

gathering in front of the building, gazing up in silence at the silent house—a mob which began to trample down the snow in City Hall Park, spreading until all the open space was filled, until all the street approaches were barred.

It was a mob typical of America—of world-devouring Anglo-Saxons for leaders; swart watching Japanese; strong Teutons who must needs think before they can act; Slavs pushing their way in from behind; Latins crowded out, shouldered back to the rear—that gathering seemed an epitome of civilization. And what had civilization to say to Marshall Gault, as his carriage made its slow way to the *Avenger* doors? Civilization saw itself mirrored in that man, and, hating the ruthless truth of the picture, greeted him with a low muttering of rage. Civilization desires to be good—hopes to deal justly—craves earnestly for righteousness; but it is a straight, a narrow way that leadeth unto life. Civilization only learns the right way after every possible wrong way has been tried, but hates the wrong ways nevertheless. And the guide who leads in the wrong way must perish. The police were relieved when Mr. Gault gained the door of the *Avenger* building in safety.

Gault, after his return from Boston, had dressed and taken breakfast at his Club. Now, at nine o'clock, he came to his office, an hour before the usual time, lest his day's work should be slighted on account of the wedding at noon. His personal staff would not be on duty for half-an-hour yet, so he rang for the night editor, and commenced to look over the private correspondence. He could not read his letters. What had offended the mob? His wedding, the sensation of to-day, his speech, the great sensation of last night? When the door opened, doubtless to admit the night editor, he did not look up.