

The man rocked to and fro upon the stool, his face expressionless as a mask, and he repeated the words like a machine: "Is the enemy of the people."

Brand reached forward, his elbows resting on his knees, the empty pipe stiff between his teeth—his eyes staring up into the other's face. "Then," he said, "you take sides with me?"

"I can't! I daren't! I don't understand."

"Mr. Pederson," said Brand, pointing at the forged order, "if this is forgery, it's my forgery; if the business is treacherous, it's my treachery. I don't want you to dare, or to think, or to understand."

Mr. Pederson was silent, but his lips worked, the perspiration stood in great drops upon his face.

"Come," said Brand, roughly, "you're wasting my time. Ring that bell."

The foreman climbed down off the stool, and, trembling violently, pressed both hands upon the electric bell.

Brand leaned back with a little sigh of relief, as the office boy came in.

"Johnny," said the foreman, looking back at the boy over his shoulder, "bring me the next matrix—all the copies. I want them here."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, and ran to the moulder's table.

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Brand turned as he left the stereotyper's department, and stood for a moment in the doorway to see how the work was proceeding. Yes, all had gone well without the awakening of any suspicion, the press-men would be too busy save for a casual glance at the quality of the first imprints, the *Avenger* would be sent forth without comment, save that it was a heavy edition, the copies would be