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The Passing of Juno.

A STUDY IN FEMININE CONTRADICTIONS.

By RUTH CRAFT.

On a crisp afternoon in early autumn Juno was walking across the campus. The Greek professor when she entered the class room greeted her as Miss Lawrence, and in the registry her Christian name was Eleanor. But if you had watched her progress down the straight path, you would know why the girls called her Juno. They had given her the name in her freshman year. Now she was a senior and it fitted her still better. She was tall. There was rhythm in her motion, and vigor, as if all her muscles had been developed in harmony. Her head turned the least bit to one side and slightly tilted backward, the erect shoulders and straight back, the grace and poise of the whole body as she walked all befitted a goddess. Her hair was black. It was parted and coiled loosely just above the line of her neck without breaking the natural contour of the head. The eyes too were dark and the cheeks rosy. It was in coloring rather than in beauty of feature that the charm of her face lay.

As Juno opened her Iliad and knotted her brows, Mary Tilton, watching her in a corner, felt like protesting against the inflictions of education. Theoretically, to be sure, there was propriety enough in Juno's reading the Iliad; nothing could have suited her style better. But Juno had displayed no affinity for Greek nor for any other branch of learning. It seemed to Mary preposterous that such a girl should be made to mope over books. It would be quite as sensible to capture a young deer and compel it to study logarithms. Juno belonged out of doors. She should be free. It ought to be enough for anybody to see her a beautiful, strong, natural being. Juno would have endorsed Mary's views if they had come up for consideration. She had not formulated any like them in her own mind, but she lived up to them. She placed no strain upon her intelect willingly. She fell in cordially with nature's plan regarding her person. Such aids to its realization as the morning plunge, a full allowance of exercise in the open air, and nourishing food, she employed generously. She took pains that her dressmaker should acquiesce in the designs that seemed to have been conceived in Paris with special refrence to her figure. The beauty of her hair was enhanced at home by the activities of her maid; at college it was Mary Tilto who delighted to brush it every night. Juno did not revel selfishly in her natural attractiveness. She was perfectly willing that others should enjoy it.

As the class left the room, Juno and Mary walked away arm in arm. It was the last recitation in the afternoon.

"Come out for a walk," Mary suggested. "Let's have supper on the hill. We can wrap up warm."

"You always know just what will suit me, Mary," said Juno. "I want to get off somewhere, and have a chance to think.'

Mary looked up in vague alarm. She never before had known Juno to want to think. But she said nothing.

When Juno reached her room she threw her Iliad on the desk and herself on a couch, where she lay with eyes closed, her hands clasped over her head. Mary Tilton meantime ran up two flights of stairs to her room. She extracted from the larder, which is more requisite a part of a college girl's room than a desk, four eggs. These she put on the gas stove to boil. "Twenty minutes," she said to herself; "Juno won't eat them unless they are hygienic." Then she ran down the two flights to a small grocery store that thrived under the college roof on the patronage of the students, to mount once more with the materials for sandwiches, fruit, and a jar of milk. The college supper bell was ringing when, lunch basket in hand, she knocked at Juno's door. The "Come!" sounded drowsy.

"Did I wake you up?" asked Mary contritely.

No matter. I'm ready. I was dreadfully tired, and I don't want to look played-out tomorrow."

"Anything special?"

"Kent is coming."

"I thought you forbade him to come again,' rose to Mary's lips. What she said was: "You'll have a good time."

"On the contrary," said Juno, "he bores me a good deal."

The next day was Sunday. The girls did not meet until evening. Mary spent the holiday in the library working up history topics. There was no evidence in Juno's Monday recitation that her friend had confined her exertions to her town subject. At an early hour in the afternoon Kent Thorpe was shown into the college drawing room. The fortunate circumstance that his great-grandfather had married Eleanor Lawrence's great-grandmother established a blood relationship between student and guest that made it within the bounds of college discipline for them to leave the building together. As they did so, it was observed from several windows that the tall stranger with fair skin and hair and manly bearing did not look out of place beside Juno. They did not return until sundown. During the evening they conversed sedately in a corner of the college drawing room, Kent looking as if the whole institution was weighing him down. A spectator would have detected a mischievousness in Eleanor's demeanor that she hardly could have introduced for the purpose of allaying his discomfiture.

At bedtime, when Mary was brushing the black glossy hair that took more of her attention than her own, Juno said: "We tramped for miles. Then he read me a magazine article that he has written. Here are his sketches for it. Aren't they beautiful?" She spread them out on the couch, her long hair slipping over her white arms as she bent down. Mary stood brush in hand, uttering little staccatos of admiration. "His article isn't so good." Juno admitted, "but I can put it into shape for him."

Mary repressed her surprise at this budding of literary criticism. "Has he gone?" she asked.

"No. He missed the train. He telephoned that he would come again tomorrow."

Mary grinned behind the screen of Juno's hair. "Then look out for tomorrow," she said soberly.

"Nonsense!" said Juno.

At 10 o'clock, according to college rules, every light must be out. On the Sunday night after Kent's second call Juno obeyed, and so did Mary. But when Juno, in a loose gown and soft slippers, rapped on Mary's door she found her friend similarly arrayed and perched on a high window seat in the moonlight. She climbed up beside her and laid head in her lap.

"Have you come to tell me anything, Juno?" asked Mary roguishly.

"Certainly not." Juno spoke severely. "I don't feel like talking at all. I never shall marry him," she asserted with contradictory irrelevance.

Mary ran her fingers through the soft hair. She said nothing.

"He's just my age," remarked Juno, "and stunning to look at."

"Well?" Mary ventured.

"He is awfully fond of golf and walking and all that."

"Well?"

"He says we have the same tastes in music and books and such things."

"Very likely," asserted Mary. If Juno should develop any predilections at all in those directions, it seemed likely that they would follow Mr. Thorpe's.

"But I don't care for him. Besides, I never could stand being tied down even if I did love anybody."

"What does he say to that?"

"He says he will make me. He says I should be freer than ever."

"He doesn't know her," thought Mary.

"But he doesn't really care for me," Juno explained. "He is misled because he never happened to come across my type before."

"Some of that is true," said Mary, adding to herself, "and he won't again."

"There are quantities of other women that would be just as congenial and stimulating to him if he knew them."

"Then it is your duty to tell him so."

"I tried to, but he interrupted me."

"It wasn't very nice. He said 'Damn the other women!'"

On Monday afternoon Mary found Juno bending over the manuscript of Mr. Thorpe's article which by free use of a pencil she had rendered absolutely illegible.

"When on earth did you do all that?" she asked.

"I've done nothing else all day. There! read it and see if you think of anything else to do to it. I have been over it so many times that I know it by heart. I simply cannot look at it again.

Mary took up the sheets.

"No, give it to me!" said Juno. "I'll read it to you. I'd like to."

"Why did you do all that?" asked Mary boldly.

"I don't know. Yes, I do too. I want him to know how much I care for him as a friend."

On Tuesday Juno received a letter. To the judicial mind the gratitude that it expressed might have seemed excessive. "It was too good of you to bother over my miserable article, dear. Yes, dear, dear, dear. I will say it. How can I ever thank you enough? And not for that only. How can I tell you what your grand, sweet, womanly nature has done for me? Oh, Eleanor, I love you. Yes, I will say that too."

On Wednesday, as Juno came out from the college postoffice with Mary, she said; "I'm not used to getting so many love letters a day. Do I love him?"

"No," said Mary, decisively, "you don't."

Juno looked relieved. "He wants to come up again on Saturday," she said, "but I have written him not to. I was good, wasn't I?"

"Very," said Mary.

On Thursday Mr. Thorpe wrote that there were some points in his article that they positively must talk over together. "I shall be firm, Mary," said Juno. "It won't do at all for him to come."

"Why, Juno?" and Mary looked into Juno's eyes.

"He goes to California next month," pursued Juno, evasively; "probably I never shall see him again."

Friday was Juno's afternoon at home. She always served tea to the girls. When Mary arrived the couches and chairs were filled and several guests were on the floor. Peals of laughter announced that Juno was entertaining the company with her own version of some incident in college life. She never appeared more brilliant or more irresponsible. Mary, who always slipped into a corner on these occasions, sat watching her friend wistfully. She could see in the vivacious face no suggestion of the week's siege that Juno's heart had undergone. Would Kent Thorpe, or any other man, she asked herself, ever be Juno's conquering hero? Her answer came unexpectedly. As she tried to go out unnoticed while the jolity was in full swing, Juno opened the door for her. "I telegraphed him to come tomorrow," she said in an undertone.

Mr. Thorpe must have known the time table by heart. Doubtless it was his custom, moreover, to keep his dress-suit case packed. These facts favored his arrival in response to Juno's telegram at an hour that anticipated the usual one for morning calls. Punctuality, however, did not so much characterize his manner when, at dusk, Juno tore her hand from his at the college gateway.

Mary Tilton found the history topics rich in suggestion that Saturday. In place of Mary Queen of Scots, she would see Juno; Sir Philip Sidney gave place to Kent Thorpe. At supper Juno's seat was empty. Mary found her in her room in an attitude of dejection. Her face was the picture of despair.

"What now?" Mary tried to speak gayly.

"He has gone."

"To California?"

"No, to his hotel."

"Then you have not parted for all time?"

"I should think not," cried Juno. "Oh, Mary!" and the goddess burst into tears.

Mary was to say the least perplexed. Mr. Thorpe had expressed a strong desire to come. Juno had summoned him of her own will. He had promptly responded. Now she wept because he had not gone. Whatever the reason, it was sufficiently agitating to see Juno in tears She somehow suspected that tears, in the case of Juno, meant downfall. It was the first time that she had seen her cry.

"It's hideous!" Juno proclaimed, as soon as she could speak. A comical look aided her as she removed the traces of tears. Mary waited in silence for further enlightenment. "It's simply hideous," Juno repeated, "to adore anybody as I do him."

"Then you will go to California with him?" Mary smiled as she spoke.

"No, but only because he has given up going. I would go to the moon with him if he wanted me to."—New York Evening Post.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The first ice cream ever sold as a regular article of commerce was shipped by a Boston merchant named Tudor in 1805. He sent a load to Martinique.

Another girl has been found who likes needles. In Ashland, Pa., the other day, a 16-year-old girl was operated on in the state hospital, and no less than 125 needles were taken out of her hands and arms. It sems that she did not like to go to school and as an excuse would stick needles into herself. She semed to have suffered no great inconvenience from doing so.

The four-year-old son of a French packer recently disappeared, and the authorities instituted a search, but without result. The same day, however, the boy was returned in a packing case which had been sent to a customer as containing goods. The child had apparently got into the empty case, fallen asleep, and had been packed up. Luckily, the lid only fitted loosely, and the boy is none the worse for the adventure.

The Eskimos possessed the most remarkable place of worship in the world. It was a sealskin church. Forty sealskins were stretched over a light framework, and in this tent, 18 feet by 12, services were held every Sunday. But the church came to an untimely end. One hard winter the Eskimos' dogs, being half famished, dined on the sealskins, and only the frame was left. The Eskimos have now erected a dog proof tabernacle.

A procession of the unemployed that took place in 1764 says the London Express, did not meet with any great success or public sympathy. In that year wigs went out of fashion, and the wigmakers of London were thrown out of work and reduced to distress. They petitioned George III to compel gentlemen to wear wigs by law. As the wigmakers went in procession to St. James to present their petition it was noticed that most of those persons who wanted to compel other people to wear wigs wore no wigs themselves. This striking the London mob as very inconsistent, they seized the processionists and forcibly cut off all their hair.

An interesting discovery was made recently at Peterborough cathedral during the progress of some evacuations in connection with the underpinning of the south wall of the sanctuary. Three stone coffins, one very large and two smaller, and the stem of a Saxon cross, richly ornamented with moulding of a well known Celtic pattern, were discovered. The spot is the northeastern extremity of the Saxon church which was destroyed by fire by the Danes, and propably formed part of a monastic burial ground. Archaeologists believe the small coffins may have been those of the children of one of the kings of Mercia. The cross is to be preserved in the cethadral.

Athletics in Our Navy.

The navy department has issued a special order announcing the allotments of athletic outfits to naval vessels according to their complements, and saying that they will be supplied at once. These outfits include balls, baseball bats, mitts, masks, protectors and bags, being gloves, footballs, football trousers, stockings and belts, protectors and bags boxing gloves, fencing gloves and masks. The fencing outfit is designed for the special use of officers. On the request of squadron commanders trophies will be furnished their commands as follows:

Vessels having complements of 300 or more: Rowing, a gilded rooster; sailing, a small model of a navy cutter under sail; baseball, a blue and gold banner; football, a gilded wooden football; fencing, crossed broadswords. Vessels having complements of less than 300: Rowing, a silver roaster; sailing, a small model of a navy whaleboat under sail; baseball, a red and gold banner; football, a silver wooden football; fencing, crossed broadswords. All trophies are to be suitably mounted and so arranged that the necessary inscription can be entered upon them yearly, and are also to be protected by glass cases.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The telephone can no longer be legally used by German physicians in dictating prescriptions to druggists, because of the chances of fatal misunderstandings.

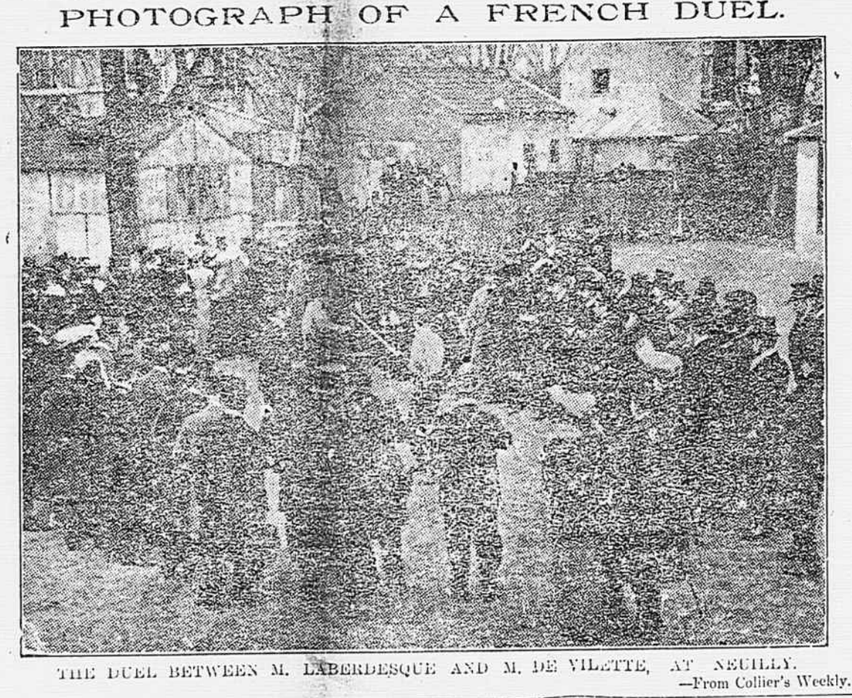
DUELLING FOR FUN.

Duelling not for honor, but for fun, is one of the latest pastimes indulged in by the gayest of nations. And they call this fencing with buttonless foils, do the merry Gauls, "la poule sanglante," i. e., the bloody hen. For these ensanguined poultry contests the following regulations have been laid down: "Swords with buttonless blades, face uncovered, right arm bared, ordinary kid gloves if desired, upper part of the body clothed in a vest fitting tightly to the skin, belts forbidden, each fencer to be assisted by two seconds. The competitions will consist of two-minute bouts, and will stop at the first blood." The first public event of this kind took place early in March at Neuilly, near Paris, the fighting cocks (or hens) to lead off being M. Laberdesque and M. de Vilette. The latter received a scratch on the forearm. Then the police intervened. After a perfunctory though clamorous official demonstration, the officers of the law withdrew, and then the series of duels continued and more of the brave Gallic birds bled for fun.—Collier's Weekly.

Church With a Strange History.

Here is a remarkable little mediaeval church which was discovered through a dream. A young woman living in a village near Pirot, in Servia, dreamed one night of a buried church. She spoke of it to the prefect and the local clergy, but they only laughed at her. She persisted in her statements, however, and ultimately induced the people to dig at a spot she indicated. Here, to the intense surprise of every one but the dreamer, the ruins of a mediaeval church were found. These were rebuilt as a tiny chapel, and since then hundreds of people have made pilgrimages to the place. The chapel is simply crowded with tablets, sacred icons and other tributes of the faithful.

PHOTOGRAPH OF A FRENCH DUEL.



THE DUEL BETWEEN M. LABERDESQUE AND M. DE VILETTE, AT NEUILLY.
—From Collier's Weekly.

A CHAPEL BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF A MEDIAEVAL CHURCH WHICH WAS DISCOVERED THROUGH A DREAM.
[From a Photo.]

The woman whose dream led to its discovery is the presiding genius of the place, and receives so many gifts from the worshipers that she is already quite rich. Our photograph shows the dream church and its discoverer, with her children.—The Wide World Magazine.

The Source of Supply.

At last the doctor consented to smile, the nurse was already laughing; the shadow had been lifted from the sickroom, and everything was well; and after profusely bathing her eyes Aunt Jennie came down to the breakfast table where her two small nieces were seated, wondering what had turned the house so topsy-turvy that morning.

"Guess what I know, girlies!" she said, gayly. "There is a little baby brother upstairs. He came this morning when you were asleep. What do you think of that?"

"Did he?" exclaimed the sharp-eyed Edith. "Then I know who brought him."

"You do?"

"Yes, it was the milkman. It said so on his cart yesterday."

"Said what?" asked Aunt Jennie in astonishment.

"Why, 'Families supplied daily!'" was the quick reply.—New York Times.

The Pepper Plant.

The pepper plant—piper nigrum—which produces the white and black pepper of commerce, is a climbing, vine-like shrub, found growing wild in the forests of Trevancore and the Malabar coast of India. Pepper is entirely tropical in its requirements. The white pepper is the black pepper decorticated by maceration and rubbing.

Duluth, Minn., is to have an immense electrical power plant which will rival that at the "Soo."

RACING ON THE SAND, A NEW SPORT

By Day Allen Willey.

THE eastern coast of Florida, between Daytona and Ormonde includes a stretch of sand which is about thirty miles in length and remarkable for its smooth and hard surface. It is so firm that it is utilized as a boulevard by horse vehicles of various kinds and by automobiles, bicycles, and by what are locally termed "sand-sailers." During the winter season, when the resorts mentioned are largely patronized, nearly every variety of vehicle operated by steam or gasoline can be seen upon the beach. The photographs show a collection of the various automobiles which have been used here during the past winter. They include not only a break, but runabouts of various kinds. In the picture are no less than seven different kinds of autos, including the motor bicycle.

The "sand-sailers" consist of a framework spread on three bicycle wheels, to which is attached an ordinary sprit sail. The rear wheel is used to steer the "craft," and it can be operated quite close to the wind, while in running before the wind it frequently attains a very high speed. Some of the bicyclists who use the beach for a course have fitted up sails which are fastened to a mast attached to the framework, and are used in coasting before the wind.

A CHAPEL BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF A MEDIAEVAL CHURCH WHICH WAS DISCOVERED THROUGH A DREAM.
[From a Photo.]

VARIOUS TYPES OF SELF-PROPELLED VEHICLES USED ON THE BEACHES OF FLORIDA.
—From the Scientific American.

Caged Birds Live Longest.

Many people declaim against the cruelty of keeping birds in cages, but it is a well-proved truth that cage-birds live about six times as long as a wild bird, and the bird invariably becomes so fond of its owner and its surroundings that, when the cage is thrown open, it will not fly away. It suffers so little from solitude that, if a prospective mate is introduced, it hits her on the head at first for her impudence in daring to intrude into a private apartment.—New York Press.

The British Officer.

The dash and bravery displayed by the little British force in the storming of Kano were quite up to the traditions of the service. The British officer may be criticised for lack of "slimness," but when it comes to leading straight into an ugly breach he can give them all cards and spades.—Ottawa Citizen.

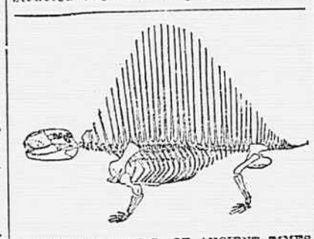
A MISSING LINK.

Strange Animal Connecting Reptiles and Mammals.

In Permian times, which was about midday in the great geological past, there lived many strange and wierd creatures belonging to the vast reptilian class. The fossil sunlight, which we call coal, was just forming in Pennsylvania and no mammal had yet trod upon this earth.

The comparatively brief period of the world's history embraced by the Permian and Trias saw some remarkable changes among back-boned animals, not only of our continent, but elsewhere; it saw the disappearance of the great frog and salamander-like amphibians, and the coming of dinosaurs and marine reptiles. Turtles made their appearance, and the strange, mammal-like reptiles, the anomodonts ran their course, passed across the stage, and went out of existence. Most important of all events that took place in the Triassic period was the advent of mammals, and, while these were no larger than rats, and seem to have had many features in common with their anomodont associates, they marked the coming of the highest of all groups of animals. No period of time, it is safe to say, since, has witnessed such a complete revolution in the life of the globe. The vegetation, too, was changing; those giant, overgrown mosses, which had waned in the carboniferous, practically disappeared with the Permian, while ferns and cycads increased and conifers appeared in numbers. The world had changed, our continent had increased in size, and the close of the Trias looked upon a new landscape, peopled by a new race of beings.

Mr. Case, of the State Normal School, Milwaukee, Wis., has patiently reconstructed one of these primitive actors of the stage, long since forgotten, for our delectation. Head down and tail exposed is the way that anomodont known as "Embolophorus dollovianus" was discovered. The strata was slightly inclined and composed of peculiarly refractory cement of iron and sand, which made the extraction of the bones a matter of extreme difficulty and patience.



A STRANGE ANIMAL OF ANCIENT TIMES

Patience ultimately had its reward and the specimen proved to be nearly anatomatically complete, the only parts lacking being the ribs and part of the feet, which were present in other specimens of the same animal. The restoration here shown was made after a most careful study, measurement and comparison with all bones of like creatures. The body is drawn somewhat elevated from the ground. At first it seemed probable that the belly was dragged on the ground, but an attempt to place the bones of the fore limb in such a position showed such not to have been the case with the animal. The tail would naturally seem to have been pretty long, if for no other reason than to preserve the symmetry of the animal, but the bones prove otherwise. When alive Embolophorus dollovianus must have been about the size of a pony, only of vastly different appearance and possessed of the habits of an alligator.

A Remnant of Old Newgate.

The most notorious part of the whole structure—and which yet remains—was the press yard. Here it was that peine forte et dure was inflicted upon prisoners charged with felony who with the view of saving their property from confiscation, refused to plead at the bar. This dreadful punishment of being pressed to death was, however, abolished in 1772. A Major Strangways, who was indicted for murder, having refused to plead, was condemned to this savage peine forte et dure. He died in eight minutes, and many of those who witnessed the dreadful sight threw stones at him to hasten his end.—Chambers's Journal.

Mere Opinion.

A woman isn't old as long as she can keep her daughter in short skirts.

People who are disposed to cry over spilled milk have damp handkerchiefs most of the time.

It isn't always the most powerful locomotive that has the biggest whistle.

There is many a man who would be willing to lose the respect of a town shipful of people in order to win a $2 prize.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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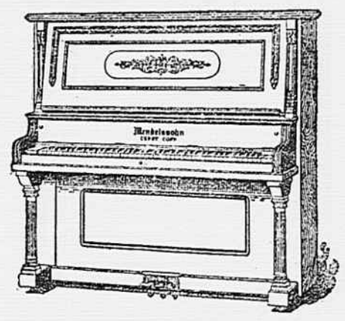

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BASKET CONVENIENCES.

No matter how unimportant an article of house furnishing may seem, it nevertheless is swept by the keen, critical eye of the inventor and manufacturer to see if it can be improved. One would think nobody would bother about baskets, that those on the market were good enough and that there were other things more worth while.

But lots of new things in baskets are cropping up. Every one knows that scrap baskets are apt to break on the edge, especially where the family is large and there are careless young people. A tough, serviceable straw now comes, pretty enough for the most fastidious, which is built into scrap baskets, and to make it more durable the edge is protected with aluminum. It looks like nickel, so bright and silvery is it. But nickel for such uses would be heavy. Aluminum has scarcely any weight. These baskets will almost last forever.

Of the same straw, aluminum bound, is a little coneshaped basket lined with leather. This is for the maid and intended to hold knives and forks when removed from the table. Everyone knows that when dishes and knives, forks and spoons are piled indiscriminately on trays the knives and forks are apt to slide off on the floor. This little basket permits them to be gathered all at once quietly and taken from the dining-room without fear of mishap.

Useful for the picnic hamper is a small flat basket with a half dozen or more grass-woven rings, like napkin rings, fastened in it. They will hold securely bottles of wines, eggs or such things whose breaking would spell ruination to the other contents of the hamper.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The results of the German census of 1900, have just been made public by the Imperial Statistical Bureau. The returns show that at that date the city of Frankforton-Main had 288,989 inhabitants, (today over 300,000). Of these 175,909, or 60.9 per cent. were Protestants, 88,457 (30.6 per cent.) Catholics, 21,974 (7.6 per cent) Jews, and 2,649 persons (0.9 per cent) were dissenters or unsectarian. The following figures give the number of foreigners who were then sojourning or residing in the city: 2,586 Austrians, 694 Swiss, 472 Americans, 346 Russians, 217 British, 202 Hungarians and 95 Hollanders. Among the German subjects in Frankfort's population there were 89 whose mother tongue was English.

Powerful Chinese Drugs.

"I have always heard that Chinese medicines are very powerful," said the city salesman, "but I never had any idea what a tremendous effect they were capable of producing on the system till I saw a Doyers street Chinaman take a pill the other day, and then I realized that one dose of a Celestial compound can safely be warranted to kill or cure. Never in my born days did I see such a pill. How on earth the fellow ever got it down is a mystery. It was fully as big as a pigeon's egg, and, so the patient told me afterward, fearfully bitter.

"Upon inquiry, I found that that was a fair sample of most Chinese remedies. No matter what the nature of the medicine, it is generally made up into enormous pills, whose naturally bad taste is modified by nothing but a little licorice. These pills are inclosed in wax capsules which preserve them from the air and keep them from being broken to pieces before their time. Aside from the pills the only remedies used by orthodox Chinese in New York are a remedial oil which they rub on the temples to cure headache, and a liquid made by boiling down the leaves, stems, seeds and roots of certain plants in a quantity of drinking water.

"According to my Doyers street authority," continued the salesman, according to the New York Times, "this fluid medicine is even worse than the pills, for it has to be cooked till it is almost like a syrup and drunk scalding hot."

RAGOUT OF MUTTON.

Mix two tablespoonsful of vinegar with four tablespoonsful of salad oil in a deep dish, and add an onion, cut into slices, a pinch of powdered cloves and half a teaspoonful of black pepper. Put some rather thick slices of roast mutton into the pickle and leave them for an hour or two, turning them once or twice during the time. Then put the meat into a stewpan in layers with sliced onion, carrot and celery between; pour in sufficient nicely flavored thick brown sauce to cover the meat, put a piece of buttered paper over it, place the lid on the pan, and put it into a moderately hot oven for two hours and a half. At the end of that time take out the meat and arrange it on a hot dish, place a border of boiled maccaroni around it (which has been finished with butter and a little gated Parmesan cheese), with baked tomatoes at intervals; strain the sauce over the meat and scatter some finely chopped parsley over it.