

the day was one of suffering and loss. Indeed, as he went on his way alone, walking down through the business quarter before going northward, his heart ached for the people. Throngs of anxious creditors were silently besieging the banks; Wall Street was blocked from end to end with a panic-stricken mob; the whole financial quarter was jammed with men; in Broadway, all ordinary business was suspended. Even this was but the beginning, for very few trains had been able to break their way through deep snow from the suburbs, and not half the *Avenger* subscribers had their paper delivered owing to the impassable condition of the streets. Copies were already selling at a dollar each at the curbstone; by noon five dollars would hardly secure one. Scraps of ill news were flying through the crowd—a well-known broker had shot himself, so and so would not take down the shutters this morning; Messrs. Blank had closed their doors, certain stocks in which Gault had been interested could find no buyers. One old French needlewoman Brand saw shouldered out of her place in the queue at a banker's doors, and coming closer, found her wild with fear as to her savings, yet, having forgotten breakfast in her haste, too weak to stand. He got her a cup of coffee, with one for himself to keep her in countenance. Now Madame has betaken her brave, cheery little self to a House of Mercy, where she patters of her husband at rest in a very fashionable cemetery, also of Brand Haraldson, but mainly of Brand, they say, who gave her coffee. This matter of the French woman is only one story among thousands, because most of the people wading in the slush of Broadway came to their ruin that day. It was the same old game of 1837 and 1873 and 1892, a period of buoyant credulity abruptly ended in one