

"I recalled what had been said of Henry Clay: that he could go around and be introduced to fifty persons, and then on mingling with the company, call every man by his right name.

"And I thought also of the colored fellow who officiates at the grand hat-rack in the vestibule of the United States Hotel at Saratoga, and who, as the hundreds of guests flock out of the dining-room, hands to each one instantly the hat, shawl, fan or whatever has been deposited there an hour or two before.

"My wife told me," continued Mr. Weed, "that I must train my memory. So when I came home that night I sat down alone and spent fifteen minutes trying silently to recall the events of the day. I could remember little at first: now I remember that I could not then remember what I had for breakfast. Finally I found I could recall more. Events came back to me more minutely and more accurately. After a fortnight or so of this, Catherine said, 'Why don't you tell it to me? It would be interesting, and my interest in it would stimulate you.'

"Then I began a habit of oral confession, as it were, which I followed for over fifty years.

"Every night, the last thing before retiring, I told my wife everything that I could recall that had happened to me or about me during the day.

"I generally recalled the very dishes I had had for breakfast, dinner and tea; the people I had seen and what they said; the editorials I had written, and an abstract of them; the letters I had sent and received, and the very language used as near as possible; when I had walked or ridden—everything in short, that had come within my knowledge. I found I could say my lesson better and better every year, and instead of growing irksome it got to be a pleasure to run the events of the day in review. I am indebted to this discipline for a memory of somewhat unusual tenacity, and I recommend the practice to all who expect to have much to do with influencing men."

EVERY MAN HIS OWN STENO- GRAPHIC.

Another addition has been made to the many scientific wonders of recent years. Herr A. Gentilli, of Vienna, has invented an instrument called by him the glossograph, consist of an ingenious combination of delicate levers and blades, which, placed upon the tongue and lips and under the nostrils of the speaker, are vibrated by the movements of the former and the breath flowing from the latter. The vibration is transmitted to pencils which transcribe the several signs produced by the action of tongue and lips and the breath from the nostrils upon a strip of paper moved by a mechanical arrangement. Similar to shorthand, a special system of writing, which may be fitly termed glossography, is produced, based upon the principle of syllable construction and combination of consonants. It is especially suitable for those languages the orthography of which differs least from the phonetic record of the apparatus. A

wide vista is opened to the instrument for its practical application in recording speech. Independently of the fact that by its means we shall be enabled to write four or five times as quickly as hitherto by shorthand, the new apparatus requires no preliminary study and no special practice. It is self-acting in the fullest sense. Moreover, its application involves as little fatigue to the speaker as severe attention on the part of the person transcribing. In reporting proceedings in Parliament or courts of law it is not necessary that the speaker should use the apparatus himself. Anybody may articulate it by repeating in a low voice the words of a speaker, which is sufficient for recording the signs. The glossograph may be recommended to those orators whose efforts to be heard are consistently ignored by reporters, and who will thus be enabled, by simply adjusting the instrument under their nose, to report their own speeches in spite of those objectionable persons. Seriously speaking, however, the glossograph may play an important part in telegraphy in the near future.

BRILLIANT NEWSPAPER FEAT.

ONE OF THE THINGS REPORTERS HAVE TO DO TO
KEEP UP.

(From *The Parisian*.)

One of the most brilliant feats of French reporting is the following. It happened at the time when the great Troppmann murder case was agitating Paris and France, and when everybody was eager for details. A reporter who had the matter in hand left Paris for Cernay, where the father of Troppmann resided. He arrived, called upon the Justice of the Peace and the Commissaire de Police, invited them to follow him to the Maire, took his seat in the Judge's chair, and there, with unparalleled audacity, ordered the garde champêtre to go and bring before him the assassin's father. The officers did not say a word; the reporter had conquered them by his air and demeanor. When the father of Troppmann was brought before him the reporter interrogated him as though officially commissioned to do so. The result of the cross-questioning was that the son had written to his father on the eve and on the day of the crime. "Monsieur le Commissaire," said the reporter, "please go to the witness's house and seize these letters."

The functionary obeyed; the letters were brought, the reporter read them, found them full of evidence of Troppmann's guilt, copied them carefully and with a solemn air. Then with respect, he handed over the originals to the Justice of the Peace, asked him to seal them carefully and keep them for the future use of the court. The reporter put the copies into his pocket, saluted the gentlemen and left. It was 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and the train that was to bear his letter to Paris would not leave before evening. If he sent his precious report by that train it would be too late for the morning edition of his paper,