

letter arrived from Harry's solicitor. It announced that his creditors had all proceeded against him to the utmost extremity—to executions, in fact, in every case, for the full amount of the several debts, and that he must immediately pay a sum of something over nineteen thousand pounds.

I need not say how hard the blow was to bear. But it was certainly harder when they learned that Mr. Hardeastle, the disinterested ally of Harry, and the old and valued friend of Mr. Surbiton, held all Harry's bills, and indeed every debt that the young officer had incurred—obligations which that friend of humanity had been able to buy up, at a time when Harry's fortunes looked desperate, at a remarkably low figure. There was no help for it now. Harry had twenty thousand pounds—just a little dipped into—by right of his wife, and had to pay every farthing.

I need not say what Mr. Surbiton said; indeed I should be sorry to repeat his language, even in a Latin note. The old and valued friend had been too much for him after all, and had made a profit of, I dare say, nine-tenths of the nineteen thousand pounds by the transaction. I need not say either what the viscount said, and how he threatened to marry, and, as Harry had already lost so much, cut him off from all compensatory prospects. I need only record actual events. Mr. Surbiton would not give another farthing, though, to do him justice, he did not talk about altering his will; so there was nothing for it—as far as Harry was concerned—but to accommodate himself to his new condition of life. He sold his commission in the first place—realising its full value, as there were no claims upon him—and with the sum thus obtained, he was able to go into the country and live in a quiet way while waiting for happier times. His only consolation was in the devotion of his wife. Blanche did not care at all for their loss of the great world, and she made their little world perhaps pleasanter than it would have been had it been great. She would rather, she continually declared—and she was a very veracious young lady—be the wife of Harry without a sixpence, than have accepted Mr. Shorncliffe's offer with all his substantial advantages. And as events turned out, it appeared that she would have been justified, even financially, in her choice: for a commercial crisis came, and Mr. Shorncliffe's bank broke, and left that gentleman considerably worse off than Harry himself.

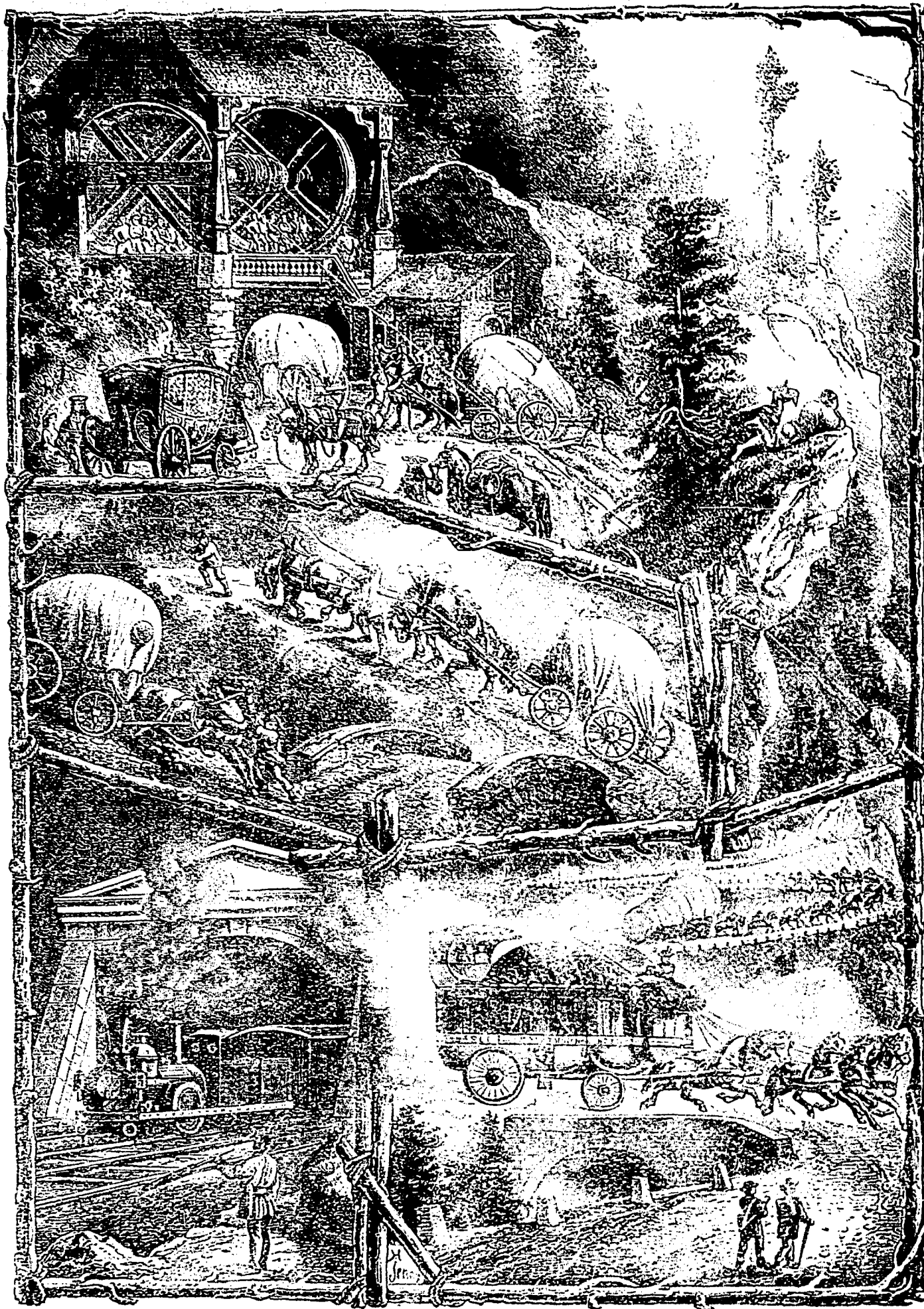
It was particularly unlucky, too, that by the breaking of the great house of Grampus, Shorncliffe, and Co., Mr. Surbiton lost another great slice of his splendid fortune. In fact, he came down greatly in the world, and had to remove from Hyde Park Gardens to the comparative obscurity of Notting Hill. This was a great source of satis-

faction to Mr. Hardeastle, who moralised a great deal upon his friend's incautious disposition of his money, and claimed to have been his benefactor to the extent of twenty thousand pounds by having saved that sum out of the fire. 'It would all have gone,' said that disinterested gentleman, 'if I had left it in his hands; he never had a knowledge of business, and all the money he made I made for him. But human nature is frail, and even my old friend Surbiton is ungrateful.'

Mrs. Surbiton still had things her own way with her husband. His losses, she maintained, were all caused by his trusting to those commercial people; and, after all, the Doncaster alliance gave them dignity even in their reduced circumstances. Her husband did not see it; but he had learned the wisdom of silence when his wife pronounced. Mr. Shorncliffe, it should be recorded, was equal to the occasion. After casting about for a little time, he cast himself into the arms of Miss Mankillen, who was very much obliged to him, and repaired his shattered fortunes with her money, of which she had a considerable amount. It must be said for that lady that she was not mercenary, and had an abstract reverence for a man. I have not heard whether she makes the prophesied use of the mirror and the comb; but it is certain that Mr. Shorncliffe has lost the audacity which formerly distinguished him, and is a sadder, if not a wiser man.

As for Harry and Blanche, they vegetated for a considerable time, until expectations began to be realised; and, at last, the title and estate—the latter not large, but sufficient for their dignity—came to them, and then they began to live again. They were very happy throughout their troubles, and are very happy now. They are not proud, and they delight in nothing more than to talk about their impecunious days. Harry, who is an hereditary legislator, is taking to politics, and it will be hard if his wife's social influence, and beauty combined, do not get him at least an under-secretaryship of state one of these days. Meanwhile, they are so contented, that, while carefully cutting him off from their acquaintance, they feel a secret sentiment of gratitude towards Mr. Hardeastle; for, after all, they say, it was he who brought them together by putting the advertisement into the 'South Down Reporter,' and luring Harry into the pleasant meshes of matrimony.

SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD.



"THE OLD MODES OF CONVEYANCE AND THE NEW."

"THE OLD MODES OF CONVEYANCE AND THE NEW."—Nothing more fully illustrates the rapid advances which the world is making in material progress than the contrast between the ancient and modern means of conveyance. The illustration which we copy from the design of a German artist, though it by no means exhausts the subject, nevertheless presents ample scope for comparison, and tempts one to exclaim, "What would the world be without railways?" Yet, railways are very modern institutions; and who shall say that a generation may not arise to look back upon them, as they now are, with feelings akin to those with which the people of to-day regard the lumbering stage coach?

EVERITT'S ACOUSTIC TELEGRAPH.—A series of experiments with the newly invented Acoustic Telegraph were made on Thursday last at the Fulton Ferry Houses, Brooklyn, in the presence of a number of gentlemen, who were as much astonished as gratified at the accuracy of the general messages that were transmitted by the acoustic telegraph through wires connecting two houses 150 yards from each other. The first message sent was that of the Rev. Dr. Deems, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The Rev. Dr. Hall asked, "How long before the new bridge is to be built, and what about stocks in it?" Mr. Samuel Orchard inquired, "Can a man be held responsible for the place of his birth without having been consulted by his parents?" The Tribune reporter asked, "What is the time at the ferry?" and Dr. Boxcowitz inquired

"the relative diagnosis between rubola and scarlatina." These messages were all transmitted safely and much more accurately rendered than ever could have been anticipated.

The invention is a battery that works without electricity through a wire that does not call for the protecting of insulators, nor tall, massive poles, and that delivers a message through wire of any length, one-eighth of an inch in diameter, submerged in water, buried in the ground, or suspended in the air. The battery consists of a solid iron cylinder one foot long or more, and four inches in diameter in facial and general, but towards the other end, which becomes conical and tapers like a Minie ball, is an aperture, admitting the entrance of a metallic wire, the medium of communication, the whole supported by solid iron frame-work, and weighing not more than 100 pounds. At the facial end of the cylinder is a hollow hemisphere of iron, whose interior surface is covered with silver plate, constituting an elliptical mirror having a solid rim one inch in diameter. The face of this rim is ground so smooth that when it is placed in contact with the cylinder no air can intervene, and it is held and kept in this position by a strong spring twelve inches long, arched above, and supported by the frame-work, and curved below so as to form the signal key, by which the battery is worked and made to evolve sounds from the organic atoms of the air which surround and press upon the fan of the rim and of the cylinder with a force equal to 15 pounds on the square inch, the moment one face is separated from the other. The distance of this separation is graduated by two metallic bars, which constitute the Diatomic Staff, and from each bar a different order of sound is created, called the vowel and the consonant sounds respect-

ively. By uniting in regular order the first and second order of sounds, the Fulcimen or third order is produced. By uniting the second and first order, the Bifuleimen or fourth order is generated, and in commingling together the first and second primary orders, the Valorem or fifth order of sound is created, and together they represent and express, under specific symbolic formula of sounds, each letter of the English alphabet, and each Arabic notation; and each one is so characteristic and expressive of itself that no mistake can occur in transmitting a message.

The inventor is Dr. Lancelot Hope Everitt, of New Orleans, La., who was elected a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh some years ago. The doctor's theory is that sound is a triune molecule of matter, silent inertia, impulsive force and explosive sound, and exists in all the organic atoms of the world. That he can evolve these molecules from the organic atoms of the air in such a way by means of his Acoustic Battery as to collect them into two distinct units of sound, which he converts into two primary orders. When thus evolved the hemispheric mirror reflects them through the solid cylinder, which then inducts them into the cone of the wire, through which it passes with great velocity to the distant end of the wire. This end is all the time in contact with a glass bell made for the purpose. When a message is about being sent a tattoo is sounded by the battery, and this rings the bell so loud you can hear it 28 feet off. The message then follows in symbolic order, and as they chime their intonations upon the bell they are easily interpreted by the receiver of the message.