

SOUTHERN PROGRESS.

A monthly, sixteen-page journal containing in each number some twenty narratives of the South, chiefly descriptive and pictorial.

The regular price of Southern Progress is fifty cents a year, but to introduce the paper we will send it three months for ten cents.

FRANK A. HEYWOOD,

Editor and Publisher,

211 S. 10th St., Philadelphia.

HAIR HEALTH. Never fails to Renew Youthful Color and Give Life to Gray Hair.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

Small advertisements of every description, want, sale or rent, lost or found, or their notices inserted under this head for one-half cent a word for one insertion, and one for each subsequent insertion.

A Cure for Nervous Headaches. For eight years I suffered from constipation and severe headaches, the headaches usually lasting three days at a time.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of Administration in the estate of Henry Grubb, Sr., late of Centre township, Snyder Co., Pa., dec'd., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves interested in and due to be paid to make immediate payment, while those having claims will present them duly authenticated to the undersigned.

Comrades, Attention. I served from '62 to '64, and was wounded May 10, 1864, in the battle of the Wilderness.

PATENTS OBTAINED. TERMS EASY.

Consult or communicate with the Editor of this paper, who will give all needed information.

New Book Free.

A valuable book giving complete information how I successfully cure consumption and other lung diseases will be sent free to the readers of this paper.

HUMPHREYS'

- No. 1 Cures Fever. No. 3 " Infants' Diseases. No. 4 " Diarrhea. No. 8 " Neuralgia. No. 9 " Headache. No. 10 " Dyspepsia. No. 14 Cures Skin Diseases. No. 15 " Rheumatism. No. 20 " Whooping Cough. No. 27 " Kidney Diseases. No. 30 " Urinary Diseases. No. 77 " Colds and Grip.

FLAG OF DELIVERANCE.

To the hills in the sunrise track Of a nation born to be free. Where the looms of the Merrimac Enrich the flocks of the sea.

Flag of Deliverance blown On the wings of all the seas, Symbol of realm unknown.

THE WOMAN'S WORK

By IRVING BACHELLER.

MY LIFE had been full of work and worry. On leaving college I had planned to do many things that I had never done.

Early or late, I had no heart for reading, or going after pleasure when I got home.

My legs remained unbroken, however, and carried me year after year on a steady round of toil.

"Hello, Pete," said I—that was the name I called her at home—"I've got news."

vehicle came rumbling up, presently, and I took off a lot of string beans and peas and green corn and potatoes and beefsteak and butter, and a pair of ducks, and tossed them all into the refrigerator.

"Did you take them ducks off the dumb waiter?" It demanded. "Guess I did," I answered.

"What madam?" I answered, my hand on the rope. "The Mrs. says you'd oughten know that ducks want for the like of youse."

"What is it, ma'am?" I answered, my head in the gloom of the shaft. "The Mrs. would like to know what ye put on them ducks."

"The Mrs. says ye can take 'em an' welcome," and before I could make any answer the door of the shaft came to with a bang and that stratum of light in the depths below me turned to darkness.

"I may break my leg sometime," I used to say, "and then I'll have a chance to read them."

"What do you mean?" she inquired. "It isn't a broken leg," I answered, "but it's the next thing to it—a vacation."

And so it went. One standing near would have heard the first chapter in a well-known history of England, but I heard only the history of my recent life.

and as it rolled back to me, I kicked it across the room with a remark that had better be omitted. Then I heard the door of the dumb waiter open just below me.

"Ye'd better break a hole in the ceiling an' done with it," somebody shouted. I began to cool down a bit shortly, and swathed my hand in a wet cloth, and fixed the beans and potatoes and put them away in the oven.

"There'd be one surprised woman when she does come," I said to myself as I sat down to cool off. I looked at the clock. It was half after six, and she was long overdue.

"If she doesn't come in half an hour, I shall send out an alarm," I said to myself, and then a ring at the bell brought me to my feet. "Hello, dear," said my wife, in a cheerful tone, as I opened the door.

"Yes; been to the club," she went on, stepping into the bedroom and laying off her things. "I stayed longer than I intended and missed my train."

"What did you say?" she inquired. "Oh, come," I said, "wake up! Let's have a good long talk. A wife is no comfort to a man when she sits and gazes at him like a niddy with nothing to say."

"Oh, by'n by!" she answered. "Maybe I'll break my leg one of these days." I began to grow thoughtful then, and got up and helped her clear the table, and went into the kitchen and wiped the dishes for her.

"How nice it is," said she, "just as I am able to go out a bit that you can turn your hand to such things." "Not much," I answered; "I don't propose to be anybody's servant girl. We'll hire one to-morrow, and then we'll get acquainted with each other."

Cats delight in racing about, but not so often, I think, in circles as dogs do. They prefer straight lines and sharp turns with the genuine goat jump. This sudden flight into the air, which appears to take place without the animal's knowledge or intention, cannot here be preparatory to life in the mountains, but the cat finds the high jump very useful, not only in pouncing on its prey, but in escaping its hereditary enemy.

ROAD IMPROVEMENT

TRAINING THE YOUNG.

Road Instruction Is Necessary Where Permanent Results Are to Be Accomplished.

It is not to be denied that wheelmen sometimes feel discouraged at the results obtained from ten years of persistent agitation, much thankless labor and considerable expenditure of money in the cause of highway improvement.

There are some things connected with the road problem that are better understood to-day than they were a few years ago, and they have brought to wheelmen realization that there are many sections of the country in which it is well-nigh impossible to interest or instruct the people on the subject, and where it may take a generation or two to convince them that bad roads cost money while good roads save it.



AN IDEAL HIGHWAY. (Tennessee Road, Between Hackensack and Englewood, N. J.)

degree abating their own interest in highway improvement, cyclists find it for their own interest in such districts to secure the construction of cycle side paths. Such paths are directly beneficial to all concerned, for the wheelman gets a good roadway and the opposition are afforded food for thought in the constant spectacle of the easy, rapid locomotion of vehicles over smooth surfaces.

This is an educative influence, but it cannot always be counted on as sufficient. To secure permanent results it should be supplemented by practical instruction, not alone to the adult generation, but to the youth who will, before many years, be called upon to decide whether the mudways of the past are to be retained, or whether greater prosperity is to be courted by the aid of hard and permanent highways.

Demonstrations of road construction held annually in every county; building of sample stretches on scientific principles; efforts to arouse interest by promoting discussion in farmers' granges and associations; circulation of readable, convincing matter, and the like, are among the means that can be used to appeal to the adult mind.

But younger minds can be appealed to more effectively through the instruction of the schools and colleges. In every one of which information on the social and economic value of good roads ought to be given. This is a phase of the subject that has not yet received the attention its importance merits. Too much cannot be expected of the present generation, but the oncoming one can be trained to see the great advantages of improving the highways, so that they will naturally take up the work when their time and opportunity comes.

Russia Has Bad Roads. Baron Duquesne, sent to Russia by the Touring Club de France for the object of inspecting the roads most suitable for the projected Paris-St. Petersburg motor car race, has issued a long report stating that roads, as understood in the rest of Europe, do not exist in Russia save in the immediate vicinity of the largest towns, where they are few and far between, and very bad at that. He concludes that the intended race is almost an impossibility, as the rough pathways used as roads would not allow one vehicle ever reaching its destination.

GOSSIP OF THE STAGE.

A Japanese opera by Chester Bailey Fernald, the author of "The Cat and the Cherub," is to be produced in London soon.

Richard Mansfield has secured from the Scribners the exclusive rights, in this country, for the dramatization of Stevenson's "St. Ives."

Reginald de Koven's "The Fencing Master" is to be sung in London soon with Marie Tempest in the leading role, which she created in the United States some years ago.

Alice Nielsen, who is to star next season under Frank L. Perley, has arrived safely in Yokohama. Recently the singer left San Francisco for a vacation trip to China and Japan.

Luclen Gulty, for several years the leading actor with Bernhardt, has gone to another theater, where he will receive a large salary, chiefly because he owns two plays that are regarded as probable successes.

Sarah Bernhardt has decided not to appear as Josephine in a Napoleonic play which was made for her. She concluded after two years' deliberation that the role did not suit her, and Coquelin has taken the play for the sake of acting Napoleon.

A stir in London dramatic affairs is made by the promise that Hall Caine will appear at a charity matinee organized by Ellen Terry, who is said to have persuaded the novelist to do a turn which has hitherto been seen in a few provincial cities only.

Germany is to have "In Old Kentucky" acted in Germany by a company sent from the Pabst theater in Milwaukee, and accompanied by negro dancers and singers. The performance is seriously spoken of in German journals as a return for the appearances here of Sorma, Engels, Kalin, Possart and Barnay.

Wilson Barrett, the eminent English actor, has just closed his Australian tour at Adelaide. Mr. Barrett's tour has proved such an enormous financial success—his individual share of the profits amounting to at least £15,000 sterling—that he has already made arrangements to visit the antipodes in 1890.

CONTEMPORARY FUN.

Lodging House Clerk—"Bed with bath, 15 cents." Weary Watkins—"I guess I'd rather pay a little more and not take a bath."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—"I wonder why it is that summer engagements never end in marriage." He (moodily)—"The man never has enough left to marry on."—Town Topics.

Commissioner (to civil service applicants for places in the custom house).—"When was the diamond duty most burdensome?" Bright Candidate—"Just before my marriage, sir."—Jeweler's Weekly.

She—"What a lovely summer afternoon! How resplendent the bright orb of day hangs in the blue vault above." He—"Y-a-a-a; nice day for a feller to get his hair cut."—Roxbury Gazette.

Jill—"You puckered up your lips so then, that I thought you were going to kiss me." Jack—"No; I got some sand in my mouth." Jill—"Well, for heaven's sake swallow it! You need it in your system."—Troy Times.

"Named your boy yet?" "Yes. Called him Dewey B." "What is the S for?" "I dunno yet whether it is for Sampson, Skeley or Smith, or his mother's father."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Heroes Yet to Come—"I understand you have decided to postpone the christening of the baby." "Yes. You see, we can't tell who we may want to name him after by the time this war is done."—Chicago Evening Post.

As Bad as Ever.—Madge—"On account of the war, I guess there will be no lack of men at the summer resorts this year." Marjorie—"But what good will they be? Those fellows who were afraid to volunteer wouldn't enter into any engagements."—Judge.

A Theory.—"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "how is it that some o' dese people kin work day after day an' never seem to feel it?" "Well," replied Meandering Mike, reflectively, "I s'pose dey is started in young an' gets to be immune."—Washington Star.

GLEANED ABROAD.

The Suez canal took 13 years to build. Germany prints twice as many books as France.