

The Adventures of an "Official" in the Wilds of Phonography.

Continued.

Miss Bridget O'Shaughanassy was seemingly quite ignorant of the scarcity of success attending the efforts of our young hero to capture her little speech, or she certainly would have favored him with an occasional "let up;" but instead of doing this act of kindness, she continued to pile on more steam, and increased her speed so much that the syllables, words, and sentences rolled out of her murphy-masher and rattled through the court house like the whizzing of an eloped gravel train scudding down the roof of the Rocky Mountains in the direction of the Pacific coast.

At last the stenographer began to exhibit unmistakeable signs of distress. Our attention was soon arrested by what was at first mistaken for his flag of truce, but which turned out to be nothing more than an explosion of his paper collar. This ornamental article, which had from all appearance been a good and faithful servant for at least three whole weeks, evidently became conscious of its master's critical situation, and released its hold that he might enjoy every advantage or comfort within its power to afford him. Not feeling inclined, however, to desert him altogether, it hung on behind, and with outstretched wings made Stenos look as though he were closely related to that national chicken, the American eagle. These aerial locomotives did not, however, enable him to fly away with the corpulent cackler from Cork, who so comfortably filled the witness box.

His pen, which in the early part of the performance had been gliding over the glossy surface of cream-laid foolscap as smoothly as we have occasionally observed pea-soup noiselessly stealing down the shiny shirt bosom of a Vermonter in a French country, now appeared to be enjoying itself in a sort of delirium tremens quickstep. His golden locks, having on the day previous received a double dose of tonsorialism, presented a somewhat stumpy stature, and seemed to require but little excitement to awaken their curiosity, for they stood right up on tip-toe, apparently anxious to ascertain what was giving rise to such a mighty commotion.

To be continued.

Connecticut paid \$3,900, or \$300 each, to thirteen reporters, for reporting the proceedings of her Legislature in 1879.

Births and Deaths in the Phonographic World.

Fellow Phonographers, there is a good time coming, for Bengough has something on the way which will be warmly welcomed by every practitioner of the pretty art that adorns our dear Dominion. It is a phonographic magazine, to be entitled the *Canadian Shorthand Writer*, and is expected to come to light at a very early date. We await its arrival with superlative impatience. It is only necessary to know that it comes from the hands of Bengough, to feel assured that young Ontario will henceforward have reason to consider herself on an equal footing with fair New Brunswick, so far as phonographic journalism is concerned.

This new publication will appear monthly, and is to be the advocate of no one system. We trust that the independent course adopted will be closely followed throughout its existence, which we hope will be a little longer than that enjoyed by a certain New York monthly, which pretended to act in the interest of *all* systems, while in reality nine-tenths of its pages were daubed over with malicious mud of the most unwashed type that ever came under our notice, the result of which was designed to upset public opinion respecting Graham's Standard Phonography. This paper, which was certainly a disgrace to shorthand journalism, sailed under the name of *Brown's Phonographic Monthly*. It is now among the missing, having got lost, strayed, or stolen, sometime in the early part of last winter, and has not yet turned up. We learn that its disappearance was brought about by an attempt on the part of the editor (!) to celebrate the Happy New Year on an extravagant scale, from the "effects" of which he has not recovered. All that remains in our sanctum in the shape of a memorial is a descriptive sketch of its editor's place of business, known as D. L. Scott-Brown's New York College of Phonography and Home for Phonographers. This sketch is from the pen of Jimmie Munson, the man-phonographer. We would like to treat our readers to the article in its entirety, but as space will not admit the whole turkey we can only offer a small piece of the tail, with a little of the stuffing:

"In an old building on Broadway—one of the few that the last march of business did not sweep out of existence—after climbing three or four flights of rickety stairs, you will come to