Talk Not of War, 0 Brothers!

(FOR THE RE-

(For Tim Broates)

Talk not of war, O brothers, till ye shall count the cost,
And weigh it not in money, or battles won and lost;
Put in one scale the honour, and in the other world.

other weigh

The legacy of hatred to last for many a
day ompty prizo—

And in the other orphans tears and
lonely widows sighs.

lonely widows sighs.

Hear now the battle raging, the cannon's thundering rear;
Bebold the crimon stream that dyes
the sea from chore to shore;
And see within you lovely vale that red
and gord palatised and dying, count
too the hundreds slain;
Count emply boast of glory, of honours
won, and then—
Say are they worth a nation's tears and
lives of noble men?

Bives of noble men?

Bohold onco happy homesteads spread o'er a smilling land,

Now barren, burns and desolate by war's black, rubliess hand;

Count these, count too the children killed, the raidens worse than slain;

And though the victory be thine, yet think—what caust thou gain?

A nation's sorrow far outweighs the braggart's empty beast—

Talk not of war, O brothers, till ye shall count the cost.

—TERREA.

--TERESA.

The Rich Miss Gildersleeve.

Mr. Clement Burgoyne, novelist and playwright, issued loisurely from the portals of the Proseer m Theatre, and strolled down the Strand in the direction of "Gatti's." It was December, and noon—a raw day with a white vapour obscuring the upper stories of the buildings and the mudeplasted perspective of hansoms and humanity.

episanea perspective of halocome sau-humanity.

Impeded by a block on the pave-ment, ouside a picture-dealer's, he caught sight of a familiar face among the crowd, and snatched at the owner's

sleeve:
"Hi, Jim! Are you going to cut

"Hi, Jim' I Are you going to out me?"

'The young man addressed blushed faintly. His olothes were shabby, and, suspicious fact at that time of the year, he wore no overcoat.

'How are you, Burgoyne?' he said.
'I see your new comedy is billed for production on Boxing Night. I suppose you are pretty busy superintending rebearsals?'

'Yes,' assented the dramatist.

ing rehearsals?"
"Yes," assented the dramatist.
"Yes," assented the dramatist.
"But not too busy to spare half an hour to my friends. Hang, it, man, I haven't seen you for weeks! Where have you been hiding yourself? How's business."

business."

"To be candid, there isn't any at this precise moment," said Heriot, with an attempt a: a light-hearted smile. "The 'Weekly Whirligig's' dead. Didn't you know? I've been a gentleman at large for two months."

dead. Didn't you know, 've been agentlema as large for two months now."

"Hump! Down on your luck, eh?" The exclamation was fraught with infinite comprehension. "Jimmy, you know where I live."

"Yes; and I know you're the best natured fellow alive; but—I'd rather break stones, thanks."

"Stupid independence!" growled the other man. "It's nearly one,' he didded; "come and have luncheon with me."

"You're awfully kind, old ohap; but I told my landlady I'd be home."

"Well, your chop can be warmed up for to-morrow. You're one of those eiffinecked asses," said the dramatist with conviction, "that I should like to kick! D'ye think you can humbug me? You forget I'm been there myself, in the old days, before 'Helda' and they were soon discussing a steak.

The journalist had led the conversation away from his own affairs, but apparently Burgoyne was thinking about them all the time, for by and by he renewed the subject.

"I wish I know what you were going to do!"

"Oh, don't bother yourself about me. Something'!! turn up!"

by he renewed the subject.

"I wish I knew what you were going to do!"

"Oh, don't bother yourself about me. Something'll turn up!"

"And meanwhile? You're sure you won't take a tenner?"

"Thanks, old man; but I'm really not broke. Listen to that." He rattled some coins in his pocket.

"Kays and coppers! It's a great rity you're not an actor. I might have got you into the Prosenium. I suppose you wouldn't like to 'walk on' until you found something better?"

"Wouldn't!? Half a loaf is better than no bread, don't you know," said the ournalist philosophically.

"All right; I'll speak to Proser, and.—By Jove, though! I know of comething that might suit you down to the ground. What a fool I was not to have thought of it before! My wife's cousin, an Australian heires, has just come over to estite in England with an aunt and piles of money. E. I's young, an orphan, and she wants a well-sducated, middle-aged man to manage her correspondence and business affairs—a sort of combination secretary and steward. The salary is urse to be libers!, and the duties not onerous; but, of course, a girl all alous like that must have a fellow she can trust about her. I'll remember you."

you."
If would be capital, of course; but I can hardly call myself middle-aged, can I?" saled Heriot doubtfully. He was twenty-three. "Is that a sine one non 2"

"I'm afraid it is. The aunt bogged her to make a point of it—wants somebody stand and subdued, don't you know. But if you have any nose that needu't diequality you. Go to Clarkson's. They'll make you up twenty years older in ton minutes."
"You're not serious are you?"
"Yos why not? It would be the most innocent decoption in the world. Marion doean't care a pin what the man's age is; she's only humoring the will assuage the pricks of your conscience to know that you are probably paying double the amount of attention to hor affairs than him follows out of ten would. Don't be absurd I 'I'l write a eulogistic letter of introduction for you, and you shall present it this very afternoon."
"I will see the gentleman, Charles," said Miss Glidersleeve, dropping the letter on her lap. "I am vory glad," she added to her aunt, "that Clement Burgome has sent him. I didn't want to be obliged to go to an agency. It is so much more satisfactory, as the man is to twe with us, that we should have a reference from comeone we know."

"Quite so, my dear," replied Miss

know."

"Quite so, my dear," replied Miss
Hammersley. It was her invariable
form of ascent, and, as she always agreed
to her nieco's remarks, her conversation, though well-intentioned, was
liable to be monotonous.

tion, though well-intentioned, was liable to be monotonous.

A moment later Jim was ushered in. Outwardly he was unembarrassed, but his heart was in his throat, for the result of this interview meant more to him than he cared to dwell upon—more than he would have asknowledged to any soul on earth. Miss Gildersleeve came forward and shook hands with him kindly, and they looked at each other. She saw a man of apparently forty-five, with brown hair and a close beard, slightly young eyes. He saw a girl of one or two and twenty, handsome, erect, with the manner of graciousness and repose which comes so early in life only to the woman who has manged a household, and had the command of money since her school'days.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Late it a breez's the work."

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Heriot," she said. "Won't you come to the fire?"

She referred to Burgoyne's letter then, and a brief business conversation followed, which was satisfactory to them both. The heiress showed herself to be as practical as she was pretty, and at the end of ten minutes Jim found himself engaged to enter upon his new duties the following day, at the handerme salary of a hundred and filty a year.

Half an hour later he was walking:

hundred and fifty a year.

Half an hour later he was walking up Park Lane towards the Marble Arch, with his pulses throbbing and cheeks aglow. What a wonderful stroke of good fortune it was—his meeting that morning with Clement Burgoyne! And this fair girl, who offered a harbor to the frail barque of his fortunes just when it was threatening to founder. What fine eyes she had—what a sweet voice! How delightful it would be to serve such a mistress!

In the drawing-room of the little

mistrees!

In the drawing-room of the little house in Park Lane the two ladies resumed their interrupted fancy

resumed their interrupted fancy work.

"I think," remarked Miss Gildersleeve, "that Mr. Herict seems satisfactory. Don't you, sun't?"

"Quite so, my dear," said Miss Hammersley, "And he is such a suitable age. I am glad you took my advire in that respect. If you had engaged a young man you would have regretted it. Very young men are so liable to be foolish—you know what I mean, my dear." Marion blushed.
"But I am sure Mr. Herlot will be suitable."

"But 1 am sure Mr. Heriot will be suitable."

During the first couple of weeks of his residence in Park Lane, Jim certainly deserved the good lady's confidence. He was more than sensible; he was as beam bore. He felt this, but the necessity of acting up to his wig and beard weighed so heavily on his Lind thas he feared to smile. But, by and by, as he grow acoustomed to his disquise, and less afraid of discovery, he ceased to avoid the ladies' society, his natural buoyansy of disposition showed itself, and he bocame a very pleasant addition to the household. At least Miss Hammersley said so. He neice kept her opinion to herself.

One afternoon, however an accident cocurred which gave him a terrible fright, and drove him back into his shell.

"By the way Mr. Horiot," said

He finished his tea and prepared to bolt to his own den—too late. At that very moment the door opened and a servant announced "Mr. Hamilton Trent." Probably it had been the ringing of the street-door bell which had recalled the occurrence to Miss Gilderaleeve's memory.

Mr. Trent advanced to most his hostess with a simper. He was a fair young man, with a great deal of collar and oyeglass, and much more money than was good for him. Under cover of their greeting, Jim made a rapid strategic movement towards the door, Fate, however, and the quick eyes of the beircess, were against him. She was an angel, but for once an overwhelming spirit of mischief seemed to prompt her.

"Why, Mr. Heriot," she said sweetly, "eurely you are not going to ton away? I thought you know Mr. Trent?"

Then Jim came forward, grinning

Trent?"
Then Jim came forward, grinning a ghastly grin, and Hamilton Trent fumbled his eye-glass and looked con-

fuscid.

"I—er—I am afraid I cannot claim
the pleasure of this gentleman's acquaintarce," he stammered. "My
Mr. Heriot is a younger man. Although there is certainly a strong
likeness."

likeness." No doubt," said Jim blandly.
"You are probably confusing me with
Jim Heriot, my nephew. We are
considered I believe to resemble each
other very much. But I think I have
also had the pleasure of meeting you
at a literary dunner some months ago,
although you have probably forgotten
the fact."
"Alt, very likely. Delichted. I'm

the fact."

"Ah, very likely. Delighted, I'm sur," murmured Trent vaguely. He had never felt more perplexed in his life.

Jim escaped to his sauctum, and mopped his brow.

life.

Jim escaped to his sanctum, and mopped his brow.

"Great Scott! What an cecape! If it had been anybody but that ass of a Trent, I should have been lost!"

It was three days before he regained courage enough to put foot in the drawing-room during calling hours; and for some time afterwards a ring at the bell had the same effect upon him as a Turish bath.

Nevertheless, the next few weeks passed in bliesful and unevenful security. Then Jim made a discovery—as discovery that induced him to call himself many opprobrious names. He, the "sensible" secretary, her paid servani, was madly, hopelessly, miserably in love with the rich Miss Gilderschew, And, to make it position werse, if possible, she believed him old enough to be her father!

"I deceived her, and the result servess me right," he thought, stricken with exeggerated remorae. "I had no business to come here. I'm a cad, a swindler! And she trusts me like a friend!"

no business to come here. I'm a cad, a swindler! And she trusts me like a friend!'

He groaned, this unfortunate young man, feeling himself a criminal for interior that at first he had deemed a jest, and seeing Nemesis in the fate that had befalled him. 'Upon one thing he was determined. The situation must end at once. He would remain under her roof no longer. With a clear knowledge of his love it was impossible that he should continue to abuse her confidence. She should hear the truth, and he would go back to his dull lodgings, and, in the struggle for existence, try to forget the girl who had passed live a meteor-flash through the greyness of his life.

He obeyed his resolve at once, before the temptation to retain the bitter-sweet privilege of her society should overcome his acruples.

She was in her fernery, playing at gardening, when he found her, and begged her to spare him five minutes of her time. He frequently had ocasion to consu't her upon matters connected with her property, so she preceded him to the study without surprise, and took the chair he placed for her. He did not seat himself, but stood before her.

"Miss Gildersleeve," he said, with an effort, "the business I wish to

"Miss Gildersleeve," he said, with "Miss Gildersleeve," he said, with an effort, "the business I wish to speak to you about is not of the nature you expect. In fact, I have to make a confession to you which will oblige you, I fear, to seek another secretary. I have to confess to you that I am unworthy of the confidence with which you honour me—a fraud, a lie! Miss Gildersleeve look here!"

you no nour me—a traud, a list Miss Gildersleve look here?"

With a swift gesture he tore off his failes beard and wig, and revealed the youthful outline of his face, in strange contrast to the wrinkles on his brow. The scene would have been farcieal, if it had not been a tragedy. He was so terribly in earnest.

Most ladies would have shricked at such a sudden revelation, Miss Gildersleeve, however, made no sign of surprise or consternation. Perhaps he had a keen sense of humour for the muscles of her mouth twitched for an instant, but the next she was awaiting, quite gravely, for him to explain.

"I can't imagine what you must

fright, and drove him back into his shell, and drove him back into his shell. It way Mr. Heriot," said Miss Gildersleeve, "I mentioned your name to a gudeman friend of mine yesterday—a Mr. Hamilton Trentand he said he knew you very well. He has not been to see us for weeks, and he spoke about calling this afternoon; so I expect you are the atraction."

Hope for his eyes floated a horrible vision of revelations and disgrace.

"I hope for his sake that you are flattering me unduly, Miss Gildersleeve," he answered, "for I was just about to be gout to excuse me for hurrying away. I have some work to finish which must not be neglected."

"Oh, surely it will keep until the morning, Mr. Heriot!"

"No, Miss Gildersleeve," he said, was in horrible straits for money; it was in horrible straits for money; it hat is the only excuse I can offer on the must be neglected."

"Oh, surely it will keep until the morning, Mr. Heriot!"

"No, Mass Gildersleeve, "he week, however, made no sign of surprise or consternation. Perhaps he lad a keen sense of humour for the muscles of her mouth twitched for an instant, but the next she was awaiting, quite gravely, for him to explain.

"I oan't imagine what you must think of ne," pursued Jim. "But you can't despise me for deepsending to rickery more than I despise myself! the strength of the said, was in horrible straits for money; that is the only excuse I can offer our interests must be attended to. Duty interests must be attended to. Duty here we had not serilly in earnest.

The same would have been faviced, it is a touch a solder revision. Miss Gillersleeve, however, made no sign of surprise or conservation. Perhaps he lad a keen sense of humour for the mouth twiched for an instant, but the next she was awaiting, quite gravely, for him to explain.

I can't had not been tragedy.

I may as well tell you the trath— when I grow to love you, I could not bear to continue the deception to touch your hand and know I was act-ing a lie—so—so—" he guiped—"I hope you—will be more fortunate in hope you—will be more fortunate in your next secretary, Miss Gilder-sleeve!"
"Why?' she asked, "Doesn't the

sleove!"
"Why?' she asked. "Doesn't the
post suit you? I am sorry you are
not comfortable in my house."
"Miss Gildersleeve! Don't you
understand?"
"Oh, I understand very well. How
innocent you must be to imagine you
could deceive a woman's eyes! I suspoeted you before you had been in the
house a week, and Olement confessed.
I asked Mr. Trent to the house just to
give you a fright. Oh, what a tempost
in a teacup!" And the heirese threw
back hee tawny head, and laughed
and laughed till the tears came.
He stared at her though he could
scarcely believe his eyes. His brain
swam. He felt as if he were in a
beautiful dream, and feared to wake.
"You knew, and you did not seen
we have in the stand of the seen of

She had left off laughing, but her sweet eyes were still wet as she turned them full upon him : "All!"

" Marion, you angel !" "Why, you silly boy, what are you doing with my hand?"

She's thrown herself away upon a positive nobody, my dear—her secretary, a fellow without a shilling," said society, when they married, "And she might have had a poer! But a girl without a mother—what can you arment?"

Pen-picture of the Queen of Spain.

Pen-pleture of the Queen of Spain.

Sir Howard Vincent has been giving his impressions of the Queen of Spain to an interviewer. "What is the Queen-Regent like?" he was saked. "Her Mejesty is very tall, fair, extremely graceful, just forty years of age, but looking younger, with the most engaging manners. She knows everything that is going on, reading all the newspapers, interested not only in Spanish affairs, but in everything of importance passing in Europe. The Queen Maria Christina takes the most intimate personal direction of the education of her son, Alfonso XIII., and of her daughters the Princess of the Asturias and her sister, the chief sesistant in that duty being Miss Hughes, an accomplished English Iddy. The Sovereign of Spain is by ancient outsom more easy of access than the great majority of European monarchs. Once an audience has been gracionally accorded it takes place on terms of perhaps greater cordiality than in any other Court. The Queen-Meyent is," he said, "one of the ablest and most sympathetic and attractive women—Queen or no Queen—I have ever had the privilege of being received by. The difficulties of her Mejesty has held this post of indescribable difficulty she has not—it some mon, Indeed, every day and almost every hour she has wou fresh friends for the cause of her son."

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