

STRUGGLE WITH DEATH.

The Extraordinary Case of Calvin Pease, Which Is Puzzling the Surgeons.

A Wonderful Instance of the Tenacity of Life Under Brain Destruction.

[San Antonio special to Chicago Daily News.]

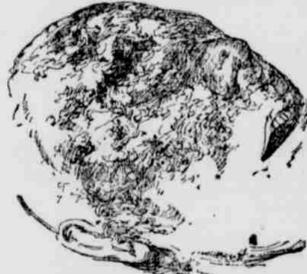
Calvin Pease, a small farmer living at Devine, a station on the International & Great Northern railway, was blasted a week or two ago. He was sixty feet below the surface of the ground when he fired his last cartridge in the world. He was engaged in what is technically known as "tamping"—that is, he had inserted his dynamite and was pounding in gravel around it to tighten and give the explosive greater purchase. Some six feet of the long iron bar which he wielded fired the dynamite. His family heard the report and, noticing his failure to ascend, ran to the well in alarm. Peering down they saw him in erect posture, leaning against the side of the shaft. A rope was lowered and with his remaining good arm he managed to fasten himself somehow and was hauled to the top. He was placed in a common country wagon and driven thirty-three miles over horrible roads to this city. He was placed in the hospital and lived a week. Taken all in all—the character of the agent which injured him, his distance from succor, the tremendous strain to which he was subjected, his ghastly wounds, his utter sang froid, his entire retention of consciousness, and the length of time for which he lived—he furnishes, probably, the most remarkable instance of the tenacity of life under brain destruction to be found in the medical records of any country. So remarkable was it that members of the West Texas Medical Association daily receive letters from prominent surgeons in every part



EXAMINING THE BRAIN.

of the Union asking for some official confirmation of details of the case as reported by the St. Louis agent of the Associated Press. In every instance the first account has been added to rather than detracted from. But seeing is believing, and, with this idea, photographs have been made, both ante and post mortem.

Briefly summarized, Pease's injuries were: The right hand blown partially off, the left eye blinded, the right eye entirely gone; above it, and extending far toward the top of the head, the skull removed, leaving all that portion of the brain exposed to view; loss of some three tablespoons of brain tissue, a fracture of the skull extending from the nose-base back to rear of right ear. During his seven days' confinement at the hospital he was thoroughly conscious, had a regular appetite, slept well, was able to distinguish between different foods by the taste, alleged that he felt no pain, and more than once expressed strong hopes of getting well. Photo No. 1 represents City Physician Braunmager and Dr. Berry lifting the flap and making an examination. It was taken five days after the accident. At this time the patient expressed a strong desire for ability to see himself. He was quite a pleasant suf-



THE FACE BEFORE DEATH.

ferer, and gave the Sisters of Charity a little trouble as possible. Photo No. 2 was taken upon the same day. The physician's notes state: "Taken from the sick bed in hospital five days after brain and skull injury from dynamite explosion, the man perfectly conscious and able to speak, eat and drink; no paralytic symptoms in extremities. A large portion of the frontal bone is entirely gone and about eight splinters were found in the brain substance. A large fracture runs from base of nose toward and beyond occipital protuberance. The eyes are entirely blown out of their sockets."

Photo No. 3 gives the appearance of the brain as held in the assistant's hand after removal. The frontal lobes show a brain-substance defect about the size of an ordinary whisky glass. This matter was carried away by the explosion and splattered against the walls of the well. Driven deep into the brain, and practically homecoming in many directions, were numerous splinters of bone, which were tediously picked out. They



APPEARANCE OF THE BRAIN.

ranged in size from a pea to a nickel, and were of all shapes and degrees of roughness.

Photo No. 4 pictures the appearance of Pease after removal of upper part of skull. A, A, right and left brain lobes, B, B, loss of brain substance below frontal-bone region (the entire frontal region near base of nose gone), C, dura mater, D, D, brain membrane flapped over E, E, cranium, F, F, frontal muscle thrown aside, H, H, right ear, I, I, pericranium. The entire edge of the skull (E) represents the line of fracture from B to D.

Such is the case of Calvin Pease, Texan farmer and amateur miner. He was 24 years of age and not in appearance a man of any remarkable vitality. He will figure ponderously in medical magazines, and for many a year to come will "hold the record" in tones which treat of the eccentricities of ac-

cident as connected with surgery. How far his instance will go toward disproving pet theories of brain governance remains to be seen. How much wind it knocks out of psychologic dissertations and phrenologic demonstrations no man can say. There is enough in it, however, to set the doctors by the ears—not a difficult matter at any time. The above are true counterfeit presentments of the material aspects of the case, and that it has been and is herein correctly represented, the following reputable physicians will bear witness: F. Hoff, M. D., President of the West Texas Medical Association; E. C. Bennett, Vice President; P. W. Johns, Vice President; Adolph Hoff, M. D., Dr. Berrey, R. Menzer, M. D., members; Amos Graves, M. D., surgeon-general Southern Pacific Railway



AFTER REMOVAL OF UPPER PART OF SKULL.

Company, and Julius Braunmager, city physician.

A TRIBUTE TO NOBILITY.

Abraham Lincoln Beautifully Pictured by an Eloquent Speaker.

The Grandest Figure of the Greatest Civil War of the World.

At a banquet in Brooklyn, N. Y., in observance of Lincoln's birthday, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, responding to the toast "Abraham Lincoln," spoke as follows:

"Abraham Lincoln was one of the few who saw that slavery could not exist forever. He was born in a cabin—in the lap of the poor—born in a cabin in the wilderness of Kentucky, yet he rose to such a supreme and splendid height that fame never reached higher than his brow when putting his laurels on the brow of a human being. He was a man who was true to himself, and for that reason was true to others. He was a strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the perfect and grotesque, of Socrates and Iphigeneia, of Zeno and of Marcus Aurelius, of all that was noble and just, of mercy and honesty, merciful, wise, lovable, and divine—and all consecrated to the use of man, while through all and over all was an overwhelming sense of chivalry and loyalty, and above all the shadow of a puritan mind. Of nearly all the great characters of history we know nothing of their peculiarities. About the oaks of these great men, and about the earth that clings to them, Washington himself is now a steel engraving. About the real man who lived, who loved, who schemed, and who succeeded, we know nothing. The glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features are indistinct. Hundreds of people are now engaged smoothing out the lines in Lincoln's face so that he may be known, not as he really was, but, according to their poor standard, as he should have been.

"Abraham Lincoln was not a type; he stands alone—no ancestors, no followers, and no successors. He had the advantage of living in a new country, the advance of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his life the perpetual star of hope. He knew and mingled with men of every kind, and became familiar with the best books. In a new country you must possess at least three qualities—honesty, courage and generosity. In a new country, cultivation is often more important than soil, and, while a polished counterfeit sometimes passes more readily than the blurred genuine, it is necessary only to observe the uncertain laws of society to be honest enough to keep out of the penitentiary, and generous enough to subscribe in public when the subscription can be defined as a business investment. In a new country character is essential; in the old reputation is often sufficient. In the new they find what a man is; in the old he generally passes for what he resembles. People separated by distance are much nearer together than those divided by the walls of caste.

"Lincoln never finished his education, although he was always an inquirer and a seeker after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. For the most part colleges are where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakespeare had graduated at Oxford he might have been a quibbling attorney or a poor parson. Lincoln was a many-sided man, as reliable as the direction of gravity. His words were kind as mercy, and gave a perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask, never too dignified to admit that he did not know.

"Lincoln was natural in his life and thought, master of the story-telling art, liberal in speech, using any word which did not offend. He was a logician, but he did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought. He was sincerely natural. If you wish to be sublime you must keep close to the grass. Too much polish suggests insincerity. If you wish to know what is the difference between an orator and an eloquentist, read Lincoln's wondrous words in a Gettysburg address and then read the speech of Edward Everett. The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten; it will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read. Lincoln was an immense personality, firm but not obstinate—obstinacy is egotism, firmness is heroism. He influenced others, and they submitted to him. He was severe to himself, and for that reason lenient to others, and appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows. He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes. He did not and said the noblest deeds and words with that nobleness that is the grace of modesty. Everything for principle, nothing for money, everything for independence. Where no principle was involved easily swayed, willing to go somewhere if in the right direction; willing to stop somewhere; but he would not go back, and he would not go away. He knew that fight was needed and full of chances; he knew that slavery had defenders, but no defense, and that those who advocated the right must win some time. He was neither tyrant or slave. Nothing discloses real character like the use of power; and it was the quality of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it except on the side of mercy. Wealth could not purchase power, could not take his divine, this loving man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. He was the embodiment of self-denial and courage. He spoke not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction, and lived to see pearls of tears on the cheeks of the wives whose husbands he had saved from death. Lincoln was the grandest figure of the greatest civil war of the world."

"SPEAK well of your friends—of your enemies speak nothing."

DIRE DISASTER.

Over One-half of Mount Vernon, Ill., Destroyed by a Cyclone.

Fire Breaks Out in the Ruins and Adds to the Horror of the Disaster.

Scores of Persons Killed and Hundreds Estimated to Be Injured.

Public Buildings Ruined and Residences Destroyed—Loss Over \$1,000,000.

[Evansville (Ind.) special to Chicago News.]

At 4:50 p. m. Sunday a cyclone struck Mount Vernon, Ill., from the southwest. Sweeping around in a half-circle, it leveled half the town to the ground. The remainder caught fire, and as there was a strong wind blowing the flames soon got beyond the control of the fire department. The situation was a startling one. High above the whistling of the wind and the fierce crackling of the flames could be heard the shrieks and groans of the dying. All over the ruined part of the town could be seen bodies half-buried beneath the ruins. The survivors who realized the terrible destruction fully set to work like giants. The Western Union office was burned, and nearly all connections were destroyed.

The tornado came from the southwest, and the whole southern portion of the town was leveled, the northern portion remaining intact, but threatened every moment with flames. So far there are thirty-five reported killed. About 250 were wounded. Among the dead known are:

Mrs. Russell Dewey, Mrs. John U. Walter and babe, Henry Waters, David F. Yearwood and wife, John C. Murray, Charles Cummings, an engineer, Henry Westbrook, James Pearson, Mrs. Holcomb, Dr. John Yearwood and wife, Samuel Yearwood and wife, George Purcell, Mrs. William Jones and child, John Dodson, Miss Josie Sutton, John Shaw, Mrs. Col. Cooper, Eddie Masey, S. Waters, George Pierce, Mrs. L. F. Legge, a blacksmith, name not known.

Those known to be fatally injured are: Lawler E. Legge, Mrs. Henry Waters, Miss Laura Lisenby, Charles Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. C. Galbraith, Charles Wier, Mr. and Mrs. Westbrook, Amanda Hearn, W. H. Hinman, Leslie Bennett, J. C. Hanbrick, Charles Pool, Miss Corinne Hanbrick, Brownlow Hawkins, Mrs. Albright, Henry Ellis, P. Lillierop, an engineer; Joel Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Galvin.

The following are reported hurt, but not fatally:

—Kelly, a brakeman, hurt in back, knee and left foot. —Allen, night telegraph operator, bruised and cut about the head. —Sergeant, watchman, slightly. —Covington, engineer, slight; Lansing, fireman, slight.

The south portion of Mount Vernon is the newest part of the city, and has many large and fine buildings. The court house has not been injured, but it stands alone. All about it is ruin and desolation, and it is now being used as a hospital for the wounded. Many are suffering greatly.

Four men in the Evans bank were imprisoned in the ruins of the building and burned to death. Their cries of pain and distress were agonizing, but no one could reach them.

The path of the cyclone is a scene of destruction. Not a house is left standing on the east, west, and south sides of the public square. Of the fifty business houses only six are left standing and the debris is burning. Under the burning debris lie men, women and children, some dead, others injured, and the flames are fast coming upon the poor creatures whom others are powerless to aid. Add to this the shrieks of the women, the groans of the injured, and the pleadings of those pinioned under burning ruins and you will have some idea of this terrible calamity.

A partial list of the business houses demolished is as follows: George W. Evans and Co.'s bank, and the stores of Huds-peth & Co., Louis Rober, Howard Bros. & Co., R. A. Ryan, Stratton & Co., Hill, Williams & Co., J. E. Ferguson & Co., A. C. Johnson, A. B. Cox, Fowlson & Co., Jackson & Co., G. W. Morgan, and Masey, Westcott & Swift. No goods were saved, and the debris is burning. The saloon of Ellis & Guttrie and J. J. Manion are wrecked and burning. The Commercial Hotel is a bad wreck. Every church in the city is totally destroyed, except the Presbyterian and Catholic. Over 500 dwellings were totally destroyed and some burned. The loss will not fall short of \$1,000,000. People here will suffer if outside help is not forthcoming.

[Mount Vernon special to Chicago News.]

The cyclone which struck Mount Vernon, Ill., Sunday afternoon was preceded by hail, but not more than five minutes elapsed until the fearful destroyer had swept over the town. It came from the southwest, but the rotary motion was present and buildings were wrenched, twisted, and then dashed to the earth a total wreck. The storm passed a little south of the Casey hill, missed Joe Chance's house, swept away the third and fourth stories of the Mount Vernon mill, destroying nearly every house from the Evans & Howard mill north for a space of about five hundred yards. The Methodist Church fell, and only a few minutes before the building fell 257 people left the Sunday-school. The Commercial Hotel lost the third story. The entire west side of the square was wrecked. The county court house was struck and the building is a massive pile of ruins. The clerks have worked into the records and they are saved. The Crews building, on the south side of the square, was leveled to the earth and under it was found the body of John C. Murray, the owner of the block, formerly of Chicago. Howard Bros. & Co.'s grocery store was blown down and the roof and second story of R. L. Stratton & Co.'s hardware store were blown away, while a two-story frame hotel adjoining it was uninjured.

Across toward the northeast portion of the city swept the storm, and a number of people were killed and the school building blown down. This building was a large two-story brick, but it did not withstand the terrible shock any better than the smaller houses in the track of the cyclone. The large two-story frame house of George Ward was picked up and carried about twenty feet and left intact, while two brick buildings in a hundred feet were left in ruins.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Notes on the Lesson for February 26—"The Rich Young Ruler."

[From the Chicago Standard.]

The lesson for the above date may be found in the nineteenth chapter of Matthew, from the sixteenth to the twenty-sixth verses.

DAILY READINGS.
M.—The Rich Young Ruler. Matt. 19: 16-24.
T.—Two Masters. Matt. 6: 24-34.
W.—The Foolish Rich Man. Luke 12: 16-23.
T.—The Rich Man and Lazarus. Luke 16: 19-31.
F.—The Choice of Paul. Phil. 3: 7-16.
S.—The Peril and Use of Riches. 1 Tim. 6: 6-19.
S.—Love not the World. 1 John 2: 12-17.

SCRIPTURE VERSES.
M.—"Sons of God." Job 38: 7.
T.—"Lakewise ye younger." 1 Peter 5: 5.
W.—"My Son." Proverbs 3: 11.
T.—"One is your Master." Matt. 23: 8.
F.—"Not rich toward God." Luke 12: 21.
S.—"Who is he that overcometh?" 1 John 5: 4.
S.—"The Lord be with thee." 1 Chron. 22: 16.

INTRODUCTORY.

A lesson for young men. The Bible is a young man's book; it is a photograph album, as it were, filled with the sweet faces of youth. The first chapters of Genesis tell of a young man, the last chapters of Malachi are speaking of young men and children. The opening chapters of the New Testament are telling of a young Nazarene and his youthful companions. As a hint to the gospel there is the picture of a young man in heaven's bright apparel, sitting at a tomb's mouth, and the last chapter of Revelation is chanting in youthful freshness and vigor, "I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star." No wonder Christ loved this young man in to-day's lesson; it was a part of the genius of the gospel that he should do so. Let the young, as they peruse these verses, feel that same unchangeable love constraining them still.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHER.

Good Master, it rolls off the tongue very easily. Master, good Master, teacher. What do you mean by it? Men say the world thoughtlessly, unmeaningly, addressing the Christ in some complacent moment or some instant of rote-prayer. Right there the voice of the Master arrests the heedless utterance: Hold! Why callst thou Me good? What do you mean by "Master?" Do you really wish to confess that I am the Son of God, for only God is supremely good? That was Peter's saving acknowledgment, on which the church is built. Do you mean to say that I am the Master of your soul? That is Christian cross-bearing. You are, then, not far from the kingdom!

He saith unto thee, "Rich!" Ah, tell-tale word. You wish to enter into life, do you? Well, then—here comes the test—do you keep the commandments? Quick comes the young man's answer, "Which?" Our Lord's query has led the youth to an unwilling acknowledgment in large part of his weakness. Which commandment? As if obeying God were a mere watching of forms, an outward observance of rules, carefully numbered over on the fingers, washing of pots, counting of senseless beads—which? Have you not heard God's call and seen the door open in the commandment? In large part, the young man, confessing his real failure at heart to hear and heed.

All these have I kept. He has been watching Christ's lips, his eye kindling in self-congratulation as the familiar formulas are spoken, and scarcely have the words ceased when he has straightway exclaimed: "All these have I kept!" Yes, you have kept the commandments, "all these," as you say; but have you kept the commandment! The sum and substance of the law. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with heart, mind, soul, strength—how about that? Is it our common fault. We keep the law, and we lose sight of the Law-giver. We observe the rite and the ordinance and we fail to love the Lord and Master. We do not well.

What lack I yet? A great deal. Young man, I have lived a pretty moral life, you say. I have had a reputation for a statesman. I have not killed any man. I have not gotten my name into the scandal columns of the papers. I have run off with no man's wife. I have picked no man's pocket. I have not perjured myself. I have not turned my father and mother out of doors. I have not broken my neighbor's windows—"all these I have kept. What lack I yet?" Much, indeed.

If thou wilt be perfect. Morality is not righteousness. Negative innocence will not pass for positive holiness. Christ is speaking here of perfectness and completeness, a life with nothing lacking. Where is it to be found? Nowhere, save in him. But that means thorough self-abandonment and self-sacrifice. It is heart, soul, body—everything given to Christ. "Go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor." Lack? You lack everything because you have kept everything. O, friends! said one, "we get what we give."

Sell what thou hast. Another test, but given in sincerest friendliness. What he had to render was as nothing to what Christ had to give. The very severity of the test often proves the greatness of the love. "Come, help me," wrote the Prince of Wales to his father in a crisis of the battle of Crecy. "No," answered the King, viewing the situation and wishing his son to gain a great victory and great renown. "Let the boy win his own spurs." It was paternal fondness that spoke.

And come, follow me. First go, then come. There is a preparation. The going, indeed, was part of the coming. The word "come" is like that other direction in the word of Christ: "Come unto me, all ye that labor." It is "hither," just a beckoning of the finger. "Follow me." Yes, emptied of self, he is then ready to follow. Not before. There was a car standing on the side-track, and chalked upon its side the words: "Bad order; not to go West." It looked fair, but the watchful eye of the car-tender had discovered a fatal defect. It was not ready for the long journey. How many of the young men who read this paragraph are! Hear Christ's words: "Go," "give," then "come," "follow."

Went away sorrowful. It is the same word used of the infamous Herod. "The King was sorry, nevertheless." He cut off the head of John the Baptist. Very ineffective sorrow this, also. The young man was very sorry, nevertheless he kept on going away. Well might he sorrow. He was going away with a handful of earth's coin; he was leaving behind him infinite riches; he was turning his back on a birthright of treasure in the heavens.

For he had great possessions. Great possessions has every young man, great possessions for Jesus' sake, possessions of life, of youth, of strength, of enterprise, of opportunity, of advantage, of privilege. Great possessions, it may be, of property, possibly of influence, perhaps of intellect, certainly of hours wherein an effort of youthfulness to serve God. "I write unto you, young men," said John, "because ye are strong." Young man, what are you doing with your possessions of riches or strength? God gave them to you to use in his service. Are you using them to his praise? Let them not be weights to carry you downward, but, by God's grace, wings to lift you upward.

Next lesson, "Christ's Last Journey to Jerusalem."—Matt. 20: 17-29.

UNDER an old State law a criminal Judge at Jacksonville, Fla., has ordered the Sheriff to capture all tramps and give them thirty-nine lashes on the bare back. The woods around the city are swarming with tramps.

MICHIGAN AFFAIRS.

—Revival meetings and messes at Raisinville.

—School at Leoni has been suspended on account of diphtheria.

—St. Ignace is threatened with a bank with a capital of \$50,000.

—The trustees of the Utica Congregational Church are all ladies.

—Mt. Clemens has organized a military company and wants water works.

—Vicksburg is going to have a bakery, and Three Rivers a dry goods store.

—Several Manassas young men will purchase bicycles in the spring and organize a club.

—An Ypsilanti man, who has a hobby for gathering axes, is the possessor of ninety-two.

—A round house that will hold six engines will be built at Alger by the Michigan Central Company.

—A prominent East Saginaw liveryman claims that nearly all the street-car horses are suffering from the effects of salt on the tracks.

—Louis Hoffman, who has been instructing the Jonesville Band for some time, stepped out recently, taking a cornet with him. The horn was recovered at Hillsdale, where Hoffman had pawned it, but the missing musician has not been seen yet, although the officers have looked him.

—The Hillsdale College Museum received by the American Express a plank from Eureka, Cal., sent by Prof. H. E. Whipple, formerly of the college, and Col. S. G. Whipple, U. S. A. It was half of a redwood slab, twelve feet wide by three inches thick—the other half going to Washington. The express company forwarded it free of charge, but at regular rates the bill would have been over \$100. The plank was split through the center in coming.

—About eight years ago, while residing at Zurich, Ont., John R. Eckstein, a clerk in Thomey & Co.'s hat store, Jackson, had a Canadian ten cent piece, on which the blacksmith there punched the initials "J. R." in quite large letters. Mr. Eckstein kept it for a pocket piece for nearly a year, when in some manner he lost it. The circumstance had nearly faded from his memory, when a customer from the country came in and in paying for his purchases handed over the same ten cent piece, which was at once recognized by Mr. Eckstein as his old pocket piece.

—The meanest man on record has turned up at St. Ignace. A bridge carpenter named Sherman met his death by accident in that town. A pile was being raised by block and tackle, when it swung around and came down with great force on the back of Sherman's head, crushing in his skull. The corpse was taken to an undertaking place. A half dollar was placed over one eye which had not been mutilated. James Hughes, a lumberman, loafed around the body for a time, and at last, when nobody was looking, stole the half-dollar and put a penny in its place. The fellow was at once arrested. He pleaded guilty, and was held.

—The Directors of the Hillsdale County Agricultural Society met, recently, and adopted a premium list of the county fair for 1888. The amount of money offered in premiums is somewhat larger than last year. The list has been very carefully revised, and is now very complete. In the speed department the society will offer \$1,000 in premiums, divided into eight purses. The purses for colts 1, 2, 3 and 4 year olds, is for colts owned in the county. There will also be one race open to all county horses. There will be a 2:30, three minute, and 2:40 race, and one race open for all horses. The society will not employ foreign or expert judges in any department except thoroughbred short-horn cattle; but select judges from residents of the county. That is a return to the system in vogue ten years ago.

—Dr. Vaughan in a lecture at Ann Arbor, a few days ago, narrated the facts of the Iron Mountain typhoid fever epidemic, as told him by Mr. Brewster, of the firm of Brewster & Brown, of the Chapin Mine. There was a citizen of Iron Mountain whose family numbered fourteen. They used water from a well of questionable purity. The health officer cautioned the family, but they did not heed it, and members were stricken with the disease. The officer then put a padlock on the pump, chained it down, and ordered the family, under the fear of death, not to go near the well. But when the pumping machine was of no avail the family tore up the planks covering the well and dipped the deadly water out with a pail, and not till thirteen of the fourteen were down with the disease was the impurity of the water considered a factor in the case and the use of the well water stopped. A large number of the prisoners at the State Prison, Jackson, were recently attacked by typhoid fever. A doctor took a corked bottle of boiled water which had been allowed to cool, and with proper disinfectants on himself held this bottle in one of the prison sewers, worked out the cork and allowed the water to run out and the sewer gas to come in, and then put the cork in again. The gas in this bottle contained the germs of typhoid fever, and from the gas the typhoid germ has been successfully produced in a potato by Dr. Vaughan.