

and began turning over the pages. Thus he remained till the voices of the approaching men could be heard close at hand and their footsteps sounded on the cinder in front of the door. As the form of Gray appeared in the doorway the Chemist sprang up, exclaiming—

“Mr. Gray—Mr. Garrett—come right in.” Gray entered without a word. The fat furnace-man remained in the doorway, resting one hand some distance up on the wood work of the door, and with the other applied a large handkerchief to his perspiring forehead.

“Number one furnace is running very badly, Johnson,” quietly began Gray, refusing the chair the Chemist offered him.

“So I have heard,” put in Johnson.

“I should like, if you please,” continued the superintendent, looking inquiringly at Johnson, “to see your record book. This trouble has been caused either by very poor ore, or by a mistake in burdening the furnace. Garrett tells me the burdens have been according to analysis in every case, and your reports to me, for two weeks back, show a high percentage of iron.”

Johnson hastily produced the record book, knowing only too well, however, that no explanation would be found there, yet glad of a little time in which to prepare for the confession he had determined to make. Rapidly Gray’s long forefinger moved down page after page of the record book. Johnson soon became nervous. Suddenly he stepped forward and, holding out his hand for the book, exclaimed in unsteady voice:

“There is one—analysis in here—that is—not correct, sir.”

“Not correct? What do you mean?” slowly demanded Gray, whereupon Johnson, making a great effort to appear calm, explained the whole affair from beginning to end; how the first analysis had been destroyed just before com-