

PONTIAC BILL POSTER

Ormiel G. Stuart, of this city, died Saturday evening at his home on Mt. Clemens street, of a complication of diseases, aged 68 and funeral services were held at the house Monday. Deacon Stuart, as he was generally called, was a leading member of the Baptist church for about twenty years, and had been a resident of Oakland county for nearly half a century. *MAY 26 1886*

Mr. Knight, a son-in-law of I. K. Grow, lost an infant son last Thursday night of croup, aged one year. Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon at the residence of Mr. Grow, and the remains were interred in Oak Hill Cemetery *JUNE 2 1886*

Mrs. Ellen Hardenburg, of Pontiac, died last Thursday, of cancer, aged 69 years. Funeral from the Baptist church Saturday. She was the mother of Mrs. Geo. and John Cannon. *JUNE 9 1886*

Marion Pearsall died last week Sunday morning at the residence of his brother, Charles Pearsall, on the east shore of Long Lake, of inflammatory rheumatism, aged 58 years. Funeral services were held from the house the Tuesday following, sermon by Rev. J. M. Gelston, and the remains interred in the Pine Lake cemetery. *JUNE 9 1886*

Robert Bain, of Royal Oak, died June 8th, aged 58 years. Funeral services will be held at Royal Oak village this (Wednesday) morning under the charge of the Birmingham Lodge F. & A. M. of the order Mr. B. was a member. *JUNE 9 1886*

Died, at the home of her mother, in Holly, on Saturday, the 12th inst., Lizzie, wife of Mark S. Brewer of Pontiac, and daughter of the late James B. Simonson and of Lydia Simonson, of Holly. *JUNE 16 1886*

June 16 Obituary. 1886 ✓

In memory of Irving J. Knight, son of Alphonso and Lettie Knight, born into spirit life May 26, 1886. Aged one year, one month, and 18 days.

There is a vale of pure delight,
Enriched by treasures rare;
Where happy spirits know no night,
Where beautiful scenes enchant the sight,
We have a treasure there.

Though we may grope in darkest gloom,
And deepest sorrows share;
We know, beyond the silent tomb,
Where fragrant flowers perennial bloom,
We have a treasure there.

Gone out at Nature's stern demand
From ills too hard to bear;
Beyond this groveling earthly strand,
Into the beautiful spirit land,
We have a treasure there.

Environed with all-enrapturing joy,
With bliss beyond compare;
No cankering grief can e'er alloy,
Enduring tasks the will employ,
Our treasure's happy there.

Sweet tidings from the spirit shore
Bid hope supplant despair;
We feel a presence hovering o'er;
It is our darling gone before;
We know our treasure's there.

A. B. McC.