

THE WITCH OF PRAGUE.

A Fantastic Tale.

By F. MARION CRAWFORD, Author of "MR. ISAACS," "DR. CLAUDIUS," "A ROMAN SINGER," Etc.

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CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)
"Where are you going?" she asked, her eyes fixed on the door.

"I am going to see the doctor," he answered, looking back over his shoulder.

"The doctor?" she asked, her face pale.

"Yes, the doctor," he said, his voice trembling.

"What doctor?" she asked, her eyes wide.

"The doctor who lives in the house next door," he said.

"Why do you want to see him?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said, his head bowed.

"You don't know?" she asked, her voice rising.

"No, I don't know," he said, his hands clasped.

"What is wrong with you?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said, his face in shadow.

"You must tell me," she said, her hands on her hips.

"I can't," he said, his voice a whisper.

"Why can't you?" she asked, her eyes blazing.

"Because I am afraid," he said, his head in his hands.

"Afraid of what?" she asked, her voice a scream.

"Afraid of the witch," he said, his eyes staring.

when you cannot get it. Moreover, you want what is good to the taste, at least.

"There is something in that," answered Kerkov.

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