

## THE OUTCAST

brow, which stamped it with intellectual power. There was not a line of weakness, and hardly one from which might be argued the possibility of pity. The passion I had known in his youth had petrified into rock. He was simply a steel machine.

“‘Not cast-iron, but steel,’ I said to my young neighbor.

“‘He is a just judge,’ said he. ‘He will maintain the law! Society must be protected.’

“I turned at this moment to look at the prisoner. She was a sad young thing (with marks of beauty of the Gallic type still left). She was sitting listlessly, sunk in an armchair provided for her to support her drooping frame, and of all the multitude she appeared to be the one least interested in what was taking place around her—of all, she and the judge appeared the most detached. She was a picture of mere woe. Dressed in a sort of dull black, which added to her pallor, her slender shoulders drooped as though under a weight; the white, thin, delicate and rather shapely hands lay list-