

which showed a film of green on the Easter morning. From this his alert glance shot back the other way at the plain-clothes man who stood in brief baffled inquiry on the corner, and then came on.

A train shot along the overhanging structure; the shock on the cool metal stung the hunted man's fingers, the vibrant snarl tensed his brain, already acute with caution and the need of fear. His right hand stole back to the rubber grip of the automatic pistol in his pocket, but his figure did not stir from its mimicry protection of the iron frame casting its shadow about him; his eyes did not lose their watching of the plain-clothes man.

A group of people were coming from across the street and along to the Alley L. The fugitive's glance searched them incessantly, and when they had neared him in his shelter, the women's rich skirts touching him, with another flit of his eyes, his hawk's profile sharp in the sun, at the pursuer a block behind, he stepped out in pace with them and went along toward the church. They saw a big man of rather unwieldy figure, curiously at odds with the lightness of his tread, an inexplicable grace such as the life of the open gives; when he looked once at them they saw a full, round face, unstirred, stealthily complacent, the gray eyes bold in their wary, brief intent—a face which, on the side view, took again its verisimilitude of a hawk's under the gray slouch hat. He trailed the fashionable women, the silk-hatted Easter men, his glance now ahead, for on the