
Died.

FATHER

Dr. D. W. Yandell of Louisville, Ky., **elder brother** of Dr. W. M. Yandell, died last night, at his home in Louisville, aged 72 years. He was medical director on General Albert Sidney Johnston's staff during the war of secession, and after General Johnston's death held the same rank on the staffs of Generals Hardee, J. E. Johnston and E. Kirby Smith. For years since the war he was professor of surgery in the University of Louisville and has been president of the American Medical association and of the American Surgical association, the highest positions to which a doctor can attain in this country.

David Wendel Yandell.

Dallas News.

Dr. David Wendel Yandel died at his home in Louisville, Ky., May 3. With his death there was the end of a great doctor and surgeon, who, for years, stood in the front rank of his profession. He had hundreds of pupils in Texas—Drs. Milliken, Armstrong and Johnston of Dallas, Bacon Saunders of Fort Worth, Fly and West of Galveston, and many others.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says editorially of the deceased:

"He was easily Kentucky's greatest man in the medical profession. It was not alone that he had reached the first achievements and the highest honors of that profession; that in London and in Edinburgh, hardly less than in schools of his own country, he was known and respected; that as a military surgeon during a great war he was unsurpassed, and, though still pre-eminent as a surgeon, that he was hardly less eminent both as a writer and as a practitioner during the thirty years of peace that followed that war; the favorite student of Gross in the meridian of his powers, and Gross' staff and stand-by in his later years. These things were indeed titles to a name and fame, to the name and fame of the most ambitious. But apart from them, at once beside them and above them, Dr. Yandell possessed a personality and a character so impressive and pervasive as to single him out from the mass even of men distinguished for genius and learning, and wherever he appeared his was at once a marked presence.

"During fifty years Dr. Yandell was the intimate of most of the famous men of his own country, and of many of the famous men of the world. He was often abroad and always a welcome guest in the European capitals, where his distinguished bearing, no less than his extraordinary charm, even more than his fame as a surgeon, made him a welcome guest in all companies. Here in Kentucky he stood without a peer; and he goes to join his colleagues, Gross and Flint and Simms, who preceded him to the grave, one of the kings, and the last of kings, of that realm, now no more, which in their day was not split up into isolated and independent principalities, but which embraced the whole length and breadth of the medical circumference and practice, and was as tyrannous in its limitations and as jealous of its prerogatives even as the divine right of kings. With the death of Dr. Yandell the old order of great doctors passes away, leaving the medical profession not merely in new hands, but to new conditions, to which the world is adjusting itself, but whether for better or worse it is for the future to decide."

Dr. Yandell was born Sept. 12, 1826, near Murfreesboro, Tenn. He was given a brilliant medical training, completing his studies abroad. In the early 50s he began his medical career in Louisville. During the war Dr. Yandell came south with Gen. Buckner, was medical director under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, Gen. W. J. Hardee, Gen. Jos. E. Johnston and Gen. E. Kirby Smith. He took a keen interest in military matters, having been the medical director of the Louisville Legion for many years.

In 1871 he was elected president of the American Medical Association and later of the American Surgical Association, the highest honors of the profession.

Dr. Yandell married Miss Frances Crutcher of Nashville. He leaves two daughters, Mrs. Dr. W. O. Roberts and Mrs. James F. Buckner, Jr. His son William is a physician at El Paso, Tex.

For many summers he had a long strip of earth extending around his yard planted with his favorite flower, the pansy, but it was not for his own benefit he planted them, but as gifts for his patients. Day after day he would enter his buggy, carrying a little cluster of the gorgeous blossoms, and in many a house darkened by suffering and death they have preached the silent but eloquent gospel of love and sympathy.