

delivered by tens of thousands, New York would awaken in a few short hours, and then——

Sick at the thought of what must follow he went away through the passage between the printing and stereo departments, from whence stairs led up to the street. In a dark alley near by he gave orders that one of the cow-boys was to shadow Mr. Pederson home, the remainder staying on guard around the building. On Gault's arrival a message was to be sent by the night porter to Jimmy, the night editor's office.

Half-an-hour later he went round to the front door of the *Avenger* building. The editorial staff and all the reporters had by this time departed to their homes, so that Brand went up to the lift without meeting anybody except the night porter, who congratulated him on his restored health, hoped he had enjoyed the trip to Liverpool, and silently wondered a little why the Fighting Editor, a mere passenger on the *Goliah*, just returned, should find it needful to adopt a sailor's pea-jacket buttoned close up to the throat.

Brand found his friend, the night editor, just entered upon his lonely watch, with a first copy of the *Avenger* spread out before him. He was reading the supplement line after line laboriously, yet, as Brand could see, in utter apathy.

"Jimmy?"

The man looked up, and his eyes were full of tears.

"Go home, Jimmy, I take your duty to-night."

"I was praying for that"—the small man's face became radiant, "I was praying hard—you don't laugh at me! Ah! You've been sent as an answer to my prayer. She's dying, Mr. Haraldson—my little, little sister, and she's only a child—she doesn't understand what it means. And I here—helpless—bound to my chair when I ought to be at her side. How good of