The Progress.

C. D. HICKS, Ed. and Prop.

SHREVEPORT, - - LA.

THE sign, "Fine Toilet Soap, five cents,"
For months hung on the wall
The ladies came and went each day
But bought no soap at all.
The sign was changed: "Complexion Soap,
Price fifty cents per Cake."
The dealer in the next two weeks
A fortune small did make.

IN the house of commons there are ten newspaper men, six printers, four tailors, three stationers, two butchers, three hotel-keepers, six farmers, one coal merchant and one cab driver.

REV. DR. RAINSFORD stood up in his pulpit the other day and said New York society was essentially vulgar. Apropos, Rev. Dr. Rainsford has been blackballed in the new Millionaire's club.

THE etymologist deals a blow to sentiment by showing that the mountain from which the Kearsarge took her name was originally known as Hezekiah Sargent's Mountain, from which the slovenly speech of the natives evolved Kiah Sarge, then Kearsarge.

THE leather medal for hard luck goes to the Pittsburg burglar who risked his life to blow open the safe, was caught in the act and pursued, broke his leg, was captured, and at the police station discovered that his booty was $1,000 worth of confederate bills.

IF there was one lesson which the world's fair impressed more deeply than another upon the American public it was the fact that when you want a work of art you should go to an artist to get it. It was under the workings of that rule that the world's fair was built.

ONE of the features of the projected printing exhibition in Paris will be a model of the secret printing offices which flourished in the catacombs during the last century, and which a number of artists went to visit the other day for the purpose of reproducing them from nature.

THE male members of New York's Four Hundred may now be expected to soon rival the rainbow in their decoration, to have more color about their costume than a French barmaid. If Ward McAllister is arrested one of these days as a Voodoo doctor the fault will be with the prince of Wales.

ANOTHER foreign force has invaded the country. Two small but wicked Chinamen broke into the country at Detroit and were taken red handed as they stepped off the train. They are now in jail. In the face of this incident there are persons who will argue that there is no necessity for gunboats on the great lakes.

IT was two years ago that a woman threw a piece of gingerbread at Mr. Gladstone, hitting him in the eye. The injury thus inflicted was not supposed to be serious at the time, but the results of it are now manifest. She appears to be in a measure reponsible for the most important event of current political history.

DR. N. S. DAVIS refuses compensation for giving medical testimony in the Prendergast trial. Although he has been practicing medicine a matter of fifty or sixty years it is evident that Dr. Davis has not yet risen to the dignity of an "expert," and considering the figure cut by most of the medical gentlemen who assume that title, his patients are to be congratulated.

A LITTLE less less than thirty per cent of the increase in population in this country is directly attributable to immigration. As this calculation takes no note of the precentage of native born of immigrant parents, the statement shows with remarkable clearness the immense influence which the tide of immigration must have in fixing the American national traits and characteristics.

ONLY married men are given $1 a day jobs in the Pittsburg public works and as a result wives of every description in the Smoky city are in great demand. For those not particular as to quality and who are hungering and thirsting for the opportunity to change "Miss" to "Mrs." Pittsburg is now a spinster's paradise. Idle bachelors are running around after wives like a boy after butterflies.

BRIDES nowadays are sweet things, and "sweet to the sweet" is all right so far as it goes, but the girl ought to shut off her yearning for candy after the honeymoon at least. No man wants a wife who makes a mere candy-hopper of herself. She is bound to sour on the situation some time, particularly if the flow of taffy happens to run short. The wife with a sugar tooth is a perpetual menace in a household. So is the wife with a chewing-gum jaw.

GREAT distress is prevalent among the laboring classes in Spain. Many hundreds of unemployed men are walking the streets of Madrid, Cadiz, and other cities in the vain search for work. One day recently 4,000 men went in a body to the government offices in Madrid asking for relief in the shape of work for themselves and families. The government was able to do but little for them. Brigandage has greatly increased, and its spread it attributed to the distress among the rural population.

EASTER SERMON.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE LAST RESURRECTION.

"It Would Not Be Much of a God Who Could Do Things Only as Far as Man Can Understand"—Nearly All Is Mystery.

BROOKLYN, March 25, 1894.—The Easter services in the tabernacle today were attended by immense audiences. Beautiful floral decorations almost hid the pulpit from view, and the great organ gave forth its most rapturous strains in honor of the day. In the forenoon Rev. Dr. Talmage delivered an eloquent sermon, the text being taken from Genesis 23 : xvii, xviii: "And the field of Hebron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham."

At this Easter service I ask and answer what may seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get through, a practical and useful and tremendous question: What will resurrection day do for the cemeteries? First, I remark, it will be their supernal beautification. At certain seasons it is customary in all lands to strew flowers over the mounds of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden. And when I say garden I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. The late frosts of spring and the early frosts of autumn are so near each other that there are only a few months of flowers in the field. All the flowers we see to-day had to be petted and coaxed and put under shelter, or they would not have bloomed at all. They are the children of the conservatories. But at this season and through the most of the year, the Holy Land is all ablush with floral opulence.

You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you supposed indigenous to the far north, and others indigenous to the far south—the daisy and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water lily, geranium and ranunculus, mignonette and sweet marjoram. In the college at Beyrout you may see Dr. Post's collection of about eighteen hundred kinds of Holy Land flowers; while among trees are the oaks of frozen climes, and the tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorne, ash and elder, pine and sycamore. If such floral and botanical beauties are the wild growths of the field, think of what a garden must be in Palestine! And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after, on the soldier's spear, his last drop of blood had coagulated. And then see how appropriate that all our cemeteries should be floralized and tree shaded. In June Greenwood is Brooklyn's garden.

"Well, then," you say, "how can you make out that the resurrection day will beautify the cemeteries? Will it not leave them a plowed up ground? On that day there will be an earthquake, and will not this split the polished Aberdeen granite, as well as the plain slab that can afford but two words, 'Our Mary,' or 'Our Charley?'" Well, I will tell you how resurrection day will beautify all the cemeteries. It will be by bringing up the faces that were to us once, and in our memories are to us now, more beautiful than any calla lily, and the forms that are to us more graceful than any willow by the waters. Can you think of anything more beautiful than the reappearance of those from whom we have been parted? I do not care which way the tree falls in the blast of the judgment hurricane, or if the plowshare that day shall turn under the last rose leaf and the last china aster, if out of the broken sod shall come the bodies of our loved ones not damaged, but irradiated.

The idea of the resurrection gets easier to understand as I hear the phonograph unroll some voice that talked into it a year ago, just before our friend's decease. You touch the lever, and then come forth the very tones, the very song of the person that breathed into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that, can not Almighty God, without half trying, return the voice of your departed? And if he can return the voice, why not the lips and the tongue and the throat that fashioned the voice? And if the lips and the tongue and the throat, why not the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the nerves, of which the brain is the headquarters? And if he can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice and the brain and the muscles and the bones, why not the entire body? If man can do the phonograph, God can do the resurrection.

Will it be the same body that in the last day shall be reanimated? Yes, but infinitely improved. Our bodies change every seven years, and yet in one sense it is the same body. On my wrist and the second finger of my right hand there is a scar. I made that at twelve years of age, when, disgusted at the presence of two warts, I took a red hot iron and burned them off and burned them out. Since then my body has changed at least a half dozen times, but those scars prove it is the same body. We never lose our identity. If God can and does sometimes rebuild a man five, six, ten times, in this world, is it mysterious that he can rebuild him once more, and that in the resurrection? If he can do it ten times, I think he can do it eleven times. Then look at the seventeen year locusts. For seventeen years gone, at the end of seventeen years they appear, and by rubbing the hind leg against the wing make that rattle at which all the husbandmen and vine dressers tremble as the insectile host takes up the march of devastation. Resurrection every seventeen years, a wonderful fact!

Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any model. There had never been a human organism, and so there was nothing to copy. At the first attempt God made a perfect man. He made him out of the dust of the earth. If out of ordinary dust of the earth and without a model God could make a perfect man, surely out of the extraordinary dust of mortal body, and with millions of models, God can make each one of us a perfect being in the resurrection. Surely the last undertaking would not be greater than the first. See the gospel algebra; ordinary dust minus a model equals a perfect man; extraordinary dust and plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mysteries about it? Oh, yes; that is one reason why I believe it. It would not be much of a God who could do things only as far as I can understand. Mysteries? Oh, yes; but no more about the resurrection of your body than about its present existence.

I will explain to you the last mystery of the resurrection, and make it as plain to you as that two and two make four, if you will tell me how your mind, which is entirely independent of your body, can act upon your body so that at your will your eyes open, or your foot walks, or your hand is extended. So I find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind. I say that the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up, in the morning of the resurrection.

They will come in improved condition. They will come up rested. The most of them lay down at the last very tired. How often you have heard them say, "I am so tired!" The fact is, it is a tired world. If I should go through this audience, and go round the world, I could not find a person in any style of life ignorant of the sensation of fatigue. I do not believe there are fifty persons in this audience who are not tired. Your head is tired, or your back is tired, or your foot is tired, or your brain is tired, or your nerves are tired. Long journeying, or business application, or bereavement, or sickness has put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority of those who went out of this world went out fatigued. About the poorest place to rest in is this world. Its atmosphere, its surroundings, and even its hilarities, are exhausting. So God stops our earthly life, and mercifully closes the eyes, and more especially gives quiescence to the lung and heart, that have not had ten minutes' rest from the first respiration and the first beat.

If a drummer boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for twenty-four hours without stopping, his officer would be court-martialed for cruelty. If the drummer boy should be commanded to beat his drum for a week without ceasing, day and night, he would die in attempting it. But under your vestment is a poor heart that began its drum beat for the march of life thirty, or forty, or sixty or eighty years ago, and it has had no furlough by day or night; and whether in conscious or comatose state, it went right on, for if it had stopped seven seconds your life would have closed. And your heart will keep going until some time after your spirit has flown, for the auscultator says that after the last expiration of lung and the last throb of pulse, and after the spirit is released, the heart keeps on beating for a time. What a mercy, then, it is that the grave is the place where that wondrous machinery of ventricle and artery can halt.

Under the healthful chemistry of the soil all the wear and tear of nerve and muscle and bone will be subtracted and that bath of good fresh clean soil will wash off the last ache, and then some of the same style of dust out of which the body of Adam was constructed may be infused into the resurrection body. How can the bodies of the human race, which have had no replenishment from the dust since the time of Adam in Paradise, get any recuperation from the storehouse from which he was constructed without our going back into the dust?

Factories are apt to be rough places, and those who toil in them have their garments grimy and their hands smutched. But who cares for that when they turn out for us beautiful musical instruments or exquisite upholstery? What though the grave is a rough place, it is a resurrection body manufactory, and from it shall come the radiant and resplendent forms of our friends on the brightest morning the world ever saw. You put into a factory cotton, and it comes out apparel. You put into a factory lumber and lead, and it comes out pianos and organs. And so into the factory of the grave, you put in pneumonias and consumptions and they come out health. You put in groans and they come out hallelujahs. For us, on the final day, the most attractive places will not be the parks or the gardens or the palaces, but the cemeteries.

We are not told in what season that day will come. If it should be winter, those who come up will be more lustrous than the snow that covered them. If in autumn, those who come up will be more gorgeous than the woods after the frosts had penciled them. If in the spring, the bloom on which they tread will be dull compared with the rubicund of their cheeks. Oh, the perfect resurrection body! Almost everybody has some defective spot in his physical constitution; a dull ear, or a dim eye, or a rheumatic foot, or a neuralgic brow, or a twisted muscle, or a weak side, or an inflamed tonsil, or some point at which the east wind of a season of overwork assaults him. But the resurrection body shall be without one weak spot, and all that the doctors, and nurses, and apothecaries of earth will thereafter have to do, will be to rest without interruption for the broken nights of their earthly existence. Not only will that day be the beautification of well kept cemeteries, but some of the graveyards that have been neglected and been the pasture ground for cattle, and rooting places for swine, will for the first time have attractiveness given them.

This Easter tells us that in Christ resurrection our resurrection, if we are his, and the resurrection of all the pious dead, is assured, for he was "the first fruits of them that slept." Renan says he did not rise, but five hundred and eighty witnesses, sixty of them Christ's enemies, say he did rise, for they saw him after he had risen. If he did not rise, how did sixty armed soldiers let him get away? Surely sixty living soldiers ought to be able to keep one dead man! Blessed be God! He did get away. After his resurrection Mary Magdalene saw him. Cleopas saw him. Ten disciples in an upper room at Jerusalem, saw him. On a mountain the eleven saw him. Five hundred at once saw him. Prof. Ernest Renan, who did not see him, will excuse us for taking the testimony of the five hundred and eighty who did see him. Yes, yes; he got away. And that makes me sure that our departed loved ones and we ourselves shall get away. Freed himself from the shackles of clod, he is not going to leave us and ours in the lurch.

There will be no door knob on the inside of our family sepulcher, for we can not come out, of ourselves; but there is a door knob on the outside, and that Jesus shall lay hold of, and, opening, will say: "Good morning! You have slept long enough! Arise! Arise!" And then what flutter of wings, and what flashing of rekindled eyes, and what gladsome rushing across the family lot, with cries of "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that you?" "My darling, is that you?" "How you have all changed! The cough gone, the croup gone, the consumption gone, the paralysis gone, the weariness gone. Come, let us ascend together! The older ones first, the younger ones next! Quick now, get into line! The skyward procession has already started! Steer now by that embankment of cloud for the nearest gate!" And, as we ascend, on one side the earth gets smaller until it is no larger than a mountain, and smaller until it is no larger than a palace, and smaller until it is no larger than a ship, and smaller until it is no larger than a wheel, and smaller until it is no larger than a speck.

Farewell, dissolving earth! But on the other side, as we rise, heaven at first appears no larger than your hand. And nearer it looks like a chariot, and nearer it looks like a throne, and nearer it looks like a star, and nearer it looks like a sun, and nearer it looks like a universe. Hail, scepters that shall always wave! Hail, anthems that shall always roll! Hail, companionships never again to part! That is what resurrection day will do for all the cemeteries and graveyards from the Machpelah that was opened by Father Abraham in Hebron to the Machpelah yesterday consecrated. And that makes Lady Huntington's immortal rhythm most apposite:

When thou, my righteous judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound;
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding arches ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

The odor of the blood rose of Jefferson county, Florida, is very pungent and sickening. The dew which drips from it is of a bright pink color.

The capitol of Hartford, Conn., is of marble. Local engineers claim that it expands an inch to each 100 feet, being three inches longer in summer than in winter.

The average of the persons whose obituaries appeared in the London Times during the course of a whole week last month was between eighty and eighty-six years, and such a record is said not to be uncommon.

Mr. Bauderau, a French scientist, has been studying the causes that have been gradually elevating the whole Scandinavian peninsula above the sea level, and concludes that the movement is due to the gradual warming up of that country.

Mention is made in a San Francisco paper of a single grapevine, seven years old, on the grounds of a private house in the city limits, which covers a space full seventy-five feet square and from which four tons of grapes have been gathered in one season.

The capitol at Washington has cost more than $30,000,000. It covers three and a half acres, the dome is 307 feet high and 135 in diameter, and is exceeded in size only by St. Peter's in Rome, St. Paul's in London, the Invalides in Paris and St. Isaac's in St. Petersburg.

The state, war and navy departments at Washington occupy an enormous structure, erected at a cost of $10,500,000, covering four acres of ground and having twenty acres of floor space. The treasury building cost $8,000,000. The interior department buildings cover two large blocks of ground and its buildings cost $2,700,000.

The young men residents of Roberta, Ga., are talking of forming a club, and as each member of the organization marries the others are to give him $5.

Life is full of disappointments. Many a girl who expects to marry and settle down finds she has to settle way up on the top floor of a ten-story tenement house.

LOUISIANA ITEMS.

Condensations From all Parts of the Pelican State.

James Price a well known horseman, operating on the Jockey club's track in New Orleans, died at the charity hospital a few days ago. Under ordinary circumstances Price's death might have passed unnoticed had it not been for certain suspicious circumstances connected with his removal to the hospital which led to an investigation by the authorities and the arrest of his wife charged with murder and a jockey named Walter Stewart as accessary.

At Sunnyside plantation, about six miles from St. Joseph, John Harris, a negro brute, who had previously quarreled with his mistress, Ann Ball, procured a heavy wagon standard, and, going to the woman's house, called her out, knocked her down and beat her to death. The woman's neck and jaw were broken, and the top of her head crushed in. He escaped.

At New Orleans in the case of the American Express company or the state vs. Asa Guy Gurney, charged with embezzling $22,500 of the company's money, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. When it was read by the clerk of the court a great shout went up from the hundreds of spectators who were gathered in the building.

Hicks & Martin of Logansport shipped three cars of staves via Velasco, Texas, care of J. Moller, to Rosenberg & Co., Hamburg, Germany, a few days ago, and they have three or four more carloads now in the Houston East and West Texas yards at Logansport, which will be sent forward over the same road in a few days.

Andrew Grelich, aged 18 years, a newsboy, was drowned recently while swimming in the new basin at New Orleans. Some time ago Grelich was arrested and committed to the House of Refuge and taken from that institution by Councilman Callahan, who provided him with a home. He ran away from home and was drowned.

There is no truth in the special dispatches to the effect that the Honduran government will surrender Major E. A. Burke, late defaulting state treasurer. It may be stated that the Louisiana authorities have no information on the subject, and have made no effort to secure his extradition.

St. Ann street, between Chartres and Royal streets, at New Orleans, was the scene of a cowhiding escapade one afternoon recently. An attractive looking, but highly infuriated young woman, was seen to catch hold of a young man and soundly castigate him with a stout ratan cane.

H. J. Testar, aged 10 years, died at the hospital in New Orleans from an accidental pistol shot inflicted by his brother Charlie, who was cleaning his pistol and did not know it was loaded. Charlie was arrested, charged with murder.

New Orleans society was shocked recently by the arrest of George Bachelor Stem, the son of wealthy parents, charged with being implicated in the attempt to rob and murder Mr P. G. Bouny at his home in that city.

The other morning at Shreveport during the storm an electric lamp near the head of Texas avenue was struck by a bolt of lightning and destroyed. No other damage done.

Sophie Metze, a little girl, fell and dislocated her right thigh recently while playing on the steps at her parents residence in New Orleans. She was taken to the hospital.

A women named Annie Maliere has sworn out an affidavit before Recorder Aucoin of New Orleans against a young man named Joseph E. Kelly, charging him with rape.

Some Italians at New Orleans hired a negro organ grinder to play for them and refused to pay him. A fight ensued, the negro coming out first best.

Citizens of Monroe are negotiating for a wagon factory that will manufacture everything that runs on four wheels, except buggies.

Jennings, Calcasieu parish had a horse show and sale a few days ago. It was a great time with the lovers of the horse.

During a recent storm the judge's stand in the fair grounds at Shreveport was struck by lightning and wrecked.

Master Workman J. R. Sovereign of the Knights of Labor, delivered an address at New Orleans a few nights since.

The State Fair and Shreveport Exposition grounds have been sold by the sheriff to satisfy a judgment of $235.

Gus Hauser, a butcher at Shreveport was bounced out of a cart recently and his leg was broken in the fall.

The Australian ballot would be a long step toward reform in elections there, says a Lake Arthur paper.

Louis Johnson, colored, dropped dead at New Orleans a few days ago.

There is no lacking for congressional timber in the fourth district.

August Laville has been convicted of forgery at New Orleans.

Farmers in Calcasieu parish are pushing their work.

Petty robberies are on the increase in New Orleans.

Plenty of rain and high water all over the state.

Sneak thieves steal flower plants at Shreveport.

New Iberia now has a steam laundry.

Lake Arthur is slowly improving.

Their Friends.

The staunchest adherents of the house of lords are the classes throughout England, an anomaly the American finds difficult to comprehend. One reason for this curious strength lies in the public house or saloon. All the fadeist temperance, local option and the like—find a welcome in the liberal ranks—so the saloon-keeper, for very safety, is forced into Tory affiliations. His views find a reflex in his customers, with the result that Whitechapel and Belgravia meet on this one common ground of admiration for the house of lords.

Spend a rainy, chilly morning with a woman and a tobacco-smoky evening with a man if you wish to really know each.

Carpenters, and other mechanics, who are so apt to fall from scaffolds and dislocate a limb, will please remember that there is nothing so good for inflamation as Salvation Oil, the greatest cure for sprains and bruises.

Sufficiency, to be suffering, implies superfluity.

Any sudden change in the condition of the atmosphere is certain to bring its harvest of coughs and colds. These if suffered to run on, are likely to terminate in consumption; but they may be readily cured by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The man who gives as much as he ought to do never growls about it.

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by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

An ounce of keeping your mouth shut is worth a pound of explanation.

Gained Every Day

On Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla—Ague, Malaria, Neuralgia, Sick Headaches.

Miss Hattie Stuart

"I have found such benefit in Hood's Sarsaparilla during the summer that I intend never to be without it. I could scarcely go about, for ague and malaria, when I got a bottle. Every day after that I found myself improving. I took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I got as fleshy and strong as any woman would wish to be. Instead of housework being a burden it is now a pleasure. I used to have

Neuralgia Headaches,

But seldom have them now. If I feel I am going to have a headache, it matters not at what hour, I just take one of Hood's Pills and in less than half an hour the dizzy feeling is all gone." MISS HATTIE STUART, Elmdale, Kan.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

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