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**Dr. Carroll Thrasher**







**DR. CARROLL THRASHER**



The Life of  
**Dr. Carroll Thrasher**

[1876—1911]

BY  
DR. MARION THRASHER



SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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## PREFACE

**T**HIS Biography of Dr. Carroll Thrasher, a young Surgeon of San Francisco, is written in loving memory of one whose brief life accomplished much, and whose future promised the fruition of still greater eminence and distinction. That his private and professional life may be better known, I, who was his chum for 34 years, write and publish this little volume, to alleviate, in a measure, the sorrows of a broken heart.

DR. MARION THRASHER .

San Francisco, Cal.,

March 13, 1911



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# Dr. Carroll Thrasher

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## CHAPTER I.

### HIS ANCESTRY AND BIRTH.

**D**R. CARROLL THRASHER'S father, Dr. Marion Thrasher, is a University scholar, a graduate of Butler University, and was a teacher for many years, holding prominent positions in many States. He later graduated from the Medical Department of the University of California, and for years has been engaged in the practice of his profession in San Francisco.

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His mother, Sarah Murray Thrasher, was educated in the famous Geneseo Female Seminary, New York, and the authoress of "*The Fair Californian*"—a book of wide circulation, receiving the highest commendation from literary critics.

Charles A. Murray, a distinguished Attorney of Denver, is his uncle; also Dr. A. B. Thrasher, the eminent Specialist of Cincinnati.

Dr. Carroll Thrasher came nearly being born in New York City, where his father and mother lived up to within a few weeks of his birth.

Had it not been for the failure



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of a Gotham bank, the subject of our story would undoubtedly have seen the light of day first in the Metropolis of America.

Young Carroll's mother, who was threatened with tuberculosis, was taken by her husband to New York City to consult some specialists, but in consequence of monetary troubles occasioned by a bank failure, left the city with her husband prior to his birth.

On the 9th day of August, 1876, in Milton, Indiana, our hero was born. His father had been offered and had accepted the Superintendency of the Public Schools of that City, and had located here, where he remained

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two years. After the birth of the boy a name had to be secured. Across the street lived a very old couple, Mr. Jones and wife, former Baltimoreans, who had intimately known Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last living signer of the Declaration of Independence. They suggested Carroll, thinking it would be specially appropriate, as his birth occurred in 1876, the Centennial of American Independence.

Thus he received his name. His mother being delicate, she did not maternally care for him, and a wet nurse was procured for him, in the person of a

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buxom Irish woman, who had a child of her own of similar age. In a few months the nurse's child died, and she grieving, presumably, that it was not young Carroll instead, it was thought expedient to remove him from the maternal fount.

### CHAPTER II.

**I**N 1878 he went to New York City with his parents, and there remained for a few years. They lived near Washington Square and Fifth Avenue. Carroll had for his play-ground this park, and frequently sat upon the steps of "*The Church of the Strangers*," entertaining with his

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chatter, Charles F. Deems, its distinguished pastor, who was very fond of him.

He attended, with his father and mother, Henry Ward Beecher's Church in Brooklyn, Talmadge's Tabernacle, and the theatres often during these years, hearing such histrionic stars as Salvini, Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, Jo Jefferson, Fanny Davenport, Bernhardt, and Adelaide Neilson.

In 1882, the lad went to Cincinnati where his father had purchased a Boys' and Girls' Seminary, and here he remained some years.

He thrived and played and

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studied but little as boys are wont to do, and in 1889, when he was thirteen years of age, he went with his parents to San Francisco, where he permanently located.

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## CHAPTER III.

### HIS SCHOOL DAYS.

CARROLL entered a preparatory school, and later was admitted into Trinity, where he graduated in 1896.

His mother having unusual amateur ability in histrionic work, his parents desired Carroll to enter the theatrical profession as a life vocation.

He did not take to it kindly—but chose medicine instead.

He entered Cooper Medical

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College and graduated in June, 1900. Dr. Levi C. Lane, President of the College, said that "*Carroll had pronounced ability as a surgeon,*" which he in later life demonstrated.

His examinations were all successfully passed, notwithstanding he was handicapped by the fatal termination of his mother's chronic malady. Night after night he stood at his mother's bedside, caring for her and watching over her with vigilant and loving solicitude. She died on Thursday, May 24, 1900, and

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on the following Tuesday he passed his final examinations and received his degree of Doctor of Medicine.

Such mental torture being kept in surveillance, by enforced mental concentration, has seldom been experienced in the life of a college student. The suffering of his idolized mother from the dreaded carcinoma would have overcome a weaker nature, and palsied a less stable mentality.

### CHAPTER IV.

**S**OON after his graduation he was appointed *Police Surgeon* and for two years held that



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position with honor and ability.

He had marvelous command of his nerves, and amid the most intricate surgical emergency work, remained calm and self-poised. One night his father dropped in to see him at the *Central Emergency Hospital*, at the City Hall. The young Surgeon was alone. A riot in the city sent in seventeen injured, and the expeditious manner in which he surgically cared for these patients excited the admiration of the elder surgeon.

The San Francisco Board of Health then appointed him *Medi-*

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*cal Superintendent of the Small-pox Hospital*, which he had charge of till it closed.

It was here he had an opportunity of trying the then new Japanese cure for Leprosy—the Leper Asylum being adjoining—but the hoped-for remedy for this most dreaded of incurable diseases, did not prove a success.

He then became Surgeon of “*The Colon*” from here to Honolulu, then of “*The San Juan*,” the steamship that plies between San Francisco and Panama.

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Then for seven years he was surgeon of the Alaska Commercial Company, and was beloved by officers and crew. During his sojourn of several months each year at the northern port of Nushagak, Alaska, he had ample opportunity of indulging in his favorite pastime of reading. He sounded the entire gamut of literature, ranging from Poetry, History, Biography, to Fiction, Biology, Metaphysics and Polemics. He was an omnivorous reader, and a deep, careful and critical analogist.

His two favorite living heroes

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were Emperor William and Theodore Roosevelt. Of all the characters in History, he said, *“Christ was the only perfect One, and being the only perfect One, must of necessity be Divine.”*

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## CHAPTER V.

### PRE-NATAL INFLUENCES.

JUST before our hero was born, his mother attended for some months at the bedside of a dying sister, Mrs. Ruth Huston, and in consequence her mind was gloomy and depressed. She concealed from her husband her condition, knowing he objected to her bearing children on account of her ill health.

His father's monetary loss at

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this time in a bank failure in New York City left him practically penniless.

From these conditions, acting through his mother, indelible impressions were made on Carroll's mentality in his intra-uterine existence, that molded his character in all of his subsequent life.

He had mental depressions, and a *sadness* in his life (he seldom smiled) that could not be explained, logically, in any other way. His home life was the happiest, his mother and father idolized him. Everything he asked for

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he received, every one loved him, he had not any enemy in the world—yet there flitted over his mind an occasional shadow of gloom, entirely at variance with his surroundings.

Another trait he received from his mother in his pre-natal life, was his *secretiveness*. In his boyhood life, and after he attained maturity, he was always uncommunicative, and he would have to be strongly appealed to before he would divulge the minor incidents of the day, that other people voluntarily impart.

His father being sorely in need

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of money before he was born—consequent on the bank failure in New York City—made its impression likewise on his nature. All his life he *wanted money laid away for the exigencies and uncertainties of life*. He began when he was a child, filling his toy bank, later he had a deposit of several hundred dollars in the *Peoples' Savings Bank of San Francisco*, and when it failed in 1893, he then had to his death, his money in the safe deposit box of one of our banks.

He never opened an office, for this reason, for general practice,



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because he would say the income could not be relied upon. For the ten years he lived and practiced after becoming a medical licentiate, he always held salaried positions.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### CHARACTER AND DISPOSITION.

**H**E had charity toward all— and malice toward none. He was the soul of honor. His word was inviolate. His honesty was proverbial. His religion was the

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Golden Rule. He never, in all his life, did a human being or an animal an intentional injury. He never forgot a debt, even though it were the fraction of a dollar. Captain J. H. Cameron, the old sturdy Nova Scotian Sea Captain, his associate for seven years on the sea, said he never heard him speak ill of any human being. Like Thoreau, he was a devotee of Nature—he loved the sea, the mountain and the stars—he preferred them as his companions to the crowded streets.

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His conversation was chiefly scientific and metaphysical. He was a deep student of Darwin, Huxley and Ernest Haeckel. He was an earnest disciple of the eminent German naturalist and his works and theories made a deep impression on his mind, especially the "*Riddle of the Universe,*" and the "*Wonders of Life.*"

In consequence of his marital misalliance, he was ironical and bitter when women were the subject of discussion, and he seldom

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voluntarily mingled in their society. He preferred the companionship of men. He would at times say, with a tinge of pathos in his voice: "*If I had married such a woman as Lena—(the name he always called his step-mother), my life would have been different.*"

He had a lovely disposition—genial, jovial at times, but always courtly and gentlemanly. His conversation was erudite, and his descriptions of his experiences on the sea, whether in the *Arctic* or in the *Tropics*, were invested with a charm peculiarly his own.

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Every aquatic bird, animal and fish in the Pacific he knew as a farmer knows his herd. From his home on Sutro Heights, he could name every ship and craft that sailed out through Golden Gate. With his father, taking their accustomed walk through Golden Gate Park on Sunday, every conceivable subject was touched upon—and if a Boswell had been present, he could have chronicled many gems of thought of rarest beauty, that fell from his lips in these rambles.

Epictetus was his favorite philosopher, and that rare old

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Phrygian, lame in body, but God-like in soul, did much to mold his thought and life.

He was physically a very handsome fellow, yet was utterly indifferent to it.

When strolling with his father through the Park on Sunday, where thousands took their weekly jaunt for an airing in their holiday attire, many a fair woman would turn to look at him again and again while he seemed perfectly unconcerned at their admiring gaze.

He inherited from his mother a marvelous faculty of telling a

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story and could entertain by the hour with a fund of humorous anecdotes. His memory was so retentive that he could recite poem after poem from the great masters of verse, for an entire evening, poems that he had memorized years before in his college days. Coleridge's "*Rime of the Ancient Mariner*," Khayyam's *Rubaiyat*, Polonius's *Advice to Laertes*, *Psalm of Life*, *Elegy in the Country Churchyard*, *The Birth of the Opal*, *Thanatopsis*, and Kipling's *Recessional*.

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He was an ardent believer in that Socialism that teaches Municipal and State ownership of the necessities of the people, thereby strangling graft and corporate greed and making the *Utopia of More* a reality and not a poetic dream.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### A MOONLIGHT REVERIE.

**I**N Summer he was in Alaska—  
in Winter he did surgical  
work in a City Hospital, and re-



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sided with his parents on Sutro Heights.

His office hours at night closed at 8, and promptly at 8:45 he arrived home. One night in December he came in a half hour late. He said he had been sitting on a knoll overlooking the Pacific. The night was charming, the stars shone forth in splendid array, the moon was full, and floated through the Heavens in regal magnificence. The Ocean glistened like a sheen of silver, and thundered on the sandy beach. He said he had been meditating on the gorgeous panorama before him. "*How many millions and millions of years,*"

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he went on to say, "had this same thing been going on? The Constellations had been encircling Polaris, the Moon's pale face had looked down upon the Earth and Old Ocean had been restlessly beating on the shore ages and ages before Adam and Eve came to dominate, with their mind and soul, all animate creation. Will evolution, in the aeons to come, work out a greater intelligence than man, an intelligence that can fathom and comprehend the mysteries of the Universe, mysteries to our finite understanding that are utterly incomprehensible? Has this wonderful world always existed, and will it

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*always exist? Has man always been, and will he always be? Is mind immortal, or will it die with the body? These and similar thoughts surged through my mind as I sat tonight on the mound in the moonlight."*

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### HIS HEROISM IN A SHIPWRECK IN BEHRING SEA.

**O**N APRIL 30th, 1909, he faced a terrible disaster in a shipwreck of the ship *Columbia* in *Unimak Pass, Behring Sea* en route to *Alaska*.

His heroism here in the trying hours of that night has seldom,

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if ever, been surpassed in the annals of the Sea.

He was surgeon of the ship *Columbia*, and Captain J. M. Cameron, a well-known Nova Scotian sailor, who had been forty-seven years on the water, was Master. Carroll assisted by his bravery and good judgment in the exciting moments of that awful disaster, in saving two hundred and forty men from the jaws of Death, on that tempestuous night, in that treacherous Northern Sea. The San Francisco Chronicle of May 25th, 1909, says:

“Dr. Carroll Thrasher, the ship’s surgeon, worked continuously hour after hour, like a true hero, reviving men capsized in the icy

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waters, until the entire ship's crew of 240 were saved. Many were resuscitated, when apparently drowned, by the superhuman work of the physician, utilizing the Japs in bending posture, to effect the draining of the water from the lungs of the asphyxiated sailors."

The U. S. Government sent a vessel, and the crew and officers were brought to San Francisco.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### HIS LITERARY WORK.

**H**E WROTE many beautiful sketches and magazine articles which he intended publishing, but it was never done. His "*Journal*" when in Alaskan waters was filled with striking passages of unequalled beauty—but

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was unfortunately lost in the shipwreck at Unimak Pass, when his ship Columbia went down. We have been able to find only three fragmentary bits of his writings—which we will here reproduce. One was “*Lost at Sea,*” another, “*In the Shadow of the Dome,*” and a third, “*The Denizens of the Deep.*”

### “LOST AT SEA.”

As we were homeward bound one day, from Alaska, some years ago, the horrible, nerve-rending cry: “*A man overboard,*” rang out shrilly above the roar of the gale. There he was fast disappearing in our wake.

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No ship could be turned in such a tempest. We knew it—he knew it. There he was in his puny way trying to fight against the great, green foam that crowned the Seas. For what? To get a few more breaths of air—to have another look at the white winged ship growing smaller and smaller in the distance—going home. A stormy petrel shot by him as he sank in three thousand fathoms of water.

His fight for life was lost—lost—as he sank in the arms of the Deep.

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## CHAPTER X.

The following description will favorably compare with anything Poe or Stevenson has written—but unlike theirs, is an authentic experience—while Police Surgeon in the Emergency Hospital of San Francisco.

### “IN THE SHADOW OF THE DOME.”

In San Francisco, before the Great Fire, the Central Emergency Hospital was situated in the Larkin street L of the City Hall. The Detention Hospital for the insane suspects—the padded cells for the violent cases of delirium tremens, or of acute mania—and the hospital wards where the city's accidents were cared for, occupied the ground



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floor. On the floor above, connected with the wards by a narrow stairway, was an old unused office room, fitted with a carpet, bed and bureau, where the surgeon on duty slept. The concrete walls of this huge room were of great thickness, through which the noises of the city came but feebly. One clear, warm evening early in November a newly appointed surgeon was on duty. He was seated in the open window of the operating room, watching the full moon rise from behind old Mt. Diablo, and touch with silver the great dome of the City Hall. It was California spring time. All vegetation was

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becoming green under the magic touch of the first rains. The air had the fresh smell of wet lawns. Across the way in the little square, the tall, graceful palms stood as sentinels over the old Spanish cannon—a relic of the Battle of Manila Bay.

In the spell of the Moon's dreary beauty—and with the optimism of twenty-five—he was drawing aside in imagination, the barrier which shuts from our sight that part of life we call the future. He would become a great surgeon. He felt himself in the hushed operating amphitheatre, with its tiers of intent faces—faces of the masters in

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the profession, watching with eagerness the slightest movements of the scalpel—and that scalpel guided by his own skilled fingers. He saw the white gowned nurses moving noiselessly about, the occasional spurt of an artery deftly picked up with hæmostatics by his assistant. The pungent smell of the anesthetic was in his nostrils, and he could hear the deep labored breathing of the patient. Suddenly, with a start, he was brought to himself and surroundings by the harsh clang of a gong and the sharp clatter of horses' hoofs on the concrete drive leading to the Hospital entrance. It was a

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police patrol bringing in the first patient of the evening.

Two officers bore in on a stretcher the body of a man. One glance showed that life was extinct, but so recently had death occurred that red foam was still bubbling from the lips, and sweat still stood on the brow. On stripping the body the young surgeon found on the right side of the chest, in the fifth interspace a depression with a blue, black mark in the center where the bullet entered the lung. In the back near the spine was a hole the size of the palm, where it had torn an exit. The steward rang up the *Morgue* and the pa-

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trol wagon rattled out of the yard. On the hospital register the surgeon scribbled "*John Doe—Gunshot wound on right side of chest—died 9:15 p. m.—internal hemorrhage*"—then resumed his seat at the window, and renewed his reveries.

Over on Market street, he could see the Saturday night crowd sauntering aimlessly up and down, idly seeking their different amusements. Yes! he must make a name for himself.

Here tonight, he alone had charge of the entire injured of the city's population.

He would, in the interim, delve into microscopy and bacteriology

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and discover, if possible, the etiology and cure of cancer—which, like a wolf's fang, is eating into the vitals of civilization. If he could accomplish this, he would confer a blessing upon the human family greater than any other medical man has done since the dawn of creation.

Immortal fame would be his. Oh, what a profession! Embracing the study of that invisible—intangible something we call life—inexplicable, incomprehensible. Not a fraction of a grain difference in weight between a living, reasoning man, and the inert cadaver.

His meditations were inter-

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rupted by sudden ringing of the phone. The press wished to know if anything had come in worth writing up. No. "*Well! Thank you—we will ring up later.*"

Soon the ambulances and patrols began to arrive more frequently.

Here it was an asphyxiation—or a drowning—then alcoholism, or a knife wound received in a quarrel. A morphine fiend came creeping in pitifully pleading for some of that precious drug to relieve him from agonizing torture. A woman from the half world was brought in suffering from carbolic acid poisoning—her

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mouth, throat and stomach burnt to a crisp—yet still beautiful.

Finally, about two in the morning, when the surgeon was ready to take coffee and retire—the police arrived with an insane case. The man was of mixed lineage—Chinese predominating. His face had a grotesquely brutal expression—and must have been extremely repulsive even when sane—but when clouded with madness, it became indescribably horrible. He was placed in a padded cell—manacles removed—and left under the surveillance of the steward. After taking a look around the wards, the surgeon ascended the stairway to



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his bedroom. One of the upper steps in the rickety stairway gave out a startling creak. He must tell the janitor of it and have it repaired. He had thought of it many times before—but amid his several onerous duties it had slipped his memory.

The gas was left turned low, that he might more readily find his clothing in case he were called. The huge window curtain was lowered to exclude the early light, and he was soon under that gentle anesthetic—sleep.

His golden ambition for the future followed him into his dreams and fame and fortune were his.

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Some hours later, with a sensation of uneasiness, he began slowly to regain consciousness. First the lofty ceiling, half obscured in the gloom, then the vague outlines of the furniture in the room began to take shape.

Surely the natural depression of the vital forces that precede dawn could not entirely account for the strange feeling that was coming over him. With a shock, he realized that it was a sensation that he was not entirely alone.

There was some presence near him. Looking into the mirror of the bureau, he saw the dim reflection of the brutal face of the

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Chinese lunatic leering at him. He was crouched beside the bed in the gloom of the early morning—waiting for a move to grapple with him in the herculean strength of madness.

If he were caught while upon his back in bed, he knew well that his chance of life would depend solely upon someone coming in before he were strangled. But with a quick spring would it not be possible to throw himself out of the insane man's reach and get mental control over the diseased mind!

His surgical training, which compels one to think clearly in moments of great excitement, en-

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abled him to keep control of all his faculties. He forced every nerve in his frame to a tension—every muscle was on the point of snapping—but not by the quiver of an eyelid did he show the strain. A Larkin street car came bumping by at this moment with its chug-chug over the old road-bed. The sound seemed to make the maniac restless, for he moved slightly. It was now or never. The surgeon gave a lightning-like spring, but quick as he was—powerful fingers closed upon his throat like a steel trap, and he was forced backward upon the bed. Where now was our vaunted civilization?

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Backward a hundred thousand years in the tick of a clock. Two cave men locked together in a scratching, fighting, tearing, struggling mass. The polish of centuries gone in a second.

Both filled with the ferocity of tigers—neither with a mind, and but one with a soul.

Instinct as old as the world—on the one side self preservation—on the other of the carnivora to kill.

With a sickening horror the surgeon realized that his maddened efforts were all but useless. It was the hare in the clutches of the wolf.

His blows were losing their

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power—he was becoming weak. The compression on his throat was killing. With a horrible twinge he felt the hyoid bone snap. His chest heaved and strained in a struggle for air. The dim and far away room swam around in a dizzy circle. Small clear globes began to arise in front of his eyes and ascend to converge to some given point. Queer noises were in his ears and changed with the rapidity of lightning — rumbling, hissing, surging—like the sound of the roar of falling waters.

A feeling like the contact of ice started at his finger tips and

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toes and crept gradually toward the trunk. Was Death coming?

He felt himself sinking into a dark pit. His throat was on fire—and someone was beating with a hammer on his skull. From afar came to his ear a chuckle. His mind began to wander—and he was fast losing his identity.

Thoughts and impressions became blurred and disconnected. Then a dreamy stage, followed by unconsciousness. In a moment a reaction came—his strength returned and with apparent ease he threw the madman from him. The surgeon sprang to his feet and glared at the lunatic, now crouched in

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the corner, trembling, as though with a chill. For some inexplicable reason the insane patient stared with wide-eyed terror at the bed. Everything was so still, I could hear my heart pumping.

For some moments they stood—neither moving—until the lunatic's eyes began to lose their frightened look and wander toward the door. Then the surgeon commanded him to precede him down the stairs. He could not hear his own voice—but it was audible to the other—and with a quick look at the bed, obeyed.

The one ahead gave a start at



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the sudden noise as he trod on the loose step. On down the stairway the two went—through the door into the corridor of the insane ward. The whole building seemed strangely quiet. On to the hall they walked to the open door of cell *No. 11*, into which the madman entered.

As the surgeon bolted the door—a reaction suddenly came—with a giving away of all the life forces—and he sank upon a bench in a sickening, dizzy, death like faint.

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## CHAPTER XI.

“THE DENIZENS OF THE DEEP.”

MANY of the masterpieces of literature have been written by men who have never witnessed the scenes so graphically described, and while purely imaginary, have been strikingly realistic.

Balzac never saw the Sahara—yet his “*Passion in the Desert*,” as a literary gem and artistic replica of Nature is unapproachable by any traveler who has penetrated its mysteries.

Who has written so forcefully and grandly of the dales and valleys of Eastern Africa as old

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Sam Johnson? Yet the author of "*The Rasselas—the Prince of Abyssinia,*" was never more than a stone's throw from London.

No poet, before or since, has written of the Sea and its horrors, as did the author of "*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*"—yet Coleridge never saw the Ocean he so tragically describes. In all the writings of the centuries following the Christian Era, no author has so accurately portrayed the manners, customs and geography of Palestine, as did Lew Wallace in "*Ben Hur*"—yet he never saw the Holy Land until after he had penned

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the volume that made him immortal.

What I shall write of the *Denizens of the Deep*, I have seen and observed in my travels as Surgeon on ships plying on the Pacific—from the Tropics to the Arctic. This Sea—the Father of all the Oceans—what a vast, mighty, incomprehensible thing it is. One day as peaceful as a baby sleeping on its mother's breast—again, lashed to ungovernable fury by a tempestuous storm—crushing and annihilating with its mountain billows everything before it—yet in its varied and fitful moods, always interesting—ever fascinating. We

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look upon its surface only—yet what myriads and multitudes of inhabitants roam through its mighty dominions below.

The deadly swordfish, the playful dolphin, the good natured porpoise, the ravenous man-eating shark, the huge whale, the leviathan of the deep—with its millions of lesser aquatic animals—all mingling more or less harmoniously as a great submarine family—make it an unique world, marvelous to contemplate. I supposed—and no writer had taught me otherwise—until I had traveled the Sea, that this aquatic family filled the Ocean from shore to shore.

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But such is not the case. All animate creation of our Oceans—whether of fauna or flora—is found near the land, and the nearer to the shore, the more abundantly do we find it. The explanation is simple—for in mid-ocean, there is nothing to feed upon, generally speaking—hence, the solitary depths of old Ocean are tenanted by no living thing. A thousand miles at Sea—blown by a gale—occasionally is thrown on shipboard the stormy petrel, “*Mother Cary’s Chicken*”—or the great “*Wandering Albatross*,” the scavenger of the Sea—I have seen, hundreds of leagues from land, fol-

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lowing the vessel night and day, picking up the refuse—or the colossal Sulphur Bottom whale—the largest of the species—sleeping lazily on the smooth, warm waters of the Tropics, or sportively spouting water in the Arc-tics. Beyond these I have mentioned, vessels that ply mid-ocean traverse a solitary expanse, as lonely as a Siberian waste, or the regions of eternal snow.

One evening, as night was approaching, some years ago, when sailing rapidly along in our ship, the "*Big Bonanza*," in the Northern Pacific, bound for Alaska, perhaps fifteen hundred miles from land, not a sail in

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sight, nor had we seen a craft all day, suddenly we saw behind us, a half mile away, a foaming upheaval of the water. At first we took it to be a sub-marine earthquake, or a volcanic uplift, so violent was the turbulence of the Sea.

Soon we discovered it was moving rapidly toward us. It was coming with the speed of an express train. The Ocean foamed, bubbled and was tossed hundreds of feet high by this aquatic monster, that was headed directly toward our ship.

Was it a machination of man, or the devil?

Was it a torpedo boat, or some



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horrible leviathan of the deep, we, who had been for years upon the Sea, had not yet seen, or a prehistoric *Plesiosaurus*, come to life again, or a gigantic *Sea Serpent*, coming toward us with lightning velocity to do battle? Our curiosity was soon to be appeased—as it approached our ship.

It was a gigantic bull and cow whale headed for the Behring Sea.

Our ship was a fast one—the wind was with us—and we were cutting the water at a merry clip, but these monsters of the Pacific passed us as a hare in full run would pass a tortoise,

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throwing the briny waters over our ship in disdain, as they flew by our vessel on their way to the Northern Sea.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### HIS DEATH.

*(The writer will now assume the first person.)*

CARROLL died Friday morning, Feb. 10, 1911, in the zenith of his intellectual and physical powers, "*Where manhood's morning almost touches noon.*" His weight was 190 pounds, his height 5 feet 8 inches, and he was an athlete of herculean strength. His form was more sym-

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metrically perfect than any sculptor could chisel. He had had La Grip for a week, but not bedfast—and I had slept with him the two previous nights on account of his irregular heart action, he having inherited Arhythmia from his mother. At 5 a. m. he passed into the Great Beyond without a struggle—like a child falling asleep. He and I alike were unconscious of the coming of death—and when it dawned on me that he had left me forever; such agony pierced my soul that, had I not had the consolation of my wife, who idolized him as I, he would not have taken the journey alone.

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The San Francisco Post of Friday, Feb. 10th, 1911, thus comments on his death:

# DR. THRASHER DIES OF HEART FAILURE

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Well - Known Surgeon Passes  
Away Suddenly at His  
Home.

---

Dr. Carroll Thrasher, a well known surgeon of this city and at one time surgeon for the police department, died suddenly of heart failure this morning. He was the only son of Dr. Marion Thrasher and was unmarried. Dr. Thrasher lived at 636 Forty-fifth avenue.

At the time of the Spanish-American war Dr. Thrasher was in charge of the smallpox hospital here. Until recently he was surgeon for the Alaska Commercial Company.

Graduating at Trinity College in 1896, he was later graduated from the Cooper College of this city.

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## CONCLUSION.

I will close this little volume with a weird and beautiful poem descriptive of Death—that he often recited in his more sober moods.

### “CROSSING THE RUBICON.”

One other bitter drop to drink  
And then—no more!

One little pause upon the brink,  
And then go o'er!

One sigh—and then the lib'rant  
morn

Of perfect day,  
When my free spirit newly born,  
Will soar away!

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One pang—and I shall rend the  
thrall

Where grief abides,  
And generous Death will show  
me all

That now he hides;  
And lucid in that second birth,  
I shall discern  
What all the sages of the Earth  
Have died to learn.

One motion—and the stream is  
crossed,

So dark, so deep!  
And I shall triumph or be lost  
In endless sleep.

Then onward! whatsoe'er my  
fate,

I shall not care!  
Nor sin nor sorrow, love nor  
hate,  
Can touch me there.

—William Winters.

FINIS.

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