

books were always strapped up, he considered her quite studious. Then she continued:

"You never knew Art Spaulding, did you? He used to go to High School when I did, and we all thought him a most industrious boy; quite a model, you know. Well, he went to work when he quit school. It was something about contracts, and that sort of thing, for a big contractor down town. He always seemed to have lots of money, and used to take us girls around a good deal. Now, would you believe it, he was discharged only the other day, and—I really don't know what they'll do with him—they say he has been selling his employer's bids. The firm lost an awful lot of money by him. I don't just understand it, but it's awful, don't you think?"

Morand felt himself blushing where he sat; one of the disadvantages of a fancied conversation with Miss Randall was that he could control it no more than a real one. He had read of Spaulding's case in the paper, and remembered it.

He studied the same advertisement again, and squirmed in his seat. Then he straightened up, and bit his lip. "Pshaw," said Morand, and began to whistle.

"Sixty-third street!" said the guard.

The three changed cars, and pursued their journey without incident. When they arrived at the gate of the Western Steel Works, Morand drew out his pass carelessly, and walked in, noting with some surprise, that the black-haired man also had a pass. The watchman was sleepy, and growled about "those d—d engine folks," and asked Morand what they wanted in the works at that time of night. Morand mumbled something about having left his watch in the power house, and passed on. His companions were not questioned. They proceeded in silence to the new power house, the German lagging behind to secure them from possible interruptions.

Morand took out his keys, and was fumbling to find the right one, for it was dark and cold, when their sentinel, who was standing at the turn of the walk, a short distance off, began to whistle. And he whistled the air he had last heard, the air to

"We aim to honor thee, O, Armour—"

Morand found the right key, but he continued to fumble with the ring. The black-haired man stamped his feet with cold—or impatience. The German started in again at the beginning of the verse, and continued to whistle.

Morand turned around. He was about to say he had not the right key with him, but when he spoke he changed his mind, and spoke the truth: "I won't do it! I don't like this job, and I won't do it. I don't know what I was thinking about when I said I would, but I won't now!"