

Theo. C. Rose, a beautiful writer of Standard Phonography.

Brother C. G. Tinsley, whose name was mentioned in the list of prominent phonographers, occupies a place in the picture gallery.

The cartoons, five in number, are genuine rib-ticklers.

This excellent magazine, the price of which is one dollar a year, will be clubbed with the *Miscellany* for \$1.50. Every shorthand writer on the continent should subscribe, if they have not already done so.

A Funnygraphic Innocent.

He was a Bank Offisaw, or what, in the reporting style, would be called a Bucksaw. He wore a portable flower-garden in his button-hole, and always carried a double-barreled walking-stick—one which looked like something that was originally intended for a mainmast. His snowy hands were encased in lavenders, and his tiny feet were covered all over with a two-dollar pair of patent leathers, which were constructed on the musical box plan, and could turn out three or four very familiar airs. For the benefit of those of our readers who have never been in Yankeeville, or those that are not very well posted in the matter of American fashions, it would, perhaps, be well to say that musical boots and shoes are "all the rage" now. Shoemakers are, therefore, expected to supply an article that may be said to be amusing as well as useful. As a rule, these shoes are arranged to squeak alto and soprano, that of the left foot taking the first-mentioned part. This musical boot business has opened up a new field for second-class piano-tuners, who, when they cannot hunt up a villager that is willing to pay them a dollar and fifty cents to murder his Chickering or Steinway, whichever the case may be, can always find employment within the limits of New York City, in the way of tuning-up high-heeled and copper-toed calfskin musical instruments.

Let us now go back a stickful and attend to Mr. Bucksaw, whom we left a minute or two ago. This young man of the period had come over to New York from Vermont for the purpose, we are told, of finishing his phonographic education. He very wisely placed himself under the guidance and direction of the inventor of Standard Phonography, who, in a very short time, polished up the handle of his shorthand

pen so that he could shake out spider-legs at the rate of two hundred and forty in every sixty seconds, making one hundred and twenty strokes a minute, using no rudder, and turning his own stake boat every time.

Mr. Bucksaw had often heard some funny things about the "College of Phonography" across the street. Things that were "very funny, not too funny, but just funny enough." So, a few days before he returned to his little low log cabin in Vermont, he thought it would be a good idea to treat himself to a visit to the *Pullosophical* College, and, with this intention, he departed from the hotel at which he was "putting up." It was a smiling Saturday afternoon, at an hour when the slowest moving hand on the face of the post office clock was threatening to crawl over the figure three. A few minutes later he had gained Broadway, and was multiplying steps in that direction which was most likely to lead him to the phonographic curiosity shop. He had walked but a short distance when his gaze was met by something whose colors were even more obstreperous than those that nestle in the plumage of a New Jersey belle. It was a sign-board, and the expression which it wore on its face was one calculated to impress upon the mind of the beholder (art critics excepted) that either Michael Angelo, Raphael, or Sarah Barnyardt had been there, individually, if not collectively. This work of art of many colors bore the following inscription: "College of Phonography."

To be continued.

How Beecher was Taken Down.

The world has produced some very lively orators, but Henry Ward Beecher is said to be the fastest man in the business. It has always been claimed by the Standard Phonographic fraternity that no living creature outside of a Grahamite could take up his pen and follow Beecher. Some time ago we read an article in the *Student's Journal* which referred to Mr. T. J. Ellingwood as the only man, excepting Mr. Graham, that had succeeded in taking Henry Ward down *verbatim et literatim*. This is a statement to which we do not feel at liberty to give credence, for there is, to our certain knowledge, an individual that used to work on a phonographic plantation, who was by no manner of means a Standard Phonographer, and who once upon a time took Henry Ward Beecher down, if not *verbatim et literatim*, certainly, *very-bad-um, at-any-rate-um*. According to our remembrance, the reporter in question went by the name of Theodore Tilton.