

**ICE
ING OUT**

THE RIVER'S WINTER MANTLE

**Has Been Dissipated by Approaching
Summer.**

**Yesterday Evening Witnessed the
Final Breakup—Bets Due and Pay-
able Last Night.**

From Wednesday's Daily.

If there were any lingering doubts yesterday afternoon as to the final breaking up of the ice on the Yukon river they were dispelled at about 1 1/2 minutes before 6 in the evening when the jam in front of the barracks, unable to longer resist the pressure bearing down upon it from above, slowly gave way and the whole mass started in procession down the river past the city; nor did it become any less in quantity for many hours after the blockade had passed down, for from the upper river it continued to come, covering its entire surface. Many blocks of pure, almost spotlessly clear ice covered with a frosting that looked like fresh snow, and as large as New England farms, silently moved down the river, while probably following immediately would come a block as big as a house of dark, dirty ice that had more the appearance of a rock than of frozen water.

About 9 o'clock the river was for a time comparatively free from flowing ice, but after a time another large conglomeration came down, and from those whose business keeps them up during the hours of night it is learned that all the time there was more or less ice passing.

Today considerable ice has passed, but by tomorrow there will be nothing to prevent light draught, steamers from starting up the river. The river is still very low, notwithstanding the assertion of an unreliable publication to the effect that it raised four feet yesterday. The river is not over 18 inches higher now than at low water mark of any time this spring. The river did not raise eight inches in the 24 hours preceding yesterday evening. Steamboat men do not anticipate any material rise in the river before the 20th of May to the 10th of June; and it will, possibly, be some time later before average high water mark is reached.

A number of bets were paid last night with the result that many new hats were worn today on heads which were somewhat enlarged from the effects of celebrating on the strength of having passed better judgment on guessing closer than did the other fellow.

If there are no obstructions in the river between here and Selkirk it is very probable that the Florence S, which was to leave Hootalinqua Monday, will reach here tomorrow or Friday. In all probability the first steamer down will pick up the mail which was last heard of at Selwyn last Sunday, and which had then been since the previous Wednesday in reaching that place from Selkirk. In case the mail should reach here by Saturday, it will have been just two weeks since the arrival of the previous consignment.

The Wounded in War.

If in recent years the conditions of the soldier's life on active service have vastly improved, there has been an even greater improvement in his treatment when he is wounded. In the early eighteenth century practically no attention was paid to the wounded. In 1741 for example, in the expedition against Carthage there were hospital ships, but there were neither nurses nor attendants. The miserable sufferers were literally left to rot; nothing was heard but "groans and lamentations and the language of despair" in the charnel houses where the dead and dying lay packed as close as they could lie.

Wellington, with his sterling common sense, saw that, taking the meanest view, it was bad economy to allow British soldiers to die miserably of neglect. He established in the Peninsula regimental hospitals, and though, without question, the sufferings of the wounded were still terrible and the care far from that which is shown in our day, the improvement was very marked. Men at least received some medical attention, and to be struck down was not to die wretchedly.

In the Crimea a step backward was taken. Our whole organization collapsed. The awful hospital at Scutari till Florence Nightingale appeared on the scene was more deadly to our army than any Russian rain of bullets. To be sent there was almost equivalent to sentence of death. There was no proper ambulance corps; no such things as hospital ships; there were actually no trained nurses in the miserable establishments at Scutari and Constantinople. Between November, 1854, and

February, 1855, 8898 British soldiers died in these terrible infernos, and it may safely be asserted that 95 per cent of these lives would be saved by the medical system of our day, while perhaps 60 per cent could have been saved by a proper use of the knowledge possessed in 1854.

Today how great is the change! Not only does the modern small bore inflict a far less serious wound than the old musket or Minie rifle, but the advance in surgery is such and the care shown to the sufferers is so great that the chances of recovery are all in favor of the wounded. In the old days men died from blood-poisoning, gangrene, erysipelas, shock, hemorrhage, or the severity of their wounds. The risk of blood-poisoning and gangrene has been almost entirely removed by the use of the precautions which modern surgery compels. Shock and hemorrhage must kill as of old, but the shock caused by a bullet of the calibre of a lead pencil, drilling a clean hole, is vastly less than that inflicted by the huge bullet of the old musket, sixteen or twenty-four to the pound, and is less than half as severe as that caused by the Martini bullet.

The Snider, again, made a wound which was from four to five times as bad as that of the modern small bore. Certainly men could not against any of the old rifles have been shot through the head and through the abdomen and yet be on the road to recovery, as are several men so wounded in the present struggle.

A greater boon and saving of life than even the diminution in the size of the bullet is the use of antiseptic or aseptic surgery with which operations can now be performed with absolute impunity which would have been fatal in the past. In the American civil war and Franco-German war—as late, that is to say, as 1870—wounds on the knee were almost invariably fatal. They are now treated with complete success in most cases. At that date operations on the abdomen could not be undertaken, whereas now they are performed every day. Lord Lister may be said to have saved more lives by his great discovery of antiseptics than any man living.

In the present war the treatment of the wounded will be ideal. Skilled surgeons at the head of their profession have volunteered to give their aid in South Africa, while the army medical staff is excellently organized. Great hospitals and comfortable hospital ships are provided, and equipped with every requisite and every dainty for brave, suffering Thomas Atkins. The stream of presents that will presently descend upon him will prove to him that he is not, as in the past, sent far away to fight, overlooked and forgotten, but that warm hearts at home are ever thinking of him, and that prayers "to Him who made, this world of strife, and gave His children Pain for friend," are going up for his sake.—London Daily Mail.

A Fiction About Panthers.

One of the time-honored attributes of the panther is his scream. One could not take \$4,000,000 and therewith disabuse the American public of its fond belief in the womanlike wail of the panther. Yet many scientists today affirm that the panther is a mute animal, and does not scream at all. This latter I believe to be accurate, for my friend "Old Bill" Hamilton, one of the few reliable and genuine old timers of the Rocky mountains, tells me the note of the panther is a sort of hoarse, roaring noise, and compares it rather to the roaring howl of the gray wolf than the voice of any other wild animal. He laughs at the "womanlike wail" notion. Once when in camp in the Jicarrilla mountains of New Mexico I heard at night the cry of what I supposed to be a mountain lion or panther. It was answered from beyond our camp, and the first animal passed within a few hundred yards. It might have been a wildcat, but the teamster who was with me said he thought it was a mountain lion.—Chicago Record.

A Lazy Man's Scheme.

"There's a man who has 20 clever fellows working for him. They give him their best brain power, and yet none of them has ever secured a dollar for it."

It was 2 o'clock in a down town restaurant, and the speaker nodded toward a small, dark man who sat at a table a few feet away. The little man is a writer of short stories of a thrilling and dramatic character. He is as prolific a writer as Old Sleuth and makes a big income yearly by his pen. He lives at a hotel down town, and while he has no regular connection with newspapers his hours are those of a reporter on a morning journal. Twelve o'clock at night finds him in some of the newspaper offices or at the rooms of the Press club in friendly chat with a bunch of "all nighters."

He writes his melodramatic stories up to a crisis, lays down his pen and

walks over to a city room where a dozen reporters are throwing the last of a day's writing into the copy basket. Everybody soon begins to spin yarns.

"Curious thing came under my notice a few days ago," begins the writer of melodramatic tales. He sketches the plot of his unfinished story up to the difficult point which has stopped him. "Now, what do you suppose happened next?" he philosophizes, flickering the ashes from the end of his cigar.

"I'll bet so and so," shouts one of the boys.

"Pshaw! That's not likely!" interposes a second. "People under such circumstances would have"—and he finishes the story.

In 15 minutes the romancer has half a dozen plausible sequels suggested to him. He makes mental note of them strolls out and over to his hotel with the rest of his materials ready made without effort on his part.

"Is that man a vampire or a genius?" "Neither one; a clever, lazy man."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Better Harbor Defense.

The government has been fighting shy of the Holland submarine boat, just as it fought shy of accepting Ericsson's Monitor, which actually destroyed the Confederate ironclad ram Merrimac and revolutionized naval warfare before it was paid for. One or two naval boards have made official trials of the Holland boat, and although the craft fulfilled every requirement demanded of her and the inventor was personally complimented on the success of the tests, still the government was not advised to buy. There are bills, however, before congress providing for the construction of a number of vessels of this type for harbor defense. In response to a request from the senate and house naval committees, Admiral Dewey has expressed the belief that a determined enemy with submarine boats of the Holland type could have made the occupation of Manila bay by his squadron impossible. With such an endorsement, it is quite likely congress will furnish the government with the necessary authority and funds to equip some of the principal harbors of the country with one or more of these boats.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Hero of the Plague.

Prof. Camara Postana, the head of the Bacteriological Institute of Lisbon, has met his death through the disease which he was so nobly and actively combating. While dissecting a plague patient (writes a Lisbon correspondent) some of the poisonous matter entered his finger nails, and his fate was sealed. Only 36 years of age, this man has for the last four months expended all his energy and every hour of his time in the minute study of the disease, not shrinking from any labor which might aid him to facilitate the labors of his friends and colleagues. Two days after his return from the plague-stricken city of Oporto, the first symptoms of the disease appeared. He immediately ordered his own removal to the isolated ward of the hospital prepared for the reception of such cases, and himself gave the necessary instructions to prevent it from spreading. From that time to the day of his death the history of his illness is one uninterrupted record of self-sacrifice. Every symptom which manifested itself was analyzed and commented upon by the patient, and, when at last there appeared those signs which his experienced eye denounced as fatal, he calmly said to those about him, "You can do nothing further for me now; the death agony will soon begin." Then, turning to the doctors, he gave all directions as to precautions to be taken, and requested that certain analysis should be made after death, the results to be sent to the Pasteur institute in Paris, where he had himself studied. An hour or two before death the doctor in charge of the plague patients at Oporto, with whom he had worked day and night, was announced. "Let him come to me," he said, and then entered into a complete diagnosis of his case, and gave minute instructions for his funeral, so as to ensure complete immunity from infection for others. He died giving a lecture in broken words and sentences upon his own case, and the lessons to be deducted from it.—Japan Herald.

Incoming Mail.

All the mail matter for Dawson which left Bennett up to May 4th is now bound this way on the steamer Flora, which left lower Lebarge yesterday morning. It is expected that it will reach Dawson by Saturday.

The mail which reached Selwyn Sunday, five days from Selkirk, is still on the way and it was thought it would be at Stewart today, but up to noon no reports of its arrival at that point had been received here.

Pleasant Picnic.

While a large crowd of gamblers were congregated in front of the police court this morning awaiting the arrival of the

judge, each man having his \$55 carefully rolled up and stored in his right vest pocket, a couple of convicts, each with a ball and chain, were marched across the square in front of the "knights of the green." On the cap of each convict appeared two "Ps" and for some time the gamblers were at a loss to understand their significance. Finally one more brilliant than his fellows evolved the happy thought that the letters meant "pleasant picnic."

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The supply may not be equal to the demand, but while they last the price will be
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