

"You can leave the paper," he said. "Stay. What is the crowd in the square?"

Brand could not answer. This easy unconsciousness of his enemy, blindfold still on the instant verge of destruction, made his flesh creep with horror.

Mr. Gault looked up, turned white, and sat still, drumming his heavy fingers on the desk.

"Well," he said at last, "what are you doing here? Who told you to thrust yourself into my privacy?"

"I took over the night editor's work." The evasion seemed cowardly, but Brand could not break his adversary without at least some warning of the coming blow. "Besides, Mr. Gault, look out for trouble!"

Gault laughed a little. "My blackmailing editor is going to strike!"

"Mr. Gault, you know I saved the *Goliath* from your infernal machines; you know I never went to Liverpool; you know that the message which took you to Boston last night was only a ruse to get you out of my way."

"I am much obliged, Mr. Haraldson, but as you see your kind intentions have not postponed my wedding so, doubtless, you have come to confess your failure."

"No, not for that. The great big mob outside, the people who have read the *Avenger* this morning—the edition which I printed after I lured you out of the way——"

From the street below came a roar as of far-away thunder, and Gault stretched out his hand.

"Give me that paper."

Brand gave the paper, and, walking over to the two doors, he locked them, then crossed to the windows where he stood looking out over the snow-clad city. And all the while he thought of the newsboys delivering their tale of damning print—the mob that was getting beyond all control—the end that was coming