

THE MILLIGAN LIGHT.

Truth is light to the soul, and love is its law.

VOL. 1.

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THE LIGHT.

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J. HOPWOOD, Editor and Pub.,
Associate Editors
JOHN M. REID.
and
MRS. S. E. L. HOPWOOD.

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Tennessee, as Second Class Mail-matter.

Let THE LIGHT shine on your works.
Its influence will do you good, assist in
enrolling your character, and aid in un-
derstanding the problem of life.

COURAGE AND PATIENCE.

Life is sad because we know it,
Death, because we know it not;
But we will not fret or murmur—
Every man must bear his lot.
Coward hearts, who shrink and fly,
Are not fit to live or die!

Knowing Life, we should not fear it.
Neither Death, for that's unknown;
Courage, Patience, these are virtues
Which for many sins atone;
Who has these—and have not I?—
He is not fit to live and die!

MY CHILDHOOD'S TEACHERS.

"O were you ne'er a School-boy?
And did you never train,
And feel that swelling of the heart
You ne'er can feel again?"

I do not know who wrote this,
but, as to my own life it is not
true. With me, although past for
ty, the heart beats with as much
hope and with greater purposes
than ever before. Childhood is
not the happiest period of life.

Happiness comes by the harmoni-
ous exercise of our different na-
tures and our many faculties.
The more fully these are develop-
ed, each working in its place, the
greater will be the happiness.

A rightly developed man is hap-
pier than a child. If not, ignor-
ance is better than wisdom, and
animal life is the glory of creation.
The man who finds himself wish-
ing for childhood, or regarding its
joys as greater than his own is
not growing in life. He needs to

turn himself to getting wisdom,
and exercising his powers in virtu-
ous deeds, for his own and other's
good. But the period of child-
hood is often bright, and by
thoughtful and unselfish parents
and teachers can be filled with in-
cidents which will not only in-
crease its happiness but will make
memories which will inspire him,
who has them, to lead a safer and
a nobler life.

This leads to the story of one
of my childhood teachers. It has
been about forty years since that
first day in school. We lived on
Long Branch, in Mt. Gomery Co.,
Ky. The school-house was two
miles away. I went with an older
brother. On the road he killed a
Jay-bird for me.—What boy does
not kill birds until he is taught
better? I carried it into the log
school-house. Mathew Kirk was
the teacher. He was kind. The
bird was my play-thing; and I
thank him today that he did not
make me take it out, or hide it in
a basket. What can a child know
more? And does he not love the
bird's beauty and its soft feel?
But in a few hours I was sleepy.
There was no knuckle rapping to
wake me, but a kindly folding of
the teachers coat for a pillow, and
sleep followed. That deed has
brought many a smile, sometimes
a tear and a quickening of the
heart. Mathew Kirk was not
learned, as the world calls it, or
great. He was probably not a
good teacher for boys whose con-
ceits have grown faster than their
knowledge, that would require a
pruning power which he probably
did not have. But he sowed seeds
of kindness and their fruits are
good.

O how feebly we realize that the
little words and acts which we sow
today will be plants in others lives
bearing smiles or tears, hopes or

joys in forty years.

When Nelson said to his soldiers
"England expects every man to do
his duty," he did not think of in-
spiring the future English race in
all walks of life. But the sentence
does it.

But schools then, as now, chang-
ed teachers. The next one which
made any impression on me was
John Adams. He was cross.
He whipped me for catching flies.
I never could have remembered do-
ing such a deed except for that
whipping. Yet there must be some
other way to teach a boy the fly's
right to live. After he does know
better, but persists, a switch may
be the thing.

The teacher was soon changed
again, and here enters a new inter-
est. I am nine years old; can
read, begin to make figures, study
addition and memorize

"Mary lal a little lamb

Its fleece was as white as snow."

This teacher was cheerfulness,
hope, enthusiasm, yet had order
and discipline. That is not an ea-
sy combination but a most excel-
lent one for any profession. We
loved, respected and feared him;
loved most, feared least. He was
a real teacher. A map man, and
either in himself or by training or
by both, had the Horace Mann spir-
it of doing things naturally and
happily. He would suddenly sieze
a small idler and roll him over on
the bench or even lower, then with
quick smiling solidness straighten
him up, brush his clothes, smooth
his hair, point out his lesson and
be gone to other duties.

We read sections in the New
Testament every morning. And
from that day to this I have been
afraid to call any man a fool; be-
cause the childish mind took the
words as fearfully true and literal
that, "whoso calleth his brother a
fool shall be in danger of hell-fire."

Then he made many happy memories for us in class spelling matches, and little pleasant words as we came and went. While any thing in past life is remembered, one candy-pulling of those days will be a cheerful picture. The day was an ounce before-hand for a treat, as we called it. The morning came and sixty of us were there; and soon formed into double ranks as soldiers, then marching a quarter of a mile up the road we wheeled to the right, through Dave Cox's gate, into his pasture, and as the column opened ranks we soon received sixty well filled saucers of boiled molasses or sugar and a chunk of butter each, and began to pull and talk and laugh. The teacher was as happy as any one, because the children were happy.

Some long faced man will stop here and say: "Idle, idle time" but he does not know children or love them as well as Reuben Porter did. Such a critic was not made for a teacher. Let him preach the funerals of the wicked. But while we look upon this picture of childhood holiday joys, shall we ask some questions?

Where are the sixty now?
I know only the place of this one; not another. Columbus Orear is dead and doubtless many others. Are they with Abraham or the rich man? That depends upon whether they became servants of sin, unto death or of obedience unto righteousness.

Can the dead ones know this writing? Will we all meet again? Is the great judgment day a fixed time in the future or is it going on now as death comes to us?

God will be our great teacher, and answer our hardest questions by and by.

But to the subject again.

The memory of that holiday with its fun, its cheer and its freedom has often bubbled out of the current of life, from beneath ever present duties and always brings a breath of joy.

But the chief part that made all those school days so happy was the teacher who loved God and little children; who thought out these things for us and led the way in enjoyment and study.

He lives now; away in an Iowa town, an old man and feeble of body, but I am sure his soul is fresh and cheerful. His smile has lighted a row of well filled school-houses fifty years long. His cheerful teaching has made hopeful the spirits of men after an average life time had passed, and they were thousands of miles away.

In the years following, school days were passed under other teachers; some left a memory of one quality and others another, but no one, teacher or associate, especially turned the current of life or influenced character until, the last part of college life: when a teacher of singular simplicity, and richness of thought was met. The powers and influence of this man with the lessons for other lives are left for another time.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Four hundred years seems a long long time, measured by the day, but it is a short period in the centuries of the world. We can almost speak to George Washington, and send word back to Walter Raleigh that he may ask his father how Columbus said this New World looked in 1492.

The world has made a matchless growth in all departments of life. In material wealth and conveniences a thousand fold. In intellectual furniture a hundred fold. In general moral ideas and humanitarianism ten fold. But these very facts go to retard greater personal consecration to God, by religious people.

As when a house is on fire if all are fairly organized and worked to some advantage the few do not realize the necessity of extreme work. (Go now Christians; see societies of all kinds, and hear speakers of all classes and read volumes of books and papers, all seeking to bring the world to God, do not realize the need of deep and constant personal consecration as in Paul's or Luther's day when the world around was in wild and reckless sin. Along this line of easy

churches and aesthetic life Satan would again capture our world. Let us watch and let this 400th. year of our New World not only bring us deep gratitude for God's manifold blessings but let it be also a new era against the dangers which come from wealth, from advanced intellectual culture, from class distinctions. These dangers have always followed in any old civilization. Political corruption has followed with them. Their national anarchy and relapse to a lower state again. How sad to think that we may go back again to those dark troublesome days of Columbus and Luther. The world's fair will be great. Chicago has subscribed about \$5,000,000. The United States about \$1,500,000, and Chicago will probably issue bonds for \$5,000,000 more, and many states will spend from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000 each.

Foreign countries will have millions in it, and unless some great calamity occurs, millions of people will visit the fair.

It will be a great school for the Mississippi valley. And Chicago will become a still greater city by the wonderful exhibit. Will the Lord receive His due glory. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

TREES.

I love trees. When a boy I planted two trees, and saw them twenty seven years after that time. In 1893 if the Lord so wills I will go a thousand miles to see them again. When teaching a district school nearly twenty years ago I memorized the following little poem by George P. Morris, but for the first time I see in the American Kindergarten this account of the origin of the poem. I hope it will give all the readers as much pleasure as it has me. Boys commit the poem.

Mr. Morris, in a letter to a friend, dated New York, Feb. 1, 1837 gave in substance the fol-

freest and happiest of the number. Mrs. T. W. Spindle's arrangement of the green plants, wild flowers, and bouquets about the rooms and the table reached fairy taste but did not take away the home feeling. Natural informal talks in pairs groups or in whole assembly as the subject and the mood indicated with music took the time after supper. Mrs. Bessie Miller and Miss Fannie Baber led in music. Miss Lucile Spindle was a pleasant and thoughtful talker to many—but I cannot name all—morning brought brightness and more good cheer to all the young people and to the old as well also, more guests. There was a little drilling preparatory to the ceremony, so each one who came in with the bride and groom knew his place well as also the two preachers knew their respective parts. The legal part of the ceremony and the benediction by W. J. Coker was neat, pleasant and solemn so that it brought a calm and distinct "I will" from both the groom and bride. This was the last daughter the beloved mother had to give but the surrender of Sudie was almost more trying to the father. What a gift and what a present to receive. Reader did you ever receive such a present? I did and I would rather see her this evening than to see an angel. A good wife is from the Lord, angels are our ministering spirits. Well W. B. Kegley and Miss Sue Gibson have married, this was their wedding. God bless them both and you too.

OUR FAITHFUL BARBER
E. J. SPURGEON,

Is at work fixing to accommodate our students with a First Class Shop. Shave, Hair-cut, Shampoo and Hot, Cold or Shower Bath.

OUR MRS. EDITOR ABROAD.

LETTER FROM CHAUTAUQUA.

BILLS OF EXPERIENCE. LIGHTS AND SHADES OF TRAVEL.

Waiting for the train is usually an unpleasant experience, but I was not disconcerted to find at Johnson City that the West bound train was two hours late. Indeed to one grown home-sick at the thought of going abroad it would have been all the better to have had no train at all. But it came, and a little over three hours ride brought us to Knoxville. Now my Board of Counsel had said positively in reference to this place: "Get into a hack and be driven to 73 Cumberland Street." Here I had a two hours happy visit, then a round ticket to Jamestown New York was secured and I started for an all-night ride to Cincinnati. One change of cars at Harriman Junction involved a few minutes waiting in the starlight. This was the only inconvenience. At six next morning long lines of smoke stacks and masses of huge brick buildings announced our approach to the metropolis of the North West Territory. Cincinnati is all it has been pictured, a prosperous, wide awake, immense city, up with the ages, demands in every thing. Her industries are numberless, her institutions, public and benevolent, are grand in conception, and in perfectness of their ordering. Art finds here every recognition and encouragement, while in music this Queen of the West is treading hard upon the heels of Boston, if indeed she be not an equal.

Leaving the main line a steamboat ride of 150 miles brings me to Louisville. The Ohio river from Cincinnati to this place has been called the Hudson of the West. And looking from the upper deck upon the graduated hills and plains, on either side green as May-time, flecked with beautiful residences, colleges and towns, the broad clear river waving like Hogarth's line of beauty, throwing back the glinting beams of a fel-

low sunset, one must feel that he is gazing upon no ordinary spectacle. Beauty is everywhere a- [next page]

FOR SALE.

One small farm; twenty eight acres, cottage house almost finished Spring close by land comes within half a mile of Milligan College. Price \$250. cash, then \$100. a year for five years. Also one acre for sale, within a few yards of college campus. Price \$150.

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Come and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.
Eagle Building, Johnson City, Tenn.

Milligan is the place for young men and women.

THE MILLIGAN LIGHT.

round and above us enough, it would seem, to call out beautiful conduct from every human beholder. But not so. This is a party of excursionists returning from Cincinnati and every unpleasant feature of a mixed land excursion aggravated by the intoxicating "breath of ocean." After a good sleep in a clean little state room eyes rubbed open by early morning cry "Louisville is in sight." Reaching deck as quickly as possible we found the crowds discussing a robbery of the previous night. Two valises had been stolen and one thrown over board. The thief had been put off on an uninhabited island Crusoe like he may be there yet living on roots and keeping company with the beasts. There is some danger however that he will continue to escape his prison bars.

We were now plowing the billows in front of the water works. This was to my youthful fancy a spot of extraordinary interest. A fairy like enchantment surrounded it since the time I was taken there in my brother's pleasure boat whose tiny cabin was its only apartment. Engineer, fireman, clerk and passenger met on a common footing while we all drew a little closer to admit the numbers of a sweetly toned string band, whose notes were mellowed by the dipping and plashing of waves that leaped within hand reach of the low cabin windows. Time has wrought wonders. The water-works seem to have moved into town. While other changes and extensions are equally striking.

Resuming the journey, on Wednesday morning we reached Jamestown after an eighteen hours run through cities, section historic but night's curtains hung too thick to see through; the reader is spared a description. I was sorry to find Jamestown such a large city—twelve to twenty thousand—

Well next was Chautauqua Lake, The Mecca of our hopes for years! The vessel was still, except a gentle rocking by a stray wave now and then. A play shower dispatched from the weather bosom to relieve some dust ridden city stole its way around this lake to dimple and revel and coquet with the sunbeam that peeped every little while to see if we were ready to start. Involuntarily a pencil was grasped and a blank book opened. This was all. The whole procession of adjectives passed in review before me but none were accepted. It may be that unless a new supply can be found in this loveliest retreat of fame and culture I shall be able with the present supply to give at least a wild idea of Lake and

Assembly grounds in another letter.

PERSONALS

Mrs. E. Williamson from Cynthiana, Ky. is here for the purpose of placing her son in school.
Mrs. John M. Reid is one of our number. We learn she will remain.
Mrs. G. T. Williams is visiting in Mountain City.
Mrs. Doctress Ellis from Knoxville, is visiting friends in Milligan.
Miss Sallie Jobe was a visitor of our Reading Circle, last Sat. of this month.

STUDENTS and others while in Johnson City wishing good meals and a pleasant home, should call at Mrs. Summs opposite the M. E. S. Church, on East Market St.

EXPENSES.

First Preparatory Classes, per term of 12 weeks. . . \$8 00
Second Preparatory Classes per term of 12 weeks, . 10 00
College Classes " . . 12 00
Music Lessons on Organ or Piano, and use of Instrument per term of 12 weeks, . 13 00
Use of Instrument alone, per term of 12 weeks, . . . 2 00
Painting and drawing, per term, 24 lessons, . . . 10 00
Board in private families, per month, . . . \$8 00 to 9 00
Washing per month 50 cents to . . . 1 00

E. T. & W. N. C. R. R.

TIME TABLE NO. 19.

In Effect Monday, June 30, 1890.

The time indicated in this Time Table is Nometic Meridian or Central Standard, and this is the leaving time for all trains.

Trains Nos. 3 and 4 will not carry Passengers.

Subject to change without notice to the public.

WESTWARD.			EASTWARD.		
No. 6. Pass	No. 2. Mix'd.	Stations	No. 1. Mix'd.	No. 5. Pass	
A M	P. M		A M	P. M	
10 45	4 30	Arr Johnson C	7 45	2 20	
10 34	4 21	Milligan College	7 53	2 31	
10 22	4 10	Watauga Point	8 08	2 38	
10 16	4 00	Cladeland	8 16	2 44	
10 10	3 50	Elizabethton	8 30	2 55	
9 57	3 41	Valley Forge	8 40	3 05	
9 47	3 25	Hampton	8 55	3 20	
9 37	3 15	Pardee Point	9 10	3 30	
9 25	3 04	Blevius	9 30	3 41	
9 17	2 53	White Rock	9 40	3 46	
9 07	2 42	Crab Orchard	9 52	3 53	
9 02	2 30	Round Mountain	10 13	4 05	
8 51	2 15	Shell Creek	10 23	4 19	
8 35	1 50	Elk Park	10 55	4 25	
8 30	1 40	Hotel	11 05	4 31	
8 25	1 30	Leave Cranberry	11 15	4 40	Arr

C. H. NIMSON, Gen'l Supt.

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WANTED.

1,000 Customers to buy goods, a great many articles below cost for the next 15 days. We want to make room for fall Stock, which will be in about last of August. We have given our Customers the advantage of Boots, Shoes and Clothing below cost and have many articles still to dispose of the same way.

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