THE REV. SAM SMALL

DELIVERS HIS FIRST SERMON IN MEMPHIS

At the Central Methodist Church, on Union Street, on Sunday to a Very Large Congregation

AND TELLS THE STORY OF HIS CONVERSION,

Completely Capturing His Hearers by the Charm of His Manner and the Chasteness of His Style.

Sam Small, the noted revivalist, arrived in the city Sunday morning at a very early hour and registered at the Peabody. After breakfast he was waited upon by the Rev. Samuel Watson, who prevailed upon him to accept the hospitality of his comfortable home on Union street. At the 11 o'clock services Mr. Small preached to an immense concourse of people at the Central Methodist Church on Union street, and made a powerful impression. Mr. Small differs from the average revivalist in a great many ways, and the points of difference are all in his favor. In personal appearance he is tall, slim, refined looking, suggesting the college lecturer rather than the clergyman, an impression due doubtless in some degree to the steel rimmed glasses that give an added intensity to the expressiveness of his piercing eyes. His manner is calm, polished, graceful, his tone conversational, but thanks to a clear and sonorous voice, not a syllable was lost to the throng he was addressing. His gestures are easy, natural, and suited to his matter, which is forcible without being rough, rhetorical without being florid, and pathetic without a suspicion of gush. He appeals to the reason rather than to the emotions, to the head rather than the heart, but when carried away by the inspiration of the moment he permits the ardor of his nature to assert itself in a fiery denunciation of sin and sinners; even then his language is chaste and temperate, and the canons of good taste are never violated by a hair's breadth. The great charm of his manner is the entire absence of affectation, even when the most glowing imagery is pouring from his lips in a steady stream that holds his audience spellbound; his enunciation is an almost unvaried monotone and he seems as unconscious of the beauty of his language as if he were a professor of mathematics demonstrating a problem in geometry. He never, as is the case with some preachers, gives notice that some great effort is about to be touched off. He never says by his manner, as some do, "Look out, now, here comes something fine," but before you know it he has unrolled his canvass and you see before you a picture of celestial loveliness, and you utterly lose sight of the painter in admiring the picture.

Mr. Small preached three times yesterday, in the morning at the Central Methodist Church, in the afternoon before the Young Men's Christian Association. At the rooms of the latter association his remarks were in the nature of a lesson as to what the mission of the Young Men's Christian Association really is. We have no time to follow him minutely, as we have reserved all of our available space for the remarkable sermon he delivered at the Central Methodist Church in the evening.

The Evening Service.

The news that Sam Small was in town and would preach at the Central Methodist Church spread so rapidly, and the desire to see him was so great, that it was barely 6 o'clock before streams of people from all directions began pouring toward the doors of the church. The rush was so great that at 7:15 o'clock p.m. the building was packed to its utmost capacity. Not only was every seat taken down stairs and in the gallery, but the aisles were crowded with chairs and large numbers were content to stand up, wedged in like herring in a box. Upwards of 1200 people were present, and not less than a thousand were turned away unable to obtain admission. After the singing of a number of preliminary hymns by the excellent choir of the church, the Rev. Dr. Boswell delivered an eloquent prayer, from which the following sentence is selected as a specimen of the gems that adorned it: "May the words of truth fly like arrows tonight and find a lodgment in the hearts who hear them." After the conclusion of the prayer, Miss Mamie White sang, "Hear Us, Father," by Millard, with a power and sweetness that penetrated every corner of the building and filled the air with its melody. This young lady, though quite young and unexperienced, has a voice of remarkable sweetness and strength and of apparent unbounded possibilities.

After the last notes of Miss White's song had died away the Rev. H. A. Mahon rose and briefly introduced Mr. Small, who advanced and said: "I ask your prayerful attention to the sixteenth verse, third chapter Acts of the Apostles: 'And His name through faith in His name hath made me strong, whom ye see and know; yes, the faith which is by Him has given Him the perfect soundness in the presence of you all.'" After announcing the text Mr. Small proceeded with the following

ADMIRABLE SERMON:

It is said that a great many years ago, there came into the mart of an Eastern city an aged and travel stained wanderer, evidently from a distant country. And he paused for awhile among the multitude that was assembled in that great bazaar, wandering aimlessly about, regarding neither the crowds that pressed about him nor taking any notice of the turmoil of the market place, paying no heed to the vast stores of accumulated wealth, to the products of the handicraft of man or to the products of the soil and of the mines, but wandering about seemingly listlessly, seeing nothing and caring for nothing that was about him. His strange appearance, his peculiar demeanor, attracted the attention of some of those who watched him to see what he was doing there, and as he passed along about the great market place he came to a booth in which there were gilded cages and in each of the cages a feathered songster that had been captured in the mountain fastnesses and brought there for sale. As he looked upon them he seemed to listen intently to catch one note of their native melody. The little prisoners, as they beat their wings against the wires of their cages, were fretful and impatient, and there was no note that came from them. Directly he put his hand into the folds of his garment and drew forth a coin of strange realm, took one of the cages in exchange for the coin, opened the door and let the little prisoner loose. It fluttered for a little while and tried to balance itself, almost unable to do so because its wings had been so long untried. But directly its power was restored and it circled on high until, rising higher and higher toward the mountains which being afar off it greeted with a glad song bursting from its little throat. It circled once again and flew away and disappeared in the distance toward its mountain home. Then, one by one the traveler purchased these cages and released their little prisoners, who in turn circled aloft as the first had done when it quit its cage giving forth its greeting melody as it started for its mountain home. And when the traveler was asked why he did this he turned his eyes on the questioner, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he answered: "I was once a prisoner, myself, and I know something of the ecstasy of liberty." So, my friends, standing here tonight before you, I would say to you that I was once a prisoner. I was once in a bondage that was far more galling than that of the man who opened these cages and gave freedom to these songsters of the mountain. I was held in chains that were tearing out the strings of my heart; that were burning into my soul from day to day, but I was delivered by one who had come from afar. I was purchased and redeemed and set free, and made to sing a new song, and I have tasted again the sweets of liberty. I come before you tonight with a disposition, with a desire in my heart, to show how you can be freed from a like bondage. I would purchase for you, with the precious promise of God, your liberation from that slavery and bondage from which I suffered, and introduce you to that new song that I now sing. In relating to you how my liberty came about, how I came to stand before you tonight, it will be necessary to refer somewhat at length to my past history. I was well born. I was reared by Christian parents. I had a loving, affectionate and tender mother who was devoted in her services to God, and who taught me right thinking, and right speaking, and right actions. She was assiduous in her labor to make me all that a fond mother's heart would want to make of her boy; to instill into me the right principles that should be the very safeguards through all my life; to inspire me with a love for those things that were noble and spiritual in their character, and that would give me the true holiness. I had a father who was a brave, staunch and noble man; a father who had in himself all the feelings that a father should have for a son; a father fired with ambition for his son's success; fired with a desire to see me take a proper station in the world and to become a useful and an honored citizen. I had all the surroundings of a loving home, a family altar in the home, and a family knelt with me morning and night, listening to household prayer. I was thus reared and thus educated and thus inspired with noble thoughts, and besides this I had the hope within me; the belief that I was a child of God; that I was to go on making my way toward heaven. But when I passed out from the influence of that father and mother, when I lost the influence of my mother's affection and my father's godly counsel, when I went out from the old family roof-tree, and was separated by distance from the family altar. I went to college to seek an education. There were gathered together young men from all parts of the country. I naturally found those who had more knowledge of the world than I had. Some of them already had tasted the seductive pleasures of the world; who had pushed far into those pleasures which had been heretofore forbidden me; and in the midst of the allurements and temptations held out to me, I, like others, yielded myself to the first strong influences that led me away from the memories of home and the prayers of my youth. I wasled to pleasures that had been forbidden to me before. I yielded to these temptations. I learned how to drink. I learned how to do many things that were not of a righteous character in themselves. With all the lusty passions, and with all the many instincts and aspirations of a young man away from home and thrown largely upon his own strength as his only safeguard, I thought that, perhaps, I had strength enough in me yet. I thought I possessed will enough, self-respect enough to preserve myself from the contamination that follows upon yielding to these seductions and allurements; I felt that in danger I had power enough to put on the brakes of my nature, and stop before I should run upon a catastrophe. I thought like many are thinking today, fired with the same ambition for loftier and nobler things, that I would be able to discover that point when it came. When I passed out from college into the broader paths of life I found the professional men with whom I associated had their professional and social customs, their own particular opinions about personal habits, their own opinion about the means of obtaining popularity in their profession and advancement in it. I fell to readily into their ideas, and thought that if I would be a hail fellow well met with my fellow men; if I would be popular among them; if I would have their praise, and their assistance in climbing the hill of professional preferment, I must do as they did. And in this way I went on from year to year, increasing those appetites I had formed by indulgence, increasing my desire for drink. I soon found that I was rapidly failing in my power of resistance. I found that I was losing ground in my profession rather than gaining. I found that I had not that boasted power of will that I once thought I had to master my appetites and to refrain from those indulgences I knew were wrong. I married a woman of splendid disposition, of high instincts, of ambition, a woman with all the true ideas of nobility, and yet, notwithstanding her lavish affection, her prayers, her patient endurance, and all her endeavors and sacrifices to induce me to rise again to the hight of true manhood, I repaid her by trampling upon her every effort and endeavor, and went on and on in my downward career. There came to me at this time no rebukes of conscience at the course I was leading. I went on until I could see that there was hopelessness in her eye. I went on until my friends had exhausted every endeavor to stop me in my mad career. I took, by professional advice, medicine, hoping that it might have some effect upon me, but it was of no avail. The boasted medicines turned out, so far as their efficiency in my case was concerned, frauds and humbugs. It came to this at last, insanity on one side or suicide on the other. But strangely, mysteriously, after a manner that I shall never understand until I have made my way successfully into the holy city, and learned it, among the other mysteries of God, something took hold of me and one Sabbath morning I took my children upon the train and went about fifty miles to a place where Brother Jones was holding one of his tent meetings in his own home. I went there with my notebook; sat upon the platform; was taking notes of his service, when something seemed to tell me that day that there was a soul to be saved that was on the very verge of despair, and possibly that it might perish that day, and possibly that it might then hear preached the last sermon it would ever hear on salvation. He preached from the text "Conscience, record, God." As he pictured a soul in the bondage of sin, he seemed to picture me. He seemed to be proclaiming that which my conscience was then doing for me. I began then to see the terrible record that I had been writing, and my pencil fell from my nerveless fingers, and I listened until conviction was planted into the lowest depths of my nature, and I went away feeling as if I was wearing the shirt of Nessus. I went back to my home in Atlanta. I went back to the place where I had always found solace and relief from all my sorrows and troubles. I went back to the whisky bottle; I went back into the saloons; and during the next day and part of the second day, I was seeking, madly, wildly, recklessly, throughout the whole city for some compound that would take away from me that sense of conviction, that sense of utter despair, that sense of guiltiness that was hanging over me during all these terrible hours. But the panacea I had so often sought with success would take effect no longer; and when, at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, I was lucid, and saw my condition, I heard my mother's prayers come again to me; I heard her voice telling me of a Savior's love, and of His saving blood; and I determined to go and arraign myself and make at last one final attempt to have my Savior look with compassion on me, and save me from the terrible fate that was before me. I went into my upper room, into my library, and knelt there before my cot, and there I struggled for four more hours in more physical agony than I had ever felt before. I was in more fear and trepidation, and was under a deeper sense of pain than I had ever been before. I had been brought into my home out of barrooms, out, it seemed, to my death by persons with whom I had battled in the madness of drunkenness. I had been shot down in the highways, and brought home to linger for weeks and weeks, through some mad brawl of drunkenness; but I never in all the things that I had suffered before suffered what I did through those four mortal hours, and it was only toward the latter part of them that the consciousness came to me that there was something yet in the way. I saw that I had struggled and struggled, and it seemed to me that there was no relief; that at last I must give up. I seemed to realize that I was making some reservation from God that ought not to be made. Finally I prostrated myself on the floor and said: "Here, Lord, I give myself away; it is all that I can do." And then came over me such a sweet sense of peace, such a sweet sense of forgiveness, such an elation of soul, such an exaltation of mind, as I had never conceived of before in my life. I leaped to my feet with the consciousness running all through my nature that Jesus Christ had heard me and redeemed me from my sin.

I went down and told my wife and children. My wife could hardly believe it. She thought it was the symptom of delirium, and wept more bitter tears than any she had shed in the darkest hours of her trial. But my little children, led doubtless by some inspiration from heaven, gathered round me and said, "Papa, we believe it's true" [Sensation and tears in the audience] I went out with my children. I went to a printer's office and told him I wanted 3000 circulars printed, announcing that Sam Small would address the people that night and inform them of his conversion. He thought I was crazy, refused to print the circulars, and expressed grave doubts as to whether I ought to be allowed to roam at large in that condition. I went across the street to another printer. He didn't care whether I was crazy or not. I planked down $1 50, and that night at 7:30 o'clock I stood upon an improvised platform with my children beside me and spoke to 3000 people. The platform was a rude contrivance, formed of whisky barrels with boards laid across them, the best use to which I had ever put whisky barrels in the whole course of my life. I told them all that I have told you here tonight. I gave them the history of my terrible struggles of that afternoon, and of the peace that had come to my soul. I told them: "I intend here tonight to make a declaration to you that I have deserted the ranks of the devil. I have been accepted as a soldier of the cross, and, God being my helper, I intend to fight my way to heaven and never falter till I reach the goal." I made the proposition definite and irrevocable. I said to all my old acquaintances and friends: "I mean exactly what I say; and I want you, whether you believe it or not, to simply stand by and see what the power of God can do with a man as lost and as reckless as I was." I said to them: "I don't want you to ask me to do anything that is contrary to the Christian character and upright walk in this life. You can only do it for two reasons—either because you are reckless and godless and regardless of decency yourself, or you mean to insult me." And from that day to this not one of them has ever asked me to do a thing that was unbecoming a Christian; but, on the contrary, they have applauded and upheld me in every encouragement that a man could give another. And then and there I consecrated my life to Jesus Christ; then and there in that presence I burned my bridges behind me and resolved to dedicate to Him the balance of my days. And when I went back to my home that night I found that God, in his blessed mercy, had wrought a wonderful miracle. He had gone to the sepulcher where my wife had buried her love and disinterred it, and placed it back in her heart with all its tenderness and strength, and she came forth to me with her cheeks glowing and the light of love dancing in her eyes. Only once after that did I have my doubts and fears. The very next morning I awoke to a terrible consciousness, the consciousness that every fiber of my being and every pore of my body was crazy for liquor, and there was a terrible gnawing and craving in my stomach that drove me almost to madness. I called to my wife and told her of it. She said "do you suppose you knew what you were saying yesterday when you declared yourself converted?" and I said yes, I remembered it distinctly, and would abide by what I said then. She then suggested a cup of coffee and the use of some antidote. But I said "No, we have fought her like that too often before." [Laughter] "I will go where I went yesterday; perhaps this is one of the points I omitted in my petition to the Lord." And I went back to my library, and fell upon my knees, and after two hours of indescribable agony the blessed peace of heaven came, and from that day to this I have never had one pang of that appetite that made my life a curse.

Mr. Small then launched out into a bitter invective against intemperance, which he said is everywhere the greatest and most obstinate foe of Christianity. Wherever the standard of Christ is advanced, there this dragon of hell must be met at the outset and fought continuously. It is the great and dominant curse of all ages and peoples. It produces national degradation. It fills all lands with crime, poverty, irreverence and infidelity. It afflicts men with weakness of body and reason; it hushes the voice of prayer; it disclaims ministers of the gospel; it bars the way to the cross, and it seduces men into the violation of every commandment of the living God. It has forced its way into politics. You hear 6x10 spouting lawyers talking about sumptuary laws, who wouldn't know a sumptuary law if they saw one coming down the Mississippi as big as a steamboat. We must throttle this enemy of our souls and drive it from the sight of men. But how? Only through the union of the forces of morality, purity and the Christian religion can we ever hope to rid our beloved nation of this soul destroying and hell purchasing evil. Every true man must put his voice, his purse and his energies into the warfare against the damnable traffic. Every good Christian woman must consecrate her affections and devote her prayers to the triumph of the good cause. When we have all these agencies in unison and in a state of aggression we will batter down these forts of intemperance and release these ante-chambers of hell of their degraded, waiting and trembling victims. God speed that day. [Hundreds of "amens" in response] If I could send out and gather here tonight all the struggling victims of this vice, all the despairing wives of drunkards, all the wan and hopeless children of drunkards, all the widows and orphans of dead drunkards here in this city, they would beg you in trumpet tones that vibrate with anguish, "Drive out forever the accursed evil that has endowed us with all this agony, poverty, disgrace and despair." If I could resurrect from yonder cemetery all the fleshless skeletons of those who have gone down to death and hell through the barrooms of Memphis, they would thunder through their chattering teeth the prayer, "Destroy the monster that devoured our bodies and souls and that is folding our loved ones in the embrace of sorrow, death and damnation." If I could uncap perdition and draw forth all the lost souls that are there suffering the eternal woe purchased for them in the saloons of this city their eyes of flame would pierce you through and through and their frenzied voices would wail out to you, "Save the people from the drunkard's death and these everlasting horrors." If we but heed these witnesses and are true to ourselves, to our children, to humanity and to God, we can destroy this flaming monster and soon be able to sing out to men and angels that our people are redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled from the fatal powers of the dragon. Then we will be blessed by our Father in heaven with a posterity given to paths of righteousness, lives of Christian endeavor and achievement. Our sons shall grow up in strength and honor and wear the Christian armor. Their feet will be shod with the preparation of the gospel, their loins be girded about with their bodies guarded by the breastplate of faith, their shield be righteousness, their many sunlit brows be crowned with the helmet of salvation, and their good right arms will wield the trenchant, victorious sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. Our daughters will grow up in beauty and comeliness of Christian graces. Their feet will be sandaled with truth and faith; their limbs be clothed with robes of purity, on which, in silver and gold and prismatic hues will be embroidered the record of their good deeds, their waists will be encircled with the golden girdle of strengthening prayer; their bosoms shielded by the bodice of innocence covering the virtuous heart, on which burn vestal fires of love; from their shoulders will drop the mantle of humility, and their hands will dispense the golden showers of charity upon the one side and of mercy upon the other; their throats will be wrapped with the pearls of precious words; their lips will give forth sweet songs of praise to God; their eyes will ever turn in trust to the great white throne, whose radiance will glint in the locks of their tresses and presage the crown of immortal life that shall press thy brows in Paradise. And there, too, shall dwell in the splendors and happiness of the palace of purity that burns its walls and dome around and over every true and consecrated Christian heart. They will go up to it over the broad, white flagstones of perfect desires; they will climb up to its great steps of geometrically and systematically fashioned purposes and ambitions; they will pass between the grand columns of strength and wisdom that stand before the Gate Beautiful, with its golden welcome: "All that is pure may enter in;" and in the hall of consecration they will put on the insignia of their heaven given prerogatives and pass on into the rotunda of a righteous life and up into the throne seats of honor in the east. From that exalted place they may contemplate with rapture the idolized tableaux of the virtues of their lives. Here the picture of truth—a fair maiden drawing from her exhaustless well the waters of sincerity that are poured out for the enabling and refreshing of all people, and over her the glittering legend: "Magna est veritas et prevalebit." There is the tableau of faith, clinging to the rock rooted cross that towers heavenward and around which the wild waves of worldliness, woe and passion surge unavailing, their highest spray not touching even the hem of her garments. Yonder is seen the fair form of virtue, her beautiful feet standing amid the treasures of the upturned cornucopia of fortune, her hands folded in peacefulness across her lovely bosom and her golden halo about her head by the breezes that are born in the bill of happiness. Here again is figured the faultless goddess of justice, standing upon the uppermost pole of the earth holding the scales of God's earth impartially, and weighing out the dues of men in harmony with eternal truth. Over the constellations gather and glitter in the edict of Jehovah: "Fiat justitia, ruat coelum!" There again is the sweet face of charity, swift faced to carry succor and life to the hovel of the poor, the beds of the sick and cells of the wretched. And next comes the picture of gentle and tender hearted mercy, soothing the cares, relieving the burdens, reconciliating the hearts and ministering to the redemption of all the souls of God's children. And here is the grand portrait of the strong, manly apostle of temperance, the embodiment of health, vigor, energy and philanthropy; a giant in all good works and approved servant of heaven. Over in the west is the grand horologe of time, counting out the moments of life in a monotone pean of patience and labor, while its great pendulum swings through an arc that reaches from the cradle to the tomb. In the center is the Christian's altar, on which praises and prayers turn to worshiping incense and pervade the place with heavenly odors. Up in the high center of the vast dome blazes the Sun of Righteousness, that lightens forever the splendid scene. Looking into it, the eye of faith, strengthened like the young eagle's, can discern the transfigured cross of Calvary pointing the soul to its home and rest around the throne of God in heaven. Who are these that thus reign and rejoice? They are the Prince Christian and Princess Christiana of the kingdom of God on earth. They are the heirs apparent to everlasting life and the imperishable possessions of the King of Kings. God direct us with his wisdom to so live and use our lives as to endow our children with these titles and these palaces of purity on earth—these inheritances of the meek, and pure, and temperate, and dutiful in "the city whose builder and former is God."

And now, my brethren, I have told my story. Men were here this morning from Atlanta who know, there are men in Memphis who know it. What was it that led me into this terrible condition? It was the sin of intemperance. There are many, doubtless, in this presence now who think, as I did, that they can control their appetite within reasonable bounds, but as certainly as they live they will sink deeper and deeper into degradation, and go down to certain destruction.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

BLOOD.

Is your blood weak and watery? Is it full of impurities? Do eruptions appear upon your face and body? Are your cheeks pallid? Your blood is stagnant! It needs some purifying and strengthening medicine to excite its action, to give it life and vitality, to throw off its impurities and aid it in furnishing nourishment to the whole system. There is but one thing that will do this. That is Brown's Iron Bitters.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

STOMACH.

Is your stomach out of order? Have you lost your appetite? Doesn't your food become properly assimilated? Are your digestive organs liable to do their work? Have you Flatulency or Heartburn? Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and Headache? Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you. It will promote digestion, cure the Dyspepsia, relieve Constipation, and stop Headache, relieve Flatulency and Heartburn, and give strength and tone to the stomach.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY

LIVER.

Are you troubled with a sluggish, inactive liver? Does it secrete too much bile? Are you bilious? Do you suffer from Jaundice? Has your complexion a sickly, yellow tinge? The blood in its passage through the liver does not furnish the healthy action which should result from it. The impurities are stopped, and, clogging up the duct, cause a disordered condition, which will produce serious results to your health, unless you take Brown's Iron Bitters at once. It will cure your Biliousness and Jaundice, and incite to healthy action the sluggish liver.

PURITY AND STRENGTH

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

HEALTH HAPPINESS

KIDNEYS

Are your kidneys weak or inflamed? Have you inflammation of the bladder? Do you suffer from Diabetes, Gravel, Dropsy, or Rheumatism of the Heart? Are you threatened with Bright's Disease? You can be cured of all these by Brown's Iron Bitters. Don't suffer longer from pains in the back and sides, with short breath, and ringing sounds in your ears, but be relieved at once by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

LADIES

From all the diseases from which you especially suffer, from all the weaknesses—physical and mental, which torture you, from your nervous prostration and bodily pains, there is relief in Brown's Iron Bitters. We offer this medicine to you as a tried and to-be-trusted friend. Many ladies now living healthy, happy lives, having been freed from chronic difficulties peculiar to their sex, bear cheerful testimony to the value of this sovereign remedy for mental and physical suffering; this sure cure for nervous depression and bodily weakness known as Female Complaints

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

MALARIA.

Brown's Iron Bitters is a specific in all cases of Swamp Fever, Intermittent Fever, Fever and Ague, and Malaria of any name. Low marshy ground, stagnant pools of water, decaying vegetable matter, changes of climate while suffering from general debility, all produce malaria. Brown's Iron Bitters cures all forms. Don't use quinine. It creates constipation, produces headaches, and not infrequently Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Brown's Iron Bitters never does. It will cure them.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.

MELLIN'S FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

TRADE MARK.

FOOD

The only perfect substitute for Mother's Milk. Invaluable in Cholera Infantum and teething. A predigested food for Dyspeptics, Consumptives, Convalescents. A perfect nutrient in all Wasting Diseases. Requires no cooking. Our Book, The Care and Feeding of Infants, mailed free.

DOLIBER, GOODALE & CO., Boston, Mass.

BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER

Highest Awards of Medals in Europe and America.

The neatest, quickest, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, Colds in the Chest and all aches and pains. Indorsed by 5000 Physicians and Druggists of the highest repute. Benson's Plasters promptly relieve and cure where other plasters and greasy salves, ointments and lotions are absolutely useless. Beware of imitations under similar sounding names, such as "Capsicum," "Cancein," "Capsicine," as they are utterly worthless and intended to deceive. Ask for BENSON'S AND TAKE NO OTHERS. All druggists. SEABURY & JOHNSON, Proprietors, New York.

NEW FIRM. NEW GOODS.

FLOYD & CO.

(SUCCESSORS TO C. N. ERICH),

China, Glass AND Queensware

Dinner, Toilet and Chamber Sets in Great Variety.

BAR GOODS A SPECIALTY.

Agents for the celebrated GREENWOOD VITRIFIED CHINA, specially adapted for Hotels, Restaurants and Steamboats.

NAPOLEON HILL, President. W. N. WILKERSON, Vice-President.
H. J. LYNN, Cashier.

Memphis City Fire & Gen'l Ins. Co.

DOES A GENERAL FIRE AND MARINE BUSINESS.

A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS FULL PAID CAPITAL

DIRECTORS:
R. FURSTENHEIM, WM. I. COLE, JAMES REILLY, JOHN LOAGUE
S. MANSFIELD, D. MYERS, W. D. BETSELL.

Office--19 Madison Street, Memphis, Tenn

Woods & Swoope,

Buggies, Wagons and Harness,

NANCE COTTON PRESS,

BARBOUR GINS,

Steam Engines, Machinery of All Descriptions,

No. 332 SECOND ST.....MEMPHIS TENN.

HILL, FONTAINE & CO.

Cotton Factors and Wholesale Grocers

296-298 Front St., Memphis, Tenn.

HILL, FONTAINE & CO.

Cotton Factors, Commission Merchants,

No. 116 South Main St., St. Louis.

W. N. BROWN,

COTTON FACTOR

Liberal Advances on Consignments.

266 Front Street, : : Memphis, Tenn.

L. D. MULLINS, of late J. R. Godwin & Co. JAS. YONGE, late of J. W. Caldwell & Co

MULLINS & YONGE,

Cotton Factors & Commission Merchants

No. 1 Howard's Row, Cor. Front and Union, Memphis.

LOOK OUT--RETAIL

Confections, Glaces, Nougat Caramels, French Fruit Glaces, Cream Bon Bons, Fine French Handmade Creams and Bon Bons, Chocolates, Ices and Nougatines.

You can find these goods "AT RETAIL," in any quantities, at

The Peters & Sawrie Co.'s Retail Establishment,

No. 43 Jefferson Street, Opposite Their Factory.

These are the finest Confections that the Memphis Public have ever had the opportunity to purchase.

Try Our "New Cream Loaf"—"Delicious."

Z. N. ESTES. S. S. SPICER. W. B. DOAN.

Z. N. Estes & Co

(SUCCESSORS TO ESTES, DOAN & CO.)

Wholesale Grocers and Cotton Factors

Nos. 11 1-2 and 13 Union Street, Memphis, Tenn.

E. WITZMANN AND Co.

Wholesale Dealers and Publishers,

Music House

Sole Agents for the following First-Class Instruments:

STEINWAY AND KNABE

PIANOS---Kranich & Bach, Gabler, and Wheelock.

ORGANS---Clough & Warren, and Smith American.

A NEW 7-OCTAVE PIANO FOR $190.

Write for Catalogues. Nos. 221 and 223 Second Street, Memphis.

W. B. MALLORY. W. J. CRAWFORD.

MALLORY, CRAWFORD & CO.

WHOLESALE

GROCERS, COTTON FACTORS

And Commission Merchants,

372 & 374 Front St., Cor. Gayoso, Memphis, Tenn.

LORD, DIEHL & DANBURY,

(SUCCESSORS TO 2 LORDS & DIEHL),

MANUFACTURERS AND BOTTLERS OF

Lager Beer, Cider, Champagne Cider,

Mineral Water of all flavors, and XXX Belfast Ginger Ale.

PURE APPLE CIDER, in Barrels and Half Barrels, a specialty.

No. 202 Front Street.....Memphis, Tennessee.

J. C. NEELY. S. H. BROOKS. H. M. NEELY

BROOKS, NEELY & CO.

WHOLESALE

GROCERS, COTTON FACTORS,

And Commission Merchants:

No. 367 Front Street, : Memphis, Tenn.