

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 day, 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 ever getting glasses. Eye troubles, 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.

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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BLACK IS WHITE

"Do you consider me to be a bad
woman, Lydia?" Her lips trembled.
There was a suspicious quiver to her
chin.

"No, I do not," pronounced the girl
flatly. "If I could only think that of
you it would explain everything and
I should know just how to treat you.
But I do not think it of you."

With a long, deep sigh, Yvonne crept
closer and laid her head against Ly-
dia's shoulder. The girl's body stiff-
ened, her brow grew dark with an-
noyance.

"I am afraid you do not understand,
Mrs. Brood. The fact still remains
that you have not considered Fred-
eric's peace of mind."

"Nor yours," murmured the other,
abstractly.

"Nor mine," confessed Lydia, after
a moment.

"I did not know that you and Fred-
eric were in love with each other until
I had been here for some time," Mrs.
Brood explained, suddenly fretful.

"What kind of a woman are you?"
burst from Lydia's indignant soul.
"Have you no conception of the finer,
nobler—"

Yvonne deliberately put her hand
over the girl's lips, checking the fierce
outburst. She smiled rather plain-
tively as Lydia tried to jerk her head
to one side in order to continue her
reckless indictment.

"You shall not say it, Lydia. I am
not all that you think I am. No, no,
a thousand times no. God pity me, I
am more accursed than you may think
with the finer and nobler instinct. If
it were not so, do you think I should
be where I am now?—cringing here
like a beaten child? No, you cannot
understand—you never will under-
stand. I shall say no more. It is
ended. I swear on my soul that I
did not know you were Frederic's
sweetheart. I did not know—"

"But you knew almost immediately
after you came here," exclaimed
Lydia, harshly. "It is not myself I
am thinking of, Mrs. Brood, but of
Frederic. Why have you done this
abominable thing to him? Why?"

"I—I did not realize what it would
mean to him," said the other, desper-
ately. "I—I did not count all the cost.
But, dearest Lydia, it will come out
all right again, I promise you. I have
made a horrible, horrible mistake. I
can say no more. Now, let me lie here
with my head upon your breast. I
want to feel the beating of your pure,
honest heart—the heart that I have
hurt. I can tell by its throbs whether
it will ever soften toward me. Do not
say anything now—let us be still."

It would be difficult to describe the
feelings of Lydia Desmond as she sat
there with the despised though to be
adored head pillowed upon her breast,
where it now rested in a sort of confi-
dent repose, as if there was safety in
the very strength of the young girl's
disapproval. Yvonne had twisted her
lithe body on the chaise longue so that
she half-faced Lydia. Her free arm,
from which the loose sleeve had
fallen, leaving it bare to the shoulder,
was about the girl's neck.

For a long time Lydia stared
straight before her, seeing nothing,
positively dumb with wonder and ac-
knowledging a sense of dismay over
her own disposition to submit to this
extraordinary situation. She was ask-
ing herself why she did not cast the
woman away, why she lacked the
power to resent by deed as well as by
thought. Life—marvelous, adorable
life rested there on her breast. This
woman had hurt her—had hurt her
wantonly—and yet there came steal-
ing over her, subtly, the conviction
that she could never hurt her in re-
turn. She could never bring herself
to the point of hurling this wondrous,
living, breathing, throbbing creature
who pleaded, not only with her lips
and eyes, but with the gentle heart-
beats that rose and fell in her throat.

After a long time, in which there
was conflict, she suddenly pressed her
warm lips to Yvonne's. Then in an
abrupt revulsion of feeling her arms
fell away from the warm, sweet body
and almost roughly she pushed Yvonne
away from her.

"I—I didn't mean to do that!" she
gasped.

The other smiled, but it was a sad
plaintive effort on her part. "I knew
that you would," she repeated.

Lydia sprang to her feet, her face
suddenly flaming with embarrassment.
"I must see Mr. Brood. I stopped in
to tell him that—" she began, trying
to cover her confusion, but Yvonne in-
terrupted.

"I knew that you could not help it,
my dear," she said. Then, after a
pause: "You will let me know what
my husband has to say about it?"

"To—say about it?"

"About your decision to marry Fred-
eric in spite of his objections."

Lydia felt a little shiver race over
her as she looked toward the door.

"You will help us?" she said, tremu-
lously, turning to Yvonne. Again she
saw the drawn, pained look about the
dark eyes and was startled.

"You can do more with him than
I," was the response.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sensations.

Lydia stopped for a moment in the
hall, after closing the door behind her,
to pull herself together for the ordeal
that was still to come. She was
trembling; a weakness had assailed
her. She had left Yvonne's presence
in a dazed, unsettled condition of
mind. There was a lapse of some kind
that she could neither account for nor

describe even to herself. The black
velvet coat that formed a part of her
trig suit, hung limply in her hand,
dragging along the floor as she moved
with hesitating steps in the direction
of James Brood's study. A sickening
estimate of her own strength of pur-
pose confronted her. She was sud-
denly afraid of the man who had
always been her friend. Somehow
she felt that he would turn upon her
and rend her, this man who had al-
ways been so gentle and considerate—
and who had killed things!

Ranjab appeared at the head of the
stairs. She waited for his signal to
ascend, somehow feeling that Brood
had sent him forth to summon her.
Her hand sought the stair rail and
gripped it tightly. Her lips parted in
a stiff smile. Now she knew that she
was turning coward, that she longed
to put off the meeting until tomor-
row—tomorrow!

The Hindu came down the stairs,
quickly, noiselessly.

"The master say to come tomorrow,
tomorrow as usual," he said, as he
paused above her on the steps.

"It—must be today," she said, dog-
gedly, even as the thrill of relief shot
through her.

"Tomorrow," said the man. His eyes
were kindly inquiring. "Sahib say you



Lydia Stopped for a Moment in the
Hall.

are to rest." There was a pause. "To-
morrow will not be too late."

She started. Had he read the thought
that was in her mind?

"Thank you, Ranjab," she said, after
a moment of indecision. "I will come
tomorrow."

Then she slunk downstairs and out
of the house, convinced that she had
failed Frederic in his hour of great-
est need, that tomorrow would be too
late.

Frederic did not come in for dinner
until after his father and Yvonne had
gone from the house. He did not in-
quire for them, but instructed Jones
to say to the old gentlemen that he
would be pleased to dine with them
if they could allow him the time to
"change." He also told Jones to open
a single bottle of champagne and to
place three glasses.

Later on Frederic made his an-
nouncement to the old men. In the
fever of an excitement that caused
him to forget that Lydia might be en-
titled to some voice in the matter, he
deliberately committed her to the pro-
ject that had become a fixed thing in
his mind the instant he set foot in

(To be continued.)

THE VICTROLA AND THE COMMUNITY—NO. 3

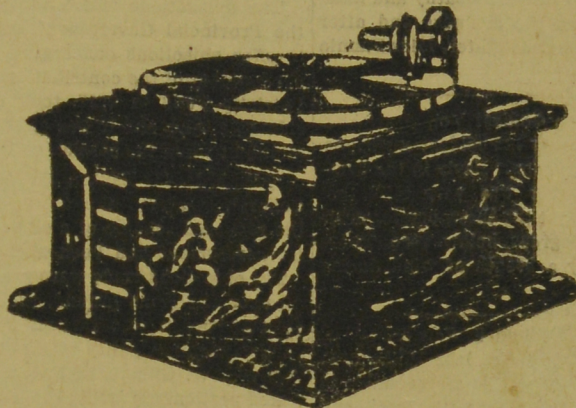


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