

Gradually, one by one, the remaining flasks were emptied and the determinations completed. Then followed the work of writing out reports. Going into his office the Chemist seated himself at his desk and, taking up a report sheet, began rapidly to write out the results of his analyses. The analysis of No. 1 was—Iron 47.85 per cent. insoluble matter—15.70 per cent; of No. 2—Iron 49.25 per cent.—insoluble matter 13.00 per cent. No. 3 was yet a blank.

“What shall I make her,” thought Johnson. “That ore was mighty good, if I remember it rightly. It’s sure to go above 44 per cent., at any rate. They can’t *reject* it! Let’s see—48.75 would hit it about right, I think—insoluble then would be about— 13.90. Fifteen cars of it? That’s a good deal to put in one sample! Oh well, let her go anyway.”

The remaining results were then rapidly written down, and all were taken by the colored boy to the Furnace Company’s office a short distance away.

Johnson returned to his work and in his busy hurrying to and fro soon forgot the lost analysis and the guess he had made at its result.

One afternoon several days later he was seated by a window of his little office, enjoying the constant cool breeze that entered there. The weather was hot as ever, but through this window a breeze always blew, no matter how intense the heat outside. Strange that he should have time thus to sit and fold his arms, but this day had chanced to be an easy one.

In contrast to the usual noise and bustle a spirit of quiet reigned. No cars moved on the tracks of the furnace yard. The engine stood, slowly hissing and throbbing, on a side track, producing the only noises to be heard, except the steady, continual boom! thud! boom! thud! of the blowing engines. Here and there, wherever shade could be found, were groups of men lying asleep. Only occasionally were figures to be seen moving about the yard, The day was one