

## BARBED WIRE.

All the world kicks a kicker.

Judging from the amount of twisting it withstands, that tiger's tail must have a swivel attachment.

There is consolation in the thought that if Teddy ever does ride a hobby it will, in all probability, be a long tailed one.

Czolgosz was just twenty-eight years of age; which fact gives color to the claim that there was a great crime committed in '73.

There are no anarchists; they are simply "agitators." True, good but-ter and good laws are the results of agitation, but please don't break the churn.

A good half of the patriotic gentlemen who are crying aloud for the annihilation and absolute extermination of the anarchists ought to be arrested for attempting suicide.

We have a joke submitted by a friend. It connects Turkey and Greece with Thanksgiving Day. We consider it good; in fact, almost as good as it seemed to be when we heard it first, some five or six years ago.

One Buller, who operated a ferry line on the Tugela river, in South Africa, a year or so ago, has made a speech which rang around the world, but the ring sounded not unlike unto the tintinnabulation of the merry chestnut bells.

This peerless one's friends still insist that he is planted firmly on the Chicago platform, but to those who have carefully read the returns it looks mightily as though he were planted firmly under it, and planted good and deep, too.

Another day of rest and praise,  
Another sigh for by-gone days,  
Another tear of vain regret,  
Another struggle to forget.

Another sermon drear and long,  
Another feast, a bowl, a song;  
Another turkey dressed with care,  
Another good old-time nightmare.

Not wishing to be personal, the permanent school fund seems to be anything but permanent. Still, not wishing to be personal, a servant who works for himself on his master's time, or invests his employer's wealth for his own gain, will not hold his job very long.

The last one is a minister, and he says he has invented, and is now operating, a motor which runs from power generated within itself. Says the wheels have been turning busily and continually for three months. Other inventors, no doubt prompted by jealousy and envy, drop vague hints as to the probable location of the wheels which are, to say the least, exceedingly unkind.

The board of inquiry inquired; the judges judged; the reporters reported, and the stenographers stenogged, but out of it all there came no word regarding that "heavy firing in the Windward passage" which the yellowoid press exploited so freely during the late unpleasantness.

In by-gone days the stout oak tree  
Felt tender Ivy clasp his knee.

He raised her up; then gently rocked,  
And vine and branches interlocked.

Close clasped in his great sturdy arm,  
Secure from ev'ry care or harm,  
Her clinging tendrils round him roved,  
And thus, content, they lived and loved.

But now, alack! The modern vine  
Feels gentle Oak her form entwine.  
She stands erect, superb and tall;  
While Oak must grab a root, or—fall.

The battleship "Nebraska," the keel of which was laid some two years ago, is now bulletined as one per cent complete. Let's see; once two are two and naught is naught; well, we will all turn out to launch her in the year 2011, and there is a remote possibility that the young lady who has been considered the only logical candidate for champagne slinger may have some great, greater, greatest, granddaughter to perform that high office.

Whether Mrs. Roosevelt said anything about it or not, the fact is that any woman who will admit, aye strenuously contend, that she can dress and look presentable on \$300 per year, is nearer to the American heart than the one who claims that \$10,000 is not a stiver too much. A woman, who has to put on \$10,000 worth of frills in order to get people to look at her, ought to be kept in a dark box stall and fed on pale pills for pink people.

Who beat Hollenbeck? The peerless-ocracy lays the blame at the door of the dodolists, who enter a general denial, and file a cross petition in which they allege that the democrats (meaning real democrats without any isms attached) are getting tired of the partnership. The prohibulists say it was the saloonarchists with their little round robin, and so these deluded men go it, each with his separate explanation. Who beat Hollenbeck? It was little Sammy Sedgwick, with his bow and arrow. This is a "scoop."

"Now," remarked the statesman, musing, "this is growing real confusing and there's really no excusing men who idly pass me by. It was I who plainly stated all the issues I created (which were all exterminated) and the main one was just I. In the '96 convention I believe I made some mention (midst a scene of some contention) in my own best metaphor, that if I should be elected, common men would be protected, and no more

would live dejected, harried, trodden down and poor. Beaten here, I sought to counter with some issues paramount but emerged from the encounter with my main mast shot away. Now I view the situation as a certain indication that they're off the reservation; paramounting doesn't pay. For when came the time for voting, though I never ceased keynoting, they did things to me denoting that each had a stingaree, and at last I see the token that the combination's broken. Clear from Sitka to Hoboken they have stacked the cards on me."

He stood beside me in the twilight dim;  
I felt his icy finger touch my cheek,  
And on that hand I saw the bloody streak  
And speechless, breathless, sat and looked at him.

I knew the shade of Czolgosz, so quick thought:

"Why comes he to the Earth he caused to mourn?"

Has he returned from that dark, distant bourne

To view the ruin his foul hand hath wrought?"

"Base Knave!" I shouted, "Is thy penance done?"

Or hast escap't thy dread infernal doom?"

"I'm on parole," he answered through the gloom,

"To tell you there are others," and was gone.

A lady whose head we intend to measure, spews into the sour columns of a dyspeptic college paper the alarming information that 500 out of 600 inmates of a New York prison "confessed" that they had been smokers from youth. Perhaps 500 out of 600 of them also wore false teeth, or parted their hair in the middle, or carried umbrellas on wet days, ate sauer kraut, read the "War Cry," or possibly snored nights, or performed many other equally commonplace acts which, by the same stupendous logic might easily be proven the cause of their downfall. Just what there is connected with the smoking of a good cigar which would prompt the smoker to throw away the stub and go out into the world intent on robbing a bank, killing a policeman, or running away with the preacher's wife, is not yet entirely clear, despite the ponderosity of the argument above quoted. On the other hand, cajole two deadly enemies into smoking together, and see if their grievance doesn't figuratively and literally go up in smoke.

There is no use in trying to keep it dark any longer, woman is the coming man. She has ceased her gentle pleading and begun to demand things. If you are a married man this means something to you; if not, be warned in time, for there are breakers ahead. You may laugh it off and chuck her under the chin to see her frown, but just wait. We see a picture. There is a woman in the kitchen and he who has foolishly