

with the English language. Getting himself comfortably seated he proceeded to look over the programme, and, taking up what he supposed to be the bill of fare, but which, in reality, was the Standard Phonographic price list, he was not a little amazed when his eyes fell upon an item that read: "Dictionary, \$5.00." Before looking at any of the other dishes on the paper, he took a glance at some of the dishes on the table, and, observing that his *vis-a-vis*, a man of very ordinary appearance, was engaged in the task of getting on the exterior of a plate of "fine-cut" hash, a sigh of relief ascended from the empty stomach of the Frenchman, and he mustered up courage enough to attack the bill of fare once more. This time he caught sight of "Hand Book \$2.25," and an expression of uneasiness crawled up his back and spread itself all over his face. He certainly regarded *deux piastres et un quart* as rather *trop cher* for a dish of what he took to be halibut. Yet, \$2.25 was a decided improvement upon \$5.00, and this gave him encouragement to proceed a little further in quest of something at a lower figure. After another short perusal, Frenchy halted opposite what struck him forcibly as an exceedingly appropriate term for hash, which was entered on the bill of fare "Odds and Ends, 75 cts." The American name for this refreshment suited him a little better than the price, which he thought might, could, would or should be better adapted to his means. Bestowing one more glance upon the programme, he was delighted to find a fifty cent dish, but as its name "Synopsis" was tetotally foreign to him, he deemed it prudent not to run any risk and decided in favor of the "Odds and Ends." He was just in the act of summoning one of the waiters to his side that he might give his order, when his eye captured something that he imagined himself to be quite familiar with. It was evidently some kind of a Yankee stew called "The Student's Journal," but the figures on the same line, \$2.00, frightened Frenchy back to the Odds and Ends. Beckoning one of the employés of the establishment over to his place at the table, he made known his order by pointing out the item with his index finger.

The man with the pinnie wasn't much of a Standard Phonographer, but he was well enough up in the art to be able to strike a distinction between one of Uncle Andy's price lists and a catalogue of eatables. He at once recog-

nized the document as the property of his studious young customer, and in a very polite manner explained matters to the tawny complexioned stranger, handing him at the same moment a genuine copy of the proceedings.

The Frenchman was in the act of making up his mind to lay low during the following twenty-four hours for something answering the description of the shorthand student, when he observed that the overture on the programme just presented to him read "Pea Soup 5 cts.," the discovery of which so overfilled him with delight that his appetite for revenge soon departed to make room for five cents worth of something more substantial.

Blunders.

A good deal has been said and written by Fred. Morgan and others regarding the errors and omissions which are not always excepted in phonographic reports, but it has never been our good luck to come across anything that could get within the shot of a pea-shooter of the remarkable instance of blundering which we are now about to relate to our readers.

Of course, we are all familiar with the means which Guiteau never forgot to employ when desiring to give emphasis to his statements and interruptions. He didn't adopt the same method of italicizing his utterances as we are accustomed to, for, instead of under-scoring his emphatic passages, he would invariably terminate them with a forty-seven hundred horse-power, "Don't you forget it." Now, Judge Cox is not by any manner of means the very slowest speaker on the face of the earth, or on as much of its face as the United States Government has a clear title to, and when the old gentleman gets his tongue before a fair wind a pursuing stenographer has no time to stick on his hat and run out for a clove or a coffee bean between words, a practice which is not altogether foreign to Saint Jack, New Brunswick, makers of Carter's blue-black streaks of lightning.

When the judge found that the hour for labeling the assassin for the gallows was at hand, he made an effort to get through the ceremony as hurriedly as possible, hoping thereby to escape any Guiteaunic interruptions that might have a tendency to knock him off the handle, but the prisoner at the bar was not to be bamboozled out of his little speeches in this way, and every now and again there would rise above the judge's