleites. Mr. Nicholson earned the old man's gratitude by giving him a couple of copies of the Nugget, which he happened to have in his possession. "All the boys lend me their Nuggets," he said, "and she is a warm baby, ain't she?" Mr. Patch was born in Worcester, Mass., 77 years ago, and fifty years ago he sailed around up Horn for California. He followed gold mining here until eleven years ago, when he entered the Yukon country, and has been here ever since.

**LOST—Red pocket portfolio, containing papers belonging to F. H. Jones. Liberal reward. Return this office.**

**Lost—Gold and silver filings by Dr. Rystrom, Chisholm block.**

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NG ENGINEERS.  
M. A., B. Sc., F. G. S., Consulting Geologist, 15 years geologist on the Yukon, Canada. Dawson.