

you to come—just like you, Mr. Haraldson. Let me go to her. Oh, you don't know how grateful I am!" When the little man had gone Brand was busy for an hour in the parts of the building adjacent to Gault's locked office. He was busy with tools such as are used by electric-line repairers—but not repairing. Then he was left alone with the special edition of the *Avenger*, which turned him sick when he thought of it. He sat down in Jimmy's den, at Jimmy's desk—poor Jimmy—thrown out of work to-morrow when there's a funeral to pay for; and all the sub-editors, reporters, compositors, press-men, messengers, newsboys, drivers, clerks—thrown out of work by this thing he held in his hands, the final number of the *Avenger*. Then there were the hosts of evil-doers laid naked by this paper—drawn to the life with hideous fidelity—in banks, railway companies, shipping companies, insurance companies, mining companies; commercial transgressors, political transgressors, social transgressors, with all their employees and dependents hurled suddenly to ruin. From the President—whom it is well to say again is not the present or late incumbent of that office—down to the little ragged boys in the streets, the sword of Justice spared neither age nor rank, nor reputation, nor poverty, nor sorrow. And then the commercial panic that must come at the opening of the Stock Exchange, the shattering of public and private credit, the breaking down of that confidence in men which is the foundation of commerce—it was awful!

Brand threw himself over the desk where the paper lay, burying his head in his arms.

Down in the basements the engines rumbled, the great presses revolved ponderous, grinding out the "autobiography" of Mr. Gault, sending forth the news of another public god fallen shattering from the pedestal of Fame.