

Her own tawny hair, draggled, and hung in snakes, was streaked with dirty gray.

"Ye took Jesse," she said in weary scorn, "so I ruined him. Then this Brooke, he fell in love with yer, so I murdered him. Take everything, give nothin'; that's you, Carrots, give nothin'. That's you, Carrots, give nothin' away, not even a drink. And I gave everything.

"So you're good, and I'm bad; you're high-toned society, and I'm a poor sporting lady. Oh, I saw ye lift yer skirt away when yer passed me—calling yerself a Christian, when just one word of Christian kindness would have saved the likes of me.

"Ye needn't look over my head as if I wasn't there. I'm no fairy, I ain't—no dream. I'm facts, and ye'd better face 'em. 'Sisters of Sorrow' they calls us, who gave everything, who gave ourselves.

"And you *good* women pride yerselves in virtue, which ain't been tempted. Your virtue never been outdoors in the rain, gettin' wet. Your virtue never been starved and froze, or fooled and betrayed. Your colors ain't run, 'cause they've never been to the wash. You don't know good from evil, and you set thar judgin' me.

"Tears running down yer face, eh? You think