

# TIMELY TOPICS

In that race in the arctic the winner is bound to have the pole.

A small boy says it is impossible to judge the effect of a slipper by its size.

Herr Most says he is opposed to lawyers. This renews our confidence in them.

In always makes a veterinary surgeon indignant to hear a dentist called "doctor."

The man with anti-collapsible views must indulge in vestibule trains of thought.

It is claimed that dentistry prolongs life. As has been said of matrimony, it certainly makes it seem longer.

The airship seems to be a good deal like the learner's bicycle. If it sees a steep or a tree, it makes right for it.

Ozolgoss's trial was short, but it was long enough to make the folly of his crime evident to every anarchist in America.

Gold is a wonderful fertilizing agent. It has caused many a family tree to spring up and get its full growth in a few hours.

With six children in the White House the staid old servants of the establishment will get a sure-enough taste of the strenuous life.

Even the greatest man of science may as well peacefully submit to having his judgment set aside when the baby's grandmother takes a hand.

They don't sell palace furniture on the installment plan in Peking, which may account for the court's resolution to remain in Kai Fong Foo two years more.

A railway train bearing four kings, two queens and twenty-eight princesses and princes arrived at Copenhagen recently. The number of two-spots is not reported.

King Oscar of Sweden is an author, a historian, an orator, an artist and a dramatist, and he also writes poetry and plays the accordion. Yet he is popular. The good people of Sweden have some peculiar traits.

When a man marries a second time, every woman of his acquaintance says: "I knew it. That's just like a man."

When a woman marries a second time, her woman acquaintances commend her for her good sense and express the hope that she will be happier than she was with her first husband.

The widely advertised fact that the White House has but five bedrooms for the family and the guests should keep the undesirable people who might be determined to come on and stay a month at a satisfactory distance. If they persist in coming, however, it might be well for them to tote along a camping outfit, or at least a hammock.

Henri Pene du Bois pays all Americans a great compliment. He says that these three phrases from McKinley, "Do not tell my wife," "Do not harm the poor fellow," and "I am sorry to disturb the happiness of the exposition," are phrases palpitating with the American regard for others. We can accept this true compliment as an offset to the declaration of that French actress who says all American men are bores.

Give the girls the best of education. Let them have college education if possible. The way to get at the boys of the future is by means of the girls who are to be their mothers. Too much attention has been given to the boys and not enough to the girls. If the boys of a college woman are capable of receiving a college education they stand the best chance of getting it. The best side of the house is the mother side of it. If the girls are put forward the boys will get in the neighborhood.

The legal profession has been allowed to have practically its own way in determining the methods of procedure in our courts. The lawyers have abused the confidence of the people by investing those methods with such a cloud of technicalities as to make the dealing out of justice to knaves so difficult and costly a process that prosecuting attorneys have often, when faced by the prospect of a long-drawn battle with unscrupulous lawyers retained by a criminal, preferred to enter a nolle pro. rather than mulct the community in heavy costs without avail; and criminals of all degrees walk the streets unscathed. The Buffalo bar showed, in the Ozolgoss case, how much better the lawyers can serve the community when they have the heart for it. If the bar in every American city would follow that example, not only in regard to murders but toward criminals of ev-

ery degree, what a sudden accession of majesty and effectiveness would come to the Law!

Sixty years ago cotton was known everywhere as king. The reason why cotton was called king was because the money the United States received for it from foreign countries was larger than it received for its breadstuffs and its provisions. Cotton continued to be king until the repeal of the cotton laws of England, the discovery of petroleum in the United States, and the immense increase in our exported provisions because of the large demand from Europe for our meats. So cotton was de-throned, and breadstuffs and provisions and petroleum and machinery became dominating factors in the exports of our country. In the whirligig of time affairs have changed and cotton has again become king. The returns for the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1901, shows a condition of affairs which no American can forget. The price of cotton has been so high during the past year and the demand so steady from Europe, that its exported value reaches the enormous sum of \$313,673,483, the largest in the history of the United States. The nation received only \$275,594,618 for its breadstuffs, or \$38,000,000 less than for its raw cotton. This puts the South again in the ascendant. Seventy years ago the sea island cotton of South Carolina, because it had a long staple and was of the finest quality, was the best cotton on the globe. The area was narrow and small on which that quality of cotton was raised. Now by the annexation of mighty Texas we receive as good a quality of cotton from that State as the sea islands furnished. When Texas was annexed no one dreamed of its future possibilities. The United States has been so fortunate that, whatever territory it receives or takes, our people discover untold and hidden treasures in its soil. The cotton of Egypt and the cotton of India is short staple and not to be compared to the cotton of the United States, and therefore American cotton will continue to be the king in the world markets.

Every few years statistics of some kind report that human life is growing longer. One enthusiastic claim is made to the effect that within the last half century the average of life has been extended over ten years and that for a long time it was fixed at 33, whereas now it is close to 45. Whether this claim can be proved is doubtful, but all statistics seem to agree that the average is advancing and that the quality of life is improving with the quantity. Men at 60, 70 and 75 are still in active business where formerly they were set aside at a much earlier age as too old to work. The passage in Psalms which puts a man's age at three-score and ten or at most four score years has doubtless limited the expectation and ambition of men and led them to regard that period as the fixed and inevitable boundary of all that makes life worth living for them, says the Chicago Chronicle. It is quite possible, however, that another passage of scripture, wholly overlooked in the recognition given to the other, may be pressed into service and the limit of man's aspiration and endeavor be fixed at 120. While the Psalmist says "three-score and ten," in Genesis we find the Lord saying: "Man's days shall be a hundred and twenty years." Why may not this text incite man to pass from what it is, as given in Psalms, to what shall be, as given in Genesis? Why not expect a longer life? If, as scientists say, the period of development in an animal is one-sixth of his appointed life man ought to live his 120 years. The time is ripe for such an expectation. Consumption, the great pest of civilization, is decidedly on the wane. Contagious diseases are hunted to their germ and destroyed. Surgery is advancing with rapid strides and medical treatment is getting on a more scientific basis each year. Sanitary measures in the home, the school, church and theater are more imperative and hygienic laws of every kind are better understood. Further than this, the number of schools, colleges and universities that are multiplying throughout the land imply larger brain power in the future, more wisdom and more foresight. Other things being equal, the scholar lives longer than the ignorant and his powers are more enduring in extreme old age. Athletics are doing their part in the conservation and direction of physical energy. At present they are in the experimental stage, but they will eventually be reduced to science and mankind will reap the benefit. On the whole, there is every encouragement to believe that the years of human life may be increased and that, too, without any fear that their length must necessarily be "labor and sorrow." From an economical as well as from every other point of view the increase would be a boon to humanity.

Growth of the Beard. It has been calculated that the hair of the beard grows at the rate of one and one-half lines a week. This will give a length of 6 1/4 inches in the course of a year.

Every loafer hangs around some other man who would otherwise work



Far Dorothea, a goodly mayde, From Puritans d'eschewed, In kirtle, cap and kerchief prayed That famine sore be ended.

Though plump and fair albeit she kept, She tired of frugal living, So prayed she while the Elders slept, "Lord, send a true Thanksgiving."

The cunning lass, She had no lack Of gown or ermine tipped, Of mottled poultry's pillowed back, Or pretty fawning whippet.

The roses in her saucy cheeks Are not by famine shrunken, Her wholesome appetite bespeaks The pies of quince or pumpkin.

But ah, her secret you have guessed, Sharp eyes her tricks discover; For Mistress Dorothea is vexed To miss her soldier lover.

Who, with his bullets, powder, match, In forests dense is living, That he the bounding you may snatch To make their first Thanksgiving.

Ah, Miss Dorothea, your face In smiling beauty pained, Looks on me from a panel's space— Long, long, have you been pained.

May we, though centuries apart, In peace and plenty living, Voice your petition of the heart, "Lord, send a true Thanksgiving."

## JIMMY'S THANKSGIVING.

BY PAUL INGELW.

PROCLAMATION—By virtue of authority in me vested, do hereby appoint as a day of Thanksgiving—

In sonorous, well-rounded accents the sentences rolled forth. Little Jimmy Quinn, newshy and waif, listened, catching not all that was spoken. But he understood the import, and he thought how grand and majestic did the name and the official designation, "Governor," fill out the dignified, well-voiced announcement.

He was outside the hotel. Now he tiptoed and looked over a screen into a lounging room.

Jimmy saw a person he thought the nicest-faced, noblest looking man he had ever met, standing facing a mixed audience, who had been listening while he read the Governor's Thanksgiving proclamation, though Jimmy, not seeing the paper he had just put aside, supposed he had been speaking it out.

"Further," said the pleasant faced, fine-eyed young man who held the interest of the group by his magnetic oratorical grasp and general good fellowship, "he ordained that I, the Governor, command that one ten-pound turkey be given to every poor family, family with no father two turkeys, family with no mother three turkeys."

Jimmy got down from painful tiptoe poise, full of the rarest excitement, wrought up by a vivid imagination. "Crackey!" he exploded. "Here's news!" and bolted down the street for home.

"Home" was a rickety cabin in an unkempt yard. It had known no woman's care for three weeks. Jimmy and his brother had been "boarding" bachelor's hall while she was in the hospital.

Across the back yard was stretched a taut wire, and against it leaned a balancing pole. Just near it was an impromptu spring-board, with an old torn mattress under it.

Jimmy's older brother, Ned, had just turned a double somersault as the former burst upon the scene with a prolonged: "Say!"

"Hello! what's up?" queried Ned, posing for another tumble.

"Hold on! Say—great news!"

"Well?"

"The Governor's in town!"

"Hey! what Governor?" challenged Ned, suspiciously and incredulously.

"Why, of the State—the big nob, see? I saw him! I heard him speak his proclamation—"

"—clamation—go ahead."

"He promised one turkey to every poor man, two to half orphans, three to—"

"Gwan!"

Ned disdainfully turned the cold shoulder on his brother.

"But, say—"

"Naw! There's nothin' to it. Somebody's been kiddin' you!"

"But it was the Governor! Didn't he talk out the pro-clamation? Don't he look a Governor all over? Two turkeys."

"Say, Jimmy," gravely interrupted Ned, "drop it. You've been hoaxed. Get down to business now, if you ever expect to make a man of yourself."

Ever since the last circus came to town the Quinn boys had been "making men of themselves" in a way unique—the acrobatic way.

They were spry, supple, daring. Ned was "India rubber!" He could slip up in the air like an expert tumbler already, after a month's practice. And as to Jimmy's wire-walking feats—Ned declared they would soon be earning "fifty per" as "the celebrated Flying Brothers!"

And they had a sacred motive in view, "for mother's sake." She had scrubbed, washed, worked day and night to raise them. Now, even out of the trivial amount they earned selling papers, they had saved a small sum to buy her a new "comfort-rocker" when she came out of the hospital.

Jimmy went through his practice in a half-hearted way. His cherished hopes had been "sat on." He believed in fairies and luck, and therefore in "the Govern-

and his turkeys, and he determined to find out more about them the next day, without saying anything about it to the scolding Ned.

Opportunity presented the following afternoon. Jimmy was getting rid of his last "extray," when he recognized a splendid figure coming up the street—it was "the Governor!"

With due awe and hesitation Jimmy approached him, and the smiling, good-natured young man noticed it.

"Well, youngster," he said, "you act as if you wanted to speak to me."

"I do, Governor."

"What's that?" exclaimed the other, puzzled.

"Oh, I know you!" nodded Jimmy in a mysterious, Masonic way—and blurted out his story, and asked to be put on "the two-turkey list."

An amused expression crossed "the Governor's" face. He was only a traveling jewelry salesman, but he could not mar this lad's bright faith. He looked interested and grave when Jimmy told all his story of hardship, hope and endeavor.

"Jimmy Quinn," he said, taking out his note book and making an entry. "Keep quiet about my being the Governor, because I'm a modest man, and don't like to attract attention."

"Yes, sir," promised Jimmy fervently, proud of the confidence implied.

"Thanksgiving day, when your mother comes home, you shall have two turkeys, I pledge the Governor's royal word for it, friend Jimmy!"

Jimmy turned over in bed with a yell, and his brother grabbed him. He had been dreaming of ten thousand turkeys roasting on a spit a mile long, and thought he fell in among them, so—

"Fire!" he shouted.

"Bet your life!" cried Ned. "Get up! There's a corker of a blaze somewhere!" Sure enough, there was. The town was astir. Half-dressed, the brothers were soon scudding wildly down the street.

"Jimmy," said Ned, breathlessly, as they turned the corner, "the Central's all ablaze!"

The principal hotel of the little inland city was doomed. In the crush the brothers became separated.

Jimmy was hurrying past a building adjoining, when he gave a quick stare. A man in his shirt sleeves, hatless and barefooted, dashed past him.

"Why?" said Jimmy, electrically, "it's the Governor!"

The man darted up the dark stairs of the vacant building, next across a brief court to the hotel.

Jimmy put after him, he hardly knew why. Up one flight, two, three—the roof, through a scuttle, the man went, before Jimmy overtook him.

"The Governor" ran to the edge of the eaves and looked down.

"No use!" Jimmy heard him groan. "Mr. Governor, what's the matter?" asked Jimmy, presenting himself in view.

"Hey? Oh, it's you? Well, my boy, I'm ruined, that's all!"

"Yes, sir; but why are you up here?"

"Because the fire drove me out of my room. In the excitement and peril I left behind a satchel containing—but it's gone up! I hoped I could cross to the roof—"

"Which room, sir?" demanded Jimmy, in the sparkling ardor of a mighty thought.

"That—where this wire crosses to an arm, and cuts above the court. Boy, stop! Jimmy!"

Whiz! Jimmy had seized the wire. Like a sprite he made a descent to which his practiced hands were inured.

Into the open window—lost in the smoke a moment, into view again, blinded, spluttering, a satchel strapped to his arm!

"I've got it!" he yelled hilariously. "For mercy's sake, be careful!" remarked the anxious "Governor."

But Jimmy laughed. He even cut an acrobatic caper across the dangling wire, and, flushed and happy, landed on the opposite roof, tendering the satchel with the words:

"There you are, Mr. Governor!"

That satchel contained "the Governor's" samples, \$20,000 in precious gems.

When he wrote to his firm and then to the insurance people explaining Jimmy's brave and daring exploit, one sent a check for \$300, the other for double that amount.

The happiest woman in Christendom the bright Thanksgiving day ensuing was Mrs. Mary Quinn.

Her "brave lads" had placed \$900 in bank to her account.

And, true to his promise, "the Governor" saw that their merry dinner table was actually graced with two turkeys!

## GLEESON'S TURKEY.

The Hired Man Waited for and Got His Revenge.

ARVESTING was over, and work at Farmer Gleeson's being slackier than a prople's clothesline, a cut was made in the hired man's wages.

It was not a big cut. It could not be; for it is not possible to cut a universe from an atom. But it made a big wound in the hired man's contentment and he determined to have revenge, although he made no open threat of that intention. Deep in his heart he muttered, "I'll git even with 'im."

Now Mr. Gleeson possessed a turkey of which he was very proud. In commanding presence, in weight, in gobbling, in symmetry of drum-sticks, it had no peer, and scarcely a rival. It was noted for miles around as the most magnificent of all turkeys ever raised in that section.

The farmer thought so much of his piece of property that in the sitting room he hung a photograph of the bird be-

tween the portraits of the first two Mrs. Gleesons. But he had good reason to regard it highly. It promised a great financial gain to him. Managers of the leading hotels had deluged him with offers for the turkey. They wanted it for Thanksgiving day. Bidding went on at a furious and reckless rate. The contest excited the whole country. Prices rose and jumped. One noted hostelrykeeper added more interest by offering as a supplementary bid a premium of two dollars for every pound the turkey gained.

An enterprising rival raised the figure to three dollars. The farmer was bending all his facilities to take the greatest possible advantage of these wonderful chances.

The hired man acted as steward and pusher. It was his duty to keep the turkey supplied at all times with abundant food. If the turkey's appetite faltered from satiation, he prepared tit bits that would tempt the fullest crop. Even at night he awakened the poor, tired turkey and coaxed it to eat lunches. His zeal was no less than the farmer's, and the results he was achieving were remarkable. A gain of one pound a day was recorded several times, and half-pound additions were common.

But this description treats of the time prior to the cut in wages. That event marked a change in the bird's condition. There came a lull in the increase of weight. The rate valued at dollars per day dwindled to cents' worth; to nothing; and finally represented an actual decline. No one seemed to know what caused the change. The fowl certainly consumed as much food as before, and its appetite seemed more ravenous. Why it should lose flesh under the conditions was a mystery—at least to the farmer.

He became very much alarmed, and had his family physician come and look at the turkey's tongue which the hired man exhibited, not without difficulty. But the doctor, though he prescribed a tonic and cod-liver oil, did the falling bird no good. Once by once and pound by pound the precious weight disappeared; and bones began to be conspicuous.

The poor farmer, bitterly disappointed, finally collapsed. A severe stroke kept him in bed for a week. When he recovered and saw his prize once more, he knew that the cheapest boarding house in the country would not have it. The very next day was Thanksgiving. He had eagerly looked forward to it, but now he sorrowfully hung crumpe around the turkey's photograph.

But there was to be a little rift in his cloud of unhappiness. One day the hired man said he would give fifty cents for the turkey if the photograph was thrown in as a chromo. Cheerfully the farmer accepted the offer. It was so very unexpected.

Then the hired man, as he jingled his coin, cried triumphantly: "I've got even with yer; I didn't doctor that 'er turkey for nuthin'!"

## The Meaning of It.

Little Ernest—Poppy why dey say Fanksgibbin' turkey, huh?

Poppy—Dat's er cause yo' fank de oven ob de coop fo' leabin' de do' open.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Causes for Thanksgiv'g. For all that God in mercy sends; For health and children, home and friends, For comfort in the time of need, For every kindly word and deed, For happy thoughts and holy talk, For guidance in our daily walk— For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours, For verdant grass and lovely flowers, For song of birds, for hum of bees, For bill and plain, for streams and wood, For the great ocean's mighty food— For everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep that comes at night, For the returning morning's light, For the bright sun that shines on high, For the stars glittering in the sky, For these and everything we see, O Lord! our hearts we lift to thee— For everything give thanks!

There's I. & No Parading There.

For the sweetest of all things, For the returning morning's light, For the bright sun that shines on high, For the stars glittering in the sky, For these and everything we see, O Lord! our hearts we lift to thee— For everything give thanks!

There's I. & No Parading There.

For the sweetest of all things, For the returning morning's light, For the bright sun that shines on high, For the stars glittering in the sky, For these and everything we see, O Lord! our hearts we lift to thee— For everything give thanks!

There's I. & No Parading There.

For the sweetest of all things, For the returning morning's light, For the bright sun that shines on high, For the stars glittering in the sky, For these and everything we see, O Lord! our hearts we lift to thee— For everything give thanks!

There's I. & No Parading There.

For the sweetest of all things, For the returning morning's light, For the bright sun that shines on high, For the stars glittering in the sky, For these and everything we see, O Lord! our hearts we lift to thee— For everything give thanks!

There's I. & No Parading There.

For the sweetest of all things, For the returning morning's light, For the bright sun that shines on high, For the stars glittering in the sky, For these and everything we see, O Lord! our hearts we lift to thee— For everything give thanks!

There's I. & No Parading There.

For the sweetest of all things, For the returning morning's light, For the bright sun that shines on high, For the stars glittering in the sky, For these and everything we see, O Lord! our hearts we lift to thee— For everything give thanks!

There's I. & No Parading There.

For the sweetest of all things, For the returning morning's light, For the bright sun that shines on high, For the stars glittering in the sky, For these and everything we see, O Lord! our hearts we lift to thee— For everything give thanks!

There's I. & No Parading There.

For the sweetest of all things, For the returning morning's light, For the bright sun that shines on high, For the stars glittering in the sky, For these and everything we see, O Lord! our hearts we lift to thee— For everything give thanks!

There's I. & No Parading There.

For the sweetest of all things, For the returning morning's light, For the bright sun that shines on high, For the stars glittering in the sky, For these and everything we see, O Lord! our hearts we lift to thee— For everything give thanks!

There's I. & No Parading There.

For the sweetest of all things, For the returning morning's light, For the bright sun that shines on high, For the stars glittering in the sky, For these and everything we see, O Lord! our hearts we lift to thee— For everything give thanks!

There's I. & No Parading There.

For the sweetest of all things, For the returning morning's light, For the bright sun that shines on high, For the stars glittering in the sky, For these and everything we see, O Lord! our hearts we lift to thee— For everything give thanks!

There's I. & No Parading There.

For the sweetest of all things, For the returning morning's light, For the bright sun that shines on high, For the stars glittering in the sky, For these and everything we see, O Lord! our hearts we lift to thee— For everything give thanks!

There's I. & No Parading There.

For the sweetest of all things, For the returning morning's light, For the bright sun that shines on high, For the stars glittering in the sky, For these and everything we see, O Lord! our hearts we lift to thee— For everything give thanks!

## Roosevelt on Commerce.

Chicago, Nov. 11.—The Record-Herald says:

In his message to congress President Roosevelt will incorporate several radical recommendations regarding the interstate commerce commission, and will prominently urge the passage of remedial legislation, which will place the commission at a position to become a power for good in the traffic world.

Concerning the matter Chairman Knapp of the Commission said:

"I am reliably informed that the president will treat of the commission and will make some recommendations to congress that will enable the commission to do what the law which created it intended it should accomplish. I know that the president is very much interested in the subject, and I believe he is in favor of giving the commission more power than it now possesses."

The essential facts secured by the investigation which closed are: That railroads east and west cut export rates constantly and do not publish their export rates; that a condition exists in the Central Freight association which morally proves that the roads eastbound from Chicago are pooling on grain and grain products; that the cut rates in exports are due largely to the competition of water routes which are not under the supervision of the commission; that the bulk of grain for domestic use moves as export grain, thereby being granted a cut rate; that a substantial discrepancy exists between the rates on grain and flour, and that hay is a classification higher than kindred products.

## Royal Honors to Chang.

Pekin, Nov. 10.—The foreign ministers went in a body wearing plain mourning to the late Li Hung Chang's yamen and presented their condolences, according to Chinese custom. Chinese soldiers lined the streets near the yamen, and the great crowds which gathered in the streets and about the yamen were perfectly orderly. All the city officials received the ministers in the outer court. The coffin was in a spacious inner court, temporarily roofed. It rested on an altar behind a screen and had over it a royal pall, conferred by the emperor's command, an honor heretofore bestowed only on members of the imperial family. Many Buddhist priests were in attendance.

There were rows of tables bearing offerings of food amounted to several tons, and piles of paper money. Candles and incense were burned about the coffin.

Li Hung Chang's two sons stood near the casket attired in sackcloth. Before the screen was a cushion where the Chinese callers made prostrations. The ministers, however, stepped forward singly and bowed low. The dean of the diplomatic corps read an address of sympathy, to which the oldest son of the deceased statesman replied in Chinese, the youngest son interpreting his words into English. The scene about the yamen was animated and picturesque. Hundreds of officials were present in their robes of office. Mounted retinues are arriving daily from all parts of the province.

## Football Games.

New Haven, Conn., Nov. 11.—The Yale university football eleven started with the ball at their own 45 yard line in the first moments of the game with Orange Athletic eleven Saturday and roused it for 60 yards for the first touchdown in short order. Olcott kicked a goal. This process was repeated throughout the game. Total score: Yale 35, Orange 0.

New York, Nov. 10.—With an eleven made up largely of substitutes, Cornell defeated Lehigh here Saturday by the score of 30 to 0. The contest was marked by both brilliant and erratic work. In the second half there was a notable improvement in the showing of both elevens.

The Spokane high school football team lost to the Normal school at Cooney Saturday by a score of 10 to 6.

West Point, N. Y., Nov. 10.—The football game here Saturday between the West Point academy and Princeton elevens resulted in a tie score, 6 to 6.

San Francisco, Nov. 10.—The University of California won the eleventh annual football game Saturday from the Leland Stanford, Jr., eleven by a score of 2 to 0. California won by a safety play in the first half, when Overall cleverly blocked Hill's punt.

Pullman, Wash., Nov. 10.—Saturday afternoon on the college gridiron the home college eleven defeated the University of Oregon football eleven by a score of 16 to 0—three touchdowns and one goal, two touchdowns in the first half, one in the second.

Chicago, Nov. 10.—With a desperation born of long years of rivalry, Chicago and Northwestern universities battled on the gridiron Saturday and came out with honors practically even, although the score was Northwestern 6, Chicago 5.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10.—Harvard Saturday afternoon, on Franklin Field, administered to the University of Pennsylvania one of the worst defeats the latter has experienced since she has been in the front rank in the football world. The final score was Harvard 33, Pennsylvania 6.

Were Killed in Samar Fight.

Washington, Nov. 11.—