

Doctor Tells How to Strengthen Eyesight 50 per cent. in One Week's Time in Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have
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Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 6.—Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that, according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses, and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able

to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expenses of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start, and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.

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G. R. PERKINS,
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Dec. 23rd, 1916.

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BLACK IS WHITE

CHAPTER XIII—Yvonne, over the
phone, rouses Frederic's infatuation for
her again. Lydia goes to beg Brood not
to tell Frederic of his unhappy parentage,
but is turned from her purpose.

CHAPTER XIV—Frederic, at dinner
with James and Riggs, is seized with an
impulse of filial duty, and under a queer
impression that he is influenced by Ran-
jab's will, hunts up his father, who gives
him the cut direct.

over here to share your dinner with
you."

He was scowling. "Where are you
going?"

"Going? Oh, dining. I see. Well,"
slowly, deliberately, "we thought it
would be great fun to dine alone at
Delmonico's and see a play after
ward."

"What play are you going to see?"
he cut in. She mentioned a Belasco
production. "Well, I hope you enjoy
it, Yvonne. By the way, how is the
governor today? In a good humor?"

There was no response. He waited
for a moment and then called out:
"Are you there?"

"Good-by," came back over the wire.
He started as if she had given him a
slap in the face. Her voice was cold
and forbidding.

When Lydia rejoined him in the sit-
ting-room he was standing at the win-
dow, staring across the courtyard far
below.

Are you going?" she asked, steadily.
He turned toward her, conscious of
the telltale scowl that was passing
from his brow. It did not occur to
him to resent her abrupt, uncompromis-
ing question. As a matter of fact,
it seemed quite natural that she should
put the question in just that way
flatly, incisively. He considered him-
self, in a way, to be on trial.

"No, I'm not," he replied. "You did
not expect me to forget, did you?" He
was uncomfortable under her honest
inquiring gaze. A sudden anger against
himself took possession of him. He
despised himself for the feeling of
loneliness and homesickness that sud-
denly came over him.

"I thought—" she began, and then
her brow cleared. "I have been look-
ing up the recitals in the morning
paper. The same orchestra you heard
last night is to appear again today
at—"

"We will go there, Lydia," he inter-
rupted, and at once began to hum the
gay little air that had so completely



"You and I?" He Asked, After a Mo-
ment.

charmed him. "Try it again, Lyddy.
You'll get it in no time."

After luncheon, like two happy chil-
dren they rushed off to the concert,
and it was not until they were on their
way home at five o'clock that his en-
thusiasm began to wane. She was
quick to detect the change. He be-
came morose, preoccupied; his part
of the conversation was kept up with an
effort that had all the spontaneity
of his earlier and more engaging
slights.

Lydia went far back in her calcula-
tions and attributed his mood to the
promise she had exacted in regard to
his attitude toward his father. It oc-
curred to her that he was smarting
under the restraint that his promise
involved. She realized now, more
than ever before, that there could be
no delay, no faltering on her part.
She would have to see James Brood
at once. She would have to go down
on her knees to him.

"I feel rather guilty, Freddy," she
said, as they approached the house.
"Mr. Brood will think it strange that
I should plead a headache and yet run
off to a concert and enjoy myself when
he is so eager to finish the journal—
especially as he is to sail so soon."
"ought to see him, don't you think
so?" Perhaps there is something I
can do tonight that will make up for
the lost time." She was plainly nerv-
ous.

"He'd work you to death if he
thought it would serve his purpose,"
said Frederic, gloomily, and back of
that sentence lay the thought that
made it absolutely imperative for her
to act without delay.

"I will go in for a few minutes,"
she said, at the foot of the steps. "Are
you not coming, too?"

He had stopped. "Not just now,
Lyddy. I think I'll run up to Tom's
flat and smoke a pipe with him.
Thanks, old girl, for the happy day
we've had. You don't mind if I leave
you here?"

Her heart gave a great throb of
relief. It was best to have him out of
the way for the time being.

"Well—so long," he said, diffidently.

"So long, Lyddy."

"So long," she repeated, dropping
into his manner of speech without
thinking. There was a smothering
sensation in his breast.

He looked back as he strode off in
the direction from which they had
come. She was at the top of the steps,
her fingers on the electric button. He
wondered why her face was so white.
He had always thought of it as being
full of color, rich, soft and warm.

Inside the door, Lydia experienced
a strange sinking of the heart. "Is
Mr. Brood at—" she began, nervously.
A voice at the top of the stairway in-
terrupted the question she was putting
to the footman.

"Is it you, Lydia? Come up to my
room."

The girl looked up and saw Mrs.
Brood leaning over the banister rail.
She was holding her pink dressing-
gown closely about her throat, as if
it had been hastily thrown about her
shoulders. One bare arm was visible—
completely so.

"I came to see Mr. Brood. Is he—"
"He is busy. Come up to my room,"
repeated Yvonne, somewhat imperi-
ously.

As Lydia mounted the stairs she
had a fair glimpse of the other's face.
Always pallid—but of a healthy pal-
lor—it was now almost ghastly. Per-
haps it was the light from the window
that caused it, Lydia was not sure,
but a queer, greenish hue overspread
the lovely, smiling face. The lips were
red, very red—redder than she had
ever seen them. The girl suddenly re-
called the face she had once seen of
a woman who was addicted to the
drug habit.

Mrs. Brood met her at the top of
the stairs. She was but half-dressed.
Her lovely neck and shoulders were
now almost bare. Her hands were
extended toward the visitor; the
filmy lace gown hung loose and disre-
garded about her slim figure.

"Come in, dear. Shall we have tea?
I have been so lonely. One cannot
read the books they print nowadays.
Such stupid things, all—e?"

She threw an arm about the tall
girl and Lydia was surprised to find
that it was warm and full of a gentle
strength. She felt her flesh tingle
with the thrill of contact. Yes, it
must have been the light from the
window, for Yvonne's face was now
aglow with the indescendence that was
so peculiarly her own.

A door closed softly on the floor
above them. Mrs. Brood glanced over
her shoulder and upward. Her arm
tightened perceptibly about Lydia's
waist.

"It was Ranjab," said the girl, and
instantly was filled with amazement.
She had not seen the Hindu, had not
even been thinking of him, and yet
she was impelled by some mysterious
intelligence to give utterance to a
statement in which there was convic-
tion, not conjecture.

"Did you see him?" asked the other,
looking at her sharply.

"No," admitted Lydia, still amazed.
"I don't know why I said that."

Mrs. Brood closed her boudoir door
behind them. For an instant she stood
staring at the knob as if expecting to
see it turn—

"I know," she said, "I know why
you said it. Because it was Ranjab."
She shivered slightly. "I am afraid
of that man, Lydia. He seems to be
watching me all of the time. Day and
night his eyes seem to be upon me."

"Why should he be watching you?"
asked Lydia, faintly.

Yvonne did not notice the question.
"Even when I am asleep in my bed,
in the dead hour of night, he is look-
ing at me. I can feel it, though asleep.
Oh, it is not a dream, for my dreams
are of something or someone else—
never of him. And yet he is there,
looking at me. It—it is uncanny."

(To be continued.)

THE VICTROLA AND THE COMMUNITY—NO. 3

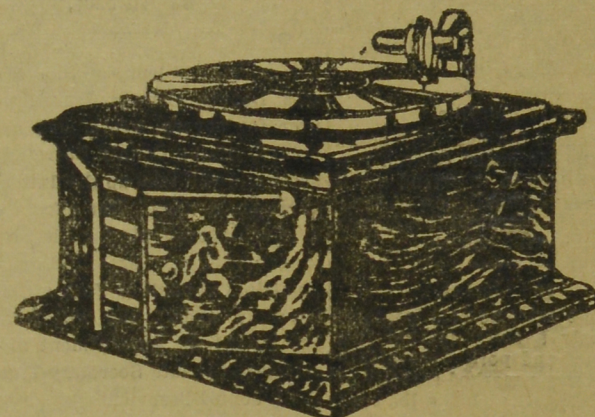


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