

HER BONNET.

Her bonnet's just the sweetest thing,
It floats the air, and she wears it
Tied down by the sweetest string,
Adorned with the finest thing.
The bonnet might not be the thing
So sweet if it should be the string.

Her bonnet's just the sweetest thing,
It tips a bit above her eye,
The birds, the birds begin to sing,
They think it's spring when she is there,
It's just because she's passing by,
I want that bonnet, but, oh my!

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Manuk Del Monte.
By ROWLAND THOMAS.

EARLY one morning, just before dawn, three of us were riding wearily on the slope of one of the great grassy hills—some people call them mountains—which lie between the provinces of Isabela and Nueva Vizcaya.

We had been traveling all night by moonlight, and now as the east was growing rosy we were winding down to a little wood in the valley, where we hoped to find a mountain stream to give us water for our breakfast, and a thing far more important, grazing for the horses, for it was the dry season, and the grass on the hills was parched and dead. The breakfast swung with mocking lightness behind Justin's saddle, merely a handful of cold rice rolled in the butt of a banana leaf. It was also tiffin and dinner, for we were traveling light and fast, and carried not even chocolate, nothing but the rice.

I was watching the gyrations of the breakfast moodily, for I was sleepy and hungry and sore, when suddenly from the wood below us the crow of a cock rang out, shrill and triumphant. I was surprised, for few people live along a trail used mostly by bandits and head hunters.

Suddenly from the slope of a farther hill the call rang out again, and then the whole woodcocked with the sounds of the farmyard.

"What town is this?" I asked the boys, although we were at least a day's journey from any settlement which I knew.

"It is no town, señor," said Justin. "It is the manuk del monte—the wild chicken—which you hear."

After saddles were off and the horses' backs were washed, the animals rolled and grazed luxuriously by the swift, clear stream, and Tranquid, prince of servants, dexterously unrolled the breakfast.

He laid stones on the corners of the leaf, and patted the snowy mass of rice out smoothly, and filled a bamboo drinking cup from the brook, while I pretended not to see. At meal times Tranquid has a solemn and important air worthy of the most aristocratic of London butlers, and I am a table in his hands.

"Breakfast is served, señor," said Tranquid, gravely.

"I come," I replied, with equal gravity, and rolled over twice and came up on my knees, Japanese fashion, beside my lowly table.

Just as I was going to plunge my fingers into the rice a cock crowed loud and clear among the trees close at hand. A great ferocity of meat hunger swept over me.

"Give me the boom-boom, Justin!" I commanded. "We will have manuk del monte for breakfast."

The cock crowed often while I stole through the undergrowth, as softly as the ferns and bristly creepers could let me.

As I drew near the crowing ceased, and I was peering about the brush and shrub for a sign of the cock when—whirl! From the lower branches of a tree, fifty feet above my head, a splendid bird shot out with a boom like a partridge and sailed away between the trunks, a dazzling vision of white and green and gold.

I was too startled to shoot, for I had never before seen chickens that roosted like eagles and flew like pheasants and were as brilliant as humming birds.

In a moment I heard his strong wings beating on the other side of the valley, and I went back and ate my rice quietly.

That incident began my acquaintance with the wild chickens, and they soon grew to be a very dear part of the forest life, bringing me an odd mixture of pleasant memory and homesickness as I listened to them.

We heard them always when we made and left our one-night homes along the trail. The cock proved to be just as exacting husbands as their domesticated cousins, crowing their families home and abroad with fussy punctuality.

If a gay young cooer or a zidy pulet lingered too long after, the lord of the flock grew noisy with anxiety as the sunset faded. With the dawn he woke, brisk and important, and wove beside the sleepyhead of the family.

There was no "house up, sweet slumber" for him, but an ear-splitting clang, and we often chuckled at thought of the sheepish haste of the laggard when that sound penetrated to his sleepy brain.

A tropical forest is a thing of awe and mystery, with its eternal dim twilight and tangled creepers and innumerable dark vistas which hide inhabitants one seldom hears and never sees. Most of the creatures seem to feel the silent immensity and vagueness as a man does and seek safety in unobtrusiveness.

These brave, cheery birds alone were unaffected by it, and they crowed and cackled and clucked about their business of living as carelessly as if there were no such thing as fear in the world.

Yet with all their independence they showed a startling shyness, and many weeks went by before I caught more than a distant glimpse of one.

Tranquid hunted them with painful devotion. But he was a child of the cities, for in the mountains as a puppy would have been. When a rock crowd near a camping place his eyes would brighten hopefully, and he would go creeping with the noiselessness of a young elephant. Back and forth he crushed in the brush, pulling branches aside with excessive caution and peeping behind them.

At last the bird would flush from a tree and shoot away in a blur of color

the noise, and—so!" said Justin, dancing on one foot and cackling shrilly. "Aha, it is very good. The old man is much wiser than one would think to look at him."

The old man listened to this monologue with disgust.

"Now we shall go and be very quiet. The manuk del monte does not like noisy noise," he said, glancing at Justin. So we went and sat down where some bushes screened us and yet left us a view of the trap. After half an hour Justin curled up and went to sleep. The breeze was cool and the grass was soft, and soon I followed his example.

I was awakened by a bell-like call from the forest. The captive rooster was dancing at his stake. Presently he flapped his wings and stood on tiptoe and answered scornfully. They challenged back and forth till at last, with a boom of wings, the wild cock, the very one I had been dreaming of, dropped on the grass.

As he caught sight of the traitor he spread all his splendid plumage and crowed again. And the red bird answered bravely. After all, it was not his fault that he was a traitor.

The wild bird ran forward with a swift, steady gait unlike the awkward strides of his tame cousins, and lowered his head and spread his ruff. Then he stood up straight and scratched sticks and grass into the air with a sturdy leg and crowed. The traitor kicked furiously at his tether, but it held, and the wild cock advanced to the fence.

For a moment the two looked at each other with lowered heads, and then they sprang. The traitor, of course, collapsed in an ignominious heap. As the wild cock landed inside the fence his foot barely touched the ground. But the touch was enough. One of the little nooses tightened about his legs, and as he sprang again he, too, came down with a jerk.

The birds were rising to face each other when we ran forward, and he turned toward us at the noise. I expected to see him struggle madly to escape. But the brave little fellow faced us, and flapped his wings and stretched his neck, challenging us fearlessly. In a moment the old man had tossed a handkerchief over his head and loosened the noose, and I held him between my hands.

I could feel the little muscles taut as steel wires beneath my fingers, and the heart beating furiously, but he made no sound and did not struggle. I looked at the lusty markings of his back and wings, and the long, drooping tail-feathers, and then all at once came a picture of the drugged, spiritless captive back in the old man's yard. I plucked away the handkerchief and tossed him into the air.

His wings beat very loud in the stillness, and we all started. Then I looked round sheepishly. Tranquid was staring up stupidly, with his mouth in a big, round O. Justin was laughing, but suddenly he pointed excitedly to Tranquid's mouth and shouted:

"Look, señor! I have found him. There he goes. Look! Look!" And it would be hard to say whether the old man gazed at Justin or me with the deeper disgust.—Youth's Companion.

Front Yard Planting.

The very commonest mistake, says the Garden Magazine, is to fill one's front yard with all sorts of highly colored abnormal things—variegated elder, purple leaved plum, weeping willow, double flowered almonds, smoke tree cut flaved maple, red flowered horse chestnuts and that piercing magenta outrage on the optic nerve—syringae Anthony Waterer. Often you will see all these things in one small yard. It is just as bad to cover one's lawn with such things as to sprinkle fourteen kinds of spice all over one's food. Use native kinds chiefly, or species that fit into our landscape. The "horticultural forms" are only for accent.

Don't scatter shrubs or plants of any kind over a lawn. Avoid isolated specimens. Group them. Shrubs are for the borders of a place. Don't plant one of each in a long row. You will get a much better effect by having a big solid mass of one or few things in the background, with whatever spice in front you think necessary. Don't plant shrubs in straight lines, because straight lines are not the rule of nature. If you like a man to plant and fall to watch him he will surely set your plants in straight lines.

Hogs and Cow Pens.

Two writers in the Farmers' Voice give interesting experiences with hogs and cow pens.

Mr. C. M. Scheiten, of Iberia, Mo., sowed ten acres of whippoorwill peas at the rate of a bushel to the acre in June, and when the first pods began to ripen he turned his hogs in. He fed a little corn at the start, as a kind of introduction to the peas, and increased the corn as the hogs grew and the peas were eaten down. When the peas were all gone he fed corn alone for ten days, and sold his hogs at a premium over prevailing markets. He declares: "That ten-acre field of cow peas made me more pork than any ten acres of corn on my farm, and at a very small fraction of the cost of growing and feeding ten acres of corn."

Mr. Henry Puckle, of Neslio, Mo., prefers to drill the pens in rows, as it takes less seed and may admit of one cultivation, and will produce as many pens. Another advantage he claims is that when the hogs are turned in they will travel between the rows and not trample down and destroy any vines. He also likes to sow oats with the peas at the time of the slight cultivation he gives them. He then turns the hogs in when the oats are about six inches high, and says the hogs will not disturb the peas until the pods begin to ripen.

Exercise For Sheep.

Sheep will stand considerable steady cold, but shiver under wind and are particularly susceptible to dampness. The plan of cooping sheep up in close, warm quarters with little or no ventilation is not a good one. See that their quarters are comfortable by all means, have them dry and fairly warm, but have them well ventilated without draughts. Then provide a shed, have it attached to the pens if possible, open on one side except for what fencing is necessary to keep them in, and let them run under this cover daily. If they are

The Farm

Saved by a Pipe.

Bob Chestnut's visit to town on Thursday recalls the story of how his cooniness saved his life in an altercation with an Irishman in a Western cattle camp many years ago. The Irishman was a bully and a bad man. He started something with Bob, while the latter always wore a brace of six-shooters in his belt, he also carried a sudden emergency Derringer in his outside coat pocket. The Irishman had an eleven-inch Colt's already in his hand. Bob thrust his hand in his pocket for his Derringer, but the weapon had slipped down in a hole in the lining. His hand coming in contact with his pipe, he quickly drew it out and placed it in his mouth. The Irishman lowered his gun, which he had elevated when Bob thrust his hand in his pocket. Bob reached for his tobacco. Fumbling around, he secured the Derringer, brought it into play like a flash of lightning—and they carried the Irishman away. Bob took a trip to the British possessions for his health, although this was hardly necessary, as the shooting was a plain case of self-defense.—Coffeyville (Mo.) Journal.

Dangers of Car Dash.

The popular interest displayed in the subject of our examination and car ventilation by the health of health of the larger cities has evoked some criticisms of the railroad companies for not giving more attention to a matter of such vital interest to their passengers. The laboratory of the Marine Hospital Service has been investigating this subject for some time. Dr. WELCH Wyburn, Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service, says: "Just how much danger there is of contagion through ventilated air in the ordinary day coach now in use, or in the Pullman sleeping and palace cars has not yet been definitely determined, and the matter is still being investigated. Information collected points to the State of Texas as having been the pioneer in this movement, due doubtless to its excellent railroad commissar. It is held that there is much danger to the passengers of contracting contagious diseases from the fine dust arising from the carpets and upholstery while the cars are in motion, and which imperfect ventilation compels the passengers to inhale."—Medical News.

A Trick of Imagination.

There's a little mental science trick that will teach imaginative persons to acquire a perfect, graceful poise. One says "imaginative" with reason, for you have to have an imagination to do it. You must imagine that you bear a scintillating star on your breast and a basket of eggs on your head.

The first fancy will unconsciously influence you to carry your shoulders like a military man bent on exhibiting his good buttons. The second will teach you to sink into a chair gently and gracefully, instead of hunching into it. Also, it will train you to climb stairs erect. You can't twist, or bend over, if you have a basket of eggs on your head—even an imaginary one—can you?

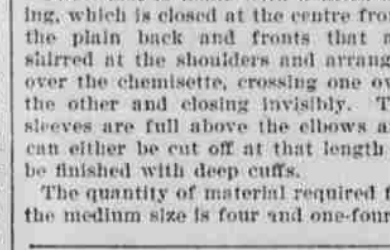
So put on the flashing gold star, which is won't be seen, and set a basket of eggs on your head, and see what the combined fancy will do for your carriage.—Philadelphia Bulletin.



Betty Things to Wear
New York City.—Surplice styles are growing in favor week by week until they predominate every other sort. The very pretty waist illustrated is excepted or ruffled taffeta, and are well cut and stylish. They cost considerably less than silk and give better wear. Jersey topped petticoats are worn, but look a bit clumsy. They are in great demand, nevertheless.



The Bell Skirt.
La Jupe cloche rivals the full skirts, but even this rather old fashioned skirt is likely to have some pleats stitched down.
The princess robe, with some variations, has returned, if indeed it ever went out. Empire gowns remain somewhat in vogue for house and evening wear.



Plum Shades Popular.
Plum in its varying shades up to amethyst as well as green is to lead the fashion next season in the faced cloths, cashmeres, collettes, as well as silks, and white fancy mohair is being fashioned into the smartest of costumes.
Adjusting Volls.
It is hard to tell how vells are to be adjusted over so much hair and such impossible hats, but we are informed that vells to match the general color scheme are among the essentials of good dressing.



Silk Softness.
Never were Liberty weaves more fascinating. Even the erstwhile ordinary summer silks have become exquisitely soft and satiny. The crepe weaves are of extraordinary richness.
A Surplice Costume.
A surplice costume was seen in old pink chiffon cloth. The skirt was pleated and was finished around the bottom with a stitched hem and a narrow shaped flounce above.
Misses' Blouse Jacket.
No coats of the season suit young girls better than just such blouses as this one made with smart vest effects. The model is exceptionally desirable, being finished with a collar that is extended to the waist line, and allowing a choice of basque or no basque. It can appropriately and effectively be

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



The Farm Hot-Beds.

A hot bed consists of a rectangular frame made of boards ten inches wide in front and fourteen in back, placed on their edges and nailed together, the end pieces being bevelled off and the whole covered with sash, such as old windows.

The beds are made in a convenient location facing the south, as on a hill-side. If sheltered at the north by a hedge or fence much more heat will be available.

A sufficient quantity of horse droppings containing the long straw or leaves is piled up under cover, wet down occasionally if necessary, and turned every day for ten days or two weeks. Then it will be ready for the beds if the odor is sweet and agreeable. This material is to furnish the heat, through decay, for three or four months.

The frame work is set on the ground at the desired place and the inclosed space is dug out to a depth of three and a half or four feet. The soil thrown out can be used to advantage in banking around the frame. The manure is then placed in this excavation, layer by layer, until within six inches of the surface of the ground, each layer being packed down until firm and level. A layer of three parts good garden loam to one part of rotted manure follows, deep enough to bring the whole to a level with the ground. The sash is put on and the bed left until sticks left thrust in, show on being held in the hand, a diminishing temperature.

The bed may be planted at any time after this, doing it on bright, hot days, at the brightest, hottest time. There is a great variety of things that can be grown. Lettuce plants may be started, or those previously started in the house may be put out; radishes sown between, or lettuce seed for a second crop. Strawberries may be forced in them. Dwarf beans, celery, parsley, early peas, herbs, etc., can be started, and even being brought to maturity. But for the farm it provides a means of starting cabbage and tomatoes, two very necessary crops.

When these plants are off, the bed will still furnish heat enough to mature a crop of mushrooms, or better, some cucumber or melon seeds planted early fruit.

Careful watering and care to leave a crack of air always on to take off the "sweat" is all the care necessary other than careful ventilating on bright days so that the temperature will not rise so high that it is unfavorable to the crop in them. Wooden shutters and straw mats are a valuable addition for covering the sash on stormy days or cold nights.

If you have never tried a hot-bed make up one this year and see for yourself the help one of these miniature greenhouses is. On many large, private estates the gardeners have no other means for supplying cauliflower, lettuce, mushrooms, strawberries and other vegetables out of season, when such things are in demand, to say nothing of growing a succession of flowers.

—R. L. Adams, in American Cultivator.

One on the Manager.

The manager of a newspaper told his editors that they must cultivate a much better style in their writing. They asked how they were to do this, and were told to read good books, such as Thackeray's "Pendennis," for instance. Next day two of the editors were sent to St. Louis to report the Fair. When they arrived they went off on what they termed "a great old time." Days went by and the manager received no reports from them. Finally the manager sent a telegram asking why it was they had not been heard from. The reply came back: "We are all reading 'Pendennis.'"

Silk Petticoats.

Silk petticoats now match the gown instead of being of a harmonizing shade. For evening wear a great deal of latitude is allowed, and white taffeta, exquisitely trimmed with lace and ribbon is worn. For all other occasions there is a well defined policy of simplicity in the matter of petticoats. It is not now considered good taste to display bright or light colors under a tailored gown. For hard wear the moiré-topped petticoats are recommended. They have a knee flounce—wide, with two and three-fourth yards of silk for lining, five-eighth yards for vest, and three and one-fourth yards of

