

Similar Cases, Dash, the Editor, Mrs. Scragge, Tornado, the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—and found old Mene, peeping into a kettle, boiling on the range in his own kitchen, and lecturing Mrs. Mene and the cook.

"Mrs. Mene, I thought I ordered this fish to be kept till to-morrow, and a picked up dinner for to-day! There was nothing left," Mrs. Mene? Do you mean to tell me there was nothing left? And a pudding! Mrs. Mene, will you look here? The woman is making a pudding! Fish, and a pudding, together! Burning out the candle at both ends! And you talking about new hats for the children! There must be some old things in the house. Look them up, look them up, Mrs. Mene, and set the pudding away, do you hear? Fish, and pudding, in one day! indeed!

"Here is an idiot," said the Fool Catcher, with strong disgust. "You should have married a five-dollar note, Sir. It would have cost you nothing, and you need never have spent it. Fall in line, Mr.—; but hush, what is that?"—And listening, we heard Mrs. Worreit.

"Oh, yes! I get the woman, my dear, at little or nothing. She has neither home nor friends, and is glad of a shelter; and she is not aware of her own value. She is a perfect seamstress; has taste and judgment, and I should pay two dollars a day for the work that I get out of her at a dollar a week. As you say, I think I am in luck myself; but I am always on the look-out for such lucky chances. I get all my work done in that way. I can afford to dress well on the money I save."

"Ah! Madam!" cried the Fool Catcher, suddenly stepping in before her, "as I told Mr. Cruet, Heaven is in account with you, and of such as you will exact tithing on every penny that you have gained or saved out of the poor and afflicted, and you will find it a fearful debt to pay. Fall in line, Madam. You are penny-wise and soul-foolish."

So we marched on—Mrs. Worreit, Mr. Mene, Cruet, the Similar Cases, Dash, the Editor, Mrs. Scragge, Tornado, the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—when we met Miss Blew, in a dingy, rumpled gown, and the ugliest bonnet that could be bought for money.

"You are a pretty Fool Catcher!" cried Miss Blew, scornfully scanning our line. "A man or two to save appearances, and all the rest to go free. But wait till the new order of things comes about. Then we may have a female Fool Catcher, and men may get their deserts for their meanness, stupidity, obstinacy, ugliness, pettiness, tyranny, malice, and abuse of women generally. I only wish they would make me Fool Catcher," she said, grimly, curving her fingers like claws.

"Is the new order of things at hand?" asked the Fool Catcher, quietly.

"No; nor won't be," snapped Miss Blew, "till women pluck up a spirit. Men are like donkeys—"

"But, my dear Madam, you can lead your donkeys better with thistles than sticks. Tact, and conciliation—"

"Have been tried for the last six thousand years!" screamed Miss Blew. "Men are to tyrannize over us, because it is unfeminine to show temper and resist; and we are to look pretty, because men like pretty faces; and wear neat gowns, because men like neatness in women. But if we only get a dinner semi-occasionally, we must not mention it, because the only remedy is, more trades and more wages; and as it tickles men's vanity to think that he is the centre of woman's universe, and that in him she lives, and moves, and has her being, the best he can do for working women, who live and move in themselves, if at all, is to wink at their existence, and continually hold them up as dreadful examples of what may happen to women without his protection; telling us, meanwhile, how feeble we are in muscle and endurance, and how in-

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"There, Gnat!" she was saying, "just like you! Forgot it, of course! You wouldn't have forgotten it if Mrs. Walliker had asked you! Toiling and slaving, you say! I suppose you expect to have a wife and daughters for nothing, Sir. I suppose you would like us to turn our old gowns, and wear them the year through. Mimy extravagant! She don't dress as well as Laura Walliker! Always talking about sitting at your desk! Where would you sit? or as if you cared for anything outside of your counting-room."

"Yes, but he might have cared for his home," said the Fool Catcher, softly.

A movement of the crowd brought Mrs. Pharisee and the woman face to face. Mrs. Pharisee was fresh, clean, and spotless, from her stockings to her collar. Her face was fresh and spotless also, with here and there a line—for Mrs. Pharisee was not young—but lightly drawn by small anxieties. The woman, though ten years younger than Mrs. Pharisee, looked older, so haggard, ragged, and begrimed was she. No stranger contrast could have been made. Mrs. Pharisee was proper; the woman was reckless. Mrs. Pharisee was neat; the woman was filthy. Mrs. Pharisee was on her way to evening prayers; and the woman had just stolen beans, for her children, she said, looking half-impudently at Mrs. Pharisee.

"And you see where your theft has brought you and them," said Mrs. Pharisee, answering her look. "Why will people be bad, when, in these days of light and of the dispensation of the Gospel, it is just as easy to be good?"

The Fool Catcher choked.

"Fall in line!" he gasped, when he had recovered breath. "If all the virtues and proprieties have been able to make nothing better of you than this, I wonder what you would have developed had you been born, like this woman, not to days of light, but to days of darkness; not to the dispensation of the Gospel, but to the dispensation of the devil! Fall in line, Mrs. Pharisee."

And so we marched on—Mrs. Pharisee, Mrs. Gnat, Miss Blew, Mrs. Worreit, Mr. Mene, Cruet, the Similar Cases, Dash, the Editor, Mrs. Scragge, Tornado, the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I.

PRESERVING FRUIT WITH HONEY.—The Los Angeles *Herald* says: Below we give a recipe furnished us by Mrs. Pullee, for preserving fruits with honey. We are well satisfied that in a short time honey will take the place of sugar in canning and preserving fruit, as it will be both better and cheaper. We hope that if other lady readers have tried experiments of this kind they will report success, that others may have the benefit of their experience. "I have been experimenting with putting up fruit with extracted honey instead of sugar. I think it is superior to sugar in every way. Fruit that is preserved in honey is not so apt to sour and require a second boiling. I pick my fruit, wash it, and drain off as much of the water as possible. Then I place it in some large kettle or pan and add one-third as much honey, in measure, as there is fruit. I then boil it until the taste of the honey has evaporated. Fruit preserved in this way is excellent."

While two men were cutting wood near Forest Grove, Washington county, camp ground, they cut into a tree three feet in diameter, and found where the pioneers had cut limbs off over which the wood had since grown sixteen inches. The tree is about seventy-five years old.



MAN'S MOST FAITHFUL FRIEND.

ferior in judgment and talents. But when the painter drew the lion at the feet of the man the lion said that he should have placed the figures differently. It makes a difference who tells the story. Give us as thorough and sensible an education as you do men, as far a chance, and as desirable a prospect, and let us demonstrate our inferiority. So far it has been millions of times asserted, but never once proved. Let—"

"Fall in line, Madam!" interrupted the Fool Catcher, who had listened with something like interest. "There are grains of wheat in all this chaff, but common-sense might teach you that when you deliberately make yourself as unbearable to men as possible they will very naturally suppose you the fruit of the system you advocate, and as naturally oppose it, when you stand in need of their sympathy and hearty cooperation, instead."

And so we marched on—Miss Blew,

"You are lazy, Gnat," pursued the lady, "or you would be willing to escort your daughters about, poor things! You would, if you had natural affection. Worn down!" Well, I am worn down, I should think, with a house, and three daughters, and six servants, to oversee. But I sacrifice myself; I go till I am fit to drop."

"What a pity that the Gnats are not given to the Tornadoes!" said the Fool Catcher, stepping forward with his customary formula of "Fall in line, Mrs. Gnat."

And so we marched on—Mrs. Gnat, Miss Blew, Mrs. Worreit, Mr. Mene, Cruet, the Similar Cases, Dash, the Editor, Mrs. Scragge, Tornado, the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—till we overtook Mrs. Pharisee, entangled in a crowd about a miserable woman caught in the act of filching an apronful of beans.