THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

VOL. XIV. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1890. NO. 35.

GANTER'S —CHICKEN— Cholera Cure!

Thousands of dollars worth of chickens die every year from Cholera. It is more fatal to chickens than all other diseases combined. But the discovery of a remedy that *positively cures it* has been made, and to be convinced of its efficacy only requires a trial. A 50-cents bottle is enough for one hundred chickens. It is guaranteed. If, after using two-thirds of a bottle, the buyer is not thoroughly satisfied with it as a cure for Chicken Cholera, return it to the undersigned and your money will be refunded.

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C.C.C. CERTAIN COUGH CURE

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and will relieve consumptive patients in advanced stages; will cure when curable, and relieve in the worst cases. See that C. C. C. is blown in every bottle and take no other. Price 25c.

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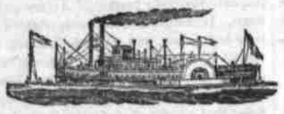

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W. W. HITE, Prest.

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Louisville, St. Louis & Texas R. R. Co.

NO. 11.

TIME SCHEDULE,

Taking Effect

At 5:00 o'clck A. M., Sunday, Feb. 23, 1890.

West Bound Trains MAIL AND EXPRESS.	STATIONS.	East Bound Trains MAIL AND EXPRESS.
8.00AM	Lv...Union Depot, Louisv'e..Ar.	1.20PM
8.15	Kentucky Street	1.05
	Alms House	
	Pleasure Ridge Park	
	Valley	
	Meadow Lawn	
	River View	
9.00	West Point	12.25
9.32	Rock Haven	12.02
9.41	Long Branch	11.52AM
9.52	Brandenburg	11.40
10.02	Ekron	11.31
10.13	Guston	11.20
10.23	Irvington	11.09
10.32	Webster	10.59
10.47	Lodiburg	10.47
10.57	Pierce	10.37
11.03	Sample	10.30
11.13	Stephensport	10.19
11.22	Holt	10.10
11.38	Cloverport	9.54
11.56AM	Skillman	9.39
12.08PM	Hawesville	9.23
12.23	Falcon	9.09
12.34	Lewisport	8.56
12.52	Powers	8.36
1.05	Pates	8.23
1.15	Arr...Owensboro...Lve	8.11AM
1.39	Stanley	7.45
1.49	Worthington	7.34
2.07	Spottsville	7.14
2.16	Baskett	7.05
2.03PM	Arr...Henderson...Lve	6.50AM

Leonard Heath's Fortune.

By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

He saw her now in the open door, through which the firelight streamed out warmly into the night. "All right Winny!" he called. At which she nodded brightly and went in.

"Ther's none kin fill the old man's place to her," he said, as he made a short cut through the privet bushes to the door. "She keeps a frightened sort of watch on me, as though I too might disappear and leave her alone. Good Lord!" He stopped short, looking about the garden and fields beyond, from which the late October chill and damp drew heavy scents, sweet and tainted with decay. "It's the very day! Five years this night. Ther were low clouds flying over the moon, too, just as now, and this cold, deathly wind, and these unwholesome smells, like plants strewed over corpses. Kin she hev forgotten?" He hurried to the door, as though some ghost pursued him, stopping again to glance fearfully around.

There was a certain chill, a hush in the uncanny night, as though some ill-boding presence came slowly, steadily nearer. In the many noises of the wind, through the forest just within sight, he fancied he detected a cry almost human in its want and pain.

"Was it a banshee that Len said cried on the night when a Heath died, and on that night for years after came back to 'mind them that was livin' of the dead?"

The darkness, the cry, his own ghastly fancies, drew him to the door; he opened it and came in headlong, with a pale face, at which they all laughed.

"Here is your dry coat and slippers, uncle," said Winny, and now that he was in she sat down contented. He could not tell, furtively glancing around, whether they remembered the day or not. Joe, who sat smoking his pipe on the other side of the fire, was quieter than usual, and Bessy, resplendent in her new merino, more gossipy, but keeping, he noticed, a close motherly watch over Winny. However, she always did that. As for Winny, no one could ever tell what she thought.

She was the same chubby, dumpling little body that she had been five years ago. She rolled about the house rather than walked. There were the soft color and shy dimples coming and going on the honest face, and sudden laughter in the dark eyes, that made everybody long to hug her and make friends with her for ever. But while she had once been the fondest girl in the country side of dances and gayety and pretty dresses, she lived, since her strange widowhood began, utterly alone but for the old man and the companionship which Joe and Bessy gave them. Apart from them, too, under all her affectionate, cheerful manner, in the absolute silence in which she covered her loss.

Ben could not tell if she remembered what night had come again. He forgot to speculate about it. The fire was so big and hospitable; the room, with its new green carpet and home made lounges, so exactly the picture of comfort and home which he and Winny had planned; and through the open door there came glimpses of the bright kitchen and whiffs of the fat pullets roasting a dainty brown. Once Mrs. Joe brought back his vague fears: when the door was inadvertently opened she hurried to close it.

"It is a wretched night," she said, shivering. "I fancy the dead would choose to be out in such wind and white moonlight, if they can come back"—stopping and stammering as she looked at Winny. "Coming along the edge of the woods yonder, I fancied I heard the cry of some wild beast in them. I told Joe so."

"It was the wind," said Joe. "But it had a curious sound, sergeant. No wonder it skert a woman. It was like a dying beast in a cage."

"I heerd it." The sergeant hurried away from the subject, and so did Joe. It was the happiest evening since they came into their new home. The work and bustle of moving were over, as well as the hard struggle of years, and the warm, quiet sense of home was real for the first time.

Only once it was jarred. Leonard, Joe's oldest boy, having been admitted as a special grace to sit up for supper, prowled about the room, to the discomfort of everybody but his mother and Winny, who vied with each other in spoiling him. Finally he crept up into an old leather chair that stood vacant, shining in the firelight, in the warmest corner, curled up his fat legs and prepared to go to sleep. There was a sudden silence in the room, as though a ghost had stood among them. It was the first time since Leonard Heath had disappeared that his place had been filled, though the chair had waited vacant through all those years. They were superstitious, and this was a sure omen to them of his death. "Let the child stay," cried his mother, with a pale face; "he is the only one of his name that will ever sit in that place."

But Winny shook her head and took the boy hastily up, holding him tight to her breast and rocking him to sleep, while her eyes rested on the place left vacant, as though she had the second sight, and Leonard Heath sat there alive before her.

IV.

It had not been difficult for Leonard to evade all pursuit. There was something in his secret flight, in the undertaking itself, that suited precisely his morbid, silly imagination and long cherished dreams of romance. He hid himself in the old Fontaine house, leaving to Ludlow the purchase of the stove and old pieces of furniture which would make it habitable for him. He took a keen delight in donning the rusty wig and half worn old Quaker dress which Ludlow bought him, and had all the triumph of a successful actor when Joe, on his visit of inquiry to the house a week later, was baffled by the deaf old man who peered at him through spectacles, brushing alongside of him while he gathered his fagot of wood. Perhaps the first month of his solitary sojourn there was the most satisfying of Leonard Heath's life. It had all the strong lines and Rembrandt shadows of a melodrama. There was the utter solitude, the ghosts of the long dead inmates of the old homestead, the tedious work of search, and behind every moment the splendid possibility of the treasure and sudden opening of the enchanted gates of which it was the key. It did not dull a whit his zest of enjoyment to remember the dismay and anguish he had caused at home. He gloated over it rather, picturing his return among them loaded with his fairy-like gifts. In his long, solitary evenings, sitting over the stove, he used to plan his home-coming in a hundred different ways, for he was but a boy, under all, and an affectionate boy.

He had read accounts of the finding of long-murdered men, and he liked to compare his own story with them. But they were but commonplace mysteries. His was like some wondrous tale.

He found the cellars under the house full of out-of-the-way crannies and damp recesses. Two or three times a day he felt his hand upon the treasure. Once a heap of old papers fell out of one cobweb covered shelf. He found again a coal bin half filled with worm eaten ledgers. Disappointments, but disappointments that served to heat still more his sanguine fancy.

Weeks crept into months, and then Leonard began to grow hungry for something outside of the treasure or its promise. He had not calculated on his own weakness. At times his solitude was intolerable. There were days when he would have given up all for the sound of a word from Winny or one sight of Joe's sooty face.

He used to steal back to look in the lighted windows in the evenings, hang round the road all day, in the hope that some of the family might pass that way, with a mingled relief and bitter anger if they did, and they did not recognize him.

But this fever of homesickness in time lost its force. In his own long failure, Joe's steady, moderate success began to goad and madden him. He gradually ceased to plan for Winny or Joe: passion and love cooled into morbid, sorrowful remembrance. Real life to him was narrowed down to success—the hidden treasure. The little canker of avarice, which in the boy's original nature was as inconsiderable as the leprous spot on the stately walls of the Jew's dwelling, began to slowly eat its deadening and certain way.

It is a history which we have no mind to follow minutely. The lad was a brave, gallant, candid lad. The love of money creeps on many such as he, like a parasite on a sturdy tree, leaving all beneath it poisonous and rotten. You can find such young men in every shop or street. Leonard, shut by his love of dramatic effect into this solitude, fell a quicker victim. For the first year or two he used to prowl in his disguise out in the evenings—even made some eating house acquaintances; but the zest of adventure soon palled; when among men of his own age, his gray beard and assumed treble became loathsome and disgusting to him. Yet he could not lay them off, and so surrender the wealth which the next day might yield.

For the idea of the treasure grew and grew like a noxious living thing within him, devouring all healthier natural strength. He searched in old books for accounts of recovered estates, and studied the English law on every point that could help him hereafter. He was resolved not to be altogether a tool in the hands of Ludlow. That worthy, however, after the second year of unsuccessful effort, appeared to have surrendered all hope of success; he forwarded regularly the small sum due to Heath for his care of the house—a sum sufficient to keep alive—but ceased to even inquire as to the progress of his search.

After a time he used to send the money in a blank paper. This circumstance stung Leonard with a certain terrible pain. Ludlow was the only man who knew his real name. These quarterly letters with their few words inside to "Leonard Heath," were the sole tie that held his old self bound to his fellow men. Now that was cut loose he was like one dead.

After that I think he could never have been called a sane man, so entirely did the one idea master and trample out of sight all others. There was, however, method in his madness. The present house he knew had been built by the Fontaines on or near the original Heath homestead. The covered entrance, therefore, to the secret vault could not be many rods removed from it. Beginning in the cellars, he subjected every foot of ground within an acre of the house to probing and digging. The ground was rocky. It was impossible to guess how deep the entrance had been covered by the falling walls of the house. Obliged to work secretly, and much of the time at night, it is no wonder that years passed with his task yet unfinished.

A man does not sink into the nature of a greedy, soulless polypus at one unbroken fall. There were times when Leonard Heath came up out of the pits of yellow clay in which he dug, and stood staring with dulled eyes down the sunny slopes of grass dotted with golden dandelions, or into the dusky lines of forest trees that shut him in. He had never, in his best moments, been a man akin to nature, or cognizant of her secrets, yet there weighed upon him now a sense of bitter loss—of having fallen below the level of manhood by some unknown misstep which he could never regain. He would walk feebly about a while, as though trying to grope at some lost idea, and then go back to his grubbing again.

Sometimes, on quiet Sunday afternoons, a group of young mechanics with their sweethearts would saunter down the lane and into the woods—their gay dresses all a-flutter in the sun and wind, and their chatter and laughter echoing through the trees. Now, the old man, as they called him, was in the habit of following the boys about who came nutting there, and try very timidly to join in their talk or jokes, but when these lovers came he hid himself in the house, out of all sight and hearing of them.

One winter the old man was missed; there was a little shop where he was used to go to buy a bit of meat or candles: he showed himself but once or twice at the counter, and then it was with so ghastly and haggard a face that Mrs. Ryan, the shopkeeper, whose heart was clean and sweet under her dirty woolen sacque, offered all sorts of womanly help to the lone creature. Heath refused it surlily, and crept back to his den, as he thought, to die. Some low, intermittent fever had sapped all the strength out of him. But not the obstinacy. He kept his secret, would not summon a physician. In the long, feverish nights he had called for Winny and Joe; the long starved heart woke to torture him. But in the morning his purpose remained firm.

There was but one treasure in life—wealth. If that was lost—what did death matter?

Yet, during the ensuing summer, he made but few efforts in his old search; used to sit for hours in the sun, half asleep—an old, broken man, in truth.

It was by accident, at last, that success came to him. He was groping one day in the cellar for coal, when he dislodged a loose stone, and a blast of cold, damp air met him. On removing part of the wall, a narrow bricked passage was revealed running underground. But Heath was only able to penetrate a few feet. There the roof of the tunnel had fallen in, and he was met by a solid mass of rock and earth hardened for half a century. His strength being gone, it was the work of months to remove this mass and the others which met him in his progress. It was late in the fall before he forced a way through the last obstacle, and saw the tunnel open clear before him. It ran to so great a distance under the woods that he fancied it must have had formerly some outer opening and served as a secret passage.

It was a cool, bright morning when, armed with a pickax and a bundle of short candles for his lantern, he entered the tunnel to end his search. The low roof, dripping with moisture, would not permit him to stand upright. He crept on into the long black vault, half bent, peering from side to side, the mellow gleam of his lantern flinging fantastic shadows; but nothing met his eyes except the green patches of mold that furred the walls and the black, flitting shapes like gigantic bats that moved before him.

His breath failed him as he moved. Surely, his hand was upon the treasure now! It had cost him dear. It was strange that in this final moment of success he should remember, as never before, what it had cost him.

He turned over heap after heap with his staff, but they appeared to be decayed stuffs and clothes, and crumbled at his touch into dust. The darkness, which his light duly broke, closed behind him; he was shut in by it; thick, damp, ill smelling night; the horror of it came upon him—the horror of darkness and cold. There was no joyful, brave beating of his heart, no cry with which the young man hails his victory. So worn out was he, so dead was every nerve which would have thrilled with triumph.

The ground grew boggy under his feet, the bricks having sunk into a bed of slime. He groped on his way. The tunnel widened into a narrow room, a stone ledge ran about it, half way to the roof. There was a blackened heap upon the ledge, overgrown with brown and blood colored fungus. Heath put down his lantern, his hands trembling; tore off the damp vegetable matter and found a copper case, with a lid screwed on tightly. There were some black letters on it, which he spelled out slowly:

"Title deed of real estate in Liverpool belonging to the Heath family."

"I have a place in the world," gasped Leonard Heath, putting the cold metal to his face, as though it had been a living thing.

There were some black letters on it, which he spelled out slowly.

He turned presently to take up his lantern. The flame was driven out suddenly by a rush of cold air; there was a sound as of distant thunder. The walls of the tunnel had fallen behind him! he was buried in a living grave!

The church bells began to ring. He could hear them, dulled and sweet, then they were silent. No lower sound could reach him. But it was worth recording, that through the final pain and horror of the night which settled down upon him he heard the birds twittering in the trees overhead, heard the grasshoppers chirp in the grass. There were voices reached him, too—voices which had long been silent; Bess calling to her baby, Winny singing an old Scotch lament of which she once was fond. He knew it was but the delirium of old thoughts unchained, unruled by his will. But the tears wet his eyes for the first time for many years.

Three days passed, and Heath yet lived. The candles he had brought nourished him for a time. When they were gone he sat down passive. He held the treasure in his hand, the deeds to his place in the world, but he was a man in utter darkness, starving to death for a mouthful of food. Thought comes clearly sometimes in mortal pain. Leonard Heath knew now what he was: homeless, nameless, with neither wife, child nor friend to search for his bones, or to say, with ever so little regret, "He was here, and he is gone."

The bubble on the river would break and die not less unmissed than he. The physical torture of starvation gave him not so much suffering as to know this at last. He cried aloud. It seemed to him, so terrible was the pain of soul which thus uttered itself, that God himself must hear and answer. But the shock of his voice only loosened the pebbles from the wall, and they rolled rattling to the ground.

Toward the close of the third day, when he lay down in a new place on the bricks, a gust of damp air struck his face. Then it occurred to him to wonder why the vault had been free from noxious gases. There must be some opening to the outer air. Roused and startled, he dragged himself up and crawled to the wall from whence the draught came. The earth was lightly heaped; he cleared it away and found a passage. It was, in fact, a continuation of the tunnel in the opposite direction, but Heath was too weak to reason.

How long he was in creeping through he never knew.

There was a blast of cool night air; a heavy mass of tangled vines brushed in his face; he thrust them aside; a soft light glimmered before his eyes; it was the blue heaven studded with stars.

Leonard Heath crept out of the break in the bank and stood in a quaint old fashioned garden about a cottage. A bird, frightened in its sleep, chirped in its nest in the cherry tree beside him; the path ran between rows of privet bushes and crimson altheas; the damp night air was fragrant with the scent of spice pinks.

But in the evening air there came also the sound of a woman's voice singing an old Scotch lament. The door of the house was partly made of glass, and a bright fire light shone through it. He went to it. Some figures, which his dim eyes could scarcely distinguish, were gathered about the hearth. But in the warmest corner an old leathern chair shone cheerfully, vacant and waiting.

Then he opened the door, and, with a feeble cry, stood before them.

Later in the night, when Leonard Heath, warmed and clothed and fed, sat in the long vacant seat and they all gathered about him, he unfastened the copper case. The lid was rusted into holes. Joe only smiled, therefore, sorrowfully, knowing what the end must be. When the box was opened the deed fell from it, a heap of powdered dust, which a puff of wind blew over the hearth.

Joe put his hand on his brother's head: "My poor lad! You have lost your place in the world, after all."

But Leonard's face had a brightness which it had not learned when he was a boy:

"I lost it for many years, but I came to it again to-night."

He was silent for a little while.

"You found the fortune long ago, Joe," he said; and he drew Winny's hand closer in his own, looking out from the warm home into the quiet nature behind which God was waiting.

THE END.

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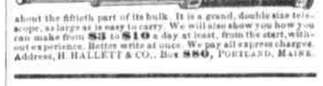

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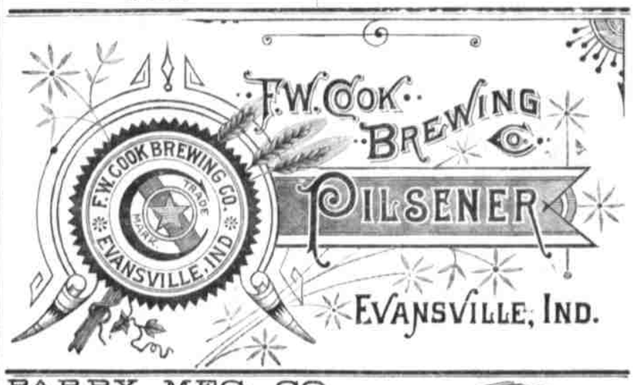

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