SETTLE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

A Thanksgiving Sermon by Rev. F. V. Stevens, Pastor Congregational Church, Wellington, Kan.

"If ye will still abide in this land, then will I build you, and not pull you down, and I will plant you and not pluck you up; for I repent me of the evil that I have done unto you." Jer. 42: 10.

This Thanksgiving day is partly religious and partly civic. We are assembled as worshipers in a sanctuary of the Lord. Yet we are here, not by ecclesiastical mandate, but by proclamation of the president of the United States and of the governor of the commonwealth. We are met as worshipers of God, but also as citizens of a nation. We are together in a joint meeting of church and state—met in response to an earnest invitation from the one whose chief function is not to invite, but to command and compel. In this we see the recognition of the interdependence of church and state, the voluntary character of the relation and the heartiness of the union.

This double nature of Thanksgiving day, being partly civic and partly ecclesiastical, has given character to the services of the day. It directs our thought toward outward blessings. It tends to inspire our gratitude for the gifts of God's providence—for civil and religious freedom, for national prosperity; for the bounties of God's gifts from earth and sea and cloud and soil; for the blessings of home and school and church; of health and personal comforts and joys; for deliverance from war and pestilence and scourge and famine, and for other blessings too multitudinous to be reckoned up in order.

This same circumstance often prompts speakers on this day to consider those conditions which tend to perpetuate and enlarge these outward blessings, and hence the frequency and fitness of addresses on national topics by men who feel that they have a message for the people on such matters.

In keeping with the spirit and purport of the day we have with bowed heads and glad hearts rendered thanksgiving to God for the blessings of the year. And in response to the request of the proclamation we have contributed of our substance to the poor and destitute. And now, in keeping also with the character of the day, I ask your thoughtful consideration of a matter which concerns our property and wellbeing alike as citizens of the state and children of God. I am not going to speak on any great theme of national importance, but on one of local interest; yet none the less important because local. I purpose to speak on the blessings of a fixed and permanent abiding place. I mean a fixed and permanent abiding place in this world, not in the world to come. And I shall limit my reflections to the blessings of a fixed and permanent abiding place in Kansas.

My first impulse is not to take a text; but to substitute therefor a pen picture of four "prairie schooners" met at a crossing—one schooner headed north, another south, another east, and another west; the children all squalling from hunger and cold; the mothers pinched and haggard from worry and exposure and want, and the men all yelling, "Hurrah for Kansas! the garden of Eden, the paradise of the world!"

This picture suggests one thought that I wish to bring out; but the thought which I wish to emphasize by way of contrast is embodied in these words of Jehovah, recorded in the Prophecy of Jeremiah, the 42d chapter, at the 10th verse: "If ye will still abide in this land, then will I build you and not pull you down, and I will plant you and not pluck you up; for I repent me of the evil I have done unto you."

Jeremiah delivered this message of Jehovah to the people of Israel at a time when they were tempted to abandon their fertile fields and beautiful villages, and go down south into Egypt. Their land had been laid waste by war, devastated by caterpillars and locusts, impoverished to the point of famine by drought. Priest-ridden and misruled by impotent kings; reduced in numbers and strength by the fall of the northern kingdom, and threatened by the hordes of the Babylonian army, their hearts melted within them, and they longed for rest and peace, and pined for the flesh pots of Egypt. They were planning to break up their life in Palestine and migrate southward. Jehovah looking down upon this contemplated movement of His people, and seeing the disasters that would follow it, sends to them this reassuring and comforting message: that if they would still dwell in the land where He had placed them, He would build them up as a people, and not tear them down; He would plant them, and not pluck them up. He further announces that He repents of the evils which He has done unto them; which probably means that in the future His providence will be more favorable to them; upon condition of their obedience He will ward off the wars and famines and pestilences and droughts which have afflicted them. The Jews' faithlessness to their promise, and their manifold disobediences to the express commands of God, and the calamitous consquences are well known to you all.

Now, however great the dissimilarity between the condition of the Jews at the time this message was sent them and our own present condition, the similarity of condition is sufficiently striking to arrest our attention and lead us to inquire if the message is not for us too. These people were menaced by a foreign and carnal foe from the east and north, who were coming down to eat up God's people as they ate bread. We too, are menaced by a foreign and carnal foe from the east and north who would drink up God's people as they drink beer. They had been devastated by caterpillar and canker worm and locust; we by potato bug and grasshopper and chintz bug. They had been reduced to straits by repeated droughts as we have. They had a fair land of great fame at the south, whose glittering prospects were tempting them to abandon their sacred homes in Palestine, that they might enjoy its riches. Such a south land have we, and such a glittering temptation is ours. The warning of God to those who thus set their face toward that ancient Oklahoma was that they should there suffer the same ills they sought to escape at home, only in greater degree. What has been the voice of God's providence to the people of Kansas in this matter? Ask the prairie schooner headed north. The message of God to the Israelitish people in this their situation so similar to our own was, "If you still abide in this land, then will I build you and not pull you down; and I will plant you and not pluck you up." I wonder how different from this is God's promise to the people of Kansas now.

At this time of testing of Israel, God said to them: "I repent me of the evil that I have done unto you." May it not be that after these years of testing and sifting by scourge and drought, that God intends to favor his people here with more plenteous rain and harvests? It is too reasonable a hope to be dismissed as groundless.

This deep and fertile soil of ours, this surpassingly rich and varied vegetation, this golden climate, these bright gorgeous skies, can suggest nothing else to reasonable minds, but the material basis of a civilization, lasting magnificent, glorious in all the triumphs of modern achievement. The blood stained history of our people points to such consummation. But in the erection of this grand temple of civilization, the divine architect is meeting, among others, one difficulty which I will now mention, viz: the migratory character of our people.

It is God's purpose not to tear down this people, but to build them up into the structure of a firm and enduring civilization. But he is delayed in the accomplishment of this end by the fact that the people do not stay in one place long enough to build into such a structure.

The Scriptures in one place, contemplating men as building material, speak of them as "living stones" (falsely translated in our common Bible "lively stones"). Now, in building up the structures of Kansas civilization the divine Builder places a high value upon living stones—living men, growing men, solid men; but he is experiencing no end of trouble with "lively stones"—lively men, unstable men, moving-about men, prairie-schooner men, hop-skip-and-jump men, "rustling" men, who like the rustling leaves are driven hither and thither whichever way the wind listeth. The Builder of our civilization, who now, as ever, does the best he can with all the material at hand is trying to build a great and lofty and lasting structure out of these "lively stones." He lays a top course of them on the wall facing south; in the morning he looks down and finds them gone; they are off for Oklahoma. He replaces them with a new load just shipped from Illinois; at dawn he finds them loaded and still white with lime and sand; they are headed for Utah and Washington. Then the Builder tries a few courses of Kentucky "lively stones;" but before they have time to set, they have skipped away to Dixie. The Builder essays to run up an important corner, and He selects pure Kansas material from the western part of the state, true and tried. But soon these "livley stones" are being broken up for the pavement of some town back in Missouri. And so the Builder lays into His structure stones quarried at the east and at the west, at the north and at the south. But not one stone in a half dozen stays long enough to become thoroughly and permanently set. And occasionally, to the great detriment of the whole work, the very foundation stones sometimes creep out in the night, and the unstable structure has to be rebuilt from the bare earth.

Thus it is that the magnificently designed temple of our Kansas civilization rises from the earth unsteadily, and, at times, we feel uncertainty. This moving-about character of our population does not consist in people coming into the state and leaving the state any more than it does in people moving about from place to place within the state, or in making round-trip excursions with their families and household furniture to points outside the state. It is no uncommon thing to meet people who have lived in a half-dozen different places in the state within as many years, besides taking a round trip to Southern California. Of course much of this migratoriness is accounted for and made necessary by the conditions of a new country. As the birds come flocking back from the south in the spring, they perch on many a branch before they find the little niches and sheltering boughs, where they will build their nests; and so people flocking to a new country may alight several times before they find a place which meets the requirements of settled homes.

And then, too, the uncertainties of business ventures, the transient character of certain occupations, the overcrowding of cities and villages, the wide-spread disturbance of scourge and drought, have had much to do with the unsettled character of our population. But, on the other hand, some of these things that I have just mentioned are the effect of the migratory habit rather than the cause. Many short-lived occupations, many brief business careers, many booms and many homeless and destitute families, are the result of the gypsy habit.

After giving due weight to the necessary changefulness of a new country, and due weight to the unsettling caused by failure of crops, we must still seek an explanation elsewhere for much of the moving about witnessed daily in almost every part of the state. That explanation is, that with vast numbers of people, the roving instinct is stronger than the home instinct. Their attachment to home and occupation and neighborhood and town, is so feeble that the vague hope of easier circumstances elsewhere, the illusive fascination of achieving sudden wealth in some remoter land, lures them on from place to place. Some are moving from necessity. Misfortune has overtaken them. Their little all is packed into a covered wagon, and, in great want and abject despair, they are seeking some new resting place for the soles of their feet. May God pity them, and men help to feed and shelter them. Others, with intelligent foresight and ample preparation, are going to some new field; there to establish themselves in permanent possessions. May God prosper them.

But the great mass of movers belong to neither of these classes. They are not by intelligent foresight and planning moving on to better fortune; neither are they from necessity the victims of misfortune; but they are victims of an unfortunate frame of mind and habit; they are people lured on by the delusions of hope. Dissatisfied with present surroundings, they improve the first opportunity to move, and then the first opportunity to move again, and so on to the dismal end. The course they pursue is not determined by their intelligence, but by their hopes. They are always looking for a better day for themselves in the future; but the better day, it is sad to relate, for the most of them is not in the future, but in the past—before they moved the second time.

And these people seldom move to a new place with the fixed determination of settling there, but with the intention of "trying it" there. And having tried it to their usual dissatisfaction, they move on to try it again. And so it is hoping, moving, trying and becoming dissatisfied, over and over again ad infinitum, and, of course, seldom if ever succeeding.

The extent to which our Kansas people have taken on this Gypsy disposition is greater than most of us imagine. I venture the assertion that of the 7,000 people who dwelt in this city two years ago, more than one-half have moved away. And of the present population, I presume one-third have come here within the past two years. What is true of our town is true of most towns in this part of the state, and true only in a less degree of the towns in the eastern part of the state.

This rapid shifting of the population gives unstability to the growth of our institutions. Whole towns assume the character of depots and hotels. Landlords are turned into inn-keepers. It makes progress in churches unsteady. Preaching to the average Western Kansas congregation is like preaching to a procession. The most appropriate hymn for constant use would be:

"I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can carry, but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing."

This evil makes the organization of our schools difficult and unsatisfactory. It proves a constant source of loss to our tradesmen, and often brings disaster. By this rapid change of population, reform-story laws, enacted at the cost of great effort, are rendered insecure. And in many other ways, too obvious to need mention, does this migratory habit of our people harmfully affect the general welfare. It is fitting, therefore, that effort be made to stem the tide against this pernicious craze. This part of our state is certainly old enough to get over this fitful habit of youth. It is now fully time to ask Kansas people to lay off their things and stay awhile. It is high time to urge Kansas to get down off from wheels and locate. I would most emphatically urge that God's children in Kansas have a place to live; that they locate themselves in some spot, and call that spot home, and make it home; that they engage in occupations that are permanently useful, and hence honorable and lasting; that they make for themselves friendships and fellowships too strong to be easily broken, and hearthstones too sacred to be abandoned for the villainous illusions of newspaper boomers. This country may not be the very best on the face of all the earth; but it is good enough for the attainment of the chief blessing vouchsafed to man on earth. And it is too good a land and sky and air and people to be exchanged for uncertainties or the chances of vague expectations. And any land, however dry, is a better abiding place than a freight car or a prairie schooner.

Do you fully realize how much people lose by becoming Kansas gypsies? The Kansas gypsy life is robbed altogether of the romance of the genuine gypsy's life. No life above ground is more dismal. It is characterized by chronic discomfort and loss from the first move till the last.

What would you think of a farmer, bent on quick returns, who should load up his wagon with the first ripe watermelons, early apples and a cask of fresh cider, and in breathless haste head his team toward town and lay on the whip, leaving out the end-gate of his wagon and the tap loose in the cider barrel? Look at him! his mind blissfully dwelling on the good time ahead—toys for his children, a new dress for his wife, a stock of groceries—and all the time the apples rolling out behind, the watermelons popping open at every jump, and the cider sprinkling the dust of the road!

Now that is the condition of no inconsiderable portion of the people of Kansas. Under the fascination that they may become suddenly prosperous or even rich without too much hard work, they are driving over the country from place to place with the hind-board out and the tap loose; the results of their former hard work are falling out behind: the wine of life is dripping out along the road.

Why, the financial loss of moving half a dozen times is almost enough to break a moderate banker. The selling out of household goods for a song; the scratching and marring and jamming and smashing and wearing out of the few choice things you take with you; the buying again for cash, and a great deal of it; the freight, the car fare, the prairie schooner fare, or no fare—all these and many more will soon eat up quite a fortune. To be sure, there is less to move each time. The household effects become pathetically less at each move; there are fewer choice things to pack up; they become broken or lost or sold or cease to be treasured as keepsakes—for the refinements of life cease to be valued—and the expense is sadly, though necessarily, lightened. But keep repeating the moves, and the final move will be "Over the hills to the poor-house."

But great as is the financial loss, it is not to be comprred with other losses still more piteous. The purse is not the only good that dwindles out along the mover's road; the wine of life, the best flavor, the joys, the spiritualities of life, are also lost by the way. Moving a home is like transplanting a tree. It is in the order of nature that a fruit tree shall be transplanted from the nursery to the broad orchard; but it is not in the order of nature that it shall be transplanted once a year thereafter. When once planted in its own permanent abiding place, the tree, as if conscious of its destiny, begins to send its roots deep in the ground for moisture, and its branches high into the air for light. Its rootlets pierce the mold and coil about everything that promises nourishment, and their myriad little mouths feed up on the bread of the soil. And the limbs reach out their leafy branches toward the sky as if to warm their countless little hands in the heat of the sun, and catch the rain and dew and the crumbs of food with which the air is freighted. And so, from earth and sun and sky and air and all about, the tree patiently and laboriously gathers nourishment and strength and riches for the time of fruitage.

Suppose, now, in the midst of its growth, you undertake to transplant it again. You must interrupt its life; you must cut off those deep roots; you must tear loose and break off thousands of those little fibers that have threaded the earth for yards about; you must trim off its tallest limbs; you must despoil it of its beauty, and cut down the very boughs that begin to have promise of fruit. You plant it again. Crippled, though not discouraged, it will try life over again, though feebler than at first. And should you keep at this ruthless business of spade and knife, the tree's growth will be slow and scrawny, and soon there will appear signs of decay in its vital trunk, and some warm spring its leaves will be too feeble to come out into the light. Its life is gone.

Not unlike this is the planting and transplanting of a home. When once the home life is properly constituted, it seeks enclosure and shelter and fixedness. It tends to entrench itself in the earth beneath and lay hold on the heavens above. From its own sacred center it sends out life tendrils to all about. Its affections cling to the walls, though but four, and smooth and bare, and entwine themselves about the trees and shrubs and flowers in the yard, and every object of sight and sound. Its love builds for itself a sanctuary of rest and peace and joy. Friend-ships are formed which grow only the more strong and precious with the passing years. Religious fellowships are begun, which grow more sacred with every experience of joy and sorrow. Children are born and consecrated to the Lord, and put under the care of trained and conscientious teachers, to become the pride and hope and joy of your life. The home thus becomes a vital part of the community, and the community a vital part of the home. This sacred inclosure of home, these helpful friendships, these sweet and tender communions of the church, these faithful disciplines of the schools, constitute the rich and heaven-watered soil in which human life grows and thrives and bears fruit. These are the things that enrich life and make it worth the living. Without them life is sterile and joyless. Every valued acquaintance, every long-lived friendship, every right and permanent adjustment to your fellow men, adds to the preciousness of life, the blessedness of living. But the full enjoyment of these things is impossible without a permanent abiding place.

This hallowing of home, this enrichment of friend-ship, this identification of life and interest with the life and interest of the community, is only the valued possession of him who feels that there is a community which is his community, and a place which to him is home. The growth of human life, like the growth of a tree, requires a fixed environment and time for development. To tear up a home in the midst of its growth and move it, is like tearing up a tree by its roots and transplanting it. It cannot be done without loss. If the habitual mover simply had to leave his furniture behind in a second hand store, that would be bad enough. But much more is abandoned. There is left behind a precious sense of neighborship, occupation, friendship, associations innumerable, that have been the very best food of his life. All these are ruthlessly snapped asunder, and he goes to a new place to take root again, a thing that will require years. And before the life feeders of that new home are again deeply and thoroughly ramifying the new soil, there comes another tearing loose and rending of friendships and associations. No one can go through such experiences for any considerable portion of his life without carrying to his grave a sense of his irreparable loss.

This moving about experience weakens one's hold on life. It separates one from the life forces of society. It weakens the home instinct and deadens the home building aspiration. The social propensity becomes less facile, and there is less incentive to exercise it. Such people act as if they were stopping for a night at the hotel. They do not care to form acquaintances. Their church membership dropped through their holey pockets on the road. They are going to stay for so short a time that they will not join. They'll loan a couple of children to the Sunday-school; but they cannot make themselves feel that they are in any substantial sense a part of their church, or a part of the community in which they are stopping. They feel that they are putting up at a hotel. Their sense of responsibility is blunted. They have lost their hold on the best things in life. They are torn up by the roots, and lie withering in the dry air; and unless soon set permanently out in the field, they will be dead to what is most valuable in this brief life.

These domestic, social, educational, religious and spiritual blessings which come from a long residence in one place are dissipated and lost along the road of the frequent mover. He sees them fleeing away, and feels their loss; but he keeps on sacrificing them by frequent changes, in the hope some day of making his fortune. After a time his expectation moderates, so that he only hopes to increase his income a little by a change, and in time you find him scouring the country for a place where he can make a bare living.

The hope of a fortune is supposed to justify any sacrifice of spiritual good, however great. And it is assumed as axiomatic that any financial gain, however small, will justify a man's tearing up his home and moving anywhere and into anything. I protest against this principle, and against the use of it. I protest against that worldly wisdom which uniformly sacrifices the joys and soul riches of a fixed residence for a mere financial gain, even though that gain is considerable. I protest especially and most strenuously against that restless, speculating, fortune-hoping spirit which lies at the basis of much of this evil. It is, in the last analysis, the knave and fool business of the lottery. The man who engages in the lottery business is a knave, and the one who buys tickets of him is a fool. He is a fool for the reason that he is putting his money into something where the overwhelming probability is that he will lose it. The chances are hundreds to one against his getting anything at all.

Now the greatest lottery in all this country is not the one located at New Orleans, but one well-nigh omnipresent at the west. The speculators and boomers of western lands and town sites, and paper sites, and inflated enterprises, are the professional manipulators of this great lottery; and the surging multitude or unfortunate men, women and children who are chasing these high sailing balloons over the country, only to arrive in time to have them collapse over their heads, are the patrons and victims of this great lottery. The advertisements of this lottery (not yet condemned by the postoffice) which often appear in every great daily in the land, for cunning deception, for down right lying and villainy, for effective traps to catch the unsuspecting, and devices to devour widows and orphans, surpass in their pernicousness anything ever issued by the Louisiana lottery. To invest one's little all in this kind of a lottery is as foolish as to invest one's all in the Louisiana lottery. You may make a fortune by it; but the overwhelming probability is that you will lose all you invest and your time too.

The number of men who get rich in booms each year is probably smaller than the number who draw a fortune from the Louisiana lottery; and it costs the patrons much more on the whole to keep the boom lottery floating. And yet thousands of people all over this part of the country are just camping for a day or a month or a year, devouring their substance, waiting for some balloon to arise on the horizon that they may chase it over the country and be under it when it falls. And all this with the natural resources of no part of this vast country half developed, and all about us thousands of acres of as rich land as God's sun ever looked down upon still unbroken. "What fools these mortals be!" Sumner county people moving to Washington and Utah for land! Thousands of people in Kansas villages and towns waiting for the outlet to open, that they may move into new villages and towns, and thousands also already in the new towns of Oklahoma waiting for still newer towns to open that they, too, may move! And then all move! Evidently there is something the matter, and what is it? In a nutshell, it is this: the people are trying to get something for nothing.

By going about from place to place, they hope to find something, or strike something, or have something fall to them, or get possession of something for nothing. They want a fortune, but they don't want to earn it. They plan to get a fortune, but they don't plan to make it. And where everybody is planning to get a fortune, and nobody planning to make a fortune, there will soon be much want and much moving about. Too few are engaged in the actual production of wealth, and too many in schemes to get possession of wealth that they themselves do not produce or help to produce. Men shrink from the monotony of a moderate living fairly and honestly earned, and eagerly and fitfully rush after an expensive living, the expense of which they are not capable of earning, and do not expect to earn, but hope to get, by luck or by their wits, out of somebody's else earnings. Men are not content to live upon what they are capable of earning. So they will invest in lotteries and booms and the chances of frequent moves, constantly failing of the chief end of life, losing the choicest blessings of life, and one in a thousand striking a fortune, which he is incapable of using after he gets it.

Compare such fitful and uncertain careers with that of the sober-minded and stalwart farmers and mechanics who settle down on their farms and at their shops to make for themselves homes and earn livelihoods. Compare them with the sturdy, straightforward business men who have engaged in the legitimate lines of trade and stuck to them through thick and thin. These are the classes who have laid the foundations of our industries and our institutions, and today constitute the back-bone of our cities and towns, and give form and stability to the state. To them we and the generations to come will owe a lasting debt of gratitude. Our fathers who came to this state were of this class. They came here to live, and to lay broad and deep the foundations of a godly and prosperous commonwealth. But we, the second generation, are in danger of becoming a race of nomads, squandering in our wanderings the rich inheritance left us of our fathers. Now I am just old-fashioned enough to believe with our forefathers that the best kind of a living is one that has been fairly and squarely earned; and that the best kind of people for Kansas are those like our fathers of the last generation, who, when they moved, moved to stay.

I verily believe that the voice of God to the people of Kansas today is that same message to His ancient people: "If ye still abide in the land, I will build you and not pull you down; I will plant you, and not pull you up; for I repent me of the evil that I have done unto you."

And, now, if there are those present here today who are wondering, whether it is not about time for them to make their annual or semi-annual move, turning longing eyes toward Utah or California or Oregon or Washington or Missouri or Georgia or Texas or Morton county, I ask you to examine the grounds of your hopes; reckon the costs before you pack up. How much have you gained by your last three moves? And in the column of losses do not forget to add to your financial losses the spiritual losses which every move is liable to bring. And do not forget to subtract these spiritual goods from your financial hopes.

If, on the other hand, circumstances compel you to move, and you have decided that you must go, let me urge you to select the brightest spot of earth you know anything about; and before you start for it, vow before God, for your own good, for the good of wife and family, for the good of your church, for the good of that community to which you go, for the good of the kingdom of God on earth, that there you will settle down to live. Toil and dig if needs be, eat coarse food and wear coarse clothes, if you must; but cease this camping-out life. Life is too brief and its blessings too rich to be thrown away in Gypsy travels. So, settle down to the real business of living before death or the commissioner for the poor pick you up along the road.

This do, my wandering friends, and a year from today, even though you cannot afford a turkey for dinner, you will have more to thank God for, and, in the end, more to leave your children, and more to take with you into the life to come, where God's children live in settled mansions, not in prairie schooners. Go, then, prepared to feel at home in those mansions.

Billiousness, bad taste in the mouth, headache, and dizziness are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

PARNELL ENDORSED.

DUBLIN, Dec 2.—A meeting of the National league was held here today. The proceeding were stormy. The names of Sexton and Healy, when mentioned by the speakers, were greeted with groans and hisses. The chairman made a violent effort in favor of Mr. Parnell. A Protestant moved and a Catholic priest seconded a resolution calling on Ireland to support Mr. Parnell. The resolution was carried, there being few dissenting votes.

The branches of the National league at Batherack and Charleville, county Cork, have adopted resolutions supporting Mr. Parnell.

NO RECEPTION AT KANSAS CITY.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 2.—Arrangements for the reception of the Irish Nationalist envoys on their visit to this city, and for the holding of a mass meeting, were to have been completed tonight, at a meeting of the Knights of St. Patrick, who have the affair in charge. When the time came for the meeting, a quorum did not appear, and no further attempt will be made to complete the arrangements. Michael Boland, an Irish American leader, says his countrymen here are bitterly opposed to the sentiments expressed in the manifesto signed by Messrs. Dillon, O'Brien and others, and that they will take part in no demonstration in which the Irish envoys participate.

CAPITAL NOTES.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—The house committee on commerce has directed a favorable report on the senate bill providing for the inspection of cattle and meat products.

While there has been no decided change in Surgeon General Baxter's condition since last night, he is still in an extremely critical condition.

A DUEL WITH KNIVES.

FORT SMITH, Ark., Dec. 2.—Four men, two on a side, met on the highway near Waldron yesterday, and fought with knives. One of the men named Gillum was cut seriously across the neck. He will probably die. Two others, Tom Hammond and his son are badly cut.

OBITUARY.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—General Cadmus M. Wilcox, died in this city, this morning.

PARIS, Dec. 2.—M. Legrand Villers, governor of the bank of France, died today.

FAILURES.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., Dec. 2.—The Bank of Commerce, in this city, closed its doors today and made an assignment. The bank has resources greatly in excess of its liabilities.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

SIGNAL OFFICE, WICHITA, Kan., Dec. 2.—The highest temperature was 32°, the lowest 28°, and the mean 30°, with cold, cloudy weather, brisk northeast to north winds, nearly stationary pressure.

Last year, on Dec. 2, the highest temperature was 61°, the lowest 48°, and the mean 54°, and two years ago the corresponding temperatures were 52°, 32° and 42°.

FRED L. JOHNSON, Observer.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 2, 8 p. m.—Forecast until 8 p. m. Wednesday:

For Kansas and Missouri—Light snows on Wednesday, northerly winds; slightly warmer, except in southern Missouri, colder.

The Best Mineral Waters
Are from Excelsior Springs, Mo.
Regent is nature's tonic and diuretic,
Sulpho-Saline is a mild laxative.

THE ENGLISH LIBERALS.

LONDON, Dec. 2.—Sir William Vernon Harcourt has written a letter, in which he confirms Mr. McCarthy's statement made at the Parnellite meeting last night, relative to what took place between them at the time of Mr. McCarthy's recent visit to him. Sir William further says that he did not regard Mr. Parnell's proposals as practical. He told Mr. McCarthy that the condition of secrecy was inadmissible. The document accepting the proposals could be of no value to Mr. Parnell, or to any one else, unless its contents were made known. Besides, Sir William says, he did not attach any importance to Mr. Parnell's pledge of inviolable secrecy. In conclusion, Sir William says that the statements of Mr. Parnell relating to his (Sir William's) views and conduct, are unworthy of notice and opposite to the truth.

At a conference at Mr. Gladstone's house, of the Liberal leaders, the subject under discussion was the retirement of Mr. Gladstone. It was decided to convoke a meeting of the Liberal peers and members of the house of commons to hear the statement of Mr. Gladstone.

PARNELL NOTES.

LONDON, Dec. 2.—Mr. Parnell was present in the lobby of the house of commons at 10 o'clock this morning. His supporters among the Irish members of the house of commons were also present, and a conference was held between them and their leaders. No stone will be left unturned to postpone indefinitely the decision of the party on the question of Mr. Parnell's retirement.

All hopes of the Nationalist meeting reaching a decision on the main issue today have been abandoned.

Mr. Arnold Morley, Sir George O. Trevelyan, Mr. Campbell, Bannerman, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Earl Granville and Mr. Shaw Lefevre, assembled at Mr. Gladstone's residence this morning, and conferred for an hour with the ex-premier.

A meeting of the National League branches at Bally Landess sent a dispatch to Mr. Finncane declaring that he must either support Parnell or resign his seat in parliament.

HARRINGTON CALLED HOME.

CHICAGO, Dec. 2.—Mr. Timothy Harrington, the only one of the Irish delegation here who is in favor of Parnell still holding the position as leader of the Irish Nationalist party in the house of commons, received a telegram from a number of Parnell's supporters in London today, calling him home immediately, as affairs are in such a shape that his services are greatly needed.

The cablegram (signed by Redmond and Kelley) was as follows: "Return to England at once if you want to save the party. Affairs are in a critical condition, and your help is needed. Implore the other members of the visiting party to come also."

Mr. Harrington could not be found at the Grand Pacific today.

Slow.

Aha! There whistles Number On
And down the tingling grade she grows,
Tossing her cloud of tresses dun
Back on the twilight's fading rose.

A mile—a moment—and my Kate,
From years and half a world apart!
But now we'll smile at cheated fate,
And keep our kingdom of the heart.

And—but the world is drowned in steam—
A volleying, billowing, deafening cloud—
And men there run, as in a dream,
And through the thunderous fog they crowd.

"An open switch," I heard one say;
An op—but that's a wreck! And she
A half a hundred yards away!
Ah, God! How ill from fate we flee!

How cursed leaden drag my feet—
And yet the rest are far behind—
On, through that misty winding sheet,
My—heaven! I know not what—to find.

Hi-hi! That I tripped on moved and cried!
Ah! There she is! My Kate! my Kate!
Unscratched! And not a soul beside
Is lost, of all that living freight.

But while the grumbling travelers his
To crowd the station with their fret
Here, sweetheart, step a little by,
To thank the Saviour they forget.

Nay not in words—that dull ear strains
Not even to your music, sweet!
For that poor clay in greasy jeans
There comes the stretcher and the sheet.

But of your pure heart's purest give
To him the hungry death that spied
Betimes himself to leap and live—
But stayed, and stopped the train and died.

And you dumb clinger to the dead—
Ay, weep for her who cannot! She
Upon the morrow should have wed
With him that brought you safe to me!

—Charles F. Lummis in Scribner's.

Foreign Beggars Not Wanted.

"Every man," says an American writer, "has got a forte. It's some men's forte to do one thing, and other men's forte to do another, while there are numerous shiftless creatures whose forte is to do nothing at all." The latter, with but a slight qualification, would seem to be the characteristic of Gaspone Pyeni, a middle aged German, walking with the aid of crutches, who appeared at Guildhall police court, accused of persistently soliciting alms from gentlemen in Broad street.

Pyeni, it was said, had not done a stroke of work since he had been in England, and he was always to be found in one or the other of the city thoroughfares begging. The wily German denied the soft impeachment; he was not begging, he urged, but selling matches. The ingenuity of this asseveration was made manifest when the police officer stated that true it was the prisoner had three boxes of matches upon him, but they were in his pocket.

The presiding alderman, Sir James Whitehead, remarked that matches were very much used as a cloak for begging. "You must understand," the worthy magistrate added, "that we cannot have you foreign beggars coming over to this country to beg." This being the first offense Pyeni was discharged, and he lost no time in hobbling out of court. If begging there must be there is no need to import foreign mendicants.—London Telegraph.

Richard Blackmore.

Richard Blackmore, whose name, notwithstanding many later novels, is associated with "Lorna Doone," is a lineal descendant of good old Dr. Doddridge, and resides at Leddington, on the Thames. He is adverse to notoriety, and is known among his neighbors for his success in market gardening and fruit raising rather than by his literary triumphs. He is now past sixty, and lives a retired life in his lovely home, surrounded by rural scenes. In the composition of his novels he exercises the greatest care, and sometimes produces only a single paragraph at a sitting.

Immediate, harmless—Preston's "Hed Ake."

NEBRASKA'S NEW GOVERNOR.

He Is the First Democrat to Fill the Executive Chair.

Hon. James E. Boyd, who won at the recent fall elections, will be Nebraska's first Democratic governor. He was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, Sept. 9, 1834, and came to America when 10 years old, locating in Belmont county, O. In 1847 he went with his father to Zanesville, where he lived until 1856. In August of that year he moved to Omaha, and engaged in the carpenter and joiner business until the panic of 1857. On Aug. 22, 1858, he was married, at Omaha, to Anna H. Henry, a native of Hamilton, Madison county, N. J. About this time Mr. Boyd went to Wood River, near the present town of Gibbon, Neb., and established a stock farm, remaining there nine years. During a portion of this period he was also engaged in merchandising at Kearney City, two miles west of Fort Kearney. In 1866 he secured a grading contract on the Union Pacific and graded over 300 miles in about three years. In February, 1868, he returned to Omaha and invested more heavily than any other man in the gas works, of which he was one of the principal promoters, and during 1868-69 he was manager of the company.

JAMES E. BOYD.

In the winter of 1869-70 he organized the Omaha and Northwestern railroad. He was elected its first president and built the road to Blair. During this period he was largely interested in the cattle business, his ranch being located near Ogallalla. In 1872 he disposed of his cattle interests and engaged in pork packing in Omaha on a small scale. The first year his men killed only 4,500 hogs, but with each year his business increased until in 1886 they killed 141,000 hogs. He continued the packing business until the summer of 1887, when he sold his establishment. Although no longer connected with the pork packing business, he is still actively engaged in other pursuits, and is a member of the Chicago board of trade. In 1881 he erected Boyd's opera house in Omaha at a cost of over $110,000. In 1889 he sold the property, and immediately began the construction of a new theatre, which will cost, when completed, $175,000.

Mr. Boyd has taken quite a prominent part in Nebraska politics as a Democrat ever since becoming a resident of the state. In 1857 he was elected clerk of Douglas county. While residing in Buffalo county he was elected to the first state legislature in 1867. He was also county clerk in that county, but resigned. He was elected on a non-partisan ticket to both the Nebraska state constitutional conventions. Mr. Boyd served as Mayor of Omaha for two terms from 1881 to 1883 and from 1885 to 1887. In the senatorial campaign of 1883 Mr. Boyd received the vote of the Democratic party for United States senator against Gen. Manderson. In the last presidential campaign he was a delegate to the convention which nominated Grover Cleveland, for whom he cast his vote. He is at present a member of the national Democratic committee. Mr. Boyd was president of the Omaha board of trade from 1881 to 1883. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd have three children living—Eleanora, the wife of ex-United States Marshal Bierbower, and Margaret and James E., Jr.

England's Prime Minister in a Fix.

Eugene Field is responsible for the statement that there has been lots of sport recently at the expense of the Marquis of Salisbury. It seems that when the prime minister and his wife returned from their summer trip to the continent they brought back with them two and a half gallons of fine brandy and a large stock of choice cigars. It would perhaps be unfair to say that his lordship sought or hoped to evade the vigilance of the customs officers. What did happen, however, was that upon arriving at Newhaven Lord Salisbury contrived to get his precious liquor and tobacco as far as the private coach that was in waiting for him. What betrayed him will perhaps never be known. All at once two argus eyed and Briarean handed officers swooped down upon that vehicle and resurrected the brandy and cigars from the wealth of lap robes and rugs which enveloped them. Lord Salisbury did not attempt to protest; he cheerfully paid the $70 required for the passage of the goods. But this was not sufficient; the coachman was taken into custody and detained several hours for having been a partner to what upon its face looked like a clear attempt at smuggling. Of course the prime minister had no difficulty in proving up the honesty of his coachman and securing his release, but as there is a superabundance of red tape in Europe even the prime minister found the process of exculpation exceedingly tedious.

John Boyle O'Reilly's Monument.

John Boyle O'Reilly's life was certainly a strange but noble one, and his friends have wisely decided that his tombstone shall be as grand, as rugged and as strange as were the man and his life. Nature had provided a tomb worthy of the man. On the highest point of Holyhood cemetery, Brookline, Mass., is a jutting ledge of rock, finely polished by glacial action, and on it stands a giant bowlder some 12 feet square and 15 feet high. This is to be John Boyle O'Reilly's tombstone.

THE BOWLDER IN THE CEMETERY.

A single tablet let into the face of this bowlder, and containing the name, birthplace, etc., is all that man will add to the natural simplicity of this massive monolith. The bowlder is of conglomerate, and its natural rugged grandeur is enough. In Boston a more elegant and conventional monument will be erected, but this natural memorial will stand for all time as the best tribute to O'Reilly's career.

Paid a Bet in Cabbages.

Perhaps the most curious bet of the recent campaign was made at Ashland, Wis. Rudolf Wall, editor of The Ashland Herald, bet 100 head of cabbages with August Metzdorf that George W. Peck would be elected governor. The condition was that Metzdorf was to deliver the cabbages at the office of The Herald accompanied by a band of music.

A Successful Authoress.

Returned Tourist—By the way, Mrs. De Beauti, I have not seen your charming daughter since my return. When I left she had determined to submit her first novel to The Heighten Magazine. Has she been successful in her literary aspirations?

Mrs. De Beauti—Perfectly. She married the editor.—New York Weekly.

If you have headache try Preston's "Hed Ake."

Bradycrotine will cure nothing but Headache.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, scholars, what do you understand by a "movable feast?"

Pupil—A picnic.—America.

A Request.

"Mamma," said Willie from the depths of the bath tub, "you'd better get me a new sponge. This one looks awful."—Harper's Bazar.

The quickest way to banish a cough is by using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cts.

A Bad Set Back.

Eastern Man (in Kansas)—You wrote to me that Dugoutville was to be the county seat; but I see that Sodroofville has got it. How did that happen?

Dugoutville Man (sadly)—We ran out of ammunition.—New York Weekly.

What He Would Do.

Mr. Bingo—Tommy, when you get to be the head of a family what will you say to your s