

My dear dear Cassara — You will see by the
enclosed why I cannot write more, and for many
years past my whole life-time and strength has
been given to my school — my children. Some of the our
blessed boy went, Kate and I were both frustrated — I had
been out of health for a year or more — and was still
very nervous and under care of a nurse & physician — Kate
was to be married Sept-1st and all thought was for the wedding
to take place — but some that day was as sad to me almost as
my little funeral — both gone — what more I left — I wonder
I live at all — God bless and keep you from such sorrow,
Hattie Jones

A SAD BEREAVEMENT.

WILL P. JONES PASSES AWAY AT HIS HOME.

March 17
The Sudden Death of a Young Man Whose Friends are Legion Causes Many Expressions of Sorrow and Sympathy For the Bereaved Family.

William Palmer Jones, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Jones, died this morning about 10 o'clock at the family residence, No. 147 West Raven avenue.

The deceased had an extensive acquaintance, and the simple announcement of his death was received with the profoundest expressions of sorrow. Many of his most intimate friends and associates, while they knew he was confined to his bed, had not the least idea that his case was hopeless, and the news of his sudden demise was all the more shocking. Will, as he was called, was a whole-souled young man, and his friends were legion. What was his was his friends, and an acquaintance never appealed to him in vain. Naturally good-natured, an interesting conversationalist, and a young man with many advanced ideas, his companionship was most agreeable.

The deceased was born June 30, 1868, and would have been 23 years old on his coming birthday. He first saw the light of day in Youngstown, and has ever since resided here. For a while he attended Rayen High school, and afterwards took a course of instructions at St. Michael's University in Toronto, Canada. He also attended Oberlin College for a short time, and it was while there that he decided to learn a trade. He returned home and commenced work at The Lloyd Booth & Co. foundry and machine shops, and on the first day of the present month had served his three years' apprenticeship as a machinist. His father is one of the stockholders of the concern, and it was his intention to shortly turn over his interest to his son.

The deceased was first taken ill five weeks ago, and had been confined to his bed four weeks. His ailment was typhoid fever, but his death was caused by inflammation of the kidneys and heart failure, brought about by the fever. He was conscious until the last, and a few moments before he died he first left a kind word for everybody, and then bade good-bye to an affectionate sister, a kind father and a loving mother. He expressed himself as being prepared to die, and peacefully passed away into that life which knows neither pain nor sorrow.

The sympathy of the entire community is extended to the bereaved parents.

The funeral will be held from the residence Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment will be made in Oak Hill cemetery.

The deceased was a member of the Logan Rifles.

LAI D TO REST.

March 19
Funeral of the Late Will P. Jones
This Afternoon.

Buried in beautiful flowers was the casket in which lay the earthly remains of Will P. Jones, tokens of loving friends and comrades, and the American flag, laid upon his coffin, denoted his connection with its sworn protectors.

Rev. A. N. Craft conducted the services this afternoon, at the house, assisted by Rev. Osborne, the predecessor of the present pastor of Trinity church, who came from Painesville to pay his tribute of love to the departed by tender spoken eulogy of his life.

A quartette from the Trinity church choir sang affecting melodies of sacred music, held as favorites by the deceased when in life.

The remains lay in the east parlor of the residence, and were viewed by a large number who were present to pay the last tribute to a departed friend.

Fellow workmen had laid down their tools of toil, comrades had ceased their labors, and as they passed to take the last look at the face so familiar in life so regretted in death, many an eye of fellow workmen and soldier comrade was dimmed in tears.

Judges and lawyers left the busy scenes of court to be present at the last sad rites of the son, whose father stands in such high regard among the brothers of his profession. On account of the enfeebled condition of the bereaved mother, the Logan Rifles did not appear in uniform, but accompanied the remains of their comrade to the cemetery in civilian's attire.

No pomp of military was present, but the sadness of survivors was evidence of their regard for the departed.

As the Rifles formed fours, one vacant space was left in the first rank. When the roll was called, Comrades Ashbaugh, Kruesch, Moore and Jones were formerly accustomed to form the first four, but the rank has been broken by death, and none have yet been elected to fill the vacant space.

As the remains were lowered to the final resting place in Oak Hill cemetery, each surviving comrade dropped upon the casket a sprig of myrtle, as in token that the memory of the departed would ever be kept green.