

picked up the first flask on the row and poured the contents of a small graduate into it, "I'll finish these off in no time."

With his usual rapidity of movement he set about the final reaction in the analyses before him. No. 1 was finished and the empty flask set aside; No. 2 in like manner. As he picked up No. 3 the door of the sample room opened and a mellow voice inquired:

"Wich o' them new samples is I to git up fust?"

"What?" cried Johnson, seeming at first not to grasp the question. "Oh, let me see" and he started toward the sample room, as he did so placing the No. 3 flask on a high stool that stood in his way in the middle of the floor. The colored boy, thus given a spare moment, hurried to the water spigot for a drink, passing very close to the stool as he went. On his return, as he shuffled along, wiping his lips with the backs of his hands, he chanced to give the stool a slight kick. The Chemist's quick ear caught the sound and, at once recognizing its meaning, hurried in. He was just in time to see flask No. 3 fall to the floor, and break into countless tiny pieces, which scattered in all directions.

"Well!" exclaimed Johnson with an angry glance at the boy who stood sheepishly by, "it's a wonder you wouldn't throw your feet all over the lab! Get in there to your work! Hurry up now! Make up the first sample on the right."

The boy slunk off into the sample room and Johnson returned to his work, muttering, "Sloppy kid! Darn him! I'll have to do No. 3 over again. Let's see though," and he looked at his watch, "By gad! It's half past three and I've five more samples to do to-night! I haven't time to do that over. I'll *guess* at the stuff! I know what the ore looked like well enough."

For a moment he hesitated, listening to the warning words of conscience, then shrugging his shoulders exclaimed: "Yes I will! I've *got* to guess at it!"