A Remembrance.

'Twas only a moment years ago
That I saw her, but still her face
Is stamped on my memory, and I know
Though years may come and years may go,
The vision time cannot efface.

"Pardon me, sir," was all she said,
Three little words, all commonplace;
In return I merely bowed my head,
While I turned white, and the ruby red
Blushes suffused her startled face.

She was not very young nor even fair,
Yet my heart beat loudly a pitapat,
And my mind was filled with heavy care,
For she'd plumped herself down right in the chair
Where I had placed my bran-new hat.
—[Boston Post.

WHAT TURNED ON A HEEL-TURNER

By FRANK R. STOCTON

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In relating the following story, the motive of which is the true love I felt for my sweetheart Belle, I shall, for the most part, omit the love. This mutual affection had grown, warmed by the most generous sun, and nourished by the most vivifying showers under which true love ever throve, into an engagement between Belle and myself. But there it stopped; and, as far as we could see, there was no probability that the seasons of love would proceed in the usual order. The spring of our affection had passed, and we were enjoying the early glories of summer, but now our earth had appeared to pause in its orbit and to refuse to incline its axis in the conventional manner which should induce the ripened fullness of the year. It was impossible for us to fix a date for our marriage, and yet, upon first sight, there would seem to be no reason why we should not marry whenever we choose. I was the physician of the village in which we lived, and my practice, although not large and not very remunerative, would, I was quite sure, support two as well as one; and everybody knows that a young doctor ought to be married if he wishes to succeed. Belle was an orphan, and there was no one who could legally prevent her from becoming my wife whenever she saw fit to do so. But, although circumstances seemed favorable in both our cases, there was an obstacle in the way, and that obstacle was Belle's brother Horace.

Horace was a good fellow, a kind brother to Belle, a genial companion to me, and talented in many ways—rather too many, in fact. He and his sister had a small income on which they managed to live; but, although he was at least 30, Horace had no regular business. He had studied law for a time, had taught school for a time, and for another time had had something to do with civil engineering. He had some very queer notions, and one of these was that he would not consent to live with us after we were married. A woman, he said, could not at the same time do her whole duty to her husband and a brother; and he made the point, to which in my own mind I could but agree, that he would be a bar to our domestic harmony. On the other hand Belle positively refused to leave her brother until he was settled in business. At present he was undecided, troubled, and anxious, and, without her, there was no knowing what should become of him. When Horace would be fairly started in life, then might love's seasons recommence their course; then might our earth's axis gently tip; then might full summer come, and marriage.

At the time my story opens we were all in a state of worried excitement. Horace had long been of the opinion that to own and edit a newspaper would suit him better than anything else in the world. What he wanted was a country newspaper, with a barely supporting subscription and advertising patronage, and which might, therefore, be held at a price which should come within his means. This paper he so proposed to improve, both by his general management and his pen, that it would be taken all over the country, and perhaps have an agency in London and other foreign places. He would make its contents of such general interest that it would be read as eagerly in Texas or Australia as in the county in which it was printed. To those who knew Horace well this seemed the most promising of his schemes for life work. He had a very peculiar and lively wit, could make a good anecdote better by telling it, never forgot anything worth remembering, took a lively interest in current events, quickly perceiving their humorous sides, if they happened to have any, and often giving them one if they had not. We all felt that if Horace owned a paper he would put his whole soul into it, and then he would succeed. He could not expect to be able to start one; but to buy a journal already established is often within the reach of persons of moderate means.

The cause of our present nervous anxiety was the fact that Horace had recently heard that in an adjoining county there was a weekly newspaper for sale which would suit him exactly. The editor and proprietor, who was a clergyman, had long been desirous of giving up journalism and taking charge of a church, and had only been prevented by the difficulty of disposing of his paper. An opportunity to make the change in his life that he wished had just occurred to him. A country church, not far from the town where he lived, had been for some years under the charge of a young minister, whose health had became very much broken. He had been counselled to seek a climate more suitable to his health, but had been unable to do so for want of means. He not only needed money to travel, but he had debts which he would not leave unpaid. His church owed him considerable arrearages of salary, making a sum quite sufficient for his purposes, but which it was at present unable to pay. The cause of the accumulation of pastoral debt was rather peculiar. A widow lady had died, and left a legacy to the church, which its officers had determined to appropriate to much needed repairs of the edifice. But there had been a delay in the payment of the legacy, the executors of the will having not yet made certain sales, upon which this payment depended. The young minister, who was very zealous for the good of his parish, had therefore consented that the money which would otherwise have been paid to him should be used for the repairs, while he would wait for the payment of the legacy. This would have all been very well but for the failure of his health. Winter was coming on, and he ought to go away as soon as possible; he could not do so without money, and his congregation was poor.

It was now well known to the editor of the newspaper, before-mentioned that the church would be ready to accept him as its pastor as soon as the money could be raised to enable the present incumbent to leave. If he could sell his newspaper he would be perfectly willing to advance this money, and wait for payment until the legacy should be received by the church. The young minister was no less anxious to go south than was the editor to secure his church. If the money should be obtained from some other quarter, the present incumbent would depart, and the editor would thus lose his opportunity, for he could not afford to give up his paper until he had found a purchaser, and the vacant pulpit would soon be filled by some one else. In this case, too, Horace would lose his great chance of settling in life; and Belle and I could not marry. If this momentous train of events should happen to start at the wrong end all would be woe for us. If it should start at the other end—that is our end—all would be joy.

So far as we could see, there was only one way of starting it properly. Among the various bents of Horace's mind was one for mechanics, and he had made an invention which seemed to possess real merit. This was a "heel-turner," or machine for turning the heels of stockings. I never understood its mechanism, not being apt at such things, and all I know about it is that it was intended to save a great deal of trouble to knitters who are not proficient in "turning the heel" of socks and stockings.

The knitter knit down to the heel, then she put her work into the machine, set it in motion, and when the heel was turned, took it out and went on with her knitting. If Horace could dispose of this valuable invention, even at the lowest price at which he would be willing to sell it, he could buy the country newspaper; the editor could lend the money to the church, who would pay off the invalid preacher and let him go south, with the ex-editor as his successor; and Horace being settled, the best of all things could happen to Belle and myself.

As might well be supposed, Horace, who was a nervous man, was in a fever of excitement in regard to this affair. He now thought of nothing but the sale of his heel-turner. If he could dispose of it, even for enough to make the first cash payment demanded by the editor, he could enter into possession, and had no doubt of his ability to make the small periodic payments which would complete the purchase. If he could not sell his invention nothing could be done. Borrowing was out of the question even if he could have found anyone who would lend him the money, for Horace was not a borrowing man.

I was almost as much excited as Horace, for I considered the case more important to me than to him. If in any way I could have raised the money I would not have hesitated a moment to buy the heel-turner, even if I should do nothing with it but stow it way in a corner. It would have been cheap at any price. But, although the income from my practice was sufficient for my ordinary needs, it would be utterly impossible to raise a sum large unough to buy the right to the heel-turner, and to set in motion that machinery which should turn the heel, so to speak, of my existence.

Horace had made every effort possible to find a purchaser, and we all began to be in despair. I was very much depressed, for if this affair should fall through Horace would be more unsettled than ever, and Belle might make up her mind to cling to him through life, as many a girl gives up true love and a happy home to twine herself in dutiful spirals about some unfortunate relative whose jagged trunk and branches seem to need the protection of her sheltering leaves. With my feelings very plainly indicated on my countenance, I was walking down the main street of the village when in front of the large house belonging to our lawyer, I saw John Broadly. John was a poor man, and a very industrious one, who was held in high repute by everybody in the place. This good fellow had had his troubles, but we all hoped they were soon coming to an end. He was at present toiling day after day and week after week in the grounds of the lawyer, earnestly engaged in "working out a divorce;" that is to say, he was digging and planting and doing anything else that might be required, until he had in this way paid the costs of a legal separation from his wife When I first came to the village I found Mrs. Broadly a very peculiar invalid with a complication of diseases, which not only taxed my abilities but roused my ambition. For nearly two years I attended her daily, and sometimes nightly, and supplied, besides, a good deal of costly medicine, and although poor, John was not able, by means of her many other requirements, to pay me a cent. I felt rewarded by my great success, for I entirely cured Mrs. Broadly, and thereby greatly raised my reputation in the place. But, alas! it might have been better for John if his wife had never recovered. When she got well she made things so hot for him and conducted herself generally in such a way that everybody considered John justified when he determined to apply for a divorse. This he had obtained, and now he was laboring hard, with spade and wheelbarrow, to pay for it.

"Well, John," said I, "how are you getting on?"

"Pretty well, doctor," answered he, coming down to the front fence, "in a couple of weeks more I'll be done here and then I'm square with Mr. Forbes. It seems a little queerish that I should first pay him for getting rid of my wife, before I pay you for giving her back to me out of the very claws of death, for it looked that way to everybody. But when you're married and settled, doctor, and have grounds to be fixed up, and a garden to be made, I'll come and work for you just as I'm a doin' here. I've had hard times, and have lost a good deal of money by workin' where I was never paid, but unless my legs and arms give out, doctor, I'll see you don't lose anything by me.

"I'm afraid I shall not want a garden soon," I answered, "and it would seem a pity, anyway, for you to be working to pay for what really caused you a great deal of misery. If it had not been for me, what a lot of trouble you would have been saved!"

"Oh, you mustn't look it that way, doctor," said John, "it isn't pious. You cured her, which was your duty, and I endured her as long as I could, which was mine; and now she's happily gone, and you can't imagine what a comfort 'tis to me, doctor, to think that I put her away well and hearty. I never could a' rested happy if I hadn't done that. But you don't look happy. Has things been goin' wrong?"

John took an interest, I knew, in my affairs, and so I did not object to tell him that I was worried because I could not raise money enough to buy the heel-turner invention. He greatly wondered why I should want to make such a purchase as this, and his eager questions brought out all the facts of the case. The worthy man was much amused and burst out laughing.

"Why, doctor," he exclaimed, "that's as good a story as I've heard this many a day. It beats the books. But I'm sorry for you if you've got nothing better to depend on than buying that heel turner. Even if you could raise the money it would be a bad speculation. Them as can't turn heels will never knit."

As I walked away from John Broadly I could not help thinking of the amusement the recital of my difficulty had given him. It was a good story; no doubt of it. As my mind dwelt upon the matter a queer idea came to me. Suppose I were to write this story, and by selling it raise money enough to get us out of our troubles! There would be something delightfully fitting about that. To make the story of our perplexities the cure of the actual troubles would be an odd, but glorious trimuph. This idea now took possession of my mind, and the more I thought about it the better I liked it. Horace and Belle might object to have this story told, but I would not only keep my own counsel about it, I would send it somewhere where they would not see it, and thus nobody interested would ever be annoyed.

I had frequently written stories which had been heard with apparent satisfaction by my friends, but I had never published anything, and knew nothing in regard to the monetary value of manuscripts such as I proposed to write.

I determined to write the story. There was nothing else that I could do, and if the train of circumstances on which our fortunes depended should not be started until my work was done, I myself might do the starting, and I asked nothing better than that.

By day and by night, using every minute I could spare from my practice and necessary sleep, I worked at my story. After what seemed to me a long period of writing, rewriting, correction and copying, the manuscript was finished and ready to be sold. I will not recount my experiences in endeavoring to dispose of it to one periodical after another. In every case I opened my correspondence with an inquiry in regard to the price I might expect in case of acceptance, and the answers I received convinced me that there was no hope of my selling the story to any periodical for enough money to carry out my intentions. This very much surprised as well as depressed me, but it so happened that I was suddenly obliged to make a business visit to a neighboring city; and here I met a gentleman whose business it was to supply original stories and articles to a combination or syndicate of newspapers scattered all over the country, and who was thus enabled to pay authors a very good price for their work. To this gentleman I submitted my story and in a few days after my return home I received an offer from him for it. The price proposed was not as high as I had hoped it would be, but I accepted it. It might not be enough to give the impetus to that movement of my affairs which I desired, but I would try what could be done with it.

As soon as my check arrived I had it cashed and went to Horace to offer to buy his heel-turner.

"I haven't enough to pay for it out and out," I said, "but I thought perhaps you would let me have it and take this much on account."

Horace was naturally surprised at both my ability and wish to purchase his invention, but he was also very much pleased. "I would rather you should own it than any one else," he cried. "If you manage it properly it will make your fortune. As for the money, of course it does not represent anything like the value of the invention, but I will sell it to you for a smaller cash payment than I would take from anybody else in the world."

"Do you think this will be enough to enable you to buy the paper?" I asked.

I have a little that I can add to it," said Horace, "and Mr. Henley is so anxious to dispose of his paper that I believe he will take this, and let the rest go on installments. If I can get a chance to carry out my journalistic plans I will give the paper a boom that will enable me to pay off everything in less time than he will give me. I shall take the 10 o'clock train and see him before he goes to dinner."

There was something about the manner of Horace which did not exactly please me. I had expected him to be wildly grateful, but his manner seemed to imply that, while he was greatly delighted to get the money, he felt that he had conferred a great favor on me by letting me have his confounded machine for so little cash. What he was going to charge me for it in the future I did not know, nor did I care. He might have it back again whenever he liked. If things worked well, he had conferred the greatest favor upon me, but not in the way he supposed.

That afternoon I went to see Belle, whom I found in a state of pleasurable nervousness. Knowing how much I had the matter at heart, she had not been surprised at my being able to raise the money, but she persisted in considering it in the light of a personal gift to Horace from an all too generous man.

"What do you want with a heel-turner?" she said. "It will be of about as much use to you as a planet-corer."

"What is that?" I exclaimed.

"Why, a thing to take the core out of worlds, so that the inhabitants on opposite sides will not have to go way round. You know that wouldn't be of any value to you."

"But, my dear," I said, "that most charming invention that I expect to get——"

"Do you mean to say that you bought?" she cried, with sparkling eyes.

The necessity of an answer was prevented by the tempestuous entrance of Horace. "Behold me!" he shouted, throwing his hat on the floor and pulling himself up to his loftiest height. "I am the editor!"

Into our excited minds Horace now poured his story. The Rev. Mr. Henley had jumped at his offer. He had heard that letters had passed between the officers of the church he wanted and a clergyman in the west, and the news had greatly agitated him. The chance of securing a parish so near his present home, and in every way so congenial to him, must not be lost, and he would have sold his paper for almost any sum in hand. What more was necessary to anticipate the payment of the widow's legacy, and so facilitate the departure of the present incumbent, he could obtain from other resources.

Now all was turmoil, for Horace vowed he must be off immediately. It was necessary that he should be instructed in the constitution and working of his journal; that he should be introduced to people; that he should arrange for running a little while on credit; that he should talk to advertisers; that he should do a thousand things. He must go to-morrow. Regardless of the inconvenience which this sudden upsetting of her domestic affairs caused to Belle, she most gladly assisted her brother to depart, and sat up nearly all night to see that his clothes were in order, while I did everything I could do feeling all the time as if I were driving him into an Eden in order that I might enter into a better one.

Horace was now settled at his life work. Belle had taken up her temporary residence with an aunt in the village, and I was in the vestibule of Paradise. We were to be married in a month. No one could see any possible reason for delay.

About a week before the day appointed for our wedding I received a letter from Horace which threw me into consternation. The seasons of my life and love had advanced once more, with all their joys and beauties, their opening flowers, and their ripening grain, and all the glories of the perfected year seemed just at hand, when that letter, like a cold wind from the north landed with sleet, hail, and bitter chill, swept down upon me, threatening blight and ruin. The plane of my elliptic, and the exile of my soul, seemed to have forgotten that they had anything to do with each other, and August threatened to step back to March. Horace wrote in the highest spirits and in the brightest hopes. The first number of the paper issued under his editorship had created quite a stir. A number of people who had never cared for it before came in to subscribe. New advertisements had been secured that lifted the heavy end of his running expenses, and he was about to introduce a novel feature which he was sure would help him more than anything he had done. He would print every week a first-class American story which had never appeared before. Country papers could not, ordinarily, afford to pay for such stories, but he had made a contract with a literary agent who could furnish them on exceedingly easy terms. He gave me the name of this agent. It was the man to whom I had sold my story.

No one will wonder at my consternation. The new feature was to begin immediately, and it was very likely, indeed, more than likely, that, among other stories, Horace would receive the narative of his own peculiar misfortunes and predicaments. If, in the midst of his many duties he had not time to read the manuscript, it might even be put in type and hurried into his paper; and in this case the whole remarkable chain of events would be portrayed in one of its links. Horace was such a sensitive man, such a passionate and impulsive man, that I knew not how his impetuous spirit would break out if he saw this story, Belle, too, was as high-spirited as her brother. I trembled for everything for which I hoped.

The great point now was, to get married. Once united to Belle I felt that I could defy even this fate, and my anxiety for the ceremony must have appeared ridiculous. I even proposed to Belle that we should be married on Monday instead of Thursday. But at this she only laughed. She could not possibly be ready so soon, and, besides, it was too absurd.

On Wednesday Horace wrote that he had every possible desire to attend the wedding, but he had so much on hand which must be done he really did not see how he was going to do it. At all events he could not expect to arrive before the hour appointed for the ceremony. It happened, fortunately, at this time that our village was peculiarly healthy, and that I was little called upon in a professional way. Had it been otherwise, I fear that my reputation would have suffered.

The day arrived; the thunder cloud had not yet broken, and the wedding party went to the church. Horace had not come, and now I hoped with all my heart that he would not come. His very appearance would unnerve me.

Our good old pastor proceeded very slowly with the ceremony, and he actually stopped for a moment, when at the words, "When the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed." I hastily murmured "I will," and with a reproving glance he recommenced the sentence. How could I help my feeling of nervous haste when into my mind there continually came the figure of Horace bursting into the church wildly waving a newspaper over his head and forbidding the ceremony to proceed?

But apparation appeared not. We were safely married and left the village for a short bridal trip. When we returned I took my wife to the home I had prepared for her and all would have been perfect happiness for both of us had it not been for anxiety on account of that unfortunate story. And yet I could not call it unfortunate. Had it not been for its aid I should not now be married. If it had only been some other story! But I never could have thought of anything so odd, so acceptable to an editor as that. My uneasiness in regard to this matter was greatly increased by some remarks of my wife very soon after we had settled in our new home

"Our life is charming," she said, "but when I think in what a queer way all this came to be, and how it depended on such a funny string of things, it seems perfectly ridiculous, and I wouldn't have anybody know of it for the world. The idea of our marriage depening on your buying a heel-turner, and somebody else going into the ministry. How everybody would laugh were it known? But as nobody will know it does not matter, and we will put the model of Horace's machine on a bracket in some quiet corner, and cover it with laurel wreaths and anything else that looks pretty."

How people would laugh if they knew it! And what would Belle think if she read it in her brother's own paper—that journal so eagerly perused every week. And even if Horace did not print it, he would be sure to see it in some of his exchanges. How to avert this certain danger I knew not. I had thought of writing to the literary agent, and asking him not to sell the story to Horace. But this would be of little use, as it would appear in other quarters, and, besides, any request of that kind would connect in the agent's mind, my brother-in-law with the matter. Any one in my place, possessed of sufficient means, would have instantly endeavored to buy the story back again. But my marriage had strained my resources to their utmost I could do nothing in this way.

The trouble I was in could not fail to have a notiboable effect upon me, and Belle probed my heart with many an affectionate inquiry; while Horace, who bounced in upon us occasionally, remarked that I did not look half as happy as I ought to be.

I was in my office one morning just preparing for my daily round, when John Broadly came in.

"Doctor," said he, "I'm ready now to square up mattess between us."

"I'm sorry, John," I answered, "but I don't think that I can just now make any arrangements of the kind; I have a good deal on my mind, and I don't know what I will have done in the gardening line. So, if you like, we'll put that off for the present."

"You do look troubled, doctor," said John Broadly, "but I haven't come to talk about the garden work. I'm going to pay money down for what I owe you. You worked hard for it, and you ought to have it." And he took a fat wallet from his pocket.

"Money down!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, where did you get it?"

"You may well ask that," said John, "for I didn't expect it myself. There was a young minister in the next county who had me at work for him for a long time fixin' up the grounds about his church, and his house, too, besides buyin' young trees for him. He didn't git no money from his congregation and he couldn't pay me, and I never expected to see it. But lately he's been took sick and had to go away, and they've paid him up, and the first thing he did was to settle with me, fair and square."

When John Broadly left me I gave a glance at the clock. There was just time to visit the only one of my patients who really needed me, and to catch the morning train to the city. By noon I had seen the literary agent; had found that the story had not yet been sent out; had made him feel how urgent were my personal reasons for suppressing it; and had obtained the manuscript, paying him for it with the money with which he had bought it of me!

This gentleman was, indeed, well pleased to be relieved of a story which he had found difficult to dispose of on account of the author not possessing literary fame; John Broadly cheered his heart by paying an honest debt, and ridding himself of the necessity of doing a lot of work for nothing, which he said to him was the hardest kind of labor; the young clergyman with a free conscience sped away to renew his health; the reverend editor entered upon his ministry with an earnest and thankful heart; Horace, whose journalistic success increased with every week, might be considered as settled in a life work which satisfied his every craving; while I had Belle, and Belle had me; and, besides that, we had the heel-turner, the balance of payment on which Horace begged his sister to accept as her dowry.

I burned the manuscript in my office grate. It had never been printed; it had never entered on the course for which it had been intended; its very sale had been cancelled; and the money received for it had been paid back. It disappeared in smoke, and curling cinders, and yet it has accomplished its purpose, and the story that it had been written to tell went on. As for the heel-turner, having helped to turn this point in my life, it never turned anything else.

Words of Warning and Comfort

you are suffering from poor health or
'languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer
If you are simply ailing; or if you feel
'weak and dispirited,
' without clearly know-
'ing why, Hop Bitters
'will surely cure you."

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of business or labor, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will most surely strengthen you.

If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case,

'or if you are in the workshop, on the
'farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel
'that your system needs cleansing, ton-
'ing, stimulating, without intoxicat-
'ing, if you are old,
'blood thin and impure, pulse
'feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties
'waning, Hop Bitters is what you need to
'give you new life, health and vigor."

If you are costive, or dyspeptic or suffering from any of the other numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill. If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a—cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sick ness, Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in Hop Bitters.

—If you are a frequenter or a resident of
—a miasmatic district, barricade your sys-
—tem against the scourge of all countries
—Malaria, Epidemic, Bilious and Inter-
—mittent fevers by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath and health. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear 'and soft as yours," said a lady to a friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady.

"By using hop Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did for me as you observe.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous, stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

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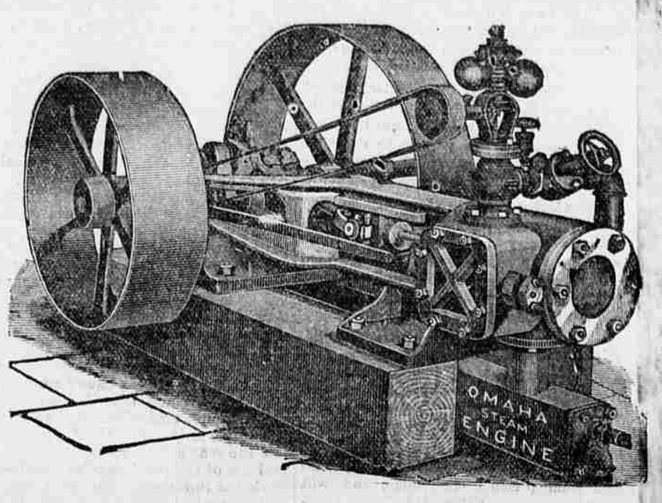

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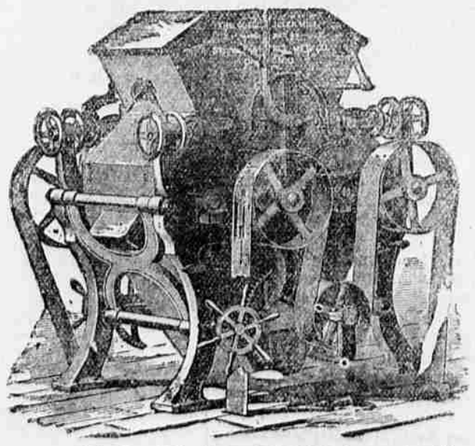

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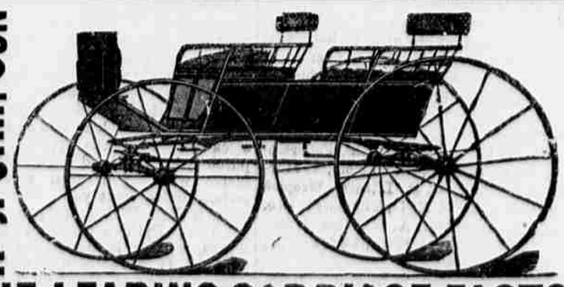

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