

## 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 knits.

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 ever 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 dispositioned, 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 wishes 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 a 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 authoress of "Bootes' Baby," "Mignon's Secret," etc., is writing a new

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

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

MRS. I. B. McCLELLAN, 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 COLQUHITT.

"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 rogues 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—look!

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 now deem its acceptance no detriment to the public service. When you requested 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, and I have not sped 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 own term of office and in the divisions of our political calendar. If a change must occur in the heads of departments and at your 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 a transfer of the duties of our foremost statesman since 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 consideration 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 did me the honor to make. Returning to the ranks of that great party which has called me to its lead, I shall at the same time 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 supply, after all, whatever of comfort and pleasure the world affords, 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 reasons 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 manfully my labors and perplexities of the last two years. I feel that I may still ask of you that the last 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 earnest 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 Orange chute is only 1,004 feet long, the Saratoga



1,200 feet, and the much vaunted Montreal slide is but 1,600 feet. The Lorillards 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, Rancocas, would be sold with the sale of the horses had no foundation, as Mr. Lorillard has said that Rancocas 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 a 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 \$25,000,000, and still he works hard, and will have to work hard, as Reading's President.

### WIZARD EDISON.

Some of His Wonderful Inventions—What a Cincinnati Man Tells About the Work of the Great Electrician.

[Cincinnati special.]

A gentleman who has just returned from Florida, where he spent a month with Edison, said, in an interview to-day, speaking of the recently reported invention of artificial food: "He has already perfected this discovery so that an army need carry no food. All it needs is to take along two or three of Edison's machines and turn the elements into food, as it is needed. But he has been doing other things. For instance, he has invented what he calls the miraphone. It is like a telephone, only you look in it instead of putting it to your ear, and you see what is going on at the other end. By putting a miraphone on the end of a telegraph wire at St. Louis, fixing the corresponding instrument at this end, you have a perfect picture of what is going on there. He has also invented a telegraph transmitter that writes its own message in typewriter. You put your message in a box at this end, turn a crank, and at the other end the typewriter rattles off with lightning speed.

"To amuse his wife he rigged up a buggy with electric motors in the hubs of the wheels. It would go at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Then he invented a new way to catch fish. All he does is to run a wire out on the bottom of the sea or river, and he has some electrical effect or other so that every fish that swims above it immediately dies and comes floating to the surface."

### A Negro Murderer Lynched.

[Nevada (Texas) special.]

Monday Deputy Sheriff Upchurch was shot by Jim Richards, a negro, at Dedias, thirty miles from here. Upchurch had Richards under arrest, and the latter, watching his opportunity, jerked Upchurch's pistol out of its scabbard and indicated the fatal wound. About sundown Monday evening over seventy-five masked men, armed to the teeth, took Richards from the custody of the guards and swung him to a neighboring tree.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Referring to the Inner-State Commerce Bill which has passed the lower house of the Legislature without even exciting the interest of the members, a prominent railway official, who is known to enjoy the confidence of the officers of the Pennsylvania Company, said to a Fort Wayne *Sentinel* representative that if the bill should become a law the Pennsylvania Company would surely remove to Pennsylvania, as far as is practicable, their great shops at Fort Wayne, Logansport, Richmond, and Indianapolis. The Pennsylvania Company gives employment at Fort Wayne alone to 1,200 men and this number it was designed to immediately increase. If so disastrous a result would follow the passage of the bill Fort Wayne would lose its chief manufacturing industry and would be very seriously crippled.

—The Muncie Gas Company is taking out the meters which have done duty for so long measuring gas, and will hereafter charge by the month, letting the patrons use all they wish. The prices for stoves will vary in accordance with the size of the room. There are now about two hundred stoves heated with natural gas. The Muncie Gas Company claim to have the best well in the State. The gas comes out so strong that it cannot be measured. When they put the instrument on it whirls around so fast that it measures 400 feet to the square inch in a minute, and they have to take the instrument away for fear it will break. A barrel was placed over the current, and the force threw it as high as the derrick, which is over a hundred feet.

—The citizens of Indianapolis are becoming alive to the importance of the eleventh annual meeting of the Music Teachers' Association, to be held there during the summer. The various committees necessary to the work of entertaining the visitors, and for arranging for the grand concerts to be given under their auspices, are already organized, and are prosecuting the necessary preliminary work. Music teachers throughout the country take wonderful interest in these proceedings, and the best musical talent of the country willingly offer their services to make the deliberative meetings and concerts a success.

—The Southern Indiana Teachers' Association will hold its tenth annual meeting at Madison, March 23, 24, and 25. M. C. Garber, editor of the *Courier*, will make the welcome address, to which E. A. Bryan, President of Vincennes University, will respond. Among the eminent educators on the program are Professors Fisher, Boone, Lafollette, Mills, Martin, Hall, Carhart, Carnagey, Jones, Wiley, Hubbard, and Jordan. Dr. Jordan will remain to deliver his popular lecture, "The Ascent of the Matterhorn," in the interest of the Madison Public School Library, on the night of March 25.

—The farm residence of Oliver Mason, located near Lafontaine, Wabash County, was burned with all its contents. The blaze originated in an out-house, and quickly consumed everything to the dwelling. The inmates of the latter barely effected their escape in their night-clothing, so rapid was the spread of the flames. The loss on building and contents is estimated at \$2,000, and there is no insurance.

—Frank Wilson, of Finley Township, Scott County, while in a fit, fell backward into a fire-place, and was so badly burned that he will probably die from the injury. His head and shoulders were burned to a crisp. His little 7-year-old daughter was the only one present at the time, and she managed to pull her father out in time to prevent his being burned to death then and there.

—Many men have been ruined by politics, but it would be difficult to find a more striking case than that of S. S. Hollingsworth, defaulting Treasurer of Knox County. Less than five years ago, when elected Treasurer, he had a valuable farm and was said to be worth \$50,000. To-day he is penniless and under sentence of three years in the penitentiary for embezzlement.

—William Mabbitt has determined not to take the body of his daughter, Lou, home for burial at this time, but to place the remains in a receiving vault at Lafayette, to await developments in regard to Amer Green, who made way with her. He expresses the belief that if the body is placed in the grave it will be tampered with and the evidence as to identity removed.

—The Clark County Agricultural Association has elected the following officers: George H. D. Gibson, President; W. C. McMillin, Vice-President; W. H. Watson, Secretary; M. D. Reeves, Treasurer; I. N. Haymaker, Marshal. The twenty-ninth annual fair will be held at Charlestown Sept. 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9.

—Adjutant General Koontz has received the roster of the Fort Wayne Veterans who reorganized some time ago. He has also issued commissions to Edwin B. Pugh, as First Lieutenant, and to Harry Collan as Second Lieutenant of the Indianapolis Rifles.

—A natural gas company has been formed at Waveland, Montgomery County. Operations will not be commenced until the result of the companies at Crawfordsville is known, and if gas is not found there the Waveland men will not sink a well.

—At Etna Green, Wabash County, a strange man, whose name was Smith, fell dead from heart disease while at the delivery window of the post office. No one in the place knew his place of residence, and he was buried by the county.

—George Moore, a well-known farmer, living near Huntington, was thrown to the ground from a heavily loaded wagon by the breaking of the boom-pole, sustaining internal injuries which will prove fatal.