

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. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weakness? 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, "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 my eyes without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything grew clear and I can now read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear spectacles can now discard them in a reasonable time and sunlight's rays 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 bottle 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.

Note: Another prominent 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. The manufacturer guarantees it to strengthen eyeight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very best eye treatments I have ever known of."—*Dr. Lewis*

After the Ball;

The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER III.
"Once Upon a Time."

"There stands the house in solemn gloom, Black as the night and dismal as the tomb."

"MAUD, I am trying to persuade Miss Lawley to accompany me to the village. It is bright overhead, crisp under foot, and not too cold. I have offered to play showman to all the dead, brick-and-mortar lions and see that she does not take cold; but still she hesitates. Can you throw in a word to weigh down the balance?"

So said Chudleigh, leaning against the balustrade in the great hall, clad in rich garments of seal and shivering, and as he spoke he looked up smilingly to where Maud was standing, then at Carlotta, who, book in hand, stood at the open door of the drawing-room.

"Liberty Hall, Liberty Hall," said Maud, her soft, bright face lit up with a smile. "You can trust yourself to his guidance, Carlotta, if you care to go. He is very safe, and will not let you slip."

"I am not afraid of slipping," replied Carlotta, quietly; "but," she continued, with a smile, "shall I not be troubling you?"

"I have won," said Chudleigh, eagerly. "If that is your only objection, you can go and get your bonnet at once. But—don't let me take you away from your book by force," he said, suddenly, a doubt seizing him whether she really cared to go or not. "I should like to go very much, if I should not trouble you."

So they went, walking side by side down the avenue and across the park into the clear, frost-bound road that led to the village.

"Now for the lions," said Chudleigh. "You see that red house on the hill there? Guess what it is?"

"I cannot," she said. "It is very ugly. The workhouse?"

"Oh, capital," he said, enjoyingly. "I must tell that to Sir Fielding. He will love you to the end of his days. That is Gregson's Folly, built by a Manchester millionaire named Gregson. His grounds border upon the park; but we see very little of the family, as my father has taken umbrage at the close proximity of Gregson's palatial dwelling place."

"A millionaire," said Carlotta, gaz-

ing, as it seemed to her companion, with renewed interest at the ugly monstrosity.

"Ay, a millionaire," said Chudleigh, with a touch of sadness in his deep voice. "It is a grand title, is it not?"

"Yes," she said, and to his surprise, a deep gravity came into her voice and eyes. "Yes; wealth is the grandest thing in the world."

For a moment he was too astonished to reply. He found it difficult to believe that the sweet, pure lips could have uttered such an assertion; then he said, earnestly:

"I do not think so. And—you will pardon me—I am astonished to hear you say so. Ah, you were sarcastic."

"No, I was not," she said, simply. "You have never been acquainted with poverty; I have. A lion in a story book and face to face in a huge forest are two different things."

He looked at her, and would have replied, but something about her lips stopped him.

"Has he any children?" she said.

"Yes, two daughters and a son," said Chudleigh. "We don't know much of them, because Sir Fielding will not visit them. I meet the Gregsons, father and son, in parochial affairs occasionally, and Maud is on speaking terms with the ladies. Indeed, she rather likes them, and would have been glad to have accepted their invitations, but my father is stern, and his decrees are as unalterable as were those of the Medes and Persians."

"There is a barrier of caste betwixt the hall and the Folly," said Carlotta, dreamily.

"That is it," said Chudleigh, with a smile. "But it is a barrier not of my building, remember."

"That is a pretty cottage," said Carlotta, as they entered a little lane, whose frosted hedges and bare, thick, boughed trees gave promise of a verdant avenue in summertime.

"You like it?" he said, eagerly.

"That is your future home!"

"Lady Mildred's!" she said, the color rising to her face.

"Yes," he said. "It is very beautiful in the summer. The river runs at the back, an orchard stands at its side, and there is a croquet lawn unrivaled in the county."

"You have pictured an Eden," she said, smiling.

"It is; at least, to me," he said. "I spend—that is to say, I used to spend," he put in, quickly, and the girl flushed slightly at the addendum, "most of my time here. There is a little boat house at the end of the garden, where many treasures of mine lie in the shape of angling, shooting and skating lie hidden. Are you fond of boating?"

"I don't know what to answer," she said. "My experience of boating is

Weakened by Anaemia Doctors Gave No Hope

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through Dr. Chase's Almanac and read about the cure of anaemia by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I began the use of this treatment at once and am now well on the way back to health, after having used the Nerve Food for six months. I want my friends to know that my cure was effected by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food alone and after my discouragement from the use of other treatments, I feel it my duty to let everybody know about this remarkable cure."

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un-English. I only know the gondola of Venice."

"Venice!" said Chudleigh. "You have added another story to the edifice of envy. I do envy you. You seem to have traveled all over the globe."

"You would not," she said, gravely. "If you knew all. What is that little Gothic place there?"

"Our curate's; that is the steeple of the old church you see in the hollow there. We have no rector, you know—or, rather, of course, you don't. The curate holds a sort of perpetual appointment. He's a very capital little fellow, does his work well, and is respected and liked from one end of the parish to the other. His name is Hawes—Stephen Hawes. There he is," and Chudleigh raised his hat as a short, fair-haired young man, dressed in the usual ecclesiastical long coat and high waistcoat, emerged from the doorway of the cottage.

Then they walked on toward a dark-looking piece of woodland, until they reached a broken, moss-eaten gate, which barred a path, weed-grown and untrodden.

Holding it open for Carlotta, Chudleigh said:

"We are going to the old rectory."

"A rectory here!" she said; "how deserted and unclerical it looks."

Chudleigh did not reply, and they traversed a long, winding path as solitary and overgrown as the piece at the gate for some distance, the trees growing thicker and more wild-looking, when a sudden turn brought them to a large square that had once been a lawn, but was now nothing but a wilderness of long, rank grass, and Carlotta, looking up, saw facing her a huge, straggling mansion of ancient architecture and bearing on its every side some sign of decay and neglect. Its time-eaten walls, down which the damp had drawn long, green wrinkles, its black, dust-obscured windows, broken gables and rotting stonework filled her with nameless awe and dread, and her voice insensibly quivered and grew hushed as she said:

"And this is the rectory?"

"Yes, this is the rectory," replied Chudleigh, with slow gravity. "It is a grand old ruin, is it not?"

"Yes, grand and awful," she replied, dreamily, gazing at the forsaken pile with thoughtful eyes.

"You could scarcely imagine this house alight and alive with warmth and color, wealth and prosperity only twelve years back, can you?"

"No," she said, simply; "the windows look as if no human face had ever gazed through them, the steps as if they had never been trodden upon, and this grass plot I cannot imagine has ever been anything but the soul-stirring piece of wilderness it is."

"And yet only twelve years back the rectory for life and merriment could outshine any house in the county. There is a history attached to it. Would you like to hear an outline while we walk around?"

"I am eager to hear anything respecting it," she said, and her large, dark eyes lit up curiously.

"Once upon a time, then, you must know that the Durants—singular name, isn't it?—strangers always call it 'Durrant'—it is Du-rant, the 'Du' being—were among the mightiest people of this part of the land. They were of very ancient lineage, but without titles, for they invariably refused them, of enormous wealth and great popularity. The land you see around this deserted place had belonged to them as long as any one could remember, how long no one could find out, though many an antiquary had pored over parchment and black letter in his endeavors to do so. We Chichesters, though priding ourselves on our old name, are mushrooms compared to the Durants. No, I was wrong in saying that they had no title, for they always had one in the family, and that was reverend. The son, generally the eldest in each generation, held the living of Grassmere, and since the old church has been built it has owned no rectorship save that of Durant. Don't be alarmed; I am not going to take you back to the first Durant and downward, with a history attached to each. I am going to tell you how this place came to be deserted.

"You must know, then, that the pre-

sent owner is a certain Maurice Durant, who disappeared twelve years ago, and has never been heard of since. His father, Gerald Durant, was a schoolfellow and firm friend of my father, though totally unlike him, having no taste for books or study, and being rather given to hard riding, hard drinking and fast spending. Still, however, they were great friends, and I don't believe that Sir Fielding has ever known another man whom he could place upon a similar footing.

"Gerald Durant married ten years before my father, and had one son, this Maurice mentioned, of whom he was worthily proud. His love for him was a passion partaking of the fearful in its intensity, so they say, and 'Gerald's Boy' was a byword in the county. Nothing was good enough for him. No extravagance was sufficiently prodigal to meet his wishes. Nothing Maurice desired, if it was on earth and procurable at any cost, did his father deny him. The result you can imagine. Maurice grew into manhood with the pride of a king and a hauteur of a Spanish hidalgo. He was sent to college, and there, to the almost unutterable delight of his father, he took honors and holy orders. He came of age. The whole village was decorated. Twelve oxen were roasted whole. A flock of sheep and several thousand pounds were given to the poor, and a grand ball, distinguished by a princely magnificence, was held at the hall, at which gathered the elite of the county and a host of the best blood from the court, all in honor of Maurice. Then came the time when he grew restless. He must travel.

"Gerald Durant, for the first time in his life, gave a reluctant consent, but consent still. A tutor and companion were obtained, and the party, which nearly broke the old man's heart, took place.

"Maurice started for the Continent. For six months letters came from him with tolerable regularity. At the end of that time they grew few and far between. The father looked wan and anxious—more wan and anxious when they ceased altogether, and no messenger or inquiry could discover the whereabouts or the track of the missing son—for it had come to that. Maurice Durant had deserted his tutor and servants one moonlight night in some German village and had fled, leaving no sign behind.

"Then the father's heart grew harder. His hand was closed against the poor and his house against his friends. He shut himself up in this dreary place, refused all offers of consolation and comfort, and waited for the end.

(To be Continued.)

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LONDON, Dec. 23 ROYAL BOOK LOVE

Then Queen and Princess love good literature, and book figure among their 'Christi Lately in a quiet West End I saw the Queen with Prin and Lady Mary Trefusis's

ance, going round incognit ing books for Christmas The Queen, who looked well in her black dress and making many purchases, as several volumes of 'The Q Book,' and Princess Mary ping into the new novel

ing girl's keenness. 'es, who went' about a er customers quite at r practically unrecognis y stay, and when they of volumes—travel b hies, books on the wa volumes of poetry in which Princess delights—was ta their motor.

FOOD CONTROLLER'S

Lord Devonport is to nation's food from temper in Grosvenor House, at Westminster's mansion in Grosvenor Street and Park is one of London's larg with a magnificent suit apartments. The balls at House after gala perform Covent Garden were as have ever been seen in Ban Devonshire and Lansdowne It is really a country hou Its principal features is Grosvenor gallery, which Galsborough's 'Blue Boy noids' portrait of Mrs. Sill

Tragic Muse. Grosvenor built for George III's wife Duke of Gloucester, and vly called Gloucester House

THE NEW FRENCH WAR

General Lyantze, the m War Minister, is not much this country. He has been General in Morocco, and that post has withdrawn to publicity which has come of brilliant French sold the war. The accounts v of his organising and ability are of the very talents have had scope the most part in the Fre possessions in Tonkin, and North Africa. An ind had opportunities to wa

illustration in ns were in s tells me the ve his organis

Hitt



Advertisement for Hitt, possibly related to the military illustration.