

True Stories
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Stories

The Advocate

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Features

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How SKEPTICAL MR. GREEN Found His Lost Gold

Didn't Believe in Fortune Tellers, But This One Was "Different" and Her Prediction Came True

By EYE G. BILLINGS

The finding of hidden and lost treasure makes a story that always appeals to the cupidity and romantic instincts of the human race, and the fact that an unknown person or persons had found a pot of gold on his farm in Bob Ruly bottom, which lies in a bend of the Mississippi River in Perry County, Missouri, was a matter of special and personal interest to Mr. William Green.

One night, not so long ago, Mr. Green heard his dog barking furiously. Suspecting that thieves were raiding his chicken house, he got up and looked around. Finding nothing amiss, he returned to bed, ascribing the excitement of the canine to the challenge, or other message, of some other dog across the field.

The next morning, however, Green learned that the dog had been more astute than himself — that it had been belaboring the night air with raucous noises because some one had been taking a fortune from under the very nose of its master.

Mr. Green is an early riser as befits an industrious farmer, and when he arose the next morning the actions of the dog, an unusually intelligent and useful animal, attracted his attention. The dog continually ran toward a plot of woods land, thick with underbrush, in a field near the house. The dog was evidently trying to tell him something, so Mr. Green lighted his lantern and followed the faithful animal.

The tract of woods was about ten acres in extent and the dog led its master to the center of the tract.

Here were abundant signs of recent human activity. A hole about six feet square and about three feet deep had been excavated. On the bank of the excavation was the stump of a hollow tree that had been felled. The fresh sawdust and the color of the exposed wood of the stump indicated that the tree had been sawed down at the time the excavation had been made. In the hole was an iron pot, rusty from being buried for decades beneath the soil. In one corner of the excavation was a round hole the size of the pot. The wall of the hole had been stained with rust from the pot.

Printed in the fresh dirt were tracks of human feet. They had evidently been made by two persons, Green concluded. The shape of the tracks showed that they had been made by dilapidated, run-down-at-the-heel shoes. Scattered around were the rotted pieces of an aged gunny-sack which, Green decided, came from the old pot.

Holding his lantern so its light would illuminate all portions of the bottom of the hole, Green saw a little, round disk, different in color from the fresh clay dirt. It proved to be a five-dollar gold coin. Moving the dirt around with his foot Green found three other gold pieces, a double-eagle and two five dollar pieces.

Naturally Green felt chagrined that someone had carried away a pot of gold from his farm. He felt that he had been robbed. The gold was his. All that was on the farm went with the farm. No buried-treasure right or mineral right or oil right had been retained by the man who had sold him the farm.

The coins had evidently been spilled, un-

seen, while the excavators were pouring the gold into a better container, Green thought, and after he had satisfied himself that no more were to be found he went dejectedly to the house to eat breakfast.

While eating his breakfast, Green kept his mind busy in retrospection. Things which he had heard years before, and which he had disregarded, almost forgotten, returned to his memory.

He had bought the farm twelve years before. The soil was fertile and the farm contained a large log house, one of the few pioneer log houses left in the Mississippi Valley. Green had been too busy extracting substantial returns from the farm to spend any time building air castles from vague and incredible tales that he had heard, that money had been buried on the place. Now he recalled the old stories.

While riding around looking for a farm to buy, and after he had inspected the farm he now owned but before he had closed the



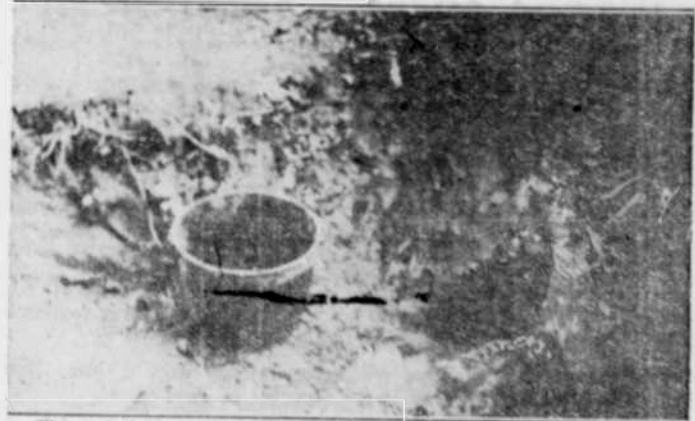
Green continued his vigil for an hour and then he saw the two men approach an old blackened hollow stump back of the house.



Andy Runne's, the man who related to William Green, the ancient story of how the gold came to be buried on Green's farm.



Mr. and Mrs. William Green, from whose farm the pot of priceless gold was stolen.



The pot that contained the gold. To the right is the hole from which it came.

deal for it, Green had stopped to see Old Emily, famous over several counties for the things she could tell people. He did not believe in "fortune telling" but he had heard so much about Old Emily that he thought he would stop and see her just "for the fun of the thing."

Very few people, especially well-educated people, nowadays, believe in fortune telling as fortune telling, but it seems to be a well established fact that there are a few cases on record of rare individuals who could tell or foretell unaccountable things. Old Emily was one of these.

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