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## A CHARMING WOMAN.

A charming woman, I've heard it said  
By other women as light as she;  
But all in vain I puzzled my head  
To find wherein the charm may be.  
Her face, indeed, is pretty enough,  
And her form is quite as good as the best,  
Whose nature has given the honey stuff,  
And a clever milliner all the rest.

Intelligent? Yes—in a certain way,  
With the feminine gift of ready speech,  
And knows very well what not to say  
Whenever the theme transcends her reach.  
But turn the topic on things to wear,  
From an opera cloak to a robe de nuit—  
Hats, basques or bonnets—will make you stare  
To see how flounders the lady can.

Her laugh is hardly a thing to please;  
For an honest laugh must always start  
From a gleaming mood, like a sudden breeze,  
And here is purely a matter of art.  
A muscular form made to show  
What nature designed to lie beneath  
By one mouth; but what can she do  
If that is ruined to show the teeth?

To her seat in church—a good half mile—  
When the day is fine she is sure to go,  
Arroyed, or circled, in the latest style  
The mode de Paris has got to show,  
And she will her hands on the velvet paw  
(Can't you see how her prayer-book's tint of blue  
Must harmonize with her milky skin?)  
Ab! what shall we say of one who walks  
In fields of flowers to choose the weeds?  
Reads authors of whom she never talks,  
And talks of authors she never reads?  
She's a charming woman, I've heard it said  
By other women as light as she;  
But all in vain I puzzled my head  
To find wherein the charm may be.

—John G. Stucc.

## HOW A WIFE GOT AN ALLOWANCE.

There were people enough to envy Millicent Haughton when she was married to Radcliffe Gates. She was only a district school teacher, at so much a month, without home or parents. He was a wealthy banker, who seemed to have nothing on earth to do but to indulge his whims and caprices to their uttermost bent, and the world in general announced its decision that Milly Haughton "had done uncommonly well for herself."

But Milly did not look happy upon that golden July morning, with the sunshine streaming through the oriel window of the great breakfast room at Gates Place, and scattering little drops of gold and crimson and glowing purple on the mossy ground of the stone-colored carpet.

She was dressed in a loose white cambric wrapper, looped and buttoned with blue, and a single pearl arrow upheld the shining masses of her lovely auburn hair. Her eyes were deep, liquid hazel, her complexion as soft and radiant as the dimpled side of an early peach; and the little kid-slipped foot that patted the velvet ottoman seemed as a sculptor could have wished it.

Mr. Gates, from his side of the damask-draped table, eyed her with the complacent gaze of proprietorship. She was his wife. He liked her to look well, just as he wanted his horses properly groomed, and his conservatories kept in order; and he troubled himself very little about the shadow on her brow.

"I'm in earnest, Radcliffe," she said, with emphasis.  
"So I supposed, Mrs. Gates," said the husband, leisurely folding his paper—a sign that the news within was thoroughly exhausted—"so I supposed. But it isn't at all worth while to allow yourself to get excited. When I say a thing, Mrs. Gates, I generally mean it. And I repeat, if you need money for any sensible and necessary purpose, I shall be most willing and happy to accommodate you."

Millicent bit her full, red lower lip and drummed impatiently on the table with her ten restless fingers. "And I am to come meekly imploring you for every five-cent piece I happen to want?"

"Yes, Mrs. Gates, if you prefer to put the matter in that light."  
"Radcliffe," she coaxed, suddenly changing her tone, "do give me an allowance; I don't care how little. Don't subject me to the humiliation of pleading for a little money half-a-dozen times a day. You are rich."

"Exactly, my dear," nodded this benedict, "and that is the way I made my fortune, by looking personally after every penny, and I mean to keep it up."  
"But think how I was mortified yesterday, when Mrs. Armorer came to ask me if I could subscribe fifty cents to washers buying a hand carriage for our washerwoman's child—only fifty cents—and I had to say, 'I must ask my husband to give me the money when he returns from the city, for I had not even fifty cents of my own.'"

"All very right—all very proper," said Mr. Gates, playing with a huge rope of gold that hung across his chest in the guise of a watch chain.

"Other ladies are not kept penniless."  
"That rests entirely between themselves and their husbands, Mrs. Gates."  
"I will not endure it," cried Milly, starting to her feet, with cheeks dyed scarlet, and indignantly glistening eyes.  
Mr. Gates leaned back in his chair with provoking complacency.  
"I will have money," said Milly defiantly.

"How are you going to get it, my dear?" retorted her spouse, with an aggravating smile playing around the corner of his mouth. "You have nothing of your own—absolutely nothing. The money is all mine, and I mean to keep it."  
Milly sat down again, twisting her pocket handkerchief around and around. She was not prepared with an immediate answer.  
"And now, Mrs. Gates," said the banker, after a moment or two of overwhelming silence, "if you'll be good enough to stretch that button on my glove, I'll go down town. I have a very much to do to-morrow."

So the verbal passage at arms ended, and Milly felt that, so far, she was worsted.

She watched Mr. Gates drive off in an elegant open barouche, drawn by two long-tailed chestnut horses, all in a glitter of plated harness, and turned away, almost wishing that she was Millicent Haughton once again, behind her desk in the little red school-house.

She looked around at the inlaid furniture, Aubusson carpets, and satin window draperies, and thought with a passionate pang, how little all this availed her.

"It's so provoking of Radcliffe," she murmured. "I've half a mind to go out to service, or dressmaking, or something—for I must have money of my own, and I will."

Just then a servant knocked at the door with a basket and a note.  
"An old lady in a shaker bonnet and a one horse wagon left it," said the girl, with a scarcely disguised titter. "She wouldn't come in, although I invited her."

Mrs. Gates opened the note. It ran in a stiff, old-fashioned caligraphy, as if the pen were an unwonted implement in the writer's hand:  
"DEAR MILLY—The strawberries in the south meadow lot are just ripe, where you used to pick 'em where you were a little girl; so Phebe-pick 'em a lot, and we made bold to send them to you, for the sake of old times, as Aunt Araminta is going to the city to-morrow. We hope you will like them. Affectionately, your friend,  
MAMA ANN PRAWLER."

The tears sparkled in the bride's eyes. For an instant it seemed to her as if she were a merry child again picking strawberries in the golden rain of a July sunshine, with the scent of wild roses in the air and the gurgle of the little trout stream close by. And as she lifted the lid of the great basket of crimson, luscious fruit and inhaled the delicious perfume, a sudden idea started into her head.

"Now I will have money of my own!" she cried out, "money that I will earn myself, and thus be independent!"

Half an hour afterwards Mrs. Gates came down stairs, to the infinite amazement of Rachel, the chambermaid, and Louisa, the parlor-maid, in a brown gingham dress, a white pique sun-bonnet, and a basket on her arm.  
"Won't you have the carriage, ma'am?" asked the latter, as Mrs. Gates beckoned to a passing omnibus.  
"No, I won't!" said the banker's lady.

When within the city limits she alighted and set to work in good earnest.  
"Strawberries! who'll buy my wild strawberries!" rang out her clear, shrill voice, as she walked along—lightly balancing the weight on her arm, and enjoying the impromptu masquerade as only a spirited young woman can do.

Mrs. Prowler bought four quarts for preserving, at twenty-five cents per quart.  
"Wild berries has such a flavor," said the old lady, reflectively, "and tain't often you get 'em in the city. I s'pose you don't come round regular, young woman?"

"No, I don't, ma'am."  
"Because you might get some good customers," said Mrs. Prowler.  
Miss Senithia Hall, who keeps boarders, purchased two quarts; Mrs. Capt. Carbury took one, and then Millicent jumped on the cars and rode wearily down town.

"I've got a dollar and seventy-five cents of my own, at all events," she said to herself.  
"Strawberries! Nice, ripe, wild strawberries! Buy my strawberries!" Her sweet voice resounded through the halls of the great marble building, on whose first floor the great bank was situated.

It chanced to be a dull interval of business just then, and the cashier looked up with a yawn.  
"I say, Bill James," said he, to the youngest clerk, "I have an idea that a few strawberries wouldn't go badly. Call in the woman."

Billy, nothing loth, slipped off his stool with a pen behind each ear, and scampered off into the hall.  
So Milly sold another quart.  
As she was giving change for the cashier's dollar bill, the president himself came in, bustling and brisk as usual.

"Eh? What? How?" barked out Mr. Radcliffe's Gates. "Strawberries? Well, I don't care if I take a few myself. Here, young woman, how do you sell them?"

Milly pushed back her sun-bonnet, and executed a sweeping courtesy.  
"Twenty-five cents a quart, sir, if you please," purred she, with much humility.  
"Mrs. Gates!" he ejaculated.  
"My name, sir," Millicent.  
"May I venture to inquire—"  
"O, yes!" said Milly. "You may inquire as much as you please. I needed a little money, and I am earning it. See how much I have already!" and she triumphantly displayed her roll of crumpled stamps. "The strawberries were all my own, sent to me this morning by old Mrs. Peabody, and I'm selling them to get an income of my own."

"You, ma'am, selling strawberries through the streets!"  
Milly made a second courtesy.  
"Extreme necessities justify extreme measures, Mr. Gates," said she, solemnly. "I earned my own living before I saw you, and I can again."

"I'll take all—at any price!" impatiently exclaimed the banker.  
"Cash down?"  
"Yes; anything, everything—only come out of this crowd."

So Mr. and Mrs. Gates went home; and that evening the banker agreed to make his wife a regular allowance of so much per week, to be paid down every Monday morning at the breakfast table.

"But we'll have no more selling strawberries," said Mr. Gates, nervously.  
"To be sure not," said Milly. "All I wanted was a little money of my own."

And Mr. Radcliffe Gates respected his wife all the more because she had conquered him in a fair battle.

Conversation as an Art.  
We all converse—or, in other words, talk with each other—unless forbidden by unkindly nature, as in the case of deaf mutes, or compelled by arbitrary force to maintain a silence we abhor. We occasionally read of people who, in a fit of caprice, resolve never to bestow upon their fellow-creatures the benefit of their discourse. But such people may be called phenomenal. Men and women may be taciturn, just as men and women may be loquacious, but voluntary silence is never to be expected of any human being possessed of the ordinary desire to secure information supposed to be locked up in the bosom of another, or of any one gifted with a common anxiety to impart information to others. Tongues were made for vocal purposes, and humanity is apt to regard them, in its own case, as made for speech. Whether the inferior orders of creation entertain each other with conversation or not is a question we leave to scholastic disputants; but that no eye of the human family will long remain silent if placed within sight and hearing of each other, is an accepted fact. If they can think, as strangers, of no other congenial point of interest, they will dilate upon the weather, and the way to mutual discourse thus opens upon neutral ground, the path to sociability becomes one of facility.

But, after all, mere speech is not conversation in the stricter sense, and of those with whom we talk every day, how few really converse well—how few of them so interest us with their conversation that we listen to what they utter with gratification, and in their absence long to listen to them again.

Speech, which only necessitates the production of more cups and saucers to supplement the hostess's usual ante-prandial refection; second, the meeting of ten or twelve guests invited specially to meet each other; third, the larger assembly, when the lady announces on her invitation card that she will be "At Home" for a certain number of days; fourth, the tea devoted to "Amateur Music"; and, lastly, the tea which is merely a day instead of a night reception. For the casual five o'clock tea but little or no preparation is required. Intimate friends find the lady with her two-tiered tea table by her side, the upper shelf bearing the silver teapot, cream jug, sugar basin, hot water kettle, and one or two cups and saucers; the lower shelf has a plate of thin bread and butter, a cake, and the reserve cups. A harlequin set is considered prettier than one of which all the cups are alike; those saucers which have a sort of fan-shaped addition for holding them convenient. The second entertainment differs somewhat; the scene is changed from the boudoir to the drawing room, and the tea is placed on a larger table. If the hostess has no daughters, she generally gets some young lady to preside over the tea table, so as to leave her at liberty to entertain guests. The use of a white tablecloth, though not absolutely unknown, is decidedly unusual. The tables which have flaps that fold down so that when not in use they stand almost flat against the wall, are the most convenient for the purpose, as it obviates the trouble of moving the things off a table in ordinary use. For the third there are two methods; one like the preceding, only using a larger table and having two or three young ladies to assist in dispensing the tea, or else to have a long narrow table across the end of the back drawing-room, and let two maids be in attendance behind it. This supposes a larger party, and therefore ices and claret cup should be provided. In summer, of course, strawberries and cream find a most appropriate place on the tea table.

Fashion in New York.  
Despite all the croaking about hard times, says a correspondent, New York is very gorgeous this winter. The turnouts on the avenue and in the park are as brilliant as ever, and even more so. Sales of extravagantly costly furniture are as frequent as ever, and the great jewelers and expensive dress people are doing more than their usual business. The fact is, the society woman in New York refuses to recognize the existence of hard times. She considers it the duty of the man who undertakes the contract of supporting her to furnish her with what she wants just as freely one year as another. If the poor fellow pleads embarrassment and bad business, she answers, "What is that to me? I know nothing about your horrid stocks. I do know that I want that diamond necklace, and will have it." And she generally gets it, for several reasons. A man always stands in awe of a very handsome and very fashionable woman, and besides a great many New Yorkers have discovered that it is a very good thing to have \$50,000 or \$100,000 diamonds and

gatherings, which only necessitates the production of more cups and saucers to supplement the hostess's usual ante-prandial refection; second, the meeting of ten or twelve guests invited specially to meet each other; third, the larger assembly, when the lady announces on her invitation card that she will be "At Home" for a certain number of days; fourth, the tea devoted to "Amateur Music"; and, lastly, the tea which is merely a day instead of a night reception. For the casual five o'clock tea but little or no preparation is required. Intimate friends find the lady with her two-tiered tea table by her side, the upper shelf bearing the silver teapot, cream jug, sugar basin, hot water kettle, and one or two cups and saucers; the lower shelf has a plate of thin bread and butter, a cake, and the reserve cups. A harlequin set is considered prettier than one of which all the cups are alike; those saucers which have a sort of fan-shaped addition for holding them convenient. The second entertainment differs somewhat; the scene is changed from the boudoir to the drawing room, and the tea is placed on a larger table. If the hostess has no daughters, she generally gets some young lady to preside over the tea table, so as to leave her at liberty to entertain guests. The use of a white tablecloth, though not absolutely unknown, is decidedly unusual. The tables which have flaps that fold down so that when not in use they stand almost flat against the wall, are the most convenient for the purpose, as it obviates the trouble of moving the things off a table in ordinary use. For the third there are two methods; one like the preceding, only using a larger table and having two or three young ladies to assist in dispensing the tea, or else to have a long narrow table across the end of the back drawing-room, and let two maids be in attendance behind it. This supposes a larger party, and therefore ices and claret cup should be provided. In summer, of course, strawberries and cream find a most appropriate place on the tea table.

Boar Hunting.  
Hunting the wild boar, as carried out in India, is a sport sui generis, for it can be compared to no other. In stag or fox hunting man plays but a secondary part in the game, as the hounds find, follow and kill; but in wild boar hunting it is widely different. The hunter himself searches for his quarry; he scrambles among rocks and ravines clothed with dense jungle to track up the boar, and when it is reared and fairly started he has a perilous pursuit before him over an unknown country abounding with holes, rocks, stones, steep precipices and ragged mountains. After he has surmounted these obstacles, and by hard riding comes up to close quarters with the boar, he has to depend solely upon his coolness and skill in managing his horse, to prevent it being ripped, as well as upon his dexterity in handling the spear, so as to kill the enraged and desperate animal, who shows fight to the last gasp, and who is never conquered until slain.

A thoroughly trained horse is a sine qua non in boar hunting, and a high-mettled Arab stud makes the best hunter, as he is the most courageous, enduring and sagacious of the Indian breeds of horses, and is consequently the most easily trained.

The Deccan hunts have for many years maintained a very high prestige in boar hunting, and the various gatherings that have taken place at Ponah, Ormjabad, Hydrabad, Jainah, Elchepore, Sholopore, and Nagpore have been well attended, and have produced most brilliant sport.

A KANSAS hypochondriac, meditating upon the death of a dog-fancier in his neighborhood, gives vent to the mournful thought: "Our great men are peering out sort of rapid like these times. Whisky kills most of 'em; some tumble overboard, and occasionally one gets hung."

## Women in Old Times.

Old John Aubrey, in the collection of traditional memoranda which he made about the middle of the seventeenth century, thus describes female education in the pre-reformation times: "The young women had their education in the nunneries, where they learned needle-work, confectionery, surgery, physics (apothecaries and surgeons being then rare), writing, drawing, etc. That great class of young ladies who receive the benefits of our highest schools and seminaries spend their whole childhood and youth in receiving what is called an education, and then the vast majority come forth profoundly ignorant of what they most need to know. As to the science and practice of domestic economy, they are far better instructed in political economy, or even in navigation or surveying. And as to the knowledge that would qualify them to take charge of a young infant, the cat or sheep would be altogether their superiors in the care of the young of their own species. We must, however, in justice, allow that on one important point we are now very much wiser than our forefathers were; for we look rather to love than fear as the power by which children are to be impregnated. In the present day, when perhaps we make too little use of corrective discipline, our feelings are shocked when we read in Aubrey's memoranda: 'The child perfectly loathed the sight of the parent, as the slave the torture. The daughters, well-grown women, were to stand at the cupboard-side during the whole time of the proud mother's visits, unless, as the fashion was, leave was desired forthwith that a cushion should be given them to kneel on, after they had done sufficient penance in standing. The gentlemen had prodigious fags like that instrument which is used to drive feathers, and it had a handle at least one-half as long, with which their daughters were corrected. Sir Edwin Coke, lord chief justice, told me he was an eye witness of it. The earl of Manchester also used such a fan; but fathers and mothers slashed their daughters in the time of their becoming disciples when they were perfect women.'

The English Five O'Clock Tea.  
Our British country has a fashionable 'five o'clock tea,' which is becoming excessively the 'elegant thing' in London. The attainment is of many years standing, and it is a

such things, which belong to his wife, to fall back upon. This is the secret of very much of the extravagance that is seen in the public places of the city. The poor feel the hard times, and those supposed to be rich may also, but the latter don't show it if they do. The theatres are filled nightly; the parties were never more brilliant or expensive. Of course smashes without number will occur; but they are having a good time while they can. This is the very center of Vanity Fair.

## Anonymous Benefactions.

One secret was well kept for a long time, even in London. The secret was: Who was the anonymous donor of those sums of £1,000, who from time to time gladdened the hearts of the managers of deservng charities. It was generally observed that the initials given were those of the charity which was benefited, although that was not always the case. Conjecture was rife as to who could be the giver. Wealthy he must be, for the sum total of all these donations amounted to a figure considerable enough to be in itself a fortune; that he was benevolent was equally certain from the fact of his donations; and that he gave without any desire for return in the way of personal distinction was evident from the pains that he took to keep himself hidden—pains greater than those which some spend in making themselves known. But the secret is now revealed. The death of Mr. Benjamin Atwood, of Chesham, drew back the veil of concealment. He had the satisfaction of seeing that some good was done with the money which he gave. He has given away upward of £375,000. Nor has he been neglectful of those who had claims of relations; for among those more or less closely connected with him he has distributed nearly a million sterling. The money thus charitably employed consisted partly of Mr. Atwood's private fortune and partly of that bequeathed to him some years ago by the late Matthias Wolverly Atwood, M. P. Mr. Atwood had reached the age of eighty years, was unmarried, and lived very quietly, though so rich. His luxury was that of doing good quietly, and we have no doubt it was one he thoroughly enjoyed. Each man has his own mode of enjoyment, and there are many who share in Mr. Atwood's benevolent feelings, though few have such ample means of gratifying them. The world is better for such benefactions, and there is no doubt of them.

## Literary Composition.

Byron wrote "The Corsair" in ten days, at the rate of two hundred lines a day, and sent it to the press as it was written, published it with hardly a correction. Lopez de Vega wrote three hundred dramas for the stage in one hundred days. The average amount of his work was nine hundred lines a day. Voltaire wrote "Zaire," in three weeks, and "Olympic" in six days; Dryden wrote his "Ode to St. Cecilia" at a sitting. The finest of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems, "The Lady Geraldine's Courtship," was the work of twelve hours. It was written to complete the original two volumes of her poetry, and to send out with her proofs to America. Shakspeare was not one of these slap-dash workers; and Shakspeare, with his thirty-four plays, has conquered the world. Dickens, when he intended to write a Christmas story, shut himself up for six weeks, lived the life of a hermit, and came out looking as haggard as a murderer. Tom Moore, with all his effervescence and sparkle, thought it quack work if he added seventy lines to "Lalla Rookh" in a week, although living out of the world in a writing-box in the peak. Planché produced his burlesque at an equally slow rate, thinking ten or a dozen lines a day good work. The author of "Caste" and "School" was one of the slowest of workmen. Even Albany Floublanque often wrote his articles in the Examiner six times over before he thought them fit to go to press—it is said he wrote and rewrote his "Two Queens" eight times. That exquisite trifle of Kinglake's, "Eothen," was rewritten five or six times, and kept in his desk almost as long as Wordsworth kept "The White Doe of Rylstone."

## Pawbrokers.

Few of our readers are probably aware of the immense extent to which the poor in this city make use of loans from the pawbrokers' shops. There are in New York and Brooklyn some 400 of these, and in Jersey City and Hoboken sixty. They advance to the poor during each year some \$4,000,000. These loans are usually for thirty days, and the rate of interest is from eight to twenty per cent. per month. The article pledged for the loan is usually three times the value of the sum lent, and is often never redeemed, owing to the distress or poverty of the person borrowing. If the interest is from eight to ten per cent. per month, it will be seen that the pawbrokers make some hundred per cent. on their loans, or about four millions annually from the poor; and it is not improbable they get as much more from the sale of the articles pawned.—New York Times.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

LITTLE RAG-TAG.—A curly, bright head, and perched upon it a little rag-tag of a brown sun-bonnet; a pair of old shoes forever untied. Whose soles have holes, whose toes grin wide. Come in or come shade, come shine or come rain.

To Little Rag-tag it's ever the same: With an air of the most anxious content, She paddles and plays till the day is spent. Why people complain she never can see, When God is as good as ever can be; She talks to herself, and laughs, and sings, About the world and its beautiful things; But, though he is good to all of the rest, She is very sure that he loves her best! Oh, how much better this world would wag If we all had hearts like Little Rag-tag!

JULES SIMON says that out of one hundred dozen shirts made in Paris, eighty-five dozen are made in convicts.

"I thought 'twas queer he didn't holler out the last time I hit him," said Mrs. Huse, of Alabama, to the jury who were trying her for the murder of her husband.

ANN ELIZA lectured six times in Salt Lake City, and on the first night fifteen of Brigham's daughters sat on the front seat and made faces at her.

BUTLER COUNTY, Missouri, has the most eccentric genius on record. He is now sixty-five years of age. At the age of twenty-one he commenced to count two billions. He has counted almost incessantly ever since, and his task is still incomplete. He says he wants to count that number and die happy.

THE SUNNY SOUL.—There is many a rest on the road of life. If we would only stop to take it: And many a tone from the better land. If the generous heart would wake it: To the sunny soul that is full of hope, And whose beautiful trust no'er falters, The grass is green, and the flowers are bright, Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

A PITTSFIELD woman wants to wager \$500 that she can walk fifty hours without rest or sleep. You may succeed, madame, but it will not be as easy nor half such a comfort to you as to lie close to the side of the bed and jaw and keep your husband awake that length of time.

The prefecture of police of Tokio, Japan, has issued the following circular: "Any person in European costume meeting his imperial majesty will be obliged to salute the emperor by holding his hat under his left arm and lowering his right hand to his knee. Those who do not wear a hat will be obliged to lower both hands to the knees while bowing before the emperor."

VERY stern parent indeed: "Come here, sir! What is this complaint the schoolmaster has made against you?" Much injured youth: "It's a just nothing at all. You see Jimmy Hughes bent a pin, and I only just left it on the teacher's chair for him to look at, and he came in without his specs, and sat right down on the pin, and now he wants to blame me for it."

ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.—[The case with which the English language can be acquired by foreigners will be understood after a perusal of the following:] Wife, make me some dumplings of dough, They're better than meat for my cough; Pray let them be boiled till hot through, But not till they're heavy or tough.

Now—I must be off to the plough, And the boys, when they've had enough, Must keep the flies off with a bough, While the old mare drinks at the trough.

INSIDE of the hat of a cattle thief recently arrested in Detroit were found pasted the following maxims: "Remember that truth is a jewel; do not covet; respect old age; be content with what you have; live that men will take your character as an example." In consideration of this excellent principles governing the man's life the judge kindly allowed him to retain the printed slip containing them during his year's sojourn in the penitentiary.

## The Origin of Indian Names.

A member of Major Powell's expedition, which has been engaged in the territories, furnished the Tribune some interesting notes of the discoveries made in the origin of Indian names. It seems that each tribe or primary organization of Indians, rarely including more than two hundred souls, is in obedience to the additional laws of these people, attached to some well-defined territory or district, and the tribe takes the name of such district. Thus the U-intahs, known to white men as a branch of the Utes, belonged to the Uintah valley. U-imp is the name for pine; too-meap, for land or country; U-im-too-meap, pine land; but this has been contracted to U-in-tah, and the tribe inhabiting the valley were called U-in-tahs. U is the term signifying arrow; U-too-meap, arrow land. The region of the country bordering on Utah lake is called U-too-meap because of the great number of reeds growing therefrom which their arrow-shafts were made. The tribe formerly inhabiting Utah valley was called U-tah-ats, which has been corrupted into the name Uto by the white people of the country. The name U-tah-ats belonged only to a small tribe living in the vicinity of the lake, but it has been extended so as to include the greater part of the Indians of Utah and Colorado. Another general name used by white men is Pintes. A tribe of U-tah-ats being defeated and driven away by a stronger tribe, who occupied their country and took their name, were obliged to take a new name corresponding to the new home in which they settled themselves. But they also called themselves Pai U-tah-ats or true U-tah-ats. The corrupted name Pintes is now applied to the Indians of a large section of country. Several of these tribes have numerous names, and in this way the number of individual tribes has probably been much overestimated.