

phers, don't think much of the inferior imitations. In a recent article he says: "We spent thirteen years in the underbrush of phonography; undertook to learn Isaac Pitman, but he was too many for us; we could not change systems twice in sixteen months, change books, word signs, etc. We gave him up for Benn Pitman, who never knew much about phonography anyhow. We then adopted Munson's by disinterested advice, and we knew less and less with each system. Finally we learned Graham, and we don't learn any more systems. Graham's is the only system that is sensible, practical or available for fast or accurate work."

Mr. Reed, as we all know, is not a writer of Graham's Standard Phonography, and this in some measure may account for his inability to attain an exceedingly high rate of speed. His 185 words per minute does not, however, reflect a great deal of credit on Isaac Pitman's system, owing to the fact that Mr. Reed found it impractical for rapid reporting, and was consequently obliged to make improvements of his own in order to secure the speed that gained for him the reputation of being the fastest shorthand writer in the world, a reputation, however, which these days of American or Standard Phonographic reporting say shall no longer belong to the "makers of magic stringlets," who dwell upon the shores of Merry England.

#### A Funnygraphic Innocent.

Continued.

Everything in that dingy old passage was so comfortably wrapt up in darkness that the surrounding objects failed to come within young Bucksaw's field of vision, and, of course, he wasn't aware of the presence of anything in the shape of a dilapidated coal-scuttle, which occupied a place in a corner within half a yard of the spot upon which Mr. Bucksaw was performing, and when Mr. B. thought it was about time to jump up into the inky air for a distance of about ten feet, and shout "rats!" "cats!" and "police!" he attempted and succeeded in accomplishing the feat as well as the height of the ceiling would permit; but, steering very wildly on the downward trip, he landed in such a way as to make a bull's eye into the muzzle of that pneumatic coal-scuttle, which was pretty well loaded with superannuated cups, saucers, and ink-bottles. The result was that the scuttle went off, firing its contents, including Bucksaw,

all over the floor and half-way down ricketies the second. Fortunately for Mr. B., he escaped almost uninjured; the only slight wounds received were the removal of two buttons, the result of wearing non-elastic suspenders. Even this little loss caused our hero to feel somewhat embarrassed, until he conceived the idea of supplying the missing links by substituting a pair of shingle nails, a thing which was done with a promptness that was remarkable, due very likely to the fact that the noise of approaching footsteps was heard, and Bucksaw didn't want to be caught with dislocated suspenders.

Nothing daunted, he went for the ricketies once more, and, keeping time with the music of his patent leathers, which had now struck up an air that sounded something like "Such a getting up stairs," he marched upward and onward until the College of Phonography was reached. On entering the room mentioned in Munson's guide as being 6x10, his attention was at once arrested by what at first sight looked to be an athlete endeavoring to stand on his ear in an arm chair, which appeared to have been recently re-seated with a package of the *Monthly*. The walking apparatus of the athletic artist extended at an angle of about sixty degrees from the horizontal line over a cheap table that might possibly accommodate four pupils, at the other end of which sat a young man who seemed very earnestly engaged in drawing spider legs. Mr. Bucksaw subsequently learned that the "sublunary" gymnast was the principal of the "College," and that he was giving the "sublunary" boy with the earnest expression seventy-five cents worth of dictation from the pages of the current number of the *Printer's Miscellany*.

To be continued.

An expeditious and usually satisfactory method of supplying manifold transcripts when carbon paper is not obtainable—Give the parties to the case a single longhand copy of the proceedings, accompanied with a pint flask of something that will make them see double or treble, according as the number of transcripts in demand may be.

About two years ago we asked our readers, "Why is a phonographer like a horse?" The answer given was: "Because he uses Hay." We would now ask: "Why is a phonographer like another horse?" Because he is an oat-taker.

Send a dollar to the *Miscellany*.