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FOUND AT LAST.

SWIFT'S SILVER MINE DISCOVERED
In Wolfe County, and The Herald Man One of the Lucky Possessors.

The existence of a rich silver mine in Eastern Kentucky, has been a tradition for the past one hundred years. In fact, it was a lost mine when Daniel Boone and his companions first discovered "The Dark and Bloody Ground," so named by the Indians on account of the traditional slaughter of their ancestors within its borders, accounts of which had been handed down to them. All the tribes were swept away, and in their place the ghosts of the departed red men were supposed to wander among the solitudes. Hence the reason that when Boone came to Kentucky, he found no Indians dwelling within its borders. He found, however, along the great War Road, which led from the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, across Eastern Kentucky to the Ohio, and thence to the Pickaway and Scioto towns, numerous bands of Indians engaged in the chase. Before the advent of Boone into Kentucky, in 1779, a man by the name of Swift, accompanied by several companions, left Baltimore and struck out for the wilderness, being induced thereto by Swift's relation of the existence of a great silver mine which he had worked while a captive among the Indians. They carried their packs on mules, and for days journeyed over hills and valleys toward the West. After a long and exhausting march they arrived on the East branch of a large stream which they afterwards found emptied into the Ohio, and known by the Indians as the Chattahoochee—now as the Big Sandy. It is said that their provisions were exhausted, and being unable to find game, they killed and ate their mules. No sound broke the awful solitude which rested upon the rocky, sterile region. The game seemed to have deserted the country and death stared them in the face. In this extremity they killed their pack-animals and ate them. When this resource was gone, all of Swift's companions except two deserted and left, taking the back track for Maryland. Swift and his companions determined to persevere, hoping to reach the goal of their wishes. After all their animals had been consumed, they roasted and ate the tugs which had been used to tie on their pack saddles. They were finally relieved by a party of hunters who ran across them, and by them were conducted down the stream to where Louisa now stands, which is on a survey made by George Washington. The circumstance of their eating the tugs has given the name of Tug Fork to that branch of Big Sandy, which it bears to this day. At the forks of Big Sandy, (Louisa now) the hunting party journeyed toward the Ohio, leaving Swift and his two companions, who proceeded up the West Fork, now known as the Louisa Fork. After two days' travel up the stream, Swift left the river and turned up a stream which came from the West. This stream is supposed to be what is now called Paint Creek. They traveled up this stream three days, crossing a low, flat country at the head, and several other streams. Under Swift's guidance they reached the mine. They proceeded to dig and smelt the ore. Here they remained for some time, and they determined to return to Baltimore to arrange for the better working of the mine. Concealing a part of their ore, they took what they could carry and started on their return. Two days after their departure they were attacked by a roving band of Indians. One of the party was killed. The other was separated from Swift and was never heard of afterwards. Swift abandoned the ore he carried and escaped, finally reaching Baltimore, after many hardships. He visited Europe to interest capitalists in his mine. He met with success, and with the assurance of ample capital to back him, started home. On his way across the Atlantic his eyes were affected and he became totally blind after reaching Baltimore. He started with a party, blind as he was, hoping to give such directions as would enable them to reach the mine. Swift died during the journey, and to this day the existence of his mine is known only as a tradition. A number of papers left by Swift with his family give an account of the location of the mine and the course pursued to reach it.

Evidences of the truth of the tradition are known to the present generation. First, we have the name of Tug Fork, given to the stream by Swift and his companions. On Paint Creek, in Johnson county, there has been found five specimens of silver ore, lying on the ground. Near the same place was also found a silver brick, which had been smelted, and evidently lost or dropped by some one. The tradition is, that Swift was blind-folded by the Indians when they conducted him to the cave in which the ore was smelted, and the trinkets rudely fashioned manufactured. They brought the ore to the cave, and required him to assist in its reduction. They concealed the mine, but knowing the direction from which the Indians brought the ore, was enabled to find the mine without trouble. After a long captivity he escaped to the white settlements, carrying the information with him. Long after the settlement of Eastern Kentucky,

an old Cherokee Indian came from the banks of the Tennessee, and related a similar tradition, as having been told to him by his father, a member of the tribe of Old Abraham, whose home was in the Chilhowie mountains, south of where Knoxville now stands.

A few weeks ago, a small party of gentlemen, one of whom was named Swift, who carried in a satchel some soiled and ancient looking parchment documents, arrived in Eastern Kentucky, ostensibly on a prospecting tour, for mountain lands, attracted, as they said, by Proctor's report of the Pound Gap Region, and Governor Knott's address before the State College, at Lexington. They traveled over the counties of Morgan, Wolfe, Menifee, Breathitt and Magoffin, and that part of Knott county taken from Breathitt and Perry. Among those who were enlisted by them in their enterprise, and promised a share of the profits if he would accompany them, was Mr. Spencer Cooper, formerly of Lexington, but now editor of the HAZEL GREEN HERALD. It is a strange coincidence, that the papers in the possession of Swift, which had been written out by his great-grandfather, also gave Old Abraham, the Cherokee chief, as his authority for the existence of the mine.

HOW THE MINE WAS FOUND.
Mr. Swift and companions, accompanied by Mr. Cooper, and frequently consulting the aged documents, commenced the search, examining carefully the banks along the streams. They examined a number of them and had almost concluded to abandon further search, when they came to a place which seemed to suit a description laid down in the paper. Proceeding up the stream to its head, they crossed a flat country and reached a small stream, down which they proceeded, observing new evidences of the correctness of their course, as described in the papers. This stream was a branch of Little Sandy. They then crossed to a stream in Wolfe county, and came upon a peculiar large rock, described in the document. Turning to the left, Mr. John Tom Hazelrigg, of West Liberty, who was one of the party, had his attention attracted to some bushes. Pulling these aside, he discovered the mouth of a cave, about three feet wide and seven feet high. Entering this, the party found that it widened to a breadth of ten feet, debouching into a large chamber, which shone with a rare brilliancy, as if lighted up by some unseen agency. This chamber was about one hundred and fifty feet long, by seventy-five feet wide, with an arched dome of vast height. From the latter depended stalactites covered with silver-like incrustations, the whole shining brightly, as with phosphorescent glow. It was a scene of magnificence that awed by its splendor the entire party, who stood for some time gazing in mute wonder. After viewing for a while this scene of rare magnificence, the party proceeded to look about them. Mr. Cooper going in advance of the party, ran across what at a short distance appeared to be sleeping human forms. These, being examined, were found to be petrified Indian corpses. Their scant clothing appeared as perfect as if they had just laid down to sleep, and near each of the three bodies lay a bow and arrows, a tomahawk of stone, and a deer skin pouch filled with pieces of ore. The bodies were petrified from the action of the saltpetre atmosphere of the cave. Each one of the corpses had a tomahawk wound on the head, showing that they had probably been killed by other Indians, while at work in the cave. How long these bodies had lain there is only a matter of conjecture. The features looked as natural as those of life, but all was petrified. Even the hair on the deer-skin pouch was turned to stone, and broke off like glass when touched. These curious relics have been preserved by Mr. Cooper. It is probable that the cave became known to other Indians than the original discoverers, and that the intruders were attacked and murdered by those who lay in wait for them in the dark cavern. A short distance further on, another body was found, wounded in similar manner. The features appeared to be those of a white man, but the dress was that of an Indian. This body was leaning against the wall, and at his feet lay large pieces of ore which had been broken off with a heavy stone hammer like those grooved hammers often found in Central Kentucky, and made of gray granite. The marks on the wall showed that he had been heaving the ore off when surprised and killed.

The party left two of their number to guard the entrance and returned to Hazel Green, concealing their wonderful discovery. Ascertaining who owned the land, they purchased the tract of five thousand acres and obtained a clear title and deed to it, paying two dollars per acre. The matter is still kept secret from the people in that section. The quantity of silver showing on the walls of the cave, indicate a vast extent of it in the mountain which rises above it about seven hundred feet. A gentleman formerly connected with the Geological Survey, has tested the ore, and says it is a pure galena, and will yield \$60 to the ton, with a considerable trace of gold in it, also. The latest report from Wolfe county is that the discovery has leaked out, and that large parties of excited citizens are scouring the county, searching

for more deposits of the precious metal.—Lexington Drummer.
Gewhilitkins, what a whopper! We fear Mulhattan has been discounted by Bille Polk.

A POSSE AMBUSHED.
A Sheriff's Party Surrounded in the Bell County Hills by Outlaws.

PINEVILLE, KY., July 26.—Some time during last March Gen. Sowders shot and killed Lee Turner, on Yellow creek, in the southern portion of this (Bell) county, and for this killing Sowders has never been arrested, though he has been in the county all the while. A short time after Turner was killed, a man named Rains, a friend to Sowders was shot and killed in the same neighborhood; it is supposed by some of the Turner faction. Since that time both parties have been in arms against each other. Each party has been watching for the other, and sometimes one side would attack and shoot full of holes a house occupied by a neighbor of the other side; but, so far, no one has been hurt in this way. About ten days since the Turner crowd got on a drunk at Cumberland Gap, and shot fifty to a hundred shots into John Colson's store house at that place while Colson was on a trip to Texas. Colson has had no connection with the difficulty whatever. Warrants have been in the hands of the county officers for the arrest of the parties engaged for some time, but they have not been executed.

On last Friday night a posse of about fifteen men, under E. Ingram, the Sheriff, went from this place to arrest the Turner faction. Before the posse got to the place where they expected to find their men, word was conveyed to those in the house, and the officers only arrived in time to see two men run off in their night clothes. The posse gave chase, but were unable to overtake the fugitives in the woods, as it was raining and very dark. A portion of the posse were afoot, and they all joined and went to the house of Marsh Turner, who is a brother-in-law to Gen. Sowders, to pass the remainder of the night, and to get their breakfast. About 10 o'clock in the morning the Sheriff and those of the posse who were riding returned to town. The footmen concluded they would stay over at Turner's until night.

About 11 o'clock Jack Turner, who is said to be one of the leaders of the Turner party, rode up to the house with his Winchester and began to abuse Marsh Turner. Jack Turner is an uncle of Marsh Turner. He stayed for some little while cursing and abusing Marsh and the posse, and finally got on his horse and started off in a gallop. He turned in his saddle as he left and leveled his Winchester at the crowd, and attempted to fire, but from some cause his gun failed to go off. When he raised his gun toward the house two or three of the posse fired a few shots at him, but so far as is known none of them took effect.

The posse then fearing an attack from the whole crowd, started to go about a quarter of a mile to one Renfro's house, which was built of logs, and the house they were in being only a frame house and easily penetrated by bullets from the Winchesters. They were headed by George Thomas, the Town Marshal of Pineville. Before they had all got outside of the yard—some of them had got out—they were fired upon from ambush. The house of Marsh Turner is encircled by cornfields, and had been completely surrounded by hidden men. The posse were so badly demoralized at the firing that they scattered in different directions and fled. At the first shot Geo. Thomas was pierced with a thirty-eight Winchester ball. The bullet entered near the left nipple, passed through the heart, came out under the right shoulder blade, and as he fell he shouted to his comrades, "boys save yourselves."

Marsh Turner and two of the men were in the yard, and they were fired upon by two men who had crawled up to and behind the smoke-house. Turner was shot in eight different places, but managed to walk nearly half a mile to his brother's home before he gave out, carrying his gun in his hand till he fell. Turner is very badly wounded, but his physicians say he will recover. John Turner, one of the posse, was struck on the knee by a buckshot. He also had his face badly powder-burnt by a cartridge exploding prematurely in his gun. Several others had holes shot in their hats and clothes. It is not known whether any of the attacking party were shot or not, but it is thought that one or two were slightly wounded. Those of the posse who escaped wandered back to town one or two at a time, the last coming in about 11 o'clock this morning.

Thomas' body was brought to town by Mr. James Johnson, the jailer, yesterday evening, and was interred today. He leaves a young wife, having only been married about six months.

George Thomas came to this place from Williamsburg and married a daughter of W. T. Pastines. His brothers were sent for and two of them have just arrived. They are all game men, and it is safe to predict that they will not let their brother's death go unavenged.

The result of this raid seems to have paralyzed the officers to such an extent that they don't know what steps to take

next. A report was sent to town this morning that it would be well to guard the town, as the outlaws were organizing a troop to come down and do up the place, but this report is not credited here. It is not likely that a move of that kind will be made. It may be that they thought that this report would cause the citizens to stay at home and not molest them in their mountain haunts. Troops are talked about, but they could not go into that wild country against those men who know every footpath through the mountains and valleys, and if their arrest is not effected without the aid of soldiers, it is safe to say that they will not be arrested at all. The line of telephone between this place and Woodbine is down, and it is impossible to get any news through, except by messenger or mail. I send this by way of Corbin, which is thirty-one miles from this point. Perhaps there will be other developments later.

THE FATHER OF FORTY-ONE.

A Pennsylvania Hunchback's Family of Children.

[Harrisburg (Penn.) Cor. N. Y. Times.]

"I read in the Times a few days ago," said a member of the Reading Bar, on a visit to the city, "an account of a man in Western Pennsylvania who died the father of thirty-three children, at the age of ninety-six. When John Heffner, of Reading, was accidentally killed by the cars in that city in 1885, at the age of sixty-nine, he was the father of forty-one children, and a step-child also called him father. Heffner was one of Reading's characters, and was in the full vigor of health when he was killed. It is doubtful if his record in the paternal line was ever equaled. Heffner was a dwarfed hunchback. He was born in Berlin in 1816, and came to this country in 1843, settling in Reading. Until his death he made a living by collecting and selling rags and paper. His remarkable family history is part of the Berks County Court, it having been elicited a short time before his death while he was a witness in a lawsuit.

"He was married first in 1840. In eight years his wife bore him seventeen children. The first and second years of their marriage she gave birth to twins. For four successive years afterwards she gave birth to triplets. In the seventh year she gave birth to one child, and died soon afterward. Of the seventeen children she left, consequently, the oldest was only seven years of age. Heffner engaged a young woman to look after his large brood of babies, and three months later she became the second Mrs. Heffner. She presented her husband with two children the first two years. Five years later she had added ten more to the family, two at every birth. Then for three years she added but one a year. She died before another year came round. Of the thirty-two children that John Heffner had been presented with twelve had died. The twenty that were left, however, did not appear to be any obstacle to a young widow with one child consenting to become the third wife of the jolly little hunchback—for he was known as one of the happiest and most genial men in Reading, although it kept him tolling like a slave to keep his score of mouths in bread. The third Mrs. Heffner became the mother of nine children to her husband in ten years, and the contentment and happiness of the couple was proverbial. One day in the fall of 1885 the father of the forty-one children was crossing the Reading track and was run down by a locomotive and instantly killed. But for that sad ending of his life, it is impossible to estimate what the size of the little peddler's family would eventually have been. His widow and a large number of his children—I believe there are twenty-eight of the forty-two still living—live in Reading. They are all thrifty and respectable people."

What True Merit Will Do.

The unprecedented sale of Boschee's German Syrup within a few years, has astonished the world. It is without doubt the safest and best remedy ever discovered for the speedy and effectual cure of Coughs, Colds and the severest Lung troubles. It acts on an entirely different principle from the usual prescription given by Physicians, as it does not dry up a Cough and leave the disease still in the system, but on the contrary removes the cause of the trouble, heals the parts affected and leaves them in a purely healthy condition. A bottle kept in the house for use when the diseases make their appearance, will save doctor's bills and a long spell of serious illness. A trial will convince you of the facts. It is positively sold by all druggists and general dealers in the land. Price, 75 cts., large bottles.

Rev. D. H. Fallen, of the Christian church, organized a church at Point Union on Saturday night last, and, together with Rev. Jas. B. Nickell, of Menefee, has been holding a series of meetings with several additions as the result. Rev. Mr. Nickell is said to be an original and unique pulpit orator, and commands much interest.

Born—To the wife of Marion Center, July 29th, a boy, Porter Lee, weight fourteen pounds.