

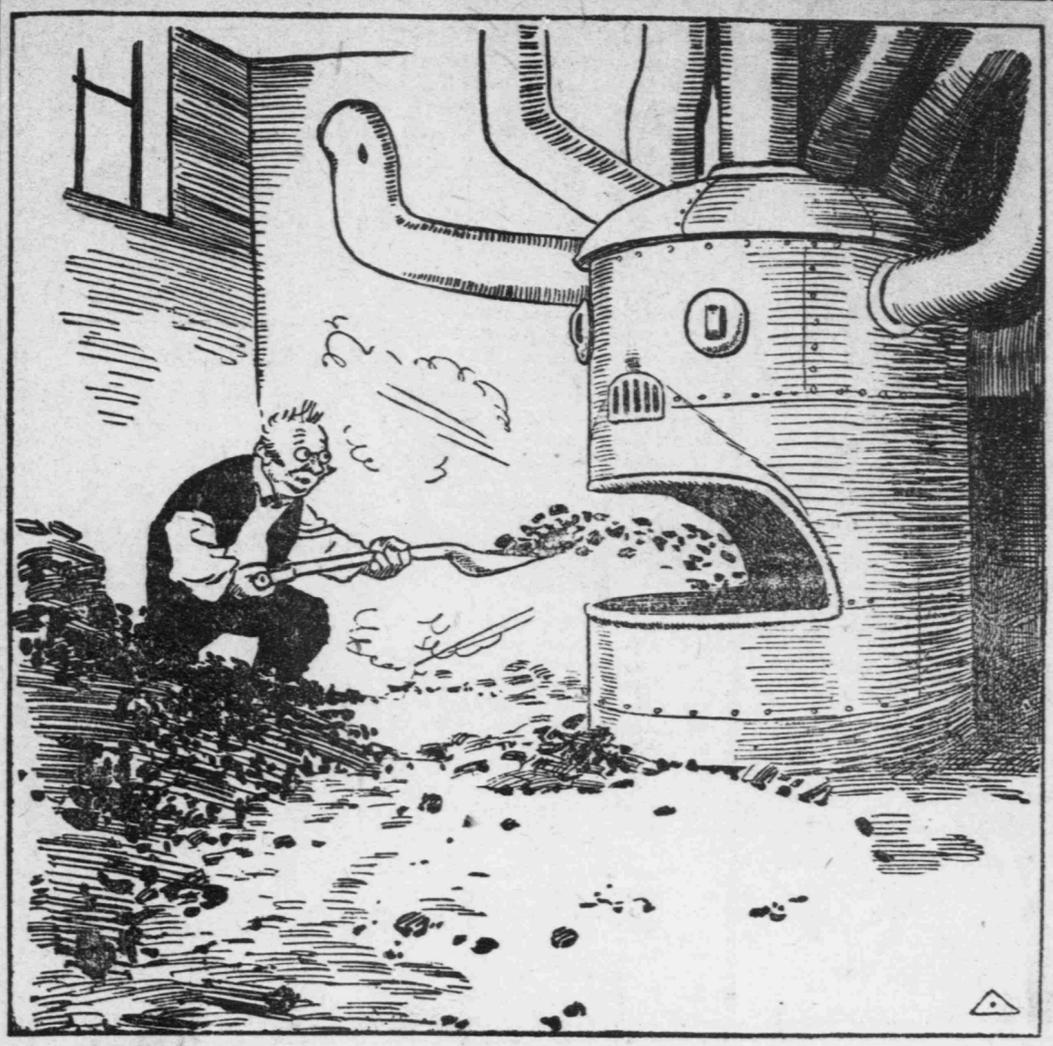
JEFFERSON DAVIS DEAD FEEDING THE FURNACE TRAGEDY IN JACKSONVILLE

CONFEDERACY PASSED PEACEFULLY AWAY LAST NIGHT

MOURNS HER LOSS

Contracted Terminated Pneumonia and Her Death Remarkable Woman

Oct. 16.—Mrs. Jefferson Davis, widow of the President of the United States, who has been ill for some time at the Hotel Majestic in this city, died at 10:25 o'clock tonight. She was due to pneumonia, in addition to a severe cold which Mrs. Davis contracted upon her return from the front during the war. Her death was a surprise to her friends, as she had been recovering for some time. Her grave fears were felt by her friends, and Mrs. Davis' wonderful strength brought her safely through a similar attack a year ago. Her recovery was the result of a change for the better, and the attending physicians announced that she was near. It was then believed that Mrs. Davis would not survive the night, but she rallied slightly during the hours of today. Shortly after midnight, she had a seizure, and Rev. Nathan A. Phillips, pastor of St. Stephens' Protestant Episcopal Church, was summoned to give religious aid to the patient in her last moments. She passed away peacefully.



("Not yet, — —.")

—Triggs in New York Press.

LITTLE EDNA SHEPHERD WAS DROWNED IN A LAKE

WAS FEEDING THE DUCKS

Body Found Floating In by Arthur Leigh—Heart Broken Mother Tells of Accident

(Jacksonville Metropolis.)
One of the most distressing accidents to occur in the city for some time was that of the drowning of little Edna Shepherd, the two years and three months-old daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Shepherd, of 736 Charles street, Riverside this morning at Riverside park.

The sad accident was discovered by Arthur Leigh, who saw the body of the little girl floating in the lake at the south end of Riverside park, near the small pier, from which it is presumed the little one fell to her death.

The lifeless form was taken from the water as quickly as possible, and carried into the park lodge, where Superintendent Hogan resides. There everything was done to revive the little one. Dr. Diggett was summoned and did everything known to medical skill to resuscitate the child, but all was futile.

The news of drowning spread rapidly in the neighborhood and the ladies living near the park repaired to the scene and did everything they could to aid in the work of reviving the child and in comforting the mother, whose grief was pitiable to see.

Mrs. Shepherd was seen by a Metropolis reporter and said that little Edna had strayed away from home and she thought had tried to follow her little sisters to school. In passing the lake she was attracted by the ducks swimming in the water, and in attempting to feed them she lost her balance and fell overboard. The accident has cast a gloom over all Riverside, where the little girl was known and beloved, and the sympathy of the entire community is extended to the widowed mother in the great loss of her little loved one.

his words always held the minds and, what is still more notable, held the hearts of the men and women before him.

A Prohibitionist.

No bolder or more vigorous captain in the cause of prohibition than Sam Jones ever lived. Whenever a fight for the abolition of saloons in Atlanta, Macon, Savannah or other Georgia cities has been contemplated he was almost invariably summoned to open the campaign with a series of his plain, forceful sermons.

Two weeks ago Mr. Jones closed a remarkable meeting at his tabernacle in Cartersville, and left for Oklahoma City, where he was engaged to conduct a two weeks' revival. He was accompanied by his wife, his two daughters, Mrs. Annie Pyron and Miss Julia Baxter Jones, of Cartersville, and his secretary, Tom Dunham. In Oklahoma City the evangelist's success was remindful of his younger days. People crowded to hear him and when the meetings closed Sunday their effect was registered upon the entire community. Sunday evening, October 14th, Mr. Jones and those accompanying him took a sleeper for Cartersville. Tuesday was to be his birthday and the family at home had planned a reunion and a dinner in its celebration. The relatives from the surrounding country and the grandchildren from over the state were to be present. The birthday will become a funeral service.

Near daybreak Monday Mrs. Jones awoke near Little Rock, Ark. A moment later she discovered that her husband was dead.

Big opening of Oakhurst tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock.

SKETCH OF SAM JONES THE EVANGELIST

First a Lawyer, Then Lost His Health and Took to Drink—Story of His Conversion and His Later Life

Samuel Porter Jones, whom the whole world knew as "Sam" Jones, the great evangelist, was born October 16, 1847, at Oak Bowery, Chambers county, Alabama. His end came only one day before his fifty-ninth birthday, to a family celebration of which he was hastening at the moment of his death.

Mr. Jones' parents were John Joseph Jones and Nancy Porter Jones. In 1858 his father, having married a second time, came to Cartersville, Ga., where the son, destined to fame, spent the greater part of his boyhood and young manhood. While still on the youngster side of his teens Sam Jones gave evidence of the qualities which later in life made him a power among men.

Though not a particularly diligent student he was a quick one and from the outset a ruling spirit among boys of the town. The very virtues of his make up proved for a time what some regarded as his weaknesses, but but which subsequently were seen to have been but the shadows of his strength. Enthusiasm, boundless energy, and a love of life and interest in all its phases, these were his gifts from nature. For a while they led him into over-indulgence of impulse. Church people about the community spoke of him as a "smart" boy, but rather wild. Others boded that no good could come to him. But all the while he was living life, watching men and events with a sharp eye and gathering that experience which in maturer years turned into a quick sympathy and a thorough understanding of his fellow men.

First Chose Law.

Near his twenty-first year Mr. Jones decided that law should be his profession. The county court house had always attracted him and whenever a big case, particularly a criminal case, was to be argued, he was always to be found sitting near the jury box, his eyes bright with excited in-

terest. When 22 years old he was admitted to the bar of Cartersville. Everyone predicted success for him as a debator and a persuader of men he had few equals in the county. A year or two of application to office work, however, broke his health. Nervous dyspepsia developed and he was in almost constant suffering. Finding no relief in the various medicines recommended, he began drinking whiskey.

Each month intensified his complaint and recourse to the stimulant became more and more frequent. For a while his future was despaired of. He was unable to continue his practice. He became a day laborer. There are still men in Cartersville who remember having seen him driving a public dray over the streets. During this period of life there was scarcely a type of humanity whom he did not touch and all the while, unconsciously, but none the less surely, he was studying the types, learning their weaknesses and their strength.

Turning Point in Life.

Just at the time when hope for him had been lost, his father died one August afternoon in 1872. Mrs. John T. Stocks, of 133 Spring street, Atlanta, a sister of Mr. Jones, describes this as the turning point in her brother's life.

"We children were all standing about father's bed," said Mrs. Stocks Monday morning, "and Sam was on the right side crying bitterly. My father told us goodbye, saying at the time, 'My children, I have assurance that I shall meet you all again, all except one,' and here he looked at Sam. Then my brother fell across the bed and sobbed, 'Father, I'll never drink again. I won't, I won't.'"

"I Want to Preach."

Next Sunday Sam Jones accompanied his grandfather, a Methodist preacher, to Felton's chapel, a few

miles beyond Cartersville. On the way to church he said to his grandfather, "I want to preach today." But the old minister objected, telling the young man that he had no license. "Never mind that," said Sam, "I want to preach. I have something that I must say."

And Sam Jones preached that Sunday. Standing near the front pews—he was permitted to take the pulpit—he talked for half an hour in such a way that the congregation forgot itself, forgot him and his past in the words he uttered. From that time forward he remained constantly before the people and his vow to temperance was kept.

In November, 1872, Sam Jones, then 25 years old, joined the North Georgia Methodist conference, then in convention at Atlanta. After 8 years of pastoral work in the conference he was made agent for the North Georgia Methodist orphans' home. From this work he resigned to become a traveling evangelist. This was the beginning of his greatest usefulness and his deepest influence.

Known Everywhere.

During the past twenty years Sam Jones has held revival meetings and has given lectures on social and moral problems in almost every city in the United States. There is scarcely a town in Georgia which does not remember him as the most stirring advocate of Christianity that has ever come within its borders, and scarcely a man who has not shaken his hand. In Boston and St. Louis his work left a particularly deep impression. Thousands came to hear him and for weeks after he had left his sermons were quoted in the workshop, on the streets and in the home.

As a lecturer at chautauquas Mr. Jones was in almost constant demand. Whether he talked religion, or politics, or life's human interests,

WATSON ABANDONS THE "MAGAZINE" OF HIS BRAIN.

Longer Editor of Magazine That Bears His Name.

Oct. 16.—Thomas E. Watson has abandoned the child of his only eighteen months. The trouble is about money. Watson has been editor-in-chief of the publication since its inception and has been writing much for it, his contribution having been "The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson." Of late he has been involved in a dispute with the publishers, chief of whom is Col. D. Mann, of Town Topics of Atlanta, concerning money due as a result of which reached its crisis a day or two ago. Mr. Watson is in his element in Georgia, where he means to devote himself to literary work. John Durham Watson, son of the editor who was associate editor, left town with his parent.

Association Meets Tomorrow.

Tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock the Suwannee Baptist Association will meet with the Baptist church in our city for a sitting of the board of the church, on which a large table has been set. Everybody is invited to come to the meetings with us. There will be interesting discussions. After Thursday the hour of the meeting will be nine o'clock, and on Friday at four p. m. bring your baskets.

Opening of Oakhurst tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock.