

# How Skeptical Mr. Green Found His Lost Gold...

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It seems likely that persons like Old Emily have a genius for understanding human nature. They read a subject's nature and they figure that the subject's traits of character will lead him to do certain acts which will lead to certain results. For instance, the old fortune teller reads the character of an individual of the "killer" type. She knows that, "he that lives by the sword will die by the sword." She can accurately prognosticate the manner of the killer's end.

Then again persons like Old Emily have a rare telepathic ability. They can get in tune with a subject's mind and read it. Thus they are able to tell what he is thinking, and what he has been doing. Cases of this sort are on record.

The gist of what Old Emily had told Green was as follows: "You are

going to buy a farm. There are riches in the ground. Men will carry riches away from your farm. I see you crossing a stream of water. You will lie hidden on a hill while you watch. You will find what you lost. But beware. There is danger!"

Then Green's mind traveled further and he recalled what Andy Runnels had told him soon after he had bought the farm. Runnels, at that time, had lived on a nearby farm.

In Civil War days, according to the story Runnels told, an old pioneer white family had lived on Green's farm. They were well-to-do. Their home was in border country between the North and the South and it was overrun by bands of guerillas. It was an unsafe place in which to live. The old pioneer, whose name was Sawyer, was a Northern sympathizer but he was too old to take part in the war. He had a son in the army. These facts earned him the enmity of the guerillas.

One evening, just about dark, a nearby settler, who adhered to the cause of the South in the trouble that had divided the American Union, but who was, nevertheless, a friend of the Sawyer family, from whom he had received many favors, rode up to the Sawyer farm in great haste to let them know that a band of bushwhackers were then on the way to the place. Sawyer was reputed to have a large sum of money and they proposed to rob Sawyer and then kill him. Banks were few and far between and men who had money frequently kept it on the home premises—a practice especially dangerous at that time. This man who brought the news of the impending raid had overheard the guerillas making their plans.

On the Sawyer place lived an old colored man by the name of John Hall. When the settler came to warn the Sawyer family he had encountered the old colored man at the barn lot and had hurriedly told him the news and had then ridden away swiftly. The Sawyer family had had barely time to escape before the arrival of the bushwhackers. Hall had

been entrusted with the job of hiding the family's hoard of gold. He slipped out the back way in the dark just as the robbers rode up to the front of the house.

Two days later when Sawyer slipped back to his home to see if anything was left of his house and



Old Aunt Emily, known over several counties, and whose prognostication became strangely but strikingly true.

barn, he found the dead body of the loyal old man a short distance from the house. He supposed that the old man had buried the money somewhere and had been killed by the guerillas as he was going to his own home.

Some of the band had tried to make him tell where the money was hidden and had killed him when he refused to divulge its hiding place. The Sawyers had no way of knowing where he had hidden the money.

Green concluded that there must have been something to the story after all, in the light of what he had found that morning. Years ago he had noticed little holes here and there on the farm that indicated that someone had been digging for some definite purpose. It had not occurred to him before what that purpose might have been.

When it became light enough after breakfast, Green returned to the excavation. Jerry, his dog, went with him, as usual. This canine was a famous hunting dog. He was so good treeing coons, minks, and other fur bearing animals that Green had been offered one hundred and fifty dollars for him—which he had promptly refused. Jerry had an uncanny ability to follow a trail. He could almost out do a bloodhound even, in tracking a human being.

Jerry kept running into the woods from the excavation and Green realized presently that the dog wanted to take the track of the men who had been there the night before. He told the dog to go ahead and he followed behind.

The trail led toward a public road and Green was afraid that it would end there—that the men they were tracking had ridden in an automobile; but the dog smelled his way on across into a forest. After going through the woods, a mile, they came to a good-sized stream of water. Green thought they were stumped here but Jerry trotted his way down the stream to where a large tree trunk lay across from bank to bank, making an excellent footlog.

After crossing the stream, Jerry led the way across a small wheat field and then they came to another forest. A mile or so of this and they came to what Green believed was their goal—an old box house at an abandoned sawmill camp. The eagerness of the dog convinced him that they had run down their quarry. After he had advanced close enough to the house to verify the place he returned home.

Later in the day he returned for a closer and more extended reconnoiter. He did not take the dog with him but he carried a repeating rifle in order to pass for a hunter. The house was in a hollow between two low hills at a point where the bottoms met the higher ground.

Behind a clump of bushes he waited and watched to see what he could see. One of the first things he noticed was some hides, stretched

in improvised frames, hanging against the wall of the dilapidated shack. The squatters in the cabin were hunters, undoubtedly—that was how they happened to find the pot of gold; they were digging for a mink or fox. They had first thought it was in the hollow tree, which had a hole in one side.

After Green had remained concealed for an hour or so, there were signs of life, and sounds of hilarity. Two men, hard-boiled looking specimens, tumbled out of the house and reeled into his sight. The ungainly capers they cut showed that they had been drinking heavily. Probably celebrating their find, Green hoped they would do something to show where they had cached the gold, if they had found any, and he now believed they had; but they did nothing to give him a clue, and he gave it up presently and returned home.

The next morning Green again watched the strangers closely. He caught glimpses of two slatternly women and several ragged children soon after he took up his post, but it was not till nearly noon that the men appeared. Then they came in a brand new automobile. Now Green knew for sure that they had found a pot of gold on his farm.

Green had been noticing two long-eared, half-breed hounds, whose cadaverous ribs, plain to the eye as pickets in a white-washed fence, indicated that they were half-starved, near the shack. Soon after the men breezed up shouting in the new car, the dogs scared up a rabbit. They followed the rabbit to a point close to where Green was hiding. The dogs saw him and turned their attention to him, while the rabbit made its get-away. They stopped a few feet from Green and made the sky ring with their howling.

Out of the house came the two men, armed with shotguns, with the numerous children following at their heels. They made straight for where Green was hiding.

Green knew swift action was necessary or his "cake was dough." He had realized before he left home that discovery by dogs was his chief risk in spying on the shanty. He had prepared for them.

One of the utensils Green had around his home was a squirt gun made from an alder bush. He used it to squirt poison into rat holes. It was a stout contrivance, effective for at least twelve feet. An air-tight ramrod pushed forward from the breech forced liquid through the nozzle. He had this gun in his pocket, together with a bottle of carbon disulphide, commonly and vulgarly known as "dog push" and "high life."

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