## PONTIAC BILL POSTER

Last week Tuesday afternoon a little two-year old and only daughter of Mort. Osmun, of Waterford, was missed from the house, and it occurred to Mr. O. that the baby might have fallen into a pond of water in a field back of the house. Hurrying to the spot he reslized that his fears weregroundless, for there on the bank of the pond lay the baby girl with her face in the water. Drs. Morley and Elliott were soon at the home of the grief-stricken parents, and although they worked hard to resuscitate the child, were not successful. A faithful dog dragged the little one to the bank, but was unable to get her clear out of the water. Funeral services were held at the house Thursday, and the sermon was preached by Rev. J. M. Gelston. Mr. and Mrs. Osmun have the sympathy of many friends, Oct 15,

Eugene Clift, who recently returned to Pontiac from Kankakee, Illinois, died Friday at the residence of his father on Judson street, of consumption, aged thirty years. Funeral services were held at the house Sunday, and the remains placed in the Petrie vault. 'Gene was well and favorably known, and his sudden death is regretted by numerous relatives and friends.

Esther W. wife of the late Horace Dowd, died Saturday, Oct. 18, 1884, at her home in Rolls, Missouri, of consumption, aged 72 years, 5 months and 14 days. Funeral services were held Sunday, and the remains brought to Pontiac Monday for burial by Heman Dowd.

Caroline, mother of L. L. Richmoud, of Waterford, died last Friday, aged 88 years, and funeral services were held from the house Saturday Oct 22/224

Died, at Trinity, Texas, on Thursday, Oct. 2d, 1884, of typhoid fever, Clara Gaunt, wife of Samuel Gaunt, Jr., (formerly of Detroit, Mich.), after an iffness of four weeks. Her remains were brought home for interment. The deceased was il years and 8 months of age, and was the eldest daughter of George and Mary Ann Andrews, of Ball Mountain, Oakland Co., Mich. She was married to Samuel Gaunt on Dec. 25, 1882, and shortly after left for Texas to make it their future bome, and while prosperity and happiness smiled upon them death came and plucked from the husband's bosom the flower of his heart. Oh! how uncertain is life! It seems but a few weeks that our Clara was among us; but the brittle thread of life is broken and she has gone, gone to return no more. She leaves a large circle of relatives and friends in this community to mourn her untimely death.