

A Miser's Hoard

By M. QUAD

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Moses Taylor must have been well over fifty years old when he arrived in the village of Noblestown and brought his reputation as a miser with him. He bought an old shack of a house and paid spot cash for it and then opened business.

Once a week Moses bought about 30 cents' worth of meat and groceries. He was surly and had little to say to men.

By and by Moses Taylor became a fixture and belonged to the town. No one cared whether he lived or died, and it was generally believed that he had no relatives. The speculation about him and his hoard never died out. His wealth had been placed at \$20,000 in gold when he first came. If it ever showed signs of reduction a wire fence man would come along and bury it.

"Gentlemen, don't you fool yourselves. Moses Taylor has at least a hundred thousand in bright yellow boys planted in his cellar."

Then there would be a higher respect for Moses, and the wire fence man would be looked upon as a sort of hero.

The miser's shack was in a suburb. The nearest house was forty rods away. While its inmates did not neighbor with the old man, they got into the habit of keeping track of him. They looked for the smoke of his chimney in the morning and for the disappearance of his lean candle at an early hour in the evening. It was a sort of guardianship without meaning to be. It had gone on for years and years, when one November morning there was no chimney smoke. Moses had been seen the afternoon of the day previous, and it was noticed that he was very feeble.

After a wait of several hours men went over to the shack and pushed open the door and found the old man dead in his chair. As if he had planned the thing to be a bit dramatic, his stiff fingers held a two dollar bill.

The proper authorities were notified and took charge. At the coroner's inquest the doctors gave it as their opinion that the old man had died from the want of proper food and care.

If a Fourth of July and a circus and a presidential election had hit Noblestown on the same day there would have been no more excitement than over the taking off of the old miser. Exclamations and suggestions and comments flew fast.

"He must have made a will," observed Rev. Barnes, "and I have hopes that he left a legacy to my church to pay off the mortgage."

The Rev. Barnes had collected several hundred dollars for the heathen, but had never carried old Moses so much as a cracker.

A schoolmaster expected at least \$500 because he had once bowed to the old man.

A certain widow expected that much or more because she had looked over her gate at him as she passed.

One of the merchants had sold Moses a pair of shoes at cost upon an occasion, and he moved about whispering:

"Those old misers never forget one who has befriended them. I think I can count on at least \$400—I think I can."

It had been taken for a certainty that Moses had no relatives; but, land alive, how they came tumbling over each other as soon as the newspapers got to work!

It took the full force of the sheriff of the county to hold the people off while the proper officials searched the old shack.

A three room shack, almost without furniture, is soon searched. Of course the first thing was to find the will.

No will—not even an old letter, not even a memorandum. If will there was or had been one of the two lawyers in town must have drawn it, as old Moses had never left the town after his arrival.

Neither of the lawyers had drawn a will.

There was more talk about graft, and one or two were bold enough to say that the searchers had found the will and pocketed it.

Now for the hoard. It was estimated by the villagers at \$150,000 and by the relatives at \$250,000. Six or seven fistfight fights took place before the crowd compromised on \$200,000.

No gold! No greenbacks!

"But there must be!" yelled the outsiders.

"We have made a careful search and found only the \$2 he had in his hand when he died."

"It must be hidden in the walls."

"Then come and find it."

Not a man got into that house without being thumped, and not a man got out until thumped some more. The searchers were searched, and then the shack was torn limb from limb, so to say. Not a dollar—not a shilling—not even a copper penny!

"But where has it gone?" was demanded.

The answer didn't come then, but a year later, when a stranger visited Noblestown who had known Moses Taylor for years and years. Moses had about \$800 cash after buying the shack. He had lived on the sum all the long years, and the \$2 was the last of it. It was likely that he hadn't had a decent meal in all that time. When the explanation was made everybody said:

"Oh, that was the way of it, eh! Well, he ought to have been kicked for playing us a dirty trick!"

And that's poor human nature!

Barton Fair Next Week

The annual Orleans County Fair will be held at Roaring Brook Park on

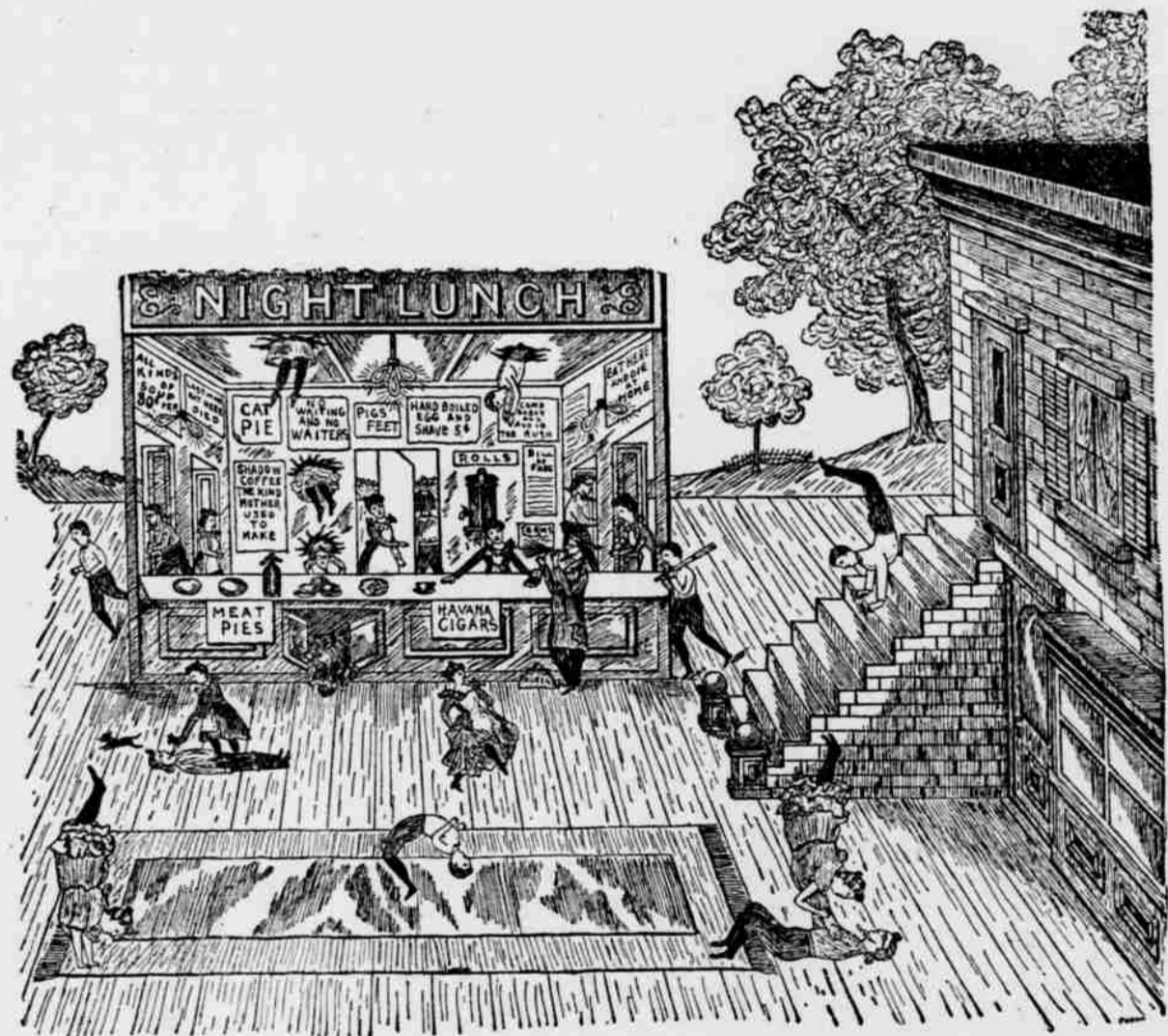
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday

AUGUST 19, 20, 21 and 22

NEARLY 400 prominent men of Orleans County have subscribed for stock in the reorganization of the Orleans County Fair, and the outlook for a successful Fair is most promising. Details of reorganization were not completed until a short time ago, and arrangements for this year's Fair have been very hurried, but nothing has been omitted. The Orleans County Fair is the **People's Fair**, and is backed by stockholders in every town in the County. The elegant Roaring Brook Park Grounds afford every comfort to visitors. The 4000 Grand Stand seats are more than mere planks, and the Reserved Seats are as comfortable as your favorite chair. Running water on the grounds, telephone connections, toilet conveniences, facilities for checking articles, and all such accommodations are provided for the public. All buildings are new, clean and in good repair; fine Dining Hall within the grounds. We can't tell you all the fine things about these grounds and our accommodations. Come and see for yourself. Reserved seats may be had in advance by telephoning or writing H. J. Stannard, Barton, Vt.

\$7500 In Races, Premiums and Attractions

Six Big Acts on the Stage opposite the Grand Stand



THE HUMPTY-DUMPTY TROUPES

3 Acts 3

Band
Concert
Each
Day

Enough Said!



Doblado's Sheep and Pig Circus

3 Trained Animal Acts

Special Train Service

A Special Train will leave St. Johnsbury on Wednesday and Thursday, at 8.15 a. m., stopping at all way-stations and will return after the races. Reduced rates from all points between Stanstead and St. Johnsbury. The Boston Air Line will stop at Orleans during the fair.

See Railroad advertising.

RACES

2.30 Trot	\$300	2.24 Trot	\$300
2.19 Trot	300	2.30 Pace	300
2.24 Pace and Trot	300	2.20 Pace and Trot	300
2.16 Pace and Trot	300	2 12 Pace and Trot	300

Local Race, Pace and Trot, for horses without records, in standard time \$100 (Half mile heats. Owners to drive.)

BALL GAMES

There will be a Ball Game at 10 a. m. on each of the last three days of the Fair. The arrangement for the games have not been completed, but announcement will be made later. Special trains will arrive in time for the games.

Autoists will find it an ideal outing to motor to the Fair. All roads are good. Good parking for your auto may be had. Take advantage of this opportunity to visit the first Fair of the season.

COME Tuesday and bring your exhibits
Wednesday and see the Fair, the people and the Races

COME Thursday and see the Races and the Premium Stock
Friday to the Ball Game and the Races

Admission, 35c.

Children under Twelve, 15c.

Teams, 35c.

Autos, 70c

Checks will be given after 11 a. m. each day

For further information Write or telephone C. E. Hamblet, Secretary