



"So the world wags."

Mr. Geo. Peck of the Milwaukee *Sun* is the latest victim of newspaper mendacity. He feels called upon to repudiate the following paragraph from the *Washington Republican*:

It is not altogether true that George Peck has made the bulk of his fortune out of his newspaper property, the Milwaukee *Sun*. Outside of his journalistic venture Peck has engaged in two or three highly remunerative schemes, notably in his Aspen mine in Colorado and his immense sheep ranch in New Mexico. The Leadville *Herald* estimates that his share of the yield of the silver mine for ten months of the current year was \$85,000, and a paragraph in a recent number of the *American Herder* says Mr. Peck's profits from the year's shearing in New Mexico will exceed \$20,000. Most of the money he makes, over and above what he reserves for current expenses, he puts into Milwaukee real estate, and the amount of real estate he owns may be guessed at when it is said he pays yearly taxes of over \$6,000 in Milwaukee alone. Alexander Mitchell, the Milwaukee millionaire, recently remarked that he believed George Peck would, in less than ten years, be the richest man in the Northwest.

And this is how he nails it:

"Excuse us while we laugh. There! In the first place we have no 'highly remunerative schemes,' except *The Sun*. Never owned a dollar in a mine in Colorado, and never shall. Never owned a single sheep or a lamb. Never drew eighty-five thousand dollars, nor eighty cents from mines or sheep. Never paid a dollar's taxes on real estate in Milwaukee. Within the past year we have bought a little real estate, but if the taxes on it are six thousand dollars when it comes to be assessed, we will give it away. Mr. Mitchell never made any such remark, and probably never gave a thought to *The Sun*, any more than to be glad the editor was making a good living, by hard work. Very likely our friend Davis, of the Leadville *Herald*, started the silver mine story, and Snowden, the old dude of the *Washington Republican*, has finished the story as a joke on a friend who will whip him on sight. Furthermore, we don't want to be rich, and if newspapers will quit publishing such stories we will give every editor a chromo."

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People who seldom travel should be thankful for every hint they can get from old roadsters, and such a clipping as the following deserves a place in the hat of every greenhorn.

PAID IN ADVANCE.

A man who took care to tell the clerk that he was from New Hampshire and on his way to visit his sister in Wisconsin, whom he had not seen in twenty-two years, registered at a Detroit hotel the other night. When shown to his room by one of the bell boys he suddenly asked:

"Oh, say, have you fire escapes on this building?"

"Deed we has, sah."

"Show me the one I am to use in case of fire."

The boy took him down the hall to where an iron ladder ran to the ground, but after surveying it the man remarked:

"Mercy on me! but I wouldn't dare climb down that ladder in broad daylight!"

"Dey's all alike, sah."

"Well, they wouldn't do me any good. Say, I'll make a bargain with you."

"Yes, sah."

"I don't want to be roasted, and I can't use that ladder. If you'll come up and give me ten or fifteen minutes' warning before the fire breaks out, I'll give you fifty cents, and here it is."

"I'll do it, sah."

"It's a mean trick on the rest of them, I know," continued the man, "but mebbe they are used to ladders and don't ask any favors. When you come to rouse me just knock three times and quickly say: 'Mr. Slabs, this tavern is on fire.' I'll tumble to it without any fuss, and after I get out I'll yell fire and do my best to save the rest. Good-night, bub, and remember that I paid cash down."—*Det. Free Press*.

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#### BURDETTE'S LATEST.

Mr. Burdette maintains his place as the brightest of the paragraphers. He is not only the wittiest, but his humor is always pleasant and wholesome. We cull a few of his latest mols:

Matthew Arnold is prepared to like this country, if the reporters who are introduced to him will only quit calling him "Matt." That is not right. They should say Matthew when they speak to him.

There are 120,000 regular soldiers in the Chinese army. As it requires about all their time to learn their native language, they don't know anything about military drill.

It is said that the Mexican police wear the dirtiest linen, and the least of it, ever seen on mortal man. Still, you can't expect a man with only one suit to look very much like a dude.

The estimate for the pension roll this year is one hundred and fifty-seven millions of dollars. The old soldiers were very frugal twenty years ago, and saved their country, but they're making her fly now.

There are fish, scientific authorities tell us, that live in great numbers in the ocean, at a depth of 2,000 feet below the surface. There, we always knew there was some reason why we never caught any fish. We told the last skipper we fished with that 800 feet of line wasn't enough.

The Indians on the frontier seem to be very quiet and no trouble is reported on any of the reservations, but on Sunday another New York policeman got drunk and killed an inoffensive laborer. The Indian foreign missionary board needs to send a few more good savages to New York.

Out in a Colorado town the manager of the opera house was elected mayor, and he announced in his inaugural address that he would spare no pains or expense to make his administration popular, instructive and pleasing, and that there would be in it nothing to offend the most refined taste.

"What are you after now?" asked the policeman of a well-known burglar. "I'm lookin' for a detective," replied the robber. And the officer shook his head. "I don't believe you can find one," he replied sadly, for the burglar's lonesome appearance touched him, "because they're all looking for you."

Shapira, the Deuteronomy forger, is held in great detestation by the Hebrews, because he is a "converted Jew." Some time ago he became an Episcopalian, and his former brethren of Israel think the prayer-book will have to be amended a whole chapter to get in something to cover Shapira's case.

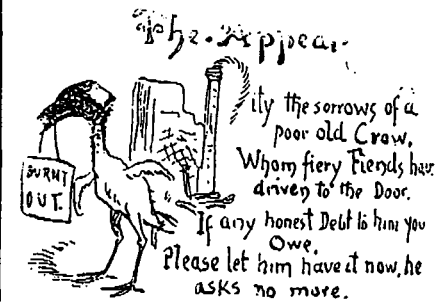
"Pa," said Rollo, looking up from "Roughing It," "what is gold-bearing quartz?"

"Well, my son," replied Rollo's father, who was glancing in a troubled manner at the milkman's bill for October, "when a man sells diluted wai'er for nine cents a quart, I think he has struck better gold-bearing quarts than ever Mr. Mark Twain dreamed of."

"Oh, the road is smooth enough," said the placid conductor to the complaining passenger. "There isn't a smoother road bed in the United States. It's the cars that jolt. Company took the springs out last week, to oil them, and didn't get them back in time for this trip." And the complaining passenger grumbled no more, for he felt that he was in the presence of the Star Liar.

The coat-of-arms of Dakota, shows, among other things, a white man and an Indian, looking up at this motto shining in the sky—"Fear God and take your own part." Ho! ho! In the division of labor, enjoined by that motto, the Indian is supposed to be fearing God for the two, while the white man holds unto his own part with one hand and take's the Indian's with the other.

We never speak as we pass by,  
And I will tell you simply why—  
We both are busy coming o'er  
Grip's ALMANAC for '84.



#### The Response:

Dear Crow:

I am sorry for you in your singed distress. Enclosed find two dollars to assist in oiling the pin feathers. Yours in sympathy,

J. H. B., Welland.

To you for eighteen eighty-four,  
Two dolls. again I now fork o'er,  
And public folly I hope you'll nip.  
That I may know it please send me Grip.  
S. G., Lanark.

Please find enclosed \$2.00 for "Grip." As I expect dull times, I want your paper to divert my attention a little and to keep my face from getting too long. Wishing you prosperity, respectfully,

R. McG., Oshawa.

Your piteous lamentation,  
And forlorn situation  
Would really move a nation,  
To send in their subscription,  
And enclosed is for acceptance.

B. C., London.

P. S. You needn't blush for the poetry since you get the dimes.

Inclosed find \$2, my subscription to Grip until Oct. 2, 1884.

The delay in remitting has been due to hurry, worry and botheration.

Accept apologies—and very best wishes for Grip's continued success. Its weekly advent is hailed with joy—as an electric and restorative tonic to poor flagging human nature, and as a holiday break in the monotonous wear and tear of everyday life, long may it so continue.

Yours etc.  
J. O'S., Peterborough.

For your penna-less condition, old bird, please take My sympathy, and what is better, shillings eight. Such sympathy for your *cassus* you prefer—well, rather! And soon again no doubt will put you in fine feather.  
A. W., M.D., Hamilton.