THE DAILY APPEAL

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MEMPHIS APPEAL

F. A. TYLER, - - - - EDITOR.

MONDAY MORNING. : : : DEC. 27, 1869.

## DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR MAYOR:
AMOS WOODRUFF.

FOR CITY TAX-COLLECTOR:
FELIX W. ROBERTSON.

FOR WHARFMASTER:
ROBERT GOODE.

*HOLIDAY ADVERTISING.*

*We remind our merchant friends that* NOW *is the time for them to advertise their* HOLIDAY GOODS. *Those who* ARE *advertising liberally are selling largely and realising quickly. The same results await those who have yet to advertise, if they but avail themselves of the only means known in modern times by which traders can put themselves in communication with the public.* ADVERTISE.

IN Mississippi three redoubtable generals—Generals AMES, ALCORN and EGGLESTON—are contesting for the Senatorship. Between AMES and ALCORN there will be a pretty even struggle, EGGLESTON being only second best in the race. One other General is an aspirant, MCKEE, and there is also one Colonel PIERCE and one Judge MORRIS, who would not object to the Senatorial toga. How prolific of great men Mississippi has grown since the days of POINDEXTER, PRENTISS, WALKER, BROWN, DAVIS, and THOMPSON! If there are not too many contestants, we would advise our Alderman "JEEMS" to move down there.

THE necessity for the speedy adjustment of difficulties that environ the Little Rock Road is palpable. Memphis, Tennessee, Arkansas, and the whole South are interested in the immediate construction of a shorter and speedier route connecting the Eastern and Western oceans. To retard or prevent the immediate achievement of this purpose, private interests and personal difficulties should not be suffered to intervene. As private property may be condemned and appropriated to public uses, so in reference to this Little Rock Road; the road should be built now, and individual rights determined to-day or at a period fixed by the courts of the country. If Mr. MAHAN can secure and hold possession of the road, he may build it or not, as he chooses—public interest or no public interest. If he deem it better to sell out, he can then fix his own terms, cost what it may. Memphis must have the road finished, and can afford to suffer no individual interest to prevent the selection of this city as the beginning point of the Southern Pacific.

Since Mr. BRINKLEY *is now* prosecuting the construction of the road from his own personal resources, and since, of all other citizens, he is most interested as a stockholder and landowner here and in Arkansas, in the success of the enterprise into which he surely infused a large share of vitality, we have infinitely preferred the old company to the new, and Brinkley's supremacy to Mr. MAHAN's. The case is a plain one. Every merchant and tradesman and property-holder is deeply interested in the pending railroad controversy; and while it may not be the special duty of the Chamber of Commerce to discuss questions involved, yet it is a public matter, and public interest, affecting the fortunes of the city and State, and may be as properly considered as the merchants' tax.

CHARLES SUMNER has introduced into the United States Senate a memorial from a convention of Africans, styling themselves "the laboring men of the United States," which asks Congress to donate to them lands of the United States. The document was referred to the Committee on Public Lands. We have no objection to their petitioning for anything they please. But we are not aware that black men have any claim on the government which white men have not. And we do not believe in the policy of donations to any but disabled persons. We have for some time been teaching able bodied blacks to look for benefactions from the government, and the effect has been to make them more and more indolent. What then will be the effect of a new donation? Will they not come again, with a request for stock, farming utensils, seed, and even for meat and bread, as necessary to make a donation of lands useful to them; and will they not be encouraged to be more and more idle, the more the government provides? If the contrary was true, and a donation of public lands would suffice to set them up, and make their community self-sustaining, and rid the country of the burden of their support as stipendiaries, we are not sure but it would be well to make the donation. But we believe, on the contrary, it would only produce a great deal of additional expense to the government and distress to themselves. We are willing to do the best we can for them. But we are unable to see how they are likely to be benefited by such an arrangement? If the public lands are to be given away at all, it should be in eighths indiscriminately to all actual settlers, white and black. Probably that would profit the Treasury more than the present policy of holding the lands for sale.

A lady in Paris is mourning the loss of her eleventh husband, but expects to complete the dozen this season.

THE Grenada *Sentinel* publishes the obituary of Mr. JACKSON CLIQUE, the name of a party recently deceased at Jackson, Mississippi. Mr. CLIQUE in his lifetime made a huge effort to take his own State out of the Union, and achieved a miserable failure. More lately he made a small attempt to take it back. But his pony (called DENT) was two small to win even at the rate of an ordinary carpet-bagger. And so he came in behind time, and the carpeters distanced him. He commanded the press in his favor to a large extent. But all that would not do. The pen is not mightier than the sword, except when, in able hands, its ends are truth's. The press Mr. CLIQUE commanded fell with himself before the intuitive contempt of the people for the infirmities of CLIQUE, pony and principles. Such is the fate of misguided genius. The Vicksburg *Times* announces that many are on the back track, making confession for the sin of not putting up a straight-out Democratic ticket. We wish them much success. The *Times* says:

Some of our brethren of the press, few in numbers we are pleased to say, are making strenuous efforts to "crawfish" out of the support they gave to the Dent movement. Poor fellows, we are sorry for them, for what an unpleasant occupation it must be for them to read over their files for the last six months.

## TRANSMIGRATION;

OR,

### The Doctor of Java.

A ROMANCE OF THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO

BY

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Pere.

In Three Parts.

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PART FIRST.

*Chapter I.—The Hurricane.*

An evening of November, 1849. One of those terrible hurricanes which are peculiar to the Indian seas, and which annually devastate the island of Java on the return of the monsoon, swept over the town of Batavia. The wind, which, during the day, had not been very high, about six in the evening became terrific. The sea rose suddenly, dashing itself with fearful violence against the jetty which formed the port. The elements seemed to have united all their forces for the destruction of man and the works of his hands. The sea seemed striving with the aid of the wind to annihilate the island. The spectacle presented by the roadstead was frightful beyond description; for in all such convulsions of nature the palm must ever be given to the sea.

Thundering waves, rearing their crests as high as the house tops, dashed roaring against the quaking shore. The sheet of water which swept over the jetty as over a shelf of reefs, lifted the vessels on its breast and raised them to the level of the roofs of the houses. Against these they crashed with frightful noise. Meanwhile the rain fell in torrents.

It was now 9 o'clock in the evening; the hour at which the population of Batavia abandoned the lower and repaired to the upper town. For the city is composed of two towns, an upper and a lower; one where the residents transact their business, the other where they have their houses. There is besides these a third town of which we shall speak through this narrative, commonly called the *Campong des Chinois*.

The lower town, lying near the port, in the midst of a marsh, is surrounded by a copse of willows, the roots of which are bathed in the sea; a narrow strip of land, not wider than a tow-path, intervening between them and the rugged violence of the ocean. This lower town becomes unhealthy when the poisonous vapors and putrid miasmata from decaying animal and vegetable matter ascend. Then no one can sleep there without danger. So, during six or seven hours, from the moment when Night descends from Heaven, with that rapidity peculiar to tropical climates, all inhabitants escape from their counters, factories and shops, where, during the day, they come to transact business. The theaters, the government house, the public establishments, the European houses, are built upon the mountain, which commands the road and the harbor; and, by the hight which they are placed, are above the pestilential exhalations which rise over the lower town.

The Chinese and Malay town is built on the other side of this mountain.

The storm was so terrific that spite of the danger the stores were in; that though every one expected to find them completely destroyed on the morrow (as had already happened in 1806), no one dared to risk the danger of leaving his dwelling.

Alone, despite the wind, despite the rain, despite the peals of thunder, a man rapidly descended the rope which led from the upper to the lower town. And this man seemed perfectly indifferent to the desolation and peril around him.

The rain poured from his clothing—branches of trees cut his face—fragments of roofs hurtled around him, threatening to crush him in their fall. Without appearing to notice any of his surroundings, save the road he was traversing; guided by the lurid light which the sky shed upon the earth—by the gigantic serpents of fire—and by the crappling iron, which aided his insecure footing—and which alone, at each step he made, prevented his being overborne and carried off by the hurricane—on toiled the man. Descending thus, he reached the road, left the jetty on his left, and turning to the right, followed the quay to its termination. Each moment the drenching waves of the sea covered him with spray. Reaching the end of the quay, he halted a moment. He waited for light. The heavens opened, and shed through their opening a cascade of flame, that permitted him to discern a narrow passage, submerged beneath the briny, surly waves. He entered upon this path, pursued it five minutes longer, then stopped before a bamboo cottage higher than the shops of the Lower Town, the front of which was encumbered by bales of rope of all thicknesses, and was sheltered by enormous tarred-clothes, that they call sails. They man knocked at the door; there was no answer. He tried to force the door; it resisted his efforts. This opposition seemed to surprise him, for in the towns of the Indian Archipeligo they have doors only for appearance sake.

Picking up a piece of wood that the storm had cast near him—*debris* of some roof torn from its fastenings—and using it as a knocker, he struck upon the door blows so hard, so resounding, that they could but be heard over the din of the tempest. A faint light gleamed across the interstices of the lower bamboos, and a woman's voice demanded in Dutch: "*Wie gaat dar?*" (Who goes there?)

"Open!" replied the Unknown; "open quickly!"

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Open, first. You must see this is no night for discoursing outside your door."

"I cannot open without knowing whom you seek, and what you would have. This is but natural in such a storm, in a night so terrible that good intentions fly the streets!"

"My intention is the most innocent and holy," replied the Unknown. "My wife is ill—dying; given up by all the doctors of Batavia, by all the navy surgeons on leave. I have come to implore a consultation with Dr. Basilius, whose skill every one vaunts."

"If you come for that, wait a moment."

There was a second's pause; then the female who had answered loosened all the bars of wood, the iron bolts, and at the entrance turned the lantern of transparent horn she held in such a way as to cast its rays upon the countenance of the Unknown. By the light of this lantern, she could see that her parley had been held with a man of about twenty-five years of age, with regular features, and an expression of face gentle as interesting. In spite of his Netherland origin, long black locks hung about his face, in marked contrast to the opaque white of his complection. Large eyes, blue as sapphire, though reddened by the wind and tears, were full of expression.

He was dressed as a European; clean, but in clothing that spoke of long service. Despite the weather, he wore neither cloak nor mantle, but the defects of his toilette made still more striking the elegance of his manner and appearance. The sight of so handsome a young man, in whom, above all, she found a countryman, served naturally to reassure our Hollander, a young and beautiful *Frisonne* scarce eighteen, who had preserved in the Islands of the South her national costume—the small cap of silver gilt, and the petticoat of bright colors. She lowered the lantern, to show the stranger there was a step to mount, and said, smiling:

"Come! enter and close the door, for the rain pursues you even into the house!"

The young man obeyed. While he closed the outer door, the young *Frisonne* opened that of a chamber into which she ushered the young stranger.

It was a little octagon room, all curtained with mats in fantastic designs. It was the part of the house they call "the hall," in the United Provinces, and which in Java, without having that particular name, is used for several purposes. On a lacquered table which occupied the center, were a bottle of arrack and some half empty glasses; open portfolios filled with manuscripts. There were also upon the same table, and in all corners of the apartment, strewn over all the furniture, balloons, from which the air had escaped, pieces of silk half unfolded, crape shawls and open cases, in the bottom of which one could detect masses of opium by the pungent odor that caught the palate. Then there were ivory carvings worked with superhuman patience and exquisite taste, some precious porcelains and bottles of tea, the escaping odor of which, during a few minutes, made the whole room delightful. The young girl threw one of the balloons on the floor and handed a bamboo chair to the stranger, not without a shrug of ill humor, on perceiving that he was drenched to the soles of his boots, and that the water poured from him over the mat of dazzling whiteness that covered the floor.

The young man seated himself, but glanced uneasily around in every direction, as if to see appearing from some corner the one he sought.

"You wish to see the doctor?" demanded the *Frisonne*.

"Not only do I *wish* to see him," replied the person she addressed, "but I also desire he should accompany me to my residence, where my wife is dying. Mademoiselle! my wife! you understand? That is to say, the only being in the world who loves me and whom I love! My God! when I think that each moment I lose carries her nearer to death! Oh! Mademoiselle!" continued the young man sobbing, and extending his hands towards his countrywoman, "in the name of Heaven, introduce me quickly to your master!"

"Ah! poor sir!" said the young girl, "what do you ask of me?"

"I demand of you the life of my wife, since they pretend that he alone can save her."

"Are you ignorant that since he has had difficulty with the correctional police, the Doctor no longer disturbs himself with what goes on in the outside world? He receives his friends in his own house; he gives them medical advice, as he says, when they demand it of him; but the limit of his intervention is the malady, not the patient. Yet more; I believe that for two years my master has not ascended to the town?"

"Oh speak to him, for me!" cried the young man, "In the name of the Lord! speak to him, mademoiselle, I implore you! If you knew how I love my poor Esther! It is not a single life he would save in saving hers. There are two human beings, two creatures of God, two brethren of his, who would owe him life! My God! my God!" continued the young man, sobbing intensely; "for twenty-four hours that she has battled against death, I do not know I have conquered myself. Each moment that flies seems a century! Each moment approaches more rapidly to that one, when we shall have to say: Adieu forever! O! let me enter the presence of the doctor, I implore you! Let me throw myself at his feet, embrace his knees, and *demand* of him, in the name of that which is dearest to him in this world—most sacred in the next—to save my wife!"—"I," he added mournfully, "I if, indeed, my wife *can* be saved!"

The pretty Frisonne, still gazing with interest on the stranger, shook her head in sign of doubt.

"Ah!" asked she, lowering her voice, "do you know Dr. Basilius?"

"No," replied the young man, "it is scarce two months since I arrived in Batavia. During these Esther has not left her bed, and I have remained constantly by her side."

"Who directed you to him?" questioned the *Frisonne*.

"The apothecary who sold me drugs. He spoke of him as a savant of the highest science, as an extraordinary man in all things, as the only physician who could combat the terrible illness resistlessly carrying my wife to the grave."

"But," inquired the young girl, with greater hesitancy, "did the druggist give you no details of the life of Dr. Basilius? Did he not tell you of his habits of life, of his antecedents, of his adventures? Did he not put you in possession of the thousand rumors that ill-natured gossips spread about him?"

"No;" he simply said to me, go to this man—he can be your saviour; he alone. And I came."

"Yes! but to that did he not add, 'take your purse, young man, and take care above all that it be well filled before you present yourself at his house?'"

"Alas! mademoiselle, that would have been a very useless recommendation. I am a poor clerk, who has but his labor for his support. Since I have been in Batavia, not willing to abandon Esther to the hands of strangers, I have been compelled to resign the place for which I had traveled four thousand five hundred leagues. In consequence of this I have not been able to seek another. I am, and I shall be, absolutely without resources."

"And in coming here thus—?"

"I have relied solely on the Doctor's charity."

The young girl heaved a deep sigh. Then, as if speaking to herself,

"Poor youth!" she murmured.

"What do you say!" demanded the stranger with growing uneasiness, and fast increasing impatience.

"I say that, if you are not rich, my dear compatriot I doubt still more whether the doctor will consent to visit your wife or not."

"Oh, my God! my God!" groaned the Unknown, in despair. "Since my poor Esther is condemned, at least take my life at the same time as her's!"

"If I only dared—," said the young Frisonne, playing with the corner of her silk apron.

"Eh! What! do you see a means? a resource? Do not keep me in suspense! O! do not, in mercy!"

"I have some little savings, of which my master is ignorant. You are a countryman; you suffer—your grief moves me. I know not why, but I was interested in you from the first words you spoke. It is so rare to see a man who loves his wife—and you seem to love yours," she continued, as if to extenuate that in her offer which could humiliate the young man. "Well, take these savings of mine. You can return them when your wife recovers—when you have another situation."

The stanger commenced answering by thanks—he had already extended his hands to press those of the young girl—when a blow, struck violently upon a gong, resounded through the house.

The Frisonne girl started and, without stopping to address a single word to the stranger, passed hastily through a side door. Left alone, the young man buried his face in his hands; and, as his strength was exhausted, as he thought he perceived the failure of the last effort he could make, courage failed him, and he abandoned himself to a violent fit of weeping. He was so absorbed in grief that he did not see the pretty *Frisonne* had returned, and stood near him. She touched his shoulder with the tip of her finger. He started, raised his head, and, seeing the young girl with a smiling countenance, remained motionless, open-mouthed, awaiting her orders.

"Return home!" she said, "Dr. Basilius will go to visit your wife." Passing suddenly from the sharpest paroxysm of grief, to the antipodes of excessive joy, he fell on his knees, covering with kisses the pretty white hands of his countrywoman.

"Thanks! thanks!" he cried: "my Guardian Angel! for I do not doubt that it is by the sacrifice of your savings that you have influenced the doctor!"

"No," replied the girl; "no, I do not return to you of my own accord. I found no necessity for addressing a single entreaty to the doctor."

"Truly?"

"No! When I entered his apartment, trembling with fear of being reprimanded—for he has forbidden me ever to speak with visitors and God knows if I have disobeyed his orders—he did not raise his eyes from the Calcutta *Gazette*, he was reading, but spoke these words: 'Announce to Eusebius van den Beck, that I will go to visit his wife!'"

"He knows my name!" cried the young man in astonishment.

"Heaven! what does he not know?" answered the young Hollander with a gesture of terror, "and yet I have never once seen him leave the house, since I have been with him, now more than two years."

"It is strange," said Eusebius, rising; but the end is gained. Ah! how much gratitude I owe you—for though it is useless now, I have not forgotten your kind offer. But just as soon as my poor Esther recovers, if she ever does recover, I will bring her to see and thank you!"

"Is she too a Hollander?" demanded the *Frisonne*.

"Like myself, from Haarlem."

"And pretty." Feminine curiosity showed itself implanted upon womanly sympathy.

"Nearly as much so as you are," answered Eusebius playfully.

"Do not bring her here; I will go to see her. But leave me; go at once. The Doctor will go if indeed, he is not there now; and he will accuse me of frivolity."

"But wait, at least, until I give you the aedress of the house I live in."

"It is useless! The Doctor can find it surely. Go."

"Perhaps——"

"If he had required, he would have asked it. Go! go now!" And the pretty *Frisonne* pushed Eusebius van den Beck out of the mean habitation, pressing his hand, to soften the mode of expulsion she was compelled to use. The young man strove in vain to resist. At this moment a second blow, more startling and prolonged than the first, sounded upon the gong, and clanged throughout the interior of the house. The pretty *Frisonne* exerted all her strength, pushed the door to; and with it Eusebius van den Beck, who wished positively to leave his address, found himself in the street before he was able to give it. Eusebius at once saw he was completely shut out of this door, with the bars of wood and iron firmly securing it; and had, at the same time, convincing proof that Dr. Basilius exercised in his domain an authority which admitted neither resistance nor question. He called to the Hollander, but uselessly. All was silent. No voice answered him more than if he called upon the grave.

He attempted to be heard once more. The light, of which he still perceived the glimmering, disappeared completely.

"Oh!" cried he, more despairingly than ever, "it was a cruel jest to get rid of me, when this young girl told me that Dr. Basilius would go to visit my wife. How can he, since he does not know where I dwell; that the house is situated at the extremity of the upper town, in the street without a name, bordering the Chinese quarter?"

And he called anew, mingling his appeal with lamentations.

"My God; My God!" murmured he, "Will, then, all the efforts I have made be lost? This miserable doctor! can he ever find my house in its obscurity? for is it even a house? and when day dawns my poor Esther will be dead?"

Then he redoubled his cries.

Then, as the doctor's house remained obstinately silent, he picked up the piece of wood, which had first served successfully to arouse its inmates, and commenced striking upon the door anew. His efforts were useless. Nothing stirred; no one came, and the house seemed as if abandoned, not even echoing the sharp blows of despair wrung from poor Eusebius van den Beck in his agony. The rest of this thrilling romance—running through sixteen numbers—will be found only in the Mobile *Weekly Register*, published at three dollars per annum, or four months, which will cover the whole of this great story—for one dollar. The great Christmas number, containing the first chapters of this romance and many other most carefully selected attractions, will be a great double sheet of sixteen pages, and will be sent free to all subscribers commencing with the new year. Send at least the subscription for four months, to W. D. MANN, proprietor of the *Register*, Mobile, Ala., and get the whole of this greatest effort of Dumas, which closes above, leaving Eusebius Van Den Beck shut out from hope, and sending into the night cries wrung from him in his agony.

☞ Subscribers sending before the 15th January, will have back numbers of Dumas' story supplied.

## Registration Notice.

THE following appointments for Registration are hereby announced:
First Ward—N. Miller, 98 Main street.
Second Ward—Wm. Chase, jr., 42 Poplar st.
Third Ward—T. P. Adams, 195 Second street.
Fourth Ward—G. W. Lincoln, 55 Madison st.
Fifth Ward—R. J. Boughner, Room 26 Court House.
Sixth Ward—Wm. A. Meloom, Waldran Block.
Seventh Ward—O. C. Jones, corner Hernando and South Market House.
Eighth Ward—Wm. Tait, Bluff City Mills, Poplar street.
Ninth Ward—J. D. Danbury, Chelsea House, Second street.
Tenth Ward—R. F. Boon, sr., corner Hernando and South streets.

The above offices will be open from 9 o'clock a.m. to 4 o'clock p.m.

J. P. BOUGHNER,
Commissioner of Registration for Shelby County.
no1

## Ward Registration Notice.

THE Registration Offices in the several wards will remain open to
**December 28, 1869,**
As the law provides.
Office hours from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

JOHN P. BOUGHNER,
Commissioner of Registration for Shelby Co.
Memphis, November 2, 1869.
Ledger copy. no26

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Grocers, Cotton Factors
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COMMISSION MERCHANTS
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Mosby and Hunt's Block, - MEMPHIS, TENN.
☞ Consignments solicited. ena18

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BOYD, WHITE & DAVIS,
Cotton Factors
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 296 Front Street, Memphis, Tenn.
☞ All consignments covered by Open Policy, and in store covered by insurance, unless otherwise instructed. de13

HUGH TORRANCE,
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General Commission Merchant,
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OPPOSITE COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
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THOMAS TROUT & SONS,
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COMMISSION MERCHANTS
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☞ All consignments insured, unless otherwise instructed. oct3

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ABOUT 3000 acres of the richest cotton land of Chicot county, Ark., the finest cotton region in the world; it is high bank land; formerly Belle Point, one of the first selections on the river; 1000 acres cleared, balance timber, readily salable as wood or timber; lovely fronting on the river, and encircled by a beautiful lake; it has the great advantage of independence of the levees of the main shore, and can be made a most secure and beautiful domain. Valued, before the war, at $150,000; it is now offered so low that the profits of a single full crop will pay for it. If not sold by 15th January, 1870, it will be leased on favorable terms. Apply to
dec2 JOHN T. DOWDALL, St. Louis, Mo.

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THE Stern-wheel Steamboat SUBMARINE No. 13. She is [illegible] 150 feet long, 28 feet beam, 6 feet hold, will carry seven hundred tons; has 20-inch cylinders, 6 feet stroke, with ample boiler power; is now laying at Fort Pickering. Will be sold on liberal terms, or exchanged for city property. Apply to
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Fire, Marine and River Risks.
CAPITAL STOCK, $300,000 00
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No Liabilities whatever, except amount necessary to Reinsure Outstanding Risks, say $25,000 00.
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$10,000 for $10!
Premium when the Classes are Complete, which are now being rapidly filled up.
ADVANTAGES.—The advantages of this Association over ordinary Life Insurance Companies are: No panic can break it; the fees are so small, and required to be paid at such long intervals, that any man can secure to his family a competency upon his death.

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Continues to furnish perfect security against loss or damage by fire on all kinds of insurable property, at adequate rates.
Agents can be found at every prominent point in the Southern States, to whom applications for insurance may be made.
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If you want a fine set of
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Manufactured of the finest SABLE, MINK, ERMINE, and all other standard furs, at VERY LOW PRICES, visit
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Warranted in every particular to give satisfaction. Always in operation at the warerooms of the HOME MANUFACTURING CO., 276 Second street, Memphis, Tenn.; also, at 818 North Fourth street, St. Louis, Mo.
Orders by mail will receive prompt attention; agents wanted and the trade supplied. Clothes Wringer, wholesale and retail. de1

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FALL FASHIONS
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Of the latest styles of Millinery, Fancy Good and novelties in DRESS TRIMMINGS.
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STORAGE FOR COTTON.

UNDERWRITER'S WAREHOUSES,
MEMPHIS, September 16, 1869.
MERCHANTS MEMPHIS—GENTLEMEN: The above Houses are now open to receive and discharge cotton. Every facility to seller and buyer will be given. To my old patrons I return you my thanks; for the future, I refer you to the past long experience in the business. I hope to merit your patronage.
☞ Safety, capacity and convenience unequaled. Rates same as first-class houses.
se17 A. S. WHITFORD.

Carolina Life Insurance Co.
OF MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.
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W. F. BOYLE, Secretary J. H. EDMONDSON, General Agent.
Assets over : : : : : : : $654,000 00
Annual Income over : : : : 500,000 00
PRINCIPAL OFFICE----No. 291 MAIN STREET.
☞ It is with much pleasure the Managers of this Company tender to its Policy Holder and the public their congratulations on its success for the past two years, its present condition and future prospects. Policies issued on all the improved plans of Life Insurance. We refer the general public to our policy holders.
H. D. BULKLEY, Special Agent. B. F. WHITE, Jr., State Agent for Tenn

THE
SOUTHERN LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY,
General Office, 17 Madison St., Memphis, Tenn.
ASSETS 1st NOVEMBER, 1869, OVER - $600,000
Dividends to Policy-Holders, July 1, 1869,---40 PER CENT.
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