

solemn utterances a short procession of put-in-edge-wise words terminating with, "And don't you forget it, either."

These gratuitous contributions from the prisoner didn't seem to affect His Honor so much as they affected the stenographic reporter, who, not having any particular claim to ambidexterity, found it on more than one occasion necessary to ignore the attempts at interruptions from the dock altogether, but it sometimes happened that it was only with the greatest degree of difficulty that the wheat and the chaff could be separated, and, in spite of every effort, the reporter would find Guitreau's bars of chin-music creeping into his hieroglyphics. What this resulted in nobody knew until the following day, when on reading the sentence in the morning papers the good people of the United States of America were a little astonished at the forcible language in which it was given. The concluding part of the sentence ran as follows: You shall be taken from this court and lodged in the jail until the 30th day of June next; thence to be taken to the gallows and hanged by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead, and don't you forget it, either.

Phonography is fast becoming a popular study among the females in the post office department—not that the curious critters have any earthly use for the art, but they *do* want to keep abreast with the news of the day that travels on postal cards. *Warning*: Fellow phonographers, whose "Truly Trulics," like ours, dwell 'neath other skies, will henceforth and forever more spend, as we are now spending, three cents less per week on black jack, or Tom and Jerry, that they may be able to correspond with their loved ones in a way that will insure something approximating privacy in a more desirable degree than can reasonably be hoped for among postal cards and female officials.

Great feats in phonographic reporting seem to be all the rage. The Shorthand magazines are filled with them. Yesterday the great feat was Tom Pray's 14,300 words in seventy-three minutes. To-day the great feat is Charley Sumner's 20,000 words in less than twelve hours. To-morrow we expect that the phonographic world will be told of the *Miscellany* man's great feat—the greatest feat on record. He wears number fourteen's you know.

The *Phonographic Meteor* is a neatly lithographed shorthand magazine, gotten up in a style that reflects the highest degree of credit upon the editor, Mr. S. C. J. Woodward, who gets his attractive little journal out each month with a promptness that ought to shame all other shorthand monthlies and quarterlies out of existence (excepting, of course, the *Miscellany*, a magazine that is not so easily shamed out of existence or anything else).

A quart bottle full of Shorthand characters, in the liquid state, may be obtained at any stationers for fifty cents; but the same quart of chicken tracks, when taken into a court-house and spread out by a stenographic reporter on triple-lined foolscap, is worth about five thousand dollars! Moral: never pay thirty cents per folio for a phonographically reported speech in an ink-pot.

We did about two hours' worth of shorthand business the other day for a very naughty newspaper man, and when we presented our bill for ninety dollars and two cents he said we were an old hog. We wonder if this remark was brought forth by the fact that we have for a number of years been closely connected with the pen.

We are indebted to our good friend ex-President Rodgers for the Proceedings of the N. Y. S. Stenographers' Association, for 1881. Every live phonographer should have a copy. Bengough, Moore & Bengough, of Toronto, supply the Canadian boys with the proceedings at fifty cents per copy.

We know of a hash-house in St. John where a good square meal may be had for fifteen cents. These meals are not dealt out on the European plan, but on the American or Standard Phonographic system, and, of course, are shorter than any other by one-third.

Ordinary persons have common names. Example: Brown. When they rise to *distinction* their names become compounded. Example: Skunk—Beelzebub.

Carelessly written stenographic notes, like pea soap in the month of February, ought to be read hot.

The difference between Shorthand reporting and boat-racing is about 150 strokes to the minute.