"The Branded Foot"

"Speak, doctor! promise me—I know you hold your word sacred—promise me that if I should faint you will not lift so much as the corner of my veil!"

Dr. Kraft's answer was short and to the point.

"Be calm," he said. "You need all your nervous strength for what you are going to endure. I promise, as you have already stated, I am too occupied with important matters to concern myself with you or your projects."

"And you will forever keep the fact of this operation a secret?"

"You have nothing to fear from me."

The doctor said so much and then suddenly checked himself, as if a new thought had come to him. He added with dignified severity: "I will qualify that. You have nothing to fear from me unless hereafter I should discover you engaged in some nefarious scheme."

The woman laughed scornfully, released her viselike grasp on his arm, and reseated herself upon the couch. Dr. Kraft resumed his professional tone.

"Time presses," he said. "If this is to be done, it must be done without further delay."

"None of the delay has been of my seeking," she retorted.

An interval of dreadful silence followed, broken now and then by a smothered groan from the sufferer.

"Hai!" suddenly muttered the doctor impatiently. "Just as I anticipated—a faint!"

"No, no!" gasped his patient, "only a little weakness."

Taking a bottle from the table, the doctor hurriedly saturated a napkin with its contents and thrust it into her gloved hand.

"Inhale and bathe your face," he directed.

Feebly the woman obeyed.

Silently and rapidly the doctor proceeded to dress the wound. That done, he encased the foot in a large slipper she had brought, and gave her a mixture he had prepared to soothe her nerves.

The woman swallowed it eagerly, and then struggled to a sitting posture, though trembling as with an ague.

(Continued on Page Thirteenths.)
THE Branded Foot.
A ROMANCE OF
A MONSTROUS PERSONATION FRANK
BY A FAMOUS AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.
INTRODUCTORY.

In the days of old there was a man who lived in a small town on the brink of a river. He was a simple farmer, but he had a daughter who was as sweet and kind as any girl in the world. Her name was Mary, and she was loved by everyone who knew her.

One day, a strange man arrived in the village. He was tall and thin, with wild hair and a piercing eye. He told the villagers that he had come from a distant land, in search of adventure. They were skeptical, but they allowed him to stay for a while.

Mary was intrigued by the stranger. She would often visit him in his cabin, reading stories to him and helping him with his work. The man was grateful for her kindness, and he told her many exciting tales of his travels.

One night, as they sat by the fire, the stranger asked Mary a question that would change her life forever. "Do you believe in love at first sight?"

Mary looked at him, surprised. "I have never thought about it," she said.

"Well, I do," the stranger replied. "And I believe that you and I are destined to be together."

Mary was speechless. She had never heard such a thing before. But she could not deny the feeling that was growing inside her. She knew that she was in love.

The stranger left the village soon after that, promising to return one day. Mary watched him go, her heart heavy with emotion.

A Splendid Man;
THE CROWN OF CHANCE.

By Mrs. Adelaide Bertrand,
Author of "Women in Medicine," "Women in Industry,"
"Women in Science," etc.

CHAPTER IV.
COMMUNION.

After a long wait, the man returned. Mary was overjoyed to see him again, and she ran out to meet him. They embraced warmly, and Mary asked if he had brought any news.

"I have," he replied. "I have brought you a gift."

Mary looked at him, confused. "What kind of gift?"

"I have brought you a ring," he said, pulling out a small box.

Mary opened it, her heart racing. Inside was a beautiful diamond ring. "Oh, it's beautiful," she said, tears in her eyes.

"It is," he said, "but it is only a symbol of our love."

Mary smiled, her face lit up with happiness. "I will cherish it always," she said.

From that day on, the man and Mary were inseparable. They traveled together, exploring new places and meeting new people. Mary was happy, and she knew that she had found true love.

The end.
BEAUTY CANNOT DIE.

BY REV. E. J. RASCOE, JAMAICA.

Beauty is a thought. When a woman is beautiful, her beauty is a thought. She is so beautiful. She is so lovely. She is so lovely, and so beautiful. She is so beautiful, and so lovely. She is so lovely, and so beautiful. She is so beautiful, and so lovely.

FRIENDS in the Court House.

The New York Weekly has a larger circulation than all other similar publications combined.

Josh Billings’ Philosophy.

Josh Billings was a great man. He was the greatest man of his time. He was the greatest man who ever lived. He was the greatest man who ever lived. He was the greatest man who ever lived. He was the greatest man who ever lived.

A Word to Wives.

By Kate Tourj.

A wife should have no terror of her husband. She should be at ease and unmoved by him. She should be at ease and unmoved by him. She should be at ease and unmoved by him. She should be at ease and unmoved by him.

INFLUENCE OF A GOOD EXAMPLE.

When we have given our money to help the poor, our money is useful. It is useful in the world. It is useful in the world. It is useful in the world. It is useful in the world.

Matrimonial Engagements.

A marriage engagement is an important step in the human life. It is a step in the human life. It is a step in the human life. It is a step in the human life.
THE GIRL FROM THE COUNTRY

By ERNEST DE LANCY PIERSON.

"THE GIRL FROM THE COUNTRY" (concluded last week).

CHAPTER III.

THE WEDDING DAY

By BERTHA M. CLAY.

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The wedding day at Miss Risa McAllister's farmhouse in the country was a grand event. The guests were all assembled, and the preparations were well under way. Miss McAllister was busy overseeing everything, making sure that everything was done perfectly.

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Run to Earth.

By NICHOLAS CARTER.

Chapter XXII.

In the cabin, where the crew had assembled after the storm, there was a gloomy silence. The captain sat in the corner, his eyes fixed on the fire. The mate stood by his side, his hands clasped in front of him. The deck hands huddled together, their faces pale and drawn. The first mate approached the captain, his voice low and urgent.

"Sir," he said, "we must find a way out of this. We can't stay here forever."

The captain turned to face him, his gaze steady.

"I know," he replied. "But we've been here for days. We've run out of food. And the storm is getting worse."

"We must try to sail," said the mate. "The winds are dying down."

The captain looked out at the stormy sea, his expression grim.

"I'll give it a try," he said. "But we need to be careful."

The crew stood by, watching as the captain and mate made their preparations. The mate set to work rigging the sails, while the captain checked his charts. The crew worked together, their hands strong and sure.

Finally, the captain stepped forward, his voice firm.

"All hands to the pumps," he said. "We must raise the sail."

The crew sprang to action, their movements swift and efficient. The sail rose, catching the wind as the ship began to move. The crew worked together, their faces set in determination.

The captain looked out at the stormy sea, his heart pounding in his chest. But he was determined to find a way out of this. He gave the order, and the crew fell into place, working together to guide the ship to safety.

Chapter XXIII.

The ship heaved and rolled, the crew clinging to the sides to keep from falling overboard. The captain stood at the helm, his hands tightening on the wheel. The mate stood nearby, his eyes on the horizon. The deck hands huddled together, their faces pale.

"We're almost there," said the mate, his voice steady.

The captain looked out at the shore, his heart pounding in his chest. He knew they were close, but he also knew the storm was still raging. He gave the order, and the crew worked together to guide the ship to safety.

Finally, the ship came to a stop, the crew bursting into applause. The captain stepped forward, his heart glowing with pride.

"We did it," he said. "We made it.

The crew cheered, their faces beaming with joy. The captain and mate hugged, their hands tight and warm. The deck hands clapped, their faces shining with pride.

Chapter XXIV.

The ship docked, the crew of the Run to Earth cheered and celebrated. They knew they had done something incredible, something that would be remembered for generations to come. They had weathered the storm, and they had found a way out of it. They had proven that, with determination and hard work, anything was possible.

The captain and mate hugged again, their hearts glowing with pride. The deck hands clapped, their faces shining with joy. The ship was at peace, and the crew knew they had done something incredible.
NINA'S PERIL.

By Mrs. ALEX. CROFORD MILLER.

Author of "The Thimble and the Thread," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PERILS AT LAST!

And so it was that Nina made her last appeal 

for her father's help. She had been at the 

house of her cousin's, and had been told 

that her father was going to call for her. 

She had no money, and was afraid to 

ask her cousin for a loan. So she went 

home, and found her father there. She 

was so glad to see him that she asked 

him for some money, but he refused. 

"I don't know how I'm going to get 

along," she said, "and I'm going to have 

to pay my rent."

"I don't think you can do that," said 

her father, "but I'll give you a little 

money."

She thanked him, and went home. 

She had no more money, and was afraid 

to ask her cousin for another loan. 

She went to her father, and told him 

that she was going to have to pay her 

rent. He gave her money, and she paid 

her rent. But she was still in debt, and 

had no money for anything else. 

She was very sad, and her father was 

very angry. He said that she was 

wasting her money, and that he was 

going to have to take it away from her. 

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going to take it away from her. 

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