

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 expense 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 unperceptibly right from the start, an 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.

A prominent City Physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family."

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Allen Chairman and Judge Wilson Sec-
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Dec. 23rd, 1916.

12 27 61

BLACK IS WHITE

He was very much in earnest, but
alas, the fire, the passion of the im-
portunate lover was missing. She
shrank back into the corner of the
couch, staring at him with puzzled
eyes. Comprehension was slow in ar-
riving. As he hurried on with his
plea she began to see clearly; her
sound, level brain grasped the insigni-
ficance of this sudden decision on his
part.

"There's no use waiting, dear. I'll
never be more capable of earning a
living than I am right now. I can go
into the office with Brooks any day
and I—I think I can make good. God
knows I can try hard enough. Brooks
says he's got a place there for me in
the bond department. It won't be
much at first, but I can work into a
pretty good—what's the matter? Don't
you think I can do it? Have you no
faith in me? Are you afraid to take
a chance?"

She had smiled sadly—it seemed to
him reprovingly. His cheek flushed.
"What has put all this into your
head, Freddy, dear?" she asked
shrewdly.

His eyes wavered. "I can't go on
living as I have been for the past few
months. I've just got to end it, Lyddy.
You don't understand—you can't, and
there isn't any use in trying to explain
the—"

"I think I do understand, dear," she
said, quietly, laying her hand on his.
"I understand so completely that there
isn't any use in your trying to explain.
But don't you think you are a bit cow-
ardly?"

"Cowardly?" he gasped, and then
the blood rushed to his face.

"Is it quite fair to me—or to your-
self?" He was silent. She waited for
a moment and then went on reso-
lutely. "I know just what it is that
you are afraid of, Freddy. I shall
marry you, of course. I love you more
than anything else in all the world.
But are you quite fair in asking me
to marry you while you are still afraid,
dear?"

"Before God, I love no one else but
you," he cried, earnestly. "I know
what it is you are thinking and I—I
don't blame you. But I want you now—
good God, you don't know how much
I need you now. I want to begin a
new life with you. I want to feel
that you are with me—just you—
strong and brave and enduring. I am
adrift. I need you."

"If you insist, I will marry you to-
morrow, but you cannot—you will not
ask it of me, will you?"

"But you know I love you," he cried.
"There isn't any doubt in your mind,
Lyddy. There is no one else, I tell
you."

"I think I am just beginning to un-
derstand men," she remarked enig-
matically.

He looked up sharply. "And to won-
der why they call women the weaker
sex, eh?"

"Yes," she said so seriously that the
wry smile died on his lips. "I don't
believe there are many women who
would ask a man to be sorry for them.
That's really what all this amounts
to, isn't it, Freddy?"

"By jove!" he exclaimed, wonder-
ingly.

"You are a strong, self-willed, chiv-
alrous man, and yet you think nothing
of asking a woman to protect you
against yourself. You are afraid to
stand alone. Wait. Five minutes—
yes, one minute before you asked it
of me, Freddy dear, you were flound-
ering in the darkness, uncertain
which way to turn. You were afraid
of the things you could not see. You
looked for some place in which to hide.
The flash of light revealed a haven of
refuge. So you asked me to—marry
you tomorrow." All through this in-
dictment she had held his hand
clamped tightly in both of hers. He
was looking at her with a frank ac-
knowledgement growing in his eyes.

"Are you ashamed of me, Lyddy?"
he asked. It was confession.

"No," she said, meeting his gaze
steadily. "I am a little disappointed,
that's all. It is you who are ashamed."

"I am," said he, simply. "It wasn't
fair."

"Love will endure. I am content to
wait," she said, with a wistful smile.
"You will be my wife no matter
what happens? You won't let this
make any difference?"

"You are not angry with me?"
"Angry? Why should I be angry
with you, Lyddy? For shaking some
sense into me? For seeing through
me with that wonderful, far-sighted
brain of yours? Why, I could go down
on my knees to you. I could—"

He clasped her in his arms and held
her close. "You dear, dear Lyddy!"
Neither spoke for many minutes. It
was she who broke the silence.

"You must promise one thing, Fred-
eric. For my sake, avoid a quarrel
with your father. I could not bear
that. You will promise, dear? You
must."

His jaw was set. "I don't intend to
quarrel with him, but if I am to re-
main in his house there has got to be—"

"Promise me you will wait. He is
going away in a couple of weeks.
When he returns—later on—next
fall—"

"Oh, if it really distresses you,
Lyddy, I'll—"

"It does distress me. I want your
promise."

"I'll do my part," he said, resigned-
ly. "And next fall will see us mar-
ried, so—"

The telephone bell in the hall was
ringing. Frederic released Lyddy's

hand and sat up rather stiffly, as one
who suddenly suspects that he is be-
ing spied upon. The significance of
the movement did not escape Lyddy.
She laughed mirthlessly.

"I will see who it is," she said, and
arose. Two red spots appeared in his
cheeks. Then it was that she realized
he had been waiting all along for the
bell to ring; he had been expecting a
summons.

"If it's for me, please say—er—say
I'll—" he began, somewhat disjoint-
edly, but she interrupted him.

"Will you stay here for luncheon,
Frederic? And this afternoon we will
go to— Oh, is there a concert or a
recital?"

"Yes, I'll stay if you'll let me,"
he said, wistfully. "We'll find some-
thing to do."

She went to the telephone. He
heard the polite greetings, the polite
assurances that she had not taken
cold, two or three laughing rejoinders
to what must have been amusing com-
ments on the storm and its effect on
timid creatures, and then:

"Yes, Mrs. Brood, I will call him to
the 'phone."

CHAPTER XIII.

Two Women.

Frederic had the feeling that he
slunk to the telephone. The girl
handed the receiver to him and he
met her confident, untroubled gaze for
a second. Instead of returning to the
sitting-room where she could have
heard everything that he said, she
went into her own room down the hall
and closed the door. He was not con-
scious of any intention to temporize,
but it was significant that he did not
speak until the door closed behind
her. Afterwards he realized and was
ashamed.

Almost the first words that Yvonne
uttered were of a nature to puzzle
and irritate him, although they bore
directly upon his own previously
formed resolution. Her voice, husky
and low, seemed strangely plaintive
and lifeless to him.

"Have you and Lyddy made any
plans for the afternoon?" she inquired.
He made haste to declare their inten-
tion to attend a concert. "I am glad
you are going to do that," she went on.

"You will stay for luncheon with
Lyddy?"

"Yes. She's trying to pick up that
thing of Feverelli's—the one we heard
last night." There was silence at the
other end of the wire. "Are you
there?"

"Yes."

"I will be home for dinner, of course
You—you don't need me for anything,
do you?"

"No," she said. Then, with a low
laugh: "You may be excused for the
day, my son. Your father and I have
been discussing the trip abroad."

"I thought you—you were opposed
to going."

"I've changed my mind. As a mat-
ter of fact, I've changed my heart."

"You speak in riddles."

She was silent for a long time.
"Frederic, I want you to do something
for me. Will you try to convince
Lyddy that I meant no offense last
night when I—"

"She understands all that perfectly,
Yvonne."

"No, she doesn't. A woman wouldn't
understand."

"In what way?"

There was a pause. "No woman
likes to be regarded as a fool," she
said at last, apparently after careful
reflection. "Oh, yes; there is some-
thing else. We are dining out this
evening."

"You and I?" he asked after a mo-
ment.

"Certainly not. Your father and I
I was about to suggest that you dine
with Lyddy—or better still, ask her

(To be continued.)

THE VICTROLA AND THE COMMUNITY—NO. 3

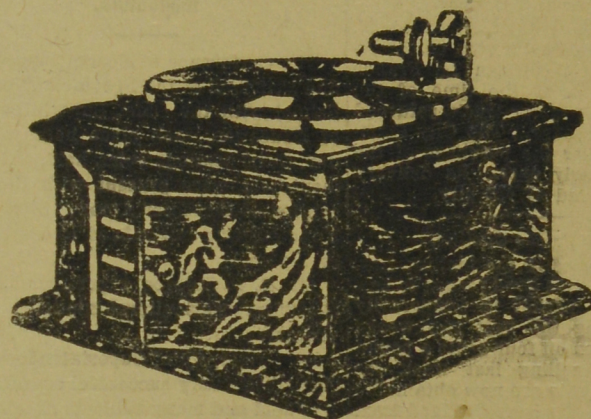


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