

betrayed into the power of the dominant race. He began to stammer an almost unintelligible, terrified explanation of what had happened in Portland.

"Keep that fer the warden," Johns stopped him; for Johns was planning a surprise for Zug. "I can't help you any. Keep it fer him."

"The wa-wahden? 'S he the man?"

"He's the man fer *you*, sonny. He can do a lot fer *you*. Come along, now. Here's where you meet the 'wahden.'"

A hope as simple as his terror drew him out to the station platform and cheered him up the fatal hillside to the stone walls of the Pen.

"Don't go too fast," Johns purred. "You'll get winded. You won't be able to make your little speech. That's better. You'll have lots o' time . . . Fine day, Joel. Sun's hot, eh? . . . Well, it'll be shadier inside . . . Here we are."

He led him straight to the warden's office. "Here's a nigger wants to see you," he announced to Zug. "He wants to tell you how they got him to swear he helped on that Little Sandy wreck."

"'Fo' God," Joel broke out wildly, "Ah nevah wrecked no train, boss. Ah —"

Zug rose with his wrinkled smile and patted him on the shoulder. "Just a minute, boy," he said. "You better tell this to a man it'll do some good to. He's inside here." He led him to the corridor. "Jake," he said to the turnkey, "tell Geddes to put this man in to take care o' Sam Daneen." He explained, as