

adjoining states; and patients came to him from hundreds of miles of distance. But his imperishable fame—that which has made him distinguished in every land, throughout the world, where medicine is cultivated as a science—sprang from the fact that he was the *first surgeon in the world who performed the operation for the removal of diseased ovaries*.

At Danville, Kentucky, he removed an ovarian tumor from a Mrs. Crawford, in December, 1809, thus inaugurating an operation for the cure of a hitherto almost inevitably fatal affection, one that had repulsed every assault of science. McDowell performed this operation thirteen (13) times, with eight (8) recoveries (over sixty-two and one-half per cent); this, too, long before the days of anesthesia—chloroform, ether, et cetera, and when Danville was a mere village. The average length of life in a woman, after an ovarian tumor is discovered, which is not removed by operation is but two years, and those of much suffering. This wonderful operation has, within ninety-three years past, 1809-1902, in the United States and Great Britain alone, directly contributed more than ninety thousand (90,000) years of active and useful life to the women thus relieved. A remarkable fact and coincidence in medical history is—that while Kentucky's earliest great surgeon originated ovariectomy, Kentucky's recently deceased great surgeon, Doctor Joshua T. Bradford, *excelled the whole world* in successfully performing it, ninety per cent. of his cases recovering.

Doctor McDowell courted, to use a common parlance, a Miss Sallie Shelby, daughter of Governor Isaac Shelby, first governor of Kentucky. His life in simplicity and purity is one well worthy of record. In regard to this courtship but little can now ever be known. Whether it was of the Enoch Arden character, or that of Robert Burns and Mary Campbell, will never now be positively known. History tells us that she was a winsome lady: as well as McDowell was a handsome man. Their ashes repose in the family burying lot at Danville, Kentucky.

It is but fitting in passing, while noting the qualities of this great surgeon, to not overlook the virtues and attributes of his noble wife. His success was doubtless due, in a great measure, to *her* own untiring efforts. She has never been mentioned in history alongside of this great man. Brethren, it pays to note what the thoughtless might call the "little things" of this world. Oftentimes, on the long and lonesome ride, "when twilight dews were falling" and the "evening shades appeared" as a token of "parting days," this little hand lifted the gate-latch to a worn, weary, and an affectionate husband. We can imagine the résumé of their reveries. Fifty years ago the writer sat beneath