The Power of Thought

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By H. M. EGBERT

Dr. James Dyce looked down on the unconscious figure upon the bed. The man had ceased to mutter and toss in his delirium, and now lay in that stupor which was itself the crisis. In eight hours he would be dead or on the road to recovery.

Beside the doctor stood the white-capped nurse, almost as silent and still as the figure huddled among the sheets and pillows. The mental crisis through which the two watchers were painfully struggling was almost as acute as the physical crisis of the typhoid victim.

It was not a severe case, but the man's system, weakened by years of debauchery and months of poverty, seemed unable to fight against the attack.

Doctor Dyce beckoned the nurse outside the room. They stood face to face together. There was on the doctor's a look of grave inquiry.

"That is the man who was your husband?" he inquired.

"Who is," she answered.

"And you refused to marry me because of him?"

"You are unfair, Charles," she answered, in low, passionate protest. "It is because he is what he is that I know my duty is toward him. He recognized me. He will come back to me. I cannot desert him, in spite of all."

"You love him!" sneered Dyce, and then suddenly caught her in his arms.

"Molly!" he whispered, "you are never going to ruin our two lives for that man!"

She let him kiss her, but she withdrew from his arms and stood still facing him, still pale and expressionless.

"I cannot do wrong toward him, much as I love you," she replied. "But—oh, Charles, it would be a mercy for all of us, and none would be better off than he if he were to die."

The doctor, who seemed to be restraining himself by a mighty effort of will, now became the professional man again.

"We will try atropin," he said. "I believe it will give him his fighting chance. I shall mix the prescription myself. It is a dangerous drug to use, but it is a case where heroical measures are needed."

"Yes, doctor. At what time should it be administered?"

"In four hours, when the crisis is imminent. When do you go off duty?"

"When the crisis is over."

"You are wearing yourself out, Molly," began Doctor Dyce. Then: "Well, we must forget ourselves, with all our hopes and fears, and do our duty."

She sighed. "Yes, doctor," she answered in a mechanical manner.

Doctor Dyce ate his supper in his office. He made his rounds of the patients, bandaging, adjusting, while his mind was working on a totally different matter. At last he stood alone before his medicine chest, where the deadliest drugs were kept, dispensed only under his personal supervision. There he faced his problem squarely.

Dyce had little belief in conventional morality. He loved Molly, and she him. The man on the bed in the little room was useless to himself, useless to the world. Was it right that two lives, or even three, should be blighted so that the man should live and cumber the earth?

He had mixed the medicine before his mind was made up. He remembered afterward that he was working in the same automatic manner, and his brain, cool and singularly clear, seemed animated by an infernal will and dominated the situation completely. Slowly he took down a bottle labeled macinite and set it upon the table side by side with the atropin.

They were two drugs of equal power, but very different power. An infinitesimal dose of the atropin would exercise a certain stimulus on the red blood corpuscles which might pull the patient through the crisis of his disease. An equal dose of the macinite, too small for post-mortem detection, would dissolve the corpuscles and bring about death. In a healthy man an equal dose of either would produce no effect whatever.

Doctor Dyce might have told himself that it would not be he, but the fever that would kill the drunkard above. But he was too honest for that.

"I am going to kill him," he said, and dropped a drop into a tumbler of water. From this he took two drops and let them fall into the medicine. He shook the bottle. He went upstairs.

"Two teaspoonfuls in an hour, nurse,' he said to Molly. "Call me if he shows signs of a change for the worse. He ought to pull through, however, with this atropin."

He looked down at the face of the unconscious man. There had been not the slightest change; he was breathing slowly and the almost imperceptible pulse had hardly varied a beat.

He went into his room and lay down on the sofa. He could not sleep, but, awaiting the summons, he reviewed his action and justified it, if not in the sight of God, at least in that of man.

It was nearly two hours later when the summons came. There was a light tap at the door. Dyce sprang to his feet and opened it. Before him stood the nurse.

"Come at once!" she whispered tensely. "I am afraid—something is happening to him, doctor."

He hurried up the stairs and into the room. A single glance showed him that the man was dying. The crisis had come and passed. There was hardly a flicker of life. At that instant Dyce was afraid for the first time in his life. He was afraid that the dying man would open his eyes and look at him. He felt his hands trembling. Molly, beside him, clung to the foot of the bed and stared at her husband.

But the dying man gave no sign of recognition. Slowly the remnants of life faded out. The breathing grew deeper and slower. Once it stopped, then it began again. It stopped. There followed a long-drawn sigh. The man was dead.

And Molly, suddenly overcome, fainted clean away.

Dyce raised her in his arms and carried her into the nurses' room. He told the night superintendent what had occurred. "She has been overworking," he said.

"She wouldn't leave the patient, doctor," answered the woman. "She had your permission, sir."

"Quite right," said Dyce. He worked over Molly until she began to revive. And now he had again that singular dread of meeting human eyes. He could not meet Molly's eyes when at last they opened and fixed themselves on his. Though the girl did not suspect, it almost seemed as if she had known, in that dim land to which her swoon had taken her.

And, though they were alone, Dyce did not dare speak of anything but his professional duties.

"You must go to bed now, and we will talk in the morning," he said. "You have done all that you could do. You could not save him, nor I. The atropin came too late. I should have given it yesterday, but I was afraid."

She rose without speaking and left the room. Dyce went back into his own room. And, flinging himself down on the sofa, he felt the paroxysms of deadly fear take hold of him.

He was a murderer, though none knew of it but himself. He alone must bear that inner brand of Cain for the rest of his life. At that moment even the gain of Molly seemed singularly inadequate in the place of the soul which he had lost.

A murderer! For ever and for ever that word would be burned into his heart and brain. The years would pass with Molly, and she must never know, she must never discern the cause of his inner unrest. A murderer! And for her sake!

He saw how mad he had been. At the time he dropped the drug into the glass he had sincerely believed that he was acting according to the laws of human duty. Now he felt

Lay in That Stupor Which Was Itself the Crisis.

the burden of that higher law which says: "Thou shalt not kill!"

He could bear it no longer. He rose and began pacing the floor. But suddenly he remembered that he was not wholly safe from detection, not so long as that tell-tale bottle remained beside the atropin upon the table.

He snatched it up. Then his hand fell to his side and he was staring in wild amazement at the bottle. It was uncorked. It had never been opened!

The automatism of his hand had been guided, not by his cool and calculating brain, but by some higher power. Perhaps it was God! He had given the sick man atropin after all, and not the deadly alkaloid. He had never touched the waxed stopper of the macinite!

Suddenly he fell upon his knees and poured forth his heart in thanksgiving. He had not prayed for years; now he prayed for mercy, that the evil thought might be purged from his soul even as the deed had been.

When he arose he was transfigured. In an ectasy of happiness he hardly heard the door open until Molly stood on the threshold.

"O thank God it is all right!" she cried. "I was afraid—I was afraid—you cannot guess what I feared!"

"And now you fear no longer?"

"Your face, Charles! Upstairs it was so clouded, and horrible thoughts came to me; but now I know it is all right. I dared to mistrust you. Can you forgive me? I thought—"

"I thought it too," said Dyce, "but the thought was only a thought, Molly. It is gone now, with all the past. Molly, dear, will you kneel down with me and pray that no such thought shall ever trouble us again?"

Soldiers' Uniforms.

Experiments have been made in Europe to determine what color in a soldier's uniform is the least conspicuous to an enemy. Of ten men, two were dressed in light gray uniforms, two in dark grey, two in green, two in dark blue, and two in scarlet. All were then ordered to march off, while a group of officers remained watching them.

The first to disappear in the landscape was the light gray, and next, surprising as it may seem, the scarlet. Then followed the dark gray, while the dark blue and green remained visible long after all the others had disappeared.

Experiments in firing at blue and red targets, made at the same time, proved that blue could be more easily seen at a distance than red.

Rewarding People of Worth.

The Carnegie foundation is now paying allowances to more than 300 retired teachers and 85 pensions to widows of teachers.

Klondike and Yukon Today

THE world will go gold-hunting until the last yellow nugget is extracted from the earth. Naturally the Klondike and Yukon goldfields, as the latest to be opened, will attract the would-be pioneers of the present, and romantic stories coming out of the great Alaskan forests and mountains will stir the blood of the adventurous until the whole region has become commercialized. In a recent publication of the Smithsonian, H. C. Cadell reports his studies and investigations in the Klondike and the Yukon and presents a picture of conditions in these famous fields which the man with the gold fever will do well to see.

The name Klondike was once in every mouth, and late in the nineteenth century it nearly became a synonym for all that was rich and prosperous. But of late it has not been so common, its early bloom having faded away. The sensational pockets of fine placer gold, which attracted hordes of hardy adventurers from every quarter, now are nearly depleted, and no new ones have been discovered to maintain its earlier reputation. But while this part of the Yukon district can no longer be called a poor man's goldfield, it still contains a considerable quantity of alluvial gold which can be secured by the application of capital and brains. It remains a region well worth visiting, for besides the gold it has other possibilities of development. There are many points of geographic and scientific interest; in this remote and imperfectly explored northwestern corner of the British empire there are numerous problems awaiting the discussion and investigation of the geologist and the geographer of the years to come.

Skagway Now a Wretched Spot.

On his trip of investigation Mr. Cadell steamed up the coast from Vancouver, and through the Lynn canal, to Skagway, which he terms the gateway to the Yukon, and describes as "a wretched little town with decayed wooden houses and grass-grown streets, the scene of many robberies, riots and murders at the time of the gold rush, which the police authorities had neither the power nor energy to control. Skagway is not, and can never be, of much use to the United States except as an obstruction to Canadian progress, but might be of some advantage to the vast Canadian hinterland less than twenty miles inland."

General View of Dawson

Skagway is surrounded on three sides by a plateau of steep and rugged mountains through which two trails lead to the north over the White Horse and the Chilcoot passes, up whose wild and difficult ravines thousands of fortune-seekers trekked and struggled with their heavy packs, tools and tents in the mad rush to the expected El Dorado over five hundred miles away. Soon after the gold was found in quantities a mountain railroad was built up the White pass from Skagway to the summit and on to Lake Bennett, a distance of 40 miles, traversing a wild and iceworn plateau of gigantic proportions, strewn with moraines, sprinkled over with lakes and inclosed by snowy peaks 5,000 to 6,000 feet in height.

At the head of Lake Bennett lies the deserted town of Bennett, where, at the time of the gold rush, there were lodged some five thousand people in houses, huts and tents. The only building now standing beside the railroad station is a wooden Presbyterian church—which shows that at least a few righteous men were among that sordid crowd. It was here that the first prospectors and miners got into boats and canoes and navigated their frail craft through lakes and rapids for the remaining 531 miles of their venturesome journey to Dawson City. The last stretch of the railroad from Skagway runs along Lake Bennett to White Horse, a few miles above Lake Laberge, where safe navigation down the Lewes river to Dawson begins.

Dawson City the Center.

Although the great ice fields of the early ages swept the greater portion of North America they missed the region of the Klondike, and consequently the gold-producing deposits remained intact until the early prospectors discovered them. The Yukon goldfield is confined mainly to the vicinity of Dawson City, although small quantities of gold can be found in the sand of the Yukon for hundreds of miles up the valley. Dawson City is situated on the alluvial flat where the Yukon is joined by the Klondike river, two tributaries of which are the famous Bonanza creek and Hunker creek. Although traces of gold were discovered in the Yukon valley in about 1869, it was twelve years later, in 1881, before it was found in the Big Salmon, and in the Lewes, afterward coarse gold was found on the Fortymile, a tributary of the Yukon below Dawson, and in 1894-1906 the discoveries of Bob Henderson and George Cormack, in Hunker and Bonanza creek and many miners made fortunes in a short time, but unfortunately most of the gold was spent foolishly or in debauchery. One man is said to have taken $600,000 out of a claim 86 feet by 300 feet, but, as the story goes, he spent it in a few years and died in poverty. The quickest fortune on record was secured by two men who cleaned up gold to the value of $65,000 in 27 hours. Stories of the proceedings at Klondike during these "golden days" are not edifying, but point to the moral that wealth too easily and quickly won is apt to work ill.

The total output in 1898 was $20,000,000, from which figure it jumped six million annually until 1900, when the production reached $22,275,000, the highest point. From this point a steady decline began until in 1908, when it was $2,829,131, at which time hydraulicking and dredging began, and the total output rose slowly until it was $5,018,411 in 1913. It has been estimated that only about $20,000,000 worth of gold remains to be produced, out of the original available amount of nearly $180,000,000. At the height of the boom in the winter of 1899 the population of Dawson is said to have reached 25,000; recently, however, it has dwindled down to less than two thousand people.

Three Ways of Getting Gold.

The various processes of recovering gold in this region fall under three main heads—individuals, by washing surface gravels with shovel and pan, or by sluicing with flume and sluice box; small parties, by working drift with mechanical scrapers and sluices, or drift-mining in shafts and sluicing, and capitalists, by dredging with powerful mechanical plants, hydraulic sluicing with monitors, or mining and stamping ore in mills. The first class includes "poor men's diggings" and the second requires more financial resources and mechanical ability, but a successful man in the first may become a member of the second class. While the first two classes require fairly rich ground, only men with exceptional ability and ample capital can reach the third class.

The vast territory of the Yukon district is imperfectly explored, and although it is far north, the climate in summer is warm and favorable for agriculture and grazing. Exploration is now readily effected from Dawson, and Mr. Cadell hopes that fresh enterprise will reveal new resources that will lead to the permanent settlement of this remote and almost uninhabited outpost.

STILL HAD THE ADVANTAGE

Big Man Really Had Little Right to Complain, According to His Small Friend.

Familiar figures in Louisville are two men who are always seen together and who by their contrasting sizes are conspicuous as they walk along the street. One of the pair is about the biggest man in this locality and the other, well below medium stature, seems even smaller when accompanied by his friend.

They are inseparable and friends say that they take advantage of their close companionship to make one another the butts of various jokes. Sometimes it is the little fellow that suffers, but oftener the laugh is at the expense of the giant.

The big man is not always as healthy as his size might indicate. In fact, he often complains of the way he is feeling and his small companion takes him to task for doing so. This occurred the other day within hearing of a crowd on a street corner.

They met there and the little fellow asked:

"Well, how are you feeling today?"

"I'm about half sick," was the reply.

"Go on, man," cried the little fellow, who could see nothing wrong with his friend. "Even if you're half sick, there's more of you well right now than there is of me."

Glad Tidings.

"It must have been a glorious moment for Isaac Newton when the apple hit him on the head as he sat under the tree."

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel. "He not only discovered the law of gravitation, but he found convincing evidence that the fruit crop for that year was not a failure."

A Striking Comparison.

Church—I see the chances of being struck by lightning are four times greater in the country than in the city.

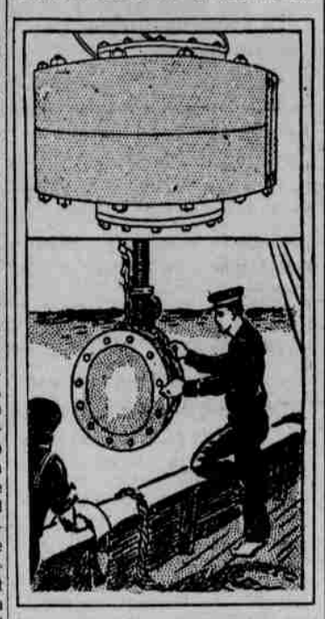
Gotham—Perhaps, but the chances of being struck by something else are twenty times greater in the city.

FOR MARINE SAFETY

Invention Seafaring Men Consider Important.

Electric Oscillator, Within Ship's Hull, Will Announce the Proximity of Another Vessel, Locate Icebergs, and Send Messages.

A marine signaling apparatus which it is believed will diminish sea disasters consists of an electric oscillator which announces the presence of another vessel, locates icebergs, indicates sea depths and provides for the transmission of submarine telephone and telegraph messages, says the Chicago Herald.



Above, Metal Diaphragm; Below, Putting Apparatus Overboard.

The device consists principally of a 24-inch metal diaphragm attached to a cylindrical case, within which is an electromagnet actuating a copper sounder. The oscillators, when in permanent position, are placed inside of a ship's skin, beneath the water line, on both the port and starboard sides. Vibrations of the diaphragm amounting to a movement of one thousandth part of an inch and repeated with great rapidity throw out sound waves under the water, which may be caught by the receiving apparatus on another vessel.

Signals of this kind have been heard at a distance of 30 miles, while at shorter ranges numerous telegraphic conversations have been carried on successfully. In one instance the experimenters actually talked between two ships. In locating icebergs it is the echo which gives warning of the presence of danger.

With a stop watch it is possible to estimate quite accurately the distance of these barriers.

Overcame the Drought.

Low water in the Columbia last spring and the lack of rain for the last six weeks has caused the disappearance of the large lakes and marshes on the west side, thus threatening the destruction of duck hunting for the present season, says a Kelso (Wash.) correspondent of the Portland Oregonian.

Not to be denied this sport, E. E. Brown and Grover L. Thornton are pumping their hunting lake on the A. G. Huntington place full of water.

A six-inch centrifugal pump, capable of pumping 1,000 gallons of water a minute, has been installed on the bank of the Columbia, and has been working for the last week creating a lake for hunting purposes. This is the first time that such a novel scheme has been employed here, and the work is attracting much attention.

Men's Hair Grows Green.

Employees in the plant of the New York Air Brake company in this city who are engaged in work upon the company's munition contracts with the allies are becoming afflicted with green hair and mustaches. Acid in which the jackets of the shells are dipped to clean them is attributed as the cause of the phenomenon. The change has been slow in affecting several men, but it has proceeded surely, and a half dozen or more now have brilliantly green hair and mustaches. The green hue appears to be absolutely fast color, as several have attempted by means of shampoos and scrubbings to remove the color, but without avail.—Watertown (N. Y.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Record.

Scotch Fisheries Show Decline.

The Scottish fishery board in its report dealing with conditions in 1914, states that the sea fish of all kinds landed within the year amounted to 7,440,321 hundredweight, of the value of $15,614,340. This is a decrease in value as compared with the preceding year of $3,840,549, and in quantity of 388,029 hundredweight. The result was obtained by 8,869 fishing vessels, manned by crews numbering 37,594. In 1913 there were 8,991 vessels, with crews numbering 38,262.

The Leisurely Obstructionist.

"Slow but sure is the good old way."

"That's right," replied Mr. Chuggins. "If you want to have the whole road to yourself and be free from any care, you want to leave your automobile at home and drive a hay wagon."

Authenticity Demanded.

"Have you read Shakespeare?"

"No," replied Mrs. Cumrox. "I understand there is a great deal of doubt about those writings, and I make it a rule never to pay any attention to anonymous communications."

A Different Way.

"Miss Flighty made all her money in letters."

"She doesn't look literary."

"She isn't. She won a breach of promise suit with 'em."

BULLET HITS "EARLY BIRD"

Soldier Would Have Escaped Being Wounded by Leaden Missile Had He Been Second Later.

Private Blank was known to all his chums as "the early bird," probably because it was an exact description of the very opposite to what he really was, for "the early bird" was always late, the last man to get out of bed at reveille and the last man on parade, and when his regiment sailed for France his chums declared that he was the last into the transport ship and the last out of it.

When his regiment was doing its spell in the trenches "the early bird" was sent for by his officer, and as he was creeping along the trench towards the dugout a stray bullet caught him in the shoulder, just as he was outside his officer's shelter.

After seeing that he wasn't seriously wounded, the officer explained, with a twinkle in his eye, "If you had just been a second earlier you would have missed that."

"I would, sir," returned Private Blank, "or if I had been a second later it would have missed me."—London Tit-Bits.

New Type of Prodigal.

"The people in his home town said he never would amount to anything."

"And now he's rich. I presume he went back and paid off the mortgage on the old home place, or did something of that sort."

"No. This old home place wasn't mortgaged. He went back and demoralized his good old parents by giving them a high-power automobile. Now they are the worst speeders in town."

He Let It Go.

Fault Finder (in front of dairy restaurant)—I notice the word 'Dairy' on your new sign is spelled d-i-a-r-y.

Proprietor—I know it is. I was going to have it changed, but the painter convinced me his way of spelling the word was more suggestive.

Fault Finder—More suggestive?

Proprietor—Yes; he said it conveyed the idea of putting things down.—Judge.

A Dire Threat.

"I know a man married to a woman who hasn't a single living relative."

"Fine! He certainly can't have any trouble with her relatives if they are all dead."

"I don't know about that. Every time they have a spat she threatens to visit a spiritualist and call up two or three of the most cantankerous ones."

Professional Advice.

"Well, what's the trouble now?" asked the gruff old doctor of a chronic patient.

"Oh, doctor," whined the professional invalid, "I feel such an awful pain in my side every time I raise my hand to my head."

"Huh!" grunted the wise M. D., "then don't raise your hand to your head. Two dollars, please."

TOO EMINENT.

"Why don't you ask your office boy to wash those windows?"

"I ain't got the nerve to do it, old man. He was the valedictorian of his class."

Others to Blame.

"I'll not put up any longer with your willful extravagance," said Mr. Cobbles.

"But it isn't willful," said Mrs. Cobbles, on the verge of tears.

"What do you mean by such preposterous language?"

"Simply this. I'm not setting the pace, I'm merely trying to follow it."

Exception to the Rule.

"Remember," said the professor, "that the effect is always preceded by the cause."

"Beg pardon, professor," interrupted the wise student, "but in the case of a man cutting grass with a lawnmower, doesn't the cause follow the effect?"

Mercenary Motive.

"What is his chief aim in life?"

"He wants to educate the masses."

"A philanthropist, eh?"

"Not enough to notice. He wants to educate them to use a little household necessity he's put on the market."

Matter of Sex.

Her—At the conclusion of an argument between a man and a woman the man may be silenced but not convinced.

Him—Yes, and the woman may be convinced but not silenced.

The Kind.

"Don't tell me her henpecked husband is going to wear the willow for that old cat."

"If he does, will it be the pussy-willow?"

No Equipment.

"Why don't you become civilized?" asked the missionary.

"We're willing," replied the savage chief. "But we have no facilities for studying high explosives."

They Had to Be.

Maud—Don't you think there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught?

Marie—I don't know. But they are smarter, anyway.

JUST HUMOR

WASTED A LOT OF TOUCHING

Perspiring, Stout Individual Discovers He Has Squandered Energy in Pushing Elevator Buttons.

On the eighth floor of one of Salt Lake's office buildings a stout man raced perspiringly the circuit of the signal buttons of the four elevators.

"Why touch them all?" asked a thin man.

"Because I want to catch the first car down," answered the stout one determinedly, the while he mopped his brow and waited with a confident expression of having corralled the service.

"But the touching of any of the four buttons signals the first elevator going down," protested the cadaverous man. "Is that not right?" he asked the elevator boy as they stepped aboard a car. The youth answered in the affirmative upon hearing an explanation of the question.

"Well," said the stout party, "I've sure been wasting a lot of button touching."—Salt Lake Tribune.

ALL BARE.

"Do you approve of these barefoot dances?"

"No; they are too barefaced."

Proof of Innocence.

"That's Green sitting at that table over there, and with a woman not his wife."

"Where?"

"Over there."

"So it is. But she's some relative of his."

"Do you know her?"

"No, but even Green wouldn't dine with such a homely woman unless she were related to him."

Contained No Thought.

"Litewaite says he wanted to get that speech he just now delivered 'off his chest.'"

"I don't like slang. Why didn't he say 'off his mind'?"

"Perhaps his remark was more applicable than you suppose. So far as I could judge, his speech was nothing but sound."

Such a Tenderness.

Wife—I had to discharge the cook today.

Husband—What for?

Wife—Oh, she got so tender-hearted she didn't do her work properly.

Husband—Is that so?

Wife—Yes. Why, only this morning she refused to beat the eggs or whip the cream.

Costly Items.

"The Twobbles complain that married life is dreadfully expensive."

"Why, they don't appear to spend much money."

"No, you don't see them spending it, but Mr. Twobble employs a detective to watch Mrs. Twobble and she retains one to watch him."

Pathetic Yearning.

"For seventeen years I've been a straphanger on this road."

"And you have no complaint to make?"

"None in particular, although I have often wished that I could see what the scenery looks like."

Dark Outlook.

Hojax—I told Miss Gotrox last night that she was the light of my existence.

Tomdix—Then what?

Hojax—Then her father called from the head of the stairs and the light went out.

Feminine Charity.

Little Lemuel—Say, paw, what did maw mean when she said Mrs. Jones was queer.

Paw—It means, son, that your maw was too charitable to express her real opinion of Mrs. Jones.

The Strenuous Life.

First Would-be Sport—I'm getting sleepy. Guess I'll go home and turn in.

Second Would-be Sport—The idea! Why, it isn't daylight yet.

At the Eleventh Hour.

The Henchman—I understand you have decided to give up politics.

The Boss—Yes, that's right. I've reached the age where a man should begin to lead an honest life.

No Impression.

Him—Excuse me, but may I print just one little kiss on your ruby lips.

Her—No; I don't like your type.