

corner opposite the church a uniformed patrolman stood, his lazy baton flashing as did the spokes of the carriage wheels, the flirting harness of the horses, full-lifed in the morning, stretching their necks, twisting their red tongues about the bits, with nervous starts checked by the immobile coachmen.

At sight of the bluecoat the hunted man fell back a step. He looked at the enemy behind with incredible swiftness, and then came on with the group. And slowly these turned in to a small side door of the church, its shadows deep over the young sward. For a moment the man stood alone, halted, clear in the marvelous brightness—alien, hostile, poised in a complete cat-like patience, his eyes narrowing, conscious that before and behind his enemies could see him unobstructed.

And a strange humor lit his priest's face, the pleasure of peril, the thrill of the hunted; the butt of the gun in his pocket bulked big as the hand of a friend in the dark. Again his glance shot from one officer to the other, the patrolman yawning by the line of carriages, the detective now under the Alley L looking alertly up its sodden way. With a laugh, that was more a grimace, the hunted man walked after the Easter worshipers, up the steps and into the dim and cool recess. The usher, pallid, poker-like, the lump of his throat working over the edge of his high collar, stared at the man, who, for a moment, did not remove his hat, nor turn down his collar from his miner's blue shirt. The pale