

The Family Circle

ONE OF THE SENSIBLE SORT

She can peel and boil potatoes,
Make a salad of tomatoes,
But she doesn't know a Latin noun from Greek
And so well she cooks a chicken
That your appetite 'twould quicken,
But she can not tell what's modern from antique.

She knows how to set a table
And make order out of Babel,
But she doesn't know Euripides from Kant.
Once at making jam I caught her,
A real expert must have taught her,
But she can not tell true eloquence from rant.

She has quite a firm conviction
She ought only to read fiction,
And she doesn't care for science not a bit;
She likes a plot that thickens,
And she's very fond of Dickens,
From Copperfield to Martin Chuzzlewit.

She can make her hats and dresses
Till a fellow fair confesses
That there's not another maiden half so sweet;
She's immersed in home completely,
Where she keeps all things so neatly,
But from Browning not a line can she repeat.
(Thank goodness!)

Well, in fact, she's just a maiden
That whatever she's arrayed in
Makes her look just like the heroine of a play;
'Twould be foolish to have tarried,
So to-morrow we'll be married,
And I'm certain I shall ne'er regret the day.

WHILE THERE IS TIME

'There's father, girls.'

'Yes, and he looks tired.'

'We'll soon get him out of that. Poke up the fire, Marg.'

Hester ran to the door, and it was open before her father began to feel for his latch-key. Margaret had stirred up the coal in the grate, coaxing it into a cheery blaze by the time father was kissed and helped off with his coat and hat.

'Well, well, this is good.' He came in the door rubbing his hands, his face reflecting the brightness of the fire. 'Miss Emily,' he said, turning with cordial handshake to a young girl who had come in from a neighbor's, 'I sometimes say that four girls are just enough—exactly fitted into my needs; but if you belonged to me, I am sure I should feel that I couldn't get along with less than five. But I shouldn't want to steal you away from your father.'

'There comes Uncle George,' said Janet. She handed father the slippers she had been holding to warm, and went to open the door for him.

'Dear me! Dear me! Now, if this isn't homelike! You would realise it, Allen, if you were a desolate old bachelor like me. Always being waited on, happy man,' he said, with a laugh, as a younger girl came carefully carrying a glass of hot water.

'Oh, yes, yes,' father's face beamed as he took it; 'it's all nonsense, you know—the rankest kind of nonsense; but these silly girls and their mother have lately built up a theory about me that I am not quite as strong as I used to be, and need a most ridiculous amount of coddling. Nothing at all in it except that in these years you have been away we have both been getting older, and,' a laugh and a pat on the head of the daughter who chanced to be nearest him, 'I must say I rather like it.'

'No wonder. It is better than the cold comfort of a boarding-house,' said the visitor, looking around on the bright room and the bright faces with a half sigh. 'I declare, Allen, I used to feel sorry for you in the old times, when I thought you had such a tug of it with family cares. Bread and butter, shoes and stockings—why, I thought myself a lucky and a wise fellow in having steered clear of such burdens. But of late years

I seem to have awakened to a sort of a fear that I have made a mistake. You are getting paid up for it now.'

'But,' said father, with a glance of sympathy at his brother, 'it is you who are making the mistake in thinking it ever was a burden. The "paying up," as you call it, has kept along with it all the time.'

'I dare say,' agreed the other.

'Janet,' said Emily, as the two friends were seated together a little later, 'hasn't it been rather a new thing with you, this waiting on your father—petting him up and taking such good care of him? Seems to me you didn't take him so much in earnest until lately.'

'I think you are right, Emily, shame be to us that it is so. Well—after a little hesitation—might as well tell you a bit of sad experience that came before me and set me to doing some thinking. I was making a visit to Helen Ward when her father was brought home after an attack of apoplexy.'

'I remember.'

'He was still living, but died soon afterward. I came away at once, but not before seeing and hearing enough to open my eyes to something to which I had been blind before. It took me a good while to get over the remembrance of the misery of those poor girls. He's been working for us all these years,' was their cry. 'Thinking and striving for us, and we have taken it as a mere matter of course; never tried to make him happy, or show how we do love him. Oh, if only we may have a chance yet!' But they never had, poor things! I came home with a heart full of thankfulness that the chance was still left to me.'

'And to me,' said Emily. 'I will take the lesson, too. I don't want to lay up a heartache to last all my life with the thought of lost opportunity.'

SOME DON'TS

Don't try to climb a hill before you reach it.

Don't forget your friends. Friends are your most valuable assets.

Don't sow wild oats; for if you sow them, remember you must reap them.

Don't wait for something to turn up, but go to work and turn up something.

Don't do anything for spite. Spite work always kindles the fire that consumes the character of the kindler.

Don't waste your time, but use wisely every moment, and you will be repaid in wealth beyond your most sanguine dreams.

Don't endeavor to do as little as you can for your employer, but all you can, and do it the very best you can.

Don't seek pleasure and happiness, but rather seek to know and do your duty for duty's sake; then pleasure will come as a natural result.

If you want to get on in the world don't fail to go along. You certainly will never get anywhere unless you GO.

THE RIVIERA

The Riviera is a constant source of delight to those who love flowers and beautiful vegetation of all kinds (writes Sir Ray Lankester in the *Daily Telegraph*). But few of its visitors appreciate the fact that it is really from end to end one big garden, cultivated for ages by its inhabitants, and full of plants introduced by man which at present seem at first sight to be characteristic natives of it, but are, in reality, quite distinct from its primitive vegetation. This primitive vegetation is now represented only in what is locally called the 'maguis'—what we should perhaps term the 'scrub' or 'bush' in English. It comprises some pines, the juniper, the lovely rock roses, balsams, rosemary, the giant heath (bruyere), from which our briar-root pipes are made, the larger thyme, the myrtle, the rose of Provence, two kinds of lavender, and many aromatic plants with grey hairy leaves, and often provided with sharp thorns as additional defences against browsing goats. The delicious perfumes of these hardy inhabitants of the dry, rocky grounds, where little or no grass can flourish, are developed by them as a protection against browsing animals, who cannot tolerate much of these pungent volatile oils, although mankind extracts them and uses them in the manufacture of such scents as eau de Cologne, and also in cookery. Many a visitor to the Riviera never strays from the cultivated fields and roadways into this scrubland. The olive tree, which forms so prominent and beautiful a feature in the panorama of gardens which unrolls itself as we steam or drive along the coast from Toulon to Mentone and from Mentone to Genoa and Spezzia, is not a native plant; it was introduced in prehistoric times, and has been again and again re-established