

THE OUTCAST

the kennel that was the only home she had ever known, were afraid to testify for her.'

"Then he went on elementally: the counsel for the State had said that she was a harlot and could not claim the defence of outraged womanhood; she was a harlot and had no womanliness to protect; she was a harlot and had no outraged virtue to avenge, no pride to inspire her to the deed. It was simply murder—cold-blooded murder. She had followed up and killed a man who had been kind to her—wilfully, deliberately, and maliciously. He discussed Malic for a moment, and then, with a gesture, threw it aside, and came to the facts.

"It was quite true that she was a denizen of a brothel—an outcast—more, she was the child of a brothel. Her mother was an outcast before her. But there was something in woman—stronger than pride, stronger than virtue, stronger than life—the one thing that had advanced the world. This was Love, and it had come to this poor creature—how, he did not know, but it had come even in the kennel in which she had lived.