

MEMOIR OF THE WAR

How Money From Bank of Charlotte Was Saved

BURIED NEAR FORT MILL

Three Months After its Burial Money Was Dug Up and Restored to the Bank—Searching Parties Have Since Dug in Vain For the Valuable Treasure

About the year 1865 Charlotte, N. C., was only beginning to be considered as a point of future importance. No more stores or other buildings encumbered the earth there than would have been expected in a county seat of any large thriving county, such as old Mecklenburg, the birthplace of the "hornet's nest." Then, or shortly afterwards, was established the Bank of Charlotte, which continued in business until near the end of the great civil war, when it had on hand some \$40,000 in specie.

When the peerless Lee surrendered and the Federals were swarming over the south and the officers of this bank became very uneasy about that coin in their possession, and they secreted it somewhere in the neighborhood of Charlotte. It was not long before Johnson surrendered; Stoneman captured Salisbury (40 miles north of Charlotte), while a detachment of his corps was going down the south side of Catawba river to destroy the railroad bridge at Nation Ford, 20 miles southwest of Charlotte, and three miles from Fort Mill, S. C.

The bank officers became alarmed for themselves and for their treasure, because they doubted not that they would be tortured into a betrayal of the hiding place of the money or be killed if they did not reveal it when Stoneman's men should take the town. The specie—mostly silver—had been packed in four strong boxes, but where should they put the boxes?

After consultation they turned over their funds to Hon. J. Harvey Wilson (one of the directors), with a request to take what steps he might deem best for the concealment thereof. Mr. Wilson accepted the responsible trust, but it was uncertain where to go, how to go, or whom he could get to assist him. His nephew, Captain W., had returned the previous day from the surrender worn out and broken in health. To this nephew he went with his troubles. The captain was sick and could ill bear a trip across the country, but after repeated importunities, he agreed to assist his uncle in the unenviable employment. After nightfall these two men placed the four boxes in Captain W.'s buggy and went toward Fort Mill, S. C., in the dark, cold and rain.

Let it be remembered that such a journey undertaken at such a time, was not only uncomfortable, but attended with danger. Many straggling soldiers were returning from the front, discontented, morose, and often desperate hands of marauders under guise of soldiers plundered defenseless homes, and any of these might be very well pleased to capture such a booty; besides it was not impossible that they might meet some of Stoneman's men. However, all things considered, it was probably safer to undertake such an enterprise at night than in daylight.

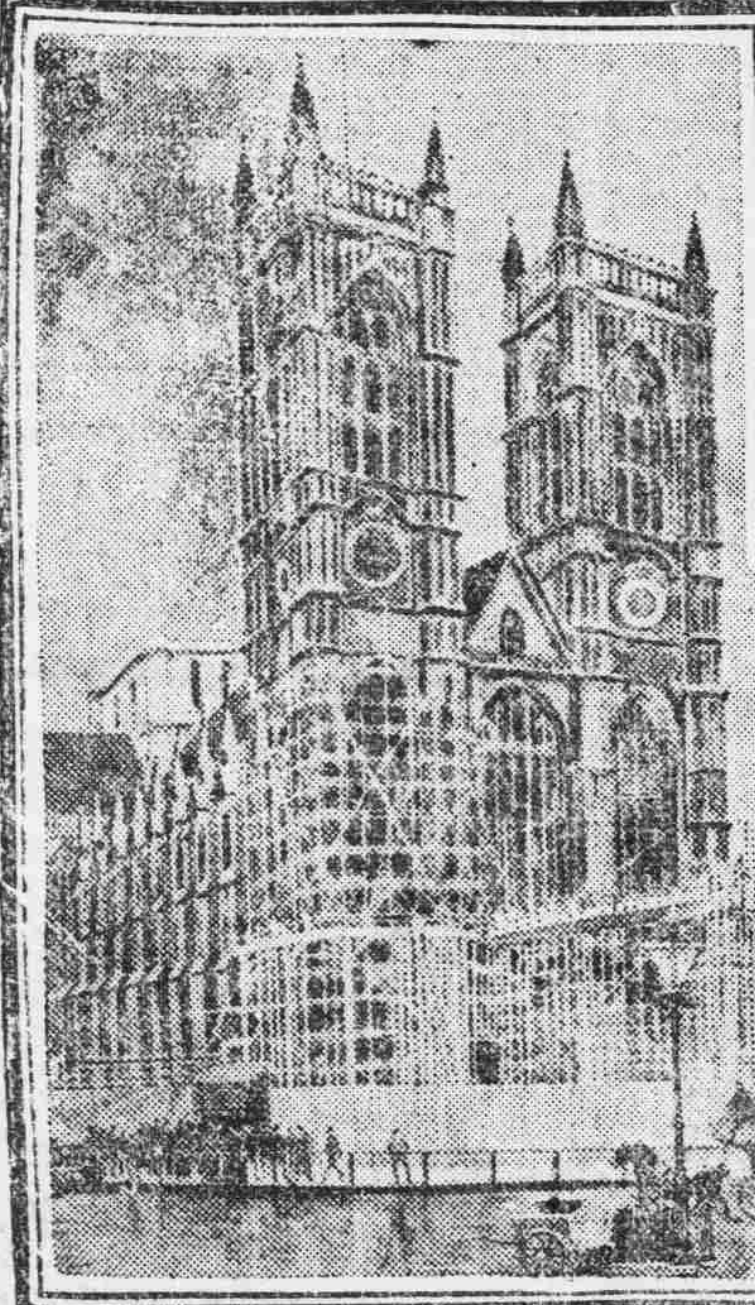
After a toilsome journey over bad roads, in the dark and rain, they arrived at a point about one mile above Fort Mill, 17 miles from their starting point. Here they stopped. Mr. Wilson remained in the buggy, while the captain should go to his father's old home for a tool to bury the money. The latter did not want to arouse any one lest his mission should be detected. Finding nothing outside, he went into the mansion, got the fire shovel and returned to his uncle.

The boxes were then taken to a lonely spot and buried in the edge of a branch, after which our travelers sought rest in the old mansion about 2 a. m. Next morning the captain fearing that the work done in the dark might be incomplete rode by a circuitous route to the place of concealment. Looking around to be sure that he was not observed, he built over the spot an irregular brush heap of such boughs and bushes as were convenient and returned to the house by a different route.

Mr. Wilson started home on a fine horse belonging to the captain, but had not gone far before he was stopped by some men claiming to belong to Ferguson's brigade, a part of Wheeler's command, who had been recruiting their horses in Georgia. These men wanted to take Mr. Wilson's horse, and would have done so had he not ridden toward General Ferguson on the matter. They soon got back to the old mansion, where Mr. Wilson rode into the yard. Some of the men followed and insisted on taking the horse. Captain Wilson seeing his uncle's trouble, came out and took hold of one rein of the horse, while a Westerner was holding the other. Altercation followed in which the captain threatened to shoot. The Westerners told him that such a case would only prove fatal to him and he was hopelessly outnumbered.

Just then Captain Robert Fullwood,

a neighbor, came upon the scene, steadying by a good walking stick his footsteps, tottering under the load of three score years and ten, and inquired the nature of the trouble. This old man, full of righteous indignation, seized the horse and exclaimed, "I know this young man; his father was my lifelong friend, I love my country, I love her laws; you can't cheat me out of many days, and I am ready to die right here and now before you shall rob him of his horse."



THE CORONATION ANNEX TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY



CORONATION COLLECTION BOXES

This bold act and speech of the aged farmer rather staggered the mob, but they would probably have taken the horse had there not been another and opportune entrance on the stage.

Capt. John Mills, formerly a South Carolinian and a friend of the captain's family, rode up at the head of his company of Alabamians, called his men to "attention," told the would-be robbers to disperse before he should arrest them, said he would have them shot unless they abandoned their prey.

They sullenly departed vowing vengeance. Shortly afterward the young captain saw smoke and learned that the railroad bridge was burned by 300

of Stoneman's men. He hastened to Ferguson and offered to lead his command to a place where they could capture the whole outfit, but the general declined to act.

That night our two travelers returned to Charlotte worn out and sick. The kitchen at the old homestead was set on fire, but extinguished, though the firehouse with 120 bales of cotton, 2,000 bushels of seed; all the machinery in it was burned to the ground. Was it "vengeance?"

About three months after the bitter treasure was exhumed and restored to the bank. Some persons have of late dug about the old homestead supposedly for this money, being ignorant of its recovery.—Sam F. Massey in The Sunny South.

MILLIONS FOR BUILDING AND ENDOWMENT

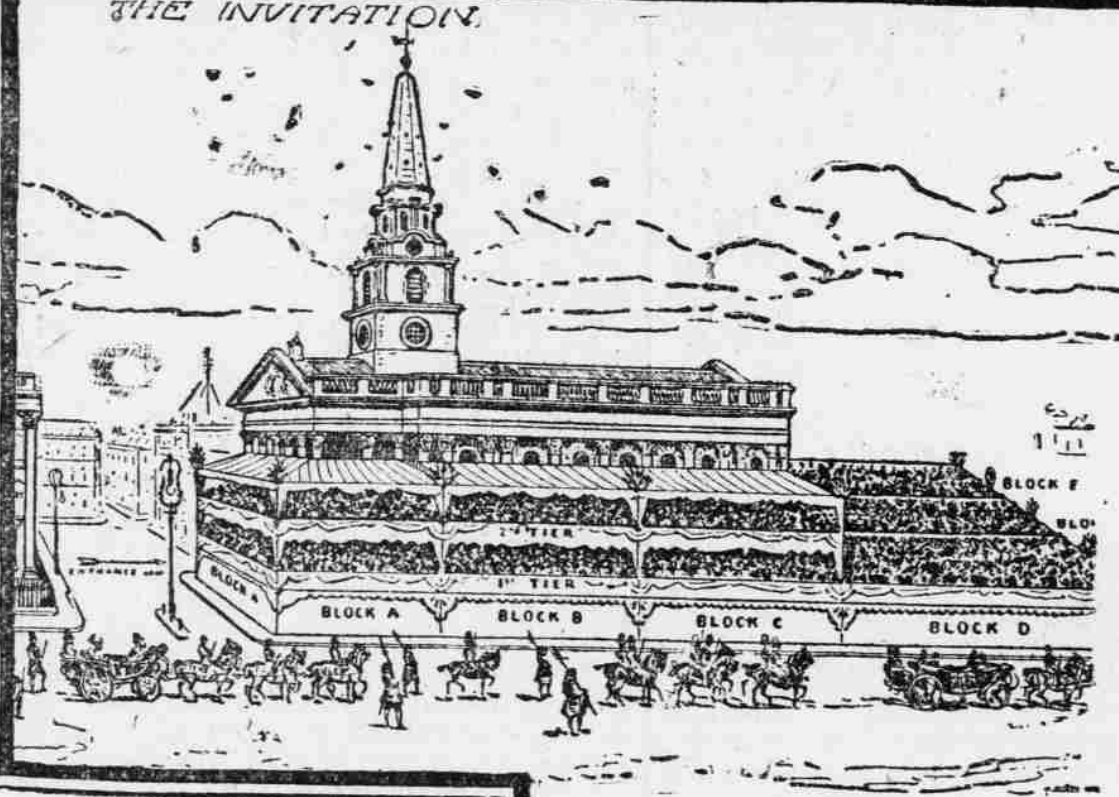
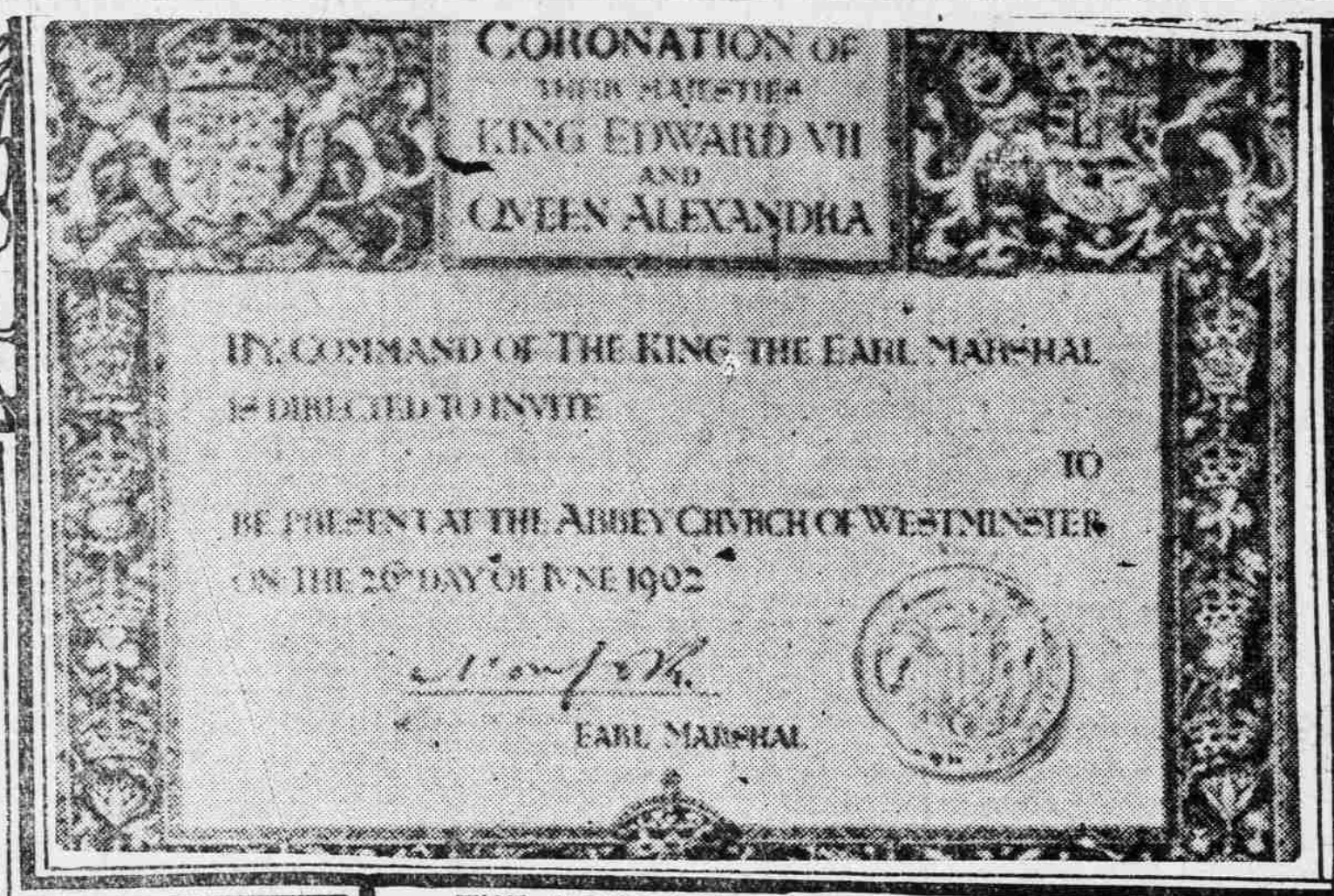
In the past thirty years over \$20,000,000 has been given to the American Associations for buildings and for endowment purposes, which was given stability to the Associations, and has led in each Association to an increase in the amount annually secured for current expenses. Many State Young Men's Christian Association committees are gathering endowment funds. The Massachusetts State Committee has secured a building worth nearly \$200,000, the income of which goes toward the support of the state work there.

Last year was the Jubilee year of the Young Men's Christian Associations and the movement for a partial endowment of their International Committee received impulse from the promise of \$250,000 from one of the best friends of the movement. Now the total of \$1,000,000 has been pledged. Of this amount six persons gave \$632,000. Only 150 persons besides Association secretaries were asked to subscribe, and 56 of these contributed. However, the "Robert R. McBurney Fund" of \$3,700 also included in the total amount, was given by 55 employed officers of the Associations. For more than ten years there has been an agitation in favor of endowment to make partial provision for the supervisory work of their International Committee, to which much of the great Young Men's Christian Association development throughout the world is due.

The payment of subscriptions to this \$1,000,000 endowment was begun in July, but little financial relief will come to the committee this year from this



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN



QUEEN AND SOME CORONATION DETAILS.

(Copyright, 1902, by W. R. Hearst.) At the top of this picture is shown an invitation of the Earl Marshal to the coronation in Westminster Abbey. At the bottom is the picture of Queen Alexandra in a little outing hat. At the left is Westminster Abbey, with a temporary addition, in which the King and Queen will dress for the coronation. In the centre is the great reviewing stand in Trafalgar Square. Below is one of the coronation gift boxes, which are scattered all over the kingdom.

HAYTI'S OPERA BOUFFE ARMY A QUEER AFFAIR

According to a telegram Haiti is at war—apparently by itself—and the Haitian army is on the rampage.

Haiti is chiefly remarkable by reason of its being a military republic, with an army of 4,000 generals and 4,000 privates—a general to each Tommy. The generals are extraordinary men in more than one sense of the word. There is one who commands a large province in the republic, who is the lowest of the people, who can neither read nor write, and who is nevertheless a great revolutionary power. This man—General Johannis Merister—is obliged to ask one man to read to him, and yet in his hands are the lives and deaths of the people over whom he rules.

Every third man you meet in Haiti is a general, but it is only every tenth general who gets paid; it has to be conceded that each general does his best to pay himself. The authorized rate of pay is £140 annually for a general of division and £105 for a brigadier. A captain is passing rich on £12 a year; a private thinks himself fortunate if he receives £2 10 shillings during the same period.

"Blanc," once said a private in the hearing of a well-known English journalist, "Blanc, I am a soldier; give me 10 centimes." "You have your pay." "My general has taken my pay. I am a poor man and a soldier. Give me 10 centimes." "How long have you been a soldier?" "Three years." "When did you have your pay last?" "Very long ago, and I am hungry. Give me 10 centimes, Merc!"

The Haitian soldier's uniform is a fearful and wonderful thing. Let us review a regiment on parade. Some of them are shod in dried grass slippers. They wear a little blue cap with a red band. One man, perhaps, is wearing a shabby pair of old tattered trousers, and slung by a hemp rope over his shoulders is an old-fashioned flintlock gun. The officer who commands the regiment is brandishing a rusty sword.

A general has but little sense of justice. An unfortunate Swiss went out shooting once in Haiti without a passport. "Who are you?" said the general when the poor man was brought before him.

"I am a foreigner." "What nationality?" "Swiss." The general turned to his secretary. "Have the Swiss a navy?" "No, my general." "Then put the brute in prison." The army, it goes without saying, is miserably housed. In Port au Prince, the capital of aHiti, you will find a post of soldiers every 50 or 100 yards. They live in wretched guard rooms, which are merely long hovels, with piazzas raised two feet above the street. Below flows an open drain. The men themselves drink, smoke and gamble all the weary day. But they have a good idea of themselves. Two Haitian generals, discussing a review in which they had just

taken part, thus expressed themselves: "Without question the most magnificent spectacle that one could have seen."

Yes, indeed, our army is composed of brave men. Do you not think so?" turning to a traveling Englishman. He (diplomatically choosing his words): "I have seen none like it. The army of Haiti is one that depends upon its officers; an army without officers, what is it?"

"The army of Haiti has never been conquered. The French were here; we drove them out. The English fought with us; where are they? Bue we—we—we—are here always; we have never been conquered." You must never allow a smile to cross your face—however tempted you may be to laugh—if you meet a Haitian soldier. A European diplomatist landed once at Port au Prince and on his way from the ship he fell in with what he imagined to be a tattered mountebank carrying a rifle. He smiled, for the black man's pompous solemnity was immensely funny. At once the negro's face changed.

"You laugh at me? You laugh at me?" he cried furiously. "He was a soldier of the republic; his fingers flew to his cartridges and the visitor waited for no more, but fled up the street. The Haitian soldier needs but the license of a political strife to lash him into frenzy. No wonder that the American Consul-General at Port au Prince telegraphed to his Government to send a man-of-war without delay. Given political troubles and a modicum of shooting in these streets, and a man such as we have just described, with intense irascibility of temper and thousands of companions like himself, he would become a very perilous and terrible element in the general anarchy.

The Haitian army in peace times may be like that upon a comic opera stage, but when a war, it would become a hotbed of tragedy.—London Express.

ALPHABET ON A PINHEAD.

The Work of a Gloversville, New York Man.

William L. McLean, of Gloversville, N. Y., has engraved on the head of an ordinary brass pin the entire alphabet in script initial letters. The work was done with an ordinary engraving tool, with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. The alphabet is arranged in two circles around the pin, four letters which it was impossible to include in them being placed in the centre. No part of one letter touches another. In the first circle are all the letters up to and including M. A smaller circle contains the letters which follow, up to V, while in the centre are the remaining four letters. A few years ago Mr. McLean engraved the Lord's Prayer on a silver 5-cent piece.

FEAT OF MIND READER

German-American Who Has Remarkable Powers

GIFT OF MENTAL SIGHT

Unable to Explain His Peculiar Talent Though He Says it Came to Him When a Boy—Some of His Tricks at Second Sight Which Look Super-Natural But Come Easy to Him

Among the delegates to the American Boilermakers' Convention, recently held here, was one of the most remarkable experts in "second-sight," or mind-reading, or whatever one may choose to call it, that this country can boast. He is Bert Reese, a resident of Chicago, who is well known throughout the West for his peculiar mental powers, but who has, as yet, been little heard of in the East. Since he does not make any parade of his powers and does not in any way attempt to explain them so marvelously mysterious gifts, or flaunt them before people in the "show" line, it is not improper to say something about him.

Mr. Reese is a German somewhat past middle age and his appearance would indicate a well-fed and easy-going merchant or tradesman. Just what to call his remarkable gift of mental sight he and others are at a loss to know. It came to him, so he says, when he was a mere boy, and since that time he has been able to perform, with some slight mental strain, the most unusual and astounding feats of mind-reading. That is hardly the name of them, because, without asking one to fix one's thoughts on any particular event, he can instantly tell to the remotest detail just what has taken place in a man's life, and where and when.

Just before the convention met I met Mr. Reese and he gave me an exhibition of his powers, which was quite beyond anything, that even the most fertile imagination could conjure. He had never seen me before, so far as I know and I certainly had never laid eyes on him until that moment. He did not even know my name, and, as we were in the presence of a third party whose reputation for honesty and strict adherence to the truth cannot be questioned, there was no room for the doubt which unconsciously spread over me as I became acquainted with the marvelous ability of this man.

Tearing a piece of paper into five pieces, he asked me to go to another part of the hotel and write on one of the slips the maiden name of my mother; on another the name of one of my schoolteachers, and on the remaining any three questions I might desire to ask. This I did, taking care to remove myself in such manner as to admit in no way of his knowing where I was. I then folded each slip of paper and, holding them in my clasped hand, returned to where he sat with my friend. He asked me to hand two of the slips to the third party, to hold two of them myself and to place the fifth in my pocket. I did not have any idea what was written on the slips, as they were divided, so it was impossible for me to influence his mind by my thoughts.

Taking one of the slips from my hand, he placed it against his forehead without unfolding, and asked me to put my finger on it for a moment. Meantime on a piece of paper he had written a line of strange characters, which were absolutely meaningless to my friend and myself. Looking at this inscription while the paper was held against his forehead, he immediately said: "Where was I on December 25 1901?" That was one of the questions I had written. Handing the paper to my friend, it was opened, and there were the words Mr. Reese had repeated.

The exact contents of the other four papers were read off in less time than the telling takes, and without him in any way touching any of them. He simply asked that a closed hand, containing the paper, be held toward him for a brief space, and then, evidently suffering some mental strain, he would utter the question or the name without the last hesitation. In the case of my mother's maiden name he handed pencil and paper to my friend and asked him to write down the letters as he spoke. It is not an extremely common name, but without hesitation he spelled it absolutely correct. When I asked him how he accounted for this remarkable gift he shrugged his shoulders and proclaimed his absolute ignorance. He said:

"I have not the least idea how I am enabled to do it. The strange power came to me when I was about 8 years old, and since then I have been able with only a slight mental exertion to perform some of the most remarkable mental feats that could be imagined. I do not know anything about the source of this power. All that I do know is that I see as plainly as I see you events that have transpired in other people's lives, and such questions as you have written on these slips of paper are as clear to my mind's eye as they are to your actual seeing organs. I told the president of the Boilermakers' Association, whom I had never met before and whom I knew nothing save his later business career, exactly the place and manner in which he earned his first dollar. Of course, he was somewhat surprised, and it was just as hard for me to know I could do this as for him to understand my ability."