Denton Journal.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1883.

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"JOURNAL."

NOVEMBER.....18.

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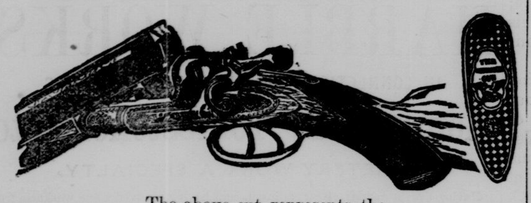

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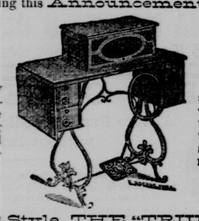

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Price $25.

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EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED FOR 3 YEARS.

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NOTE.—I have just completed a "Centennial Hand Machine," beautifully mounted on Walnut Stand, which I will sell in lot of 25 at $5.00 each. Send for circular and terms to

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The Largest Stock

of Goods in Denton for you to make your selections from.

☞ We return thanks to our customers for past favors and will be glad to have you call frequently. We are willing and able to accommodate prompt customers.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods.

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A Cage D'Amour.

Charles—for it seems you wish to know—
You wonder what could scare me so,
And why in this long locked bureau,
With trembling fingers,
With tragic air I now replace
This ancient web of yellow lace,
Among whose faded folds the trace
Of perfume lingers.

Friend of my youth, severe as true,
I guess the train your thoughts pursue,
But this my state is nowise due
To indigestion.
I had forgotten it was there,
A scarf that some one used to wear,
Hinc illæ lachrymæ, so spare
Your cynic question.

Some one who is not girlish now,
And wed long since. We meet and bow;
I don't suppose our broken vow
Affects us keenly;
Yet to confess the truth it stirs
My pulse, that flimsy scarf of hers.
You can't disturb the dust of years,
And smile serenely.

"My golden locks" are gray and chill,
For hers let them be sacred still;
But yet I own a boyish thrill
Went dancing through me,
Charles, when I beheld yon yellow lace;
Far from its dusty hiding place
Peeped out an arch, ingenuous face
That beckoned me.

We lock our hearts up nowadays
Like some old music box that plays
Unfashionable airs that raise
Derisive pity.
Alas! a nothing starts the spring,
And low! the sentimental thing
At once commences quavering
Its love ditty.

Laugh if you will. The boy in me—
The boy that was—revived to see
The fresh young smile that shone when she
Of old was tender.
Once more we trod the golden way,
That mother you saw yesterday,
And I, whom none can well portray
As young and slender.

She twirled the faded scarf about
Her pretty head, and, stepping out
Slipped arm in mine with half a pout
Of childish pleasure.
Where we were bound no mortal knows,
For then you plunged in Ireland's woes,
And brought me blankly back to prose,
And Gladstone's measure.

Well,. well, the wisest bend to fate;
My brown old books around me wait;
My pipe still holds, unconfiscate,
Its wanted station.
Pass me the wine. To those that keep
The bachelor's secluded sleep,
Peaceful, inviolate and deep,
I pour libition.

A LIFE.

I longed for Truth, then Sorrow came and took me by the hand and said: "Come with me and I will lead thee to Truth, but thou must not lose courage on the way thither."

"I shall not," I replied. I am so strong I could raise yonder mountain from its base and carry it with me on my way."

Sorrow looked pittyingly at me but made no answer and led me silently into a spacious hall. It was high and broad, filled with the sound of the sweetest music and hung with pictures, while statues stood in the niches and corners. "See," said Sorrow; "there dwell the Arts. Choose one, for the Arts help one on one's way to Truth."

Then I seized a harp and struck its strings with eager fingers, for I loved Music, and I sang as I played, and pursued Music as a lover his shy, proud sweetheart, besseching her to take me with her on the way to Truth. But, alas! Music went so fast on the path before me and floated so high up in the air above me that I could neither follow nor grasp her, and my songs died away to sobbing in my hot, parched throat. Then I fled into the forest—the dim lonely forest—and threw the broken harp on the deep, soft moss, and wept and wept.

"Hush," whispered Sorrow, who had followed me unseen, unheard; "is it thou then who boasted that thou couldst carry a mountain on thy young, strong shoulders who weepest so childishly."

And Sorrow took my hand and led me into another great room. In this chamber a dim, soft light reigned. The walls were lined with books from floor to ceiling.

"There; give thy feeble spirit to eat and drink of Wisdom's food," said Sorrow; "for in Knowledge Truth lives."

Then I began to read, to study; but my thoughts wandered aimlessly from the printed page before me. The fire on the hearth crackled and whispered tales to me as it had done long ago in my childhood. The storm outside reared about the house and made its old walls shake, and on the wings of the storm Fancy came flying to me and would not leave me, and I could not drive her away, for she was stronger than I. Then I let the book drop out of my listless fingers, and Fancy came smiling up to me and put a pencil into my hand, and I wrote down the verses she murmured in my ear—idle, foolish rhymes, which after they were written, I hid away in my bosom, out of the sight of the wise old books and the gay, mocking flames, so that at last I was fain to cry despairingly: Alas! Wisdom is not for me. She looks dusty and old and lifeless, and I—I would live.

"Thou shalt live," said Sorrow, "but thou must have Courage."

"I fear nothing," I answered, "and I would see Life."

Sorrow led me to a dying bed—the death-bed of a lad who was a genius. His sufferings had reached a pitch beyond what a man could endure, and he was only a lad; and yet Sorrow never left him; but Faith was there, too, at his bedside, and strengthened and upheld him. Two years he lived and suffered and when he died I asked of Sorrow: "Where is Truth? and thou hast not shown me Life, but Suffering and Death."

But Sorrow gave no answer, and led me silently from one dying bed to another, and I wept for pity of the suffering, the desolation I saw on every side around me, till my eyes were dim and my heart ached, and I exclaimed in my despair:

"Let me die!"

"What?" replied Sorrow; "thou die? Where is the strength thou didst boast of so proudly? Thou canst not die, for thou hast not yet begun to live. Thou hast not yet loved."

As Sorrow spoke she laid her hand on my heart and love came marching into it with shouting and singing. And the forest where we were saw and heard him coming, and the trees whispered amongst one another at his approach. Then again I wrote the foolish, idle rhymes I had learned of Fancy. But Love was not Truth, and Sorrow's hand pressed heavily and yet more heavily on my arm; my steps grew weak and tottering, and my head was bowed to the ground. I asked Sorrow if in Labor Truth might not dwell. But Sorrow raised her bent-down head, and behold a youth stood before me, fair and smiling as the dawn.

"There is thy husband," said she, "wilt thou love him thy whole life long and follow him upon the way which he will lead thee? It is rough and leads down into deep, dark ravines, and up over high, steep mountains. Art thou willing to walk it?"

So Sorrow brought me to wedlock and to motherhood and bound Labor securely upon my shoulders. And we wandered onward, and met many an adversary in our pain, but I was not dismayed, for was I not a wife, a mother? But years went on and my child died. I closed its dear eyes. I saw the coffin-lid fastened down over its golden head, and, turning to Sorrow, I bade her lead me forward on the way to Truth. Then Sorrow put a pen into my hand and said: "Write and inquire after her." And I wrote and inquired after Truth. And as I wrote I found myself growing famous, but Truth came not at my call. Then I felt sick for grief and despair, and called on Death to take me to my child. But instead of Death came Sorrow, and raising me from my sick bed, took me, feeble as I was, upon a journey. As we journey suddenly we felt the earth shake and tremble under our feet, and War stood in the path before us. His breath was the thunder, his eye the fire, his hand the lightning, and the mantel which fluttered from his broad shoulders swept the heavens and turned the day to night. And I stooped to nurse the wounded and bleeding ones whom he had left on the path behind him. But Truth, she I sought, seemed no nearer.

"Ah, Truth, Truth," I sighed, "my youth is gone in seeking thee and still thou flees from me."

And when I had ceased speaking, Sorrow said: "Before thee stands Truth," and raising my heavy eyes I saw far off in the path before me a little child standing, with friendly smiling eyes. "Is that child Truth?" I asked, astonished:

And Sorrow nodded, and asked: "And is she not very fair?"

While Sorrow was speaking the child came nearer, and as she advanced she grew taller and larger, until a shape stood before me holding in one hand the earth, in the other the heavens—

"Look down now into thy heart, and thou wilt find Truth there."

And I looked, and behold Truth was there. Then I cried:

"Wherefore have I so sought and striven to see Truth afar off, and behold she was always near me, but I, blind, knew it not. Now I will die."

"Thou wilt live," answered Sorrow.

And I could see nothing now for tears which dimmed my eyes. But Sorrow held my hand tightly in hers and led me on and ever on.

HIS PA GETS MAD.

"I was down to the drug store this morning and saw your ma buying a lot of court-plaster, enough to make a shirt, I should think. What's she doing with so much court-plaster?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy as he came in and pulled off his boots by the stove and emptied out a lot of snow that had collected as he walked through a drift, on the hearth, which melted and made a smell.

"O, I guess she is going to patch pa up so he will hold water. Pa's temper got him into the worst muss you ever seen last night. If that museum was here now they would hire pa and exhibit him as the tattooed man. I tell you I have got too old to be mauled as though I was a kid, and any man who attacks me from this out wants to have his peace made with the insurance companies, and know that his calling and election is sure, because I am a bad man, and don't you forget it." And the bad boy pulled on his boots and looked so cross and desperate that the grocery man asked him if he wouldn't try a little new cider.

"Good heavens," said the grocery man, as the boy swallowed the cider, and his face resumed its natural look, and the piratical frown disappeared with the cider. "You have not stabbed your father, have you? I have feared that one thing would bring on another with you, and you would be hung."

"Naw, I haven't stabbed him. It was another cat that stabbed him. You see pa wanted me to do all the work around the house. The other day he bought a load of kindling wood, and told me to carry it into the basement. I have not been educated up to kindling wood, and I didn't do it. When supper time came, and pa found that I had not carried in the kindling wood, he had a hot box, and he told me if that wood was not in when he came back from the lodge that he would warm my jacket. Well, I tried to hire some one to carry it in, and got a man to promise to come in the morning and carry it in and take his pay in groceries, and I was going to buy the groceries here and have them charged to pa. But that wouldn't help me out that night. I knew when pa came home he would search for me. So I slept in the back hall on a cot. But I didn't want pa to have all his trouble for nothing, so I borrowed an old tom cat that my chum's old maid aunt owns, and put the cat in my bed. I thought if pa came in my room after me, and found that by his unkindness I had changed to a tom cat, he would be sorry. That is the biggest cat you ever see, and the worst fighter in our ward. It isn't afraid of anything, and can whip a Newfoundland quicker than you could put sand in a barrel of sugar. Well, about eleven o'clock I heard pa tumble over the kindling wood, and I knew by the remark he made as the wood slid around under him, that there was going to be a cat fight pretty quick. He come up to ma's room, and sounded ma as to whether Hennery had retired to his virtuous couch. Pa is awful sarcastic when he tries to be. I could hear him take off his clothes, and hear him say as he picked up a trunk strap, 'I guess I will go up to his room and watch the smile on his face as he dreams of angels. I yearn to press him to my aching bosom.' I thought to myself, mebbe you wont yearn so much directly. He come up stairs, and I could hear him breathing hard. I looked around the corner and could see he just had on his shirt and pants, and his suspenders were hanging down, and his bald head shone like a calcium light just before it explodes. Pa went in my room and up to the bed, and I could hear him say, 'Come out here and bring in that kindling wood, or I will start a fire on your base burner with this strap.' And then there was a yowling such as I never heard before, and pa said 'Helen Blazes,' and the furniture in my room began to fall around and break. O, my! I think pa took the tom cat right by the neck, the way he does me, and that left all the cat's feet free to get in their work. By the way the cat squealed, as though it was being choked, I knew pa had him by the neck. I suppose the cat thought pa was a whole flock of Newfoundland dogs, and the cat had a record on dogs, and it kicked awful. Pa's shirt was no protection at all in a cat fight, and the cat just walked all around pa's stomach, and pa yelled 'police' and 'fire,' and 'turn on the hose,' and called ma, and the cat yowled. If pa had had presence of mind enough to have dropped the cat, or rolled it up in the mattrass, it would have been all right, but a man always gets rattled in time of danger, and he held on to the cat and started down stairs yelling murder, and he met ma coming up. I guess ma's night-cap or something, frightened the cat some more, cause he stabbed ma on the night-shirt with one hind foot, and ma said 'mercy on us,' and hollered, and pa stumbled on a hand sled that was on the stair, and they fell down in the coal bin and yowled all night. Pa and ma went into their room, and I guess they anointed themselves with vaseline. and Pond's Extract, and I went and got into my bed, cause it was cold out in the hall, and the cat had warmed my bed as well as it had warmed pa. It was all I could do to go to sleep, with pa and ma talking all night, and this morning I came down the back stairs, and haven't been to breakfast, cause I don't want to see pa when he is vexed. You let the man that carries in the kindling wood have six shillings worth of groceries, and charge them to pa. I have passed the kindling wood period in a boy's life, and have arrived at the coal period. I will carry in coal, but I draw the line at kindling wood."

"Well, you are a cruel, bad boy," said the grocery man, as he went to the book and charged the six shillings.

"O, I don't know. I think pa is cruel. A man who will take a poor kitty by the neck, that hasn't done any harm, and tries to chastise the poor thing with a trunk strap, ought to be looked after by the humane society. And if it is cruel to take a cat by the neck, how much more cruel is it to take a boy by the neck that had diphtheria only a few years ago, and whose throat is tender. Say, I guess I will accept your invitation to take breakfast with you," and the boy cut off a piece of bologna and helped himself to the crackers, and while the grocery man was out shoveling off the snow from the sidewalk, the boy filled his pockets with raisins and loaf sugar, and then went out to watch the man carry in his kindling wood. —Peck's Sun.

Eloquence of Bascom.

The following passages will serve to illustrate the peculiar oratorical style of the lamented Rev. Henry B. Bascom, the distinguished Kentucky Methodist preacher:

"Chemistry, with its fire-tongues of the galvanic battery teaches that the starry diamond in the crown of kings, and the black carbon which the peasant treads beneath his feet, are both composed of the same identical elements. Analysis also proves that a chief ingredient in limestone is carbon. Then let the burning breath of God pass over all the limestones of the earth, and bid its mossy layers crystalize into new beauty, and lol at the Almighty fiat, the mountain ranges flash into living gems with a lustre that render midnight noon, and eclipses all the stars."

The great orator urged the same view by another example still better adapted to popular apprehension.

"Look yonder!" said the impassioned orator, pointing a motionless finger towards the lofty ceiling, as if it were the sky. See that wrathful thunder cloud—the fiery bed of lightnings and hissing hail—the cradle of tempests and floods. What can be more dark, more dreary, more dreadful? Say, scoffing skeptic, is it capable of any beauty? You pronounce "No!" Well, very well! But, behold! while the sneering denial curls upon your proud lips, the sun, with its sword of light, shines through the sea of vapors in the West, and laughs in your incredulous face with his fine golden eye. Now, look again at the thunder cloud. See where it was blackest and fullest of gloom. The sunbeams have kissed its hideous cheek, and where the kiss fell, there is now a blush brighter than ever mantled on the brow of mortal maiden—the rich blush of crimson and gold, of purple and vermillion—a pictured blush fit for the gaze of angels—the flower work of pencils of fire and light wrought at a dash by one stroke of the right hand of God. Aye, the ugly cloud hath given birth to the rainbow—that perfection and symbol of unspeakable beauty."

A DUTY.—It is the duty of every good citizen to contribute as liberally as their means will allow to the support of the Church of their choice, and yet there are those who endeavor to pay as little as possible to said purpose, and when they die will even sponge on the Church yard for space for their stingy bones. It takes money to pay ministers, and it requires funds to liquidate the incidental expenses of the Church; but if each and every one would do their duty, the necessity of resorting to festivals to raise money for Church purposes would be avoided.

Keep clear of the man who does not value his own character.

SUSSEX BOYS OUT WEST.

THEIR THRILLING EXPERIENCES IN A WESTERN BLIZZARD—LIFE HANGING ON THE STROKE OF A MATCH, ETC.

A year or more ago two young Sussex countains, Willard S. Carpenter and Martin J. Conwell, imbued with the desire to find opportunities for temporal advancement that were denied them here, decided to follow "that western trail of immigration which bursts into States and Empires as it moves," and accordingly started for the far West to grow up with the country and get rich.

They had the cattle-fever, and visions of perennial pastures, and marketable steers and plethoric purses followed them in their journey toward the land of the setting sun. Securing positions on one of the ranches belonging to Dr. John F. Carey (formerly of Milton) situated in Northern Wyoming Territory, they soon found that handling stock was like many other attainments, not to be mastered in a day; and that a term of two years is genenally set apart as a season of probation for the new comer or tender foot as he is commonly called. They rapidly rose, however, to the dignity of cow-punchers, (which is not the soubriquet of the common herder only, but extends to the largest cattle owner on the range, provided he has acquired the ability to "handle stock,") and could "round up" and "corral" the frisky steer with the best of the "cowboys" on the plains.

These two young men have recently passed through an ordeal that caused their thoughts to wander back to the cheerful firesides of the old homesteads, and begot a longing desire to be back East with "the folks" again.

A letter to the father of one of the boys gives an account of their thrilling experience. On the morning of February 1st, mounted on ponies they started on a hunting expedition, expecting to return the same night. Unsuccessful in the pursuit of game they were on their way back to the ranche, when a snow-storm set in—one of those terrible western blizzards. They rode for two hours or more, but could make little headway. The storm increased in fur; and again and again they were compelled to stop and change their course, unable to push their way through narrow cuts, where huge drifts were wedged solidly from brim to brim. They shuddered, realizing that they were wandering aimlessly over the wilderness of broken, rolling plain, in a snow storm—no sign by which to guide their footsteps—no trail; nothing but the same billowy, dreary plain, stretched away in every direction. On the plains, in a snow storm, they had heard, meant almost a sure death from hunger and cold. The fine particles of snow stung their faces and formed icy crusts over the eyes of the patient horses, which struggled on, setting their hoofs down firmly into the smooth, unbroken sheet of snow, and sending it out on either side like foam. At last, just as the light was fading from the sky, hurried by the whirling snow mist, their faithful bronchos completely exhausted, came to a standstill beside a low dirt-roofed log cabin—the deserted camp of a party of sheepmen. Here in this untenanted hut, which they recognized as 13 miles from their ranche, they found shelter, and led their horses inside with them. Hungry and almost frozen, they fortunately found pelnty of material for a fire. But alas! there were but two matches. Would they ignite? With a nervous hand one lucifer was struck and in an instant the dry wood had burst into a flame. The one remaining match was placed as carefully away as the diamonds of a prima donna. An inventory of their goods showed besides their saddles two thin, worn-out saddle blankets and their rubber ponchos. This constituted their bedding—rather scanty for 6,000 feet or so above the sea, with a furious snow storm raging and the thermometer 30° below zero! It was a wild, weird, ghastly night. The snow flakes stole their way through the crevices in the hut and ever and chased each other over the faces of the men keeping their lonely vigil. The blizzard's biting blast whistled mournfully around the desolate cabin and sang a funeral dirge. The fitful light of the fire reflected grotesque figures on the walls of the room, until they seemed to take a spirit form and added to the weirdness of the scene. Gradually the night wore away, but when morning came the storm still raged without. The terrible cravings of hunger were now added to their sufferings. Their abstinence from food for twenty-four hours had made them almost ravenous. A careful search in the cabin revealed an old pan and a pint of corn. The corn was parched and devoured immediately. The storm continued, and as the day drew to a close they became more voraciously and insatiably hungry. Another search brought to light five mice, which werd killed, fried and eaten with relish. For four days the snow fell without intermissions and there seemed no prospect of the storm abating. The pangs of hunger increased and the sufferers seemed to see a wild look in each other's eyes which betokened what both feared—a fatal effect of cold and privation. On the fourth day they killed one of their horses and turned the other animal loose, already well nigh perished from want of food. The starry flakes ceased falling on the fifth day, and they made an attempt to start for their ranche. The snow was from three to four feet deep and the cold so intense that they were compelled to retrace their steps. Returning to the cabin in an almost frozen condition they found that the fire had burned out. But one lone match remained. The icy gates of death seemed already opening on their vision. It was some moments before sufficient courage could be mustered to take the risk. Finally Conwell drew his sombrero close to his side, and with Carpenter's eager eyes glaring down upon him he took the match tremblingly in his benumbed fingers and with drawn breath made the fearful stroke on which their lives depended. The match blazed and again the fire was kindled. More of the horse flesh was cooked and on this they subsisted until the eighth day of their imprisonment, when the prairie winds having shifted the snow somewhat, they started on foot for their ranche 13 miles distant, having first however, laid in a good supply of the fried horse steak. They trudged along, picking their way between drifts and innumerable gulches, reaching their ranche towards nightfall just eight days from the time they had departed on the hunting expedition. There they are now alive and hearty, with the exception of frosted hands and feet. Messrs. Carpenter and Conwell truly had a narrow escape from death by starvation and cold.

Associated press dispatches early in February spoke of the storm as the heaviest in the history of the Territory, that the thermometer was 30° below zero, and trains were blockaded in places along the Union Pacific road for a distance of 400 miles. It is almost miraculous that they were able to stand the freezing cold, which we have been told chills the very bones of the hardiest of the brave fellows whose whole lives have been spent in that wild country. Will Comstock was wont to advance a theory "That the air was so thin on the plains, owing to the altitude, that no cloth could be made so fine that the winds could not blow the air between the threads."

Didn't Want the Office.

He was high up for Reform, didn't want any office, and so he was nominated for a Manager of the Poor. In the hope of making his calling and election sure, it occurred to him that a little electioneering on the sly was necessary.

While returning from the post-office last Monday evening he met Mr. Van Hoofflinger, and accosted him with: "Hello, Hans. How are you and how's the folks?"

"Vell, I vas vell, und frau was vell, und leetle Hans und Yoweob und Katrin und der baby vas vell—we vas breddy vell, I tanks you."

"Ah! glad to hear it—glad to hear it," said the Reformer, rubbing his hands delightedly. "Ahem! I suppose that you know that I am a candidate for the office of Manager of the Poor at the ensuring election?"

"Ish dot so?"

"Yes, they would insist upon my accepting the nomination; did all I could to induce them to nominate somebody else, but it was no use; seems as though I was the only man they wanted, and they were bound to have me."

"And so you did not vant der office und der vill makes you took it? Dot vas too pad."

"Well, you know, a good citizen is always willing to sacrifice his own interests to some extent, where he feels that public good requires him to do so. And now, since I am in for it, I suppose I may depend upon your support?"

"Yaw, py shingo! Ven a fellow does not vant somedings it vas not right to make him take it. I does vat I can for you—I votes for der oder feller all der times, und I talks mid de poys und dells dem vot you said, und I tinks maybe I gets you peat."

WHAT DAMP FEET MEAN.—Nine-tenths of the mere physical troubles women bring on themselves are due to no more terrible cause than damp feet. Men, for once in a way, are sensible, in this respect. They do not habitually tramp round in their slippers, or wear thin slips of leather which are as blotting paper.

One-half the boots and shoes seen on our streets ought to be used exclusively for indoor wear. Outside, with a climate like ours, they are a splendid example of the way in which people go about literally hunting for a sharp attack of illness. It is perfectly meet and right that the modern Eve should take a pride in her foot, it is proper she should be conscious of the charms of youth and compliment. But thin cashmere uppers never make a foot look well. At best they are flimsy hearth rug wear. A fairly drenching shower of rain, and the spray beats up from the descending drops, wets the stockings through, laying the foundation of any one of a dozen nasty complaints.

Poor Mrs. Caudle, the good lady whose curtain lectures so long kept patient Job Caudle awake, came to her death, so it stands written, through no more serious cause than a pair of thin shoes. For the foundation of a lucrative doctor's practice, nothing better could be recommended than an out-of-door picnic on a slgihtly damp afternoon, for which all the women folk attired themselves in thin shoes and stockings.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away on the nightfall of age, and the shadow of the path becomes deeper, and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our early years. If we have had a home to shelter and hearts so rejoice with us, and friends have gathered around our fireside, the rough places of wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, and many dark spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender, and so touching in the evening of their lives.

QUININE.—It is stated that there are now consumed annually throughout the world a little over 4,000,000,000 ounces of quinine. Since its discovery in 1640, which was introduced into Europe by the Countess Cinchona, after whom the bark was named, its use has become universal. Its scarcity or abundance may be said to be a matter of international concern. Wars and epidemics operate to advance its price, and it occupies about the same place in materia medica that breadstuffs do among the articles of food. Yet we are told that the natural supply of the cinchona bark is failing, and that resort must be made to cultivation in order to supply the world's demand. Cultivation has already commenced in the East Indies, but it must be extended to every country producing this now indespensable drug.

A COLORED MAN'S SUICIDE.—A colored man named Gibbs, residing on Dr. Betson's farm, near Wright's Wharf, Dorchester county, committed suicide by jumping into the river at that place last week. It is said that he had been detected in appropriating to his own use and selling cord wood and feared prosecution.

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