

ager had expressed himself as well pleased. Morand was grateful to the black-haired man, whom he now saw he had wronged by his suspicions.

On the evening of the last day of the year he came home weary but satisfied, for the machine was ready, and was to be started the first thing in the morning. And then, if all went well, he was through, and could have his afternoon to make one or two calls he had in mind, one of them quite strongly in mind.

As he sat thus, his meditations were interrupted by the fire in the grate, and he went down to get some more coal. On his way up again the landlady met him in the front hall, and told him that someone wanted to see him on immediate business. Morand went to the door, and found the foreman's assistant, a blond German of about twenty-five, awaiting him. He asked what was wanted, and the man replied that he was needed at the works for a few minutes, as soon as he could get there. He slipped into his coat, and followed the messenger out into the street. His companion could give no information about the late call, only that he had been sent for Mr. Morand. Morand buttoned his coat and started across the street, turning north on the other side, on his way to the "L" station.

A few steps farther on he heard the sound of a chorus of voices, singing the well-known Armour song. The sound came from the "Phi Kap" house, and he paused a moment to listen. As the familiar strains became clearer, he recognized the voices of several of his classmates, and his heart warmed at the recollections conjured up by the song. "After all," thought Morand, "old Armour is a jolly place. Lots of work and lots of fun here, and I'm not sure I'll be so glad to get through." And the Senior's bogie, the great cold world, seemed all too near.

But as he passed on, and the song became inaudible, he walked moodily and silently beside his companion, and his thoughts wandered off into other fields.

He was awakened from his reverie by a hand on his shoulder, and a brisk voice in his ear, and turned to behold his friend, Mr. —, his friend of the black hair, who greeted him cheerily, and bade August go on ahead and leave them alone. August went, and when he was fairly out of hearing, the new-comer began: "Well, Morand, you think your job is about over, I suppose? I will have another for you in the spring some time." Morand thanked him heartily for what he had done, and expressed his willingness to accept the next position offered, if it didn't interfere too seriously with his college work.

"Don't mention it," returned the other, in an off-hand manner. "I expect you to pay me for it, and that quite soon, in fact, this evening. When I came to your rooms it was because of a report I heard of your rather original notions of the square thing (no, don't be alarmed; nobody knows anything about it, for sure), and I said, 'There's my man.' Now, the job that you're to do to-night is a rather