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FLAG OF DELIVERANCE

To the hills in the sunrise track Of a nation born to be free, Where the looms of the Merrim Enrich the fleets of the see, Earich the floots of the sea,
To the lakes of the timber sene
Where the inland navies run,
To the fields of the south full-blown
With their cotton white in the sun, To the western rivers that leap In the grand Pacific bays Where the winds of empire sweep And the beacons of commerce blaze. For the greeting of hearts that spring. To the thrill of Liberty's call, On the sky of summer we fling The flag that covers them all

It bears no menace of fate For the rage of a vengeful hour, It flies no signal of bate, No lure for the lust of power. o envy, ambition, or greed, Wherever its colors swing. The eyes that see it shall read In the flash of its splendid wing.
From the sky its beckonings speak
With pity's divine command:
"Go tear from the throat of the weak
The gripe of cruelty's hand! Tho' the sword the lesson must write, And cannon utter the word, Bid tyranny cease to emite And the wrongs of the poor be heard. Go crush the hawk in his spite And succor the victim bird!"

Fing of Deliverance blown On the winds of all the seas, Symbol of realm unknown To the bending of vassal knees— Hall it, invincible states, With the breath of our palms and pines, From Maine to the Golden Gates, Huzza for its rainbow lines! And hall it bearts of the brave. From the heights of the mother isla. Till our banners that arch the wave Shall blend with a kiss and smile. Run up the stars to the peak For the England old and new! he cross of St. George shall speak With our own red, white and blue.

Echoes our eagle's behest:
'No more shall a feudal soourge Torment the civilized west! And to-day Old Glory streams Where despots scoffed at its birth. Where a savage past blasphemes The welfare of all the earth, Where worn-out dynasties shake With the groans of the poor they spura. And the fires its lightnings wake In the graves of Liberty burn.

And the lion from over the surge

Of deatiny time unrolls With the world's to-morrow of hope In its promise to fettered souls; And the commonwealth of mankind The last rent scepter shall se

And the last slave march behind The banner that leads the free. -Theron Brown, in Youth's Companien

and a contraction of the contrac

THE WOMAN'S WORK

By IRVING BACHELLER. **E** deserbre de la compansión de la comp

MY LIFE had been full of work and worry. On leaving college I had planned to do many things that I had never done. I was to travel, I was to reed and study, I was to wish and have -indeed what was I not to do and what had I done? Nothing but drudgery that had prospered so as to beggar me of my best hopes. The hurry and hazard of business Hie had never given me so much even as a day off. It had been hard on my wife, and from the first I felt sorry for her. We had no children and in our little flat my wife insisted that a servant would be no help. I was detained at my office frequently until neither my wife nor my ribbons tied to them; a paper holder dinner were at their best. I often ate delicately embroidered; photographs of with suppressed emotion those days, while my wife sat beside me in tears, and I could never quite understand her grieving when I had no fault to find myself.

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

Somehow the weight of the whole day seemed to fall on me of a sudden, when I sat under my own roof. Generally I lay on the sofa with my pipe and paper, while my wife put away the dishes. That done, we talked languidly about the events of the day, and were in bed by half after nine. I letters. I untied them and sat down loved books and bought them freely as I prospered.

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

My legs remained unbroken, however, and carried me year after year of drudgery for both, and for her it on a steady round of toil. Other people broke their legs now and then, as I read in the papers, and I regarded them with a kind of envy. Many of my gloomy flat. I put up the letters and domestic pleasures were contingent on went into the sitting room. It was two that possibility of a broken leg, I remember. It came to be a standing joke with us, and there was a bit of pathos in it. too.

years when I came home one summer evening with extraordinary news. "Hello, Pete," said I-that was the

We had been married about ten

name I called her at home-"I've got news.

"What do you mean?" she inquired. "It isn't a broken leg," I answered, 'but it's the next thing to it-a vacation. No more business for awhile anyway. Now, I hope we'll have a little comfort together. I want you to join that reading club you spoke of and go and see your friends—that's I heard only the history of my recent what I want. I'll look after the flat life. I threw the book aside presently awhile myself. I can stand it for a and fell asleep. When I awoke it was couple of weeks, anyhow."

We kept to the house that evening, and haid plans for the near future. Next morning my wife went to town. She was to call on some of her friends and leave her measure for a new gown and do a lot of delayed shopping. I sat alone reading for a long time after the table and got out some of our best she went away. There was a deadly stillness in the flat, but somehow I couldn't keep my mind to the book. I had read ten chapters when I discovered myself groping in the gloomy roses and ferns. On my return a labyrinths of an Egyptian tomb. How I had got there was a mystery to me. I looked back through a dozen pages, but it was all new. I had gone as far as the hundredth page with nothing more in my mind than I had had to start with. I had been thinking over the details of my business ever since opened the book. Suddenly a sharp blast on the whistle of the dumb waiter

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 tessed them all into the refrigerator. Evidently my wife had stopped on her way and left orders for dinner. She had told me where I would find everything I needed for my luncheon. It was 11 o'clock, and to relieve my loneliness I went out for a long walk. I had no sooner opened the kitchen door on my return than the whistle spat at me as if I had been a dog and it a cat, and no love between us. I opened the door at the dumb waiter and a woman's voice came ringing up the shaft.

Did you take them ducks off the dumb waiter?" it demanded. "Guess I did," I answered. "Thought they belonged here. Hold on a min-

ute. I'll send them right down. I rushed to the refrigerator for the ducks, and as I did so the outline of a dialogue that was very loud and heavy on one side came echoing up the shaft. To my horror, I discovered that as I sat down to cool off. in tossing the ducks into the ice chamber I had upset a bottle of ketchup and a bowl of mclasses. One of them faucet and rubbed him dry with a both into a paper eack and hurled them into the dumb waiter.

"Please, sor!" that voice shouted again. "What madam?" I answered, my

hand on the rope.

"The Mrs. says you'd oughten know that ducks warnt fer the like o' youse." I; "here they are," and then I began to pull frantically at the rope.

"That'll do," they shouted, presently. I stopped puffing with the violence of heart. my effort. Then a wild scream came up at me through the shaft, and the

sound of angry voices.
"Please, sor." the weman called

"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." "Ketchup and molasses," I answered.

'I'm sorry. It was an acledent." "May the divvle run away wid him,"

I heard her say then. "He's filled the one o' thim wid molasses." There came a sharp answer, and then

the unfortunate ducks were flung back lit a match; "where have you been?"

into the dumb waiter. "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 darknesa. It would have given me pleasure to buy another pair of ducks for the good woman, but she had not given me a chance to make the offer. I would have gope and rang her doorbell in an offer to make amends, but I had no idea where to find her. I ate my lunch presently, and went to our bedroom and sat in an easy chair by the window with my pipe. The hum of insects and the noises of the street came up to me, increasing my sense of loneliness. I looked about the room. There were things in it I had never seen before; silken covered bottles with myself in little golden frames and others, reminding me of times and faces well-nigh forgotten; a hundred trifles that, one by one, had gone un-noticed into the building of my home and happiness. I opened a bureau drawer full of plush covered boxes and silken belts and ribbons, and the smell of violets. In one of the boxes there were a lot of old beads and bracelets, a discarded neck chain and many useless trinkets the delight of some far distant day. In another box there was an old photograph of me-a callow looking youth-and a bundle of comfortably to look them over. I had written a lot of high-sounding rubbish in those letters; I had made many promises; I had painted many pictures of what the future was to bring us. It had all been very different a life full must have been a desert. I thought of the days innumerable and full of loneliness that she had spent in that e'cleck, and I took a book from its

shelf and lay down upon the sofa in a vain quest after knowledge. This time I would set my came on grand and read aloud. I remember when I had finished there was in my considerates about this impression of what I had

read: "I purpose to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time that is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors; Good Lord! I have made many errors."

And so it went. One standing near would have heard the first chapter in a well-known history of England, but near five o'clock. The flat was as dark and silent as a tomb. My wife would be coming soon, and I thought I would get the dinner started. So I strung the beans and pared the potatoes and got a fire going. The pots were boiling merrlly in a short time, and then I spread china. It occurred to me, suddenly, that a few flowers would improve the looks of the table, and so I hurried down to a near shop and bought a lot of strong odor greeted me at the door. The water had boiled out of one of the pots and the beans had touched bottom. The potatoes were also crumbling on the verge of dissolution. I made things move so quickly then that I scalded my hand with hot steam. I lost my temper for a moment and flung the empty potato kettle into the air. It left its black footprint on the wall That nate | and came down with a mighty creah, 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 shout-

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. They looked all right, and I began to broil the beefsteak with a feeling of remorse. When it lay on the platter at last, with a golden crown of butter on it and a sprinkle of pepper over all, I grew hungry at the sight. "Now," I thought, "the quicker she comes the better."

The table looked superb in its fresh cover of snowy linen with delicate sprays of fern surrounding the centeriece of roses, and little groups of china decorated in blue and gold.

"There'n be one surprised woman when she does come," I said to myself

I looked at the clock. It was half after six, and she was long overdue. What could have happened to her? It looked like a chunk of rusty iron. I had been very hot in the sun-perhaps gave him a bath under the hot water she had been overcome and taken to some hospital. The gloomy day grew Turkish towel. Then I thrust them dusk, and there was something in the silence like the muffled footfall of the coming night. I sat a long time listening, hoping, fearing, imagining all manner of evil. I went into the dark kitchen after awhile and Ht a match and peered into the oven. The fire had gone down; the beans had settled and turned black; the potatoes had a cold "I know it, ma'am-forgive me," said | and sickly look; the steak had shrunk into a leathery patch at the bottom of the platter. I went back to my chair in the dining-room, utterly sick at

"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. You poor thing, what has happened to

"Madam," said I, with growing indignation, "I should like to know what has happened to you."

"Goodness!" said she in that same kindly and provoking tone, "make a light and then I shall tell you."

"It's a fine time to be getting home," I said, with suppressed emotion as

"Been to the club!" she answered. "Been to the club!" I repeated, with

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

She used the same tone of voice with which I had answered her on similar occasions, and oddly enough it was about the same story I had told her a score of times. While I was lighting the gas in the dining-room I thought how suddenly that feeling of romantic tenderness had gone out of my heart.

"Come here," said she, presently. "I want you to look in the glass." I had already seen it in the mantle mirror-that face of mine black with

soot and stern with emotion. She came in before I could amwer

and saw the dinner table, and shortly we both went and washed our faces. My dinner was cold and went with a

bad relish, but she fell to with a smiling face and a stout heart, and a word of praise for everything, just as I had done always.

I felt like talking after dinner. It was a great relief to have somebody to talk to efter that long and lonely day. "Tell me what you have been doing all day," I said.

My wife sat gaping, her head leaning on her hand, a far-off look in her eyes. She had not heard me.

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

"I'm too tired"-that was her answer -"I've to get up early and go and meet a friend of mine over in Brooklyn tomorrow morning. I must get through

with the work and go to bed." "When am I going to have a word with you?-that's what I'd like to know," I said.

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

"How nice it is," said she, "just as ! 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." And that is what came of it.

Animals at Play.

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. Brehm records a movement play of young chamois. When in summer the young chamois climb up to the perpetual snow, they delight to play on it. They throw themselves in a crouching position on the upper end of a steep, snow-covered incline, work all four legs with a swimming motion to get a start, and then slide down on the surface of the snow, often traversing a distance of from 100 to 150 meters in this way, while the snow flies up and covers them with a fine powder. Arrived at the bottom, they spring to their feet and slowly clamber up again the distance then have slid down, "Play of Aumaie."



TRAINING THE YOUNG.

ad Instruction Is a Necessity When Permanent Results Are to Be Accomplished.

It is not to be denied that wheelmes 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. At times the efforts that have been put forth seem to have been out of all proportion to what has been accomplished. The temptation, then, is strong to relinquish the work entirely to those who will be the most immediate and chief beneficiaries of it; but, knowing that the withdrawal of their assistance would be the removal of one of the strongest supports of the cause, they turn again to renew their efforts in its behalf.

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 wheelmens 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. Therefore, while in no



eck 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 suffieient. 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 high-

WBJL 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 merita. 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. Doubtless there are obstacles to be

encountered in securing the introduction of such instruction into the common schools, but they can all be over come. Not the least among them, perhaps, is the fact that few teachers are themselves at all well informed on the subject, and might not welcome it at first. Few works suitable for purposes of instruction now exist, and a demand for them would be created; but, in a short time, all this could be remedied, and intelligent instruction given to the young would eventually bring forth fruit a thousandfold .-Good Roads.

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. Russia, it would appear from the above, is not a country that could be easily invaded unless the railways were secured first.

good, finely-flavored butter, where they sully.

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.

Lucien Guitry, 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, Kainz, 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

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 b that summer engagements never end in marriage." He (moodily)-"The man never has enough left to marry on."-Town Topics. Commissioner (to sivil service appli-

cants 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 after-

noon! How resplendent the bright orb of day hangs in the blue vault above." He-"Y-a-a-s; nice day fer 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 mouth." in my Well. heaven's sake swallow it! You need it in your system."-Troy Times. "Named your boy yet?" "Yes. Called bim Dewey 8." What is the S

for?" "I dunno yet whether it is for Sampson, Schley or Smith, or his mother's father."-Cincinnati En-Heroes Yet to Come.-"I understand

you have decided to postpone the chris-tening 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 dat 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 immunes."-Washington Star.

GLEANED ABROAD.

The Suez canal took 13 years to build. Germany prints twice as many books as France. In France there are 83 females to

every 100 males. There are about 71,000 families in Japan that live by fishing.

More than 75 per cent. of the trade of Egypt is with British possessions. In Berlin nearly all the repairs of the principal streets are carried on at

night. It is said that about 50,000 servant girls go from the German provinces

to Berlin every year. Prisoners when arrested in Morocco are required to pay the policeman for

his trouble in taking them to jail. A Japanese bride gives her wedding presents to her parents as some slight recompense for their trouble in rear-

Simla, India, is built on the side of a steep hill, and the roof of one house is often on a level with the foundation of

one in the next tier. Barcelona is now the most populous city of Spain, the result of a census just taken, showing 520,000 inhabitants to Madrid's 507,000,

Siberia is an empire in itself. There

have been discovered along its line of road 54 bituminous coal fields, 20 gold, 40 copper and two, silver deposits. Any Spaniard over the age of 10 is

liable to be called into military service for three years. By the payment of 1.500 pesetas (\$300) he can escape mili-

Ground rye, it is said, will not make