vever inexplicable may seem vent and circumstance upon this earth, ugh favors fall on those whom none es

d, rms lay waste the patiently tilled And st

Yet justice sways the universe of God. disturbed the stately stars remain ond the glare of day's obscuring light, stice dwells, though mortal eyes in

co Justice dwells, though mortal eyes in vain
Seek it persistently by reason's sight.
But when, once freed, the illumined soul looks out,
Its cre will be, "O God, how could I doubt!"
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Brandur Magazine.

## When Football "Sand" Counted.

By Clinton P. Ticknor.

If was a great cross to Mr. and Mrs.
Crompton that Clinton was apparently devoid of any worthy ambition. Their two older boys were so utterly different. Harold had been graduated from Yale with high honors, and Erie was making remarkable progress at the scientific school. In fact, they were both exceptionally fine students, which made the contrast all the more striking.

For Clinton was sadly unlike his.

fact, they were both exceptionally fine students, which made the contrast all the more striking.

For Clinion was sadly unlike his brothers. He seemed to labor under the impression that he had been sent to college simply and solely for the purpose of learning to play football. Apparently nothing else had the power to kindle the slightest enthusiasm in his sluggish breast, and his mother argued and expostulated with him in vain.

"You are frittering away your valuable time," she argued again and again, "and letting slip golden opportunities which, once gone, never will come back to you, and what have you to show for it all but a broken nose and a fractured collarbone?"

"Is there any prospective benefit to be derived from these hours spent in scrambling after a football?" his father questioned, severely, to which Clinton merely responded, in his usual offhand style: "Who knows but I may be elected captain of the 'Varsity team next year?"

"Is that the height of your ambl-

style: "Who knows but I may be elected captain of the 'Varsity team next
year?"

"Is that the height of your ambition?" his parent returned, bitterly.
"I am terribly disappointed in you, sir,
Are you to go on playing football for
ever and ever, or what do you propose
to make of your life? Perhaps you
hink that your reputation as a football player will prove an 'open sesame'
to all desirable positions. Do you
suppose that any one wants a fellow
who has willfully wasted his best opportunities? I had hoped to make a
professional man of you—not a professional althete—and had even aspired
to see you some day in our leading law
office with my old friend Robert
Choate, but it's no use. Choate only
wants young men of the highest prom'se," and Mr. Crompton sighed wearily.
"It does no good to talk to Clinton,"
he confided to his wife afterward, "for
hardly ten minutes had elapsed after I
had been remonstrating with him about
the evils of football before he inquired
if I wouldn't bring you down to see the
game on Saturday and informed me
that he had saved two tlekets for us."
Mrs. Crompton regarded her husband
helplessly. "What did you say to
him?" she queried.
"I told him 'certainly not.'" Mr.
Crompton avelaimed warmly, "and I

helplessly, "What did you say to him?" she queried.
"I told him 'certainly not," Mr. Crompton exclaimed, warmly, "and I expressed my surprise at his daring to suggest such a thing. 'Show me some lasting benefit or any abiding good that is to be derived from this riddeulous game,' I told him, 'and then come to me to abet you in such folly, but not till then.'"

And so Mr. and Mrs. Crompton folled.

to the to abet you in such folly, but not till then."

And so Mr. and Mrs. Crompton failed to witness that memorable game in which their youngest son gained for himself such enviable laurels. Once on the field, Clinton was like one transformed. Keen, alert, cool, rising splendly to every emergency, no one would have known him for the same slow, Indifferent, easy-going specimen of humanity who grieved the ambittious souls of his parents by his small aptitude for Greek.

souls of his parents by his small aptitude for Greek.

Not by any means that Clinton was a dunce, for his class standing was fairly good, but what pained his father and mother was the recognition of what he might have accomplished had it not been for that arch enemy football.

The great game over, the victorious team bastoned by

It not been for that arch enemy football.

The great game over, the victorious team hastened back to the gymnasium with all possible speed. They had some little distance to go, as the gymnisium was not very near the ball grounds, so that in order to reach it they were obliged to traverse the centre of the town and cross the railroad tracks.

Clinjon, who had been detained a moment or so longer than the others, reached the station a short time after they had crossed, and found the platforms crowded with people who were returning from the game, mingled with those who were alighting from the incoming trains. As he stepped from the platform he became conscious that something unusual was going on, and he immediately perceived the eyes of the multitude were riveted upon a figure pausing there in bewilderment. "There's a train coming each way," somebody gassed. "Why doesn't he

figure pausing there in bewilderment. "There's a train coming each way." Somebody gasped. "Why doesn't he get off the track?" The station agent and one or two other officials were shouting loudly, but the man, who was old and seemingly deaf, appeared thoroughly dazed. As he prepared to step upon the track nearest him he had caught sight of one train coming down upon him, and he now staggered back and was about to plunge in front of the other down-coming express. Suddenly something very unexpected happened.

As the crowd of bystanders shrank

As the crowd of bystanders shrank back with horror-stricken faces, convinced that they were about to witness the terrible fate which must instantly overtake the old man, a figure in a much-begrimed canvas jacket sprang out among them, and clearing the tracks at a bound, alighted beside the swaying form of the man in danger.

A shudder and a wave of pitiful regret swept over the motionless crowd, "He can never drag him back in time," they breathed. "They will both be killed! Oh, the pity of it!"

But the football man had not thought of dragging the unsteady figure in front of either approaching engine. In an instant he had tackled the man and thrown him flat upon the ground between the two tracks, for all the world quite as if he had been an opponent on the football field. Then he dropped lightly on top of him, and lay there motionless, while the two trains thundered past on each side of them and the crowd stood waiting, spellbound.

In much less time than it takes to describe the episode was over, and what might have been a tragedy had proved only a bit of melodrama after all, yet as Clinton jumped up and proved only a bit of melodrama after all, yet as Clinton jumped up and uplied the old man to his feet applause and cheers louder than any that had greeted him on the football field rang in his ears.

Abashed and overwhelmed by such an ovation, Clinton made haste to elbow his way through the crowd, and in so doing nearly overthrew his own brother Harold, who happened to be standing directly in his path. "For heaven's sake, was that you, Clinton?" he cried in astonishment.

"Do let me get out of this," his brother responded, impatiently. "They need not make such a fuss because I knocked the old duffer over," and he bolted in the direction of the gymnasium.

bolted in the direction of the gymnasium.

Saturday nights generally brought the scattered members of the Crompton family together, as the collegians all spend Sunday under the parental rooftree.

On this particular Saturday evening all were assembled before Clinton came in. Harold was all agog to describe the scene that he had witnessed, but he unselfishly held his tongue. "Fill not spoil his story for him, but will give him a chance to do justice to it," he mentally ejaculated, as he watched his brother swallowing his soup with unruffled composure.

But Clinton said nothing upon the vital subject, and Harold looked at him with increasing surprise, as he judicially set forth the respective merits of the opposing football teams and called attention to their most vulnerable points.

"Fill turn in early tenicit I think"

the opposing football teams and called attention to their most vulnerable points.

"I'll turn in early to-night, I think," he yawned as he withdrew from the dining room. "I put pretty solid work into the last half of that game," and he leisurely wended his way up stairs. "I wish that Clinton would put a little solid work into something else," his father volunteered as he disappeared from the room.

At this Harold, who had in times past repeatedly scoffed at his brother's athletic proclivities, instantly fired up. "Father," he burst forth, "you're making a big mistake about Clinton. He's got more genuine stuff in him than all the rest of us put together, and if it's foot ball that's done it, the sooner we all go in for the game the better," and then he proceeded to give a graphic account of the afternoon's experience, which caused his father to blow his nose loudly and repeatedly, while his eyes glistened with happy pride, and which sent his mother weeping in search of the sleepy athlete, who could not understand what he had done that was worth making such a fuss about.

A few days later Mr. Crompton re-

a fuss about.

A few days later Mr. Crompton ceived a note from his old friend R ert Choate, which ran somewhat follows:

ceived a note that cert Choate, which ran somewhat as follows:
"Dear Crompton: I hear that your Clinton is going in for law, and if so, I want him. When he gets through with the law school you can hand him over to me, for he's just the material that I am on the lookout for, and you may well be proud of him. He scared me out of a year's growth the other afternoon at the station, the young rascal, but in spite of that I wish you would tell him to come around and take dinner with me some night, for I want to talk to him. With kind regards to Mrs. Crompton, believe me ever your friend,
"ROBERT CHOATE."

When Clinton came home the follow-

"ROBERT CHOATE."

When Clinton came home the following Saturday his father handed him the note, remarking: "I'm afraid I haven't appreciated your football, old man, but I'm going to do better in the future, and, by the way, Clinton, I hear that you're to play in the game next week. Is that so?"

Clinton nodded.
"Very well, then," Mr. Crompton continued: "your mother and I would like to have you get us the best seats that can be bought, for we've set our hearts upon going up to see you make the first touch-down."—New York Times.

The Northwestern Railway Company of Engiand has equipped some of its trains with a unique heating system, says the Baltimore Sun, which employs two concentric cylinders, the annular space between them communicating with a steam pipe extending from the locomotive boiler. The inner cylinder contains acetate of soda, a compound remarkable for its qualities of liquifying when heated and of cooling very slowly. The radiators thus constituted are incased in asbestos-lined boxes having hinged doors. By opening or closing the door of a box, the heat is turned on or off.

The Poughkeepsie bridge is being painted a slate color, very similar to the shade of United States battleships when they have their war paint on.

ORIGIN OF ACETYLENE.

It was First Discovered by Chance in a Dump.

To the owner of an automobile the acetylene lamp which adds so much to his comfort and his safety is so old a story that it hardly seems possible that it was a thing impossible less than a decade ago. The facts relating to the discovery of acetylene gas are interesting.

Some years ago a Canadian, Thomas P. Wilson, was smelting for metallurgical purposes. From time to time he used a good deal of rock salt in his furnace stock, and also limestone as a flux. Whenever these two materials were fused together the slag produced by the intense electrical heat included a dirty grayish substance wholly unlike everything else he had ever seen. For weeks he noticed this substance without giving more than a passing attention to it, dumping it into the stream upon the bank of which he had built his furnace.

One day a curious thing occurred, and at a time when the pile of sing had become so large that its top rose above the surface of the water. A minute or two after dumping the slag as usual into the stream, some of it going under and part of it remaining above the water in a red hot state, the sizzling and steaming was followed by a bright burst of flame.

The next time Mr. Wilson used rock salt and limestone the blaze again appeared over the slag after it had been cast into the river, and, it being at night, he was much struck by the brillant white light produced.

On the first occasion thereafter when had a batch of the queer grayish residue to dispose of he did not waste it, but saved it and poured over it some water for experiment. To his surprise there was no flame, but after puzzling a while over this feature he held a lighted match over the pile, when instantly there was a white, glowing fame, and Wilson knew that he had found something worth while. His discovery was acetylene gas, and the automobilist is not the only man who is deeply indebted to him for having made it.—Automobile Magazine.

## WISE WORDS

Love asks faith, and faith firmness.

The man who minds his own business has constant employment.

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.

Do the duty that lies nearest thee; the second duty will have become learer.

pull out.

Every to-morrow has two handles.

We can take hold of it by the handle
of anxiety, or by the handle of faith.

It is the close observation of little
things which is the secret of success
in business, in art, in science, and in
every pursuit of life.

The people who, on misinformation

every pursuit of life.

The people who, on misinformation dilate with the wrong emotion, do harm just in proportion to their earnestness and sincerity.

Resolutions ought to be made when they are needed. Those which are made to order, to fit a date, are seldom adopted in conduct.

Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love ourselves in like manner.

Let every one keep steady, bear his

Let every one keep steady, bear his own responsibility and do his own duty, and the right thing will be done by everybody. But, if every one attends to the duty and the responsibility of other people, the right thing is done by nobody.

done by nobody.

If there is any one power in the world that will make itself felt it is character. There may be little culture, slender abilities, no property, no position in "society," yet if there be a character of sterling excellence it will demand influence and secure respect.

Placing Him.

The hero of the historical novel limped into the sixteenth chapter and the presence of the heroine. His right leg was braced by splints, one arm hung in a sling, and his head was bandaged voluminously.

"What has happened, Eric?" shricked the heroine.

"What has impressed, the heroine." The heroine.
"Fear not, sweet maiden," mumbled the hero. "But two hours agone I was set upon in yonder street by six lusty villains, armed with bludgeons."
"And what did you do, my brave bright?"

"And what whight?"
"I drew my trusty blade and had at them!"
"And laid them low, the scurvy braves?"

"And laid them low, the scurvy knaves?"
"Not so. They gave it to me in such wise as thou seest, and left me in a corner bleeding, while they loitered off, carrying my sword and purse, chortling rancously."
"It cannot be!" exclaimed the damosel, her eyes growing large with surprise. "It cannot be! Surely they did not worst you!"
"An' they did not, may I eat my hat!"
"Then get thee gone! This story

hat!"
"Then get thee gone! This story
ends right now and quickly. You are
not cut out for an historical novel, but
for a page in the police docket!"—W.
D. Nesbit, in Lippincott's.

The Megaphone.

So Edison "invented" the megaphone? What absurd rot! Just 900 years ago one six feet long was used in an English town to call up the people in case of fire or war. Nothing new under the sun! The little metal clip, patented a few years ago, is an exact copy of the bronze one used in Rome twenty centuries back. The omniprevalent safety pin of to-day was used by the Roman women to fasten their dresses.—New York Press.

## Plack Adventure. Plack Adventure.

R, and Mrs. S. S. Porter, formerly of this city, but now of Marietta, Ohio, have been in St. Louis for a few days past visiting their son, V. Mott Porter, a well-known attorney and clubman, en route to their home from Colorado, where they spent the summer. While at a small mountain camp in the Rockies called Twin Lakes, about eighteen miles from Leadville, they had a wonderful escape from instant death. "Our friends tell us," said Mrs. Porter at the home of her son, "that when the chances against death were one in a thousand for us, we ought to feel predistined for some good in the world. We had spent a few days at Twin Lakes enjoying the splendid fishing, and, before starting home, decided to pay a visit to an old miner up in the mountains who had repeatedly urged the doctor to examine a gold claim he had. We inquired of the only livery man in Twin Lakes if he had a surefooted horse, as the winding mountain road was a dangerous one, so narrow in places that two vehicles could not pass, and extending along the edge of a precipitous canyon 200 feet deep. It was absolutely necessary to have a sure-footed unimal, as a misstep on his part would throw us headlong over the precipic.

"He assured us that he had, and sent over to the hotel next morning a single top buggy and lean, wiry-looking horse, whose only trouble, the owner said, was 'short wind.'

"It was a beautiful, bright morning, As we began to ascend the mountain we noticed that the horse wheezed and panted, and I suggested that we drive slowly. So we stopped every now and then to rest him, then continued slowly on, thoroughly enjoying the invigorating mountain afer. The great screagy mountain sides to our left were covered with dwarf pines and vegetation of different kinds, while down the sides of the cainyon were firs and pines, whose lean and long to the summan and the world of the cliff. Of course, the doctor and I were thrown in the air. I closed my eyes and said to myself, whil

loon slowly came down. The boys had traveled six miles in forty-five

minutes.

A farmer's rig was hired, the balloon
was rolled up and brought to the city.

Woman's Fight With Eagle.

Mrs. Jackson, of Red Rock, Pa.,
onsidered the greatest woman in

Mrs. Jackson, of Red Rock, Pa., is considered the greatest woman in all that section.

For months the farmers about there have suffered from the incursions of a monster American or mountain eagle, which has summered among the hills and lived upon poultry. On Sunday, while Mrs. Jackson was alone in the house, the eagle, which has become a familiar object, was circling above the poultry yard. A little chanticleer, which was no match for its antagonist, had made a gallant fight. With one swift stroke the eagle placed the little bird hors de combat.

Just then the avenger, Mrs. Jackson, appeared upon the scene, armed with a billet of wood. She struck at the eagle, which at once attacked her furiously with beak and talons, cutting a furrow in her face and tearing her dress. The woman retreated to the house, and, arming herself with a hatchet, returned to the yard and found the eagle preparing to fly away with the now dead rooster. Mrs. Jackson made a pass at the eagle, which now resumed the fight.

With a quick, deft movement, she struck the bird full in the neck with the blade of the hatchet, and the battle royal was won. The eagle died, its head being nearly severed, and its blood almost covering Mrs. Jackson, who, woman-like, swooned.

The farmers of the Red Rock section propose to present Mrs. Jackson with a handsome silk dress for her bravery and for her good work in ridding the neighborhood of the foraging eagle.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

meighborhood of the foraging eagle.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Buried Alive While Charmed by a Snake.
Frank Saunders, a Whittier (Cal.) man, stood still in the face of impending death from the caving in of a bank, being unable to move on account of the spell which a huge rattlesnake had thrown around him, and he is now under the care of a physician at Anaheim, having been perhaps fatally injured by falling earth.

The accident happened in Santiago Canon, Cal., where Saunders and S. J. Adams, also of Whittler, had gone to inspect an outcropping of coal. As they were uncovering a ledge the earth above them began to split, and an immense cave-in was impending. Adams called to Saunders to leap, and himself quickly scrambled down the mountain. He supposed Saunders was following, but on looking back saw him intently gazing at the ever widening crevice above.

Adams was quick to detect the object of his companion's gaze—a big rattler—which held its head steadily directed toward Saunders. The next moment several tons of earth fell, burying the hypnotized man from sight. When Saunders was exhumed he was found to be badly injured. He stated that he was all the time aware of his danger, but could not free his gaze from that of the snake, and was powerless to move while the spell lasted. Adams killed the reptile after he had dug Saunders from under the fallen earth.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Byron Murphy, a conviet fireman,

Saunders from under the fallen earth.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Byron Murphy, a convict fireman, who made a desperate dash for liberty on the locomotive used in the prison at Folsom, Cal., has been recaptured and is once more in his cell. The escape of Murphy on a prison engine was most daring. Murphy was fireman, and Edward O'Brien, a citizen, was engineer of the prison train. Aldrich, a prisoner, served as brakeman.

The locomotive was switching in the prison yards, and Murphy was in the cab alone, O'Brien having stepped down. Murphy, perceiving that the track was clear to the main line outside the prison walls, pulled the throttle wide open. In a second the machine bounded forward, leaving O'Brien behind. Aldrich, the brakeman, sought to prevent the escape of Murphy. He leaped to the pilot, ran along the running board, and tried to break into the cab. With an iron bar Murphy told him to desist, or he would brain him. There was a mad dash down the track for five miles. Then Murphy brought the locomotive to a standstill, alighted and bade Aldrich good-bye. The latter ran the engine back to the prison.

One Arm Hero

One Arm Hero.

Dave Harrigan has only one arm, but he used it to excellent advantage when he rescued from drowning a woman named Maxwell. The latter would have perished had it not been for the prompt assistance rendered by Mr. Harrigan. When he saw Mrs. Maxwell in the water he jumped in without divesting himself of any of his clothing, caught the drowning woman and held her head out of the water until a rope was thrown to him from thesteamer City of Ghent, It was an heroic act, performed by a man with one arm. Harrigan lost his arm in an accident, and he is now endeavoring to obtain sufficient funds to purchase an artificial limb. A man like Harrigan, who did not hesitate to leap into the harbor when he saw a fellowbeing in distress and who has not means to defray the expenses of an artificial arm, deserves assistance.—Halifax Mail.

Sheep Killed by Lightning. Condition of the horse."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Boys Have a Lark in Galloon.

Paul and Roy Knabenshue, young sons of S. S. Knabenshue, one of the editors of the Toledo Blade, are the lions of the city, and are thankful they are alive. At the fair grounds during the exhibition was a large captive balloon. During the day, when few balloon. During the day, when few balloon. During the day, when few balloon but the place, the youngsters were attentively studying this balloon.

They had neither of them any idea about a balloon, but they decided to turn the thing loose and take chances on a ride. They discussed the matter briefly, then threw off their surplus clothing, cut the guy ropes and jumped into the basket.

Away the balloon soared, higher and higher, until they got into an atmosphere that nearly froze them. Soon the top of the balloon was hidden in thick vapors and the boys were gasping for breath.

Then the balloon began to drop with an alarming rapidity. Before leaving the earth Roy Knabenshue, who, during the aerial trip, acted as navigator had pulled the rope of the scape valve to test it. The valve falled to close tightly and a consequent loss of gas resulted.

Ballast was thrown out and when opportunity came the anchor was dropped and held fast. Then the ball-conscience.

One Arm Hero.

Dave Harrigan has only one arm, barbed the sexcellent advantage when he rescued from drowning woman named Maxwell. The based had into the used it to excellent advantages when he rescued from drowning would have perished had into the used it to excellent advantage when he rescued from drowning would have perished had into the used it to excellent advantages when he rescued from drowning would have perished had into the saw fresh that into the saw fresh and into the water he jumped in the drowning water until a rope was thrown to him from thesteamer Cliy of Ghe



Copper Kettles.

Salt and vinegar will be found the best for scouring the copper preserving kettle, and a lemon cut in halves and dipped in salt will remove all stains. Durability of Olleloth.

If in covering a kitchen table with olleloth a layer of brown paper is put on first, it will prevent the olleloth cracking and make it wear three times as long.

Children's Wet loots.

Here is a wrinkle that may be worth some dollars a year in the house where there are children. When wet shoes are removed fill them with oats. The oats, it is said, will absorb all the moisture, leaving the leather dry and soft.

To Clean a White Felt Hat.

Take a little soda or spirits of ammonia, pipe clay and white precipitated chalk. The grease spots should be removed by washing or brushing with a hot solution of soda or ammonia. Then the hat should be entirely covered with a paste of pipe clay and water tempered with precipitated chalk. This paste should be left on until it has become dry and then brushed off.

Dry Cleaning at Home.

The mother and housewife who has to economize in her costume and those of her children will be aided by the following cleansing hints:

Laces or delicate materials which are soaked in borax water do not require public.

up to the daintiest neckwear, which it is impossible to wash, if left over night in an air-tight vessel of gasolene will look fresh and new when carefully daied.

look fresh and new when carefully dried.

To clean a white felt hat wash the grease spots with a hot solution of soda or spirits of ammonia, cover with a paste of pipe clay and water and precipitated chalk, and when dry brush off.

cipitated chalk, and when dry brush off.

A flannel wet with kerosene oil will remove fly specks from brass. Polish with chamois.

A woolen cloth dampened with gasolene will make the dirt disappear as if by magic when used for cleaning porcelain sinks, bathtubs or marble washbowls.

Gasolene is a sovereign remedy for bugs. It can be literally poured on the mattress, springs and bed without injuring the most delicate carpet, and every bug will disappear.

To remove stains from and thoroughly clean stone sinks they should be sprinkled over night with chloride of lime, which should be merely brushed down with water the following morning.

brushed down with water the follow-ing morning.
Glassware should be washed in hot soapsuds, rinsed in cold water. A clean glass towel does the rest. Use a brush for cut glass.—New York Ameri-can.



Braised Fowl—Singe, draw and wash a fowl; sprinkle with salt and pepper, brush with soft butter, dredge with flour; put it in a deep pan and brown the fowl in a quick oven; then put one cupful of water in the pan, one onion and a teaspoon of herbs; cover the pan and bake two or three hours, or until tender; baste occasionally; thicken the liquid in the pan with flour, after lifting the fowl on a hot platter; add sensoning; strain it, and add the gible; chopped fine.

Rye Bread—Take two pounds of rye flour, one and one-half pints of warm water, a little wheat bread dough, a heaping teaspoonful of caraway seed, if you like them. Use half the flour, the dough and water for making a sponge, and let it rise three or four hours, then add the salt and caraway seed and remainder of the flour. Mix and stir thoroughly. Cover, set in a warm place to rise; when double its bulk, after turning into well-buttered pans, bake for thirty-five or forty-five minutes in a moderately hot oven.

Apple Pudding—Peel and core eighteen sour apples and cut them in

bulk, after turning into well-buttered pans, bake for thirty-five or forty-five minutes in a moderately hot over.

Apple Pudding—Peel and core eighteen sour apples and cut them in pieces. Stew them slowly, with a little water, a piece of cinnamon, two whole cloves and a strip of lemon peel until they are soft. Sweeten to taste and push through a sieve. Incorporate the yolks of four eggs, the white of one, four tablespondfuls of butter, some nutmeg and the juice and grated peel of a lemon. Beat the mixture thoroughly and fill into a pudding dish which is lined with puff paste. Bake half an hour. The pudding may be covered with a meringue.

Cucumbers with Chicken Forcement—Pare six large, plump cucumbers; cut off the stem ends and with a small spoon scoop out the seeds. Place them in cold water to which you have added a little vinegar and let them stand a few minutes; then parboil them for a few minutes in salted water, drain again and stuff them with a good chicken and sweetbread forcement. Line a baking pan that will just hold them with silees of salt, lay in the cucumbers, season with pepper and minced herbs; baste well with melted butter, cover with buttered paper and roast in a hot oven for twenty or thirty minutes. Serve with a brown piquant sauce.

The King of Greece delights in tak-ling recreation in the fields.