

## AN IDEAL CHARACTER

Dr. Hiram K. Jones, long Jacksonville's foremost citizen, has become a citizen of a country on whose borders he had long sojourned while yet here, and with whose inhabitants he had found congenial companionship and held sweet communion.

The most gifted and illustrious names of the near and distant past, the light of whose transcendent genius and works have come down to us, do not eclipse the brilliancy of this illustrious sage nor surpass the saintliness of his character and life. An intimate association with him for a period of thirty-five years gave me full opportunity of discovering the rich and rare endowments and attainments of this remarkable man.

Able to hold converse with the most profound scholars and philosophers of his time, he yet was equally companionable with the humblest and least cultured. And this communion was always maintained with perfect absence of amsterity and patronage.

He had wonderful facility and power of language in expressing his thoughts. Not unfrequently he rose to a high plane of eloquence and at times his address was like an avalanche of thought and feeling that carried every one by its resistless power.

To all his other extraordinary attainments and qualities he added a remarkable purity of spirit and life. Whatever he regarded as wrong was abhorrent to his nature. Everything that was low and coarse in human nature had been wholly eliminated. He was robed for celestial companionships and equipped for heavenly pursuits and pleasures.

What would be an occasion of unrelieved sorrowing in the case of others is, in his death, an opportunity for gratulation on his behalf on account of his promotion and certain investment with the patrimony and dignity of a heavenly inheritance.

I have carefully compared him with the most distinguished men that I have personally known in the various callings and spheres of life, and the deliberate judgment that I have reached by that comparison is that, take him all in all, I have never known his superior, or possibly his equal, in high intellectual and moral qualities, united with the simplicity, spirit and manner of his life.

And if the comparisons were extended so as to include those regarded as the greatest, best and most gifted of all history he would be assigned a high place in their illustrious ranks. "As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form;

Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm; Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on his head." These lines not inaptly portray the lofty and majestic character of our "beloved physician" and friend.—Extracts from funeral address by Dr. W. F. Short.

For thirty-nine years Dr. H. K. Jones has faithfully attended the Literary union, being one of the original members. His long continued interest in the union and the union's growing interest in him give us the key to the chief characteristics of his mind, for wherever he was and whatever he did the same qualities marked

the man. He was a thinker. Gifted with natural and spiritual discernment, he was ever looking into the reason of things. He always strove to reach the bottom of every subject; to discover principles and causes. He was a man who thought and kept on thinking until his thought ripened into convictions and these convictions became the regulating principles of his life. He not only knew what he knew, but he believed what he knew and what he knew and believed he never dug up again for after investigation. He let it grow.

But above the thinker, above the philosopher, there towers the purity of the man, entirely sincere and devoted. The moral man in him was greater than the intellectual, and that is saying much, for he had a great intellect. He was a well balanced man. To the strength of manhood he added the gentleness of womanhood. He was pure in his words and life.

But his distinction among us was chiefly due to a group of qualities which went naturally together, but which are not often found in any one man, all so fully developed and so well balanced. He had the independence of self-conscious strength. He did his own thinking, had confidence in the results and was not afraid of being in the minority. With his deep thinking he had good, sound business sense, energy and accurate methods of doing everything. One of his most noteworthy characteristics was the healthy interest he took in life. To do human things, to enjoy human pleasures was worth while. To him life was worth living. He was a man of liberal views. While strong and positive in his convictions, he was most charitable in his opinion of others. He fearlessly maintained whatever he believed to be right. But his was ever a sunny nature. To meet him was like meeting a fresh breeze of bracing air. He was a man of peace, yet ready for war. Peace was the atmosphere he loved and lived in, but he would stand for truth and righteousness at any cost.

His modesty was the outcome of his high ideals. He was the last to boast and this because he so well knew how much there was yet to be attained.

If there is one word which sums up and expresses in itself his character it is the word "genuineness." His character was not gilded. It was gold. His mirth was honest mirth, not empty or false. His pathos was true and many. In whomsoever else there might be sham or spuriousness there was nothing of the kind in him.

We are thankful he was with us so long; we are thankful for his beautiful life; we are thankful for his glorious death. One does not need to be told concerning the power of the sun. We see its light; we feel its warmth. Our friend's life has been like the sunlight—a gentle and powerful influence for good, seen and felt by all. The sun, sinking below the horizon, has passed from our sight, but his beautiful light is still bright and tinges with glory even the clouds that gather above us.

A. B. MOREY,  
JOHN H. WOODS,  
T. J. PITNER,

Committee.

Resolutions passed by the Literary union and trustees of the academy.

It was reported from Washington or June 25 that the government intends to forward to the Russian czar the Jewish petition regarding treatment of the Jews in Russia. The opinion is expressed, however, that the petition will not reach the czar as it is believed that the Russian prime minister will not receive it for transmission to him.

## EYE DISEASES

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This noted Chicago Oculist, known as America's most expert specialist, announces the twenty-third edition of his book—a handsomely illustrated volume—and generously offers to send the same to any one who is interested enough to ask for it. It contains much valuable information about the eye and the cure of Cataracts, Optic Nerve diseases, and all other causes of blindness. This book is certainly a valuable aid to all who are in any way afflicted with their eyes, as it tells them how they can cure themselves at their own homes quickly and at small expense. No leaving home, family, and friends—no hospital or sanitarium, no confinement in dark rooms, no inconvenience in any way. The book contains testimonials of many who have been cured by Dr. Oneal's Dissolvent Method. Some of them had been totally blind for years. They had been given up as incurable by others; they had been butchered and blinded by the surgeon's knife, yet Dr. Oneal cured them by his simple, sure, and scientific treatment. No one can successfully dispute these statements. The proof is too abundant. Hundreds of names and addresses of such cases have been published in this paper. You can go to see them or write to them. Dr. Oneal can also refer you to cured cases in every state and territory of the Union and in all foreign countries. They are prominent and well-known people.

Among some of Dr. Oneal's recent and notable cures are those of Mrs. C. H. Sweetland, Hamburg, Iowa, Paresis of Optic Nerve; Mrs. Herman Burdick, Richland Center, Wis., Hemorrhage of Retina; Rev. Alfred Martin, Mapleton, Iowa, Cataracts; A. J. Staley, Hynes, Cal., Cataracts; Mrs. D. C. Stevens, Crown Point, Ind., was cured of blindness caused by granulations and ulcers.

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### A Woman Engineer.

Mrs. Iva E. Tutt, of Los Angeles, Cal., has recently undertaken the biggest task of its character ever attempted by a woman. She is noted through the far west as one of the best mechanical and electrical engineers, not only of her own sex, but equalling any "mere man" in those professions. At present she is engaged in a \$3,000,000 enterprise in Arizona—the erection of two electric power plants which will supply power exclusively for mining purposes. The project is a big one, and bigger when one realizes that it means that the mining industries of Arizona will be revolutionized by the introduction of a power that will cost but one-third as much as the power now in use.

The scheme is Mrs. Tutt's own. While on a visit to Arizona she discovered two unused water rights that could be had at a low price if accompanied by a promise to organize a company and proceed with the storage of the water and the development of electric current. Mrs. Tutt contracted for the rights, took out her engineering party, followed the transit every step of the way back into the mountains, where few men and no woman had ever gone before, to the head of Fossil creek, and returned with all plans formulated for the prosecution of the work.

Last, but by no means simplest, was the financing of the enterprise. She was able to form two companies, of each of which she is vice president and general manager. She has charge of the construction work with headquarters at Prescott, and the directorate is so divided that wherever Mrs. Tutt happens to be, whether at Prescott or Los Angeles, there is a quorum and a meeting can be held.

If one asks Mrs. Tutt how she came to be an engineer, she says that it was a natural bent and that she could not help it. When she was young she read engineering reviews and scientific papers subscribed to by her father, instead of fairy tales. If she did not understand, her father, who was an engineer, would explain. Thus by degrees she mastered her subject, and by slow operations has come to be looked upon, in the engineering and scientific world of the great west, as one of its most remarkable as well as able devotees.—Philadelphia Press.

### Africa's Poetical Language.

The most poetical of savage languages is that of the Madagasses, or Malagasses, of Africa. They call everything by a name that expresses its appearance or its meaning perfectly. Thus, a hill is a "mountain child" in the mouths of these people. Rivers are "water mothers." A much-used path the Malagasee calls a "ripe path."

The brain is the "head's innermost," and the pupil of the eye is the "eye king." The grinding teeth are the "teeth princesses," and the fingers are called "hand branches." If a man lives carelessly the Malagasses say that he "is eating his soul." "A jungle of boys" is the way the youngsters are described when they gather in numbers, and a very short space of time is denoted by the expression "while one could roast a grasshopper."

A selfish man is said to be "embracing the crocodile," and a miser is said to be a "lover of the scorpion." If a person is vain the Malagasses say that he is "grass that is trying to grow bigger than a banana." The saucer is the "wife of the cup."—Washington Post.

## Feel Your Pulse

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