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**BY PHONOGRAPH.**

Tom Douglas was young, good-looking and would some day be well-to-do; but above all was scientific. His passion for science first became noticeable when he began to learn chemistry in the fourth form at Halstone school. Tom and all his class fellows were deeply taken by the weird and unearthly odors, the terrifying explosions and the miraculous bursts of subaqueous fire which appeared at the will of Mr. Stubbs, the science master. Indeed they endeavored persistently to emulate their tutor's exploits; but even the tutor's performances were presently eclipsed by his promising pupil. Tom. The boy had a perfect genius for explosions, so that it soon became necessary among the others, during the two or three hours they spent each week in the laboratory, to give up any little enterprises of their own, and simply keep an eye on Tom's movements. It was usually worth their while, for he rarely failed to do something marvelous.

When the end of the term came, and the youth arrived at his home in Dalberry, he set off at once on a tour of inspection round the home premises. A small building, which belonged to the gardener, and was used by him as a storehouse for seeds, flower pots and other things appertaining to his craft, struck his fancy. He found no difficulty in persuading his too complacent parents to make this room over to him; and notwithstanding the murmurs of Sandy, the gardener, it was emptied of its horticultural contents, fitted with benches, shelves and a fireplace, and generally rendered habitable.

Chemicals also, and all kinds of apparatus were ordered from London. Had his friends not been altogether ignorant of chemicals, they would have noticed that the chemicals which Tom ordered, and for which they blindly paid, were chiefly the kind which go to make up explosions. Almost as soon as the laboratory had been fitted up the goods arrived from London. On the first day nothing of note was seen or heard, Tom being too busily engaged in arranging and admiring his treasures to begin experimenting with them. Soon, however, the household began to listen in mild toleration to the loud explosions which, at intervals of about an hour, were constantly heard from the direction of Tom's laboratory. They were not quite so tractable, however, when the embryo chemist grew tired for the moment of noises, and turned his attention to the production of unpleasant odors. But even then the boy was quite safe from interruption. They were not likely to attempt to approach the source of odors by which they were already almost stifled; whereas Tom revolved in the malarious products of his experiments, and behaved, in an atmosphere reeking with the most abominable gases, as if he was once more breathing his native air after a long and painful period of exile.

His love of science grew stronger, if not a good deal more rational, as years passed by. At last, when he went up to Oxford, another room was added to his den. This was furnished after the manner of the average undergraduate's rooms, and here he kept his personal property and did most of his reading. Like most science men, he was fond of novels, and of these this room soon contained an extensive and catholic collection. But the course of true love never did run smooth, and at last Tom Douglas discovered that there was one thing which, struggle as he might to ignore it, was beginning to interest him far more than any of the sciences to which he had hitherto devoted himself. His father's brother had many years ago emigrated to California. Almost immediately he had married, but after a few years of hard struggle against poverty, his wife had died, leaving him a little daughter, Dora. Tom Douglas was in his fourth year when he heard from home that his unknown uncle was dead. His father had received a letter some months before, saying that Dora would soon be alone in the world.

She would be quite rich—for success had come to her father when it was too late to save his wife, and now the dying man begged his brother to become her guardian and offer her a home. Mr. Douglas had at once consented, and Dora arrived in England shortly before the commencement of Tom's last long vacation; so that when he arrived in Dalberry she had already been there a week or two. The cousins became very good friends, and it was the image of a sweet, girlish face, blue eyed and a little sad, which occupied Tom's mind, and caused him to neglect his science work almost entirely.

At the end of the "long" he went up to Oxford once more, in order to take leave of his friends and formally to take his degree, for at the end of the previous term he had gained a "first" in honors chemistry. The brief absence from Dora was so utterly painful to him that he became aware of the fact that he was really very much in love with her. Of course he ought to have known it before; perhaps he had done so, but at least he had never acknowledged it to himself. At any rate he made haste to get back to his home.

When he returned to Dalberry he carried with anxious solicitude a box, which appeared to contain something at once very fragile and inestimably valuable. Dora had taken a great interest in his scientific studies—or rather he had revived for her benefit his boyish interest in explosions. After lunch, therefore, he told her that during his absence he had spent a few days in town, and there had secured a scientific wonder which she must examine.

He took the box under his arm, and they went together to his sanctum in the garden. Arrived there, he opened the box and took out a piece of mechanism which, he said, was a phonograph. He showed Dora how a thin plate of mica, moving with the air vibrations caused by the voice, set in motion a small stylus of steel, and how this stylus marked out its vibrations on a thin cylinder of smooth wax, which by a screw arrangement was caused to move at once in the direction of its length and around its axis. Then he shifted back the cylinder into its original position, so that the point of the stylus rested at the beginning of the little channel which it had already marked out on the wax.

Finally, turning the screw again, he set the cylinder in motion, and the