

of those now and then met with, in the working of a blast furnace, when the supply of ore slackens, and many of the laborers enjoy a few hours respite from active duty.

To the Chemist also had come the same breathing spell and he was enjoying it to the full.

Presently, as he sat at his window lazily gazing out, he heard someone call to him from outside—

“Ho Charlie!”

“Here” shouted Johnson and hurried to the door.

Number one furnace’s running *mighty* bad!” cried the fellow, an intimate friend of the Chemist.

“It is!” exclaimed Johnson, with evident anxiety in his tones.

“Yes, they’ve just finished the cast and the iron’s the worst buckshot stuff I ever saw. Garret thinks they’ll have to blow out. I’m going to the office to bring Jeff.”

He was gone in a moment, leaving the Chemist standing in the doorway staring after him. Presently Johnson turned into his laboratory and resumed his seat by the office window. He was thinking, and thinking hard.

“Certainly I’ve done nothing to make this trouble,” thought he, “but it is just possible—.” Suddenly he remembered the sample of ore he had guessed at several days before. Could he have been so far wrong as to have caused this disorder in the furnace? The thought made him grip his chair with both hands. He felt his heart quicken its beats.

“I wonder if I got those ores *mixed*,” exclaimed he, “and guessed at the wrong one?”

At that moment, happenig to glance out of the window he noticed a figure approaching the laboratory from the direction of the company’s office. It was Jefferson Gray, the superintendent of the furnace!

“By Jove!” exclaimed Johnson “I hope he don’t stop here now!” (The road from the office to the furnaces passed