

ticklish one, and might be inconvenient if one were found out. It's briefly this:—those engines musn't start to-morrow, and you must prevent it."

Morand started slightly, and gazed at his companion in surprise, as he went on:

"I don't exactly belong to the Anderson Company; in fact, I represent a different concern, and if that engine fails to run to-morrow, we get the biggest job going, that of installing the new stationary engine for the Western Company, the 2,500 horse power machine. We've got to have that job. Now, if something were to happen to that engine to-night, something that might be found to be accidental, something that can't be fixed in one day, it's all right. It's perfectly safe; you will know what to do, and you can go now and do it, and no one will ever be the wiser!"

"But there's that fellow, he'll know," began Morand.

"Yes, he'll know, and that's all. He's a friend of mine. It can never be traced to you. Come, now, will you do it? It will be worth another \$25 to you. Think it over for a few minutes."

The man walked on a few paces, and Morand stood leaning against the side of the building, harrassed by doubts, and still inclined to waver. After a long five minutes, he succeeded in convincing himself that there was no danger. "Pshaw, it's easy enough; just crack a valve inside. They'll think it's a flaw, and there are no duplicates." It didn't occur to him that the black-haired man would do it himself if it was so safe. His mind was made up. Approaching the other, he said: "I'll do it for \$50."

"All right," said he, so readily that Morand wished he had demanded more. "And now come on, let's get through with it,"

They passed into the "L" station, and sliding the fares under the window, the triumphant buyer of men led his purchase through the turnstile.

Morand followed him into the train and took a seat. He had made his decision. The task before him was hardly straight, as he put it, but it seemed safe, and safety was his standard of honesty. Then he dismissed the subject from his mind, and studied the advertisements in the car mechanically, for he did not even know that he was looking at them. He was thinking of Miss Randall—Morand liked Miss Randall—and when he thought about her it was easy to pass into an imagined conversation with her. Now she was saying:

"So you had a position this vacation, Mr. Morand?"

"Yes, for a week or so."

"O, don't you think it's a bore to work?"

Morand assented, inwardly agreeing with her, but rather surprised at her saying it. Although on the many occasions when he had seen her in the library her