

THE EYES OF LUCILE.

A CLIMAX IN THE LIFE OF A DRUNKARD.

For five years there had been clouds of smoke circling in Valentine's eyes, the roar of surf was in his ears and a sullen apathy in his breast. The world passed before him in a dull gray dream of uninteresting figures, and he seldom knew if it were morning or night.

How sad—how very sad! he sometimes heard a voice saying, 'Val was such a promising boy. But the craze for drink—well, he got it from his father.'

He would slowly sweep his leaden eyelids upwards to see who had criticized him thus, but if he discovered anyone, he could not determine who it was, and the words he would have said in response stuck in his throat and would not leave his tongue. His servant, the white, bent old man that had cared for his father during twenty years of his lurid life, wept over Valentine as the boy lay at night in the heavy sleep that succeeded his day of drunkenness.

'He'll be dead soon—he'll be dead within a year—the beautiful boy,' would mutter the old man, as he bent over the bed and smoothed back the matted hair from Valentine's brow. And then the poor old fellow would kneel and pray for the 'dear child,' whom he had seen at the hour of his birth and loved as his own ever since. And, praying he would sink away to peaceful sleep, holding Val's hand, until he was aroused by the hoarse whisper:

'Morton! Morton! The brandy.' Of late Morton's granddaughter had been coming in the evenings to Valentine's apartments while Val was away to sit with her grandfather and tell him the news of the outer world, of which he saw nothing. They hung over the table in the soft glow of a lamp, and with clasped hands talked gently together.

'They have asked me to be the fairy queen in the tableau at the church, grandpa,' said the girl one evening.

'That is because you are so pretty, Lucile,' replied old Morton, stroking the slender white hand that lay in his.

The girl blushed and turned her eyes away. They looked into a mirror, and the lashes drooped.

'Alice takes good care of you, I know,' muttered Morton, half to himself, as his gaze roamed over the fair head and graceful form of his granddaughter. 'She guards you well, eh?'

'Mamma says I cannot be the fairy queen,' replied the girl, looking up again respectfully.

'Good,' he exclaimed. 'Alice is a thoughtful mother. She does not want you exhibited, Lucile. That is right.'

There was a knock at the outer door. Morton sprang to his feet.

'It's Val,' he exclaimed. 'I did not expect him for hours. Lucile—you must not see him. But there is only one way out. When I let him in you pass quickly by him. Do not hesitate. He will not notice you; but hurry!'

As he spoke he went into a hallway and opened the door. The girl rose, and poised herself like a bird for flight. By some chance Valentine, his handsome face as white as marble, his lustrous eyes glittering with the fever of drink, paused exactly on the threshold when he reached the room and braced himself by extending his arms on each side of the doorway, thus completely barring the entrance. His gaze was fixed upon Lucile, who stood with one hand pressed on her breast, looking at him with large, wondering, timid eyes. She had heard incidentally of this young man, she knew his failing—but had never seen him before. Val and Morton had been living in New York for less than a month, their house for three years past being in Paris. Only in a vague way had Lucile thought of her grandmother's charge. She had felt a pang of sadness when once her mother had spoken of his habits. But she had pictured him as being repulsive—and now that she saw him, he was beautiful.

The lamp cast a golden halo about her, the rest of the room remaining in comparative shadow. For several moments utter silence prevailed. A strange look of ineffable tenderness and pity stole into the eyes of Lucile, as she looked upon that white, set, ravaged face. A swift sympathy agitated her, and her lips trembled, and she appealingly held out her hand toward Val. The young rake was shivering violently, his fixed gaze was full of terror, and presently he raised his arms with a pathetic gesture and shielded his face. Then he looked upon Lucile again, only to sink to his knees an instant after, sobbing like a woman. Morton, who had been standing just behind him all this time in the hall, sprang into the room, and, leaning down, drew his young master's head to his breast.

'Poor boy, poor boy,' he murmured; and then he motioned to his granddaughter to go away at once. Lucile obeyed, after a backward look from the doorway at the tortured form of Valentine as he crouched on the floor, crying as she had never known a man could cry.

'Come, Val, come,' murmured Morton, soothingly, 'come to your room and tumble into bed. You want a good sleep.'

A few hours later Morton sent for Dr. Stanton.

'Look here, Morton,' said that impressive person, as he was laying aside his great coat in the hall; 'I can't do anything for Valentine, and you oughtn't to send for me at this time of night. He's just like his father, and he'll have to die like him.'

'But, doctor,' replied Morton, 'there's something strange going on in the boy to-night. He is trying not to drink.'

'What's that? Do you mean he—'

'He threw a glass of brandy onto the floor after he had it against his lips, and prayed with me to be freed from the curse.'

The doctor drew himself up and

rubbed his eyeglasses vigorously with his pocket handkerchief. He was interested.

'Has any unusual thing happened?'

'Well, there was a strange incident I might speak of. When Valentine came in to-night my granddaughter was here. The boy looked long at her, and then set to sobbing like a child. He has since talked of her eyes, and says they condemned him.'

'Huh, grunted the doctor. 'Did he ever see the girl before?'

'No.'

'Is she beautiful?'

'Yes.'

'Have her here to-morrow morning at eleven. There's nothing for me to do to-night. Remember about the girl.'

The doctor put on his overcoat and hurried away. Next day at eleven he appeared at the apartment again. Lucile, looking as fresh as a flower, was sitting on the edge of a chair, with her hands clasped in her lap, when Dr. Stanton entered. He scrutinized her closely.

'Ah, I see,' he mused softly to himself as he drew off his gloves. 'The eyes are remarkable. They are like a nun's; ought to be innocent and thoughtful.' Then, aloud to Morton, who stood by: 'How's Val?'

'Very shaky, sir.'

'Drinking?'

'He refused to touch anything till I forced him to. He was getting bad, sir, and I knew he couldn't stop all at once, so I—'

'That's right. Now, see here, Morton. I've got a scheme. This girl of yours can do wonders just now. Close Val's door. New listen. I once had a friend, a young man who drank nearly as hard as Val. Drink had desecrated every wholesome impulse in him—all but one—his love for his mother. He worshipped her, and she idolized him. For years she lived in despair of ever redeeming her son. Finally, one day, when he was comparatively sober, she appeared before him—drunk, insanely, terribly drunk. He looked at her, uttered a cry, and fell in a dead faint. From that moment he fought against liquor, and found the strength to conquer it in him.'

The doctor looked toward Lucile, who was attentive and rigid.

'Val has no mother,' he went on to say. 'The principal difficulty that we have always had to contend with in his case has been that he was alone in the world, and no one could make an effective appeal to his heart. We will not disguise matters now. My dear young lady, your innocent beauty has brought Valentine to reason. It has shown him the lifelessness of his own soul. By some mysterious process your eyes have pierced the shadows in which he lived and released the pent-up good there was always hidden somewhere in him. If I can make this shock a positive and lasting one, I will undertake to build the boy up physically. If I can produce an absolute horror of liquor in him, I can cleanse his body and make a sound man of him.'

'Will you, my child, help me out in this task?'

'Yes, sir,' breathed Lucile.

'You heard my story of the man who was cured by seeing his mother in an intoxicated condition?'

'Yes, sir,' breathed Lucile.

'Well—Valentine has no mother.'

The girl was silent. Her grandfather, who had been nervously rubbing his hands together and pacing the floor, stopped and lifted his head proudly.

'Doctor Stanton,' he said, 'I love Valentine Brant as well as if he were my own flesh and blood, but you ask too much when you—'

'I insist on doing what the doctor wishes,' interrupted Lucile, rising, tall and white, to her feet.

The doctor rose also, and, crossing the room, put his hand on Morton's shoulder.

'We can save Val if we do this thing, he said, in a serious voice. 'His emotion of last night will not last. And if he starts on one more debauch he will die in a week. The girl is willing. I insist upon trying the experiment.'

'And must she really drink?'

'Morton, looking pitifully at the doctor.

'She must appear before Val at the right moment—intoxicated.'

Morton groaned and drew away, with his hands covering his face. The doctor turned to the girl and talked to her for some time in whispers. She listened attentively, her clear, pure eyes looking straight into his pale face serene and womanly. After a while the doctor crossed to where Morton stood, and said:

'Get me a bottle of brandy!'

The old servant shuffled away, and soon reappeared, bringing a bottle with him, and handed it with a glass to the doctor.

'Now my brave little woman,' said the doctor, passing over the bottle and glass to Lucile, 'you go into the next room. In about half an hour I will call you. In the meantime, follow my directions. Morton, you will come with me while I talk with Val.'

Morton made a step towards his granddaughter, and would have snatched the brandy from her hands, but she held it away from him, and drawing herself up, said:

'I shall be very angry if you do not let me do what the doctor directs. I will do it,' and she turned her head and glided quickly into the adjoining room, shutting the door behind her. With a look of utter despair, Morton stared at the closed door, but permitted himself to be led away when the doctor put his hand gently through the arm.

They found Valentine sitting, white and trembling, in a big arm-chair. He smiled weakly at the doctor, and held out his hand. The doctor looked carefully into his eyes and felt his pulse. While he did so, Valentine, in a nervous way, waved his disengaged hand at Morton and said:

'Bring me my brandy! I can't—can't—oh this throat of mine—'

I'm dry—I'm choking! Get me the brandy!'

Morton and the doctor exchanged glances.

'It's the first time he's asked for it since last night,' whispered the servant.

'Well, get it,' replied the doctor. Valentine's eyes were roaming about the room in a vacant way.

'Doctor,' he said after a moment, as he ceaselessly slipped a heavy ring on and off his finger, 'I believe there's a heaven.'

'Yes,' said the doctor.

'Yes, I believe there is. I was sitting—somewhere—not long ago—a few hours ago—and I opened my eyes and saw an angel. She was all white, with wings of gold—and she looked at me, doctor—like a dove. I must have been pretty near 'gone, don't you think—to have seen an angel?'

'The angel you saw, Val, may have been an angel of the earth,' responded the doctor.

Valentine drew his hand across his brow.

'Morton was there, he went on. 'He let her in. She stood in front of me and gazed at me—gazed—oh, her gaze! It burned me to a cinder, doctor. I am not a saint—the angel thought. I might have been better—if it were not for the—Morton, Morton, hurry with the brandy.'

The doctor remained with Valentine for a full half hour. Then he arose, and passed quietly from the room. In a moment he returned, holding Lucile by the hand. The girl's golden hair was hanging in a disordered mass over her shoulders. Her dress was torn open at the neck. She was as white as a ghost, her eyelids drooped heavily, and she staggered. Her grandfather Morton turned and fled as she entered the door, led her directly to Valentine.

'Here, Val, is the angel you spoke of,' he said, and then stood aside.

Valentine started up in his chair and fastened his gaze upon the girl before him. She stood in a limp, wavering attitude, holding toward him a bottle, which was about three quarters filled.

'D'you like brandy?' she asked. 'Here! Help yourself. I've had 'nough.'

Then, wheeling wildly round, she flung the bottle straight against a mirror, crashing it into splinters. This amused her, and throwing back her head, she laughed.

'Pardon me,' she said, suddenly becoming grave, and turning to Valentine again; 'pardon me, but I always must break my w'n in intoxication. It's a bad habit, but must die.'

Valentine was on his feet, his eyes riveted upon the wavering figures before him. He was deadly in his pallor, and great dry sob broke in his throat. Gradually he moved slowly round the room till he gained the bureau, never moving his gaze from Lucile. He reached out his arm and opened a small drawer. Then he withdrew his hand and shut his eyes. There was a flash of steel, a click, and Lucile, with a screech, flung herself on him and struck out of his hand a revolver whose muzzle he had pressed against his temple.

'See! See!' she cried, throwing back her hair and, holding her hand sweet before him, 'I am not drunk! It was acting! It was only a trick! Look at me; I am myself! And, panting with excitement, she extended her arms wide apart, and, in glance, attitude and word expressed her innocence. Valentine, pressing back against the wall, looked and looked upon the girl's face, and then, with a smile, sank to the ground unconscious.

'It was a miraculous cure,' said Doctor Stanton, as he noted the circumstances to a friend some months later. 'After all, it takes a woman, a good woman, to drive out demons.'

'Well, is the sequel of your story a happy one?'

'Of course. Val and Lucile were married in May.'

'Lucky girl. They say Brant is worth a million.'

'Well, what of it? Lucile would be cheap at double that figure.'

THE STORY TELLER

In strength-giving and healing power Milburn's Ood Liver Oil Emulsion excels all others.

General News and Notes.

The nearest star is 21,000,000 miles from the earth.

It has no Equal.

DEAR SIRS—I have used your Haggard's Yellow Oil for many years, and have found it unequalled for rheums, scalds, cuts, etc.

MARY A. COLLETT, Erie, Ont.

The fixed stars are suns, and each may have its own planetary system.

ENGLISH SPANISH LINTMENT removes all hard, scaly or calloused Lumps and Blisters from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blisters Cure ever known. Var. ranted by J. Falen & Son.

The fixed star second in distance is 63,000,000 miles from the earth.

Endorsed By The Leaders.

When a remedy is endorsed by ministers, editors, merchants, farmers and leading men of all classes, it is strong evidence that that remedy has great merit and does what is claimed for it to do. Such a remedy is BARKLEY'S BLOOD PURIFIER, a wonderful success as a cure for dyspepsia, bad blood, etc., is well known to old and young.

There are stars whose diameter is greater than that of our whole solar system.

A Wonderful Fish Preserver.

This is the title given to Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. Use it and try your weight. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c and \$1.00.

The strongest telescopes bring the moon to the apparent distance of 100 miles.

When In Despair.

When in despair of being cured of lung troubles, there is still a hope and a strong hope of perfect cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This medicine cures even

after all others have failed, and no one suffering from cough, cold, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc., need despair of cure while Norway Pine Syrup is obtainable.

To the naked eye 5,000 stars are visible, the best telescope shows 5,500,000.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by J. Falen & Son.

The fixed stars are of all colors, violet, blue, green, and red predominating.

Not A Particle.

A feature worth noticing in regard to BARKLEY'S BLOOD PURIFIER is that it does not contain one particle of poisonous matter. It cures and cures quickly without the use of any injurious ingredients. R. B. B. is a purely vegetable specific for dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood, headache, biliousness and all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

The planets Venus and Mars most nearly resemble the earth in climate and conditions.

A Healing, Soothing Salve for cuts, burns, bruises, wounds and Sores, Victoria Carbolio Salve.

Hotels.

ADAMS HOUSE.

ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL.

WELLINGTON ST., CHATHAM, N. B.

This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished, throughout and every possible arrangement made to ensure the Comfort of Guests. Sample Rooms on the premises.

TEAMS will be in attendance on the arrival of all trains.

GOOD STABLING & C.

THOMAS FLANAGAN, Proprietor.

Canada House,

Corner Water and St. John Streets,

CHATHAM.

LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.

Every attention paid to

THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.

Rooms in this Hotel are centrally located, and are well furnished and comfortable.

WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

REVERE HOUSE.

Near Railway Station,

Campbellton, N. B.

formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Comfortable accommodation for permanent and transient guests. Travellers will also be provided with

Sample Rooms.

GOOD STABLING on the premises.

Daniel Desmond, Proprietor.

EARLE'S HOTEL.

Cor. Canal & Centre Streets,

NEAR BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

The best Hotel in the lower part of the City for Tourists, Professionals and Business Men. Commercial Travellers, Agents, etc., Substantial in appointments, centrally located and most economical in rates.

This Hotel has been newly and handsomely furnished and decorated, contains a grand Exchange, Restaurant, Billiard Room, and a large and comfortable Bathing Room.

The House can be reached by Horse Car, Stage, and Electric Car. It is centrally located and convenient to places of amusement and business. It is also a good place for a quiet stay. Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable, clean, and well ventilated. The Hotel is kept by Mrs. Grogan, formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Grogan.

Rooms are comfortable