

**TALES FROM
MCCLURE'S
ADVENTURE**

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Tales from McClure's Adventure by Various

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VARIOUS

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MCCLURE'S
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"RAISING A PETROLEUM TORCH, HE WAS ABOUT TO HURL IT ON THE ROOF OF HER VERANDA."

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THE MISTRESS OF THE FOUNDRY

BY

EARL JOSLYN

THE MISTRESS OF THE FOUNDRY

I

“POUR off!”

The molder waited a moment by his crucible of glowing, molten metal; then in a loud, deep voice he cried again:

“Pour off!”

Don, the foreman of the foundry, turned with impatience to three young fellows who were sorting metal chips out of a barrel of foundry sweepings, and who were all smoking clay pipes. “Pat, Jack, and Mike, when you hear a molder call ‘pour off,’ you get to him lively,” he said shortly.

The foreman’s eyes sparkled ominously as he watched the trio hustling over copper ingots and piles of zinc, dodging, now and

TALES FROM McCLURE'S

then, stacks of flasks. "Shut the window, there, Mike; you 'll bu'st your cylinder," he roared.

"Water!" called the molder.

"Here, you, Pat, why don't you have the watering-pot always full? The flask-boards will burn to cinders while you 're fetching it. You're a dandy!" The foreman turned away disgusted.

The metal was poured into the small holes prepared for it. Tongues of beautifully colored flame darted from the beds of sand, and the smoke, full of ashy flakes, rose in billows. Bang! There was an explosion louder than usual. The molder and his helpers laughed; they always liked to hear a good round report. "That will be a fine cylinder ring," said Don. "Now go help the core-boys; they are crowded. And look alive," he added, glancing sharply at the three.

"And what did ye hear at the mission the night, Mike McCoy?" asked Luke Reardon of his bench-mate.

"The mission, Luke? Father Gogarty's