

boom of the furnace blowing engines to sound forth the spirit of life and progress that everywhere prevailed.

At the middle and to one side of the furnace yard stood a small whitewashed building, of rectangular form and so plain, that except for a peculiar shaped flue at the top one might have questioned long and failed to tell for what the structure was used. A glance within the single side-door, however, goes a long way toward solving the problem. Articles of glass of all shapes and sizes meet the eye. Countless bottles are to be seen standing on long shelves; flasks, beakers and funnels appear in plain view on a heavy table to the right. A large glass demijohn occupies a corner shelf. Against the opposite wall of the room is a counter-like table, overhung a short distance above by a wide board flue of like dimensions. On this table a gas lamp and small oil stove are burning, heating vessels of various shapes. A glance to the left shows a board partition in which are two doors, the one to the rear closed, the other partly open, revealing a small office.

In this small building as elsewhere the same busy spirit prevailed. The chemist, Johnson, had his share to perform as well as the rest. He was hard at work, as chemists often are, with innumerable samples for analysis still untouched and expecting to receive more at any time. The sound of continual pounding came from the back room known as the "sample room." The "nigger" was preparing the samples of ore for analysis. The Chemist hurried about, now here, now there, now attending to this, now to that, scarce stopping in his work for a single moment. To watch him one might have thought his chief aim in life was to economize time, or perhaps to see just how many things he could keep going at once.

A long row of small, rather dirty flasks, each about one-third full of a colorless liquid, stood on a low side table.

"Now for the closing act!" thought the Chemist as he