

George's fellow workman, who had parted with him but one short hour ago with the thought of death farthest from their minds, came hurrying to the scene, hardly realizing the spectacle that met their eyes. It seemed hardly possible that one's condition could be changed so quick. The funeral was held in the Congregational church, Sunday afternoon, of which church he was a member. In the absence of the pastor, Rev. T. B. Huges conducted the services. Long before the hour of the services the church was crowded, and a long line of carriages followed the remains to Hazelwood cemetery where they were laid to rest beside the silent sepulchre of his brother Charley. The floral presentations from friends were beautiful, gatherings as they were from the freshest and choicest flowers of opening summer. The father and mother bowed with grief as the remains were being lowered to their quarters in the "windowless place of the dead" visibly touched the hearts of the gathered throng.

A TARGET GUN'S DEADLY WORK.

George Jones' Life Suddenly Ended Saturday Noon.

At 11 o'clock Saturday forenoon a portion of the employes in the painting department of Craver, Steele & Austin's carriage works quit work till 1 o'clock on account of a certain line of material giving out. George Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Jones, was one of that number. Having an hour of idleness he concluded to go home on High street and practice with a target gun that belonged to his father. It was customary to use a small "BB" cartridge but George took it in his head to substitute the regulation 22 calibre, such as are used in the ordinary revolver. He was seen by some of the neighbors walking around the lower part of the home premises with the gun probably waiting for a sight at something to shoot. At about fifteen minutes to 12 he was seen by Dr. J. R. Lewis, who was in the neighborhood on professional duty, to raise the weapon to his shoulder and aim at something in a tree, and as there was no report until the gun had been stood on the ground the supposition is that there was something wrong with the trigger and that George had dropped the butt end to the ground to make an examination when the jar it received tripped the hammer, discharging the weapon full in the face. He was seen to immediately sink to the ground, by Mr. Lewis. The Doctor hurried to the spot and summoned assistance and the dying boy was carried into the house and his father, brother and sister sent for. The ball was found to have entered the face on the left side of the nose, and the ugly wound showed that the barrel of the gun was in close proximity. It was at once apparent that his condition was beyond the help of medical science. His life was fast ebbing away and in half an hour from the time he was a light-hearted, happy young man, his face the picture of health, he was a corpse. The scene, with the members of the family gathered hurriedly beside the death bed, paralyzed with grief, and with mourning garbs not yet laid aside for Charley, another member of the family who met a sudden death in front of a Central locomotive two years ago while crossing the track, was one of extreme sadness.