

THE MILLIGAN ERA.

TRUTH IS LIGHT TO THE SOUL; LOVE IS ITS LAW.

VOL. 2.--No. 3.

MILLIGAN, TENN., APRIL, 1897.

25c. PER YEAR.

All About Spring.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy
sire,

Hoar Winter's blooming child.

—Mrs. Barbauld.

For one swallow does not make a Spring
Nor yet one fine day.—Aristotle.

The summer will soon be here, sweet
Ruth,

For the birds of brighter bowers
Are winging their way to the balmy
South,

To the land of opening flowers.

—Eliza Cook.

Starred forget-me-nots smile sweetly,
Ring, blue bells, ring!

Winning eyes and heart completely,
Sing, robin, sing.

All among the reeds and rushes,
Where the brook its music hushes,
Bright the calopogon blushes,
Laugh, oh! murmuring Spring.

—Sarah F. Davis.

The beauteous eyes of Spring's fair
night

With comfort are downward gazing.

—Heine.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue

Do paint the meadow with delight.

—Shakespeare.

Then come, O fresh Spring airs, once
more,

Create the old delightful things
And woo the frozen world again

With hints of Heaven upon your wings.

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes
upon the robin's breast,

In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets
himself another crest,

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on
the burnished dove,

In the Spring a young man's fancy
lightly turns to thoughts of love.

—Tennyson.

Students' Essays

[Following are some of the regular
class performances of the student in
the English classes. The essays are
selected at random. In the next issue
other pieces will be published which
could not be put in this for want of
room.]

Our Every-Day Speech.

There are many whose opinions I
greatly respect, who do not think that
it is necessary to speak correctly in
every-day life. In this one thing I do not
agree with them. Our every-day speech
should be such as to do honor to any
place or occasion. We should be as
careful in the selection of our words as
if we were president, for if we cannot be
president we can at least be as honorable
and self-respecting as he. There are
other reasons for our being particular.
When we are thrown in contact with the
world we are judged by our vocabulary,
and the moment we use the wrong de-
gree of comparison for an adjective, or
the wrong tense form of the verb, that

very moment we fall fifty per cent in the
estimation of an educated stranger.

LONDON C. BELL.

Learning to Swim.

Swimming is one of the most exhilarating and beneficial exercises that I have ever experienced. How well I remember my experience when first learning to swim. My instructor knew very little more about the art than I. Every time I started to the water I resolved to learn to swim without further delay but inevitably my courage gave out and I did my usual amount of wading. One afternoon while in wading, a cross-tie came floating along. I could not resist the temptation to take a ride. Seating myself on the log I was soon floating down the river and before I realized my danger was far out from shore. I knew that the longer I stayed on the log the more dangerous my position became. A large boy was swimming after me. I could trust him. Leaping from the log I began to fight the water. I hardly knew how, but I succeeded in keeping myself above water several minutes before my friend reached me and helped me out. I had learned to swim.

MAX CARTER.

True Story of a Dog.

I once had a Newfoundland dog which I prized very highly. He weighed nearly one hundred pounds. I trained him to fight when he was quite young, and never saw him get whipped after he became grown. He had a horror for ducks and would kill every one he could. He also disliked cats very much. Once he was furiously chasing a cat and the cat ran under a crib. The dog was going so fast he could not stop, so he almost killed himself against the crib. I remember distinctly how very sorry I was when he was executed for being an instigator in a sheep riot.

R. S. FIELDS.

Windows.

The first windows were very rude. Among the ancients polished oyster shells, thin sheets of horn, and mica were used for filling windows.

Since the invention of glass, wonderful improvements have been made. We now have the dormer window which furnishes our bed chambers with both air and light, also the bay-window, which is an apartment built in connection with another room, and may be so constructed as to add greatly to the beauty of the house. The common windows used in dwelling houses are of inestimable value, making our rooms light and comfortable either in winter or summer.

S. A. MORTON.

Bells.

The word bell comes from the Saxon "bellan" meaning to resound. It is not exactly known when they were first made, but we have accounts showing that they were used very early.

The first church bell was used in 604. Like every thing else, there have been great improvements made on them. Old bells can be found in Ireland and Scot-

land made of iron hammered down and riveted together. Small ones were made in Italy of clay that gave a very clear sound. Modern bells are made of bronze or bell-metal which consists of three parts copper to one of tin. The largest bell in the world is at Moscow and weighs 128 tons. But the one we prize most is the immortal Liberty Bell. In 1781 it rang the glad tidings that Cornwallis had surrendered and America was free.

J. H. HAGY.

ARBOR DAY.

A Lively Time.

Tree-day was a success. We had waited so long for a suitable day that waiting had lost its charm, so on the morning of April 1, it was decided we should take that day, *hit or miss* (now this was not used for slang; it simply meant that the Arbor day would be celebrated without material deviation from the regular program, whether the snow-storm, cyclone or what-not, which was evidently brewing, hit our portion of the sphere or missed it).

With a few cheers—approval was too ardent for such light expression—the crowd of students poured out of the hall by tens and twenties. Soon the campus was covered with groups of boys and girls all talking at once. The announcement that, owing to threatened atmospheric disturbances, the girls could not accompany the tree-gatherers, produced a momentary consternation. But order was restored, and the boys—many of them—succeeded in getting together the fragments of their shattered resolutions and put oil to the woods.

The campus was to be cleaned. The boys who were left in the camp, the girls and the teachers, formed a broom brigade and charged upon the enemy, whose forces under their old leader, General Untidiness, were soon routed, horse and foot. Much of the honor of this victory is due to our advance-guard of Rakemen, who had seriously shaken the enemy's position before our forces arrived.

At eleven o'clock we had a biscuit-recess and after another hour's work, all went to dinner. At one o'clock work was resumed and soon the whole hill shore like a vast carpet of green velvet, spotless and new—just unrolled. Not wholly spotless, either, for, see those stakes driven over two little brush-covered patches just beyond the library door? The soft hands of two of our pretty farm girls sowed grass-seed there from the paper sack which President Hopwood carried about for the purpose of healing some ugly scars left from the hog ravages, which have at last been stopped.

But there come some of the boys, each carrying on his shoulders a stout young maple, decapitated and delimbed, but still a load to make a strong man sweat in spite of a keen east wind. The campus maples wave their budding branches to welcome these fresh arrivals from the woody fatherland who have come in this dejected plight to join them. The best places are eagerly sought, spades, hoes and picks are brought into requisition. But there are not enough trees! Where are the other boys? Yonder they come

down the creek in a troop. In their midst is horse Henry, the strongest and proudest fellow in the lot, drawing a whole forest of pretty yellow willows. Fun alive! Now we will have the curving creek bank fringed as we have so long wanted done. Crowds of boys and girls rush up, each anxious to have "pick and choice." Before sun-down these are set, and we all know that the bare poles that stand so straight and leafless now will in a few years be a feature of the campus next in beauty to the handsome young maples that cover the hill.

Altogether, this was one of our most interesting Arbor days, and it was made more so by the joke which the Weather-Bureau tried to perpetrate. A none-the-fairest morning to begin with grew more sullen when holiday was announced. The wind stormed around the sweepers driving them into their wraps and overcoats. It whistled about the ears of the diggers, and chilled their fingers; it snatched the papers and leaves that were gathered in heaps and scattered them twenty yards away. But it could not defeat their plans. The workers worked on cheerfully until the last blow was struck, and for once the weather man was April-fooled.

"The Pledge in Sermon."

We received not long since a handsome little volume entitled "The Pledge in Sermon," by G. P. Rutledge, a member of the Alumni. He has been pastor of a church in Norfolk for five years, and is now state evangelist of Virginia. The extract below is from the introduction to the book and forms the keynote of his Christian life since he left college:

"This little volume is dedicated to Christ and the Church, with the hope that it will cause every one into whose hands it may fall to realize a keener sense of duty, and to thereby become more efficient in the field of gospel labor."

Hellas, Hail.

[William Watson, the English poet, who would have succeeded Tennyson as Poet Laureate except for his socialistic tendencies, has written a poem in praise of Greece's brave defence of the Cretans against the Turks. The following ringing lines are extracts from the poem.]

Little land so great of heart,
'Midst a world so abject grown,—
Must thou play thy glorious part,
Hellas, gloriously alone?
Shame on Europe's arms, if she
Leave her noblest work to thee?

While she slept her sleep of death,
Thou hast dared and thou hast done;
Faced the Shape whose dragon breath
Fouls the splendor of the sun.
Thine to show the world a way,
Thine the holy deed to day.

Not since first thy wine dark wave
Laughed in multitudinous mirth,
Hath a deed more pure and brave
Flushed the wintry cheek of Earth.
There is heard no melody
Like thy footsteps on the sea.

"It is said that we shall all pass away as a tale that is told."

"That sounds all right; but tales that are told don't pass away—they are forever being told over again."—Chicago Record.

THE MILLIGAN ERA.

ISSUED MONTHLY AT
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Address all correspondence to Mrs. S. E. L. Hopwood, Editor.

If We Had But a Day.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
To be and to do.
We should guide our wayward or weary wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent
With a trust complete.
We should waste no moment in weak regret,
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free.
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would have us to be,
If we had but a day.
—Mary Love Dickenson.

A Bit of Heathenism.

Oh! honey-throated warblers of the grove,
Thou dost not own a note we do not love.
—TENNYSON.

"The talk you gave long ago when I was starting to the milliner's kept me from ever buying a bird-trimmed hat."

This was said by a fair young senior and I tried to think what the words were which had proven so restraining in her case. How good it would be to repeat them over and over again until woman-kind all came under their influence.

By what strange infatuation is a tender, conscientious Christian woman held, who chooses to wear on her head the distorted body of a dead bird!

Thousands of these pretty innocents are cruelly butchered each year and sold by mercenary beings in human form who are willing for a small gain to torture the nerves and crush out the life of the sweetest and happiest of animal creation. And dealers buy them in order to gratify the whim of a few women who have for gotten to be gentle and merciful in their frenzied desire to be stylish. It is in woman's power to stop this brutalizing business by stopping the silly, heartless fashion that gives it life. The richest plumaged birds are sought. These are killed at nesting time, as this is the season when their colors are most brilliant. The great number of frail, tiny nestlings thus left to chirp out their piteous wail for the unreturning mother until death by slow starvation comes to their relief, ought to appeal to the mother-heart of every woman, young and old.

The fierce savage, with scalp dangling at his belt, sees in the bloody trophy an

evidence of his prowess and a sign that his wrongs have been avenged. The woman who wears the body of a slaughtered bird to adorn her person has not the excuse of the savage. She does so only for the sake of a fashion which is repulsive to the finer instincts of our humanity, and for whose continuance she is individually responsible.

Poet of the English-Speaking Race.

Glance round the world in the Victorian age and observe the part played by that weariless Titan—the English speaking race; then turn to the poets of our time; think them over one by one; hear their message; mark their spirit, and see if there be any in the holy choir who, like Browning, voices the world-mastering genius of our people. Only he sounds the deep music of our century of triumph. His robust and even rugged virility, his dauntless buoyancy, his intrepidity, his glorious concreteness, his scorn of mere intellect, his insistence on action, his emphasis on will, his feeling for the common folk, his absolute loyalty to the sanctities of home, his world-wide sympathies, his preference for simple forms of worship, his profound religious faith—do not these things show "the age and body of the time, his form and pressure," aye, and very soul? These are certainly not traits of the pale and nerveless coteries of "culture," or of the British people—the people—the actual subduers of nature and conquerors of the globe. Only the optimism of Browning does justice to their expansive and exuberant energies. Did ever the Englishman's inability to know when he was beaten receive sublimer expression than in Browning's glorification of failure! And in his occasional obscurities are we not reminded of that element of inarticulateness which was conspicuous in Cromwell, and is characteristic of the English folk! But both people and poet can speak out most clearly when so they are moved to do.—From "Browning as a Poet of the Plain People," by F. HERBERT STEAD, in February *Review of Reviews*.

Clearing the College of Debt.

The friends of Milligan College generally know that in buying "The Young Ladies Home" the College became involved. Last spring at commencement Bro. F. M. Bains raised \$2,500, about half of the total amount necessary to clear the college of debt. After the election passed last fall I raised over \$1,000 more. Both these sums are on the condition that the whole amount be secured before any part is due. This spring and summer I expect, if the Lord wills, to raise the balance and thus make good every note that has been or will be given. Every friend or brother who has made a note or promise for this purpose may fully expect the first payment to be due December 1, 1897. Our hearts are set to finish the work. We will be glad for these friends to interest others that the whole amount may be secured promptly. It will be an easy work if many of us give each a small sum. Remember that nothing will be due until the whole sum has been secured. We have a strong faculty and a good class of students. The college is doing an honorable work. But in different ways the securing of good notes to meet all of its debts will give additional life and power to the institution. We are glad to feel assured that unless sickness or other Providential hindrance arises the full amount of notes to meet the whole debt will be secured before December 1. Will you help us? Say yes; write yes.

J. HOPWOOD.

Armenian Settlement.

For the last two months Silas Moore, chairman of the Armenian Relief Association, has been considering the idea of an Armenian colony, and with other Armenians has visited several states with a view of ascertaining their advantages with respect to a settlement. They have decided upon a tract of land at Eastman, fifty miles south of Macon, Ga. The settlement is to be made at once. The tract which Mr. Moore has already purchased, consists of 300 acres, with an option on 5,000 acres adjoining. It was the property of the Amoskeag Lumber company, who left a number of neat dwellings, a schoolhouse and a church when, after cutting all the available timber, they moved on in search of more. The colonists have nothing to do but to move in with a few articles of furniture and some agricultural implements, and proceed to raise a crop.

Get Ready to Come.

Commencement exercises begin on Friday, May 7. There will be five literary programs besides the primary, which latter takes place Monday, May 3. The Sunday exercises will be of the usual order. R. M. Giddens, of Knoxville, will deliver the Baccalaureate sermon at eleven o'clock. The graduating program will be on Monday, May 10, at 10 o'clock.

"The Pledge in Sermon,"

—BY—
By G. P. Rutledge.

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16 April '06

Personal and Impersonal

March behaves herself so rudely

That we would not have her stay.
April smiles, then pouts and cheats us.
Haste thee, happy, beauteous May.

—Birds singing.

—Buds swelling.

—Wheat exulting.

—Grasses growing.

—Peaches blooming.

—Fruit prospects are fine.

—Mrs. Vanhood has moved into her new residence.

—Miss Bartia Range, who has been home sick for a week or two, has returned to school.

—Commencement quartettes are sounding on the air. Songs and choruses add their part to the general liveliness.

—We were pleased to have among us for some days Miss Cartwright, from Bristol, who was visiting her cousin, Mrs. Boyd.

—THE ERA asks pardon for being tardy. The time missed will all be made up to subscribers, by the paper being sent to them that much longer.

—The hills are about to begin their oratorical echoing. It is inspiring to see a young man standing alone on a bold bluff addressing his speech to the clouds.

—We are glad to announce the recovery of George Cheves, class of '95, who has passed through a very severe case of pneumonia. He is one of our most earnest and able young preachers.

—Mrs. Lula Wilson and Mr. Cad Hendricks were married in December. A host of friends on either side wish the worthy pair all the blessings the Heavenly Father sees to be good for them.

—We received cards for the wedding of our friend and student, Mr. Hoge Reynolds, of Bristol. He was married to Miss Brown, of Bristol, in January. May their life journey be long and happy.

—Mr. Bolton, of Limestone, one of our former citizens, is visiting his daughter Mrs. White. We are glad to know he is expecting to return to Milligan in the fall and put his children in school again.

—An excellent discourse was preached Sunday in College Hall by Mr. Matthews representing the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. He is an earnest and efficient worker in the Master's vineyard.

—Medal contests have been quite frequent though the year. The last one occurred on the night of April 5. The boys did well, and the quartette entertained the audience in their usual happy fashion.

—School is fine. The morning class has nearly a hundred every morning. This does not represent the entire attendance in school, which is considerably over one hundred regular students; an excellent showing for the spring term.

—Miss Ida and Mr. Elbert Anderson have been absent a few days on account of the death of their grandmother, Mrs. Shepherd M. Anderson. The deceased possessed a lovely Christian character, full of good works and ripe for heaven. We extend profoundest sympathy to her bereaved companion and children.

—The students and citizens at Central school house gave an excellent entertainment recently, for the purpose of raising money to finish paying for their handsome new building. Mrs. Lula Wilson Hendricks, a member of our first graduating class, who closed a successful school at that place a few weeks since, was the leading spirit in the work.

—Mrs. Mary Lyon Peebles paid Milligan a visit lately. We are always glad to see her.

—It gives us all a home feeling to have Mrs. Swarthout among us again after a few months' absence.

—The health of the school is excellent and has been throughout the session, except for a few cases of grip.

—Mr. Charles Comforth, class of '90, is doing fine work on the editorial staff of the Daily American, Nashville.

—R. S. Williams, a former student and citizen, is in Knoxville, where he has been in business for a year or two.

—Mr. Shives and brother spent some days at Milligan on their way to Virginia. They expect to be Milligan students next year.

—Prof. G. C. Simmons, class of '93, who has taught for several years in Fayetteville, will continue there the coming year. He is doing a good work.

—We are glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Dawson and their two little girls who have come to live among us. It is probable all four will be in school the coming session.

—Prof. W. M. Straley, class of '85, and wife, Mrs. Sallie Thomas Straley, class of '90, have been teaching in Fayetteville for several years. They are excellent Christian and educational workers.

—Messrs. George and David Lyon, classes '91 and '92, are preaching in Missouri. In a recent meeting of theirs held jointly there were fifty-four additions. We are glad to know they are planting themselves firmly in the confidence of the people whom they serve.

—Prof. Tate, class of '82, and wife, Mrs. Lettie Comforth Tate, class of '87, will, at the close of the present term, resume charge of the Fayetteville Collegiate Institute, where they taught three years with signal success. The good people of Fayetteville are indeed to be congratulated.

—The work of Milligan Commercial Department is most satisfactory to the faculty. The course is thorough and exacting, as some can testify who tried to get their diploma and failed. Those who pass out of this course will be wholly fitted to take some of the many positions awaiting the really capable.

—On last Saturday night a good audience met in College Hall to hear a temperance lecture by Mr. Sam Sells, of Bristol. He gave a chapter from his own life to illustrate the evils of strong drink and the almost irresistible temptation of the open saloon. Mr. Sells speaks eloquently and with deep earnestness. His lecture is sure to do good.

—The young Era has not an extensive correspondence as yet, but it greatly enjoyed the following letter. The writer is one of Milligan's own, and she is proud of him:

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

DEAR MR. ERA:—When are you coming again? You made me a visit in January—the first and only one. Wishing you much success, I am,

Very truly,
C. G. PRICE.

—Mrs. W. S. Taylor, formerly Miss Maggie Taylor, spent some days visiting her Milligan home. She enjoys their experiment in housekeeping at Leesburg, where her husband is entering upon the practice of medicine with bright prospects of success. * * * James P. Taylor and wife, Edith Smith Taylor, are located at Limestone, where he is also growing into a good medical practice. These are all old students. Milligan wishes them enduring success.

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Edited by ALBERT SHAW

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News and Other Notes.

Floods in the Mississippi valley have done great damage to life and property. It is the most destructive and general overflow which has occurred for many years.

Mr. Gladstone in his eighty-eighth year has again proven himself young in vigor, strong in intellect and magnanimous in soul. His late letter on the Cretan question has thrilled every civilized nation on the earth. He is fearless in his denunciation of that time-serving European Institution comprising six states and known as "The Powers." He urges England to lend a helping hand to the gallant little island and its defender, Greece, whom he calls "a David facing six Goliaths."

According to the crop report of the department of agriculture, all grains in the hands of farmers including amounts remaining over from previous years are: corn, 1,164,000,000 bushels, or 51 per cent of the last crop, against 1,072,000,000 in March, 1896. Correspondents report large stocks in cribs, particularly in the prairie states, awaiting better prices.

The wheat reserve in farmer's hands amounts to 88,000,000 bushels against 128,000,000 bushels last March. Of this amount 3 per cent is reported as coming over from previous crops. The proportion of wheat sold outside the country is 15.7 per cent.

A large per cent of western wheat is said to be winter-killed. Illinois, according to late estimates, will not be able to harvest one-half of her usual crop.

The most gratifying information the public has received lately is that the Spanish government has given up the subjugation of Cuba, and will proceed to make what terms she can with the insurgents. No definite plan has been agreed upon up to the present writing, but the stream of bloodshed and cruelty has in the main been stopped, and we can all rejoice in that. Meantime, the eyes of the world are turned to Crete. What will be done there? Will the gallant King George of Greece have to abandon the suffering Christians in Crete, whose cause he has so warmly espoused? Must Moslem hate be allowed to vent itself on those who have been driven to despair by years of brutal usage?

Railroad corporations are said to be without souls, but some of them are in a fair way to develop that divine spark. The practice of beautifying their depot grounds, which has been in vogue with our southern roads for years, is spreading. Western roads are shipping rare plants and flowers to all their stations where they will be artistically set and cultivated through the summer season. A love for the beautiful in nature and a close association with it will in the end bring out the finer qualities of the human being.

—At a meeting of the official board of the Christian church, it was unanimously voted to tender to Rev. J. C. Coggins a call to the pastorate at a salary of \$1,000 per year. Mr. Coggins has accepted the charge and will preach his initial sermon next Sunday morning.—Carthage (Ills.) Gazette.

[Mr. Coggins is a member of the class of '89. We rejoice in his good work.]

"Mamma, what is heredity?" asked Bobby, shedding a few tears, and laboriously tripping over the syllables of the long word. "Why, it is—it is something you get from your father or me," replied the mother. Silence of two minutes, and then more tears. "Then ma," he asked "is spanking hereditary?"

[The Rhetoric class tried their pens on some of the different forms of poetry last week. Following are a few among the many creditable little pieces]

DIDACTIC.

From a modest little flower
We may learn a lesson true,
As in sunshine or in shower,
Clad in crimson or in blue,
Each with modesty and grace
Fills contentedly its place—
So should you.

—Ida Anderson.

ELEGY.

Down on the hillside green,
Where gentle south winds moan,
Two little graves are seen
In the green grass all alone.
Birds sing above these mounds
Then pause, it seems, to think,
Of the home all crushed and lone
Because of a broken link.

—Minnie Bolton.

AMATORY ODE.

If bird could soar with gentle wing
Above the mountain's crest,
And mid the air thy praises sing
And on thy dwelling rest,
I'd tell that bird to chirp a word
In tones both loud and gay—
The prettiest love-song ever heard,
Though I am far away.

—T. D. Rowe.

PASTORAL.

Sit down at the foot of this rugged oak
tree,
And gaze on the clear flowing waters
with me,
See the violets print on their bright face
a kiss—
Was there ever a picture so lovely as
this?
The bare rocky sides by soft green are
concealed,
Herein is the kindness of Nature
revealed,
The homely and bare are hidden from
sight,
And to aid in this task each wee blade
takes delight.
Now a last quivering sunbeam drops
down on its breast
And the murmuring waters are soothed
into rest,
Now we leave thee, fair waters, while
one glittering star,
Like the eye of an angel, keeps watch
from afar.

Nannie K. Bishop.

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