



CONDUCTED BY T. WILLIAM BELL.

Our Exchanges.

The Phonographic Meteor, published by Mr. G. Pratt, claims to have the largest circulation of any phonographic magazine in England. It is certainly a very interesting little publication. Every page is lithographed in phonography, and some are embellished with illustrations.

The Phonograph, edited by Mr. M. Hurst, is a welcome little visitor, bringing with it each month a colored portrait of a celebrated phonographer, literary man, or journalist.

The Student's Journal opens its tenth volume with the January number. As usual, its pages are filled with interesting and useful articles. "Lessons to an ex-Pitmanite," which appear in each number, should not be passed over unnoticed by those for whom they are intended. Eight columns of "Lady of the Lake," in neatly stereographed phonographic characters, adorn the number before us. *The Student's Journal*, the price of which is two dollars a year, will be clubbed with the *Miscellany* for \$2.50.

The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer for January has come to us with a smiling countenance and every pocket crammed full of good things. This number contains another installment of biographical sketches of members of the N. Y. S. Stenographer's Association. Of the twelve phonographers whose biographies are given, no less than nine are writers of Andrew J. Graham's Standard System!

The Shorthand Review (a quarterly) is received. Among other interesting items we find the following: "D. L. Scott Beelzebub's holiday number is as full of meat as a barber's shop. It is presumable, therefore, that Pullus will club the aforesaid lively holiday number with a No. 292 or 303 fine tooth comb. All for the small sum of one dollar. Shake them up, gentlemen, a little, and take them to suit yourselves; the lot for one dollar. Going! Going!! Gone!!!

A Funnygraphic Innocent.

Continued.

Mr. Bucksaw soon found himself under the arch of the main entrance. The next thing on the programme was to ascend to that part of the building occupied by the Principal of the College, to accomplish which we know from unpleasant experience to be no A B C task, there being no elevators, excepting a few on the first floor. These, we understand, were built by the well-known firms of Jas. Hennessy and John D'Kuyper, and may be had for twenty-five cents each, or one dollar for the round trip. Had he provided himself as we did when on a recent visit to the place, with a plan of the structure, which about two years ago was published in *Munson's News*, and which at a later date appeared in our columns, his objective point might have been reached without a great deal of difficulty. While speaking of Munson's guide, let us quote from it the following:

"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 two scantily-furnished, uninviting rooms, one being about ten feet by sixteen, and the other, which is adjoining, being about six by ten. Near the centre of the large room is a cheap table that might possibly accommodate four pupils. Then there is a desk, a type-writer (one that was made out of a defective sewing-machine), three or four chairs, a broken rocking-chair, reseatad with a package of papers, many bundles of the *Monthly*, the current number of the *Miscellany*, a good-natured purring cat, a saucepan, and—D. L. Scott-Beelzebub (better known as Pullus)."

Unfortunately, however, for the young bank representative, he did not happen to be in such luck as to have a copy of Munson's guide. He had succeeded in climbing the first and second instalments of ricketies, and was groping his his way through a dark-complexioned passage in search of ricketies number three, when, horror of horrors! he suddenly found himself in the midst of an army of rats! Rats to the right of him! rats to the left of him! rats before him squeaking like thunder! and when one of the rat brigade went so far as to attempt to scale the inner wall of one of his pantaloonsleeves, the curtain went up and the play began.

To be continued.