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### OUR FLAG.

World-famous changes, 'tis often said, The race by novelty is led. But our old flag, white, blue and red, Shall keep these tints forever.

Clustering stars, like burnished gold, Shine from each softly-futtering fold. With pride we gaze, with love untold Rally to guard it ever.

For these we shed a nation's tears, And memories rise of long-past years Of anguish'd struggle, bound with fears To keep these strong forever.

O fervent blue and brilliant red, White blended with a starry spread, For thy proud beauty brothers bleed, Hallowed art thou forever!

One race, one mighty destiny! One land stretching from sea to sea, Thrilled by the same pure loyalty. One flag for us forever!

Land of our eager, loyal love! With eagle brain, with heart of dove, Aspiring, tender, true, we prove A world-wide shelter ever.

Open thine arms unto the world! Tyrants from thrones may yet be hurled, Yet ne'er shall be thy pennants furled, Our banner floats forever.

—Lydia Wood Baldwin, in Good House-keeping.

### Why His Reason Tottered

An Adventure with Man-Hunters.

WITHOUT any reason whatever, my strange companion grasped my arm with a clutch like a vise, and, with a look of terror depicted upon every feature of his countenance, exclaimed:

"Save me! Save me! They are after me again!"

"Who are after you?" I asked, vainly trying to disengage his painful hold on my arm.

"Those real estate men. They'll shoot me. See." And he pointed out of the car window to two peaceable-looking gentlemen who were approaching the train with fowling-pieces slung over their shoulders.

At this moment a small man, with alert, nervous eyes, who had been in almost constant attendance upon the German, entered the smoking-compartment of the Pullman and said:

"Never mind, Jake. It's all right. I have got them in the next car where they can't harm you. See, I've got my guns with me, and no one can hurt you while I am around."

"Was it loaded?"

"Yes, I think you had better go to bed now, while I sit up and protect you."

"Yes, that would be better," said the German, greatly assured.

I felt sure that these two men were as crazy as bedbugs, and I lit a fresh cigar to think.

his heavy grip in one hand and an umbrella in the other, when a tall, fierce-looking man, with shaggy eyebrows and bushy mustache, said to his smaller and milder-looking companion:

"Here's our sucker, Jim. Look out the other fellows don't get him."

As the German stepped upon the platform, the small man snatched his umbrella and valise, while the tall man clutched him firmly by the arm and shoulder and rushed him toward a buggy. Instantly a great crowd surged around them, yelling like demons and poking cards in the face of the frightened German.

"Hurry up, Jim. Here, quick, let's land him." And before Jake could collect his scattered senses he was grasped on either side by his arms and legs and lifted bodily into the buggy. The tall man jumped in and jashed the horse, and they went tearing up the street like mad.

Jake thought of his money, of his wife, and little Gretchen, and bemoaned the day he ever left them. He could not doubt that he had fallen among robbers, and, as they emerged from the city, he was sure he was being taken to their den in the mountains that towered menacingly near.

His heart stood still at the thought, "What would they do with him?"

Meanwhile the real estate man talked incessantly, pointed out the advantages of Pasadena as a place of residence, occasionally stopping to go into raptures over a certain lot which he advised the German to purchase at once, as it would double in value in 24 hours.

But his eloquence fell unheeded upon a mind oblivious of all but its own heart-sick misery. Every time the real estate man knitted his shaggy eyebrows and turned on him those piercing gray eyes, Jake shuddered.

At last, weary of his unprofitable task, the tall man cast an angry glance at the trembling German and in silence drove him to a hotel. Throwing his luggage after him, the real estate man drove away disheartened, after informing Jake that another member of his firm would call at four o'clock, hoping, no doubt, that some one else would have better luck in inducing the German to purchase a town lot.

Now, Jake had no desire or intention of meeting another member of that firm, either at four o'clock or any other time, and finding that the train left in 15 minutes for Los Angeles, he made his way to the depot in all possible haste.

If the scene at the depot at Pasadena was bewildering, exciting, alarming, it was ten times more so at Los Angeles. Schmidt sat as if riveted to his seat, and dared not venture forth until the porter notified him with great dignity that the train had reached its destination, intimating quite pointedly that his absence was infinitely more desirable than his company.

As Jake alighted from the car, he perceived the door of a carriage standing invitingly open on the other side of the court and made for it on the run, the rabble after him. He booted head foremost into the vehicle, and the hackman, being sufficiently up to the situation, sent his horses off at a gallop, and landed him safely at the hotel. Jacob Schmidt congratulated himself upon his narrow escape. Nevertheless, when he descended to dinner that evening, he glanced furtively in all directions, but as the way appeared to be clear he walked confidently along the corridor.

Just as he was entering the dining-room, he was suddenly confronted by two men who politely bowed and attempted to hand him some cards.

"If no time to talk," said Jake, hastily, looking for an avenue of escape.

"How very fortunate," said the spokesman, "we are also very short of time. But there is no place more conducive to a good business understanding than the dining-room." And the three walked into the dining-room, arm in arm. One of the men spread a map out on the table, and they took turns in explaining the advantages of certain properties in Los Angeles that were advancing in value at an extraordinary pace. Jake felt helpless, while the waiter tried frantically to get their order.

"Oh, bring us anything, and be as long about it as you like," said one of the real estate men, showing the waiter a dollar.

After dinner the German was informed that one of the men would call for him at nine o'clock in the morning and take him out to see the property. In consequence of which threat—it seemed to Jake a threat—he passed a very bad night. But he was up bright and early in the morning, and having ascertained that there were fewer real estate men in San Diego, he took the early train for that point.

That there were fewer real estate men in San Diego was true, but it seemed to Jake that they were of a more virulent type. The terrible experiences of the past few days, which had already played havoc with his nerves and upset the equilibrium of his simple Teutonic mind, had, nevertheless, developed in him a remarkable degree of cunning. Getting off on the opposite side of the train from where the crowd had gathered, he skulked around behind box-cars until he reached the street above the depot, and there taking a carriage, he was driven to an uptown hotel. He was chuckling over the success of his device as he paid the driver; and, valise and umbrella in hand, he turned to enter the hotel, when he came face to face with a man, bowing and scraping, who said, politely:

"Jacob Schmidt, I believe."

couragingly, as he picked up the valise and umbrella and threw them to the porter. After shaking the German cordially by the hand, he knicked his arm in his and escorted him into the hotel.

"Mr. Schmidt, Mr. O'Brien," said the real estate man, introducing the German to the hotel proprietor. "Gentleman sent on from our house in Los Angeles. Tired, I suppose—want to rest, eh? Well, we'll see you this evening—eight o'clock." And Mr. Thomas Bragg, real estate broker, winked his eye significantly, and ejaculated, "You know," and, wringing Jake's limp hand, retired.

"How soon can I get out of this city?" asked Jake of the astonished O'Brien.

"At four o'clock—to Los Angeles." "No! no! Mein Gott in Himmel! Not to Los Angeles!" cried Jake in terror.

"Then to San Francisco by steamer to-morrow night."

"Goot. Buy me a ticket. Can you give me a quiet room and haf all my meals sent dere?"

"Certainly."

"I am zick. Don't tell no von my number. I don't vant to see nobody."

Upon being refused admittance to Mr. Schmidt's apartment that evening, Mr. Thomas Bragg, the real estate broker, felt morally certain that some competitor had got hold of his man and got him "jagged," and inwardly cursed himself for his weakness in not staying with him. He then and there determined to see Mr. Schmidt at all hazards. The next morning he watched for the waiter to take up the breakfast, and after he had retired, Bragg knocked loudly at the door. Jake was so terrified that he locked himself in the closet. Suddenly the knocking at the door ceased, and, after cautiously surveying the room, he ventured out and resumed his meal. In a few moments he heard a sound near the door, and, looking up, he saw, with open-mouth amazement, the head and shoulders of Bragg, real estate broker, framed in the transom window. The knife and fork dropped from the helpless hands of the German.

"So, you will go out with one of my competitors and cut me out, will you?"

"Go away, go away," Jake piteously implored.

"Not much. I won't go away until you have taken my propositions under consideration with those of my competitors." And he whisked out a map from an inside pocket.

At this critical juncture Jake's cunning asserted itself. Approaching the door as if to take the proffered map, he slyly turned the screw that held the rod supporting the transom sash, and bang! went the window upon the head of Thomas Bragg. There was a great crash as the real estate man fell backward off the ladder, followed by a volley of oaths.

"Yes, it was a great chase I had to be sure," continued the detective. "I first located him at Pasadena by the discovery of his trunk, and followed his trail thence to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. He spent a day at the Baldwin hotel, then all trace of him disappeared. I was baffled for weeks. One day, while standing on Grant avenue, I noticed a ragged urchin, carrying a parcel of food, enter one of the old and almost tenable buildings in that quarter. Why I stopped and questioned the lad I cannot say."

"Oh, there's an old guy I carry grub to upstairs," he said. "But I mustn't say nothin' 'bout it."

"It's all right," I answered, showing him my star. "I'll go up with you."

"I followed the lad up to a fourth-story garret and entered a room after him."

"Mein Gott in Himmel! The real estate man has found me. Take dot money. Don't gill me, don't gill me! Oh, mein frau—meine little Gretchen!"

waited the inmate of the room, crouching in a corner. It was none other than my friend Jacob Schmidt, very dirty and disheveled. I took my cue in an instant. "I don't want your money," I said; "I have been sent here by your frau to protect you against the real estate man and take you home to her and the little Gretchen." And poor Jacob Schmidt wept tears of joy upon my neck. I am now filling the interesting role of protector and defender against the fierce southern California real estate agents.

### ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

### SOWING THE SEED

How to Make the Good Roads Agitation Yield Permanent and Satisfactory Results.

A dozen years ago, when the good roads agitation was started, and the early workers began to sow the seed that they hoped would bring forth fruit a hundredfold, they had the experience that always falls to the lot of the sower—some seed fell upon good ground; some fell where there was little depth of earth; some fell among thorns, and others by the wayside.

It was not expected that all seed could be sown on good land, nor that all which should be sown would spring up to bear fruit. In such an undertaking it was more than ever necessary to follow the example which nature sets, and sow with wanton bounty, in order that here and there some might take root. In nature's economy, provision to guard against loss and prevent failure is made with a lavish hand, and thousands of blossoms and seeds are blown hither and thither to every one that rests in good soil and germinates.

It was thus with the doctrine of better roads. When that gospel began



ROAD AT COOLBAUGH, PA.  
(People Come from a Long Distance to Use It.)

to be preached it fell upon a few willing ears; some received it with joy and profited by it. Many more who heard it were heedless and indifferent; they listened, were interested for the moment, and then forgot it all. Then there were many more who would not hear, or who, hearing, would not understand. Lastly, there were those who rebelled at the doctrine, who antagonized it, who controverted it, and who sought in every way to refute it.

Nevertheless, the gospel of good roads continued to be preached with unremitting zeal until everyone had heard or had the opportunity to hear it. Into many sections of the country it penetrated slowly, and the receptivity of mind of those who heard it varied widely. The majority aroused themselves but slowly to a realization of its truths. It was "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little"—the same truth repeated and reiterated in a thousand ways.

At first a consideration of the objects and advantages of permanent highways is relied upon to arouse interest and show what can be gained by instituting a course of improvements. This part of the subject may be handled in a thousand ways, and be repeated o'er and o'er. It is a preliminary and all-important step. When interest is aroused, an investigation of the conditions that actually obtain reveals much that is surprising, and the character of improvements that should be made then suggests itself. Then follows a comparison of methods of construction and systems of care and repair, together with the cost of the same and, finally, an examination of the "ways and means," or the most just and equitable manner of apportioning the expense.

The work is all new to our country, and experience elsewhere can only serve as a partial guide—to a large extent we must work out the problem for ourselves. This requires time and patience and no little experiment. It needs courage and determination, and, as the work moves on step by step, it must continue that persistent agitation of every phase of the subject by which alone its importance can be brought home to everyone.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

**Keeping Milk Too Cold.**

A representative of a Maine creamery has been testing the skim milk of its patrons, and taking the temperature of the tank in which the deep cans were placed for cooling and raising the cream. Very much to his surprise, says the Maine Farmer, he found that many of them kept their milk too cold. He found the skim milk most free from butter fat when the temperature was nearest to 45 degrees. At 36 degrees there was from one to two-tenths of one per cent. more of butter fat in the skim milk than when it was kept at 45 degrees or near that point.

**Expensive Sort of Economy.**

Reports from south New Jersey say that some of the stone roads are in bad condition. The freeholders, who have them in charge, are farmers, and will not look after them while busy with farm work, nor employ a supervisor to care for them. This will prove an expensive policy, as a thorough system of care and repair is essential to maintain stone roads in condition and secure the greatest efficiency from them.

### MESSEIAH'S KINGDOM FORETOLD

Sunday School Lesson in the International Series for October 26, 1898.—Isaiah 24-10.

[Based upon Peabody's Select Notes.]  
GOLDEN TEXT.—The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.—Isa. 11:9.  
THE SECTION.—The Messianic prophecies of Isa. 2:2-4; 3:1-18; 9:1-7; 11:1-16; 49: 5-21.

See also Psa. 45 and 68, and a glimpse at the wonderful Messianic times in the later chapters of the book.  
TIME.—This prophecy, together with chaps. 10 and 12, must have been delivered at the time of some Assyrian invasion and defeat; either immediately after the capture of Samaria by Sargon (B. C. 722; George Adam Smith), or after another invasion (711, Chayne), or at the time of the invasion of Sennacherib and the destruction of his army (701, Driver).

PLACE.—It was delivered in Jerusalem, Isaiah's home.  
KINGS.—Hezekiah was king of Judah, Israel had been destroyed.

V. 1. Visions in the Dark Times.—To understand this prophecy we must read the previous chapter (Chap. 10), which is a part of the same prophetic utterance.

II. The Messiah King.—Vs. 1-3, 11. "And there shall come forth a rod (a new shoot) out of the stem (the stock or stump left when the tree has been cut down) of Jesse" (the family of David, from whom the Messiah should spring). Here again Isaiah beheld the glory of Jesus (John 12:41).

"The Spirit of the Lord:" The Holy Spirit, with His personal power, as the central lamp of the golden candlestick, the sun and the source of the six other qualities described: "Shaft rest upon him!" "They burn not the Spirit by measure unto him" (John 3:34). The spirit of wisdom and understanding: "This first pair denote intellectual strength and ability; clear discernment of truth in its broadest relations. 'Counsel and might' are the ability to plan and the ability to execute, neither of which can avail without the other."—Alexander. "Of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord:" That is acquaintance with the true will of God, combined with the determination to carry out that will to the full (John 4:34; Luke 12:42; Heb. 10:7).—Pulpit Com.

III. "Shall make him of quick understanding in the sphere of the fear of the Lord:" The fulfilling the duties which belong to the service of the Lord.

III. The Character of His Government.—Vs. 3-6. The qualities of character just described fit the Messiah to be a true king.

"He shall not judge after the sight of his eyes," etc.; Brilliant or repellent external qualities do not determine His favor or disfavor.—Delitzsch.

"With righteousness shall he judge the poor:" The weak, the helpless, "who have no means of commending themselves to the eye." "And reprove:" Do justice against the wicked on behalf of "the meek," the humble, the afflicted, who cannot plead for themselves in His ear. "He shall smite the earth:" The embodiment of the forces that are opposed to God and righteousness, equivalent to "the wicked" at the end of the clause. "Rod (accepter) of His mouth . . . breath of His lips: "He had only to speak and it was done, as when He spoke the worlds into being.

"Righteousness shall be the girde of His loins:" The girde is mentioned as an essential part of oriental dress, and that which keeps the others in their proper place, and qualifies the wearer for exertion, "Faithfulness:" Absolute truth to His principles and His promises.

IV. The Golden Age He Will Bring.—Vs. 6-9. The natural result of such a king and such a government, when all are brought under its benign sway, will be the Golden Age, the millennial days the ages have looked forward to in hope and faith.

"Asp:" A small, very poisonous serpent. "Ceckatrice:" The great viper, "a large yellow one called Daboia Xanthina (Tristram), one of the most beautiful but venomous of the vipers of Palestine."—Cheyne.

"They shall not hurt nor destroy:" Everything injurious or harmful shall be either removed or changed into something helpful and blessed. "In all my holy mountain:" Either Mount Zion, the type of the church, or the mountain region which covers the most of Palestine, as a type of the Kingdom of God. In that day the mountain of the Lord shall fill the whole earth. (See Dan. 9:25.) "The knowledge of the Lord:" Both theoretical and practical, both of the mind and of the heart. "As the waters cover the sea:" Filling every part.

"And in that day (which he saw in his far-off vision) there shall be a root of Jesse:" That is the plant springing from the root, vs. 13:2. So in Rev. 22:16 the Messiah says: "I am the root, even the offspring of David." "Shall stand for an ensign:" A banner, a signal seen from afar as a rallying point, for the nations to come, to join His kingdom, to pray, and to worship. "His rest:" His resting place. The land where He rules, the church with which He abides, the soul which He fills, "shall be glorious," with the glory of God's character, His love and righteousness. Here will be the center of rest and blessedness.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.  
This prophecy is marvelous in itself, and in showing how these better times can come to the earth. The Bible golden age is before us and not behind us.  
God's book of Nature agrees with His book of Revelation in this glorious hope.

Only with Jesus as king can these good times come. Every convert to Christianity is another step towards them.  
The millennium is a certain promise of God's rule.