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### Doctors Stand Amazed at Power of Bon-Opto to Make Weak Eyes Strong—According to Dr. Lewis

Guaranteed to Strengthen Eyesight 50% In One Week's Time in Many Instances

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

Philadelphia, Pa. Victims of eye strain and other eye weaknesses, and those who wear glasses, will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope and help for them. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored by this remarkable prescription and many who once wore glasses say they have thrown them away. One man says, after using it: "I was almost blind. Could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without my glasses and my eyes do not hurt any more. At times 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 15 days everything seems clear. I can read even fine print without glasses." Another who used it says: "I was bothered with eye strain caused by overworked, tired eyes which induced fierce headaches. I have worn glasses for several years both for distance and work, and without them I could not read my own name on an envelope or the type-writing on the machine before me. I can do both now and have discarded my long distance glasses altogether. I can count the fluttering leaves on the trees across the street now, which for several years have looked like a dim green blur to me. I cannot express my joy at what it has done for me."

It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reason-

able 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 the use of this 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 let it 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 and redness will quickly disappear. If your eyes bother you even a little it is your duty to take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have saved their sight if they had cared for their eyes in time.

Note: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "You, the Bon-Opto prescription is truly a wonderful eye remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. I have used it very successfully in my own practice on patients whose eyes were strained through overwork or mist of glasses. I can highly recommend it in case of weak, watery, aching, smarting, itching, burning eyes, red lids, blurred vision or for eyes inflamed from exposure to smoke, sun, dust or wind. It is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." Bon-Opto, referred to above, is not a patent medicine or a secret remedy. It is an ethical preparation, the formula being printed on the package. The manufacturer guarantees it to strengthen eyesight 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 sold in this city by Geo. W. Mahood, and other druggists.

# The Dog Star

Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken

"Sir Glare," she began, somewhat timidly, "I feel that I ought not to be doing this."

"Doing what?" he asked jerkily.

"Staying here in your house and enjoying myself doing nothing. You are much too good to me, and I feel that it is wrong of me to accept all this kindness."

"Nonsense, child," he said gruffly. "As a matter of fact, you are of far more use here. I said this house wanted a woman. My wife is obliged to be away so much. And, look here, wait a moment," he went on in a nervous, fussy voice, as he rose quickly from his chair and went out of the room. He came back in about five minutes, with a flat parcel in his hands, which he laid on the table by the girl's side.

"It's a little present I've bought," he said, without looking at her. "Yes, yes, I want you to have it. Have a look at it, and tell me how you like it. No, don't thank me, my dear. It's nothing at all."

Vanessa, with fingers that trembled with embarrassment, had untied the string, unfolded the paper, and uncovered inside a jeweller's leather case, and, when she opened it, there was revealed, reposing in a velvet bed, a string of small but perfect pearls.

The girl found it impossible to speak. She gasped and turned crimson. There were tears in her eyes.

"Oh!" she exclaimed at last. "I don't know what to say. What can I say? How can you be so good to me, Sir Glare? But, indeed, I cannot take it."

"Nonsense! Why shouldn't you take it? There's no harm in my giving you a trinket like that. Do you think Lorion would object? Good Lord, I'm old enough to be your father." And he laughed a little awkwardly. "Now, don't let me hear anything more about it, but go into the drawing room and put it on."

After that Vanessa resigned herself to her position. Not that there was much resignation about it, for the life she led was a very pleasant one. She had had several cablegrams from Lorion and one long letter. He was in the Lobanzo, and sent word that he was very well and getting through his work with rapidity and ease.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### Theodora at Venice

Theodora Monk's gondola glided alongside the water steps of the Piazzetta at Venice. It was accosted by a decrepit old man with an iron hook on the end of a stick; the foremost gondolier sprang out and crooked his arm to assist her to alight. She gave curt directions, and walked away unfurling a sunshade of her favorite blue. A beautiful note of strong color against her white dress and hat and the wonderfully blended hues of the mass of fairy-like buildings that surrounded her.

Theodora walked along under the intricate carvings of Sansovino's library, turned the corner by the scaffolding that enclosed the rebuilt campanile, and entered the bookshop at the extreme end of the magnificent Piazza San Marco, the pride and centre of Venice.

Theodora was bored, and was leaving Venice in a day or two. Naturally she told her hosts that she was heart-broken at the idea of leaving them and their beautiful city. She had been very nearly three weeks in Venice, and the feeling of stagnation was upon her that comes to all those who are not able to absorb themselves entirely in and become one with the wonderful city that is like none other in the whole world.

She bought a French novel, and strolled across the piazza towards Cook's office, where she intended to book a berth on the train de luza.

Half-way she met a man. The sun was blinding, and she was holding her parasol very low, so she nearly collided with him.

"Pardon, madame," she heard a familiar voice say—a voice that sent a strange thrill through her the very first time she heard it.

She lowered her sunshade. All the boredom of her spirit vanished. She smiled, revealing the extreme pleasure that she felt, and held out her hand in greeting.

"Mr. Heller!" she exclaimed. He had been staying at Neu Reichwirth, and a very close friendship had sprung up between them.

"How delighted to meet you, Lady Monk!" he said. His quiet voice was very cordial. "Have you been here long?"

"Nearly three weeks," she answered. "And you?"

"I arrived yesterday."

"Oh, isn't it a wonderful place!" she exclaimed. There was a vehemence, almost an ecstasy of admiration in her voice. She turned, and Heller walked beside her slowly down the wide square. She had forgotten that she was on her way to Cook's to book her berth for the homeward journey. She had forgotten all her boredom; Venice was no longer a place in which one stagnated, no more a dead, sleepy, decayed place. It was the centre of life; it was too beautiful for words.

They talked of all sorts of things, chiefly connected with Venice. To her momentary surprise she found that he was staying at one of the small typically Italian hotels on a side canal at the back of St. Mark's Square. It was very like him, she thought in reflection. She was interested enough to have found out all sorts of things about him, and one of them was that he had the simplest tastes in the world.

"They had tea at Florian's, and he walked with her to the st-

Piazzetta and saw her into the gondola.

She told her friends about him, and they invited him to dinner the next night. When her friends departed she stayed on. Venice, she said, was a perfect rest cure. Her friends, who were booked for a round of visits, wanted to leave the Palazzo open for her to stay in, but she would not hear of it, and went to the Grand Hotel.

The first night when she was alone she met Heller in the Piazza after dinner.

They strolled up and down, while the municipal band played ambitious operatic selections. Theodora experienced a sensation of well-being and contentment. It was pleasant above all things to be alone with this man in this crowd.

The next evening he called for her after dinner at her hotel, and they went to the Piazza together. The evening after that he asked her to dine with him. She accepted gladly, and he took her to a small Italian restaurant where the dishes looked alarming, but turned out to be most excellently good. The next day he dined with her at her hotel, and the ordinary French hotel food seemed insipid to her, and the well-to-do and respectable hotel guests seemed commonplace and uninteresting after the picturesque experience of the previous evening's repast. She told him so, and he promised to take her to other similar places.

Gradually they came to taking all their meals together in little, out-of-the-way places. It was a delightful life to Theodora. It was the wonderful sense of being with Heller that blinded her to everything else.

So they grew very confidential, and Theodora found herself talking of things that she never mentioned to a soul, opening her wayward, impetuous heart to the man who had unconsciously gained such ascendancy over her, and becoming as a child in humbleness and simplicity when she was in his company.

It was just over a week after Theodora had transferred her quarters to the Grand Hotel that they were dining at the Capello Noto. Heller was in a somewhat grave mood. He had received bad news from his mines in Mexico. A manager in whom he had had implicit trust had turned out to be a scoundrel, who had been running the mine entirely in his own interest, and had now disappeared with a large sum of money.

"It is the idea that is so hateful to me," Heller said, when he had told his companion the cause of his pre-occupation, on which she had fully remarked. "The money loss is very slight, after all. But to have trusted a person and to find him unworthy of trust. Can you imagine anything more galling? To me it is the worst disappointment in the world. It must be to anybody who has any belief in human nature. I would rather hate a person, whom I could trust than love one who was untrustworthy."

"Oh, that is a hard saying," she exclaimed.

"It is true," he answered. "I think anybody who is bound to trust others feels the same. Your husband, for instance, has he never said the same to you?"

"Oh, Glare trusts nobody," she answered lightly. "That is the difference between you. And I dare say he is more often betrayed. He has so many enemies; you, I should think, have none."

"I am not so sure of that," said Heller, with a smile. "But your husband is very different. He is a public man—one of the greatest we have. As such he is bound to have enemies. He has merely made money, he has made a country, a portion of an Empire. And his work will outlast his enemies."

"You believe in Glare, although you do not know him," she said.

"I know enough of him to be certain that he is vilely traduced," Heller resumed.

"You mean over the B.I.R.C. business?"

"Yes—I am as certain as I sit here that he has nothing to do with that vile organization."

(Continued next Saturday.)



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