

The Family Circle

WISHING WISHES

If wishes only grew on trees
For girls and boys to pick,
And wish-trees grew in every park:
Oh, wouldn't it be slick!

I'd pick a wish that summer time
Would last for evermore,
And wish to play and have good fun
Upon the sandy shore.

I'd wish that school would not begin
For ten years and a day,
And then I'd wish for all the toys
With which I love to play.

And even now my mother calls
To hurry for the train
That takes us from the ocean's roar
To city life again.

But 'spite of all my wishing,
The summer's gone away,
And school instead of stopping
Was opened yesterday.

So what's the use of wishing
For things that cannot be—
For wishes never grew, you know,
Upon a wishing tree.

THE EMPEROR'S FACE

In the outskirts of a little village not far from Vienna lived a widow with one child—a boy of ten. She was very poor, and had great difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door. But she was also patient and pious, taking all her misfortunes as coming from the hand of God.

One morning in winter she awoke feeling very ill and unable to rise. The child brought her a cup of warm milk, which usually relieved her. But on this occasion it was of no avail.

'Go, my son,' she said at last, 'and ask the doctor to come to me. I cannot endure this pain any longer.'

'Where shall I find him, mother?' asked the child. 'He is generally driving along the road in the morning about this time,' answered the poor woman. 'If you go outside you will see him coming very soon wrapped in his big cloak.'

The boy ran to the road as quickly as possible, and had not been long there before he saw a one-horse vehicle being driven briskly by a tall man in a heavy mantle.

'Stop, sir! I beg you to stop!'

The gentleman reined in his horse and inquired: 'What is it, my child?'

'Oh, Doctor,' said the boy, 'my mother is very ill, and she wants you to come in and see her! She sent me out to watch for you.'

The occupant of the vehicle at once alighted, tied his horse, and followed the boy into the poor cottage, on entering which he was much impressed by the bareness of the room and its exquisite neatness. In front of the fire sat a woman wrapped in a shawl. She looked very ill.

'Mother, here is the doctor,' said little Franz. 'He was just coming up the road as I went out.'

The sick woman turned to the physician, who stood, hat in hand, his cloak thrown open, bending over her.

'This is not our doctor, Franz,' she said. 'This looks like a very grand gentleman. Oh, sir,' she continued, 'I could never pay your bill; it would be too heavy!'

The doctor smiled.

'Do not disturb yourself, my good woman,' he said. 'I may not be your physician—indeed I am not a physician at all—but I have some knowledge of medicine, and shall, perhaps, be able to relieve you until your own doctor arrives. What is your ailment?'

'A terrible colic,' replied the suffering woman, not forgetting to add, in the midst of her pain: 'You are very kind, sir—you are very kind.'

The gentleman produced a flask from his pocket, went to the cupboard, from which he took a glass, and poured some brandy into it. Then taking the kettle from the hob, where it was singing merrily, he half filled the glass with water.

'Drink this,' he said, placing the draught to the woman's lips. 'It is a strong dose, but it will help you.'

She obeyed at once, and hardly swallowed it before she began to feel relief. Her feet and hands, which had been very cold, experienced once more the glow of life.

'The pain is gone, sir,' she said, looking up at the visitor gratefully. 'The medicine acts like magic. God bless you!'

Once more the gentleman glanced about the room. 'Will you not sit down, sir?' asked the widow.

'No,' was the reply. 'I must go. But before I do, tell me how you live and what are your resources.'

'I live by washing and cleaning for my more fortunate neighbors,' she answered.

'And do you manage to live comfortably?'

'For a poor widow, yes,' she said. 'We do not require much, my boy and I.'

'Can you save anything?'

'That I never expect to do,' she replied. 'But I trust in God.'

The gentleman buttoned his cloak.

'I am leaving a small gift on the table,' he said. 'Continue to trust in Providence.' With these words he left the room.

As the gentleman left the house, the doctor and Franz were entering the gate. To the surprise of the boy, the doctor removed his hat and made a deep bow, which was returned with courtesy.

'Frau Katherine, do you know whom you have had for a visitor?' brusquely inquired the physician of the widow, as he opened the door.

'A very kind gentleman, that is all I know,' answered the poor woman. And he left a gift on the table, which was very kind. There it is, doctor—near your hand.'

The physician took a twenty-crown gold piece from the table and held it up to the eyes of the sick woman.

'Do you recognise that face, Frau Katherine?' he asked, turning the gold piece toward her.

'It is the same!' she cried in astonishment. 'Can it be possible?'

'You see it before your eyes,' replied the doctor. 'Your kind visitor—God bless him and grant him length of days!—was no other than our most charitable and beloved Emperor—Franz Joseph of Austria.'

A SUGGESTION

Little James, while at a neighbor's, was given a piece of bread and butter, and politely said 'Thank you!'

'That's right, James,' said the lady, 'I like to hear little boys say "thank you."'

'Well,' rejoined James, 'if you want to hear me say it again, you might put some jam on it.'

FIRST TALL HAT

The tall hat was first seen in London on January 15, 1797, when John Hetherington, a haberdasher, emerged from his shop in the Strand wearing a silk hat, and was promptly surrounded by an astounded mob of such proportions that he was arrested and charged before the Lord Mayor with inciting to riot. The officers who arrested Hetherington testified that he 'appeared upon the public highway wearing upon his head