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Subscribe for THE REVIEW.

A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

"She's short-tempered, Nellie, and quick to speak; but you'll beat with her for my sake!"
 "Not for that alone, Oscar—I have learned to love her for her own, long ago. She seems almost like a mother to me!"
 Oscar Eldon stood in the middle of the floor, holding Helen Dermott's hand in his—a slight hand, hardened with industry and browned with autumn suns. Just a year ago Helen, fresh from the deck of an emigrant vessel, and avoiding the noisy streets and crowded lanes of the great city as if they had been plagues, had tapped on Mrs. Eldon's door, with her bundle in her hand and the soft roses in her cheeks, humbly asking for employment.
 "I don't believe in these traveling tramps, no-thy," said Mrs. Eldon to her son; "but this girl has a good face, and I really need some one to help me. What would you do?"
 Oscar looked at the sweet, patient face and answered promptly:
 "I would take her!"
 So, in the thrifty, healthful atmosphere of the great New England farm house, Helen worked and sang, and wormed her way into Mrs. Eldon's good graces with marvelous rapidity.
 A year afterward when the summons came to Oscar Eldon to go West and wind up the affairs of his deceased uncle he met Helen in her cheeks, humbly asking that when he came back he should claim her for his wife!
 And, when Oscar Eldon was gone, Helen still sang on at her work, but there was a sweeter cadence than ever in her tones.
 The clock was striking five in the kitchen. Helen was paring apples by the fire, and Mrs. Eldon sat by the window counting a pretty roll of banknotes.
 "Ninety-five—100—200—that's the \$100 bill Ford paid for the coat—205—10—20—50. I don't feel safe to have so much money in the house. Helen—shall I drive over to the bank and deposit it to-morrow?"
 "Yes," said Helen simply. "I never saw so much money at one time before; it must be very nice to be rich."
 "Rich, child! we're not rich, only comfortable; but the money must be put in the bank right off. Who's that knocking at the door? Oh! it's Deacon Elderly. Well, Deacon, this is a great idea—we, with our orchard, buyin', apples!"
 "Wal! quoth the deacon, "trees is jest as queer as people sometimes. Now there's my Baldwin main't done not in for two year, and—yes, it's all right, Miss Eldon—\$5 you owed us afore, and five now—makes 10. Thank 'e."
 The deacon disappeared, and Mrs. Eldon came in from the door-step.
 "Can I go out this morning, Mrs. Eldon?"
 The old lady's eyes were rounder than the rim of her silver spectacles as Helen presented herself at the inner door.
 "Go out?" Why, Helen, what's come to you? You never asked me such a thing before!"
 Helen's cheeks grew rosy, but she said nothing of the letter directed, "Oscar Eldon, Esq.," that was lying snugly at the bottom of her pocket.
 "I would like to do one or two errands at the village, if you can spare me."
 "Of course I can spare you—but be sure you'll look up to Helen."
 "I will not fail, ma'am."
 It was still and cloudy when she set forth, but by the time she had turned her face homeward, the snow was driving in blind drifts and the wind stirred down the valleys like a disembodied spirit.
 "It will be a long storm," thought Helen, when she hurried out.
 Mrs. Eldon was standing in the middle of the floor when she entered—standing there with an unusual expression on her face, and a set look round her lips, which made Helen pause with unreasoning dread.
 "Mrs. Eldon! what is the matter?"
 "Helen, don't play the hypocrite," said the old lady, sternly. "Give me back the money and I will overlook this first offence, as you are so young and inexperienced!"
 "Money! what money?"
 "The hundred-dollar bill you took from my table when I went out last night to pay for the apples."
 "Mrs. Eldon! I never touched the money!"
 "Helen! think before you re-enters deeper deceit. That money lay on the table when I went out; when next I examined my pocketbook it was gone. You, and you alone, have been in the house since. The whole matter is too transparent for concealment. Why did you go to the village to-day? You never before have asked to be absent?"
 Helen stood silent, it seemed as if the power of speech was taken from her for an instant.
 "Mrs. Eldon, I never dreamed of touching your money! As sure as I stand here, I am innocent!"
 Mrs. Eldon's cheeks fired with sudden anger.
 "Helen," she said in a strange, high-pitched voice, "if it were not that you have seemed almost a daughter to me for the past few months, I would send for the constable and have you lodged in prison. As it is you go in freedom—but you go!"
 She opened the door and pointed out into the road.
 "Mrs. Eldon—in this storm?"
 "If it were the deluge, I would not harbor a thief in the house another instant. Go!"
 The cruel word stung Helen Dermott's heart as an asp might have done. She turned without a word and went out into the howling tempest.
 All day long Mrs. Eldon sat by her lonely fire, musing with sorrowful intonations. Never before had she realized how very dear Helen Dermott had become to her, how low desolate the old home seemed with no light step on the stairs, no soft voice warbling off country ballads from the far-off rooms.
 "I would have burned the toll sooner than she should have taken it," thought the old lady. The loss of the money is nothing to winter forest to relieve N by a thief! And what will O-scar say?"
 The brief winter twilight was fast darkening into night, when there came a resonant rapping at the outer door. Mrs. Eldon rose hurriedly, lighted her lamp, and answered the somewhat impetuous summons.
 Through the flying clouds of snow she could just discern the round, red face of Deacon Elderly, beaming from a transiency of fur cap.
 "Dear me, Deacon, is it you? What you come in for?"
 "Well, I guess I will, seein' I've got sunthin' peery important to tell 'e. Look here!"
 Standing close by the lamp, Deacon

Elderly drew a bank note from his pocket and held it out to Mrs. Eldon, who, a chuckle.
 "My coat applies brings a 6 in price in this market, ma'am, but they ain't worth a hundred dollars."
 "A hundred dollars?"
 Mrs. Eldon drew pale and cold.
 "Then I must have paid you that by mistake instead of a ten."
 "Well, calculation that was too way it happened," said the deacon, dryly. "I want very business like, but then your eyes ain't what they used to be no more'n mine is. Thankes ma'am—ten dollars is my due, and I don't want no more!"
 So the deacon went on his way rejoicing, and Mrs. Eldon stood staring vaguely up and down the road.
 "Helen! Helen!" she called aloud, and then remembered that Helen's ears were far, far beyond hearing.
 She rushed unconsciously into a storm up the road, as she would have sought the girl in a world's end, with clasped hands and strained eyes. And then waking to the consciousness of her utterly impotent was a sear she turned back with a willing sob.
 "I'll get out, driver, and walk up this hill; the stage is overloaded, and I don't mind a little exercise."
 Oscar Eldon literally could not sit still. Before his mind's eye rose up the bright scene of the mother's face of pleased surprise, and Helen's cringing cheeks.
 Involuntarily a clear, bird-like whistle broke from his lips as he strode on. In the same moment the heavy rack of leaden-black clouds overhead parted, and the moon burst out in a flood of silver glory.
 "What was it, indeed? Something a dead-end like that the snow, with dark, long tresses fluttering in the wind; something that lay among the piled-up drifts close against the old rail fence, with the full orb of the moon upon its pale right side."
 In an instant Oscar Eldon had plunged through the snowbanks and was bending over the prostrate figure.
 "Helen! Merciful heaven! how come she here?"
 He clutched the slender hands, he listened eagerly, at the half-open lips to hear, if perchance, the slightest respiration floated through!
 "Surely she does breathe!" he gasped.
 "It is no illusion of my senses! She is not dead! Hello! driver! come!"
 The slow rambles of snow-cumulated wheels was already audible, and when the stage came up Oscar Eldon was standing beside the rail, with a pallid, helpless burden in his arms!
 The old kitchen clock was chiming 11; yet Mrs. Eldon, habitually a slave to early hours, had made no movement to retire. She sat still by the fire, with the long-gone face, and eyes fixed on one glowing spot on the embers, when there were footsteps on the stairs, and a loud rap at the door. She sprang up, nervously, and opened it.
 Oscar stood there, with Helen clinging to his arm—Helen herself very pale, yet with a bright confidence in her face.
 "Oscar!" gasped the bewildered mother, and then, catching sight of the other face, she burst in a hysterical cry.
 "Helen! God has sent you back to me! Can you ever forgive me, Helen?"
 "That's right, mother," said Oscar, "she will be your daughter soon; and meantime, we'll pile on the wood and bring a little color into those pale cheeks!"
 But Helen Dermott's face, as she returned, was pale no longer.—
 New York News.



Mr. J. W. Dykeman
 St. George, New Brunswick.

After the Grip

No Strength, No Ambition

Hood's Sarsaparilla Gave Perfect Health.

The following letter is from a well-known merchant tailor of St. George, N. B.:
 "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
 "Gentlemen—I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills have done me a great deal of good. I had a severe attack of the grip in the winter, and after getting over the fever I did not seem to gather strength, and had no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla proved to be just what I needed. The results were very satisfactory, and I recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with rheumatism or other ailments caused by poison and poor blood. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house and use it when I need a tonic. We also keep Hood's Pills on hand and think highly of them."
 J. W. DYKEMAN, St. George, New Brunswick.

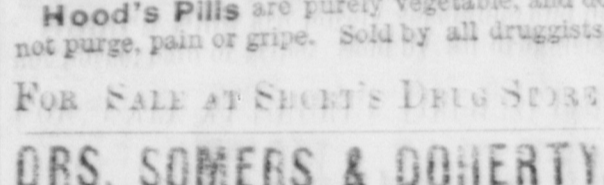
Sciatic Rheumatism

Capt. McCranahan Tells How He Was Cured.

"About a year ago I was taken with a severe attack of sciatic rheumatism and was laid off most of the summer. I went from here to St. John, N. B., in my pocket schooner, and was so helpless and in such suffering that I could not get out of the cabin. The captain of another schooner came on board to see me, and wanted me to get Hood's Sarsaparilla; he said it had cured him when he was so bad that his wife had to feed him. I sent to Boston for two bottles, which did for me all I had been told Hood's Sarsaparilla would do. I gained rapidly and when I had taken the two bottles I was able to work. A great many people here have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla since it cured me, and all speak highly of it."
 CAPT. S. MCCRANAHAN, Margareville, Nova Scotia.

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 All that is necessary to enable a patient to see his own cataract is for himself a piece of card and a needle—a visiting card will do very well. Pierce a clean round hole in the middle of the card and hold the card up to the light close to the eye, looking preferably in the direction of a piece of blue sky. With the card near to the eye the patient will not see the small hole in the card, but he will see a cloudy, hazy, or watery, faintly illuminated field with his cataract projected upon it. He is, in fact, observing the shadow cast by his cataract on the retina at the back of his eye. With a small puncture in the card the shadow so thrown is comparatively sharp. But with a normal eye an evenly illuminated field or card disc will be seen. The patient may thus map down his own cataract, and settle for himself whether it is extending and whether he will have an operation or not.

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 WILLIAM BRANTER,
 Commissioner
 Kingston, June 19, 1894.

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