

"No ma'am ; you know we work this peculiar process of transmitting and receiving messages by the passage of the electric fluid along the wires."

"Toots, ay, electric nonsense ; nane o' yer smooth-faced havers, but gie's a ticket."

"It is only words we send," persisted the youth.

"Weel, ye maun send somebody wi' the words, so there's yer three shill'ins an' awa' wi' me. I micht hae been there by this time."

"Since she is so determined to go, can't we give her a trial?" said one of the youths, in a humorous mood. "We can let her hold on by the battery for a few minutes, and see how she likes it, though, I can assure you, mistress, it's none of the pleasantest ways of travelling."

"Ne'er fash your thoomb about that ; if I gie in the faut's no yours ; gie me the ticket and I'll gie ye the sillier."

The clerk hurriedly scribbled some mysterious hieroglyphics on a piece of paper, pocketed the three shillings, and led the way to the region of batteries in the sunk flat, with half-a-dozen clerks bringing up the rear to see Chirsty taking her departure.

The apartment was dimly lighted by a diminutive blink of gas in a corner. Chirsty looked for the carriage by which she was to accomplish the journey, but nothing was seen corresponding to her preconceived notions of an electric trip.

"You'll better take your stand here," said the leader, directing her to a small platform.

"But you'll require to stand all the way, unfortunately."

"Weel, weel, for a' the time it's nae odds. Awa' wi't as fast as ye can."