

"Sure," the warden said dispassionately. "That's what I told you."

"Daneen 'd got a-hold of a shyster lawyer that took a twenty-dollar bill he 'd carried sewed up in his shirt — an' then let him get it in the neck. He did n't have nothin' to say fer himself, till Purvis ast him from the bench, an' then he started a long spiel about his wife havin' consumption an' shippin' her off to California, an' him startin' to walk from Pittsburg after her, doin' odd jobs an' bein' six months on the road — 'cause he 'd give her all his money an' sends her half he makes — but Purvis cuts him short an' gives him life — so 's the road would n't have to pay damages."

"Sure. Sure. That's Purvis." The warden stood up with a sour smile.

"He ain't opened his mouth since," Johns added. "They could n't get a word out o' him in the jail. He did n't even write to his wife about it."

Zug had reached the door. "Lot o' good *that* 'd 'a' done him," he grumbled. "I got to get my report out." He left Johns without any apology.

Johns found himself resentfully pleased that he had talked to the reporter. That reporter recognized a good "story" when he heard it.

Johns was "no such fool as you 'd think." Though he could make a joke at his own expense, he was not a meek man. He had his vanity. And he could be secretly and poisonously malicious in his enmities. He could "tell a thing or two," if he chose, about almost any one who crossed him. He was not above telling