

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

A Free Prescription You Can Have
Filled and Use at Home.

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 you are perceptibly right from the first. If inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you a little, take steps to save them 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 constituents 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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BLACK IS WHITE

CHAPTER XV—Mrs. Desmond in her
own idea to get to Brood to intercede
with him for Frederic, but is prevented
by Yvonne, who tells her that she is too
late as the two men are now together
and Brood is telling Frederic.

CHAPTER XVI—Brood tells Frederic
the story of his dead wife and the music
he heard. Yvonne tells Brood he has struck
a man sleeping, and that his own heart
is breaking.

CHAPTER XVII—Yvonne goes to Fred-
eric in the bed-room and asks him to go
away with her. He refuses. She taunts,
then tempts him. Brood comes through
the doorway, Ranjab behind him.

Brood waited patiently to the end.
"Your mother before you had a some-
what similar affliction," he said, still
in the steady, repressed voice. "Per-
haps it is a gift—a convenient gift—
this ability to worship without effort."

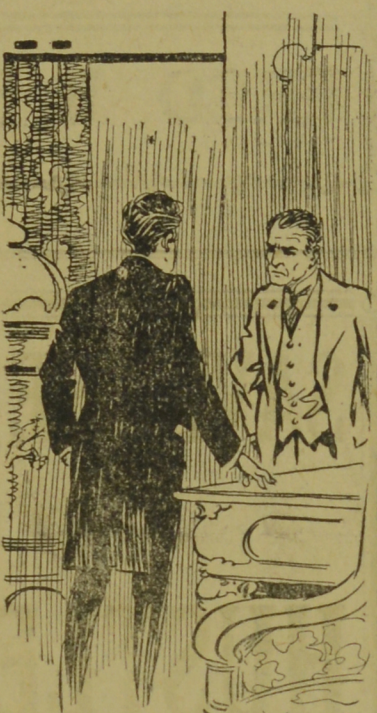
"Better leave my mother out of it,"
said Frederic sarcastically. A look of
wonder leaped to his eyes. "That's
the first time you've condescended to
acknowledge that I ever had a mother."

Brood's smile was deadly. "If you
have anything more to say to me, you
would better get it over with. Purge
your soul of all the gall that embitters
it. I grant you that privilege. Take
your innings."

A spasm of pain crossed Frederic's
face. "Yes, I am entitled to my in-
nings. I'll go back to what I said down-
stairs. I thought I loved and honored
you last night. I would have forgiven
everything if you had granted me a
friendly—friendly, that's all—just a
friendly word. You denied—"

"I suppose you want me to believe
that it was love for me that brought
you slinking to the theater," said the
other ironically.

"I don't expect you to believe any-
thing. I was lonely. I wanted to be
with you and Yvonne. Can't you un-
derstand how lonely I've been all my



"I Shall Be Sorry for Lydia," He Said
Levelly.

life? Can't you understand how hun-
gry I am for the affection that every
other boy I've known has had from his
parents? I've never asked you about
my mother. I used to wonder a good
deal. Every other boy had a mother. I
never had one. I couldn't understand.
I no longer wonder. I know now that
she must have hated you with all the
strength of her soul. God, how she
must have hated to feel the touch of
your hands upon her body! Something
tells me she left you, and if she did, I
hope she afterwards found someone
who—but no, I won't say it. Even now
I haven't the heart to hurt you by say-
ing that." He stopped, choking up
with the rush of bitter words. "Well,
why don't you say something?"

"I'm giving you your innings. Go
on?" said Brood softly.

"She must have loved you once—or
she wouldn't have married you. She
must have loved you or I wouldn't be
here in this world. She—"

"Ha!" came sharply from Brood's
stiff lips.

"—didn't find you out until it was
too late. She was lovely, I know. She
was sweet and gentle and she loved
happiness. I can see that in her face.
In her big, wistful eyes. You—"

"What's this?" demanded Brood.
startled. "What are you saying?"

"Oh, I've got her portrait—an old
photograph. For a month I've carried
it here in this pocket-case, over my
heart. I wouldn't part with it for all
the money in the world. When I look
at the dear, sweet, girlish face and her
eyes look back into mine, I know that
she loved me."

"Her portrait?" said Brood, unbel-
ieving.

"Yes—and I have only to look at it
to know that she couldn't have hurt
you—so it must have been the other
way round. She's dead now, I know,
but she didn't die for years after I was
born. Why was it that I never saw
her? Why was I kept up there in that
damnable village—"

"Where did you get that photo-
graph?" demanded Brood hoarsely.
"Where, I say! What damned, inter-
fering fool—"

"I wouldn't be too hasty, if I were
you," said Frederic, a note of triumph
in his voice. "Yvonne gave it to me. I
made her promise to say nothing to
you about it. She—"

"Yvonne found it? Yvonne? And
gave it to you? What trick of fate is
this? But—ah, it may not be a por-
trait of your—your mother. Some old

photograph—"

"No, it is my mother. Yvonne saw
the resemblance at once and brought
it to me. And it may interest you to
know that she advised me to treasure
it all my life because it would always
tell me how lovely and sweet my moth-
er was—the mother I have never
seen."

"I insist on seeing that picture,"
said Brood, with deadly intensity.

"No," said Frederic, folding his
arms tightly across his breast. "You
didn't deserve her then and you—"

"You don't know what you are say-
ing, boy!"

"Ah, don't I? Well, I've got just a lit-
tle bit of my mother safe here over
my heart—a little faded card, that's all
—and you shall not rob me of that.
Last night I was sorry for you. I had
the feeling that somehow you have al-
ways been unhappy over something
that happened in the past that my
mother was responsible for. And yet
when I took out this photograph, this
tiny bit of old cardboard—see, it is so
small that it can be carried in my
waistcoat pocket—when I took it out
and looked at the pure, lovely face, I—
by heaven, I knew she was not to
blame."

"Have you finished?" asked Brood,
wiping his brow. It was dripping.

"Except to repeat that I am through
with you forever. I've had all that I
can endure and I'm through. My great-
est regret is that I didn't get out
long ago. But like a fool—a weak fool,
I kept on hoping that you'd change
and that there were better days ahead
for me. I kept on hoping that you'd
be a real father to me. Good Lord,
what a libel on the name!" He
laughed raucously. "I'm sick of calling
you father. You did me an honor
downstairs by calling me 'bastard.'
You had no right to call me that, but,
by heaven, if it were not for this bit
of cardboard here over my heart, I'd
laugh in your face and be happy to
shoot from the housetops that I am
no son of yours. But there's no such
luck as that! I've only to look at my
mother's innocent, soulful face to—"

"Stop!" shouted Brood in an awful
voice. His clenched hands were raised
above his head. "The time has come
for me to tell you the truth about this
innocent mother of yours. Luck is
with you. I am not your father. You
are—"

"Wait! If you are going to tell me
that my mother was not a good woman,
I want to go on record in advance
of anything you may say, as being
glad that I am her son no matter who
my father was. I am glad that she
loved me because I was her child, and
if you are not my father then I still
have the joy of knowing that she loved
some one man well enough to—"

He was holding the window curtains
apart, and a stream of light fell upon
the lovely face, so small that Brood
was obliged to come quite close to be
able to see it. His eyes were dis-
tended.

"It is not Matilde—it is like her
but— Yes, yes, it is Matilde! I must
be losing my mind to have thought—"
He wiped his brow. "But, good God, it
was startling—positively uncanny." He
spoke as to himself, apparently forget-
ting that he had a listener.

"Well, can you lie about her now?"
demanded Frederic.

Brood was still staring as if fas-
cinated at the tiny photograph. "But
I have never seen that picture before.
She never had one so small as that.
It—"

"It was made in Vienna," interrupted
Frederic, not without a strange thrill
of satisfaction in his soul, "and before
—as were married, I'd say—"

(To be continued.)

THE VICTROLA AND THE COMMUNITY—NO. 3

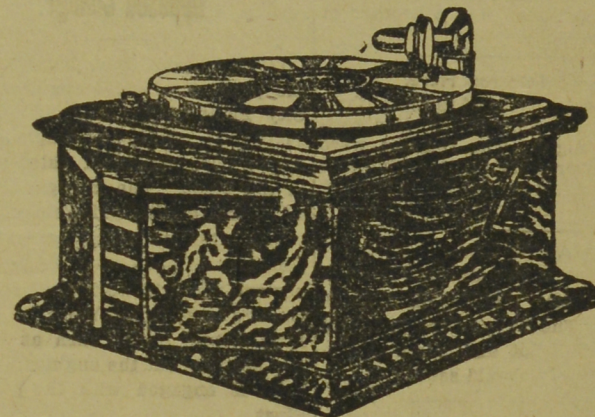


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