

LOVE CONQUERS.

He lies upon the bare hillside. A shepherd youth in slumber lost; His thoughts in dreams are wandering wide. Yet still by early trouble tost. How can he dream of love and light Thus lonely mid the shades of night?

Behind a cloud enthroned on high Fair Dian leans in maiden thought; She ne'er has heaved love's gentle sigh. Though by immortal lovers sought. But as she leaves her cloud to-night, Endymion's face arrests her sight.

Was it his brow so calm and pale, His fair young face devoid of joy, That made her swift descend the vale And linger by the sleeping boy? Till lips that ne'er knew human bliss Have tasted an immortal's lies.

Love makes her choice, we know not why. True love will ever find its own; Whether down-leaving from the sky Or reaching up to heights unknown. Diana's vestal heart is won. When she beholds Endymion. The Academy.

HER SECRET.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

From the New York Mercury.

When Milton Stanley sent up his card to Alice Hall that morning, he intended to ask that young lady to be his wife before he left the house.

He had reached that stage of emulsi which comes to every man with a soul who lives a life of license and freedom into the thirties. The apples of Sodom turned to ashes in his hands, and every pleasure palled upon him. He had decided that marriage, being the only experiment he had not yet tried, was the one pathway to happiness left open to him.

And Alice Hall was a girl whom he admired, a belle, of good family and popular socially. She would make a wife of whom he could be proud. He would settle the dilemma of his life at once and ask her to be his wife.

Yet, when he left the house half an hour later, he had not asked her the momentous question and mentally thanked the fates that he had not. She was not the woman for him.

The fact was, when Miss Hall came down to greet him, she had returned the pressure of his hand by a gentle yet warm clasp of her own, and she had taken a seat beside him on the divan. She had never before been guilty of such familiarity, and although he came with the unspoken intentions of a lover in his heart—so long as he had not spoken, he felt that she was scarcely modest to exhibit her regard so freely.

Then in looking over a collection of pictures which lay on a stand near by, he had noticed that she flushed and looked embarrassed when he asked the name of one whose portrait represented a man of striking appearance.

"A Mr. Ledyard—I knew him one Summer at the seashore," she said, and hastily changed the conversation.

Now, like every man who has lived a life of absolute freedom, who has tasted of every pleasure and broken all the commandments, Milton Stanley demanded the utmost rectitude and the strictest observance of every rule of propriety in the conduct of a woman.

He had tempted innumerable women to acts of imprudence and then despised them for their weakness. He had been the serpent in many a paradise, but had always gone forth, believing it was Eve who first suggested plucking the apple.

"They are all alike—weak, frail, vain," he sometimes said, and then, pausing, remembered his sainted mother, and added: "No, there must be another like her somewhere, one whom Providence intended for my bride; some sweet saint who is to lead me up into a heaven of pure love and peace."

Ah, yes! that was what he wanted. Some spotless angel on whom the gaze of man had scarcely fallen; some unsophisticated embodiment of all the feminine virtues, devoid of all the weaknesses of her sex, who should take him, world weary and sin-stained as he was, and lead him into happiness.

And it never occurred to him that such a union would be unsuitable—no, indeed. That was woman's mission on earth.

As he went down the steps leading from Miss Hall's home, he felt a sense of anger and humiliation to think he had been almost betrayed into a confession of love by a woman who had any memories connected with any man which could cause her to blush and look confused at the mention of his name. Yet he had memories he could not mention in the presence of any woman—hosts of them.

He rushed down to the seashore the next day, to a quiet place, where he need not be vexed by the sight of a crowd of frivolous and foolish women. He did not know a soul and meant to make no acquaintances aside from the fishes on "Blue Fish Point."

But before he had been at Surf Bay twenty-four hours he changed his mind.

He met two ladies walking slowly on the beach one morning—one a handsome matron in the early forties; one a delicate, refined looking girl in her late teens. The latter did not look at him, the former did.

He had seen a thousand handsome

girls, but never a face which attracted him, he said, after he went to his hotel. Who was she?

He was not long in finding out. "Mrs. O. B. Mills and Miss Delphie Mills, New York city." That was what the hotel registers said. A little inquiry brought to light the fact that Mrs. Mills was the wealthy widow of a well-known member of the New York bar. Ever since his death, three years previous, the widow and daughter had been abroad. They had but recently returned. The young lady was in delicate health, but was highly accomplished and very amiable.

This Milton proved to be less than the truth ere long. He obtained an introduction, after some difficulty, and slowly made his way into the good graces of the mother. The daughter had objected to meeting him, on the plea of her delicate health and her indisposition to entertain callers.

But Mrs. Mills overcame her daughter's objections finally.

"What she needs," she confided to Milton, "is to be brought out of herself. She has brooded constantly over her father's death until she has become an invalid, and a morbid one. I am sure the society of an agreeable gentleman will do her good."

Delphie's reluctance to meet him of course increased Milton's interest in her. And her languid indifference during their first interviews added fuel to the fire she had already kindled in his heart. He was really in love with the girl, and so he told Mrs. Mills one day, and asked her if he might try to win Delphie as his wife.

Mrs. Mills could scarcely conceal her delight. She had investigated Milton's social standing and financial condition and found him a most desirable alliance for any ambitious woman.

"But you must approach Delphie most carefully," she said. "She is strangely averse to the attentions of gentlemen, and has a queer idea that she will never marry. You can of course win her if you are patient. I am sure no woman could resist you. But you may spoil all if you are too bold. Remember how sheltered her life has been. We sent her abroad with a chaperone a year before her father's death, to be educated in Paris; and since his death she has not been in society at all, of course; so she really is a most unsophisticated child; quite unlike most American girls of twenty."

All this was sweet music to Milton's ears. Fate had sent him the very ideal of his dreams at last. How delicious would be his task of teaching that sweet girl the lessons of love.

He sent her flowers and books, and delicate dishes to tempt her appetite, and, by a superhuman effort, remained away from her side himself for days. Then he joined herself and her mother on the beach, and begged permission to read aloud to them from a new book he had just procured.

And slowly the wooing sped. Delphie grew to watch for his coming, and yet she often refused to see him when he came. Her shyness grew with her interest, and Milton was more and more charmed.

"In this age of blase missis, it is refreshing to see a young woman like your daughter," he said to Mrs. Mills. "But I really cannot curb my impatience longer. I must know my fate."

Delphie came into the room as he spoke. Her mother drew her to her side.

"Delphie," she said, "Mr. Stanley has something to say to you. You know my wishes. Now let nothing influence you but your own heart—remember, your own heart. Nothing else is to be considered for one moment."

Afterwards Milton recalled the strange manner in which those words were said.

Mrs. Mills left them alone. For the first time in his life Milton Stanley found himself trembling with fear in the presence of a woman.

He stepped back of the chair in which she had seated herself.

"Miss Mills, Delphie," he said, with a tremor in his voice, "I love you; I want you for my wife. Will you let me take care of you? You are the ideal woman for whom I have waited. Can you learn to love me, do you think?"

She was trembling from head to foot. He took her hands in his and bent down and looked in her face.

"You do love me?" he said.

"Yes," she answered almost in a whisper. "Yes, but—"

"You need say no more," he cried. "You are mine."

At that moment Mrs. Mills returned.

They were married a few months later. Milton saw but little of his sweet heart in the meantime, save in the presence of her mother. Chafe as he might at this strict observance of conventional propriety, he could but yield gracefully, and in his heart was a great joy thinking what a rare flower he had won—a wife who had never passed more than half an hour alone with even her accepted lover, and of course not that time in the society of any other gentleman.

For several months Milton was the happiest of men. He carried his bride to a quiet country resort, where she could regain her health and strength, and where he could have her sweetness all to himself. She seemed to grow stronger in the sunshine of his love. Yet he often surprised her in tears—tears which she could not explain. But was not that to be expected of a bride? They invariably wept a great deal. So he comforted himself.

"Are you regretting our marriage?" he would ask her, only to have her

cling to him and answer: "Oh, no; you are so dear. I love you so," and after a time she ceased to weep and seemed very happy.

They went into society and she was very popular and much admired, and Milton was the proudest as well as the happiest of men.

Alice Hall had gone abroad almost at once after Milton Stanley's marriage. She returned a year later.

The two women met at a Mrs. Egbert's reception. It was Milton Stanley's first meeting with Miss Hall also since that morning call. He remembered it, and thanked the fates mentally for saving him from the folly he so nearly committed. His heart swelled with love and pride as he looked at his fair, sweet wife. She was not as beautiful and striking as Miss Hall, "but she is a woman to love and trust and be proud of," he said, and went over to her side.

Miss Hall drew near them.

"I met a friend of a friend of yours while abroad, Mrs. Stanley," she said, smiling amiably as only a woman can when she is preparing to stab another.

"Indeed?" Mrs. Stanley responded, and waited for Miss Hall to continue.

"Yes, the gentleman said he knew of you through his friend. He was greatly surprised to hear of your marriage."

She paused, and her eyes rested upon Mrs. Stanley's face. Milton Stanley's eyes also were upon both faces. The expression of Miss Hall's was not pleasant to see. There was a strange look, too, in Delphie's eyes. What did it mean? "I do not understand to whom you refer, Miss Hall," Delphie said, quietly and coldly.

Miss Hall smiled. "Do you not?" she said. "Well, perhaps his name may recall his memory. With new associates one forgets old friends sometimes. I mean Count Lancaster's youngest son, Albert."

Every particle of color left Delphie's face as Miss Hall pronounced this name. But her voice was steady as she replied, "I remember Albert Lancaster very well; but he is dead—he died three years ago."

"Yes, I know. His friend, Angus Merriam, told me all about it. He was with him the night he was killed." Then turning to Mr. Stanley she said: "It was very sad, was it not? Of course Mrs. Stanley has told you all about it? Yes, no doubt it was Fate, and kind Fate for you." Then Miss Hall moved away to another part of the room.

Milton Stanley looked his wife full in the eyes without speaking for a second. Her face was snow white, but her glance did not quail, though there was murder in his.

"Are you ready to go home?" she asked wearily.

"Certainly, if you desire to go," he answered coldly.

No word was spoken on that homeward drive. It seemed interminable to both husband and wife.

As they entered their bright warm parlors, Delphie's face looked worn and haggard in the gaslight. She sat down before the glowing grate and threw back her costly robes. Milton stood before her with folded arms, his face cold with anger, his eyes murderous.

"Well," he said and waited.

"Will you sit down?" she answered, motioning him to a seat.

"No," he said, "I will never sit down in this house again until this is explained satisfactorily. If my house is disgraced I never want to sit down under its roof again."

"I have brought no disgrace to you," she answered, with a red spot flaming into her cheeks.

"But I have wronged you, perhaps. I should have told you—I meant to tell you—but I was overruled."

"Go on," he said.

She drew a long breath. "I was so young—only sixteen"—she began, "when I was sent abroad with a chaperone—a lady who had three young girls in charge. We were to be educated in Paris. Albert Lancaster was on the ship. He was young and handsome and he selected me as the especial object of his flattery. I was startled and pleased and interested, as any young girl at my age might have been. I never expected to see him again after we left the ship. But one day, a few months later, he met us as we were out taking our daily exercise under the supervision of a teacher. He bowed and smiled. I only blushed in return. Every week after that for several months he would manage to meet us.

"One day he came close behind us and pressed a note in my hand. I read it when alone in my room. It was a respectful note, begging me to correspond with him. He desired to make my acquaintance honorably, as he had been unable to forget me since that sea voyage. I was full of romance and folly, as most young girls are. I heard all my companions talking of love and marriage, and my noble young admirer seemed to me the Prince of Lovers. I answered his note and I dreamed of him day and night. At last he planned an elopement. I was to meet him at a certain time and place and we were to be married, and I would then be Lady Lancaster and live in an enchanted palace all my life. The very day I was to meet him I received a telegram announcing my father's death, and the next day I learned that my lover had been killed in a steeplechase the very same morning.

"This is all the story, Milton. I have been foolish, but not guilty of any sin. I have lived to see how great my error would have been had I made that foolish marriage. It would have

broken my parents' hearts instead of making them proud of my brilliant alliance, as I imagined. And it would have ruined my whole life."

"As you have ruined mine," Milton said, coldly. "All my life I had an ideal. A woman, spotless as snow, who had never loved, who was above deception, and whose name had never been associated with that of any man. I believed I had found her in you. I married you under this delusion. I have been a proud and happy man. I have been a fool, a blind fool, to believe you were worthy of the idolatrous worship I gave you. You have deceived me from first to last. It was a carefully planned scheme of yours and your mother's. I can never forgive you."

"I have not sinned," Delphie answered, in a low voice.

"Caesar's wife must be above suspicion," he replied.

Suddenly she arose and faced him. She was very white and her eyes flared with a fire he never saw in them before. Her rich wraps fell from her shoulders and her jewels glistened in the gaslight. She looked like some enraged princess.

"I, too, had an ideal once," she said, "a man too noble to stoop to frivolity, with a will too mighty to permit him to have been guilty of any act which I might not know. I met you; you sought me in spite of my reluctance to make your acquaintance. You insisted, you almost compelled me to love you. I did love you. My mother was your ally—I confess it. But do you know how she prevailed on me to accept you as my husband, without telling you the one folly of my life? It was in this way: She had investigated your history, and she told me of certain events in your life, events which crimsoned my cheek with shame while I listened, and caused me to lie and weep through nights of sleepless agony. I did not believe it possible that a man who seemed so noble, so refined as you, could have given rein to his baser nature even for a few years. I had idealized you, you see. But my mother assured me you were not worse than other men, that I would never find my ideal in morality and that if I loved you I must not scruple to accept your hand. She had brought me the most convincing proofs of your past. My own seemed spotless beside it—my experience was child's play compared with your own sin-stained career. I said, I love him well enough to be his wife, knowing all this from other lips than his; surely if my past rises before him in the future he will love me well enough to overlook it. If I forgive so much he will forgive so little. But I overestimated the strength of your love. I forgot that my judge was a man."

She paused, and Milton stood silent and abashed before the beauty of her face in its fine scorn and the power of her eloquence.

He had always fancied that his wife was ignorant of his past. Now to suddenly learn that she had married him with a full knowledge of those years of reckless folly and disgraceful adventures covered him with shame for himself and adoration for the woman who could forgive so much, who could love so much.

She had known it all this time, and yet never had referred to it once, and how petty and mean he seemed beside her. His sense of wrong gave way to a feeling of overwhelming humility and love. He looked up and reached out his arms.

"Delphie, can you ever forgive me?" he cried.

"Can you ever love me again?" She sprang into his embrace, and their lips met in a long kiss of reconciliation.

Gen. Grant and Prince Bismarck.

Berlin Letter to Boston Herald.

I asked the Crown Prince if he saw much of Grant when in Berlin, and his reply was: "Yes and no;" and then he added that, while he saw him several times, he did not see him often enough.

"It was difficult to find him at his hotel," said Fritz, "as he was always out sight-seeing when not attending receptions or returning official calls."

I remember quite a military scandal that occurred while he was here. The officers and men on duty at the different places had strict orders to treat him with all possible honors, in the way of salutes, turning out the guard, etc. But the sentries got it into their heads that the ex-president of the United States would go about in great style in an open coach, like a sovereign, whereas he was almost always on foot, and seldom accompanied by more than one or two persons. Well, the day he first came to see me he sauntered along Unter den Linden in a nonchalant way, and was past the sentries at the palace doors before they saw him. Even then they did not know him, and perhaps would not have saluted him at all had it not been for the sudden opening of the doors by the valets who had been watching for his coming. Then the two soldiers came to a present, General Grant threw away his cigar, lifted his hat to them and passed indoors. The poor captain of the guard, when he heard of this incident, was wild with rage and chagrin. He went so far as to punish one of the sentries, and for this he was reprimanded in general orders. What most struck me was Grant's utter disregard for all things pertaining to the army. I had some trouble in inducing him to permit me to give him a review of some of the garrison troops.

A SINGULAR BOOK.

Scintillating with Sarcasm and Brilliant with Truth.

New York Cor. American Rural Home. Chap. I. "Has Malaria," goes to Florida. Chap. II. "Overworked," goes to Europe. Chap. III. "Has Rheumatism," goes to Etna. Chap. IV. "Has a row with his Doctor!"

The above chapters, Mr. Editor, I find in a book recently published, by an anonymous author. I have read a deal of sarcasm in my day but I never read anything equal to the sarcasm herein contained. I suspect the experience portrayed is a personal one; in short, the author intimates as much on page 81. Let me give you a synopsis:

"Malaria" as it states, is the cloak with which superficial physicians cover up a multitude of ill feelings which they do not understand, and do not much care to investigate. It is also a cover for such diseases as they cannot cure. When they advise their patient to travel or that he has overworked and needs rest and is probably suffering from malaria, it is a confession of ignorance or of inability. The patient goes abroad. The change is a tonic and for a time he feels better. Comes home. Fickle appetite, frequent headaches, severe colds, cramps, sleeplessness, irritability, tired feelings, and general unfitness for business are succeeded in due time by alarming attacks of rheumatism which flits about his body regardless of all human feelings. It is muscular,—in his back. Articular,—in his joints. Inflammatory, my! how he fears it will fly to his heart! Now off he goes to the springs. The doctor sends him there, of course, to get well; at the same time he does not really want him to die on his hands!

That would hurt his business! Better for a few days. Returns. After a while neuralgia transfixes him. He bloats; cannot breathe; has pneumonia; cannot walk; cannot sleep on his left side; is fretful; very nervous and irritable; is pale and flabby; has frequent chills and fevers; everything about him seems to go wrong; becomes suspicious; masters up strength and demands to know what is killing him!

"Great heaven!" he cries, why have you kept me so long in ignorance?" "Because," said the doctor, "I read your fate five years ago. I thought best to keep you comfortable and ignorant of the facts."

He dismisses his doctor, but too late! His fortune has all gone to fees. But him, what becomes of him?

The other day a well known Wall Street banker said to me, "it is really astonishing how general bright's disease is becoming. Two of my personal friends are now dying of it. But it is not incurable I am certain, for my nephew was recently cured when his physicians said recovery was impossible. The case seems to me to be a wonderful one." This gentleman formerly represented his government in a foreign country. He knows, appreciates and declares the value of that preparation, because his nephew, who is a son of Danish Vice-Consul Schmidt, was pronounced incurable when the remedy, Warner's safe cure, was begun.

"Yes," said his father, "I was very skeptical but since taking that remedy the boy is well."

I regret to note that ex-President Arthur is said to be a victim of this terrible disease. He ought to live but the probabilities are that since authorized remedies cannot cure him, his physicians will not advise him to save his life, as so many thousands have done by the use of Warner's safe cure which Gen. Christiansen at Drexel, Morgan & Co., told me he regarded, "as a wonderful remedy."

Well, I suppose the hero of the book cured himself by the same means. The internal evidence points very strongly to this conclusion.

I cannot close my notice of this book better than by quoting his advice to readers:

"If, my friend, you have such an experience as I have portrayed, do not put your trust in physicians to the exclusion of other remedial agencies. They have no monopoly over disease and I personally know that many of them are so very 'conscientious' that they would far prefer that their patients should go to Heaven direct from their powerless hands than that they should be saved to earth by the use of any 'unauthorized' means."

And that the author's condemnation is too true, how many thousands duped, and yet rescued, as he was, can personally testify?

The European crop reports for June are received at the agricultural department. In England, June has not proved as satisfactory as last year. There has been plenty of rain, some needed heat and entirely too much cold coming at irregular and sharp intervals. The French reports are that the blooming period has passed under excellent conditions and the prospect of a fair harvest on a 10 per cent reduced acreage for wheat are almost assured. In Russia, all crops are average, and corn is something above. Damaging cold weather during the last two weeks has changed the outlook in Germany.

Agricultural Commissioner Colman's determination to make arrangements to send an agent to Russia to obtain seeds of fruit and timber trees, and of plants and shrubbery of all kinds for use in the northern portion of this country has attracted the attention of the agricultural commissioner of Manitoba, and he has written, asking to be allowed to share in the trip and expense of getting plants and seeds from Russia.

Miss Jennie Jerome, when she became Lady Randolph Churchill added about \$50,000 to Randy's slender fortune.