

sulphuric tang of the chlorination mill where he had been a prisoner while the Miners' Union fought out the Bull Hill war. His tired eyes closed; the long escape, the police, the hurrying figures of the Chicago streets, where he had twisted to evade the trail; the plunging traffic and the pitiless hunt—even now the dazzling voluptuousness of the Easter, its decked women, its mighty chant, the robed procession—all this climactic to the astonishing drama of his days, fused to a blur, keyed low, until, in a droning interchange, it was the chittering of the San Miguel in its rocky bed behind his cabin. The walls of the great church lengthened and shot up until they were cañon-high—he was a thousand miles to westward, standing by his shack door looking up the Colorado ridges, with their sparse winter-bitten pines against the flare of white peaks above the foot-hills.

For a time they did not notice him, the choristers passing, the song in air. The music lulled, was still; the clergy before the cloth of lilies went through some reverential motions, and then, in an ornate box hung to the left of the altar from the wall, a man with a bald head began to talk. The others answered, and this went on—the bald man in the white robe over black speaking, and the mumble coming from the thousands of women in the seats. The air grew warm, the earth mellowing under the delight of the spring, and within the temple it was now orientalized with odors—incense, perfumes concealing human sweat, flowers crushed, dying, the smell of birds'