

THE IRISH BIRD-CHARMER.

Wild more or less o' tuncful grace,
As fits a Celtic singer,
I've praised the "great bird of our race,"
The stork, the bleasin'-bringer,
When first to my poor roof he came,
How sweetly he was sung to!
I called him every darlin' name,
That I could lay my tongue to.
But glory me, that praise from me
So pleased the simple creature
His visits here have come to be
A sort o' second nature.
I'm glad to see him now and then,
But, glory be to Heaven!
I here he isn't back again,
An' this is number seven!

Och! though this gift o' song may be
In many ways a bleasin',
It brings some popularity,
That gets to be distressin'.
Now, mind, I love this Irish bird—
We couldn't live without him—
An', shore, I'll not take back a word
I ever said about him,
But now when all these mouths to feed
Ate up our little savin's,
The birds who visits most we need
Are, said Eilisha's ravens,
Beggars! If they were 'round these days,
An' I could make them hear me,
I'd sing them such a song o' praise
I'd keep them always 'round me.
—T. A. Daly, in the Catholic Standard
and Times.

When Stella Changed Her Mind.

Stella hurried through the errand which had taken her to the kitchen, and as she regained the hall leading to the front of the house, her face lost the pained look which it had worn while she had been giving instructions to the cook. For the last two years Stella never went to the rear of the house if it were possible to avoid doing so.

From childhood days she had spent long, happy hours in the spacious yard of the Tolbert house, and since the encroachment of the city had walled them in on one side and at the rear, she had been heart-broken.

She loved the old yard with its great shade trees and its velvety turf. She could remember when all the other houses along the shaded streets had been of a similar sort. That was before the trolley brought the suburb within a quarter of an hour of the city.

Then fine old mansions had been razed to make room for long rows of brick houses intolerable in the monotony of their architecture. Each had its tiny lawn in front, its six foot grass plot at one side, and another plot in the rear, but the back yards blossomed only with the Monday wash, and the great trees had been cut down because the front "lawns" were far too small to accommodate the sturdy oaks and the tall elms.

Across the street from the Tolbert house was a public park and on the other street side—was a corner lot—was another old fashioned house, part of the Bain estate in litigation, which seemed to insure the permanency of the landmark. On the other sides the brick monstrosities reared their ugly roofs. Stella had shut up the rooms on that side and in the rear or net screened the view with stained glass windows.

From the windows of the rooms she used she could see the trees and the sort of houses to which she was accustomed, and only when necessity demanded did she venture into those rooms from which an unobstructed view of the unlovely backyards could be had.

Stella's hatred of the march of the city and its encroachments upon Castleton was fierce and unreasoning, but she had the Tolbert stubbornness and her brother Bert nor Frank Fleming could hold out against the new order of things.

The building up of Castleton had vastly increased the value of all property, and the taxes were growing heavier each year, but this was an added offense, not a reason for accepting her brother's suggestion that she sell the old mansion and purchase a house further in the country, beyond the limits of the city's probable expansion.

The home had been left to Stella as their father's business had been left to Bert. He shared the home with her, and Stella lived in dread of the day when he would marry, and move away, but she was stubborn in her refusal to find another home.

"I won't be driven out by these horrid new people," she had declared. "The home is still pleasant enough if I live on the open side, and I won't let the real estate men have their victory."

That had become her war cry, and even when Fleming had urged her to share the new home he had purchased some five miles further out in a carefully restricted section, she had declared that when they were married he must live in the old home. Only Fleming's tactful silence at this crisis prevented a broken engagement.

Stella, the kitchen safely behind her, anointed herself in her favorite corner of the parlor, as far as possible from the sight of the hated, semi-detached rows. The soft closing of the front door roused her, and she called to know who had entered. At the sound of her brother's voice she ran quickly into the hall. His early appearance argued some evil.

"What has gone wrong, Bert?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Nothing wrong," he declared, trying to force his voice into natural tones. "Everything's right, in fact, I had a chance to leave the office early, and I came out, that's all."

"It isn't all," insisted Stella. "What is it, Bert?"

Bert tried to laugh, but the effort was not entirely successful. Stella followed him into the library with her hand pressed against her heart to still his rapid beating.

Once in the comfortable room, Bert

sank into his favorite chair and drew his sister down upon his knee.

"I hate to give you pain, dear," he began softly. "It is only the knowledge that I am wounding you which puts me ill at ease. The fact is that Beth promised me last night that she would marry me in June. Frank is coming out this evening to dinner, and I wanted to slip home and tell you so that you could get over it before he came."

Stella sprang to her feet.

"You are going to be married?" she cried. "You are going to leave me and the dear old home and make a home somewhere else?"

"It had to come some time," he argued defensively. "You see, Beth's aunt will have to go back West shortly, and that will leave the poor child without any protection. You can't expect me to remain a bachelor all my life," he added with a trace of irritation. "I think we have all been very patient with your whims, Stella. Kiss me like a good sister and wish me joy."

"I hope you will be very happy," said Stella dully, but she did not offer to kiss him and she slowly left the room. Bert watched her go with the sense of helpless irritation a man feels when he has unwillingly hurt a woman and knows that really he is not to blame. He made no effort to stop her, and Stella slipped off to her room to fight out her battle alone.

And here a fresh shock awaited her, for as she curled up in the window she glanced across the street and was horrified to see two heavy trucks piled high with ropes and tackle stop before the house across the way.

Glittering proclaimed them the property of the Metropolitan House Wrecking Company, but Stella did not need the signs to tell her their purpose. All along the street within the past two years those wagons, or others like them, had stopped in front of some old house, then presently the yawning hole where the cellar had been was all that was left of the landmark. Then other wagons had brought new material and half a dozen of the hateful brick houses had risen to replace the noble mansion. So the house wreckers moved down old homes and neighborhood pride alike.

Stella hurried down the stairs and burst into the library.

"Bert," she cried, "there are the wreckers in front of the old Bain place. We must send Robert over to tell them they are making a mistake."

"There is no mistake," said Bert gently. "There was a decision in the court of appeals last month. Frank and I did not tell you because we did not want you to worry about it until you had to. They are going to put up a row of flat houses."

For a moment Stella was stunned by the announcement, then she went over to her brother's chair.

"Let's ask Beth out to dinner to-night," she said as she kissed him. "We'll plan for a double wedding, dear."

Bert reached up and drew her down to the comfort and protection of his strong arms.

"I'm glad you're going to give in and marry Frank, even if he doesn't insist upon running away from the house wreckers," he whispered. "But it's the first time I ever saw the house wreckers act as Cupid."—American Cultivator.

WHERE PEOPLE LIVE LONG.

Men of Seventy Not Regarded Old—Simple Life and Longevity.

In Norfolk there are in every village individuals of more than eighty years of age and not infrequently one or two over ninety, and those of seventy and upward are regarded as not even old. Many farm laborers of seventy are quite hale and hearty, working from early morning up to 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening, and some are so vigorous as to earn a full man's wages.

And the women in the country (writes a correspondent) are more tenacious of life perhaps than are the men. In one village personally known to me, containing about 300 people, within the past six months have died three women of more than ninety years of age, the oldest of these being no less than ninety-six. In another Norfolk village with inhabitants to the number of 400 there live a man of ninety-five, a woman of ninety, a woman of eighty-nine, a woman of eighty-seven and several of both sexes over eighty. In yet another village there are a blacksmith aged ninety-six and the widow of a country medical practitioner whose years mount up to ninety-two.

This longevity of the Norfolk peasant, comments the Lancet, has a very interesting pathological side to it. The chief enemy of the farm laborer of the eastern counties from the standpoint of health is rheumatism. Not many reach even middle age without having been the victims of rheumatism, and a large number are crippled in their old age by this disease. But in spite of this the average of longevity seems to be the very high, although as well as rheumatism he has to contend with the lack of adequate housing accommodation and want of proper sanitary arrangements. That to eat sparingly of plain wholesome food, to be much in the open air, and to work sufficiently to occupy the able man to defy more or less the evils of environment would seem to be shown by the toughness of the Norfolk laborer.—London News.

His Excuse.

"But why did you backslide?"
"Because of the proscher."
"How was that?"
"He painted the pleasures of the world so beautifully that it made me homesick."—Nashville American.



At Dinner.

No matter where we children are
We run in answer to the bell,
And dinner comes in piping hot:
It makes us hungry just to smell.

Poor father sharpens up his knife,
And carves with all his might and main;
But long before he's had a bite,
Our Willie's plate comes back again.

We eat our vegetables and meat,
For mother, who is always right,
Says those who wish to have dessert,
Must show they have an appetite.

And when a Sunday comes around,
So very, very good we seem,
You'd think 'most any one could tell
That for dessert we'd have ice cream.

—Alden Arthur Knipe, in St. Nicholas.

Stopped the Cow.

Edwin, aged four, owned a picture-book, in which a fierce-looking cow was running after a small boy. He looked at it a long time, then carefully closing the book he laid it away. A few days later he got the book again and turned to the picture. Bringing his chubby fist down on the cow, he exclaimed in a tone of triumph, "She ain't caught him yet!"—The Delineator.

Cherry.

I must tell you about the bird we had. Its name was Cherry. It was a mother bird, and a very tame one. Sometimes we would let her fly all over the room. Once when mamma wanted to put her in the cage again she couldn't find her, but at last she found her upstairs. Cherry would sit on the back of a chair and let me wheel her all about. Once she rode on mamma's shoulder. She seemed to understand everything that was said to her. One day, when she was about two years old, she laid four blue eggs. She was a beautiful singer. When we were boarding we had to have the walls papered, and Cherry was taken up to my grandmother's, and there she died. I was very sorry. Three years later I had another bird, named Dick, but I never liked him half so well as Cherry.—Helen Camp, in the New York Tribune.

The Chinese Hoe.

The Chinese farmer stands second to none in all the world. This is all the more remarkable since he has really so few implements with which to work the marvels he produces. His only implements are the hoe, the plow and the harrow. Beyond these the Chinese farmer never dreams of desiring any other. The first of these tools seems never to be out of his hands, for it is the one upon which he relies the most, and is his most effective implement. It really takes the place of the spade in England, though the latter is never put to such extensive and general uses as the hoe. The Chinaman can do anything with it but make it speak. The farmer well on in years can easily be recognized, amidst a number of workmen, by the cure his hands have taken from holding the hoe, in the many years of toil in his fields. With it, if he is a poor man, and has no oxen to plow the ground, he turns up the soil where he is going to plant his crops, and with it he delts, and with a turn of his wrist, levels out the surface so that it is made ready for the seed. With a broad-bladed hoe he dips to the bottom of a stream or of a pond, draws up the soft mud that has gathered there, and, with a dexterous swing, flings the dripping hoeful onto his field nearby, to increase its richness by this new deposit.—The King's Own.

The Foolish Rose.

White I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a-flutter. Now that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an elder tree said: "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say "Why" when they are told to do anything.

The elder said: "If you don't, they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose who shook off all but one, and she said to herself: "Oh, that's a beauty! I will keep that one."

The elder overheard her and called: "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings afterward I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her. Her beauty was gone; she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dewdrops on the tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many a boy and girl. This is an old story, but a true lesson.—Morning Star.

Dickie's New House.

Dickie's cage was only a borrowed one, and when Carl had given him to Donovan he had said: "When you get a new cage you may give this one back to us, if you will, for one of our other birds." So the very next day after Dickie came to be one of the

family, mother took Donovan and Elizabeth down town to buy the new cage. They chose a pretty gilt one, and as soon as they reached home they wanted to put Dickie into it, but the question was how to get him in. The children could not imagine how it could be done. But mother had had birds before and this is what she did; she put the two cages, the old and the new, close together on the table, with the doors open. The doors were just the same size and fitted up close to each other so that there was no place for Master Birdie to get out of, and it was just like a little wire house with two rooms and a doorway between.

Then she put fresh water and seed into the two little cups that were in the new cage, and on the floor she put a nice bunch of crisp, green chickweed.

Dickie seemed to admire the new house very much. He hopped down to the floor of his old house and peered through the door into the new one. He even reached over and pecked at the gilt wires, but he didn't venture to go in.

Then he saw the chickweed, and how he did want some of it! At last he reached through the door and pulled off a leaf. The children were so pleased that they both gave happy little squeals, and at the sound Dick promptly flew back to his perch again.

Several times he went down and was almost ready to hop through into the new cage, but every time somebody moved or somebody said "Ah!" and that always sent him back to his perch.

At last father took the children into the other room to tell them a story. Mother moved the chickweed to a place where Dick could not reach it without going all the way into the new cage, and then she kept very still and waited. Soon down he went again, but he put his head first on one side and then on another, then he put his head through the door and looked at the chickweed. Mother didn't move even a finger, and in a few minutes Dick forgot all about everything excepting that tempting little bunch of green, and with two or three little hops he was inside the new cage, with his bill full of chickweed.

Then very quickly and quietly mother drew away the old cage; the door of the new cage went "snap," and there was Dick in his new house.—Louise M. Ogilvie, in Our Little Ones.

A Brave Heroine.

Not all brave, venturesome spirits are rewarded as was the "Pioneer Heroine," told in The Youth's Companion, but it is well worth the while of any of our young readers to cultivate the spirit of an indomitable courage that will serve to carry them through all the supreme tests of life. An instance of unusual heroism, connected with the burning of Royalton, Vt., by the Indians in 1780, is recorded by Zadoc Steele, one of those who were taken captive, in a book published in 1818. A Mrs. Hendee, with her little son, 7 years old, and a daughter who was still younger, was trying to make her escape. When the Indians overtook her and captured the boy.

Anxious for the fate of the child, she inquired what they were going to do with him. They replied that they should make a soldier of him, and hastened away.

She determined to get possession of her son, and proceeded down the river. She soon discovered a large body of Indians stationed on the opposite bank of the river. Wishing to find the chief and supposing him to be there, she set out to cross the river, and just as she arrived at the bank an old Indian stepped ashore.

He could not talk English, but requested by signs to know where she was going. She signified that she was going to cross, when he, supposing she intended to deliver herself up to them as a prisoner, kindly offered to carry her and her child across on his back; but she refused to be carried.

He then insisted upon carrying her child to which she consented.

The little girl cried and said "she didn't want to ride the old Indian." She was, however, persuaded, and they all set out to ford the river.

Having proceeded about halfway across, they came to deeper and swifter water, and the old Indian, patting the mother upon the shoulder, gave her to understand that, if she would tarry upon a rock near them which was not covered with water until he had carried her child over, he would return and carry her also. She therefore stopped and sat upon the rock until he had carried her daughter and set her upon the opposite shore; when he returned he took her upon his back, hugged her over, and safely landed her with her child.

She hastened to the chief and boldly inquired what he intended to do with her child. Overcome by the simple boldness of the brave heroine, he assured her that her son should be given to her. She also obtained the release of eight other small boys and led them all away. She carried two of the children across the river on her back, one at a time, and the others waded through the water. After crossing the river, she traveled about three miles with them and encamped for the night. The next day she made her way to a place of safety.

LOOK FOR A RECORD YEAR

Hotel Men Think White Mountain Season Will Be Its Best.

New England Cooking Again to Be Enjoyed on the Breezy, Cloud-cloth Summit of Mt. Washington.

Bretton Woods, N. H.—Encouraged by their financial success last season, as well as by the improving business outlook, the hotel proprietors in the White Mountain region are preparing for what they confidently look forward to as the most prosperous summer in a good many years.

While the snow still lies deep in the ravines and notches and the maple sap is still trickling into the sugar buckets, the hotel men are actively preparing for the opening of their houses, big, little and medium sized, around the last of June. During the winter months rooms have been refurbished, additions built on, orchestras, riding masters, gold managers and "help" re-engaged and conferences with the railroad companies with reference to next summer's train schedules held, and just as soon as the ground is in fit condition the annual work of improving highways and laying out new mountain trails and bridle paths will commence.

New Hampshire, which monopolizes the largest and most popular of New England's mountain areas, is looking right after its highways, and, as a result of wise legislation and liberal appropriations, it expects to have in the near future one of the smoothest and finest systems of State roads in the country, comparable with those that have helped to make Switzerland and other European countries so famous as tourist centres.

Already the majority of highways in the White Mountains section are in admirable condition, and they have their fitting corollary in the splendid liveries with which all the first class mountain hotels are equipped. Both driving and riding are constantly on the increase in the mountains.

Bretton Woods will, as usual, be the chief social centre of the mountains this season, as far as the elite are concerned, and the managers of the big palace hotel which has been instrumental in making it such are already wondering how they are going to properly accommodate all the multi-millionaires, captains of industry, diplomats, beautiful heiresses and rich dowagers who even this early have signified their intention of spending a part of the summer here.

In a social sense the Bretton Woods season of 1909 bids fair to eclipse in brilliancy all of its predecessors. It seems, somehow, to be taken for granted that President Taft and family, who are to spend the entire summer at the picturesque north shore of Massachusetts, will make at least a flying visit to the mountains. There is, of course, no official authority for this belief, but it does seem reasonable to suppose that the President, being so near to this fascinating country of high altitude, would be tempted to run up for at least a few days, especially in view of the fact that Bretton Woods has a golf course that is second to none in New England.

There have been few important changes among the leading mountain hotels, the most important being the transfer of the well known Maplewood Hotel to new ownership. Regular patrons of the house will be glad to know, however, that it will continue under the management of Mr. Leon H. Cilley, who for a number of years has so successfully filled that position.

At Bethlehem and elsewhere there will be some additions to the cottage colony, a feature of mountain summer life that is carried to such perfection at Profile House. The cottage, camp and bungalow are becoming a most important summer vacation institution throughout all of New England.

Professor J. Rayner Edmonds, the well known White Mountain enthusiast, will undoubtedly again lend his expert services to the improvements of the trails on and around Mt. Washington. In past seasons he has done valuable work along this line that every visiting "tramp" has good reason to be grateful to him for.

And speaking of Mt. Washington, the traveling public will be interested to learn that the same arrangements with respect to meals which so much pleased the visitors to the Summit last season will again be in effect this year. The historic old Tip-Top House, which has served as a substitute for the Summit House, destroyed by fire last spring, will again do service as dining hall, refectory and shelter.

Tourists who partook of its plain but abundant fare last summer were delighted with the novelty of the idea, and some of them have not yet ceased recounting to their friends how they relished their lunch of Boston baked beans, doughnuts, sandwiches, pumpkin pie and coffee away up there among the clouds, more than 6000 feet above the level of the distant ocean.

Train passengers and tramps alike will be accommodated in a culinary way at this unique altitudinous cafe, and it will be a not uncommon sight to see a khaki-clad bunch of trail-hitters scattered among the sharp pointed rocks at the summit enjoying an outdoor lunch made up in part from the contents of their haversacks and in part from the stores of the Tip-Top House larder. Last season Miss Clark, the well known manager of the house, and her staff, held the fort on the summit until September 29.

TAFT'S SUMMER HOME.

President Locates Hot-Weather Capital on the North Shore.

High Compliment Paid to Beautiful Region That is the Abiding Place of Millionaires and Diplomats.

Boston, Mass.—In deciding to make the famous north shore of Massachusetts his official summer home, President Taft has made a selection that will surprise no one who is familiar with the natural beauties and attractions of this peerless "vacation section."

Already the summer resting place of half of the foreign legations in Washington, and socially, architecturally and financially a sort of composite of Bar Harbor and Newport, the President and his family certainly will find themselves in congenial company, as well as in the midst of some of America's finest seacoast scenery.

Within the last few years the "North Shore" has been quite conspicuously in the social limelight, for it not only has been the refuge of sundry ambassadors, ministers and their families and retinues and the abiding place of multi-millionaires and men and women of distinction in literature and society, but it has figured, in a way, in international politics.

That is to say, in 1905, during the famous Peace Conference between the representatives of Russia and Japan, held at Portsmouth, it was the summer home of Baron Rosen, one of the Russian representatives of the conference; and it was in his house, overlooking the shining waters of Massachusetts Bay, that M. de Witte and Ambassador Rosen frequently talked over the progress of the negotiations.

Generally speaking, the north shore begins at Nahant, the home of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, and ends at Gloucester, on the tip of old Cape Ann. This means that it includes Nahant, Lynn, Salem, Swampscott, Marblehead, Beverly (where the President is to reside), Manchester, Magnolia and Gloucester, all of these picturesque communities and most of them of great historic interest. Sometimes the term "north shore" is held to include also the more easterly side of Cape Ann and the shore of Ipswich Bay, taking in Rockport, Pigeon Cove, Annisquam, Essex, Hamilton and Ipswich. Hamilton, in a social sense, certainly is a member of the north shore family, for some of the "swell" citizens of Massachusetts live there, and the town is the seat of one of the most popular clubs in that vicinity.

The entire region is one picturesque, breeze-swept beauty spot. One is never far from the sight and sound of the restless sea, and the shores are alternately bold and shingly, with surf-swept reefs and islands breaking the surface of the bay here and there. It is an ideal place for boating and yachting, and the little coves and harbors at Beverly and Manchester always have a flotilla of sail or motor craft at anchor or under way. Some of the cliffs are almost high and bold enough to suggest the Frenchman's Bay region, and then at Manchester there is one of those rare freaks of nature, a patch of "singing" sands.

Genial nature has done everything for Cape Ann and the north shore, including the gift of a salubrious climate; and enterprising and artistic man has not been far behind it. His appreciativeness is exemplified in the magnificent mansions and villas that have been erected by the wealthy during the last few years; by the splendid lawns, grounds and groves with which they are surrounded; by the oiled highways that help to give it a touch of Santa Barbara or Monterey, and even by the well-kept right of way and flower and vine-embowered stations of the Boston & Maine Railroad, upon which most of these north shore communities are located.

The President will not be able to look in any direction without seeing the foliage-surrounded red roofs of some multi-millionaire or diplomat, unless he looks in the direction of the sea, and there he will always find a marine picture both restful and inspiring.

Illustrious Americans who at one time and another have made their summer homes upon the north shore, include Henry W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., N. P. Willis and Daniel Webster. It was Charles Sumner, who, visiting the Manchester neighborhood for the first time, declared the place to be more beautiful than Biarritz, the summer home of Napoleon III.

Norman's Woe, immortalized by Longfellow; Rafe's Chasm, Kettle Cove, Eagle Head and Thunderbolt Rock are a few of the points of interest in the neighborhood. The drives, of course, are magnificent, and may be said to form the chief pastime of the sojourners there. They may be extended around the entire native cape for many miles.

Of the many "summer palaces" in this regal vacation section, the most magnificent is the home of Henry Clay Frick, the Pittsburg steel magnate, at Prides, in Beverly. It cost, with its surrounding estate, nearly \$2,000,000, and required the services of several hundred artisans and laborers for two years. The house is one of the finest and most costly in the country. The sumptuous "cottage" of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at Beverly Farms, is another north shore landmark. Not far from it is Justice O. W. Holmes' home.