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The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB 21, 180.

Leonard Heath's Fortune

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

glimpses of the bright kithen 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 a 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, sergeart. No wonder it skert a woman. It was like a dying beast in a cage."

"I heard it." The sergeant harried 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,

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 be 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 susperstitions, 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 rook the boy lastily up, holding him tight to her breast and rocking him to deep, while her eyes rested on the place left vacant, as though she had the second sight, and Leonard Heath sat there alive

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 Formaine 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 wigand fulf worn old Quaker diess which

Ladlow brought bim, and bad all the triumph of a mices sful actor when Joe, on his visit of against to the house a week later, was both 1 by the dear old man who percent at him through spectaered his fagot of wood. Perhaps the first

month of his solitory, 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 immates of the old homestoad. 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 disney and anguish he had caused at home. He gloated over it rather, picturing his return among them lorded 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 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 cranaies and damp recesses. Two or three times a day he felt his head 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 tie sanguine fancy.

Weelin crept into months, and then Leonard began to grow hungry for some-thing outside of the treasure or its prom-

se. 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

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

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

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 a 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 studed 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 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

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 quiet sense of home was real for the first homestead. The covered entrance, therefore, to the secret vault could not be many rods removed from it. Beginning ground within an acre of the house to probing and digging. The ground was 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 upod him now a sense of bitter loss-of having fallen below the level of manhood by some unknown misep which he could never regain. He would walk feebly about awhile, 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

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 naggard a face that Mrs. Ryan, the shorkeeper, 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 snapped 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 lifewealth. If that was lost-what did death matter?

Yet, during the ensuing summer, he ways, for he was but a boy, under all, made but few efforts in his old search; used to sit for hours in the sun, half asleep-an old, bro'en 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 is 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.

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 pickaxe and a bundle of short candles for his lantern, he entered the tunnel to end his search. The low root, dripping with moisture, would not permit him to stand upright. He crept on into the long black vault, half bent, neering 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, illsmelling 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 hailed 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 hisway. 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



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 vet 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 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

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 saide; a soft light immered before his eyes; is was the blue heaven studded with stars.

Leonard Heath crept out of the break in the bank and stood in a quaint oldfashioned 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 Some figures, which his dim eyes could scarcely distinguish, were gathered about the hearth. But in the warmes corner an old leathern chair shows cheer

fully, vacant and waiting.

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

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 "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

THE END.

Thos. Tyler's Tombstone

BY MARY S. WALKER.



SIEBARCLAY wis in the back yard ne Monday night, aking the clothes from the line, when her father's hired men, Thomas Tyler and Samuel Dale, ame up the lane rom the potato field. They both looked at the girl, but if either of them thought she

made a pretty picture, flitting in and out among the snowy linen, the slanting s nheams falling on her shapely form and comely face and shining black hair, he did not say so to his fellow; for, though Farmer Barclay's hired men had plowed and planted and hoed side by side through the spring and summer days, and at night slept together in the big chamber over the kitchen, they were not on confidential terms. Samuel Dale, who had been on the farm half a dozen years, was jealous of the growing influence of a comparative stranger, who, it seemed likely, would supplant him in more ways than

Early the previous spring, a well dressed, good looking man, about 30 years of age, knocked at Farmer Barclay's door and offered to hire out for the summer. The farmer took him upon trial-hands were scarce that year-and when his month was out, engaged him for the season. He was smart to work—as a man needed to be who could hoe his row with Samuel Dale-clever at contrivance and handy with tools. He kept the farmer's mouth stretched with his jokes, though he seldom showed his own white teeth in

"A sharp witted, wide awake fellow," said Farmer Barclay, "who pays for his bread and bacon & his good company." The new hand was no less a favorite

indoors. Susie Barclay, the farmers only child, housekeeper and mistress-her mother was dead-looked with increasing favor upon the gallant stranger, who, when he was by, would not allow her to bring a pail of water from the well or a handful of kindling wood from the shed, but performed these offices for her with a respectful deference of manner, accompanying them with well worded compliments and admiring glances that were very flattering to the simple country girl. Meanwhile, Samuel Dale lounged on the porch, or sat dangling his long legs from the kitchen table.

On the Monday evening when our story commences the two men washed at the pump, and Thomas Tyler, after carefully brushing the dust from his clothes and running a pocket comb through his crisp black curls, hastened to join Susie Barclay in the clothes yard, while Samuel Dale went out to the farmer on the porch.

Dale was tall and somewhat ungainly in person, with a ruddy, open face and a pleasant brown eye. He was simple and straightforward in manner, had a sunny temper, and was honest through and through. The old farmer was half asleep in his

chair and the setting sun shone full upon his jolly red face and grey hair. "Father Barclay." said Samuel Dale, "I want to know how much longer you

are going to let this go on?" "Eh! What, Sammy?" said the old man, waking with a start. "You reckon we'd better put it down to oats, don't ye!

The way we've been goin' on with that

medder lot would spile the best piece of

land in the state of Ohio." "See here, Father Barclay," said the young man. "I have that on my mind lately that leaves me no heart for farm work. Look yonder, will you? That girl has been as good as promised to me these three years, and we'd been man and wife before this, only you said she was too young, and coaxed me to wait a spell.

Now look at her, will you?" The porch commanded a view of the green yard sloping down to the meadow bank behind the farm house. Susie's task was completed, and the great round hasket at her side was heaped high with the snow white linen. Her companion was taking down the line, when suddenly, by a dexterous movement, he threw a coil over the girl's head. She struggled to free herself, but it was plain to see. by her laughing, blushing face, and the yielding motion of her supple frame toward her captor, that she was no unwilling prisoner in his grasp. Thomas Tyler, holding the ends of the rope in his right hand, looked toward the porch and showed his white teeth in a smile.

The sight was not agreeable to Samue

"Do you see that?" he said angrily. "It's being going on for weeks, and he winding himself round the girl as he's tightening that rope round her now. Do you want to see her tied hand and foot, Father Barciay, and never lift a finger to stop it?"

ye, boy? You look as black as a thunder cloud. Gettin' jealous, hey? Why the girl's foolin' a little, that's all. Girls will be girls, you know, and Tom Tyler's a good lookin' chap, with a smooth tongue in his head for women folks. And, now I think of it, he's always round the girl. You must stick up to her Sammy. I can't do your courtin' for ye. Show a little pluck, my boy. If Tom Tyler talks soft, do you talk softer. Women folks like coaxin' and flatterin': and mebbe you haven't giv' Sue enough of it." "I am no match for Tom Tyler at that

game," said the young man, moodily. Your daughter has known my mind these three years, and don't need any soft words to tell her of it. And Father Barclay, the foolings that's been going on for the last fortnight is a kind I can't put up with. I thought you might have something to say about her throwing herself away on a fellow whose very name was strange to her three months ago; but I see you have no notion to meddle. She is likely to follow her own bent, I suppose, for all your opinion or mine. But there's one thing; she's played fast and loose with me long enough. I'll have it out with her this night. She shall take her choice between us, and"-

He stopped abruptly, and turned upon his heel, for Thomas Tyler and the farmer's daughter were coming up the walk bearing the basket of clothes between

That evening, when the supper table was cleared away, and Mr. Tyler had gone down the road to the village, Samuel Dale, after some difficulty-for the girl of late had been shy of his company -procured an interview with Susie Bar-

"It has been on my mind to speak to you, Susie," he said. "for a week, but you would never give me the chance. You know how matters have stood between us these three years. We have kept company together ever since I came to Barclay Farm, and though I've never asked you to name the day, I think you've known my mind well enough. I am not a man of many words, and I haven't the wit to flatter you with soft speeches, but I love you, Susie Barclay. Will you take me for a husband this day month?"

"La, Mr. Dale!" said the girl, with a toss of her pretty head, "how you startle me! Take you for a husband, indeed! I am too young to marry this long while yet. I am sure I don't know my own mind three days together. And I am afraid I shouldn't make you a good wife, and it's better for both of us to wait a while, and"-

He interrupted her: "Susie, I have courted you three years. If I wait longer, it will be to see another man carry you off in a month. You've known me long enough to learn your own mind about me. You must take me now, or you must let me go." "I am sure you are free to go if you

like," she said, flushing; "there's nobody to hinder you. You have no right body to hinder you. You have no right to speak to me like that. I am not your servant, Samuel Dale. I never promised servant, Samuel Dale. I never promised "You tell me that," said the young

man, bitterly, "after keeping me in hand all these years! Susan Barclay, are you going to play me false that you may marry a man you never heard of three months ago?"

Who told you I was going to marry any "Do I need to be told? Haven't I watched you since the day that man set his foot in your father's house? And behause I trusted you, and thought you'd known me too long to be taken with a newcomer, you carried on your courting before my eyes. You false, hard hearted

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