

"I might accept such a position on satisfactory terms." Morand sat down and leaned on the table, so that his arm covered a laundry bill. It was unpaid, and he did not deem it advisable to show his hand too soon.

"The Western Steel Works are having a new engine installed, I suppose you have heard?" went on the other. "Yes, about 1,000 horse power; I was over to see the place the other day.

"The Anderson Engine Company putting it in; want a man to work for a few days. It has to start by January 1st, or they lose by it. This job needs a man who knows something about the theory side. The pay will be about \$25 for not quite a week's work. Now, will you accept it?"

Morand hesitated for effect before replying, and after a moment's apparent thought, he agreed.

"I found your name in the Senior Class at College, and made inquiries about you. I got you this job, myself, and, one thing, now, I don't want the exact manner to appear. We will go to Kean's the first thing in the morning; I will be around at 8 o'clock."

He bowed himself out, leaving Morand undecided whether to shout or not.

A sober second thought came, however, and he began to think over the conversation in which he had just been engaged. He thought it was queer his benefactor had given no name, and the more he thought over it, he didn't exactly fancy the way he had talked about the job. Still, \$25; lots could be done with that in the line of—well, most anything; or, there was board for a month. Kean, he wondered who Kean was, and what he had to do with the black-haired man. Then this talk that he was to keep still about "the exact manner not to appear."

"He made inquiries about me, did he?" went on Morand to himself. I wonder if—pshaw, of course not; he couldn't have found out anything much, besides I got a 'B' in that stuff, thanks to— But it sounded rather crooked, somehow; not that he cared, he told himself, and \$25 was \$25. Still, the Anderson Company, everybody knew they were all right. Well, he had promised.

Morand retired early, and arose in the morning refreshed by the sound sleep of a man in good physical condition. The sinner sleeps as soundly as the saint, if his digestion is good, and Morand's was perfect. He was inclined to look upon the matter in a better light now, and he had a chance all that day to laugh at his fears. For punctually at 8 his benefactor appeared, took him down and introduced him to Kean. He then went with Kean over to the works, and met the manager, who engaged him on Kean's recommendation, up to and including January 1, when the engine must be in running order.

Morand worked that day, and though the work was rather hard, he found no reason to complain, and he counted himself lucky in doing so well. Also, the man-