THE NEWS-HERALD.

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MDCCCLXXXVIII.

"Soon noble fruit by toil was won;
By concord fairest bonds were woven."

In gala dress the "Hill City" welcomed its first May Festival. Wreaths, garlands, gay streamers of the blue of heaven, the red of war, the white of peace flaunted on the morning air. The morning of May 29th. Hundreds of tiny flags nodded gaily to the neighborly Japanese lanterns, that would have their turn to shine when St. Mary's bell rang the Angelus. The places where one might eat, drink and sleep, opened wide their hospitable doors and you were taken in under archways bearing the legend "welcome." A Juvenile class recital on Monday afternoon was particularly gratifying to the parents of the children participating. The May Festival proper began on Tuesday night with the Organ Recital at St. Marys Episcopal Church and very properly in that spacious and vaulted temple of solemn song. The Episcopal Church in this country has been the cradle of music. The Pilgrim Fathers in fleeing to the rock-bound coast in their turn became narrow, prejudicial and bigoted, and threw away and frowned down all that was beautiful, grand and touching in music and art, because it reminded them of what they detested, the established church. The grandest of its music was written by Roman Catholic composers and daily and hourly rendered in their churches. After a long and severe struggle it is only *now* that music obtains to any great degree, and for it the Episcopal Church stands foster-mother. Even now outside of large cities the rich orchestral effect of the pipe organ, the high clear tone of the violin and the exquisite bird-warble of the flute is objected to—in addition to the quartette choir of that subtlest of all instruments, the *cultured* human voice. When, therefore, with carefulness and taste, Prof. J. H. McKenzie ordered the program for May 29th, expectations ran high, for Hillsboro could only claim one Organ Recital in the past, on that delightful Memorial Instrument in use at St. Marys, that one June 1886, conducted by Samuel H. Bradley, of Atlanta, Ga., was a rare treat. As each choir maestro has his own method and style and each differ from the other, it remains to be said that in Mr. Bradley's rendition of Four Masses, his orchestral effect was unrivaled.

The first number on the program was Mozart's Gloria 12th Mass, with full choir. It is one of the tenderest, sweetest and most solemn of the many Glorias and was faultlessly rendered. A short and simple melody of Beethoven was given by young Mr. Howard. This was not a signal for conversation as some of the audience evidently supposed. God speed the day when the woman who has still a little convesation to make or another version of what "*he*" said to relate will stay outside the temple of music to perform that onerous pleasure. "I waited for the Lord"—Mendelssohn, with Mrs. Kinney for the leading voice, supported by the full choir. This lady's admirers (and they are legion) call her voice "vocal velvet," and though the coinage is not new, it is apt. There is a softness and a lingering sweetness that fall lightly, recurrently, with exquisite modulation on the listening ear; one is loathe to lose half an accent, and happy to be left in undisturbed enjoyment of an entire solo. The execution of Wagner's "Tannhauser March" by Miss Tracy Trimble, showed earnest application and rapid improvement on the part of so young a lady. To so difficult an instrument, that a life time scarcely serves to handle judiciously, much less master. A determination to study and take hold on the foundation of things musical was shown later on by Miss Trimble's own arrangement of the score of "Ex-Delite Domino." While it is no doubt pleasing to us all to be praised, petted and encored, some of the audience displayed their ignorance, bad manners and *irreverence* by applauding in the church. The first canon of good taste is to assume a virtue if you have it not. If for any one or various causes a church is no more sacred to you than the Highland House, pray, assume the virtue, and we who know not your secret thought will credit you all the same. Rossini—Inflamatus (Stabat Mater) was the last number but one, with Miss McKenzie as soloist. Miss McKenzie was in excellent voice and the bright sparkling music of this composer suited her style. Joy sings through sorrow, not in solemn minor, but with a half triumphant, hopeful appeal from even the shadow of darkness, as golden gleams touch with high lights the blackest storm clouds of the year. What can one say when the organ responds to the touch of fingers that linger lovingly on its keys, and voices of earthly cherubim and seraphim are hushed? Joyous and gay was the prelude by Batiste; all grief and mourning fled before it. Did light thus creep and run and leap into dazzling day in that far-off mythical creation?

With a long drawn chord the prelude ends and the offertoire so gently and dreamily it succeeds, it seems the softened, rythmic beat of angels' wings in distant choirs. We close our eyes to fancy borne aloft the shining alms basins piled high with ducat and florin, pounds shilling and pence, in that country beyound the sea, that has produced and still keeps on producing music and art in her divinest and most worshipful forms. Still dreaming?—or has the music changed? Grown sadder, slower, half wail, whole sob; a minor strain impregnated with the sadness whose sacrifice still goes on, as the penetential ranks close up, nearer to the altar with all its sacred symbols. What passionate, self-renouncing, holy dreams must feed the celestial fire that move such composers to first feel and see and then symbolize to an ignorant, careless, unseeing world, by tone and half tone, quaver and chord and the thunder of deep bass notes the glory and the grandeur of their theme, and it must need a mind to comprehend and dexterous fingers to translate to a very imperfectly educated public all that is enfolded in that small word "music!"

At least Prof. McKenzie has made that effort. His success will be measured by the liberality and promptness of your seconding powers—The people of Hillsboro and all the fair towns and hamlets that lie within your radius. If you say music, heavenly maid,

"O be thou welcome!
Thou child of heaven, be welcome!
To goodness, pureness welcome,
Within our lovely vale."

Even so shall it be unto you.

INGOMAR AND ZANIE.

The festival week continued by the placing of a play on the boards for Wednesday, May 30th. The drama reaches many who care little for music beyond a dance tune. Something in tired human nature and the work-a-day world craves surcease of sorrow and toil, and gladly forget their own trouble in the mimic life behind the foot-lights, where torturous hours are not dropped slowly from the phial of time, but come in quick, lightning-like strokes. Whatever your fate—life or death, good fortune or ill—it is reached—accomplished—*over*. The German play of Ingomar was translated by Mrs. Lovell, and at once ranked with stage classics like "Richelieu" and the "Lady of Lyons." The star parts are those of Ingomar, chief of the Allemanni, a dark, fierce barbarian and a beautiful Greek maiden whose filial piety is placed before the audience in the most striking manner. This play was under the management of the Professor of Elocution, Mr. J. H. Addams, of the Conservatory, himself an accomplished actor. He was obliged to take the chief *role* and that of Polydor, the conventional Jew. Three scenes of the five acts were given.

CHARACTERS.

Ingomar, Chief of the Allemanni	J. H. Addams
Timarch, Ruler of Massilia	E. G. Smith
Myron, Father of Parthenia	J. R. Callahan
Polydor, a Merchant	B. W. Fenton
Lykon, a Fisherman	Lock Nelson
Neoeles	Harry Spargur
Ephenor	Julius Feibel
Amyntas	F. K. Gamble
Herald	Lyman Beecher
Alastor	E. E. Richards
Ambivar	N. E. Chaney
Novio	H. D. Davis
Trinnobantes	Roy Brown
Partheuis, a Greek Girl	Margaret Hiestand
Actea, Myron's Wife	Jean Bowles
Treano, a Neighbor	Minnie Williams

Actea, Myron's wife, personated by Miss Jean Bowles, was a difficult cast, and was ably sustained by this pupil of the Conservatory. Careful study and painstaking care were apparent in action and repose. Lyman Beecher made a handsome Herald, and the rude, rough Allemanni were represented by some of the Young Men's League, who diced and drank with the bravest. When Miss Margaret Hiestand, as "Parthenia," the Greek girl, stepped upon the stage in her simple, soft-flowing white robe and from the opening words of child-like questioning, "Well, mother, dear!" to the last words she uttered, it is perfectly safe to say that *no* amateur actress in Hillsboro ever so completely covered herself with laurels. Her tones were clear and musical; she rose to the action of the play each time with perfect self-possession, yet seeming to forget self, and she looked very lovely and attractive. She was a perfect novice on the stage. This was her first play and, with the exception of a few recitations, her first appearance in public. She showed great talent and magnificent coaching.

It goes without saying that the chief of the Allemanni was well done. The costumes were admirably gotten up by F. Szwirschina & Co., Cincinnati. The camp scene was very effective. Dr. John Callahan appeared as the father of Parthenia, and did the part to perfection. He was so well disguised as to defy detection had not the play bills betrayed him. After the scene, when Ingomar goes to act as guide towards Massilia to the lovely Greek girl, an overwhelming encore recalled them to the foot-lights to receive their well-earned plaudits. An intermission of fifteen minutes gave the ladies a chance to criticise each other's toilets before the bright, saucy operetta of Zanie, in three acts, came on. The music was charming. Miss Capitola Bugher, as Zanie, the young gipsy, did herself great credit. The plot is—Zanie is really the daughter of American parents, stolen when an infant by a band of wandering gipsies. The son of an English nobleman sees her, falls madly in love, deserts his home and becomes her gipsy lover. Just as she is to be crowned queen her parents and his arrive upon the scene; much kissing, bless you, my children, &c., and after proper identification they proceed to the marriage contract. All the gipsies looked lovely and picturesque, much fresher and neater than any we ever consulted about the great, to come. Miss Helena Brown, as an American lady, sustained her reputation for good looks. Miss Florence Shepherd, in the incantation scene, was a true and handsome Oriental picture. But G. B. Gardner, as Sir Henry Glenville, was the mildest, most benign and least assertive beef-eater we ever gazed upon. The curtain came slowly down on the tableau of the marriage scene between Zanie and her high-born English lover. And that is a good place to leave them and never look farther.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

CERTIFICATE CLASS.

Jean Bowles, Helena Brown, Margaret Hiestand, Fannie McKeehan, Ruth Slavens, Tracy Trimble, Carrie Utman, Mattie Utman, Minnie Williams.

The stage had been enlarged and extended into the auditorium. A full border of flowers replaced the footlights; below them festoons of pale rose and blue hung in soft folds, as a background; long full draperies of alternate rose and cream fell to the floor, softening the strong afternoon light and making the appropriate rose mist of life through which to look. There is no chasm youth may not bridge. The nine young ladies mentioned above, in full evening dress, were grouped to the left of the stage, the concert grand occupying the right. The Armory was cool and well ventilated, and the audience small enough to be very pleasant. Opening prayer by Rev. Dr. Helt, of the Hillsboro Female College. Reading, "Bound for Colorado," Miss Fannie McKeehan stepped to the front. She is a great favorite, and deservedly so, with the public. She never did better. The poem was pathetic in the extreme and called for so many changes in the voice, introducing the familiar airs of "Home, Sweet Home" and "Annie Laurie." It was quite wonderful to hear her flexible voice glide from one to the other so skillfully. We were sorry when she had finished and indulge in the hope that she will keep up her elocution, notwithstanding the certificate. After a study of Rubinstein's for the piano, by J. W. Howard, another reading, "Ivry," Miss Minnie Williams recited with spirit Macauley's tribute to the character of Henry of Navarre. "A Song of Spring,"—Mendelssohn—Miss Helena Brown. Reading, "Aristarchus," Miss Jean Bowles. This was the only humorous selection and was received with applause. It was extremely amusing and Miss Bowles seemed in good trim after her hard work of the previous night. Piano, "La Regata Venitiana,"—Liszt—Miss Ruth Slavens; followed by a brief address by Rev. G. B. Beecher, President of the Board of Trustees.

Mr. Beecher said, "The first duty of a speaker was to get his audience in a good humor, so that they would receive him well, in order to insure this I shall tell you that I will be brief." He depreciated the English fashion of serving the dessert first and leaving the bread and butter and plain roast beef to come after, which was very hard on the meat and bread and butter. It is especially fitting that our May Festival should occur in this, the centennial year. When our pioneer grandfathers came here they brought with them two institutions, most precious and priceless, the church and the school. They brought these things because they believed they were most necessary things. They believed they might live rightly here, so they brought school and church. They cherished them, loved, honored them. We honor our ancestors and ourselves when we do all that we can to maintain, uphold these institutions among us. The school was regarded as so important that our State government supplies schools to all the people. Our fathers were willing to be taxed to support them. It is the same to-day. We approve the State schools, but there are other branches than those the State schools supply. The fathers brought the church and the schools, but they did not bring the Conservatory. Why? They had no use for it, no time for art. Most of them were poor men and had to wrench a living from the soil. *Our* Conservatory teachers carve; *they* chopped wood. Our Conservatory teachers hammer brass; they worked at the smithy and the forge. Our Conservatory teachers paint; they cleared the landscape. Now, we want to learn to understand and appreciate these arts, to learn to *see*. We have the time and strength and the appetite and desire for something more, higher and pleasanter than they had. The object of the Conservatory is to cultivate in the public the taste and desire for fine arts and to develope whatever latent talent may be in ourselves. It is the object of the Conservatory to cultivate all that is beautiful and lovely and tender and true. "Is this necessary?" some may ask. Because our forefathers lived in log cabins shall we not build beautiful homes? Because they lived plainly and simply shall we not have sweat-breads and all the luxuries we can command? No, a thousand times *no*. Rather shall we aspire to everything that will make life sweet and bright and more cheerful. This Conservatory comes to us, a community, we flatter ourselves, more than usually cultured and appreciative. We do well to honor, to cherish this institution, to bid it welcome and God-speed. We bespeak for this enterprise, which has been with us for one year, your hearty good will and earnest co-operation.

Next in order some brief remarks by Prof. McKenzie. He stated that the requirements for a certificate were: first, a regular attendance; second, attaining an average of 80 per cent. each term; third, sustaining a *high moral* standard while attending the Conservatory. He then delivered the certificates to each expectant fair one, and in a few words thanked the citizens for their support and good wishes and the assistance they had rendered them in their work. Benediction by Rev. W. J. McSurely.

THE ART RECEPTION.

Held on a fair June afternoon in the parlor of the Conservatory of Music. The department of art under the charge of Miss Louise Bently, of Cincinnati, and particularly her specialty of wood-carving, elicited warm praise and admiration. The lady herself received in heiletrope satin veiled in chantilly lace, looked very handsome, and was on hospitable thoughts intent, as cream and cake were served to the warm or weary visitors. It will be impossible to mention every article, classed and exhibited, and while wholesale laudation is the worst praise, yet the critic's eye must consider the brevity of the time given to art, and the almost insurmountable obstacle in the total lack of any knowledge of drawing in the average pupil. Miss Bently appreciated the fact that it would have been well for several pieces of work, where the carving was completed, to have been oiled and gotten into exhibition shape. Pupils are too apt to be careless and inattentive to what *they* consider minor things, but an unframed or poorly framed picture, an unmounted drawing, unfired china, like an uncut gem, all subject themselves to and invite criticism. The grand rush of the age spills over into this department, but *art* is creation, it cannot be hurried and if you *force* it, it will tell the tale. On first entering the semi-darkness of the salon, the busy buzz of voices, thick, thin, fast, slow, staccato, all passing the gilded compliments of the hour, ah! ing and oh! ing in a hundred keys and none of them minor, was enough to distract a timid seeker after facts. To the left as you entered was a low table, holding an unfinished cabinet, executed by Paul Fullerton. It showed good earnest work and much skill. Next Miss Lizzie Richards' very handsome black walnut bookcase. A frieze of oak leaves and acorns was the motif; on the sides of the case an original design of clematis was thrown up from a stamped background. The single cabinet door had a hawthorne design; all the siding and cross rails to shelving was chamferd and executed in bas relief. A slender brass rod and old blue India silk curtains completed this addition to a cozy library. Among the pottery finding a shelter in the shelves, was a gracefully shaped vase, done under the glaze a la Louise McLaughlin—by Mrs. J. H. Richards, the only specimen of that beautiful style of painting present. An easel draped in wine cloth had fastened on it the crayon work of Miss Florence Shepherd. Too much cannot be said in praise of a girl, who wanted to begin at the lowest rung of the ladder in place of the top. Eyes, mouths, noses, from simple but correct outline to shading in masses, in detail, broad light and deep shadow until three horses heads at the watering trough formed a picturesque sketch, entitled to the ticket *finished*, so *insisted* upon by tyro and Philistine alike. It makes no difference that they do not understand what they are talking about. They will reiterate it until one generation at least reposes in the cemetery. A very pretty wall cabinet, and paper rack, displaying creditable work, bore Master Sam Cummings' card. Beneath the cabinet an exquisitively carved little frame, design, oak leaves and acorns, was accredited to Prof. Addams, showing that he rested from one art only to indulge in another. Miss Dill showed a wall-pocket and book-rack, the latter cherry, the hardest wood to carve but repaying one for the time, its deep rich tint lending itself harmoniounsly to all painting. In unfinished state two mantles were shown, from them you obtained an idea of the whole effect, also of the method and different stages of the work. Erasing the popular idea that one reaches perfection at a bound. In Mrs. H. M. Brown's mantle, the supporting braces displayed a gleam of Orcar Wildes' aestheticism. The lilly and the sunflower will nod to one another across the household gods of the Doctor's fireside. An artistic design of field daises bracketed the shelf; on the chimney breast will be a broad band of the conventionalized marigold.

A three fold screen frame of carved black walunt by Miss Kibler, next on the list. All the siding of the frame was light tracery with stamping for background. The center panel had a relief design, the leaves of the screen were painted by the same young lady; center panel, purple and white clematis; one side panel daises, birds, a spring sky; in the companion panel summer reigned, wild roses and birds hovering over purple depths below. A finished, beautiful wall-pocket, by a young boy, Jacob Feibel, and a more elaborate piece of work in a book-case, which would have appeared to much better advantage if it had been oiled and set up properly. An easel by that indefatigable worker, Miss Richards. Design at the top Virginia creeper, high relief, hawthorne blooms, Pittmans design, on the portfolio, a simple branch of leaves below. This easel supported a mirror, the frame of which was painted with wisteria and a flight of birds, the work of Miss Wilson, a pupil, who had gone home and taken nearly all of her work with her.

The chefs d'oeuvre in the carving line stood modestly in the corner. A case for books fit for a poet's corner; six feet high; a design at the top, a broad band of the graceful sycamore balls in bold relief and carefully carved. The initial "B" in the center of the frieze, will make it difficult for any one not named for that letter to carry it away. On the panel of the cabinet door was a wild-rose design, the uprights were covered with leaves of the woodbine. The pottery display in the bric-a-brac shelf of this case was the work of Mrs. E. H. Cummings, and was very rich and beautiful.

Miss McKenzie's exhibit was a card receiver of graceful shape and simple design. A tall book-case woodbine with its clustering berries being the motif for both frieze and siding. Miss Shepherd had a very sweet face in crayon, hung in the shadow of Miss Richards' mantle. Carving decididly had the field. We noticed a very pretty little panel in oil of wild woods things, all in an artistic tangle. It had Miss McKenzie's card. A dainty oblong panel of the favorite chrysantheum, belonging to the no name series, and was almost "skyed," but in a good light; and a sketchy beech-wood scene in late October hung over the mantle—the light was poor on it. Miss Hiestand showed a charming carved frame for fire screen, cherry, gave promise of beauty when completed. The motif conventionalized marigold painted panel, the Witch's daughter; a carved book-rack by Prof. McKenzie; some little odds and ends of painting on fabric; one effort at Kensington painting; a heliotype colored in water color; and some panels of purple satin—a second mourning nocturne—with the poor, beautiful, tortured, dogwood for an inspiration. We took french leave of Art, as she is produced by the million, that we might rest and dress for the closing musical treat "The Jubilee Cantata;"

CLOSING CONCERT.

PART I.

Violins and Piano—Petite Symphonie..*Dancla*
Miss Dill, Messrs. Tritschller and McKenzie.
'Cello { *a.* Nocturno D major.....*Chopin*
{ *b.* Dance Monte Gard.....*Mattioli*
Mr. Max Grau.
Aria—"Robert la Diabelli"..... .....*Meyerbeer*
Miss Ida L. McKenzie.

PART II.

JUBILEE CANTATA.....*C. M. von Weber*
J. H. McKenzie, Conductor.

Soloists	.....Mrs. Nannie M. Kinney
	.....Miss Ida L. McKenzie
	.....Abraham Palmer, jr
	.....Dr. J. R. Callahan
Accompanists	....Miss Emma Dill, Violin
	...Mr. A. Tritscheller, Violin
	.....Mr. Max Grau, 'Cello
	....Mr. J. W. Howard, Piano

All the world, his wife, his uncle, his cousin and his aunt were there to hear the above programme rendered, to see and be seen. It was a well dressed, smiling, happy audience that waited for the violins of the "Petite Symphonie." At last the hour struck, golden silence fell upon the house, and the first number, all too soon, became a thing of the past. Hillsboro had a new sensation to hear Mr Max Grau play the 'cello. First the sweet, sad Nocturno, then the gay dance of Mattioli. Loud and continued applause greeted the performance and with a deprecating smile and bow Mr. Grau sought to appease them. A terriffic encore said him nay. He kindly gave another morceau before locking away his sweet toned instrument.

Miss Ida McKenzie, in a beautiful toilet of sage green moire and pink velvet, with a cluster of deeper pink roses encorsage, coquettishly gave the aria, "Robert la Diabelli," and was applauded. The public was now allowed to intermit fifteen minutes. Men always embrace this opportunity. Such are the exigencies of business.

The feature of the evening was C. M. Von Weber's jubilee cantata. It was composed in 1818 for the fiftieth anniversary of Frederick August I, King of Saxony. The original words were by Friedrich Kind, author of the libretto of Der Freischutz. As for various reasons this arrangement was found unsuitable for general performance and a second text, entitled "Ernte Cantate" (Harvest Cantata), by Amandeus Wendt, was adapted to the music. The fair chorus fluttered to their places. The soloists were given a cordial welcome. Dr. Callahan, our local basso, led out Miss McKenzie, Mr. Palmer escorted Mrs. Kinney, then followed the accompanists on all the stringed instruments. The Director sprang to his place and waved his baton, and with a rush the chorus began. Throughout the entire cantata the tonal volume was adequate, the quality fine and the precision of attack as unflinching as United States bayonets storming a redoubt. In number 2 Recitative and aria was our first opportunity to hear the imported tenor, Mr. Abram Palmer, jr., of St. Paul's choir, "Paris of America.,' In the aria, "Happy nation still receiving gifts from Nature's hands!" his phrasing was delicious, his enunciation delightful, the tones so clear, yet sweet and round, in emission was a lesson to all singers, even in this "too utterly" cultured town.

Mrs. Kinney, the soprano in number 3, was in better voice than on Tuesday night and sang the recitative, con amore, and the prayer, "Guard us, Lord," with great reverence. The deadly quiet of the audience spoke its attention when the tenor rose to his second recitative. Then the chorus came in on time grandly, "Woe! See the storm clouds!"

Our basso did himself much honor in his solo. The soprani warbled in perfect accord and were re-enforced by the chorus. After a long bass solo came the beautiful quartette and chorus,

"Wreathe into garlands the gold of the harvest,
Deftly in-weaving the brightness of flow'rs."

Number 8 was a brief but lovely tenor part, followed closely by Mrs. Kinney singing that solemn half chant, "Soon noble fruit by toil was won." Then the last grand chorus rolled out the final prayer, surging in waves, with the impetuous force of the chorus, dashing against the soli, and the undertone of the violin and 'cello accompaniment. We thought for a moment that it was the day after judgment, and began to feel glad we had landed in a country where the music was so good. Only for a moment. The rustle of drapery, the sound of shuffling feet, the bombardment of the stairway and the farewell whoop of the irrrepressible small boy all assured us that the first and most successful May Festival was at an end, that love, and light and music all went out together into the frosty night air of June first.

He is indeed deaf and hopeless and almost speechless who hath no music in his soul, who responds neither to bridal march or funeral dirge for the sainted dead, or the glorious offertoire of the Mass. Have *pity* on him who knows not the "language of that art divine which charms her votaries forever."

FESTIVAL NOTES.

Vive le Conservatoire!

Judge and Mrs. Williams, of Columbus, Ohio, came to the May Festival.

The best of the wine at the last of the feast.

Full dress was de regiur, with gentlemen, in the last night and plain as it is was a great improvement on the business suit.

When the feminine portion of the chorus class rustled up they looked like a flower garden.

What shall we do to fill our churches? Go to the chorus and the May Festival and find out. It is written in letters of fire.

Miss Anna Kline was a devoted attendant on the May Festival.

Mrs. Ankny Bosworth, of Wilmington, looked in on the Art Reception. Being artistic herself her criticisms have value.

Mrs. H. S. Doggett wore her prettiest gown and bonnet to the Art Reception.

Mrs. Kinney was the recipient of a magnificent knot of tea roses on the afternoon of the Reception.

The Conservatory will go right on through the summer months.

What is a 'cello? Small boy in the rear—"A big thing that grunts." We live and learn.

Mrs. Kinney, as soloist, looked her lovliest in ecru silk, veiled in the same shade of lace and looped with pink tea roses.

The closing concert was more than a success.

In music there is religion.

Prof. McKenzie promises another May Festival in 1889.

LEESBURG.

June 4th, 1888.

F. M. Crippen and family removed from this place to Columbus Wednesday.

George Robbins, of New Lexington, spent Friday here the guest of friends.

Grant Smith and D. S. Ferguson spent Thursday in Cincinnati. Grant is laying in a stock of books which he will have on sale in a very short time.

The soldier boys discovered Wednesday that they were not so able to march to a quickstep as they were back in the sixties.

Mr. L. M. Syfred carried off the palm on Memorial Day by the beautiful manner in which his residence was decorated. Graceful festoons of evergreen and flags of all sizes were combined in a way that indicated considerable artistic taste.

M. Redkey attended the Memorial services at Rainsboro Wednesday.

Married—Wednesday, May 30th, at Wilmington, O., by Rev. L. Clemens, Mr. Carr Holmes and Miss Eliza Toll, both of Leesburg.

Rev. Wilson, of Bowersville, and Prof. Thomas, of Cedarville, came down Thursday to attend commencement. They were just a week too soon.

The seats for the commencement were put on sale Saturday morning and were all gone by ten o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Syfred spent Sunday at Centerville the guests of relatives. Mrs. Syfred had been especially invited by the church people of that place to be present and assist in the singing at their quarterly meeting, and the visit was made principally in order to accept the invitation. The Centerville people appreciate our beautiful songster.

Rev. E. Burdsall, of Greenfield, preached the commencement sermon Sunday night, June 3d. The house was crowded with an appreciative audience. All speak of the sermon in the highest terms. His subject was "Life."

Mrs. Frank King is visiting at Westboro.

Mrs. Elva Johnson, of New Vienna, is the guest of her niece, Mrs. Pumphrey.

E. W. Cox sold his kitchen and household furniture at public auction Saturday. He and his family will start for Colorado next week. We wish them success.

The Friends held a two days' meeting at Walnut Creek, which was both interesting and profitable.

Rev. Joseph Wright will preach at Hardin's Creek Sunday morning, June 10th, and will remain for the afternoon prayer meeting. These afternoon meetings at Hardin's Creek have been the means of accomplishing much good. They are well attended.

Taylor Evans and wife and Mrs. D. S. Ferguson visited the Model Town Monday.

Austin VanPelt, of Greenfield, came with Rev. Burdsall to hear the commencement sermon and visit friends.

GREENFIELD.

June 4th, 1888.

Mrs. Andrew Taylor died on last Sunday morning after but a short illness from heart disease. The funeral services took place at the home on West South street Tuesday morning, and the remains taken to Hillsboro for interment.

Mr. Mage Young is reported quite sick with congestion of the brain.

Miss Josie Caldwell has been quite sick with malarial fever.

Mrs. Wm. McMullon is confined to her bed from the infirmities of old age.

Mr. A. T. Johnson is selling out his stock of jewelry at cost. He will retire from business on account of ill health.

Mr. H. L. Dickey is visiting his daughter, Mrs. L. Heiskell, at Lincoln, Neb.

Mr. L. E. Riner, who has been connected with the book-keeping department of the pad factory, has resigned his position here and will return to Cincinnati.

Mr. L. Leib and family last Wednesday removed to Anderson, Ind.

Mr. R. Newman, of Columbus, spent last week here on business.

Mr. S. S. Mitchell has purchased the property on West Main street formerly occupied by John Murray as a furniture store, and is converting it into proper shape for a harness shop.

The Drum Corps is coming to life again, and will hold an ice cream festival at the Town Hall Saturday evening next to raise funds to get in shape for the coming campaign.

BELFAST.

June 3d, 1888.

Isaac Macolm made a flying visit to Pricetown last week.

Sampson Shoemaker, wife and family, of Ross county, spent Sunday with Noble Saterfield and wife.

Mr. Alva Thompson and Miss Drucilla McCoy, of near Rainsboro, were the guests of J. M. Wisecup and family Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. G. P. Bethel and wife contemplate holding a series of meetings near Tranquility this week.

A two-days' meeting was held at Pleasant school-house Saturday and Sunday, conducted by Rev. Wamsley and Rev. Cunningham.

The W. F. M. S. will hold their strawberry and ice cream festival on Wednesday evening, June 13. The May Hill Brass Band will be present. Everyone is invited.

Miss Murphy, of Adams county, was the guest of Mrs. W. O. Murphy Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Andrew Milburn is still on the decline, with little hopes of recovery.

Mrs. John Palmer, of Adams county, visited in this vicinity last week.

The Commissioners were last week viewing the fording of Elk Run, with intentions of bridging it in the near future.

Miss May Vanpelt, after a lingering illness of consumption, quietly passed away on the 30th of May. She was in her 25th year, and was loved and respected by all who knew her. She was a member of the Christian Church.

D. B. Thompson, of Newport, spent last Sunday in our community.

NEW MARKET.

June 5th, 1888.

Several teachers from this place will attend school in the Hill City this summer.

Messrs. Joseph Barrere and F. L. McReynolds were sojourning at Washington C. H. last week.

Dr. Leatherman is still beautfying his premises by new fencing.

Aunt Sally Nesbit was called to the land of rest on Monday night, May 21st. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church. She leaves a large circle of friends to mourn her loss. She was interred in the Presbyterian cemetery at this place.

Capt. J. R. Marshall, of Sprinfigeld, the editor and proprietor of the Hillsboro *Gazette* in its flush days, is a business visitor to Chillicothe.—*Chillicothe Leader.*