

very close to the laboratory.)

Cautiously peering out of the window, the Chemist watched the long, thin form of Gray, as the latter steadily came nearer—soon the Superintendent was close to the laboratory. Johnson, making a desperate effort to control himself, went to his desk and began hurriedly to turn over some papers lying on it, as he did so listening, with bated breath, for the sound of Gray's foot on the door step—but no sound was heard. After waiting several moments the Chemist ventured to glance out the door—some distance off on the road was the figure of the Superintendent moving rapidly toward the furnaces. Much relieved by this sight Johnson sat down and began thoughtfully to turn the whole affair over 'n his mind. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, and rising he went quickly into the sample room, exclaiming as he went:

"I can analyze that stuff now! I wonder I hadn't thought of that before! "Here's the sample," and reaching up to a shelf he took down a small bottle, containing pulverized iron ore. (Every sample was thus kept for some time after the first analysis.)

With feverish haste he weighed a portion of the ore and, placing it in a beaker, added the necessary acid and put the beaker, covered with a watch glass, on his oil stove. Thus the determination was begun. From one operation to another it was carefully carried along until with trembling hands the Chemist performed the deciding test.

"What?" cried he, when in another moment he had finished the calculation. "Forty-three per cent iron!! *Great heavens its rejectable!!* Well—I'm done for then!" and, with a gesture of despair, he threw his pencil down on the table. "Tonight 'll be time enough to pack my trunk, I guess!"

Leaving his apparatus standing in the confusion into which the analysis had thrown it, he walked listlessly into his office and sunk into a chair. Here he remained for some