



The grand and beautiful Bible story of Abraham intercepted on the point of slaying his cherished son has a deep significance which every mother should take to heart.

NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

By KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

It was not often that so great a treat as this trial of Narka's was provided for the sensation-loving Parisian public.

The court was densely filled long before the entrance of the judge, but curiosity reached its climax when the door opposite the judgment-seat opened.

Narka had been so exhausted and strained by the week's imprisonment that on the eve it had seemed to her impossible she could go through the ordeal of this trial.

The first witness called up was Olga Borzidoff. She swore that the prisoner had to her knowledge habitually frequented revolutionary meetings.

Madame Blaquette was next called up, and came on whining and whimpering, and conveying her distress to Narka by glances and gesticulations.

The first called was the Comtesse de Beaurillon. Sibyl was one of those persons whose charm never deserts them under any circumstances.

All my life, monsieur, we were brought up together, we studied together, we were like sisters.

under the roof of Princess Zerodoff. "Ah! Monsieur le President, such charges are wicked slanders.

"There was an indescribable charm in the way Sibyl said 'my sister Narka,' in her softly agitated voice.

"Madame," continued the judge, "the court cannot accept sentimental evidence, however convincing it may be.

"You, madame, are absolutely above suspicion," protested the judge, feeling that he had made a mistake in raising the sympathies of the public on the side of this sensitive, high-bred lady.

"Sibyl saw her advantage, and immediately the great crystal drops welled up into her light blue eyes and trembled there, and then rolled off her curled lashes.

"Let Sœur Marguerite be heard." Narka's striking contrast could have been found than that which this witness presented to the last.

"What is your name?" asked the judge. "Sœur Marguerite, M. le Juge."

"Say, M. le President," corrected some one in a sotto voce. "Yes, M. le President," she repeated, with a blush.

"The usual interrogations followed, and then the judge said, 'Why did the prisoner go to live at La Vilette?'"

"Because it is cheap, M. le President." "How did she spend her time there—do you know?"

the other people who hid Antoine from the police; but I don't deny that we did.

"Yes, M. le Docteur X—could certify to the fact. He gave me a consultation not long before. I do not recall the date, but he probably could."

"The judge was going to put another question, when a note was passed up to him. He read it, and recognized the signature as that of a detective well known to the authorities, and highly esteemed for his honesty and skill."

"You may sit down," the judge said to Narka. Then he added, "Let Jean Godart come forward."

"Ma sœur, do you know what these papers were?" "No, I do not; I never saw them; and Mademoiselle Larik never told me what they were."

"You know that she held revolutionary doctrines, and connived at it, she did not participate in the crime of regicide?" "I know nothing of the sort, and I don't believe a word of it."

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"Because it is cheap, M. le President." "How did she spend her time there—do you know?"

"I can, M. le President," Narka answered, in her clear, metallic tones.

that you had lost your voice before that day?" "Yes, M. le Docteur X—could certify to the fact. He gave me a consultation not long before.

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"The place is little changed, Mary. Where was it side by side. The lark's low song is in my ear, and the lark is green again."

"I'm sitting on the stile, Mary. Where was it side by side. The lark's low song is in my ear, and the lark is green again."

"I'm very lonely now, Mary. For the poor make no new friends, but oh! they love the better still."

"I thank you for the patient smile. When your heart was fit to break. When the hunger pain was gnawing there, and my heart will travel back again."

"I'm biddin' you a long farewell, My Mary—kind and true! But I'll not forget you, darling! In the land, I'm Garret, Garswell, P. O., and the sun shines always there—"

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"When first you were my bride. When the hunger pain was gnawing there, and my heart will travel back again."

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