

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.



I.
This is M. Feu de Mungie, the world-renowned fire king, who handles red-hot iron bars as if they were nothing at all.



II.
And this is M. Feu de Munge that same evening, who, while sealing a letter to his wife, let a drop of wax fall on his hand.

NEWS AROUND TOWN.

(AFTER THE MANNER OF SOME ESTEEMED EXCHANGES)

MR. JOHN JOHNSTON is teaming wood for Squire Quackley this week.

Try Buster's Blood Bitters for your corns.

Mrs. Ephriam Smith arrived home last Tuesday from Punkinville, where she was visiting her married daughter. The folks were all well.

Jinkins, the grocer, has prime new butter made out of cow's milk.

Dr. Snorkey is doing a rushing business these days. Give him a trial.

Mr. Crapeson, the undertaker, reports that he has more orders in hand than he can attend to.

Pilkin's Pills for sore eyes. See adv.

Miss Maudie Jones is in town visiting her friend Miss Birdie Muggins. Miss Maudie, you can't come too often.

Fresh eggs taken in exchange for goods at the Old White Store.

Mr. William Muldoon, our efficient constable, captured a drunken man Tuesday evening and placed him in the cooler.

Squire McGregor's gray mare is suffering from an attack of the heaves.

Go to Sam Jonsing's for a good, clean shave.

Maple syrup at Tommy's grocery. See adv.

Etc., etc., etc.

THE TRUE INWA'DNESS OB DE NOBLE WARD PERTITION.

AS EXPLAINED BY JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.

MISTAH GRIP en de gen'al public.
When I done give up writin' fo de press, en' GRIP in pa'tickler, an tuk to bein' a rusticrat—a-livin off oder folkses co'n, what I didn't neither sow nor reap nor gather into ba'ns,—I says to myself now I ain't gwine to be a common wo'king passon no mo'—I'se gwine to be a rusticrat. Nuffin so low as workin'. I tuk de swellest house in de ward, I sold my ink bottle, my pen and two cents worf of man'script paper to de co'ner grocery man fo' a 'stallment on de bill I owed him; I trew de ole whitewash brush into de alleyway an' queathed de lime pail to my ole ooman to hol' de suds in; an' den I set my char outside de do' in de sun, an' says I to my ole ooman, says I,—“I'se not gwine to be a wulgar wo'king passon no mo'; I'se gwine to be a rusticrat. I'se gwine to live off de price of dem dar two co'ner lots what I bought fo' twenty dollahs fifteen yeahs ago—dey am wort twenty hundred now. 'Sides, my ole ooman can do nuff washin' to 'spo't de two of us anyhow.”

So ever since I done give up writin' fo' GRIP, I sit on de sunny side ob de swellest house in de wa'd, my cigah in my mouf, an' my plantations a-restin' on de window-sill an' dar I bin libin' a life ob rusticratic kentiontation. I sco'ned to take de least obseruation of de hundreds of common wo'king class s hurryin' home to dinner and back inside de hour fo' fear ob gettin' de pay clipt, a'l dat was too wulgar for my rusticratic tastes. I had to consider my position. I was no wo'king pusson any mo'; I was one of de uppah ten. I was de bery same status as a Dook, an' a Markiss, an' a Earl, gwine to get a title bymeby. (Dis Dominion owes me a title fo' de lots o' whitewashin' I done in my day.) Well now, all dis am de hist'ry an' gran' tottle o' de rusticrat business an' how I com to set up in it; case it was de highest up an' de most honorablest position in de land to be a Dook an' a Markiss an' a Earl. *Now*, I'se gwine to tell yo jus how I came to, trow up de hull blame business an' tuk to my wi' itewash pail, an' my brush, an' my pen an' ink onc' mo.

I hedn't no objection to livin' off my co'ner lot like an earl does, but when I read in de papers bout de Duke ob dis, dat and 'tother ownin' seventy-four an' forty-eight, an' thirty, an' twenty-four public houses—an' taverns an' drinkin' s'loons, I get down dem feet right straight off dat winder sill an' says I to my