

two scantily-furnished and 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, three or four chairs, a broken rocking-chair, re-seated with a package of papers, many bundles of the *Monthly*, several copies of the *Miscellany*, a good-natured purring cat, a saucepan, and—Scott-Brown (popularly styled *Pullus*, an appellation imported for him from the Latin). You are now in the 'very home of phonographic culture,' and there we will leave you—in the happy realms of 'everything phonographic.'"

We might opportunely quote from what we think is (unless we have matters awfully mixed) from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's letter on the death of Brigham Young, where she remarks that "the places that once knew him now know him no more."

We shall be delighted at any time to hear of the *Monthly's* resurrection, and will not delay in communicating the startling intelligence to our readers.

The *Phonetic Magazine* is a "daisy"—overflowing with spicy items, you know. We take the liberty of extracting the following specimen of its funny things:

"A ring stenographer, who found himself unable to keep up with a witness, interrupted the latter by asking him if the evidence he had given contained the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

P. S. While penning the above paragraph, it rolled over on its back and looked up into our face with such a strong expression of familiarity, that we were tempted to think it might possess a right to claim our acquaintance. This thought induced us to take a short walk through some of the back numbers of the *Miscellany*. When, lo! and behold! we found our little chap sitting in a corner on page 43 in the September issue. We left him undisturbed and presume he is still there.

N. B. Perhaps the *Phonetic Magazine* will be pleased to trot out a little *italic* when making further extracts.

The foremen of printing offices are respectfully asked to canvass their offices for subscriptions to the *Miscellany*.

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