

With the one fault of not having any ice water to drink, there is still another fault I find with Topeka; the combination, of course, making two faults. The newly discovered fault is the one privileging snakes to run a large. At dusk, usually, they make their unwelcome appearances and impede progress, so to speak. The people here call them "fishing worms;" but I differ with the people. Go fishing once and use one of these "worms" for a bait and I'll bet 50c the fish won't do the biting. Honestly, there are more snakes to be found in the streets of Topeka than in the boots of the male population of Leavenworth.

Wise men tell us that whenever or wherever you see a red headed girl or woman you will always see a white horse. And wherever you see a watermelon rind, look closely and you'll discover a colored man.

Lawrence, Kas., is a good place for matrimonial anglers to throw out their lines.

In the last number of the North American Review Hon. Frederick Douglass explains his relations as consul-general and minister-resident to the Republic of Hayti. In terse and convincing language he tells how he was subjected to the orders of inferior officials, and why he tendered his resignation as minister to that Republic. I would like for some of the newspaper fakirs, who have been rushing in to print with their "views," to read his article in the last number of the magazine mentioned above, and find out the real cause of the "Old Man Eloquent's" resignation; and ask themselves if they haven't monumentally lied—per minion, per brevier, per bourgeois and per long primer line.

I see in the eastern newspapers that Sam T. Jack's Creole Burlesque Company continues to draw enormous audiences in that section. They seem to be crowning themselves with glory and filling Jack's pockets to overflowing with the almighty dollar. The "cards" of the show are Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lucas, May Bohee, (sister to the great Bohee brothers), Burrell Hawkins, the De Wolfe sisters, Burt Grant, of Kansas City, Mo., and Billy Farrell, (recently with Cleveland's minstrels). Florence Briscoe, the leading lady last year, isn't mentioned any more. Where is the great Florence? And by the way, what has become of Florence Hines, the irreproachable male impersonator? And come to think of it, Doc Bayles' wife's name is off the list. Jack had a great show last winter.

A policeman played a game of checkers with one of Topeka's society young ladies last Thursday evening a week ago, by ordering her to "move." She was standing on the corners of 7th and Kansas avenues. Who was she?

It would be advisable for a couple of our colored exchanges to hire proof readers, and let the reading public understand what they are trying to say. "Orthography" is the name of a new bath tub, and some of our compositors should bathe in it.

Isn't it amusing to look through a photograph album? Faces of all kinds of human beings are to be found therein. There are the faces of the family on the first page, including little Johnnie, "the favorite;" Jimmie, "the bad 'un;" Charles, who goes to school steadily and "can count a hundred beginning at ninety-eight;" Susan, who ran away at the age of 13 years with a drummer (snare drummer) who was always on the beat; Zebroa, who was sent to Lansing, Kas., in '79 to get a chance to wear his stripes; Sarah Jane, who went to college, graduated, was too smart to live and had to die; Cully, who smoked a hundred cigarettes in one day and joined the High Up Society the next; little Birdie, the baby, who has three teeth, can say "papa" and "mamma," and can give six bawls whilst the base ball pitcher is giving one. Then there's the "old man" and the "old woman," who are only living to keep from dying.

I would like to know how many editors practice what they preach. Stand up, gentlemen, and be counted.

I heard some one say, beer! Wait a minute.
L. McCORKER.