

## WOMAN GOSSIP.

NOW EACH fond youth who e'er essayed An effort in the tinkling trade blots Resumes to-day; and writes and About true love and true-love knots.

The antique loveliness of Paganism is not yet dead, for during the past week we celebrated the day sacred to the goddess whose subtle sway, immortal as her beauty, will cease only with the annihilation of the human race.

The day is known to us as St. Valentine's, the sweetheart saint's day. Why he was selected to that honor we have failed to learn. To be sure, he has some reputation, as his cognomen indicates, for being a gallant; but he was chiefly remembered as kindly disposed, for his charity and good deeds. Excepting for his name, he has almost retired from the scenes and customs peculiar to the day.

It is rather the light-winged love-god; the mischievous son of Venus, Cupid, who wields the scepter and issues the programme of joys for the day. It is his image we find stamped upon the missives fraught with heart-agitating perfume.

It is a day old as the age which taught that birds sought their mates upon the 14th of February.

It is the day of blushes, when maidenly cheeks wear the glow that Venus loves.

It is the day when young blood sparkles with warmer, brighter hopes. The day when young hearts beat faster, in fond anticipation of the results of certain love messages.

It is the day of days to dream of ideal homes, as in the fantastic light of dying fires we strive to read our future fate.

It is said Jove was wont to laugh at lovers' perjuries; but then Jove is dead, and the fairest of the Olympian immortals is alone truly immortal.

May that fair goddess of love grant that all honest hopes born of the day be realized and all evil wiles be frustrated.—*Chicago Ledger.*

### A Hint for Faint Hearts.

Many a girl among these, however, is sadly misinterpreted. The realism of James and Howells, the cynical sarcasm of Thackeray, and the modern tone of worldliness which prevails, all work upon the mind feminine as upon its masculine rival, and leave it little chance for any generous or unselfish sensations, says a chatty writer. But now and then the old love of romance and sentiment beats in some tender young bosom, beneath the Parisian plait and frills that conceal its heavings from a rude world, and the Maiden Bostonian, outwardly "icily regular, splendidly null," longs and yearns to become the heroine of a grande affaire du cœur. In one moment she would forsake her ancestral halls for "the humblest Queen Anne to be found in the neighborhood of Boston." She would become a suburban resident, with all the miseries that condition entails; she would hang Canton flannel portieres at her doors, throw Koula rugs upon her painted floors, dine off a \$17 dinner-set, and answer the bell herself with the greatest cheerfulness, for the man she loves. But, unfortunately, nobody asks her to do any such thing. The handsome gallant, who evidently looks upon her with no small favor, hangs fire, and will not come to the point. The splendor of her surroundings fills him with gloom and melancholy, and he never dreams of the noble spirit of self-sacrifice which causes her to regard all this as dross. He does not venture to ask the important question, but drifts into a state of hopeless bachelorhood, while the warm heart that turned toward him gradually ceases its loud beating, and remains cold and senseless in the breast of a sad-faced spinster.

O you men, faint of heart, have courage to test the affection of your own true loves! Ten to one they would give up all for your sakes, and follow you to the ends of the earth. The most flighty little spendthrift jade may turn out a tender, thoughtful wife, to make you a happy home and fill your life with joy. Try it and see. Don't set all girls down as heartless, because one or two have proved to be such, but look on the bright side and believe that there is just as much true womanhood in the world to-day as there ever was, though sometimes it is hidden behind cloud.

As for the cold, calculating damsels who mean to marry money, and to do it without regard for any other good quality in their husbands, they are pretty generally hoist by their own petard.

### Lone Women.

A woman living alone, uncared for, without human sympathy or help, is not a pleasant picture to look upon. It is unnatural.

Every woman has cravings demanding satisfaction in human society. You may set it down in your mind's note-book she has received a series of hard knocks before she secludes herself, denying herself this sustenance.

A solitary life is invariably forced upon her, either through her feelings of necessity or sensitiveness. It is the result of suffering; she is a victim of tenderheartedness, never a creature of self-sufficiency.

How much more is she a victim of solitude than a man so situated? A man of means but no home ties has his club, cheery places in which to punch billiard balls; he can go sit in some woman's pretty parlor; in fact, he has a score of mediums by which to pass his hours of leisure.

A woman has no club. Such places are not considered conducive to morality. A woman's place is at home. She is a conspicuous object at the theater when alone, or in the more quiet concert-room. She cannot invite a gentleman to accompany her. She cannot have this recreation unless assisted to it by friends. When she does not possess them the pleasure is unattainable.

If we stop to consider for a moment we each know of such a woman. Perhaps she is a seamstress, out in families all day, at home in her cheerless room only for a few hours at night. We never have called to see her—she never asked us to do so.

Perhaps she is an old, wrinkled-faced woman, who was reticent but kindly, and when we hear she has been found asleep forever, with no one to close her eyes tenderly, we wonder we never cultivated a little friendliness with her.

Poverty, with its lack of resources, adds much to the sadness of solitude, but meat and drink for the body is not all. The soul must also have food.

Cheerful words cost nothing but an effort, and are most often priceless to the receiver.

### Of Interest to Women.

JENNY LIND is said to be very intolerant toward young singers.

THE AUTHOR of "Boots' Baby," "Mignon's Secret," etc., is writing a new

story entitled "Did She Elope?" which promises to be most interesting.

MRS. HERMAN MERRIVALE is joint author with her husband of the play "The Whip Hand."

MRS. I. B. MCCLAIN, of Calistoga, Cal., is the great woman mail contractor of the Pacific coast.

MISS KATE FOOTE, the bright Washington correspondent, has been forced to give up work on account of a broken arm.

MRS. LANGTRY will neither deny nor affirm the story that she once put an icicle down the back of the Prince of Wales.

THE birth of Secretary Whitney's daughter is the fifth instance in the last twenty years of an increase in like manner of a Cabinet family.

### HOW HE FIXED 'EM.

BY THOMAS COLQUITT.

"I'll fix 'em!"

Uncle Ned was lying in a fence corner of his watermelon "patch," one warm, sultry August afternoon, watching for some unknown rogue who had been making raids recently upon his melons. He had been rewarded at last by a sight of two neighbor boys, who sprang over the fence, each carrying a large melon, and dived into the dark, shady woods outside. That was what Uncle Ned had just seen, and, as he rested his hands upon the low rail fence and gazed after the rogues, he said, in a most resolute tone:

"I'll fix 'em!"

He did not know I was near him until I spoke:

"How do you intend to fix 'em?"

"Shoot 'em!" was the laconic reply.

Uncle Ned, as he had been called for half a century, had been my grandfather's playmate when they were boys together, and had been with him ever since. He was foreman on the farm, and the only overseer my grandfather would have for his negroes. He was allowed all the privileges he desired, and was practically a free man. He was at all times kind, respectful, and obliging, and never missed an opportunity, as the negroes said, "to put on airs and use big words." These last, however, were pretty badly mangled in their passage through Uncle Ned's thick lips. I had never supposed my old colored "Uncle" would dream of shooting any one, not even a watermelon thief. But those melons were his fortune. By selling them he was to obtain money for a grand time during the far-away Christmas holidays.

"If you shoot those boys you will be hung," I said.

"Don't care! I'll shoot 'em to-night, if they come back."

Seeing I could not dissuade him, I determined to warn the boys, and, if possible, turn the "joke" upon the old fellow.

Uncle Ned went to his cabin, brought out his gun, an old musket, and proceeded to load, putting down a heavy charge of powder and a handful of large shot!

"You mean business, Uncle Ned."

"I do dat, chile," he said, grinning. "Dar's jes' twenty-fo' shots in dar. I'll fix 'em."

He then sat his ancient gun away carefully and went out to the stables to attend to the horses. While he was absent I extracted the shot, counting, to make sure I had them all out, poured down in their stead a load of ripe, juicy poke-berries, and replaced the gun. Then, when Uncle Ned went away to the field, I went to warn the boys.

At dark that evening Uncle Ned was snugly ensconced in a fence corner, behind some bushes, commanding an easy range of the entire field. I was hidden a few corners away, but the old fellow did not know I was near him.

Directly three dark forms climbed over the fence on the opposite side of the field and soon gathered several large melons. I heard Uncle Ned moving uneasily, and then the click, click, of his gun-lock.

The rogues, talking and laughing all the while, came quite near the ambush, sat down in a circle, very close together, and commenced to eat their stolen fruit. A stick cracked in Uncle Ned's corner, a long, rusty gun barrel was softly pushed through the screening bushes, and then—

Bang!

One of the boys sprang to his feet and ran away like a deer; another fell over and made no sound, while the third began to groan piteously.

Uncle Ned sprang out into the open field and stared wildly about him.

I ran up to him, crying rapidly:

"Oh, Uncle Ned! You've killed Tom and Bob Yates! See how bloody they are. You'll be hung! Brother Will has gone for the Sheriff. You'll be hung to-morrow!"

"Oh, w-w-what mus' I do?" cried the now thoroughly frightened old fellow, as he gazed on the berry-stained forms lying motionless at his feet.

"Go to the woods and stay until I can arrange matters," I replied. "I'll leave you something to eat every night in the fork of the old apple-tree below the barn. Go!"

He went.

The dead and wounded rogues recovered as soon as Uncle Ned was gone, and we enjoyed a hearty laugh over the adventure.

"Those berries sting like hornets," said one. "This night's work shall be a warning to me. Had the old fellow's gun been charged as he thought and intended—"

"You're right," cried the others together. "We will never steal another melon—for it is stealing."

We now decided to give Uncle Ned a lesson in return for the one he had given us. It was therefore agreed that one of the boys should go to the old apple-tree the following night wrapped in a white sheet, and represent the ghost of one of Uncle Ned's victims, when the old fellow came for his food.

The following evening, directly after dark, as I was returning from the barn, some one ran against me at full speed, knocked me to the ground, tumbled over me, and then lay flat on his face groaning terribly.

"Why, Uncle Ned, they'll catch and hang you," I cruelly reminded him.

He raised himself slightly and began to recover his senses, when he exclaimed, pointing:

"Ugh! See it—there it is. I killed him!

"Oh! O—o—oh!"

Uncle Ned attempted to rise to continue his flight as a ghostly object all robed in white approached us, but he fell back and lay so still that I began to fear he was scared to death. He had only fainted, however.

We carried him to his cabin, where he soon recovered. He was fairly wild with joy when he learned that he had not killed anybody after all, and was ever afterward very liberal with his melons.

## MANNING'S RESIGNATION

Text of the Correspondence Between the President and the Secretary.

Predicting a Serious Financial Situation—Mr. Cleveland Expresses His Regrets.

Following is the correspondence between the President and Secretary Manning in regard to the latter's withdrawal from the Cabinet:

MANNING'S LETTER OF RESIGNATION.  
MY DEAR SIR: In view of the near adjournment of Congress, and in order that time may suffice for the selection and confirmation of my successor, I desire again to place my resignation of the office of Secretary of the Treasury in your hands, and trust that you will deem it acceptable no detriment to the public service. When you received me last June to delay insisting upon the acceptance of my resignation, as again in our conference last October, you honored me with such terms of personal consideration and expressed so grave a decision in respect to the requirements of the public service that it was as impossible to question my duty as to forget your kindness. I have not spared myself in the endeavor to comply with your wish and to contribute to the support of the policies which have illustrated your administration. The approaching end of the Forty-ninth Congress marks a period in your tenure of office and in the divisions of our political calendar. It is a period which must occur in the heads of departments and at the Council board it is clear that your personal convenience and the public interests are best subserved should it occur now. Moreover, the financial situation is to be seriously different from that which opened before us when the present Congress entered upon its life and upon the opportunities created by the people's trust to new hands. In this most critical condition the circumstantial execution of a wise fiscal policy, or of administrative reforms in the collection and disbursements of our colossal revenues, is not alone demanded, though laborious and exacting, but also the ability to meet the constitution of the Government. But there is also an exhausting ground of daily administrative tasks which, however subordinate and clerical, an efficient Secretary of the Treasury cannot, or should not, evade. These are tasks beyond my present strength. I therefore submit to your considerate judgment that in asking release by the 4th of March, or as soon as you may select my successor, I fulfill a duty to my family that may now be permitted to outweigh the duty of accepting longer that assignment of public service which, two years ago, you put me in the hands to make. Returning to the rank of the great party which has called you to its lead, I shall still hope to follow its fortunes, under your successful guidance, with a fellow-citizen's loyal pride. Very respectfully yours,

DANIEL MANNING.

CLEVELAND TO MANNING.  
MY DEAR SIR: Your formal letter of resignation which I have received, though not entirely unexpected, presents the reality of a severance of our official relations, and causes me the deepest regret. This is tempered only by the knowledge that the frank and friendly personal relations which have unbrokenly existed between us are still to continue. I refer to these because such personal relations are, after all, whatever of comfort and pleasure the world offers, and because I feel it to be almost superfluous to speak of the aid and support you have given me and the assistance you have furnished to the administration of the Government during the time you have directed the affairs of the exacting and laborious office which you now seek to surrender. Your labors, your achievements, your success, and your devotion to public duty are fully seen and known, and they challenge the appreciation and gratitude of all your countrymen. Since I must at last relinquish my hope of your continuance at my side as counselor and collaborator, and since I cannot question the reason on which your request to be relieved is based, it only remains for me to accept the resignation you have tendered, and to express my profound thanks for all that you have done for me in sharing mainly my labors and perplexities of the last two years. I feel that I may still ask of you that the 1st day of April next be fixed as the date at which your resignation shall take effect, and that you will so regulate what remains to you of official duty in the meantime as to secure that measure of freedom from vexatious labor which you have so justly earned. With the honest hope that in any new path of life you may hereafter follow there may be allowed to you more of comfort and of ease than a conscientious discharge of duty here permits. I am very sincerely your friend,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

PIERRE LORILLARD'S GREAT SLIDE.  
Through the instrumentality of Pierre Lorillard, America has the longest toboggan slide in the world, being over 4,000 feet in length from end to end, while the Saratoga chute is only 1,004 feet long, the Saratoga



1,200 feet, and the much vaunted Montreal slide is but 1,600 feet. The Lorillard's are known to fame through their immense tobacco enterprise, and also as being enthusiastic turfmen. The Lorillard stables are world-famed, and Tuxedo Park, which Pierre Lorillard has instituted in Jersey, is a swell thing conducted on English plans, ideas and principles.

Mr. Lorillard's retirement from the American racing track in the year 1884 was one of short duration, and the recent talk that his farm, Bancocas, would be sold with the sale of the horses had no foundation, as Mr. Lorillard has said that Bancocas would not be sold, and that he would keep all the foals of this year of the horses sold—some fifty in number—and that Pierre, Jr., would keep all the geldings, so that in all probability father and son will enter and run distinct stables.

Mr. Lorillard, Sr., spends lavishly not only upon himself, and friends but also upon the employees of his factory.

A recent addition to the privileges enjoyed by his workmen is a large library erected for the free use of any employee on the presentation of the factory card. A school is attached which seats three hundred children, and the entire expense of the establishment is borne by Pierre Lorillard & Co., who feel a just pride in the success of this work.

## THE JERSEY CENTRAL ROAD.

The Property About to Pass into the Control of Austin Corbin.

His Brokers Hold Enough Stock to Insure the Retirement of President Little.

[New York special.]

It was rumored in railroad circles to-day that President Little of the New Jersey Central might resign before the date of the annual election, in which case he would be succeeded by Austin Corbin. The latter and his friends are supposed to hold enough stock to control the May election, and why it should be held if not for that purpose is a mystery on 'Change. Corbin's brokers have had another block of 10,000 shares of Jersey Central stock transferred to their name. This makes about 40,000 shares now held by them, and it is understood that, with the holdings by parties friendly to them, is sufficient to give them control of the road at the coming election. There seem to be preparations to continue the receivership indefinitely, as a company has been organized under the title of the Jersey Central Improvement Company, the object of which is to provide means for the development of Jersey Central, in which the receiver's funds cannot be invested. The capital stock is \$1,000,000, and \$350,000 has already been issued in payment of stocks and bonds of the Cumberland and Maurice Railroad, which was lately added to the Jersey Central system.

Austin Corbin is President of the Reading Railroad. He is a native of New Hampshire, and is about seventy years old.



His father was a lawyer with a small practice and after he had given his son an academic education, he left him rely upon himself for his law studies. Like many another great and successful man, he taught school for awhile, and out of his earnings as pedagogue he saved money enough to pay for a course in the Harvard Law School. He graduated with high honors and began the practice of his profession at Newport, Rhode Island. He soon perceived that the West afforded him better opportunities for advancement and he went to Davenport, Iowa, intending to practice law there. He soon saw there were great opportunities for making money through loans to Western farmers, and, procuring capital from New Hampshire friends, he engaged in the business very successfully. He became interested in railroading, and in 1881, unsuspected by anyone, secured from the hands of Messrs. Drexel & Morgan a controlling interest in the Long Island Railroad system. He also became largely interested in the I. B. & W. Railroad, of which he is at present President. For years he has been interested in a scheme for rapid transatlantic travel, and believes that steamers can be built which will run from the terminus of the Long Island Railroad, at Montauk Point, to England, in six days. Mr. Corbin has made his way from poverty up to his position as the owner of \$25,000