

## NEW G. A. R. CHIEF.

## Military Career of Judge Eli Torrance of Minnesota.

Judge Eli Torrance of Minnesota, the new commander in chief of the Grand Army, came of patriotic stock, his ancestors having served in the colonial and Revolutionary wars and in every subsequent war, including that for the preservation of the Union, says the Chicago Tribune. Although under military age, he was on June 26, 1861, enrolled as a private in Company A, Ninth Pennsylvania reserves, and for almost three years carried a musket, participating in all the battles in which his regiment was engaged, except when disabled by wounds. His regiment was among those that suffered severe losses in battle.

On the 11th of May, 1864, he was discharged with his regiment at Pittsburgh by reason of expiration of term of service and on July 9 following re-enlisted in the service as second lieutenant of Company K, One Hundred and Ninety-third Pennsylvania volunteer infantry, and on Oct. 15, 1864, was transferred to the Ninety-seventh regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers infantry, and assigned to duty at Baltimore, where he had the honor of guarding the body of the martyred president when it lay in state at Baltimore. On June 17, 1865, having barely reached his majority, he was finally discharged from the service by reason of the close of the war.

During the years since he joined the G. A. R. he has held the following important positions: Judge advocate, department of Minnesota, 1889; commander of John A. Rawlins post, 1890; judge advocate, department of Minnesota, 1894; commander, department of Minnesota, 1895; judge advocate general to Commander in Chief Gobin, 1897-8; judge advocate general to James A. Sexton and W. C. Johnson, 1898-9; judge advocate general to Commander in Chief Albert D. Shaw, 1899-1900. He also served as a member of the national council of administration and on important committees of the national encampments.

## ANCIENT MEXICAN MINES.

## Interesting Discovery by an Exploring German Ethnologist.

Dr. Gustav Leibstein of Berlin, who has been exploring in the northern part of the republic of Mexico for the last six months, was recently in the City of Mexico on his way back to Germany, writes the special correspondent of the New York Post. He was sent by the imperial bureau of ethnology to that country to investigate the report that in the mountains of Sonora there exist relics of a race unknown in any other part of the globe. Just how successful he was in this part of his work Dr. Leibstein will not say until he has made his report to his government. But he tells a remarkable story of other discoveries.

"I have no doubt that Sonora is the oldest inhabited part of this continent," he said. "I found in one place, in a mountain gorge, the remains of a road, broad and well defined and apparently paved at one time. I followed the road and came upon a vast mountain of debris, evidently the tailings of rich mines."

"There is little doubt that the ore was brought out of the mountains by means of workings which may yet be discovered and that after the richer had been selected the poorer was thrown aside and formed this huge deposit. I made a rough assay of these tailings and found them far richer than the ore which is now obtained from some mines which are paying well."

"There are evidences that the persons who worked the mines were far more advanced in metallurgy than the old Spaniards or any of the races of whom we have any record as having inhabited the country. My statements may be doubted, but I am fully satisfied that the people who worked these old mines knew of the process of reduction now practiced and used steel in the works."

## OUT OF DATE.

When the sun every morning looks down on the earth.  
He is smiling, as much as to say:  
"If yesterday failed you in comfort and mirth,  
You can start in hand new with today.  
For the nights, like thick curtains, I've hung to  
exclude  
The past from the weary and weak;  
So pristine be doing no longer to breed  
Of the troubles that happened last week.  
There are pages of pathos and pages of cheer  
To be read in each story of life.  
We'll close the old chapters and still persevere  
Through love or good fortune or strife.  
Though present events may provoke our dismay,  
A smile 'tis easy to see;  
Let the hours drift away; you will soon find that  
they are but troubles that happened last week."  
—St. Louis Republic.

## FEAR THOU NOT

## A Tale of the French Revolution.

There are few who have not heard or read of the great French revolution of the last century, when cruel men seized on the government of France, when human life was of no account and when, as if wearied with its wickedness, God seemed to have hid his face from the sinful land.

No one may count up the tears that were shed, the moans that were made, the hearts that were broken in those dreadful times, but here and there out of the great mass of human misery history has preserved a record of the trials and sufferings of some hapless ones, reading which we shudder and thank God that we live in happier days.

Some few years after the reign of terror—as this outburst of sin and madness was well named—a man of middle age entered a small inn in Germany and called for refreshments. His manners were timid and shrinking, and he looked as if he might just have recovered from some terrible illness—he was so strangely, ghostly pale.

The landlord supplied his wants, and, half curious, half in kindness, he made some remark as to the stranger's appearance, coupling it with the question, "Do you want aught else for your comfort?"

"Nay, nothing," said the pale man hastily. "I have food and light and air. What could I want more?" And he sighed deeply.

"My friend," said the landlord, seating himself, "you speak as if you had known the want of these things. Have I guessed aright?"

His guest looked up.

"Would you hear my tale?" he asked. "For years I have kept silence, but today it seems as if it would lighten my heart to speak. Listen and believe it if you can. Less than seven years ago I was a gay, light hearted youth in this our quiet fatherland. Having no near relations, I was led to visit some distant ones who had lived for many years in a small town in France.

"My uncle, as I called him out of friendliness, was a kind, good fellow, well known and respected in the place, where he carried on the craft of a watchmaker, and he proposed that I should become his apprentice and partner. I liked the little town, I liked my uncle, I liked my aunt, and I soon gave my consent. They had no children—I thank God for that now—but my aunt's kindly soul could not be content without young people around her, so she kept and clothed two house maidens, children of some poor neighbors. Trim and neat they looked, too, wearing the costume of that part of Germany from whence my aunt came, a pretty fancy of her own. It seemed quaint enough in a strange land.

"It was a happy household. No wonder I was glad to belong to it. But, alas, it was soon to be swept away by terrible affliction! For some time we had heard of strange troubles going on in Paris and the large towns, but our little place was still quiet. One morning, however, we woke to find everything in confusion. Our mayor had been ordered to resign, and his place was to be filled by some one sent from Paris.

"Still, we never dreamed of what fearful misery this was the forerunner. We had no time to dream, either, the blow fell so suddenly. There had been a stir going on in the market place for the two days following the arrival of the new official, but my uncle and I were busy over a discovery which we were missing. He was usually so punctual that we wondered and waited, and at last we dined without him. At the close of the meal I stepped out to look for him.

"I had not got a dozen yards from our house when I met our baker's wife, her eyes staring out of her head.

"'Go back!' she said. 'Go back!' It is too late. The monster, the wretch! He has executed the honest man, without even the farce of a trial, on the accursed guillotine yonder!"

"I was petrified with horror. Could she be speaking of my uncle, so respected, so quiet as he was? It was too true. The wretch in office had lost no time, but had begun his work of bloodshed at once, and my uncle was his first victim, his only crime being that he was of foreign birth and had sheltered under his roof some months since a poor Swiss. I retraced my steps to the house. My aunt's anxious face met my troubled gaze. She had begun to suspect evil. The two girls waited fearfully in the background. I tried to speak, but I turned away and burst into tears. I was young then. Master Landlord, and had tears to shed. My

aunt passed me by and rushed into the street straight to the market place. I could not follow. What happened there was told me later.

"Wild with agony at her husband's fate, my gentle, loving aunt had burst into a flood of reproach of his murder. In those days this was crime enough for the heaviest punishment, and before evening she had fared the same fate as my uncle.

"The reign of terror had indeed begun with us. The girls had fled, terrified at the fate which had befallen their protectors, and I was meditating in a half stupified way the same measure when a knock came at the door and two men, who had often eaten and drunk at my uncle's table, came in and made me a prisoner, confiscating all the possessions of the family to the state.

"In those days a man's foes were often they of his own household. I offered no resistance. The shock of the day had completely unmanned me. I made certain that I, too, should die that night. But my time was not yet come.

"In consequence of the lateness of the hour I was taken to the town prison, a dismal building, which I had never known to be occupied. There I was thrust into a deep dungeon and left in total darkness till the morning, when I doubted not I should be conducted to the same cruel fate as my poor relatives had met. But morning came, as I had guessed by the sound without, and still no summons. Worn out with suspense and waiting, I fell asleep. When I awoke, hunger and thirst oppressed me. Happily I had stored some bread and meat and a small bottle of wine in one of the pockets of my coat preparatory to my intended flight. Of this I now ate and drank. No one came nigh me, and yet I could hear sounds as if wretched prisoners were being led forth out of neighboring cells, doubtless to death, for they wept and pleaded vainly as it seemed to me.

"But the third day a great stillness fell on the prison. I could not understand it. My senses were enfeebled for want of food, for my small stock had long been exhausted, and I almost lacked strength to wonder why I was left to live so long. Presently arose an awful terror lest this should be my sentence—to perish miserably for want of food in this damp dungeon. Death on the scaffold appeared light by comparison. I clamed at my prison door. I shouted as loudly as I could, all to no purpose. Then I burst into an agony of tears. My fate was too dreadful to bear. With the soft nature of my youth I pitied and bemoaned myself sorely. All at once words came into my mind that I had learned years ago as a text in the school, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.'

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## M'KINLEY'S WOUNDS.

## Medical View of the Late President's Case.

## NO FAULT FOUND IN TREATMENT

**Surgeons Did All That Could Have Been Done, Says The Medical Journal—Poisoned Bullet Theory Is Not Accepted—Case Said to Be Unique.**

The current number of the New York Medical Journal deals at length with the surgical aspect of the case of President McKinley. The Journal is not disposed to find fault with the surgeons who attended upon the late president. It believes that all that human skill could do for him was done. If the surgeons were at one time more hopeful than was justifiable by the condition of the patient, it was an error. It says that was excusable and asserts that, so far as the facts were known to them, the surgeons were warranted in expecting the recovery of their illustrious patient. The editorial says in part:

"It is a melancholy consolation to know that the fatal termination of President McKinley's case was not in the slightest degree due to any omission to give him the full benefit of all the present resources of our art, and there is nothing humiliating in the fact that the favorable prognosis which for five or six days seemed justified should have finally proved fallacious.

"It is expected that an official report of the case will be given to the profession in the course of a short time. Pending the issue of the report let us briefly review the case. At the time of his assassination President McKinley was probably in better physical condition than most men of his age—fifty-eight years—who lead a sedentary life. So far as is known, he was free from all organic disease, though his vitality may have been somewhat impaired by the fearful mental strain to which the duties of his office and its responsibilities and anxieties had long subjected him. He was suddenly cut down by a cruel wound, but he bore it bravely, and there was little of the condition known as shock.

"This freedom from shock was correctly interpreted as showing that the non-considerable internal hemorrhage was going on. Without delay he was taken to a well equipped hospital and attended by surgeons of worldwide reputation and vast experience. The operation itself was performed by an exceedingly capable gynecologist, who was assisted by equally capable general surgeons. It is perfectly certain that there was no technical fault in the operation, and it may be said with equal positiveness that it would have verged on madness to prolong the search for the bullet after it had been ascertained that it had not inflicted any very grave injury beyond that of the stomach—ascertained, that is to say, within the limitations of warrantable efforts. The amount of time consumed in a major operation, especially one dealing with the abdominal organs, is of vast importance as affecting the patient's chances of recovery.

"The operation having been finished without seriously taxing the distinguished patient's vital powers, there followed at least five days of freedom from serious symptoms. This we say with full appreciation of the fact that the record of the pulse and respiration seemed ominous, for the high rate might have been due to any one of a number of conditions not in themselves of grave import. The hopeful view was taken, and quite naturally, that it could be so explained. It is easy to be after the event and to say that in this respect the surgeons were in error. Err they certainly did, as the result shows, but to err in such a way argues no incapacity or avoidable lack of judgment. It simply, we repeat, illustrates the fact that the medical man is not a perfect being."

In speaking of the "poisoned bullet" theory the editorial says:

"It is not at all improbable that there were pathogenic bacteria on the surface of the missile, but so there often are on every ordinary material used by man. We know of no 'poison' in the ordinary acceptance of the word, that in only such minute amounts as could be smeared on a bullet—or in any amount, for that matter—could when driven into the body set up gangrene after at least five days of inoffensive ness.

"Gangrene was probably established two or three days before the fatal issue followed, but it could hardly have occurred very early without giving rise to more disquieting phenomena than augmentation of the pulse and respiration rates, which, as we have said before, might well have been due to some comparatively unimportant disturbance. To the wound of the kidney we attribute little importance further than arises from the fact that it made one more traumatic surface to become gangrenous. There is said to have been a trifling degree of hematuria of brief duration, but not enough to indicate a very serious renal lesion.

"The case of the profoundly lamented president may be set down as unique in some of its features, not so much perhaps as regards the actual traumatism inflicted by the assassin's bullet as with regard to the deferred appearance of the gangrenous process that blotted out his fair prospects of recovery. The profession eagerly awaits the appearance of the authoritative statement which, it is understood, his surgeons are soon to issue, but undue haste should not be allowed to interfere with the thoroughness of the document.