

THE MARSHALL REPUBLICAN.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Second Number of the High School Lecture Course Repeats its Last Year's Success Before a Crowded House.

Just as the music loving populace of our American cities looks forward to Grand Opera Season, so have Marshall people come to regard the date upon which the Boston Ladies Symphony Club hold forth in this town. It is a musical treat, the genuineness of which is easily observed in the manner of its second reception. For if there is any way of puncturing perfection and picking flaws in ideals, better than through repetition when the charms of newness are laid aside, it has not yet been catalogued. The house upon this occasion, last Thursday night, was easily what might be called packed, any kind of a seat at a premium and standing room at par. Those present included not only local hearers, but numerous visitors from other towns and parts of the county.

Slightly delayed in time, by reason of the protracted meetings held upon that evening, the curtain rose about half past eight, with the twenty one young ladies, who comprise the orchestra, upon the stage. They were attired in silken white with instruments in hand grouped according to the parts played, yet withal so artistically, that the effect of appearance alone, had won the favor of the house. This first and pleasing impression was well maintained throughout the entertainment, and though the concert had been marked high in the expectation of all as a result of the first visit, no one was disappointed this year.

The compositions rendered were difficult and of a high order, yet not too classical to be appreciated by the audience, and the encores responded to, were pleasing and very sweetly played. Frank W. McKee as director, is evidently well relied upon by these young ladies and Master Henry Donlan the boy soprano, has a very clear cut and resonant voice of rather remarkable tone for one of either his age or sex, and whose solos form a pleasing diversion to the instrumental selections.

Hard it is to compare degrees of merit and we relinquish the task to those present in briefly printing the essentials of the program:

- 1—Wedding March, Mendelssohn.
 - 2—Trombone Solo The Message, Brooks, Miss Oda Rudolph.
 - 3—Overture, Raymond, Thomas.
 - 4—Flute Solo, Fantaisie Pastorale Hongroise, Dopfer, op 26, Miss Florence E. Burkett.
 - 5—Overture, Semiramide, Rossini.
 - 6—Violin Solo, The Bird on a Tree, Hauser, op 34, Miss C. Mabel Beaman.
 - 7—(a) Caprice, In Beauty's Bower, Bendix.
(b) Cane Hop, Levee Revels, W. C. O'Hare.
 - 8—Soprano Solo, Se Saran Rose, Arditi, Master Henry Donlan.
 - 9—Descriptive, A Day With a Circus, Lamp.
- PART I—Here they come—The band passes by—The Drum Corps—The Bagpipers—The Plantation Singers—The Orchestron—

The Chimes—The Colored Band—The Caliope—The Chinese Band.

PART II—Arrival at the Grounds—The Hand Organ is Heard—The Ticket Sellers, Side Show and Lemonade Criers are Heard—Rush for Tickets—Passing Through the Animal Tent—Rush for Seats—International March—Waltz for Trapeze Performance—The Elephant's Dance—Indian War Dance—The Bare Back Rider—Secure Tickets for the Concert—Finale.

10—Love Song and Finale from the Fortune Teller, Herbert.

A Novel Trip to Paris.

Last Saturday quite a sensation was created by the appearance on our streets of a very strange looking craft. No one knew what it was and many were the conjectures made thereon. Some thought that another Noah, in the fastness of some wilderness, had constructed an ark. Others thought it was the leading float in some carnival parade, but on closer inspection it was the hull of a boat that F. L. Jewett, of LaCade, had constructed preparatory to a trip to the gulf. The boat is to be launched in Grand river at a point near Sumner. There it will be provided with all and modern equipments. Mr. Jewett and a crew will sail, as soon as Grand river rises, down to the Missouri, thence to the Mississippi, thence to the Gulf, where they will engage passage to Paris to attend the World's Fair. This will be a novel yet, we presume, a pleasant trip.—Sumner Times.

Deer in Carroll County.

Some dogs down southwest of town started a deer one day last week. It was a fine looking 3-prong buck, and he just cut the wind with the dogs close at his heels. He ran through a bunch of cattle on J. H. Rea's farm and attempted to clear a high wind break, but it was a little too high for him and he hung up for a while, but finally succeeded in getting over, making his escape. This same animal was again seen crossing the railroad track between here and Norborne two or three days ago. He is no doubt one of the survivors of the flock of deer cared for so long, by the late Robt. Stanley, and which for years he kept in an enclosure.—Carrollton Democrat.

The Chrysanthemum.

Thou regal flower of fair Japan,
I would the ocean I could span,
And in the sight of Fuji's dome,
Behold thee in thy native home!
No wonder that thy kindred race
Upon their flag thy petals trace,
And with thy disk the treaties seal,
Official of the common weal.
Thou art no base, plebeian weed,
Nor used for any common need;
A royal plant for kings to own,
An emblem of an empire's throne!

Judge Joseph R. Clarkson of Omaha, Nebraska will lecture in the Marshall Opera house on Nov. 28th, at 8 o'clock p. m. Subject "Christian Science." Free to the public.

THE HARRIS BRAND.

By Eljabe.

Oh angel's food, delectable!
Prompt at its Queen's command,
The marvel rises light as down—
The peerless Harris brand.

Old Abram fed no angel,
In Canaan's balmy land,
On bill of fare so velvety
As this rare Harris brand.

Where is the little woman
More daintily plan'd
Than she who smiles the daintiness
Into the Harris brand?

A touch itself angelic,
A deft and mystic hand,
That stirs the dawn and snowdrifts
All through the Harris brand.

If you would shout divinely
Hail Columbia happy land,
Just titillate the vocables
With slice of Harris brand!

Then feast; and Mister Kinley
Can never so expand;
We're, one and all expansionists
When fed on Harris brand.

If you have overdone it,
And stomachs are unman'd,
The Doctor's pills and fiddle jigs
Relieve the Harris brand.

Though light as eider feather,
Your preacher plump and bland
Fires off his biggest sermons
When full of Harris brand.

When guests have burst asunder
On provender so grand;
The Doctor sews them up again
For still more Harris brand.

Miss M—y flirts with Cupid
And keeps the upperhand,
While thus she charms the beaux in swarms
With chunks of Harris brand.

And here we sigh and hanker
On Onachita's bright strand
For angel's and archangel's food—
Celestial Harris brand.

As white as lily petals
By fairy pinions fan'd,
As exquisite as baby cheeks—
The standard Harris brand.

I want to be an angel
And with the angels stand
Whenever little Madam
Brings out the Harris brand.

Some day our gracious lady
Will join the seraph band
And sampling angel's food on high,
Compare the Harris brand!

McClure's Magazine for December will contain the introductory chapters of "The Life of the Master," by Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren,") which is to be a leading feature of the Magazine for some months to come. It will be illustrated from special drawings and paintings by Corwin K. Linson, reproduced partly in color.