

As the years glided by the hoard increased. Never spending a cent, and saving every dollar, it was a matter of much speculation among his neighbors as to how much he was worth.

The talk was all among themselves ; they never breathed a word of old Sam Kelly's hoard to the fishermen and lightermen who stopped at the island. It is marvelous that a decrepit, defenceless miser should live in a dilapidated cabin for years, his gold unsecured by safe, vault, or strong box, easy for the first strong hand to clutch, and yet there was never a single attempt made to rob him. It would have been easy and safe to overpower the septuagenarian, seize his treasure and sail away from the island.

Samuel Kelly lived to see nearly all of his contemporaries buried, and that "fell sergeant Death, so strict in his arrest," seemed to have forgotten him, but at last he was summoned to appear before the bar. On his deathbed his friends and only surviving relative besought him to reveal the secret of the hiding place ; but the ruling passion was strong in death. Shrouds have no pockets, but if the miser could not carry his treasure with him, no one else should, and so he died carrying his secret to the grave. The house was searched, and under the counter in his little store was found two boxes, one containing three thousand dollars in gold, the other, two thousand in currency. Then a thorough hunt was organized and every possible or likely spot was examined but not another cent was ever discovered. His only relative and heir was his sister, ninety-four years of age.