investigation committee at Ocala be authorized and requested to file a complete transcript of his stenographic notes with the President of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial

and adopted : That the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, in Supreme Council assembled, cordially approves of the general purpose of the Woman's wishes the members of that organization a heartfelt God speed in their brave pursuit of that righteousness which alone exalteth a nation.

appointed on summer encampment with full power to act as last year. The Supreme Council then adjourned.

HOUSEHOLD.

TO BOTTLE CRANBERRIES.

Pick the cranberries quite clean, and put them in clean bottles; fill the bottles with cold water that has previously been boiled; cement the corks, or cover them with thin paper rubbed over with white of egg, and keep them in a cool, dry place.

MILK SOUP.

One quart of cold water, one pint of milk, two boiled and mashed potatoes, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of tapioca. Let this mixture boil before adding the tapioca, and then boil ten minutes. An onion may be added if preferred.

COFFEE ROLLS.

Work into a quart of bread dough a rounded tablespoonful of butter and half a teacup of white sugar; add some ever them, work into the dough thoroughly, make into small, long rolls, dip them into melted butter, place in the pan, let it rise a short time and bake.

CRANBERRY TARTS.

than cranberries. Prepare pastry shells too blamed promise'us 'bout it, and say nothin' more, so he waited a mo not over two or 21 inches in diameter, puttin' a hole through a chap just for from puff paste. Prick them on the the fun of it. bottom thoroughly to prevent them from rising, as puff paste will, if left unseemly manner. The edges, of the last one he ever laid off to plant.' course, must be left to rise as they please. Fill each tart with a tablespoonful of cranberries ter the shells are cold and the cost, a ries are hot. Set them away to canber ald.

MOCK TURTLE OF TP. Clean and wash a calf's head, split it in two, save the horizon, boil the head until tender in plenty of water; put a kill the man you speak of, the slice of fat ham, a bunch of parsely asked. cut small, a sprig of thyme, two leeks a stewpan, and fry them a nice brown; and cayenne pepper and salt to taste; let it simmer gently for two hours then skim it clear and serve.

BAKED FISH.

Spread some butter over a drippingpan, sprinkle over it one onion minced an' me, an' four other fellers was fine, lay on this a thin slice of halibut herdin' on a range in Western Texas. or any small, whole fish, split down the middle. Add one tablespoon of right smart, but the soldiers drove vinegar and spread thickly with butter. Bake until done, the time depending upon the thickness of the fish. Remove to a platter. Add flour to the butter left in the pan and when well mixed add water until it is the desired consistency; add three or four minced mushrooms or pickles. Pour this over the fish. Garnish with lemon points and parsely.

SOME MISSING LINKS.

from a paper bag in the Pennsylvania depot. She nodded, and she flashed took possession of the valley. up a piece of mince pie and said:

"I want you to eat some of it, even

York."

"No, indeed."

"Do you notice the lack of any-

"I can't say that I do." batch."

mustard and sugar?"

"I did." "After all was mixed didn't you

with a big spoon?" "Of course,"

it down cellar with a plate over it?" "Exactly."

any mistake." out entirely !"

WHY JIM DIDN'T SHOOT.

It recently fell to my lot to pass a Sunday in in a small Kansas town, and as it was a wet day I was forced to Resolution by Brother Gwynn read | remain for the greater part of it cooped up in the little hotel. The house had no other guest, and so for the want of ness right on the start.' other company I went to the office and entered in conversation with the Christian Temperance Union, and landlord, a tall, sun-bronzed, leatheryfeatured man, past middle age, who, I soon learned, had spent many years in the West, and who had seen some Motion adopted that a committee be rough, as well as interesting experin ces, and who was chuck full of remin-

After we had talked for a couple of suddenly remarked:

"I reckon, stranger, you've heard tell of Jim Dixon, or more likely 'Big somethin', Jim' as we allus called him."

"No, I think not," I was compelled to admit, though I realized from the tone in which the question was asked that it was a humiliating admission to make.

"Never?" the landlord repeated. shorely ever body knowed 'bout Jim. He was the formost man on the bor der, an' he made a record that'll stand a good many years. He was a great man, Jim was; a wonderfull feller shore. for him. Tough! oh my, stranger, I reckon he was. He wasn't afeared of nothin', an' I guess the happiest times he ever knowed was when he was mixed up in a shootin' scrape. Thar's no tellin' how many men Jim killed first an' dried currants (well washed and dried last, for he was so reckless he'd just in the oven), sift some flour and sugar pop 'em over at the crook of a finger, an' didn't no more keer for it than nothin' Twixt you an' me, stranger, I think Jim carried the shootin' busifeller needs drappin', why then drap Nothing makes a more dainty tart im; but there ain't no call fer gettin'

"I reckon, stranger, ever man what Jim made up his mind to kill caught to its own devices, in an uneven and it, 'cept one, an' that one, I guess, was

> "Jim caught it that time himself, eh?" I suggested.

"No he didn't," the landlord replied in a tone of slight disgust. "Narry time, sir. Jim wasn't the man to be planted premachoorly, and the feller

"How did it happen that he didn't kill the man you speak of, then?" I

"Wal, sir, it was a quaire piece of cut small, six cloves, a teaspoonful of | business, that was, an' one o' the most pepper and three ounces of butter into | techin' things I ever see. I never knowed a feller so broke up in all my then add the water in which the head life as Jim was, an' sir, it was nobody was boiled, cut the meat from the head | but a little gal that done it-a little in neat, square pieces, and put them in | bit o' shaver, 'bout six or seven years the soup; add one lemon sliced thin, old, I recken, an' the poorest, peekedist little thing I ever set eyes on.

"Want to hear 'bout it, eh? Wal, the way of it was this:

"You see bout the time Oklahoma was opened for settlement, Big Jim, We'd been up in the territory herdin' us out with the rest of the cattle fel Hers, you know, and so we laid down on the border sorter waitin' for devel-

"While we was in the territory we picked out a valley what had 'bout three thousand o' the best land an richest grass I ever see anywher, an we 'lowed as soon as the country was opened for settlement we'd come back an' take possession of it an' make a ranch of it in spite o' all creation.

She was a real old-fashioned motherly his proclamation, an' then when the woman and she was eating a lunch day fer enterin' the territory come 'round we moved in with our cattle an'

"Now,' said I that night as we squatted 'bout our camp fire, 'if none if you ain't hungry. I made it myself." o' those blamed settlers don't come "Thanks, This does taste like old foolin' 'round yere to take up claims in this valley we're fixed, fer this'll "Can't git no such mince pie in New make one o' the nicest little ranches in the country.'

'Wal,' said Big Jim with an oath, 'If any settler wants to take a claim yere, an' thinks he can, jis' let him try it. I low he'll find out mouty "Well, there was something left out blamed soon that he undertook a most by mistake, but I'll fix it in the next | miserable unhealthy job. The valley's ours an' we're goin' to hold it spite o' one of 'em was a knife, an' that she dead. "Didn't you mix up meat, suet apples, the dickens; an' I can tell you right was stabbin' 'em into my cussed, cider, nutmeg, cinnamon, currants, now, fellers, I'll shoot the first chap wicked heart; an' though they hurt raisins, cloves, allspice, salt, peper, what offers to stop. I'll make sich a terrible I wanted 'em to stab deeper, example of him that ther won't another

settler come in forty mile of us.' heat it for fifteen minutes and stir so we turned in quick as supper was ler fer tryin' to git a home, while he over, an' we slept like logs till mornin'. When we awoke the sun was up, an' her a talkin' 'bout the grass an' the "And then put it in a crock and set the fust thing we see when we glanced flowers, an' the old home back East, 'cross the valley was a old covered an' the angels an' Heaven. Boys, I'd wagon not more'n a quarter of a mile a been glad if a streak o' lightnin' had "Well, I don't see where you made away. The wagon had come in, I struck me right then an' ther." reckon, jis' after we went to sleep, an' "I do, though. I forgot to squeeze the folks had put up a big tent like as more 'bout keepin' settlers off'en the in the juice of two lemons, and the, if they was fixin' to stay. Big Jim valley, an' we never tried to hold none dat man felt used up when dat free

he said:

"'I'm goin' over thar an' wipe that

settler, but I didn't say nothin'. Me as kind an' gentle as a woman."and the other boys jest set down an' Detroit Free Press. watched Jim as he strided 'cross the prairie, an' waited to see what was goin' to happen.

"When Jim got sorter close to the hours on various subjects, my host edge up a little closer kinder keerful Therefore, when I reached Jessup's,

must a passed that way, an' we got to actin' like that, when all to once he whirled 'round an' come back to us lookin' the soberest an' solemnest I ever see a feller look in all my life. Wall, that's strange. Thought By gosh, stranger, you may not believe it, but I'd a most swear they was tears in old Jim's eyes, an' I know when he spoke to us his voice was all a tremble like his feelin's was too much

> "Course we was all s'prised 'cause he was so blamed tough we didn't s'pose nothin' 'ud tech his heart, an' we was anxious to know what he'd Whites." heard over to the wagon, an' so we

axed him. "'Wal,' he said, 'I went over thar ness a leetle too fer. I like fer a man I ever hear in my life. an' I knowed ready to shute, but we don't allus pull to stand up fer his rights, and if a in a minute it was the voice of a trigger,"

> "Jim's voice choked up so he couldn't ment, an' then he went on:

"Fellers,' he said, 'that voice jest nicely healed. went through me like a knife, an' I never felt so onery.

a word, an' all the time he jest set him in the shoulder." thar on a inverted bucket nussin' his head in his hands, an' actin' like he was dreadful cut up. We stood 'round an' looked at him, a wonderin' what it meant' but after awhile I ventured to speak to him, sayin':

" What's ailin' you, Jim? "Then he raised his head sorter slow like, an' in a tone so sad an' different from what his allis was, that I didn't

recognize it, he said:

so blamed sneakin' mean that I've a two together to talk matters over and great notion to shoot myself. I never knowed before how cussed quaire since I was born. It was so weak, an' so pitiful, an' so helpless like. I heard it say :

you get well you can romp over the plain and gather flowers and be very happy.'

"'I ain't never goin' to be well any more, pa,' the little voice said, 'and I won't never gather no flowers nor romp over the paririe; but I'm glad it's pretty, 'cause when I'm in Heaven at jist that pint I call him a thief, he where the angels are, an' where everything is so beautiful and bright, I want to know that you and ma have a nice home like the old one we lost. "Wal, by an' by the President issued I won't be with you very long now, ph, 'cause I can hear the angels singin', got to keep shuting over his bones till an' I know they're comin' to take me they all or we all is wiped out." away. Don't cry, dear pa an' ma, 'cause I ain't sorry to go-only I don't like to leave you. I'm so glad you're goin' to have a beautiful home where the grass an' the flowers grow; an' sometimes, maybe, I'll come back to rose in your buttonhole? see you.

"Wal, Big Jim, he told over all going fishing. what the leetle gal said, an' I never Kingley-Ha, ha! Do you expect to of such a thing!" see anybody what talked so gentle an' kind as he did.

"Fellows,' he said in conclusion, 'I never felt so awful as I did when I was standin' there listenin' to them words o' that child. Peared like every 'cause I knowed I deserved it. Thar I was sneakin' up thar like a low down "'Wal, we was purty well tired out onery thief, intendin' to shoot that felwas in ther nussin' his dyin' child an'

"Wal, sir, we never heard nothin" and the citron and brandy were left took a squint at the outfit, then he tore of it 'cept what the law 'titled us to hunud poun's struck 'im!-Harper's walk. As I walked I tried to divert loose an' swore fit to set a woods afire, hold. Big Jim an' all the rest of us Bazar.

Then he got his pistols, an' when some- helped the settlers ever' way we could body axed what he was goin to do, and when the angels come fer his leetle gal and took her spirit away, we made a grave on the prairie an' buried her derned settler out. I'm goin' to shoot whar the grass growed and where Big him so full o' lead that he'll weigh a Jim planted a tree an' some flowers. ton. I'll break up this squatter busi- I never see old Jim cry before, stranger, but he shed tears over that grave like "I knowed Big Jim meant what he the leetle gal was his own, and from said an' I felt kind o' sorry for the that day he was a different man, an

A FLAG OF TRUCE.

I had been told that Jessup and the Whites had a feud which extended wagon we see him draw his gun an' back to 1865, and that three or four git ready to shoot, then we see him men had been killed on either side. like, then all to once we seen him where I was to stay a couple of days stop an' wait like he was listening at I determined to find out the particulars, The opportunity came as the old man. "Wal, I recon most a half hour who was over sixty, and I sat smoking on the veranda. I referred to what I wondering what made Jim stan' there had heard, and asked him how it

"Let's see," he replied, as he scratched his head, "It's dun bin so long I've about forgot. I reckon old man white took up my mewl for a stray and wanted to charge me a couple of dollars. We had a fout, and I took the mewl away. Then we begun fussin' and are at it yit."

"Is it true that several men have been killed?"

"Jist six," he replied as he slowly counted up. "Three Jessups and three

"And whenever you meet a White

do you begin shooting?" "Oh, no. It's this way: If I go to to shoot that settler, an' I was slippin' town and get three or four drinks, up to the wagon to git the drap on then I look fur one o' the critters and him when all at once I heard a voice try to kill him. It's about the same -the meekest, pitifulest little voice way with them, I reckon. We is allus

"When was the last shooting?"

"Six mouths ago. See thar?" He rolled up his pants leg and exhibited a bullet wound which had just

"I met old White in town and we was both purty full, I shot an' he "It was a good bit before Jim said shot. He hit me in the leg and I hit

"Now, then, Mr. Jessup," said I "this must be a very uncomfortable

way to live?" "Sartin."

"You'd much rather be at peace!"

"I would." "I presume White feels the same way. There has been enough blood

shed over one old mule." "There has."

"Suppose I go up and see White "Boys, I'm jis' completely upsot and talk it over with him? If I find by what I heard over thar, an' I feel he wants peace why can't I bring you become friends?"

"Y-e-s; I see."

"Shan't I set about it?" "Look-a-here," he said after thinking it over, "it can't be dun. Yo' see, yo'd "'Is the land pretty, pa? Is it green fix it fur us to meet in the road half with grass like the old home back way. I wouldn't trust him, and should take my gun. He wouldn't trust me "'Yes, it is very beautiful, darling,' and he'd take his. When we met we'd a man replied like he was cryin'. 'It's begin to talk about that mewl, of co'se. very pretty, an' you will find the green I'd say the critter dun broke out of prairie almost as nice as the big my lot and walked off. He'd say he meadow back at the old home. When | thought it was a mewl from over in the cove." *

"Well, wouldn't that be all right?" "Of co'se it would, but right than

would come the trouble."

"What trouble?" 'Why, sah, we've met jist that very way fo'teen different times, and calls me a liar, and we begin to holler and shute and kill each other off! No, sah; no. sah. I'm sot and old White is sot, and it wouldn't do. We kin never git beyand that mewl, and we've

M QUAD. A DEAD CERTAINTY.

Kingley-Hello! what have you got your best clothes on for, and that red

Bingo-I just told my wife I was

catch anything?" Bingo-I do when I get home.-

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE.

Clothier and Furnisher.

Citizen—I hear Mr. Officeholder is Statesman-Yes; he died about five

minutes ago. seemly haste, but desire to put in my application for appointment as his

room and take your place in the line. -N. Y Weekly.

USING HIM UP.

He—It state hyur dat in de late wah it tuk on de av'rage 'bout free hunud poun's o' lead t' kill a man.

She (young and giddy)—My! I bet I lifted up the baby and took a

M. QUAD TENDS THE BABY.

An Experience with a Lively Youngstin a Station-What the Passengers Thought of the Spectacle.

It was in one of the waiting-rooms at the Grand Central depot. I was sitting beside an honest-faced, motherly woman of thirty five who had a baby about eight month; old asleep in her lap. She had asked about the train up the river, when she suddenly cried out that she had lost her porte monaie. She felt in the pocket of her dress, and in the pockets of her cloak, and she shook out the baby's clothes, and by and by she said:

"I remember now. I left it at my sister's in East Thirty sixth street. My ticket and all my money is in it."

"Madam," said I, "you have fifty minutes before train time. You can easily go back and get you purse." "But the baby."

"He's asleep, and if you dare trust him with me I'll take care of him."

"I-I don't know. They wouldn't give you the purse, and I'm not rich enough to take a carriage. Have you -you ---- ?"

"Have I had any experience? Cer tainly, ma'am. I've got half a dozen kicking around the house at this very moment. Just drop him into my lap, and I'll warrant you he'll never open an eye while you're gone."

"I've most a mind to do so." "Come on with him, and you needn" hurry a bit on my account. We'll his tune. both be all right here when you get back. Is it a boy or girl?"

"Boy, sir" "All right-I've got him. Boy babies

always chum with me. He's sleeping She gave me a long, lingering look, so as to be able to swear to me in court, and hurried out, and she was

scarcely out of sight when a "ROCK-A-BY, BABY," woman about four seats away, who had heard and seen all and was no pin was pricking the poor thing to doubt jealous, got up and walked death!"

around and said: "That shows how much mothers think of their offspring! Do you suppose I'd ever left one of my children change shut him up. Then I walked that way! Not much!"

She was still walking around with her nose still in the air when an old new train of thoughts and stopped man with a cane and satchel came along and stopped to yell at me:

"Do you know if this is the New Haven depot or not?" "No, sir, it isn't," I replied as I held

up my hand warningly. "Young'en asleep, eh!" he shouted in still louder tones.

I nodded and cautioned him again. "Oh! I ain't goin' to wake him up!" he yelled. "I'm the father of ten of em, and I guess I know all about depot?"

At that moment the baby's eyes opened. I rocked him to and fro and crooned to him, and he'd have slept again but for a woman who came up and loudly inquired:

"Did you notice a handbag on that seat when you sat down!"

The child's eyes opened very wide and were at first fixed on my hat. I don't know what sort of a hat his to be stuck up over. Don't wonder father wears, but in about a minute the youngster made out that it was a strange tile.

"No! I didn't see no hand-bag, and you woke this baby up!" I shouted at the woman. "Oh! I have! State prison offense, I suppose!" she sneered as she to. Say!"

made off. But this time the baby's eyes had got below my hat, and they began pleasant impression of your great and to betray a great deal of anxiety. had sung about a rod of "The Old last me clear home, and when I get Oaken Bucket," which I have always found to have a soothing effect, and and say to the boys: 'Boys, it hain't he was looking at me with great no use talking. She beats all creation, curiosity, when a fat woman came and them New Yorkers is the allsailing along and stopped to exclaim:

Is it boy or girl?" "Go away, woman! Don't you see that you scare him!"

"Go away." "Well, I declare, if he isn't crazy!" she muttered as she shied off.

That youngster was now not only very wide-awake, but bound to investigate and solve the problem. Was I his old dad or was 1 a base impostor who was seeking his confidence? He looked me square in the eye as he Citizen-I dislike to show any un- asked himself this question, and I utes! Westward ho! is my watchword smiled and clucked at him and softly sang two verses of the "Sweet By-and-By." I think my singing rather tended Statesman-Walk into the other to sooth him, but he objected to the words, and suddenly kicked me in the a lip.

> arms is rather monotonous on the spine and knees and shoulders, but was invented as an offset for paregoric. Secretary's receipt book for dues, 25c.

WALK A-BY BABY

him a bear story. He was gradually becoming interested and had probably made up his min I that I was at least his step-father when a little old man who hadn't the slightest excuse for living blocked my way and shrilly observed:

"My wife died and left a baby about s big as him on my hands and I know now to pity you. Are you raising him on the bottle?"

I went on with the bear story, but it was no use. The baby began to kick and claw, and he finally yelled out at the top of his voice. I changed him to the other shoulder, but it was no good. I got him down on my arm and tossed him up and down, but he piped the harder. No less than six full grown people at once gathered around to discuss the case, and because I couldn't stand still to answer their questions I heard 'em saying that I was a heartless father and that the Humane Society ought to station an agent at the depot.

I took the sobbing, kicking thing over to the news stand, but he failed to become interested. I carried him over to the ticket office and the information bureau, but he was not in want of anything in that line. I walked and waved him to and fro; then I stood still and tossed him up and down: then I sat down and bounced him on my knee until his first tooth was almost shaken out. He had made up his mind that things were not according to Hoyle, however, and he stuck to

I don't remember all that was said by the waiting passengers, but here are a few sample specimens from the

"No one can make me believe he is that child's father!"

"He doesn't seem to have a spark of love for the poor little thing!" "It's curious that the police haven't

interfered before now! "Dear me, but if he knew anything at all about children he'd know that a

There was just one faint hope left and I seized upon it, I cantered the child out of doors and the sudden along until I got the sun in his eyes so he could no longer see me and he got a kicking. While he was wondering who had been elected, I began to sing 'Old Uncle Ned" and gave him my tinger to chew on, and when the mother returned he had both eyes squinted up, a smile all over his fat face and was is content as a pumpkin in a corn-

HE WENT WEST.

It was about 9 o'clock in the evening that he suddenly rose up off a box in young'uns. Whar' is the New Haven | front of a store on Chambers street and accosted me with:

"Say, do you live here!"

"Yes." "Regular New Yorker!"

" Yes."

"Proud of the town, of course, and wouldn't live anywhere else for a million dollars a year?" 'Well?" "Well, she's a buster. Lots o' things

you go around patting yourself on the back. Say! I don't live here." "No?"

"Live way out West in a chipmonk town of 2,000 inhabitants. Just going home to-night. Sorry to go, but I got

"Yes." "I want to take away with me a noble city. Want that impression to there I want to go down to the grocery firedest, richest, smartest and big-"Cichee! What a sweet little baby! heartedest people in all this world."

"I see, but where do I come in?" "Right here: You hand me a dime; dime produces pleasant impression: "Scare him-humph! I never heard | pleasant impression makes me a friend of New York's. Present impression fluctuates and wobbles; mebbe I like New York-mebbe I don't. See? Better

fix me." I hastened to fix him, and after assuring himself of the value of the coin he lifted his hat, bowed gracefully,

and said: "Impression is now all right, and is going to be righter in about five min-M. QUAD.

TO COUNTY AND SUB-SECRE. TARIES.

Lhave had prepared for the use of stomach with both feet and put up County and Sub Alliances three books, with stubs, which will be found of Walking about with a baby in your great benefit to the order using them. in keeping their records in goo I shape, The books will be delivered at the following prices:

> warrant book, 10c. Treasurer's receipt book, 10c. Fraternally,

W. S. BARNES, his mind into a new channel by telling Sec'y-Treas. N. C. F. S. A.