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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 wearing glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rule. 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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12-27 61

BLACK IS WHITE

CHAPTER XIII—Yvonne, over the
phone, roused Frederic's infatuation for
her again. Lydia goes to her 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-
dolph's will, hunts up his father, who gives
him the cut direct.

"An obsession" remarked Lydia,
quietly. "He never struck me as es-
pecially omnipresent."

"Didn't you feel him a moment
ago?" demanded Yvonne, irritably.

The other hesitated, reflecting. "I
suppose it must have been something
like that." They were still facing the
door, standing close together. "Why
do you feel that he is watching you?"

"I don't know. I just feel it, that's
all. Day and night. He can read my
thoughts, Lydia, as he would read a
book. Isn't—Isn't it disgusting?" Her
laugh was spiritless, obviously arti-
ficial.

"I shouldn't object to his reading
my thoughts," said Lydia.

"Ah, but you are Lydia. It's differ-
ent. I have thoughts sometimes, my
dear, that would not—but there! Let
us speak of more agreeable things.
Sit down here beside me. No tea?
A cigarette, then. No? Do you for-
give me for what I said to you last
night?" she asked, sitting down beside
the girl on the chaise longue.

"It was so absurd, Mrs. Brood, that
I have scarcely given it a moment's
thought. Of course I was hurt at the
time. It was so unjust to Mr. Brood.
It was—"

"It is like you to say that," cried
Yvonne. "You are splendid, Lydia.
Will you believe me when I tell you
that I love you? That I love you very
dearly, very tenderly?"

Lydia looked at her in some doubt
and not without misgivings. "I should
like to believe it," she said, noncom-
mitally.

"Ah, but you doubt it. I see. Well,
I do not blame you. I have given you
much pain, much distress. When I
am far away you will be glad—you
will be happy. Is not that so?"

"But you are coming back," said
Lydia, with a frank smile, not meant
to be unfriendly.

Yvonne's face clouded. "Oh, yes, I
shall come back. Why not? Is this
not my home?"

"You may call it your home, Mrs.
Brood," said Lydia, "but are you quite
sure your thoughts always abide here?
I mean in the United States, of
course."

Yvonne had looked up at her quick-
ly. "Oh, I see. No, I shall never be
an American." Then she abruptly



"No, I Shall Never Be an American."

changed the subject. "You have had a
nice day with Frederic? You have
been happy, both of you?"

"Yes—very happy, Mrs. Brood," said
the girl, simply.

"I am glad. You must always be
happy, you two. It is my greatest
wish."

Lydia hesitated for a moment.
"Frederic asked me to be his wife—
tomorrow," she said, and her heart be-
gan to thump queerly. She felt that
she was approaching a crisis of some
sort.

"Tomorrow?" fell from Yvonne's
lips. The word was drawn out as if
in one long breath. Then, to Lydia's
astonishment, an extraordinary change
came over the speaker. "Yes, yes, it
should be—it must be tomorrow. Poor
boy—poor, poor boy! You will marry
yes, and go away at once, at—e?" Her
voice was almost shrill in its intensity
her eyes were wide and eager and—
anxious.

"—Oh, Mrs. Brood, is it for the
best?" cried Lydia. "Is it the best
thing for Frederic to do? I—I feared
you might object. I am sure his father
will refuse permission."

"But you love each other—that is
enough. Why ask the consent of any
one? Yes, yes, it is for the best. I
know—oh, you cannot realize how well
I know. You must not hesitate." The
woman was trembling in her eager-
ness. Lydia's astonishment gave way
to perplexity.

"What do you mean? Why are you
so serious—so intent on this—?"

"Frederic has no money," pursued
Yvonne, as if she had not heard
Lydia's words. "But that must not
deter you. It must not stand in the

way. I shall find a way, yes, I shall
find a way. I—"

"Do you mean that you would pro-
vide for him—for us?" exclaimed
Lydia.

"There is a way, there is a way,"
said the other, fixing her eyes appeal-
ingly on the girl's face, to which the
flush of anger was slowly mounting.

"His father will not help him—I
that is what you are counting upon,
Mrs. Brood," said the girl coldly.

"I know. He will not help him,
no."

Lydia started. "What do you know
about—what has Mr. Brood said to
you?" Her heart was cold with ap-
prehension. "Why are you going away
next week? What has happened?"

Brood's wife was regarding her
with narrowing eyes. "Oh, I see now.
You think that my husband suspects
that Frederic is too deeply interested
in his beautiful stepmother, is that
not so? Poof! It has nothing to do
with it." Her eyes were sullen, full
of resentment now. She was collect-
ing herself.

The girl's eyes expressed the disdain
that suddenly took the place of ap-
prehension in her thoughts. A sharp re-
tort leaped to her lips, but she sup-
pressed it.

"Mr. Brood does not like Frederic,"
she said instead, and could have cut
out her tongue the instant the words
were uttered. Yvonne's eyes were glit-
tering with a light that she had never
seen in them before. Afterwards she
described it to herself as baleful.

"So! He has spoken ill—evil—of
his son to you?" she said, almost in a
monotone. "He has hated him for

years—is not that so? I am not the
original cause, am I? It began long
ago—long, long ago?"

"Oh, I beg of you, Mrs. Brood—"
began Lydia, shrinking back in dis-
may.

"You are free to speak your thoughts
to me. I shall not be offended. What
has he said to you about Frederic—
and me?"

Lydia resolved to take the plunge.
Now was the time to speak plainly to
this woman of the thing that was hurt-
ing her almost beyond the limits of
endurance. Her voice was rather high-
pitched. She had the fear that she
would not be able to control it.

"I should be blind not to have ob-
served the cruel position in which you
are placing Frederic. Is it surprising
that your husband has eyes as well as
I? What must be his thoughts, Mrs.
Brood?"

She expected an outburst, a torrent
of indignation, an angry storm of
words, and was therefore unprepared
for the piteous, hunted expression that
came swiftly into the lovely eyes, bent
so appealingly upon her own, which
were cold and accusing. Here was a
new phase to this extraordinary crea-
ture's character. She was a coward,
after all, and Lydia despised a coward.
The look of scorn deepened in her
eyes, and out from her heart rushed
all that was soft and tender in her
nature, leaving it barren of all com-
passion.

"I do not want to hurt Frederic,"
murmured Yvonne. "I—I am sorry
if—"

"You are hurting him dreadfully,"
said Lydia, suddenly choking up with
emotion.

"He is not—not in love with me,"
declared Yvonne.

"No," said the girl, regaining con-
trol of herself. "He is not in love with
you. That is the whole trouble. He
is in love with me. But—can't you
see?"

"You are a wise young woman to
know men so well," said the other
enigmatically. "I have never believed
in St. Anthony."

"For I," said Lydia, and was sur-
prised at herself.

(To be continued.)

THE VICTROLA AND THE COMMUNITY—NO. 3

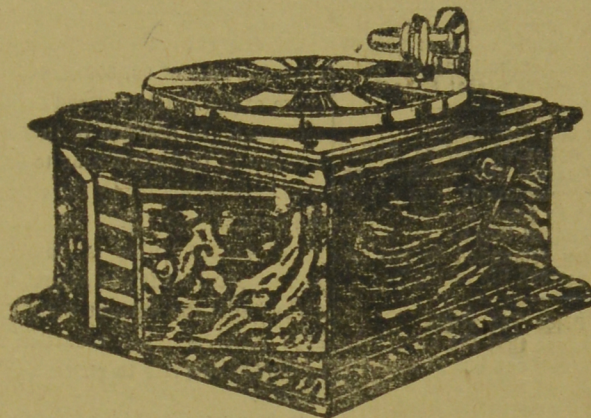


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