

THE MILLIGAN ERA.

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

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Sweet Nature's Smile.

(A. Glanville, in the Boston Transcript.)

I love the day because it's day,
And not because it's fair.
I love the night because it's night,
Not that the stars are there;
I love the cliff and rocky spar
Because no flattery
Doth mark their changeless front—
they are
Just what they seem to be.

Bring not to me the painted tree
Set round with gilt and plush,
But let me wander in the wood
And through the underbrush;
Sweet Nature's smile doth me
begulle,

To her I bend the knee,
No canvass grand instead can stand
For Nature's heart for me!

I love the blue that shifteth through,
The storm that onward crowds,
When rainbow hue doth place anew
The promise on the clouds—
The fainter roar as more and more
Afar the thunders roll,
While glistening gleams the sunny
beams
Upon the weeping knoll.

I love each part of all the art
That centers in a God,
Who in the shade of meadow bade
The tiger lilies nod;
Who plants the rose where zephyrs
blow,
The daisy on the slope,
Whose kindly care hath fashioned
fair
The sweet snowdrop of hope.

I love the song of lark among
The gilded morning clouds;
The quiet heath that sleeps beneath
The morning's misty shrouds.
I love the dreams that burnished
beams
Of waking sunlight bring,
When all aglow the hill-tops show
The radiance of the King!

Worth While to Know.

The entire street car mileage of the United States is nearly 15,000 miles.

Forty-six foreign countries have consuls located in New York city.

Every state has a law inflicting a penalty for killing song-birds.

A person struck by lightning may be revived by dashing cold water over him.

To relieve a burn or scald cover with cooking soda and lay wet cloth over it.

Through the votes of their public school children the states of Alabama, Nebraska and Oregon have chosen the golden-rod as their state flower.

Otto Pfehert, son of a butcher of Brunswick, Germany, at the age of two years reads and writes fluently in German and Latin.

The highest point in Tennessee is Mt. Leconte, 6,612 feet; that of Virginia, Mt. Rogers, Grayson county, 5,719.

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Absent Ones.

What are the boys and girls doing to-day? Many useful, pleasant things no doubt. They are resting, reading, talking, working and making home happy in a thousand ways. Do they know we miss them? Sometimes the stillness softly echoes with the music of their voices, and the trees seem holding out their cool shadows to the beavies of bright-eyed girls and manly boys, just ready to step out from classes and study rooms to enjoy the loveliness. The walks, so still and white, are listening for the tread of brisk feet hurrying to and fro at the calling of the bells. The birds sing and twitter and peek through doors and windows wondering why they have no help now a-days in their efforts to stir creation with the pulse of melody.

Cat-bird, robin, wren and red-bird stop in the midst of a cataract of music and bend their small heads to the problem, but still they can't figure out where the choruses, quartettes and solos have all hushed themselves to. It is meet that these tiny warblers should come in greatest number when our boys and girls are gone. They help to relieve the tedium of the days and remind us of the happy young lives that were with us and are now making music in other homes.

Letters come almost daily from students of different sessions. Each has its little chapter from the life-story and is read with keenest interest always. One dear girl from West Virginia says, "Some one kindly sent a copy of the Era this week and it made me so homesick I thought I must write." Another from Limestone says, "The happy thought is that we will be together again this year in school." One says, "I shall never forget the pleasant hours spent in the Rhetoric class. We are coming next year." Another who was with us several years, writes a letter full of deep and tender memories. He is now preaching the Good News by word and life. He says, "I wish I could come back and finish the course but at present I see no chance to do so. My parents are getting old and I have just purchased them a little farm that they may have a home, and it takes all I can get to pay for it, help them, and bear my living expenses." Such filial duty will have a rich reward. Others and yet others send a word of greeting from school rooms, from law, from medicine, from professorships, from the universities, from the pulpit and from almost all the honorable callings which men and women follow. From a leading university where several Milligan graduates have continued their studies comes a good, cheering letter which shows that the writer is keeping faithfully before him the high ideals of his college life. The following extract is encouraging: "According to monthly reports from my professors my progress has been very satisfactory to them. B— has done good work this year and I think I can say with truth that Milligan students stand well here."

They have come and gone, members of one large family, many strangers to each

other but all bound together by ties akin to those which bind one household. Some are carrying on a more extended course elsewhere, some out in the big world doing battle bravely; others preparing to return and take up their studies again and fit themselves for more effective work. But wherever they are, to whatever earthly station they may have been called, this prayer will rise, O Father, now and ever bless our boys and girls.

Look About You.

"There's beauty all around our path,
If but our watchful eyes
Can trace it midst familiar things,
And through their lowly guise."

The other night a lightning-bug flew into the house and rested on the white wall just behind the lamp. His clear light, reflected and multiplied through the irregular glass mouldings of the lamp bowl, looked like a constellation of violet tinted stars. Just then a cricket concert opened under the hearth, so soft, so daintily attuned to the ear that it sounded like the very melody of silence.

And I thought, What beauty of sight and sound! The homely insect that flees from the foot of man in daylight, entertains him at night with miniature pyrotechnics.

The cricket which is never seen except when running for his life, yet huddles with his mate in a dark warm corner near you, and from his nutshell of space pipes out the sweetest music.

The common things are the beautiful. All the crown jewels of earth are not to be compared to the glinting of the sunlight through the dew-drops that tip every spear of grass on a fresh June morning. Millions of tiny crystal globes shatter the sunbeams into fragments and throw them back to the eye in acres of glittering diamonds representing all the colors of the rainbow. The worm that crawls its narrow round of existence repays him who will lay by his loathing long enough to examine it, with an exhibition of color and texture the most exquisite. The spider that lays his snare across the garden walk, or about the corners of your room, does so with a skill and a mathematical exactness which challenge the respect and admiration of every thoughtful observer. The toad, noted for his ugliness, is not ugly. He is an honest, skilful laborer whose modesty, amiability, and strict attention to business furnish an example his human brother would do well to imitate.

There is nothing ugly unless it is defaced by sin. From the star eyed grass and the tiny moth that scorches itself by your candle, to the mighty forests, mountains, oceans and the vast firmament above us, all is beauty. "And God saw everything that he had made and behold it was very good."

President McKinley's secretary, Mr. Porter, has introduced a uniform among the employees at the White House. It is a move in the interests of dignity, he explains.

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Deaf-Mute Education.

The Columbia Institution is unique, not only because it is the only college for the deaf and dumb in the world, but also because it is the only institution where individuals acquire a complete education. Its teachings extend from the very rudiments of language in the Kendall School to the post-graduate course of Gallaudet College. This normal class, open without distinction of sex to advanced students in full possession of their faculties, completes a year's course of deaf and dumb pedagogy. This pedagogic instruction radiates, through its foreign students, an influence that tends towards higher education in India, and which, in the fortieth year of its services to mankind, calls President Gallaudet to Great Britain to aid by his wise counsel in the initiation of the first deaf-mute college on European soil.

It must be a gratification to every American that this national institution has not only subserved the interests of the deaf and dumb in America, but that its influence and teachings are widely felt in foreign countries, both theoretically and practically.—From "Higher Deaf-Mute Education in America," by Gen. A. WIGGERS, in *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for July.

Humiliating.

The Tennessee Centennial is a truly marvelous exhibition of skill and energy and in many ways is a great credit to the state. But no thoughtful mind can contemplate some of its exhibits without realizing the damaging effect they are bound to have on the minds of the unsuspecting. Because other expositions have tolerated offensive exhibitions of old-world degradation is no reason why Tennessee, or why any other state or nation should from this to the end of time. Are we tending upward in our civilization, or is Satan deceiving us with specious arguments while he pours his slime over our fairest works? "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" We extract the following from a vigorous article on the subject in the *American Outlook*:

Thus far the balance-sheet shows that the Centennial is a money-making venture, but what a terrible loss would a moral balance sheet show were it possible to have some arch-angel hand write across our sky in flaming characters the full recital of the soul-ruin that these Centennial vice-factories have wrought upon resident and visiting youth.

A Martyr to the Craze.

"What a silly young man that pretty Miss Camington married?"
"Yes; how did it happen?"
"It wasn't her fault; he was one of her mother's bargains."

Under Control.

"Penjabber doesn't seem to be up in literary good form."
"No; he would like to write without saying 'we', but his wife won't let him."
—*Chicago Record*.

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Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;

To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good";

So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.
—Whittier.

Notes on Various Topics.

The spirit of christianity is full of simple sincerity, exalted dignity and sweet unselfishness. It aims to impart a blessing, rather than to challenge a comparison. It is not so anxious to vindicate itself as to confer its benefits. It is not so solicitous to secure supreme honor for itself as to win its way to the heart. It does not seek to taunt, to disparage or humiliate its rival, but rather to subdue by love, attract by its own excellence, and supplant by virtue of its own incomparable superiority. It is itself incapable of a spirit of rivalry because of its own indisputable right to reign. It has no use for a sneer, it can dispense with contempt, it carries no weapons of violence, it is not given to argument, it is incapable of trickery or deceit, and it repudiates cant. It relies ever upon its own intrinsic merit and bases all its claims on its right to be heard and honored.—*Sunday School Times.*

* *

In a recent address before his graduates President Harper, of Chicago University gave a just censure to the practice of bridling free thought for policy's sake.

"In free and fair New England, the very ground on which freedom of opinion was fought out, an old and established institution only yesterday censured its head because, forsooth, he had the courage to think for himself and to speak what he thought."

Now, will Dr. Harper tell us why Prof. Bemis was sent out of Chicago University? Was it not "because, forsooth, he had the courage to think for himself and to speak what he thought."

* *

The papers are full of accounts of the great jubilee in honor of Queen Victoria's sixty years' reign. All the civilized nations through their representatives united to pay respect to this ruler whose policy throughout has shown enlightened Christian sentiment and true statesmanship. Previous to 1837 England had manifested small interest in American affairs. She seemed to feel that because she had been forced to let go her hold upon her American colonies, she would henceforth let them severally alone. Our country in turn held much the same

feeling toward England. But the girl-queen of eighteen came to the throne with a new thought. From the first she showed a friendly spirit, and her husband, the late Prince Consort, strongly endorsed her efforts at conciliation. The real blessing that these two good people have been to our country is not often appreciated, especially by those who think they are defending liberty when they taunt a monarch. It is our privilege and should be our pleasure to honor her whose illustrious reign has so plainly exhibited

"The holy pride of good intent,
The glory of a life well spent."

We all love our republic as it is our duty to do, but that love is not shown in withholding the respect and praise due to a great and virtuous monarch.

A Boy's High Day.

In every worthy man's or woman's life there are days that cannot be forgotten—days that stand out apart from the other days like peaks in a rugged landscape. Such days do not have to be remembered. They are always present, like pictures that hang from the walls to be looked at whenever one pleases. I was riding with father. It was afternoon, a beautiful afternoon. The sun shone and the gentle breezes whispered and caused the green trees to bow to us as we passed. It seemed so strange and new to my boyish imagination! Perhaps it was not really different from other sunny afternoons, but there was something strange to me in the sunshine. The landscape seemed like, yet different from, what I had been accustomed to; the cattle watched us as if they knew where we were going; the trees seemed to be engaged in conversation; and all the rest of nature seemed to be coaxing the zephyrs to tell some great secret that they were carrying and would not reveal. I was on my way to college. Such a strange mixture of emotions played in my breast, or heart, or mind, or somewhere, I did not know just where then and I am not exactly sure that I know now. That day divided all the life that had passed before it from all that came after. A man who has done much more for the boys and girls of our country than the country has done for him, had talked with father and had found me, a rough, hardworking boy under a saw-mill shed. I was young but by practice had learned to do my work rather well and could already almost make a hand. I had no culture except that rude kind that comes from the common virtue among rough, hardworking men, expressed among themselves in that homely but apt phrase, "Deal straight and be square." The gentler influence of a mother had touched my life, and with all its familiar association, lingered in my thoughts and refused to give place to the new one that was pressing for admittance, the picture of home held the highest place.

I will not tell how the contest between the old and the new was waged for days, or that I cried when no one saw me. These first days were soon past and—well, let it be enough to say that the next time I cried was when the school session was over and the warm friends of a year's association shook hands and parted and we left the teachers we had learned to love. This is the experience of a boy who is now a man and trying to lift up other boys and girls and show them that which is highest and best in life. Today I received a letter from a young man who has been battling with the world. I quote from it as it lies before me. "I am going to school some-

where this fall if I can make arrangements. Write me what it will cost at Milligan. I am well aware of the fact that the educated men are the ones that have the advantage over the rest in this country."

If you are a young man or woman as you read this, have you found out this same truth? Then are you willing to give the labor and time it costs to be an educated man? Do you really want an education? It is possible for a young man or woman with reasonable mind and health in any situation in life to procure a thorough college education. Said the State Evangelist of Tennessee, to a group of young men, "If there was no other way, I would live in a hole in the ground and work out my tuition by the day rather than go through life uneducated." If you are in earnest and will write to us, stating as nearly as you can your exact condition, we can always tell you how you can attend school. We take pleasure in giving information and any assistance possible to worthy young people.
JNO. V. THOMAS.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

Did you ever try laughing when everything went wrong? There is nothing like it. Anger, vexation, discouragement, all vanish before it like mist before the sun. It is hard to do. Somehow the features will not relax. The worry we are fondling refuses to leave; but just make one strong effort of the will, and smile in spite of yourself and of all the evil powers that are trying to keep you from it. Then the work is done and you will be the better for it.

Laughter, the genuine, hearty kind, is a cure for many bodily ills, too, for which the family physician is vainly called in. It cures dyspepsia, prevents congestion, and even goes far towards making homely people beautiful. The entire system is helped by a good laugh. One's friends are drawn closer by the cheerful, sunny nature that charms and refreshes like the sight of rippling waters over pebbly woodland streams. Do not carry your troubles in the folds of a clouded brow, but smooth out the wrinkles and let in the sunshine of laughter, and you and all your friends will be happier and better.

Making Progress.

"How are you getting along with the bicycle?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"Better than I expected," replied Willie Washington.

"So you have at last attempted to ride."

"No; I haven't gone quite that far. But I don't believe I am as much afraid of it as I used to be."—*Washington Star.*

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