

THE MILLIGAN ERA.

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

VOL. 2.--No. 6.

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25c. PER YEAR.

The Varied Climate of Hawaii.

Every gradation of temperature, altitude, and humidity, is presented in the Hawaiian Islands, while many subtle potencies pervade the atmosphere from sea to mountain top; moreover, each grove, beach, vale, summit, and belt of land preserves its respective climatic attributes almost unchanged throughout the year.

Thus it is possible for invalid or epicurean to select a climate, or to change it as often as may be desired. Something like the rotation of the seasons in "temperate" latitudes may be had, with no danger of meeting those sudden lapses of temperature so shocking to sensitive organization.

Each of the principal islands is an immense but extinct volcano. Only one active crater exists—Kilauea, on a spur of Mauna Loa, on Hawaii. A charming laboratory imbedded in ferns, it serves as an escape-valve, its dangerous freaks easily avoided—in fact, these are quite under the control of the friendly goddess Pele. As the traveler gradually ascends, he finds the air becoming cooler and usually clearer with the increasing elevations and the cooler temperature often as equable as the warmer at the base of the mountain island. By way of illustration: a few hours' ride from the hot marge of Kawaihae, on Hawaii, palm-fringed, and with thermometer ranging between 80° and 92° Fahrenheit, brings the horseman well up the plain of Waimea, a region keenly inspiring to every sense. Here the air, save for a short rainy season, is clear and quite sharp with occasional frosts. Over the mountain side roam immense herds of cattle and wild horses; the pursuit of these is the chief occupation of natives, and of whites whose noble muscular development is clearly the effect of a lawful tonic in the mode of life.

On island Maui, at an elevation of four thousand feet, is a belt of large sugar plantations. In these little worlds of varied industrial requirements hospitality is generously dispensed. Here the climate is ideally delightful—sufficiently cool, while yet no frosts nor chilling winds are ever known. Through admirably irrigated grass tracts multitudes of violets appear, with many another flower and fruit of New England, growing at peace with their tropic-born comrades. Perhaps nowhere else out of doors will so varied a collection of plants thrive.—From "Hawaiian Island Climate," by C. F. Nichols, M. D., in American Monthly Review of Reviews for August.

Time to Quit Raising It.

The Commissioner of Agriculture of Kentucky in his report says: "The condition of the tobacco crop continues to be the one obstacle to a uniform prosperous condition of crops. Absolutely no favorable reports on condition are received, though the past ten days has been all that could be desired in the way of weather."

—THE MILLIGAN ERA, 25 cents a year

Who by Searching Can Find Out God?

I cannot find Thee. Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void, where Thou dost dwell;
I wander lost through all Thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath Thy light ineffable.
I cannot find Thee. Even when most adoring,
Before Thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer:
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring,
From furthest quest comes back: Thou art not there.
Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth: there, O God, Thou art!
I cannot lose Thee. Still in Thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.—*Eliza Scudder.*

The Smallest Country in Europe.

The smallest country in Europe is not the state of Monaco (area 6 sq. m., pop. 3,200), nor the republic of San Marino (area 22 sq. m., pop. 8,000), nor Andorra (area 600 sq. m., pop. 7,000). According to a Paris letter to *Science* it is the yet smaller territory, of Moresnet, between Belgium and Germany. It comprises 2½ sq. m., and 2,000 inhabitants, and is situated in a very pretty valley. Its wealth consists mainly in tin ore. In 1815, after the Napoleonic wars, a committee was appointed to establish the frontier between Germany and Belgium. All went right till Moresnet was approached. Here the delegates disagreed. Each wanted Moresnet for his country, on account of the riches under ground. As no understanding could be arrived at, it was agreed that this strip of land should remain independent, and belong to neither country. At that time Moresnet was a beggarly collection of some 50 huts; at present, although still a very young state, it is in a prosperous condition, and comprises more than 800 houses. Agricultural and industrial pursuits are carried on to a considerable extent. It is governed by a mayor, or burgomaster, chosen by two delegates—one German and one Belgian. This imposing official—a prosperous and hearty farmer—has a second, an old doctor, and presides over an assembly of ten, chosen by himself. This assembly does all the business under his supervision. Nobody votes in Moresnet. There is no military service, and only six francs taxes. The revenue amounts to about 12,000 francs, and is quite enough to pay for the roads, schools, and the military force, which comprises one man of undefined grade.

—Why not attend Milligan Business College? Inquires promptly answered.

The Day of Days.

All over the land schools are being opened and young people are trooping in from every quarter. The first day in school is an era in the life of most students. The events of the day are recorded on the mind never to be wholly erased. The teacher's greeting, look, and word are remembered; and the very spirit behind all these, the spirit that often thinks to hide itself from view, is scanned and recognized by the bright little dots of humanity that seem so simple and unknowing.

The child's intuition, with arrow-like precision, pierces to the innermost and looks upon the heart's intent, whether it be base or upright. If upright, the innocent nature of the child responds and its whole being is drawn out and upward; if base, the better forces are driven back, the evil gains control and the child is hurt if not hopelessly ruined.

God said to Moses, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." The Immaculate Presence is no less in the soul of these little ones than about the burning bush. Whoso presumes to teach the young must feel and know that he treads upon holy ground. The feet must not be clogged. No rude noises should be suffered to drown the still small voice that whispers, "God is here." The teacher is the prophet sent to bear the heavenly message to the waiting ones who look to him for help. Teachers, be true to your trust. You have passed your examinations, it is true; you have been found capable of instructing in Arithmetic, Geography, History and other things the state law declares to be necessary. But what about the weightier matter of the everlasting law? Will you, can you instill into the young mind those principles of right living that beautify character here and fit the human being to enjoy that eternal bliss so freely offered and for which we were all created? The sweet old hymn we learned in childhood expresses the feeling of every real teacher:

"Arm me with jealous care
As in thy sight to live,
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give."

Home.

Among the five thousand answers which a London paper received in response to a request for a definition of "Home," the following are among the best:

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in. Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

Where you are treated best and grumble most.

A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.

Pitiable

This is a rapid age! No man in his right mind can deny it. We are learning new things almost every day, and it may be best to unlearn some of the old, else the brain capacity might be over-taxed. Some professions become valueless through the introduction of new machinery, as the following from Fernin's Monthly Stenographer proves:

"I'm a graphologist," said the man approaching the editor's desk gingerly.

"A what?" exclaimed the editor rearing back.

"A graphologist, sir."

"What's that? You aren't loaded, are you?"

"Don't make fun of me," pleaded the visitor. "I have trouble enough already. I came here to see if you can do anything for me."

"Well, what's a graphologist?"

"It's a person, sir, who reads character in handwriting. It has grown to be a profession, sir, almost, and I'm making my living at it."

"And what's your trouble?" asked the editor, ever ready to help the suffering and balm up the sore and afflicted.

"It's this, sir," whined the visitor, "I've got over a hundred applications for reading character, and I can't handle them."

"What's the matter? Want help? I've got a city editor that can read eighteen different styles of handwriting at once and each of them in different language. He isn't busy now, and I'll call him."

The graphologist put up his hands pleadingly.

"Oh, no," he begged, "don't do it. That isn't what's the matter. It's the typewriter, sir. The idiots send me typewritten copy, sir, and I'll defy any graphologist in the world to read a person's character from type written specimens. That's my sorrow, sir, and if you'd write something in the paper, sir, about it you will confer a favor on me that I can never repay. Will you do it?"

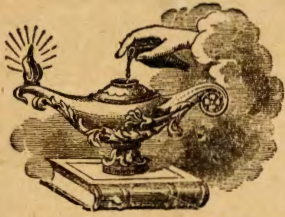
The editor wiped a few salted tears from his eyes and promised.

"Will it Fade."

This subject of color in dress fabrics for the warm season is important. One feels all discouraged when the pretty colored lawn so carefully made fades to ugliness at the first washing. A writer in the Chicago Record gives several ways to "set" color so that it will stand the rigors of the laundry and still look well. Here are two of them simple and inexpensive enough for anyone to try: First, make a strong brine of cold water and salt and soak the garment in this from twelve to twenty-four hours. This should be done just before going to the laundry, and the salt should not be allowed to dry in the garment. This is especially good for all shades of pink and green. A strong solution of alum is also good, particularly with blue and the most delicate shades of brown. But its effect is not so lasting as that of salt, and it is sometimes necessary to renew the bath after two or three washings.

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MILLIGAN, TENNESSEE.



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Address all correspondence to MRS. S. E. L. HOPWOOD, Editor.

Philosophy at the Zoo.

Two youths looked into a cage of monkeys.

Through their nostrils puffs of smoke came forth at regular intervals from white wrapped cigarettes.

Their heads were nicely balanced by a wealth of hair parted exactly in the middle.

Light bamboo canes grasped firmly in the middle showed that they were full-grown men.

"See, said one, "what we have descended from."

And they looked into the cage of monkeys and laughed.

The mother monkey called her children about her.

They climbed gravely on the perch to listen to her words.

She pointed to the young men.

"See," said the mother monkey, "what some of our ancestors have degenerated into."

And the children monkeys returned to their corners and wept.—*Chicago Record.*

English Composition.

No branch is so much neglected, both in common school and colleges, as this. Pupils have the idea that it is a sort of impossible attainment to write a good essay, and teachers find it too much labor to correct the impression, but in too many instances allow them to shift the responsibility or get out of it altogether.

Composition, like all other branches of an education, is difficult to beginners, but continual effort brings ease and readiness in expressing thought just as in handling figures or gathering scientific facts. But no one should suppose it will become so easy to write that it will be a pastime. Good composition requires effort. The great masters of literature in our own and other languages have gained and kept their places by constant toil; and toil not only in the act of writing but in the preparation to write. If one wants to know what success he will have in writing without having first learned something interesting to tell let him try to pour water from an empty vessel. The thing is impossible. It is within the reach of any with fair talent and industrious habits to become a good writer; but he must first have a desire to write, must know something to say, and with a patient devotion plod on toward perfection.

The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.—*Cicero.*

Tommy—"Pa, may I ask you a question?"

Pa—"Certainly, my child."

Tommy—"Well, where is the wind when it doesn't blow?"—*Tit-Bits.*

This should be a time of unusual interest to young people who are casting about, endeavoring to decide upon what shall be their future calling. During the recent hard times, while business has been moving slowly and opportunities were few in the different vocations of life, the tendency has been to discourage the young men or women with limited educational advantages and small means.

Now, however, the outlook is brightening, business is improving, old industries are resuming. This gives to thousands of honest young men and women labor by which they can earn a livelihood. New enterprises are starting up which herald the glad tidings "the harvest is ripe." There is an increased demand for clerks, book-keepers, stenographers and office help of all kinds. There will be places for all those who are prepared to take them. Where is the vast army of prepared ones to come from? To whom must the business interests of the country look for the young blood that is to carry on its great enterprises? Certainly to the rising generation, who now are just entering upon the threshold of a vigorous manhood. Do you come under this head, and are you prepared to seize the opportunity when it comes?

It is the mission of the business school to so prepare you. Would it not be the wisest investment of your time and money to secure the education it offers?

Young man, the call is to you. The idle office pen is worthy of your grasp. Prepare yourself for the struggle of life. Listen to the call of the vacant offices that bid you come into them. Such calls are wafted across our great country on every hand and no one to respond. Young man, young woman, prepare yourself to answer the call that is sure to come for all who are able to accept it.

William Dean Howells thinks "no one can read his negro pieces without feeling that they are of like impulse and inspiration with the work of Burns when he was most Burns, when he was most Scotch, when he was most peasant." The pulse of music can be felt in the following specimen of his writing:

WHEN DE CO'N PONE'S HOT.

Dey is times in life when nature

Seems to slip a cog an' go,

Jes a-ratlin down creation;

Lak an ocean's overflow;

When de worl' jes stahts a-spinnin'

Lak a picaninny's top,

An' yo' cup o' joy is brimmin'

Twell it seems about to slop.

An' you feel jes lak a cacah

Dat is trainin' fu' to trot—

When yo' mammy ses de blessin'

An' de co'n pone'a hot.

I have heerd o' lots of sermons,

An' I've heerd o' lots o' prayers,

An' I've listened to some singin'

Dat has tuk me up de stairs

Of de Glory Lan' an' set me

Jes' below de Mahster's th'one,

An' have lef' my hawt a-singin'

In a happy aftah tone,

But dem wu'ds so sweetly murmured

Seem to tech de softes' spot,

When my mammy ses de blessin'

An' de co'n pone's hot.

He Cited a Case.

Auntie—"You say you had a bad cold? Did you ever hear of a good one?"

John—"I had one once that kept me home from school."—*Puck.*

There will be, it is affirmed, 270,000,000 bushels of corn in Nebraska this fall. This will enable the farmers to lift their mortgages still more rapidly.

DIED—At the home of his son-in-law, Prof. Garrett, August 28, at 4 p. m., Elder Joseph Hanen, aged seventy-six years. He had long been a sufferer from asthma and lately a complication had risen; but the cheerful, buoyant nature we hoped would triumph and father Hanen be spared to comfort his family and friends in their new Milligan home which he reached only two weeks ago. But it was to be otherwise. That wearisome journey borne under a weight of bodily suffering was to be soon followed by a gladsome journey back to Heaven of a redeemed spirit worn and weary with the pain and suffering of earth. The deceased was a Christian workman and a proclaimer of the gospel both in public and in private for many years. He fell in the harness and even in his last hours used a portion of his remaining strength trying to induce others to turn to Christ. His aged companion, his children and little orphaned grandchildren, whom he had taken to raise, have suffered a loss this earth cannot repair. May the loving Father comfort them as He only can. It is sweet to know, There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

STUDY MUSIC.

It Makes Home Happier.

The musical facilities of Milligan College are excellent, both for beginners and for advanced pupils. Miss Wade makes this art her constant study; in vacations taking lessons from the best masters, hearing the finest performers or reading the ablest musical journals.

She is a painstaking teacher, and starts all her pupils by giving them personal oversight at each of their daily practice periods for the first month, or as long as necessary to keep them from acquiring wrong habits. Students in vocal music also receive the closest attention. Her work during a three years' stay with us has been satisfactory in the highest degree, and we confidently advise all who wish to study music to come and be with us.

—A Milligan party has just returned from Cloudland, or Wonderland, as they prefer to call it. They revelled among the clouds, witnessed a storm below them, saw the lightnings play among the clouds like children at hide-and-seek, and had their shadows thrown on the wall of swaying mists near them so plain that every movement of the fingers could be easily seen. The excursionists were Mr. and Mrs. William Peebles, Mrs. Cornforth, Mrs. Garrett, Miss Wade, Miss Bushong, Misses Bettie and Cynthia Sells, Prof. Davis, and Messrs. Charley Payne and Mack Sells. All are enthusiastic in their praise of the scenery, and recommend everyone who can to go to the Roan. Much praise is given Mr. Murrell, the proprietor of the hotel, who showed them many curiosities and helped to make their visit still more enjoyable.

J. A. DENTON,

DENTIST,

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JOHNSON CITY, TENN.

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that Cargille's Art Gallery is still producing fine photographs at reasonable prices. Save your work till you reach

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Send for circulars giving information concerning the Commercial Department of Milligan College.

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DEALERS IN

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You get more goods for a dollar and more dollars for your produce than any other store.

Call and see our stock and get our prices.

Milligan, . . . Tennessee.

Personal and Impersonal

"The full-grown corn is bending
In waves of golden light,
The new-mown hay is sending
Its sweets upon the night;
The breeze is softly sighing
To cool the parched flowers;
And the rain, to see them dying,
Weeps fourth its gentle showers."

—Clean walks.
—White fences.
—New paint and paper.
—Everything sweet.
—College hill in Sunday clothes.
—Remember, school opens September 8.
—Wagon loads of peaches in scarlet and gold.

—We were glad to have with us W. J. Shelburne, class of '97.

—Try to be present the first day. You will always gain by an even start.

—W. J. Shelburne, class of '98, was present during the meeting. He proves a valuable worker everywhere.

—School opens on September 8th, and not on the 2nd, as was published in the last ERA. The mistake was overlooked.

—The new church was dedicated on last Sunday. An excellent sermon was preached by State evangelist A. I. Myhr.

—Mr. Dawson has moved into the clubhouse, which has been renovated from basement to attic, and looks like another place.

—We were lately refreshed by the presence of Mrs. A. I. Miller, of Pulaski, Virginia. Bessie is always welcome as sunshine.

—C. W. Cornforth, class of '90, spent a brief vacation with his mother and other Milligan friends. Your stay was too short, Charles. Come again.

—We regret to learn of the continued and severe illness from heart disease of Mrs. Thomas Patton, the mother of our two students, David and John Patton.

—President Hopwood reports steady progress in his work of raising the college debt. His faith in a complete and early accomplishment of his undertaking never wavers.

—Quite a number of old student have been with us during the last few days. Many of them will be in school the coming session, and some are going to bring others with them.

—MARRIED—August —, in Johnson City, Tennessee, James W. Johnson, of Washington county, Virginia, to Miss Emma Hart, of Milligan. The groom is a classic graduate, class of '97. The bride is a friend and former student. They are both Christians, and stand high in the esteem of all who know them. May they have a long life of happiness for themselves and happiness for others.

—The new church is a handsome edifice, neatly finished and tastefully furnished. Its entire cost was about \$1,800 and it starts out on its good work entirely free from debt.

—The new house belonging to Mr. Cad Williams is being finished, and will be occupied the coming session by Mr. Norris, of Untcol county, who comes to put his son into school.

—The good dame, Abundance, points smiling to her loaded orchards, her acres of snowy buckwheat, and her field upon field of black-green corn. How much we have to be thankful for!

—Our daily hack line to Johnson City has already proved itself a necessity. The wonder is we ever did without it. Students can be met in Johnson by notifying Mr. Coomer. See ad.

—Miss Ida Hampion, of Newport, lent us her happy presence a few days last week. She is an esteemed student of former days, and we should love to keep her through the coming session.

—Prospects for the coming session are truly flattering. On every hand we hear they are coming. Some say, "I'll be there the first day;" some "I'll be there the first day possible after my school closes."

—The crowd was so large on Sunday that an overflow meeting was held in college hall. Elder Ephraim Buck preached a fine discourse on bearing one another's burdens. The hall was packed.

—Work is progressing on Mr. Rowe's house on the far side of the village. Mr. Coomer and family will move in as soon as it is finished. The barn is being conveniently arranged to accommodate Mr. C.'s thriving little livery business.

A large number of visitors expressed themselves delighted with the beauties of Milligan college and its location. "We had heard, said they, 'that the place was very pretty, but that is what all the schools claim, and we supposed Milligan was like the others.'"

—An immense congregation assembled last Sunday to witness the dedication of the new church and attend the co-operation meeting which was in progress from Thursday until Sunday night. Fine audiences were present throughout the meeting and much good work was reported from over the district. Our faithful evangelist, Ephraim Buck, takes up the work for another year.

—The many friends and schoolmates of J. C. Owings will be rejoiced to know that he is permanently convalescent. A severe case of typhoid fever came near proving fatal, and we feel deeply thankful that his bright young life has been spared to the family, the church, and society. His gentle manliness and whole-souled Christian walk are influences for good which the world could ill afford to lose.

—Mrs. Garrett and family are enjoying a visit from their relative and friend Mr. Joel Grayson, of Washington city. Mr. Grayson is an interesting man, and enjoys the distinction of being the only government employe who, by special act of Congress, has had an important position given him for life. He was personally named in the bill, and received the thanks of the House for efficient service in handling and classifying public documents.

—Milligan has always tried to represent herself as she is. If there has ever been one claim put forward in favor of the work that was not substantiated by the facts, the act was contrary to the basic principles upon which the institution was founded. Honesty, uprightness, strict fidelity to every promise and assertion have been the watchwords of the institution through all these years. Anything short of this is foreign to the work and will not be tolerated. Any business not conducted on honorable principles ought to fail.

—A lady remarked yesterday, "I hear Milligan Business College highly spoken of everywhere." That is what they are saying. If you are thinking of taking a business course you need not be looking toward that or the other business school that has a large name. Just come to Milligan and get the finest, newest and happiest training to be found on the market. No, we do not guarantee you a position in anything. You may, for all we know, take the full literary course and then never get a school. So in music or any other department. But we do try to make every student in the whole institution feel the truth that there are positions everywhere waiting for competent ones to fill them. Do not be troubled just now about the place you want to fill. First become capable. Let your whole present effort be toward that end. Then when you are fitted for it the place will come some fine day and call for you. This is about as certain as that tomorrow's sun will rise.

—Pleasure in this world is never unmixed with pain. One of the sad delights of the meeting was to renew acquaintance with old friends and form new ones, which in their turn were to be separated by time and distance. This is life. Our little crafts come in hailing distance of each other on the big ocean; flags are unfurled, signals exchanged; then adieus are waived and the currents carry us out and away on our several courses, perhaps to touch no more until we anchor in the peaceful harbor of the Home Beautiful.

—More than all where character is being formed and destiny made, be a pattern in all things. Every teacher that comes before a class should have only high ideals, and should by word and act instill the good and beautiful into the minds of the pupils. Teachers who cannot or will not do this should step down and out, leaving the place for others who are more worthy, or leaving it vacant if it must be. Young minds are too precious to be cobbled; they are too precious to be unfolded by profane hands. Let parents look to it that those who have their boys and girls in charge are only those who will in the Great Day render a faithful and satisfactory account.

Too Hopeful, Perhaps.

"That was an excellent paper your daughter read on the 'Influence of Science Applied to Practical Government,'" said the man in the crash suit.

"Yes," replied the man with the whiskers, "Julia is the pride of her class, and now that she has mastered the 'Influence of Science as Applied to Practical Government,' I hope that she will be able to find out something concerning the 'Influence of the Broom as Applied to the Kitchen Floor.'"—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Why not attend Milligan Business College? Write for catalogue.

It Puzzles

some people to know why they are so nervous; why they lose sleep; why they start at every slight sound; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and nervous dyspepsia. The explanation is a very simple one. All these symptoms are caused by impure blood, which is continually feeding the nerves with refuse instead of the proper elements. Opiates and nerve "foods" simply deaden, and do not cure.

FERRAR'S SAR SAPARILLA

feeds the nerves with clean, pure blood, free from taints and impurities; gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, and undoubtedly cures all nervous troubles. It is the best blood medicine made, because it has strength, and one bottle is equal to three of any other kind. Price, one bottle, \$1; six bottles, \$5. For sale by J. C. Payne, Milligan, Tenn., or sent express prepaid.

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THE WOOD DRUG COMPANY,
Bristol, Tennessee.

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AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Notify us of Your Coming,

T. H. COOMER, Proprietor, MILLIGAN, TENN.

News and Other Notes.

An explosion of dust in a grain elevator at Davenport, Iowa, wrecked a large building and killed three persons.

Some of the belligerent spirits in the Kentucky mountains have gone to fighting with eggs instead of .44-caliber cartridges. Quite an improvement.

The Sultan's life is seriously threatened. Several bombs have been thrown in Constantinople near the palace, and rumor says an effort was made in the palace itself.

The school board of Valparaiso, Indiana, has inserted the following clause in this year's school contracts:

"It is also a part of this contract that Miss _____ will not marry before the close of the school year, and if she does so this contract becomes null and void."

The Klondike fever still rages. Fabulous reports are circulated of its wealth. Another mine far richer than the Klondike is talked of, and the Arctic Mining and Development Company, with \$7,000,000 capital, has already sent their advance guard to take possession.

The proposition to hold a convention in the interest of a revised constitution for Tennessee was overwhelmingly defeated. Very few voters came out, there being no party issue at stake. It would seem that our people have less patriotism than ambition to beat the other side.

Many cotton mills in New England have been recently closed, throwing thousands of hands out of employment. These are likely to continue closed at least through September.

The Spanish Premier, Canovas, was assassinated August 8. The deed was perpetrated by an Italian anarchist who declared he was only carrying out a decree of a secret society to which he belonged. Cuba is rejoiced over the removal of Canovas, as his successor is likely to be a liberal who will probably grant Cubans their independence rather than utterly bankrupt Spain in both young men and money.

The miners' strike in the Pittsburg district (which includes western Pennsylvania and West Virginia) is being sustained under circumstances that show the plucky determination of the workmen. They are strictly sober and orderly and well organized and the prospect now is that they will yet accomplish their ends. Public sympathy is strong in their favor. Supplies of cash and provisions from outsiders are coming into their camps constantly.

Paul Dunbar, Tennessee's talented negro poet, is visiting London where he is receiving marked attention. His reading of his own poems is highly praised.

There is to be another great rush for Indian lands next spring. A large tract in Utah, very rich in asphalt and gilsonite beds, will be thrown open for settlement, much against the will of the Indians. The Utes who own the land, and who are among the most intelligent tribes in the United States, are trying to bear their treatment quietly, knowing that the least outbreak would cause their extermination. The present acting Indian agent has sent a report to Congress showing the dark frauds which have been practiced on this helpless people by commissioners appointed to carry out provisions of government treaties. It seems we have not only taken the Indians' lands, but have taken their barbarity, and are showing them how to practice it with far more deadly effect.

My boy, the first thing you want to learn if you haven't learned to do it already, is to tell the truth. The pure, sweet, refreshing, wholesome truth. The plain, unvarnished, simple, every-day manly truth with a little "t." Truth with a big "T"—the vague, intangible, unmeaning Truth of a man with an "ism" and a woman with a fad has been arrayed by her votaries in so many robes of garish hues and ever-varying colors that Joseph in his Sunday coat would look like a man in mourning alongside of her. Just you tell the truth.—*Selected.*

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A Curiosity

The fish pond one mile above Milligan, owned by Mr. Jas. M. Taylor is worth the time of any visitor to see. He has gold fish, silver fish, carp and some other kinds. This is not the curious feature, but they have all mixed 'till he has them spotted, speckled, and all shades of color. These fish can be had by anyone who wants the rarest specimens of the fish kind in this country, for the small sum of 10 cents each. Address or call on

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"Wordsworth," said Charles Lamb, "one day told me that he considered Shakespere greatly overrated. "There is," said he, an immensity of trick in all he wrote, and people are taken by it. Now, if I had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakespere." "So you see," proceeded Lamb quietly, "it was only the mind that was wanting."

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