

## PONTIAC BILL

MAR 12 1884

All for love. Our officials were notified by telephone Saturday night that Melvin Venton, of Oxford, had committed suicide by shooting himself. A daughter of Oscar Treat lives between Orion and Oxford, and since her husband left her last fall the reputation of the premises has not been first class. Saturday afternoon Venton, aged 35, and not extra smart, visited the grass widow and proposed marriage. She refused, and loading a revolver in her presence he threatened to kill himself if she wouldn't take him for better or worse. She wouldn't, and so he went a few rods from the house, placed the muzzle of the revolver to his head, and put the ball where it would do the most good. Upon hearing the shot Mrs. King aroused the neighbors, and Monday the coroner's jury found that Venton came to his death by shooting himself. The ball was found in the place where Venton's brains were supposed to have been located, and in size corresponded with the bits of lead remaining in the shooting iron.

Mrs. John J. Searles, of Orion, died Monday, March 3d, of a congestive chill, aged 34 years. Funeral Thursday last from the house, and the remains were placed in the Petrie vault, Pontiac. Mrs. S. was a sister of Jacob Hibler, and the husband and brother wish to return thanks to neighbors and friends for services rendered.

MAR 12 1884

Poster

## MAR 12 Obituary. 1884

DIED, On Tuesday, Feb. 26, 1884, George Jones, son of Henry Y. Jones, aged six months, six months, and twenty-two days; also, on Friday, Feb. 29, 1884, Isabella Jones, mother of George, aged thirty-seven years, four months, and eighteen days.

Reader, but a few years ago I could have shown you the picture of a happy home. I could have shown you parents whose children—four in number—blessed their unbroken hearth and home; not one was gone; and as those parents sat by their fireside with their eyes feasting upon the figures of their loved children, and as they saw the fond, loving devotion to that one whom they called mother, there was a throbbing within their bosoms stealing in around their hearts with a gentle, quiet tenderness that diffused itself throughout the household like a soft zephyr of summer. But a few short years have passed, and how changed the scene! Look in again, and you will see none remaining of that once happy family save the grief-stricken husband and father and one frail, sorrowing little boy, as they sit alone, listening to the dismal sighing of the cold March winds around their lonely and desolate dwelling. 'Tis a sorrowful tale, which will take a long time to efface from the memory of those acquainted with it. When death first slanted its darkening, blighting shadow upon that family, it took away—in one short week, two of its pets—a bright, intelligent little boy and a lovely, pretty little girl. They lie beneath two little mounds in the lonely burying ground, awaiting the coming of the blooming violets of spring. One-half of the little flock removed; but two remained, who sailed together for a brief time upon the calm waters of a quiet river, in a bark carefully furnished by a mother's love and softly guided by a father's skill. But how quickly did the little bark reach the rapid, rushing current at the river's mouth, where the great waves of death washed away another precious child; and then, sad to relate, snatched from earth that doting, noble mother.

The young man, George Jones, was attending a Commercial College at Detroit, was a very studious, energetic student, making rapid progress in his studies. On Friday, Feb. 22, 1884, he was taken violently ill. With that strong desire common to us all in such emergencies, to be at "home, sweet home," he started for the parental threshold. Though suffering intense pain, though faintly wild with a fevered brain, he was buoyed up by his anxiety to be home. He reached his home—reached his home to die. Oh! how anxiously and hopefully his parents watched over him during his brief but fatal illness! How lovingly, tenderly, tearfully, but oh, how vainly, did that loving mother cling to the hand of her precious boy. Death, the great destroyer, came in and claimed him as his own! Thus died George Jones, the community's favorite, in his youth, bright, hopeful youth, when—like all ambitious youths, he was counting the years with jeweled numbers, and hanging lamps of ambition on his path to light the palace of renown. Would that we could even now draw the curtain over the sad scene and leave the remnant of that family without further cause for tears; but no; still again the dreaded, dark angel of death entered that sorrowful dwelling and laid his cold, icy hand on that noble, loved and loving wife and mother. Reader, as I write these words the tears start to my eyes, and I ask myself, what can I say for that poor heart-crushed husband and father and that grief-stricken little boy? O, may God give them strength to bear up under their weighty affliction. To those who knew Isabella Jones, I need say nothing. No word of mine could add a ray of lustre to the bright and shining crown of honor that bound her pretty, noble brow. No light of mine could make more plain her gentle, loving, dutiful career, and, let us hope that her spirit, bathed in light, with those of her loved children, are soaring amid the unspeakable joys of the Infinite.

A FRIEND.