

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

CHAPTER I

THE hunted man's left arm rose slowly until his hand rested on the iron post supporting the elevated railway spanning the Chicago street, his face sank to the crook of his elbow, and, above this shield, and under his gray hat, his eyes were leveled at his enemy a block away on the farther curb.

The sun was very bright. To his right, another square from the Alley L, the passing people were clear in color, distinct in array, against the mighty bulk of the church across the way; up the broad steps between the crosses of stone on the balustrades, these distinctive, beautifully gowned women, singly, or in twos and threes, or in groups entered the shadow below the intricate gates of bronze—a pageant like the pictures of a biograph, a procession of moderns linking back to some festival of the barbaric ages of faith. The hunted man saw, past the church, its Gothic tower in the sunlight, a patch of lake, blue, rippling under overarching elms