

THE MILLIGAN ERA.

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

VOL. 2.--No. 2.

MILLIGAN, TENN., DECEMBER, 1896.

25C. PER YEAR.

The Era extends its friendly congratulations to all. May this Christmastide bring joy and gladness, and deepen in our hearts the feeling of brotherly love, of charity, sympathy, and fellowship in all good works. ❀❀❀❀❀

When Mother Sits Down by the Fire

Oh, the five-o'clock chime brings the cosiest time
That is found in the whole of the day,
When Larry and Gus, and the others of us
Come in from our study or play;
When we push the big chair to the hearth over there,
And pile the wood higher and higher,
And we make her a space in the very best place,—
And Mother sits down by the fire.
There's a great deal to say at the close of the day,
And so much to talk over with Mother;
There's a comical sight or a horrible plight,
Or a ball game, or something or other;
And she'll laugh with Larry, and sigh with Harry,
And smile to our heart's desire
At a triumph won or task well done,—
When sitting down by the fire.
Then little she'll care for the clothes that we tear,
Or the havoc we make on her larder;
For the toil and the strife of our every-day life
She will love us a little bit harder;
Then our lady is she, and her knights we would be,
And her trust doughty deeds will inspire;
For we long then anew to be generous and true,—
When Mother sits down by the fire.

—Martha Burr Banks.

Good Effects of Sleep.

The question as to whether one should deny himself sleep in order to do more work, was asked of Tesla, the great electrician. He replied:

"A man has just so many hours to be awake and the fewer of these he uses up each day the more days they will last, that is, the longer he will live. I believe that a man might live 200 years if he would sleep most of the time. That is why negroes often live to advanced old age, because they sleep so much. It is said that Gladstone sleeps seventeen hours every day; that is why his faculties are still unimpaired in spite of his great age. The proper way to economize life is to sleep every moment that is not necessary or desirable that you should be awake."

Foresight.

"Do you think Julia will accept the offer of her foreign lover?"
"No; her father says when they go abroad they may get something cheaper and just as good."—*Exchange.*

THE MILLIGAN ERA, 25 cents a year.

THE FIRST STEP

Toward Universal Peace.

Within the last few days we have passed a mile stone in history. The agreement on the part of the two greatest nations on earth to settle their differences by arbitration and not by war is a fact of profound significance. True, England and the United States are so nearly allied that we might not feel quite assured of their action influencing other and remoter nations. But the standing of these two peoples before the world is an assurance that their example will be imitated and that some time—not just now, but some time—the day of universal peace will dawn upon the world. England, with her vast interests at stake in Venezuela, and Venezuela, with equal or greater concern in her territorial distribution, have both honored themselves by agreeing to arbitration.

Not only we but all the civilized nations of the world have cause for deepest thankfulness for this blessed Christmas gift to the nations.

The Educational Ideal.

Our present system of elementary education does not rise to the moral requirements of the age; it stands too largely for the development of the memory for the purpose of mere money-making, to the neglect of the nobler spiritual qualities. It too often leaves out the cultivation of the heart and the training of the hand, the quickening of the conscience and the growth of the moral perception. Such a system is not education in any large sense; it is what Pestalozzi called "mere instruction." The education that makes character, individual and national, begins with the heart, the conscience, and the imagination. The storing of the memory with facts is a tool-shop more essential to the making of a living than the learning how to live, which is life's higher purpose. "We create life through ideals," taught Pestalozzi. "We learn by doing," said Froebel. And both agreed that life must be taught by life, or example, and that the individual gifts of the pupil were "sacred to the teacher," and that each pupil must be developed after his own gifts as though there were no other pupils like him, or gifts like his, in the world. The old-time New England school dame, whipping the dates of the reigns of Roman emperors into five-year-old brains, formed no part of the grand Pestalozzian vision. "Education stands for character," says Pestalozzi; our national education is defective in the power of this fundamental principle; a reconstruction of education must come in this country, and the best methods of character-education be made universal or we must suffer deterioration. A heart that responds to justice is the first lesson of life, and the ideal or gift of the pupil must be studied by the teacher before the pupil is put to memorizing text-books, which is instruction.—From "The Kindergarten Age," by HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, in December *Review of Reviews.*

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A WORD TO YOUNG TEACHERS

About Business Education.

Is your school out, or soon to be? Remember you cannot better employ the next five or six months than by taking a thorough business course. It will prove an excellent mental discipline, while at the same time it will fit you for a position where you can command a better salary than you have ever received for teaching.

The call among business men is for the young man who has prepared himself in some good commercial school, and is able from the start to take up the work of the office without having to serve an apprenticeship and by long and tedious struggles work himself into fitness for the position. Milligan Business College offers you the preparation you need. Will you avail yourself of it.

School warrants will be taken on expenses without any discount. You can enter at any time and receive special instruction. For further information address,
G. O. DAVIS,
Principal Business Department.

Arbitrary English Language.

We'll begin with box, and the plural is boxes, but the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes; the one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese, yet the plural of mouse should never be meese; you can find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice, but the plural of house is houses, not hices; if the plural of man is always called men, why shouldn't the plural of pan be call pen? The cows in the plural may be cows or kine, but a bow if repeated is never called bine, and the plural of vow is vows, never vine. If I speak of a foot, you show me your feet, and give you a boot, would a pair be called beet? If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth, why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth? If the singular is this and the plural is these, should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese? Then one may be that and three may be those, yet hat in the plural should never be hose, and the plural of cat is cats, not cose. We speak of a brother and also of brethren, but though we may say mother we never say methren; then the masculine pronouns are he, his, him, but imagine the feminine she, shis, shim. So the English, I think, you all will agree, is the greatest language you ever did see.—*The Commonwealth.*

Why He Made Music.

"Bobby is attending to his piano lessons very faithfully of late," said the youth's uncle.

"Yes," replied his mother, "I don't have any trouble with him about that now."

"How do you manage it?"

"Some of the neighbors complained of the noise his exercises made, and I told him about it. Now he thinks it's fun to practice."—*Musical Record.*

THE MILLIGAN ERA 25c. per year.

The Safest Bank.

Jack Dingley stood one Sunday evening in deep meditation. It was lovely autumn, but the loveliness of the day and the glory of the sunset were unheeded. Jack's reflections were not upon the beauties of nature.

He had been for four years working in the zinc furnaces. He earned good wages and had saved his money, and now had a considerable sum placed to his credit in the bank. "How shall I invest it," was the absorbing question. He knew of some good houses that he could buy but they might burn or get destroyed and he would lose his money. He had an offer to lend it at a reasonable rate of interest, but no security is so good that it might not fail. He could leave it in the bank, but banks were breaking every day and perhaps this bank, too, might break. He could go into business, but he felt incompetent to successfully manage any business. Many suggestions came, but with each, in some form, came the possibility of losing his carefully saved earnings. At last a new thought flashed upon him like a light "I'll put it into my head." Again and again he repeated the sentence, "I'll put it into my head." A novel idea; to put his money into his head! Does Jack mean to turn his head into a savings-bank? That was his deliberate purpose. "It may break," he mused, "but if it does I'll not have much need of the money afterwards."

In a few days Jack had made preparations to enter college, where he began the hard, slow process of putting his money into his head. Many times he thought it the hardest job he had ever undertaken but then there was lots of pleasure in the incidents of his four years' course and he kept patiently on. It was a proud day for Jack, when at last in the midst of applauding friends, he with other young men and women who had been his companions in labor, received his diploma, the seal of his faithful work.

Today Jack Dingley, the plucky furnace boy, is a successful man with a growing business, and an active leader in all that is right and honorable. He is one of the most valuable citizens in a large town because he has a thousand dollars in his head. That bank deposit has grown to a fortune.

Let every young man and woman who reads this story determine as Jack did to get an education and thus deposit your earnings in the bank that never fails.

JOHN V. THOMAS.

Escape.

"Aren't you late in getting home from Sunday school, Bobby?"

"Well, I guess! There was a man there who made an all-day speech, and I thought we would never get out."

"Who was he?"

"Aw, I forget his name, but he was an escaped missionary."—*Judge.*

Several earthquake shocks were felt in Southern Illinois on December 1.

THE MILLIGAN ERA.

ISSUED MONTHLY AT
MILLIGAN, TENNESSEE.



Devoted to the interests of education, economic reform and social culture.
Terms of subscription, one year, 25 cents; sample copies free.
Address all correspondence to Mrs. S. E. L. HOPWOOD, Editor.

Christmas Day.

The day of days! The gladdest, merriest of them all! How its radiance streams out, illuminating all the days for weeks before the full glory of Christmas morn comes on! The pounding and grinding, the finishing and polishing, the buying and consulting; the sly shuffling away of bundles that no eye must look upon—all of these are foretokens of the joyousness that is to come, or rather that has already begun.

However much we may deplore the use to which the season is so often put, still we hail it the sweetest and best of all seasons, the one which holds a benediction for all times and all races. On this calm December night we stand with the Judean shepherds on the plain and lean out our souls to listen as down through the still air rolls the angelic chorus:

"Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace and good will to men."

To Those Contemplating Teaching.

Dear Young Friends:—You are seeking the highest calling, but one, which it is possible for human beings to follow. Are you fitted for that calling? And if not, what are you doing to fit yourself. There is much that you can do. You can look about you and study the earth, the trees, the stars, and find in these a thousand apt illustrations that will help you to enforce the lessons you are to give out in the school-room.

You can read and study and give yourself a fund of outside information which will inspire self confidence and help, directly or indirectly, every class that will in future stand before you.

You can go to school and prepare yourself more fully for the work you have chosen. No one who has not given himself the best possible opportunities for gaining knowledge and learning how to use it and impart it to others, has a right to teach. Children and young people are entitled to honest dealing. They are longing to know things; they are reaching out eagerly to grasp whatever is offered them by their teachers. How important then that the teacher's mind should be stored with knowledge and skilled in the art of giving this knowledge to others. The woodman cannot have his edge too keen when he goes to fell the oak. But there are ten chances to one that it will be too dull. You cannot be too well equipped by study, and self-discipline, and industry, and patience to do the noble work of preparing young minds for an honorable part in the busy life that lies before them.

If at all possible, enter school, strengthen yourself in the particular lines you found yourself lacking in, and add yet more and more of science, of mathematics, of language that the next session may find you a stronger, better teacher than you have ever been before.

A victim of Delusion.

[The chemist of the United States Agricultural Department assures us that the foods are far less adulterated than they are popularly supposed to be. As to sugar he says: "I doubt whether a single pound of white sand has been put into the sugar supply of this country in the last ten years." So we may accept these humorous lines from Burdette without being disturbed]:

Placid I am, content, serene,
I take my slab of gypsum bread,
And chunks of oleomargarine
Upon its tasteless sides I spread.

The egg I eat was never laid
By any cackling, feathered hen;
But from the Lord knows where 'tis made
In Newark by unfeathered men.

I wash my simple breakfast down
With fragrant chiccory so cheap;
Or with the best black tea in town—
Dried willow leaves—I calmly sleep.

But if I from man's vile arts flee
And drink pure water from the pump,
I gulp down infusoria,
And hideous rotatoria,
And wiggling polygastrica,
And slimy diatomacea,
And hard-shelled orphryocercina,
And double barreled kolpoda,
Non-loricated ambroilla,
And various animalcula;
Of middle, high and low degree;
For nature just beats all creation
In multiplied adulteration.

Teaching Them English.

The simple and effective method of teaching English to the children of Italians, Portuguese, Polish and German Jews used in the north end schools of Boston might profitably be adopted by other cities which are obliged to face the fact that within their borders are thousands of foreign children who know nothing of the customs, institutions or language of this country. A writer in the Boston Transcript thus describes the method:

The children, within a few days after their arrival, are sent to the public schools, as a rule without compulsion, and here they are first of all taught the English language. It is done by a system of object lessons. The teachers in the elementary rooms are young women, as men would not be patient enough to accomplish the best results.

The teacher may point to her eye and say, "This is my eye," repeating it several times and requiring the pupils to repeat it in unison. Other portions of the body are pointed out in a similar manner, and then familiar objects in the room are in the same way brought to the attention of the children.

Later, when they have made sufficient progress in the language, it becomes desirable to teach the different tenses. To accomplish this, a boy or girl is directed to run slowly round the room, when the teacher and children say in unison, "That boy is running," repeating the sentence several times. The boy is then told to halt, and the teacher and pupils say in unison, "That boy did run;" again, "That boy is standing still," "That boy can run," "That boy is walking," "That boy walks fast," "I can walk," "I can run," "I did walk," etc.

These and other sentences, as they are spoken, are written on the blackboard by the teacher, and the pupils write them on their slates. Thus they are taught the language and taught to spell, read and write almost simultaneously.

When using medicine droppers, the ordinary glass tube with a rubber bulb fitted on, it is well to remember that 60 drops make one teaspoonful.

Salt is a good barometer. When it is damp, rain is probable.

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Harrisburg (Pa.) Call.

"There is no paper published in America that so nearly approaches the true journalistic ideal as The CHICAGO RECORD."—
From "Newspaperdom" (New York).

"I have come to the firm conclusion, after a long test and after a wide comparison with the journals of many cities and countries, that The CHICAGO RECORD comes as near being the ideal daily journal as we are for some time likely to find on these mortal shores."—Prof. J. T. Hatfield in
The Evanston (Ill.) Index.

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25-cent suspenders.....	10
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Double bladed pocket knife.....	05
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Tablets from 01 to.....	15

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Personal and Impersonal

King Eros conned over the gifts he had made

To each month, from New Year to November;

"On my word I've missed one; so to even them up,

Merry Christmas I'll give to December."

—New students and new classes.

—Snow and ice and a smack of winter!

—The health of the school and community is exceedingly good.

—Two medal contests on hands. No lack of entertainment from now on.

—Prof. McConnell has returned from a few days business trip to Virginia.

—Miss Jennie Shelburne writes that she cannot be in school this year, but expects to be in all of next session.

—Miss Wade's music class is growing and they are all doing fine work. Not a drone in the whole hive, we are told.

—Miss Lelia Whitt also writes she will have to give up coming this session, but still hopes to be here the next session.

—The new term is beginning with fine prospects. Classes are doing good work. This is an excellent time to enter school.

—We are pleased to note the presence among us of our old friend, Mrs. Hall, who is visiting at the home of her son, Samuel Hall.

—A number of literary performances will take place in and near the holidays. Several social occasions will also enliven the times.

—Santa Claus is going to make the children happy by bringing them each a present through the post-office on the night before Christmas.

—Miss Flora Marsilliott's picture, received a few days ago from Richmond, Va., is highly prized as a faithful likeness and a pleasant reminder of other days.

—Mr. Leslie Giles, of Virginia, received the sad intelligence of his mother's sudden death a few days ago. Teachers and students sympathize deeply with him.

—Milligan enjoyed the recent visit of Mr. W. J. Shelburne, class of '94. He is in charge of the church at Rockwood, Tenn., and is greatly esteemed by his people.

—Mrs. Fannie Shelburne's recent visit was a happy surprise to her many Milligan friends. She was long a resident among us, and a warm welcome awaits her at all times.

—President Hopwood sends in cheering reports from the field. The college debt will surely be lifted with the co-operation of those who prize the cause of high Christian education.

—Everybody is at work, unless it is a few poor laggards, and they work harder than anybody else inventing plans to keep from work. This class is exceedingly small, but with a good spy-glass we can find them.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Burleson, classes of '91 and '92, have our thanks for a picture of themselves and their handsome little daughter, Gladys Eleanor. Sinclair's many friends will be glad to know that he passed examinations and received a free scholarship in Virginia University, which he is now attending.

—A party of students and teachers went to Johnson City one night last week to hear the Schubert quartette. It was a dark night, and the big farm wagon jolted them rather roughly, but the sweet music soothed their shaken spirits and kindled them into a fine frenzy which

the soggy rain that they had to drag home in could not quench.

—For several weeks the telephone business has been pretty active. Superintendent Henry Hagy has filled many contracts at odd hours, so that almost the entire village is under a net work of communication. The election of McKinley, however, has restored confidence so perfectly that spool-cotton and tin cans have taken a rise and the Leatherlung Telephone Company has gone into the hands of a receiver.

—The very fine lecture delivered in College Hall by Major Pettibone was a veritable treat. He depicted the march of the Anglo-Saxon so glowing that we lifted our hearts in renewed thanks for the blessing of being born to the heritage of such a language and such a people.

THE DETAIL

Of One School Day.

After a night's close study it is hard to rise from a warm bed and face the frost at sunrise, but the breakfast bell calls and there is no help for it. A hasty toilet is scarcely finished when the last bell calls. Let us hurry and get in before the three minutes expire so as to avoid the standing up and giving an excuse for tardiness. Assembled in the dining room all stand at the back of their chairs while some teacher or student gives thanks for the food, and asks Divine guidance for the day. Now all are seated. Oat-flake, coffee, steak and gravy, bread and butter, talk and laughter. What is that? Bell for early classes—7:30! All are excused, some to class room, some to finish arranging and preparing for the morning classes, where the regular duties of the day begin.

Only forty-five minutes to wait. Before we know it the bell calls, then a second bell brings, the students flocking into the main hall.

Every body is in a good humor. Cheeks are aglow, eyes sparkling, brains acting. Girls are a little jealous because they have to warm around the great old stove that has warmed the frosty air for so many winters, while the boys put up books to protect their faces from the heat of the flashing new stove. No matter, girls, there are no friends like the old friends.

With the piano and the voices of Miss Wade and Mr. Thomas to lead, all join with a hearty will in some grand old song that lifts the soul upward. Bible reading follows. Here again the students join, reading in concert each alternate verse. After prayer another song, then a talk, announcements, and the students go their several ways—some to recitation rooms, some to the library, some to their homes to await their hours of recitation. Nine long periods of forty five minutes each make up the day and at the close of the last the supper bell is on the tap. All are soon around the table, eating, chatting, enjoying and laughing over the incidents of the day, or questioning and discussing some point of text book lore that puzzled their young heads. One or two hours are spent in recreation, then study until nine or ten, then the active nerves find rest and refreshment in quiet, blissful sleep and the busy, happy, rushing day of Milligan school life plumes its wings and roams with its message to Eternity.

"How much is coal a bushel?"

"Three francs."

"Very well; weigh me two bushels."

"Ah, but, lady, if I weigh it in your presence it will come higher!"—*Exchange.*

Woman's Progress.

One of the first students at the Virginia State Normal was a descendant of Governor Berkley, who, more than two hundred years before had "thanked God there were no free schools or printing presses" in his province.

In spite of Gov. Berkley's efforts, however, the process of education has grown from the lessons in the old plantation "field school" to the advanced mental culture of these closing years of the nineteenth century. Yet the work is just begun and that which is to mark its real advance is the physical, mental and spiritual development of woman. She is waking to her possibilities. Sometimes, it may be, she is swinging to the other extreme; sometimes, it may be, drinking too heavy a draught from the cup of liberty which she imagines has been long and unjustly withheld. But the pendulum will touch the center. Woman will know the place which she was created to fill and all the feverish longings and restless reachings will yield their peaceable fruits in the better equipped, better drilled, tenderer, nobler, sweeter, wiser friend, sister, wife, and mother of the new century. All hail! the woman that is to be evolved out of the present agitation, unrest, councils and congresses that are so busy settling and unsettling the social structure. That woman, when she steps on the stage and shakes out her womanly

frills, will find herself the same she was before and more. To the old-time quietness and modesty and self-sacrifice there will be added a consciousness of power, a thoughtful appreciation of unbounded opportunities and a soul-content born of experience in sounding the treacherous shallows of public life. The self-discipline through which woman is passing will renovate her being that she may be the great renovator of society—the pillar of strength around which, as always, humanity will rally to the defence of right and the overthrow of wrong.

Her French.

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said a lady to a clerk. "These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced.

"Yes, madam," replied the clerk; "we have only had them in stock two days."

"I didn't think they were, because the fashion papers say black kids have tan stitches, and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa."

The clerk explained that vice versa was French for seven buttons, so she bought three pairs.—*Household Words.*

Considering His Health.

Cleverton—"You didn't take any vacation this year, did you?"

Dashaway—"No, I thought I needed the rest."—*Life.*

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.

FARRAR'S SARSAPARILLA

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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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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News and Other Notes.

Get ready to become a member of the class in "Theory and Practice of Teaching."

Immense numbers of range horses are starving to death in Washington and Oregon.

The same reports state that our nation's expenses each week exceed her income by \$1,827,812.

A bill is to be introduced into the Indiana legislature prohibiting the sale and manufacture of cigarettes in that state.

Official government reports show a deficiency in customs receipts during the present year amounting to \$13,000,000.

Oldest inhabitants, Indians, and weather prophets all agree that this is going to be an exceedingly cold winter.

A new telescope is soon to be finished, the diameter of whose lens will be 14 inches more than that of the Lick telescope.

Come to Milligan Business College. You need such a preparation if you would reach success in this busy, wide-awake age.

In his late message to congress, President Cleveland declares that Spain may yet exhaust American patience in her course toward Cuba.

As is the intelligence and character of the young teachers of today, so will be the intelligence and character of the people forty years from now.

Governor Bradley, of Kentucky, has been seriously afflicted with throat disease. He recently underwent several surgical operations in New York city.

Returns from the collector of customs show the shipments of apples this year to be 1,750,000 barrels. This is 800,000 barrels above any previous year's shipment.

"Theory and Practice of Teaching," as taught in Milligan Normal Class, touches every subject the teacher has to handle, from seeking a location to the farewell talk at the close of school.

New and effective methods of teaching the common school branches will be discussed daily so that the young teacher will feel eager for his term to begin next fall so that he can practice what he has learned.

A few days ago we met an erect, robust man of forty, who declared he had grown from a stoop-shouldered, slender youth by practicing the lessons he had learned in our Elocution class more than twenty years ago.

The sudden changes of early winter produce a harvest of bad colds. One of the best means of safety is to protect the back, between the shoulders. At this point the lungs are attached to the body and exposure there easily chills the blood.

The most remarkable kite known is owned by Mr. Peacock, of England. It is fifteen feet long and twelve feet across. The gentleman says that in a moderate wind his kite can develop a pull of 1,000 pounds. He has demonstrated this by harnessing the kite to an ordinary four-wheeled vehicle, which it draws with perfect ease.

Great suffering and loss are reported in Wisconsin, occasioned by ice gorges in the Chippewa and Mississippi rivers, which pile up twenty-five to thirty feet and extend for twenty miles across the country, causing the waters to spread out over vast sections. Farms, railroads, and towns have been submerged and thousands of people have had to flee for

their lives. Severely cold weather made the situation worse.

There is not much danger but that the youth of the present and the near future will be blessed with many intellectual advantages. But the moral and spiritual development along with the intellectual is what must save our nation from destruction. The effort to establish a free government with equal protection and equal opportunities for all will surely fail unless God's thoughts are planted in the schools and fixed in the laws. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

St. Patrick and the Snakes.

There is an old legend to the effect that St. Patrick banished all reptiles from Ireland by beating a drum, but no one, probably, seriously believes the story. According to the myth, he took his drum out for the purpose mentioned and commenced pounding it so vigorously that he knocked a hole in the drumhead, thus seriously endangering the success of the miracle. While pondering what to do St. Patrick was astonished by the appearance of an angel, who immediately set to work to mend the broken musical instrument. After the hole had been mended the angel vanished, and St. Patrick continued the work of serpent banishing, being successful in ridding the island of every representative of the snake tribe except one old stayer who had lived so long that his tusks protruded from his mouth like horns. This monster refused to leave the "land of his fathers," and the good saint resolved to practice a little piece of strategy. He removed the patch which the angel had put on the drumhead and then persuaded the serpent to creep into the drum for the night. When the reptile had done as requested, St. Patrick glued down the magic patch and then threw drum, serpent and all into the sea. A sunken boulder off the west coast of Ireland is called St. Patrick's drum.—St. Louis Republic.

Our Way of Doing Business

We solicit your trade on a basis of values coupled with truth in every transaction.

We carry the largest, the best selected and most reliable tsock of goods in Johnson City.

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