

INSURANCE.
Capital Authorized, \$500,000
Home Insurance Co. OF MEMPHIS.

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Insurance upon dwellings and first-class commercial risks taken at fair rates, and losses paid immediately upon adjustment.
MERCHANTS FIRE AND MARINE Insurance Company OF MEMPHIS.
No. 20 Madison Street.
Capital Stock, \$200,000

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RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

MEMPHIS AND LOUISVILLE RAILROAD.

Express daily (except Sunday)	7.40	11.15
Mail train	4.55	11.35
Accommodation (except Sunday)		4.15

MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON R.R.

Mail train daily	5.10	11.30
Huntsville Express train		5.00
Daily (except Sunday)	11.50	5.00
Memphis Express train		5.20
(except Sunday)	8.20	
Jackson, Tenn. depot		4.10

MISSISSIPPI AND TENNESSEE R.R.

N. P. M. (daily)	12.45	3.35
Sardin (daily, except Sunday)	11.05	7.30
Local at Union depot	9.30	7.30

MEMPHIS AND LITTLE ROCK RAILROAD.

Mail Train daily	11.30	
Louisville Paper		5.00
Freight and Accommodation	7.15	8.00

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE GREAT SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

Express train leaves daily (except Sunday)	11.25 p.m.
Mail train leaves	11.25 a.m.
Freight train leaves daily (except Sunday)	4.15 p.m.

MISSISSIPPI & TENNESSEE RAILROAD.

Express train leaves daily (except Sunday)	11.25 p.m.
Mail train leaves	11.25 a.m.
Freight train leaves daily (except Sunday)	4.15 p.m.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.
MEMPHIS, TENN., November 25, 1876.
ON AND AFTER WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1876, trains will run as follows:

MEMPHIS & CHARLESTON R.R.

Leave. Arrive.	
New Orleans mail, daily	7.35 p.m. 12.45 p.m.
Freight train, daily	7.15 a.m. 9.00 a.m.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.
ON AND AFTER WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1876:

Leave. Arrive.	
Mail train, daily	12.30 a.m. 3.50 p.m.
Huntsville Express train, daily (except Sunday)	7.30 a.m. 5.30 p.m.

RESTORED.
Victims of profligate improvidence, who have tried in vain every known remedy, will learn of a simple preparation, first for the treatment of eye, and then of all diseases brought on by excess. A drug that has been used by thousands of suffering humanity, and has restored eyes, and brought on by excess. A drug that has been used by thousands of suffering humanity, and has restored eyes, and brought on by excess. A drug that has been used by thousands of suffering humanity, and has restored eyes, and brought on by excess.

PUBLIC LEDGER.
THE PUBLIC LEDGER IS PUBLISHED every afternoon (except Sunday) at No. 12 Madison street.
The Public Ledger is served to city subscribers by faithful carriers at FIFTEEN CENTS PER WEEK, payable weekly to the carriers.
By mail (in advance): One year, \$5; six months, \$3; three months, \$2; one month, 75 cents. Postage free.
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Published every Tuesday at 62 per annum (in advance). Postage free.
Communications upon subjects of general interest to the public are at all times acceptable. Selected manuscripts will not be returned.
RATES OF ADVERTISING IN DAILY:
First insertion, \$1.00 per square
Subsequent insertions, 50 " " " " " "

THE TURKS AS SOLDIERS.
A Charge That Swept Both Russian and Serb Before It—The Wretched Commiseration System of the Crimea of the Sultan.

London Telegram.)
Fighting from day to day successfully, the Turkish army is gradually regaining for itself that name in military history which it used to possess. It was always known that the Osmanli were brave—the record of their deeds for hundreds of years told that; but a great question had arisen whether they had to any extent become enervated and enfeebled. There were not wanting those who were ready to assert that in Crete the Turks had given unmistakable signs of want of vigor, and the Servians at the beginning of the campaign believed, without doubt, that their militia was quite the equal of the Turkish line. I remember how this was shown at the first serious battle which was fought—namely, that at Gramada. There was a line of hills on which the Serbs stood, overlooking the vast plain which runs down to the city of Nisch. On the summit of this ridge was the Servian artillery, behind were the white houses of the pretty little village, with its church, school and douane. As the Turks advanced the Serbs, who might easily have remained inside their trenches, and, in fact, have thrown up many more earthworks, actually came down the slope to meet us. There was no necessity at all for their doing so, but they felt that they were quite equal to the hated warriors of the fez, and they wanted to fight them. Then came a sharp rifle fire, and for half an hour a hardly fought battle, while the Turks were gradually pushing up the hill.
The Servians began to discover that their foes were, after all, not to be despised, and they presently sought shelter. But to their amazement, that, too, was of no avail; up came the Turks, leaving many a man on the hard rocky ground, yet still going on, to the dismay of the blue-coated Serbs, who could do nothing to stop them. Volleys even failed to hinder the Moslems for a moment; and what was of consequence at this time, some guns that the Turks had dragged up to the summit of a neighboring hill began to play upon the trenches with increased effect. The village of Gramada, too, was in flames, the air was alive with shells, that still advancing line of Turks was sending up such a storm of bullets that the whistle of the missiles was everywhere heard, and the Servians could stand it no longer. They had not expected this. Somebody had told them they were invincible—that the Ottomans would flee before the blue banner of liberty with its cross and its crown, that the hill of Gramada was impregnable, and that no troops in the world could ascend the long weary slope. Yet the Turks were coming, were close to the trenches, were beginning to cheer and take little runs which would presently bring them into the defenses themselves. It was too much. The Serbs felt that they must retreat; and, alas for all their prestige, these bold Highlanders, who had been compared to Camerons and Campbells, who had sworn to die for their country, and had sung over so many patriotic hymns, got out of the trenches, and, without more ado, threw down their rifles and retreated. But they were not even then allowed to depart in peace. Those fezzed children of tyranny actually cheered louder than ever, and, pushing past the trenches into the village, shot down the sons of Serbia by scores. Nor were they content with this, for they pursued them that night as far as Derwent, giving many a soldier of Tchernayeff to the crows and the dogs, and only desisting when night came on, with the intention of doing the like next day—a promise which they carried out with terrible effect. The Servians never liked to meet them after that.
On the other hand, the Turk continued to make war in his own stolid fashion. Had he been well led, he would have gone straight to Belgrade, and the whole business would have been settled forthwith. As it was, nothing but his own dogged courage saved him. It has always been a beautiful sight to see him go into battle.
I never saw a man flinch, although sometimes the fire was terribly heavy, and the ground was covered with the dead and dying. Understand me, I am not referring now to the Bashibazouks, who invariably had important business in another direction when they were wanted for the fight, but simply to the drilled troops. Yet, even the Sofia battalions, which had been drilled at Beyeost, just opposite our Embassy at Therapia, had caught the true spirit of the soldier, who went into action like men. I will remember a very striking instance of this on August 23. It was toward evening time when Tchernayeff's newly arrived Russians were trying to fight their way up the face of our position at Revasie. It was clear somebody must stop them, and they were sheltered from our guns by the wood below. The Sofias were called up, got into line, "dressed," and ordered to double down the hill. For a moment there was comparative silence; nought but the rattle of musketry and artillery was heard. The priests were gathering inspiration. It was their first battlefield. Then with one voice they shouted "Allah!" and with this religious appeal they dashed into the woods. I'll fare it with Russian and Serb that day; for the Sofias went on, passing between the trees, and searching for the foe, whom, when found, they incautiously destroyed. There was no more cheering till we reached the village at the end of the wood, and the last Serb had fled. Then there was another loud shout, which told that the priests had won their maiden fight, and were victorious. It was always the same; the Turk seemed ever anxious for the fray. The difficulty was to make him keep under cover. I do not think the officers on the other side had any such difficulty. No Turk ever shot off his own hand to avoid the bullets of the infidel; he might not go forward with great speed; would like generally to trust rather to his rifle than to the wretched toothpick-bayonet which his short-sighted government like our own, deems a sufficiently good weapon; but he would never swerve, not even when shells plunged into his ranks and laid his comrades low.
If the Turk and his comrades fight well, it is not because they are well fed or well clothed; on the contrary, their daily bread seems to be about the last of which those who bear rule and authority over them ever thought. Their commissariat system is even more deplorable than ours; in fact, it can scarcely be said to exist. If there are arrangements of any kind that may be briefly said to consist of a happy reliance upon chance, and a broad, hopeful trust in something turning up. It was, indeed, felt that the men must have something in the way of solid food, and accordingly the bakers at Nisch and Sophia were set to make thousands of hard biscuits, which it was determined to forward to the soldiers.
To get them there, however, was another puzzle, for there is no Turkish transport service, and in the end all the wagons and carts of the country had to be requisitioned, together with their bullocks and drivers. Then long trains of these laden with the biscuits were daily dispatched over the rocky roads, and so they have gone on ever since. Dr. Leslie told me that he had found some men who had tasted nothing but biscuit and roasted maize stalks for several weeks; and he made a present to the army in the name of the excellent Red Cross Society, which he represents, of 1000 sheep and some bullocks. But what were they among so many? Hardly a "kabob" spiced for the 45,000 hungry men who wanted them. Yet the Turks have gone contentedly soaking the brick-like biscuit in the muddy water of the Morava valley—sometimes go fortunate as to be able to supplement it with a little coffee or roasted Serbian fowl caught in some desolate village, or a piece of hare which has been shot down in the tall grass, but generally with nothing at all.
Shelley's Eccentric Youth.
Shelley, as a small boy, was an eccentric little being. He used to dress his four sisters to represent birds, and, filling a fire-stove with some inflammable fluid and setting

it aflame, he would marshal the diabolical procession to the back door. His great delight was to teach his infant brother schoolboy words, and his first attempt at like knowledge of the devil was an innocent "debbee." As a boy at Eton he would watch the livelong night for ghosts, and consulted his books how to raise one. His diet in after years was meager enough to bring him weird fancies.
Bread became his chief sustenance, and his pockets were generally well stored with it. A circle upon the carpet clearly defined by an ample verge of crumbs often marked the place where he had long sat at his studies, his face nearly in contact with his book, devouring bread at intervals amid his profound abstractions. Sometimes he ate raisins with it, and his sweet tooth was immense. Occasionally when walking in London with a friend he would suddenly dash into a baker's shop and emerge with a supply of bread which he would break and offer half to his companion, and very much surprised he would be when anybody refused the delicacy.

Combat Between Two Polar Bears.
The Cologne Gazette, of November 1, contains an account of a combat which took place in the Zoological Gardens of that city between two polar bears, which, that journal remarks, "a Roman Emperor would assuredly have paid a million sesterli to witness." These two bears had been brought from Spitzbergen five years ago, and had been placed in a large pit, with a tank in the center. Until within the last few days they had remained upon excellent terms with each other, but last week a quarrel occurred between them, the result of which was that the female bear took refuge on the summit of a large rock in one corner of the pit. The male did not attempt to follow her, and she remained there three days, when, pressed with hunger, she descended again. As soon as the male bear saw her he immediately rushed at her and attacked her with his fore-paws. The keeper attempted to separate them, and beheld the male with heavy iron bars, but the bones in the head of the polar bear are so much harder than those of the ordinary bear, that these blows took no effect. The male bear continued to wreak his vengeance upon his companion, and, after having almost torn her body into ribbons, he dragged her to the bottom of the tank, and held her there until he felt assured that all signs of life were extinct. He then brought her body back to the floor of the pit, and dragged it round the tank for nearly an hour. After this he withdrew into his sleeping room to rest after his labors, and the keepers at once closed the iron bars upon him. Having examined the body of the dead bear, they found that it had received more than a hundred wounds; the neck and head were crushed almost to a jelly, and the flesh was hanging in strips from the back and sides. During the whole combat neither of the bears uttered a cry or a sound of any kind.

A Ghostly Legend.
A beautiful legend of Durham cathedral is thus related by Reginald, of Durham: "A monk of Durham keeping nightly vigil in the minster, sat down in the stalls and thought; he raised his eyes; he beheld in the misty distance three forms descend, and with slow steps come from the east toward the choir steps; each had a bishop's habit; each was comely, venerable, and glorious to behold; and, as they passed they sang Alleluia with the sweetest strains of melody; then, toward the south, where the great crucifix stands, was heard a choir of many voices singing in their several parts of the prose, and it seemed as though clerks in their ministrals were serving a bishop-celibrant, for there the clear shining of the tapers was brightest, and thence the delicious perfume of the incense breathed around. Then the three bishops sang their part, and the choir made answer with chanting wondrous sweet, while one celebrated as becoms a bishop; then all was done; once more the solemn procession passed on its way and disappeared like faint images behind the altar; and they say that they who were at that service lie asleep, roared in that ancient church—Aidan, Outhbert, Eadbert and Edelwald.

An Indian Chief's Oath.
Philadelphia Telegraph.)
The Smithsonian institute received a few days ago a valuable and interesting addition to its museum in the shape of a complete and a very fine outfit of the war trappings of an Indian chief. The contributions come from west of the Rocky mountains, but no letter of transmission or description has been as yet received. The suit consists of a very fine headress of red flannel, trimmed and decorated with bead-work and eagle's feathers. The long train which descends from the head and over the shoulders is also trimmed with eagle's feathers. There

is an undershirt which is worn next the skin. It is red flannel also, with a black and a white border, and is sewn over with silk teeth. The suit includes a pair of war leggings of red cloth, highly decorated with thick beadwork in alternate squares of dark blue and light blue beads, and with fringes of buckskin down the sides. The war-shirt, worn outside, is of buckskin, ornamented with beads and human hair, and is painted on the breast and shoulders. In addition to these articles there is a complete flowing shabraque, which is worn over the shoulders with the ends falling on each side of the wearer. It is worn only when the chief is mounted, as a chief is not fond of carrying much weighty apparel or accoutrement, and is of flannel faced with other skin. To this is attached the bow-case and quiver-case, both of which are heavily ornamented with beadwork of various colors. There came with the suit a pair of swam's leggings of red flannel, very thickly and tastefully sewn with beadwork. These articles could not have cost less than some two hundred dollars in the aggregate, and the thick ornamental beadwork is very costly.

BENJ. COLMAN,
(Successor to WARNER & SHEPHERD),
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1 cure Fevers, Congestion, Inflammation	50
2 cure Wounds, Warts, Sores, Ulcers	50
3 cure Croup, Cough, Hoarseness, Sore Throat	50
4 cure Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	50
5 cure Cholera Morbus, Vomiting, Stomachic Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis	50
6 cure Headaches, Toothaches, Pains	50
7 cure Neuralgias, Sciatic Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, etc.	50
8 cure Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Strangury, etc.	50
9 cure Rheumatism, Sciatic Neuralgia, etc.	50
10 cure Piles, hemorrhoids, and other ailments	50

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Bills, Bonds, and Postage Stamps WANTED.
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ASK FOR TICKETS VIA Louisville and Cincinnati Short Line

L. B. McFARLAND, Attorney.
HAS REMOVED FROM 22 MADISON ST. TO 24 MADISON, over Herndon Insurance Company.

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