

LaGrange, Georgia.

A BEAUTIFUL TOWN AND A GRAND EVENT IN ITS HISTORY.

Special to The Constitution.

LAGRANGE, May 12.—This most beautiful town is seen at its best in the blooming month of May. Nearly every home is paradisaical with flowers and shrubbery, white waving green fields give an indescribable charm to the suburbs. Of course, the Ferrell gardens are the richest gem in our crown of beauty, but many others are scarcely less attractive. Our sky is also starred with female brilliancy—constellations of bright college girls, who by the way, will soon manifest in the commencement stage, that their personal loveliness is only a setting for flashing scintillations of intellect. No city in the south is more highly favored with educational facilities. Crowds will come from far and near to attend our annual literary and musical festivals.

OUR ENTERPRISE.

King & Co. have put their variety works in motion and received their first building contract from the city—a neat pavilion for the cemetery. King is a colored man, a son of the famous Horace King, and inherits his sire's remarkable gifts in mechanism. He has a white man's principles and is highly respected. His partners are solid white citizens of means.

THE OIL MILL.

is creating a furor. Lewis Rinder, the president, is sagacious and rich, the directors are able coadjutors, with surplus means. Mr. Havenport, the superintendent, has received a cordial welcome, after satisfactory investigation of his antecedents. The ground has been bought and will soon be broken for the new enterprise, which will pay handsome dividends. The railroad has acted liberally in fostering it. This troubling of the manufacturing waters is destined to heal the south's financial disorders and put us on our feet again. We confidently hope for a cotton factory. We have the money to build and the brain to manage it. It will come.

THE BIGGEST SENSATION.

of the hour is the grand opening of our new temple of fashion and art. Theodore Mayer, the projector and owner, is one of the best known men in Georgia at this time. And yet his LaGrange exposition is not the passing pageant of a day, but is here to stay. Mayer is demonstrating what bold, pushing, all-conquering enterprise will accomplish. His temple is a creation of artistic genius—a fairy land of beauty—a vision of exquisite arrangement. We thought it was splendid by daylight, but last night it surpassed any display ever seen in this part of the state. Hour after hour the great throng pressed through the portals, surveying with admiration the beautiful picture within. A fine string band

"twisted all the chains that tie
The broken soul of harmony."

to the delight of every listener. Fair ladies, handsomely dressed, and gallant men paid tribute to the genius of the necromancer who had originated and organized an exhibition whose counterpart could only be seen in the art hall at the cotton exposition of '81. To add to the general effect, the calcium light was brought into requisition, throwing a lambent glory over the scene.

THE MAY QUEEN.

Tickets were distributed through the crowd and returned as ballots for a May queen. Miss Florence Searing, the popular and accomplished piano artiste, of the Southern female college, was the fortunate lady. The following maids of honor did her obeisance:

Miss Lucy Todd, Nannie and Mamie Abraham, Annie Whitfield, Fannie Cox and Juliette Akers.

In front of the temple a smooth platform had been erected and elaborately decked with cedar and evergreen. Here the crowning took place with graceful ceremonies. Miss Searing looked the queen which she is, in her own right of true and lovely womanliness, outside of the tribute of others. The music and the dancing continued until a late hour. The evening, for rare and novel enjoyment, will not be soon forgotten by the many citizens who attended, their wives, cousins, aunts and sweethearts, with the strangers within our gates. The new temple, so appropriately named, will have ardent devotees in the gentler sex, for whose benefit it is dedicated. The baby is recognized as a factor in the community and will be duly cribbed and, if need be, bottled, while the mother enjoys a brief respite in surveying the articles so highly prized by the fair. So original and unique an idea was probably never before conceived, much less carried into effect in Georgia. "To educate woman is to refine the world"—and Mayer has demonstrated his capacity as an educator of the feminine taste.