THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

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The Daily Appeal.

THE HOME OF A JAPANESE MERCHANT.

Dalton, in his "Life in Japan," thus describes the home of a rich Japanese merchant:

The dwelling house of Sanno, whose great wealth enabled him to indulge in the rare luxury of living apart from his shop, was built of cedar wood; and, though without the cost of argand burners usually displayed before the doors of the grandeur of two-storied rank, was large and luxuriously furnished; if, indeed, you can call a house furnished which boasts neither tables, chairs, bedsteads or sofas. It was partitioned into rooms by screens, which, indeed, with the exception of the four sides of the building, are the only walls in Japanese houses, and which slide in grooves, the one upon a level with the mats, and the other along a beam in the ceiling. Every apartment was marvelously clean, well matted, and lighted by oiled paper window-panes. As for chimneys or fire-places, he was understood them, there were none; but instead, in one room, beneath the mats, was a square walled hole, which, in cold weather, was filled with hot coals laid upon ashes; in another, in place of a fire-hole, there was a curiously carved brass pan, the coals in which were stirred by a pair of iron rods, larger, but not unlike the clasp-sticks, which serve for forks.

Chief, however, of these rooms were the state, or reception departments, situated at the back of the house. Its ceiling was of rare wood, varnished, but left unplaned, to show the curious grain. The walls glittered with varnish, and were ornamented with figures of cranes and tortoises, emblems of luck; and its floor was covered with richly fringed mats, over which, upon State occasions, was thrown a carpet. This apartment, however, had its place of honor, namely, the tokko, a recess cut out of the solid wall, opposite the entrance. In this recess were displayed articles of vertu, and the things most rare and costly in the owner's possession. Upon the walls, in letters of gold or silver, were written moral sentences from the works of the Chinese philosopher, Confucius. Then there were pieces of curiously-twisted silk net, caricatures of old Chinese poets, and landscapes. These, arranged with artistic effect, were variously shaped; rare and valuable porcelain jars, filled with the most odoriferous flowers of the season; which, in winter, were filled by artificial flowers. Then, vases wrought with the shapes of lions, cranes, and other animals, and filled with the most fragrant perfumes. Most beautiful of all, however, was the garden. Situated at the back of the house, it was reached from the gallery, which ran from the State apartments to the plate and treasure rooms and bathing house, by a narrow and tortuous flight of steps, which led into what, where the garden lay level and wide, must have resembled a huge cistern; for the whole area was some feet beneath the level of the road, and, moreover, walled around.

Arranged with admirable taste, yet in studied disorder, so that no sharp outlines should offend the eye, one portion was strewn with many colored pebbles, collected from the seashore; another with fine gravel. Along the middle ran an alley of evergreens, huge camelias and drooping azaleas, with so many and such tastefully arranged hues, that the whole retreat rather than lived the vision. At one corner was a green hill, or miniature mountain, upon which a cascade crashed amid shrubs and insects, wrought from colored metals; at another stood the family oratory, in which were placed the gods of the household, worshipped by merchants. First, Jebus, the brother of Tenshiodaisin, the Japanese Neptune, a protector of fishermen and suffering people, sitting on a rock, with an angling rod in one hand and a fish in the other. Secondly, Fukusiu, sitting on a globe of rice, with his fortunate hammer in his right hand, and a bag of gold at hand, into which, it is believed, he can knock at will, the rice globe, whenever he pleases, anything required by his votaries, such as rice, cloth or money. Thirdly, Tomotsu, with his long beard, and a rose fastened and long ears, a fan in his right hand, and clad in a large, long sleeved gown, who is worshiped only at the commencement of every year, in order that we may great success and prosperity in commercial enterprise. And lastly, Fotei, with a great stomach; who is invoked for the pleasures of the things of this life, such as health, riches and children.

At the entrance and of the ground was a small rack, so surrounded with shrubs as to be a delicously shaded retreat, in which, while amusing himself with the gold and silver fish which gambolled in a pond of pellucid water, the landlord could hear his guests moistening of a trickle on its way down the rock to the home of the finny fairies. It was in this garden the boys passed most of their hours. At times, however, they were permitted the rare privilege of paying a visit to the wife and daughter of their host. The mother was a fine, handsome lady, whose lips being painted violet and her eyebrows contrasted our, with her teeth, which, like those of all married or affianced Japanese ladies, were dyed nearly a jet black. The daughter, who appeared but a little younger, was, like her mother, handsome, but without blackened teeth; and both ladies wore as many rouge, cosmetics, petticoats, and gowns, which, when superadded to the outer robe, that the most determined of the crinolined daughters of England might have envied them; indeed, some three or four years ago, introduced the large gut her luxuriant hair, which, being built upon the model of a small mountain, was filled and decorated with flowers, ribbons, and bodkins of gold and silver, which were worn as ornaments, and jewels, which are never worn but in the hair.

Fortunately for our heroes the ladies were so pleased with their appearance and manners that they insisted their to gossip with them while they sat amusing themselves, fabricating little flower boxes, artificial flowers, pocket-books, painting their fans, or plaiting threads for their head-dresses; indeed, sometimes while the young lady received her daily lessons in the art and ceremonies of the tea table, from one of those manner masters who are as common in Japan as dancing masters in Europe; or while she was engaged upon the symmetrical kind of quilter). At other times the elder lady would take them to view the rich silk table napkins, ancient china, elegant tea-pots, and lacquered ware, of which, as a Japanese housewife, she was justly proud.

The young lady had her pets. The one, however, that was most pleased with, was a night-moth, which she kept in a gilded cage. This little creature was about four inches long, round-bodied, slender, and with four wings, two of which were transparent, and concealed beneath the other wings, which shone like polished metal, and were curiously adorned with spots and lines of blue and black. Not alone for its beauty do the Japanese ladies admire and pet this insect, but because of a legend, according to which this moth is such a favorite among the fellow insects, that they all fall in love with it, when the little coquette, to get rid of their importunities, maliciously hides them, as a token of their devotion, in a spider's web, to go and fetch it free. The blind lovers, obedient to command, fly to the nearest lamp or candle, and of course get burned to death.

GOSSIP FROM PARIS—FRENCH CUSTOMS.

Correspondence of the Home Journal:

My last letter treated at length of the inordinate love of dress displayed by French ladies, and attributed to this folly the dissolution of one to contract matrimony. Another, you may recollect, with the observation that "this stupid extravagance even rich men give not unfrequently prove the ruin of the husband. Do you remember the story of the husband who discovered one morning that his wife had lost $129,000? I acquainted you, last spring, with the particulars of it. And the social circles of Paris are still talking of the hardships which have befallen a gentleman of fortune and rank, within the last month or two. He married, some years ago, a lady possessing a dowry of $40,000, and "hoped" which was increased to $200,000. He had an estate of $6000 a year. Six thousand dollars a year with such well grounded "hopes" of inheriting, at some distant day, $200,000, was a great accession to his capital, especially during the fiscal year of their marriage, which, being his wife's first, was spent in Paris, perfumed with musk, and spoiled with rogue; he smiled and wondered he should ever have been such a fool, even in his youth. And then he reached aristocratic letters, billet doux from sentimental ladies; as he said his brow became more clouded; disagreeable thoughts assailed him. He remembered what appliances of happiness had surrounded these high born ladies—how many favors fortune had showered on them—how elegant, graceful, agreeable their husbands were; and how he himself, whose chances there were that he should escape the latter's fate—he could give his wife no greater luxuries than these ladies possessed—he contrasted himself inferior to several of their husbands, yet there were letters! from these fine ladies. He trembled, for he seemed to descry in futurity the form, vague, but still terrible, of the Nemesis of outraged conjugal honor, threatening him with a punishment such as he had inflicted. He laid the letter back in the portfolio where he found them, and wrote that very day to his future father-in-law, breaking off his marriage.

I have, however, neglected to introduce this long sketch of marriage in France, by a description of French courtship; and as I have never ventured to play a part in anyone's scene in this country, I trust you will excuse me, if I translate from the French these two courtships:

Last week, a small party was given in Faubourg Saint Honore. There were only two hundred guests. Some rooms were devoted to cards, and others to dancing. About ten o'clock the mistress of the house appeared at the door of one of the rooms where they were playing cards, and asked for a gentleman to complete a quadrille. An elderly gentleman asked a young man seated at a whist table to oblige the hostess and himself by joining the quadrille, and give him the vacated seat at the whist table. The young man, who had been worried beyond frames, readily complied, and was soon introduced to a small and pretty blonde. How do you like the dresses of the brunettes lady? inquired the partner in the dance. Madame, replied the young man, when I am dancing my eyes refuse to see anybody in the ball room except my partner. The lovely blonde smiled. May I be indiscreet, Madame? asked he, in turn asking a question. If you be discreetly so, Monsieur, said she. I divine that you are a bachelor? Indeed I am. Can one make some a liberal profession? I belong to the profession of idlers on 25,000 francs a year, invested in the three per cents. Ah, we differ then, for my 50,000 francs a year are invested in railway bonds. Madame, I have resolved to ask your hand in marriage. Whom will you ask? You, Madame. But what will my parents say? Madame, as my question interests none so much as you or I, it seems to me we are the only parties to be consulted. That is reasonable enough. Will you give me your hand, Madame? Bring this cape jessamine (she broke a flower from her bouquet) to me to-morrow at two o'clock, at my notary's office, and I will give you my answer. Thank you, Madame. The notary drew the marriage contract, and in a few weeks they were married.

Among the arangiers at the Italian Opera who attract most gazers, Mme. Von G——'s numbers most opera glasses directed toward her. She is not more for her beauty, and was quite poor, but was very beautiful, although at Vienna, where money plays as important a part as in Paris, her parents could not hope that this would prove of much advantage to her, when very unexpectedly a man of fortune asked her in marriage. The parents, of course, delighted at the offer; they, as most parents, saw only the man's money bags. The girl, who has experienced in the world, looked on him with different eyes, and saw that he was old and ugly, and refused to marry him. Her parents forced her to receive his attentions, which she did with great coldness. One day they left them alone together, that he might formally address her. She opened the conversation the instant they were left by themselves, saying:

"Monsieur, I feel that my duty is to anticipate the demands you are about to make me, and to tell you I will never marry you unless I am forced to do it."

"I know that."

"I must add, that I shall never be able to love you."

"Love is not necessary in marriage."

"I assure you that this marriage I detest, hate, loathe, and will contract it with the but terest despair."

"I am much obliged to you for your frankness."

"Do you persist in marrying me?"

"Yes, I do."

"I had heard that your delicacy and nobility of character were very great, and I supposed you were the first man in the world to take advantage of a girl's unprotected position."

"The world! what cares I for the world?"

"Your cold raillery shows me that I have nothing to hope from your heart—perhaps your head may be better than your heart—and mark me, as I do so, you will make the greatest mistake in your life. Money is not all. I shall find it myself; I'll make all your life unhappy!"

"I defy you to make me more miserable than I am!"

The poor girl sobbed and wept all night long. The next day they were married. After the wedding dinner, M. Von G—— rose from the table, seized the gold and blew out his brains. It was said after his death that he had been long tired of life, and desired by a marriage with the poor girl to make some atonement for his suicide, and to disabuse his relations, with whom he had quarrelled. Mme. Von G——, his young widow, has an income of ten thousand dollars per annum.

SHAKSPERE'S TEMPEST.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

(From the Home Journal.)

The *Tempest* is my favorite of all Shakspeare's dramas. The remoteness of the scene from all familiar localities allows a tangle to the imagination, such as no other of his plays affords; not even the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which, though some of the dramatic personae are of supernatural character, the scene is laid in a wood near Athens, and Theseus and Hypolita, though mythological rather than historical personages, are still sufficiently the familiar acquaintance of our school days.

But on that uninhabited island, lost in unknown seas, the wandering fancy finds unfettered scope, and when the poet has laid the scene, the action—simple in the extreme, and having more reference to past events than to the development of any dramatic plot, through the agency of violent or complicated incidents—allows the imagination to float undisturbed on the smooth and profound stream of poetical inspiration which characterizes this above all other plays.

But chiefly I delight in the Tempest because of the image which it presents to my mind of the supremacy of the righteous in human soul over all things by which it has been surrounded. Prospero to me is the embodiment of human wisdom and virtue, in their true relation to the various elements of existence, the external world in which they are placed, and mortal fellowship by which they are affected and influenced.

Of the wonderful chain of being, of which Caliban is the lowest and Ariel the most ethereal link, Prospero is the main and middle link.

And first we have the gross, ungainly, powerful savage, who represents the lower and more material portion of human nature, the coarse and fierce propensities, (of which Caliban is also the representation,) are held in stern subjection by him who is the type of that nature's nobler part, the mind of man; it is a kind of something not to be described; at least I have asked a great many of the long-haired, bad-hatted gentry who paint pictures, and they never agreed what it was. It is the sort of mulatto complexion over the whole thing, and is as different from mere color as the bloom upon a rich grape or plum is from the fresh positive hue of the unripe fruit—you didn't you ever notice the difference? No? Well, then, come to Nahant, and you can study every variety of bloom and bloom upon every variety of fruit. Today's gardens, behind those thick-paled fences, that strain these rough sea winds into soft zephyrs before they touch his trees, very much as a fine-tooth comb would be transducing the rummy breath of any old sailor on the coast into a kind of music before it polluted the baby's lungs.

All this means that to be a belle, it is necessary to be handsome, well-made, of great good manners, and of consummate tact. Now, every girl can have almost anything except the chief thing. If you are not positively squint-eyed or deformed, resolution and Madame—well, the freshest French woman—will make you handsome and of good figure. Manners you must manage yourself. I have found the best rule perfect kindness; I mean, of course, kindness of manner. Most men are a little bashful with women, and need to be met by bravado; older men with a kind of silent, superior, condescending air. Now, if you study never to take advantage of this shyness, which make men double sensitive—that is, many a clever man is conscious of being a perfect fool with woman—if you never wound them by look, or word, or insinuation, or implication, and never seem in league with any one man against any other; why, a little judicious flattery of manner only, not of words, does the whole business—the man is yours.

Have you never noticed that very "smart" women are never belles? They are, of course, what may be called "good" young ladies from some western cities, and from New York nunneries, who smoke and drink sherry cobblers at night, and call the gentlemen by their christian names, and who are always very positive (and so they are) but there is the same difference between such people and belles that there is between notoriety and fame.

The difficulty is, that tact is not to be taught. It is the sublimest sympathy, constantly on the alert. Its aim is to please—positively, by saying and doing what is agreeable; and negatively, by omitting all allusions that are not so. "Never speak of hemp to a man whose father was hanged," is the negative way of stating tact. "All things tend to good," is the positive way. There is no need of asking me about the morality of this. I am treating on belles and manners, not on saints and moral philosophers.

One thing, however, I am free to say to you, in strict confidence, and that is, that good manners are not always indicative of good morals. I mean, of course, using the word manners in the usual sense. If you see a man or woman every day, you would naturally generally discover their sympathies and tastes. They would betray them involuntarily. For instance, if a man cared nothing for children—if he were impatient or ill tempered—he could conceal it for an evening, but not for a long time, unless he has some very desirable end to serve by playing a huge and difficult game.

But for all that, great D—— should ever come to Nahant, or Newport, or Saratoga, which of course he never does, for where could he stay, what could he do? and entering his name upon the book as the Rev. Mr. Lamb, should mingle in the charming groups that swarm along the piazza, or sit so amicably in the parlor, I think the mothers and the young gentlemen would be so winning and entertaining that the young man would view him without jealousy and the old without eyeglasses. The young woman would consider disparity of years no bar, where hearts were truly united; and the mothers would seriously ponder how much [illegible] would be necessary figures for their dowries, in consideration of certain advantages in the husband. Old and young would go to bed charmed with the manners of their new acquaintance; and, amid the other dreams of the night, would the fancy obtrude itself that, when the Rev. Lamb went off, he disappeared in smoke, and that the gentlemanly compassion of the evening could such an awful tale unfold.

On the other hand, I supposed Dr. Johnson's morals were good, but his manners were certainly offensive.

You are surprised that I speak of Dr. Johnson! You have seen me whirling in the polka again to a cousin of her own, one Aglae, a nice, good creature, and she, too, was anxious for Jenny to marry. Was ever anything so provoking as all these consents, without the consent of some dear unknown? Aglae was staying at the chateau, and had, indeed, must be the heart which would not feel for Jenny, when she beheld the charming trousseau of her future stepmother arrive.

"Some one shall appear," sighed Jenny, after a conversation with her cousin Aglae, the sort of one to inflame a girl's head, if not her heart,—all about laces and cashmeres, orange flowers, etc. Most unfortunately, there was not a young man in the neighborhood "free and able." (Jenny reserved to herself to make him willing.) —oh, blessings on minds given to speculate—a company sent down a young engineer to survey the land, and, discovering who he was, he insisted upon his leaving his hotel, and taking up his abode at the chateau.

A month had he been domiciled there, and assuredly if he was a first class engineer, he was a third class gallant. He didn't seem to know that there was a young girl within miles of him; his heart was as hard as the rails he was about to have laid down, and all his coldness made the sixteen years Jenny's soul. All the day long he was making calculations, while she was speculating about him.

One day she pretended to faint. Gustave flew to the rescue; he was Zouave to look in her face, and discovered that she was charming, fresh, bright as the land before his hound railroad cut it up.

Still he went on with parchments. So Jenny went into his office, and carried off his instruments, etc., and locked them up.

In vain he implored.

"You are looking very ill," she said, "and I shall insist upon your only working so many hours a day."

Again he looked into the face of the one so anxious about him, and yielded. She kept the key of his office.

This left him several hours a day undisposed of. What could he do with them? Jenny solved the difficulty, and together they surveyed the surrounding country and its beautiful walks, as yet not cut up.

One day the engineer forgot all the plans he had laid down on his own road of action—not to fall in love with Jenny, not to be led into a path which he imagined would be, perhaps, harder to cut through than a rock. If it were but that! Half our lives run through the like, but he felt that her father would be harder than any granite, and Jenny did not like, in maiden modesty, to tell him that she knew better. So off to her stepmother she went.

"Gustave loves me," she cried. "But would you believe it of a Parisian? He is timid!"

Something must be done to overcome that. So agreed her stepmother, but a girl like her—

"I have thought of something, Aglae," said Jenny at last. "Stay in the next room, call papa there on some excuse. Gustave will contain to follow me hither—leave the rest to me."

"But it will be a snare," exclaimed the other.

"One with which he will gladly be taken, believe me," answered the wide awake young lady. "And if 'tis for his happiness?"

"True, I overlooked that."

So Jenny remained alone, and soon, as she had foreseen, the wandering engineer, without the aid of his compasses, discovered the clod of earth, called d'Herbecourt.

"I want the key of my office, mademoiselle," he said; "I must work."

"I would you to oblige me first, Monsieur Gustave."

"Willingly, mademoiselle."

"You see," continued Jenny, "I am to play a part next week in a charade. Will you rehearse it with me?"

"I do not know it, but command me, I will do my best."

"A young man is to make me a declaration of love. You must play that part."

"Too willingly would I, but how in the charade?"

"Go down on your knees."

[He does it.]

"Now grasp my hand." [Fondly pressed.]

"Excellent. Now attempt to kiss it. But I must draw it away." [Accomplished to the letter.]

"Oh, charming!" cried the young lady, clapping her hands, and, at the signal, in rushed Aglae, followed by the unconscious father. Gustave sprang to his feet, and in the utmost confusion, assured the indignant parent that it was only an innocent joke!

Aglae and Jenny had fled, but they were listening.

At the word "joke," Monsieur d'Herbecourt flew into a violent passion, and to prove how little our theory and practice ever agree, he, who had written a pamphlet against dueling, challenged Gustave.

At the idea of fighting, the ladies thought it time to interpose. Aglae followed Monsieur d'Herbecourt, who had quitted the room, to prepare his arms, and Jenny rushing in, loudly upbraided Gustave with wishing to kill her papa.

"Do not alarm yourself, mademoiselle," he said, "I will not raise an arm against your father—he may kill me."

As if that was her purpose in this little scheme! Of what earthly use would a dead lover be? She who had had so much difficulty in discovering this living one.

"A pretty expedient," she cried, "as if there were not another way of arranging the affair."

"I see but one," responded the engineer, "one that would fill my heart with joy, but I dare scarcely name it, for fear of displeasing you."

"Never mind—name it."

"To solicit your hand in marriage."

"Oh, that does not displease me at all," she exclaimed. "'Tis far better than killing, or being killed. Go and ask papa."

At that moment D'Herbecourt entered with an ominous looking case of pistols under his arm. He was frowning in a most determined fashion. Aglae was following his footsteps, and without a word spoken she opened the case, and showed him the pistols lying against duelling, which she had placed in the case in lieu of the abstracted pistols. The bloodthirsty D'Herbecourt looked rather confused, and here Gustave stepped forward and solicited the honor of Jenny's hand in marriage.

D'Herbecourt, delighted with a son-in-law whom he already esteemed, gladly grasped his hand, and that evening saw Jenny sat at her window looking at the moon, as all young ladies in love do, she said to herself, smiling complacently, "When a young girl wills anything"—the rest was concluded by a significant nod of the head.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A BELLE.

BY A BELLE.

It isn't enough to be pretty and modest to be a belle. Good manners are not the secret, neither is great beauty; that belongs to those nearer than anything else. But don't you know what people call tone in pictures? It is that which gives the harmony of style, it is a kind of something not to be described; at least I have asked a great many of the long-haired, bad-hatted gentry who paint pictures, and they never agreed what it was. It is the sort of mulatto complexion over the whole thing, and is as different from mere color as the bloom upon a rich grape or plum is from the fresh positive hue of the unripe fruit—you didn't you ever notice the difference? No? Well, then, come to Nahant, and you can study every variety of bloom and bloom upon every variety of fruit. Today's gardens, behind those thick-paled fences, that strain these rough sea winds into soft zephyrs before they touch his trees, very much as a fine-tooth comb would be transducing the rummy breath of any old sailor on the coast into a kind of music before it polluted the baby's lungs.

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You are surprised that I speak of Dr. Johnson! You have seen me whirling in the polka with Tom Dyce at the hotel, or racing over the beach with him in his wagon? Very well, this tom, I am that young lady. I wear two bracelets and ear-rings, and the every hoop skirts. I howl, bathe, dance, dine, flirt, drive, sigh, smile, pick up mosses, and wander over the rocks in a broad-brimmed hat and a very becoming morning dress, which the girls here will call pegnoir, apparently not knowing that peignoir is the dressing gown, in which we sit when the hair is being brushed. I am that same young lady, aged somewhere between seventeen and twenty-three. I have spoken of Dr. Johnson. I know about him and about a good many others; and you are surprised. That is always the way with men. You profess to honor us; your mouths froth with compliments. Suddenly show that we are not fools, and you never forgive us. You say you want something "feminine." Especially men who drink brandy and water soon after breakfast—all the morning talk horses and drive horses all the afternoon, and gamble all night—especially these men want the "feminine element" in woman.

Don't their whole lives show they do? Don't every act of their lives proclaim upon the house-tops their sympathy with what is women? Don't the curtains, the flowering style of oak for the shrinking and clinging vines to climb upon?

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2	4 00	5 00	7 00	9 00	11 00	13 00	15 00	18 75	22 50	37 50
3	5 00	7 00	9 00	11 00	13 00	15 00	18 00	22 50	27 00	45 00
4	7 50	10 00	12 50	15 00	17 50	20 00	22 50	30 00	37 50	62 50
5	10 00	12 50	15 00	17 50	20 00	22 50	25 00	37 50	45 00	75 00
6	12 00	15 00	18 00	21 00	24 00	27 00	30 00	37 50	45 00	75 00
7	14 00	17 50	21 00	24 50	28 00	31 50	35 00	43 75	52 50	87 50
8	15 00	18 75	22 50	26 25	30 00	33 75	37 50	46 87	56 25	93 75
9	16 00	20 00	24 00	28 00	32 00	36 00	40 00	50 00	60 00	100 00
10	17 50	22 50	27 00	31 50	36 00	40 50	45 00	56 25	67 50	112 50
12	20 00	25 00	30 00	35 00	40 00	45 00	50 00	62 50	75 00	125 00

☞ One square, renewable weekly, per month..$40 00
☞ Two squares, renewable weekly, per annum..60 00
☞ Three " " " " " ..80 00
☞ All advertisements required to be kept on special place will be charged EXTRA DAY, and on third page, an advance over stated rates.
☞ Advertisements directed to be displayed, or set in letter type, charged DOUBLE RATES.
☞ Yearly advertisers will be charged extra for accidental or occasional changes, and when LARGE TYPE is required to be used, or the advertisement kept on inside of paper.
☞ Yearly advertisers will be charged extra at regular rates for Wants, Rents, Removals, Co-Partnership Notices, and Auctions.
☞ TRANSIENT ADVERTISING MUST BE PAID FOR IN ADVANCE.
☞ No advertisement will appear in the Weekly paper unless paid for specially.
☞ Advertisements to be inserted in the Weekly paper only, or at irregular intervals in either of the papers, will be charged FIVE PER CENT less than the regular rates.
☞ Announcing Candidates for State, County and Municipal Offices, $5 each, to be paid in advance in every instance.
☞ All advertisements for Charitable Institutions, Fire Companies, Sun Days and other Public Meetings, to be charged half price.
☞ Marriages and Deaths are published as news; but Obituaries, Tributes of Respect and Funeral Invitations are advertisements.
☞ Notices of Public Meetings, Promotion of Ladies will be charged by the insertion.
☞ Editorial Notices in Local Column will be charged 20 cents per line.
☞ No deduction or variation will be made from the foregoing rates.

M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL.

W. T. FLETCHER, Jr. W. ELDRIDGE. WM. C. ANDERSON. Pulaski, Tenn. Memphis. Memphis.

PLUMMER, ELDRIDGE & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRUGGISTS,

(At the sign of the Eagle)

No. 264 Main Street,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

HAVE in store and are now receiving a fresh and complete supply of

DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS,

PATENT MEDICINES, OILS,

FINE TOILET SOAPS AND PERFUMERY,

Fancy Articles, Combs, Brushes and Females, Window Glass, Putty, Glass, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Camphene, Burning Fluid, Lamps, Chimneys, Wicks, Wicking, Candlesticks, Snuffers, Snuff Boxes, Tea Trays, Spittoons, Spittoons, Spittoons