

COLONEL HILLS'S PICTURESQUE LIFE OF ADVENTURE, AS OUTLINED IN THE DIARY HE KEPT.

1841—When 8 years old, employed as a mill hand in New York. ... 1854—Walked barefooted most of the distance from New York to Illinois. ... 1855—Moved to Kansas as a "squatter". ... 1856—Entered the United Army. ... 1858—Made a trip around the world. ... 1860—Sold out to the Tobacco Trust and retired, a millionaire, his home, No. 5065 Lindell boulevard, being one of the handsomest in the West.



CHARLIE HILLS FROM AN OLD DAUGHTERREOTYPE, MADE SOON AFTER HE CAME WEST FROM NEW YORK STATE.

Written for the Sunday Republic. The life of Colonel Charles S. Hills, captain, whose death occurred a few weeks ago, was replete with adventures, perhaps the most thrilling of which occurred after he had risen from poverty, had passed through the Civil War, and become a millionaire. This was in 1882, when he was making a tour of the world.

In 1862, when 8 years of age, "Charlie" Hills was employed as a "mill hand" in the woolen factory of his father in the southwestern part of New York State. At 20, barefooted, he traded across the country to Illinois. There he worked as a painter, carpenter and timber cutter.

DOG HIS ONLY COMPANION IN KANSAS WILDERNESS.

For more than a year he lived in the Kansas wilderness with a dog as his only companion. Only twice in that period did he see a human being. After clearing the timber, he built a cabin and began to raise crops. Other squatters settled near by during the next few years, and when the village of Cottonwood Falls was founded, Hills became the principal merchant and horse trader.

CLIMBED NARROW LEDGE TO A TOWER.

Upon a near-by wall I discovered a flight of steps. These I climbed, and crawling upon hands and knees along the narrow ledge came to a tower, which barred my progress. Below, the mob howled, "Keeping as close as possible, I crawled back, thinking that at any moment a ray of light thrown upward would reveal my presence."

DELUGE OF RAIN WASHED DEBRIS INTO GUTTER.

"There is but one gutter, which is in the center of the streets, which rise and fall precipitously. The deluge of rain which was falling and washing the debris from the fifty places into the gutter. It was a roaring torrent."

ADVENTURES IN THE MOSLEM QUARTERS OF JERUSALEM.

Among his papers Colonel Hills left the following account of his experience in the Moslem quarters of Jerusalem: "I groped along the dark streets, realizing that I was lost. Presently I saw a feeble light and a hoarse voice. Then the spasm of perdition began to swarm around me, jostle against and gradually force me toward a ruined stairway, at the foot of which I could dimly discern a doorway."

lights were burning dimly, and I descried a gate—the Damascus gate to the city. "Underneath I found a body of Turkish soldiers, sleeping on their arms and ready to my order. My night's adventure resulted in Assyrian fever and brought on paralysis, from which I have suffered ever since."

Colonel Hills's father and mother were both of Puritan stock, inheriting the sturdy virtues, honesty and frugality of their ancestors. His father settled in Elm Creek Valley, in the southwestern part of New York, in what was then known as the Holland purchase. When Charles was born, in 1824, the settlers lived in log cabins in the forest. In his family record Colonel Hills wrote as follows: "My father's early life was spent mostly in a woolen factory in Massachusetts, which the fortunes of the War of 1812 lost to the family."

STUDIED THE BIBLE AND READ SHAKESPEARE.

"My evenings were spent in study. The principal textbooks were the Bible, Shakespeare and Plutarch's Lives. When I was 12 father gave me my first vacation. This did not last long, and I actually spent a year in a lumber wagon to the New York State fair at Buffalo."

LIVING AMONG STRANGERS.

"The trip exhausted his funds. He first visited an uncle, who he had expected to assist him in finding work. 'But the best I got was a smuck,' Colonel Hills says in his diary. 'I remember that it end it did me good. I remained in H. I. where, doing any kind of work that came to hand—carpeting, nailing on shingles and painting signs."

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Litha, gesticulated grace And creamy waves of filmy lace; Attitudes the Grecians knew, The lovely dreams of poets, too. Such fancies in the picture trace. Flashing roses bring to view. In moisture bathed, as with the dew, The rare expression of her face. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

COLONEL CHARLES S. HILLS'S LAST PHOTOGRAPH.



Residence of Mrs Charles S. Hills, No 5065 Lindell Boulevard.

which I placed my own signature as the artist, in bigger letters than I used for the storekeeper. Of course, I had to point it over again."

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

WHEN ETHEL PONGA.

Blush triumph adds a deeper hue, The sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case. The world is in an odd hum and blue. When Ethel sings.

SHIPS WITH MANY NAMES.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic. London, July 11.—There comes into the port of Hull from time to time a proud-looking, armor-plated warship, with a record that the "Flying Dutchman" might envy. Her name is the "Vulpe," and instead of grinding guns, she carries potatoes and mutton. Her grim armor is coated with sea-green paint of a dull shade, and her once-rapid war engines carry her at a peaceful waddle.

She was built on the Clyde some years ago, for the Spanish Navy, and since then has had one of the most exciting histories on record, changing her name each time. She was soon shot through the hull by a Morocco gunboat, whereupon Spain sold her as a cheap job-lot to the Chile Navy, and she went to South America and trained the whole Chile fleet in gunnery. Then she was stolen by the revolutionary leader, Rodrigues of Chile, who manned her and sank two of the rival party cruisers with her. He renamed her the "Vulpe." Then Rodrigues went for a patrol in her, and sank the British brig Aycote on suspicion of smuggling. The British Government stepped in promptly, and the "Vulpe" was seized by two British cruisers, and taken to Jamaica. She was put up for auction, bought by the Belle Isle, and put her to a little fillicustering in Cuba, where she was captured by her old friend, Spain, but escaped. She turned up again as the Prince Rupert, and let herself out to Nicaragua for \$1,500 a month, and was used to bombard San Diego. There she got into trouble with British agents, and finally was sold to a Rio mercantile, Mr. Selba, who turned her into a cargo tramp, and new her one blood-stained decks cover sweet potatoes and frozen meat.

Uppling based his powerful story, "The Devil and the Deep Sea," on the record of an extraordinary "bad character" of a vessel recently sunk, the steamship Pennanbanke. She was built for a grain ship, trading between this country and the West, but soon found the trade too slow.

Mexico. The hue-and-dry was raised, and, as usual, with two days' start of her pursuers, she cleared the coast, and actually reappeared as a chartered vessel carrying fish from the North Sea trawlers to Lunenburg, as the Spaniards called it. The band of Belgian filibusters to the West Coast of Africa, and was confiscated and broken up by the Belgian Government.

It was sheer luck and daring that pulled the many named steamship Lobogunda, built at Belfast, out of so many tight places, painted rust-red, and being always doing something that some nation didn't like, and, like the rest of her tribe, found the trapping trade slow, and launched on the old business of poaching timber—a very paying trade. She raided the American coast ports, and when the States became angry and started on her trail she removed herself quietly, changed her name to the Lim Fjord, and spent the summer in taking the timber from the woods in Labrador.

The result was that Britain and the States were both anxious to place their hands on her, but she vanished once more, and arrived on the Norwegian coast, totally disguised, as the "Wallack," and did some salmon-fishing at the mouth of the rivers, taking her catches to Rotterdam. This is a gold mine of wealth, but one abjectly banned by Norwegian law, and some salmon-fishing at the mouth of the rivers, taking her catches to Rotterdam.

This is a gold mine of wealth, but one abjectly banned by Norwegian law, and some salmon-fishing at the mouth of the rivers, taking her catches to Rotterdam.

The result was that Britain and the States were both anxious to place their hands on her, but she vanished once more, and arrived on the Norwegian coast, totally disguised, as the "Wallack," and did some salmon-fishing at the mouth of the rivers, taking her catches to Rotterdam.

This is a gold mine of wealth, but one abjectly banned by Norwegian law, and some salmon-fishing at the mouth of the rivers, taking her catches to Rotterdam.

The result was that Britain and the States were both anxious to place their hands on her, but she vanished once more, and arrived on the Norwegian coast, totally disguised, as the "Wallack," and did some salmon-fishing at the mouth of the rivers, taking her catches to Rotterdam.

This is a gold mine of wealth, but one abjectly banned by Norwegian law, and some salmon-fishing at the mouth of the rivers, taking her catches to Rotterdam.

The result was that Britain and the States were both anxious to place their hands on her, but she vanished once more, and arrived on the Norwegian coast, totally disguised, as the "Wallack," and did some salmon-fishing at the mouth of the rivers, taking her catches to Rotterdam.

This is a gold mine of wealth, but one abjectly banned by Norwegian law, and some salmon-fishing at the mouth of the rivers, taking her catches to Rotterdam.

The result was that Britain and the States were both anxious to place their hands on her, but she vanished once more, and arrived on the Norwegian coast, totally disguised, as the "Wallack," and did some salmon-fishing at the mouth of the rivers, taking her catches to Rotterdam.

This is a gold mine of wealth, but one abjectly banned by Norwegian law, and some salmon-fishing at the mouth of the rivers, taking her catches to Rotterdam.

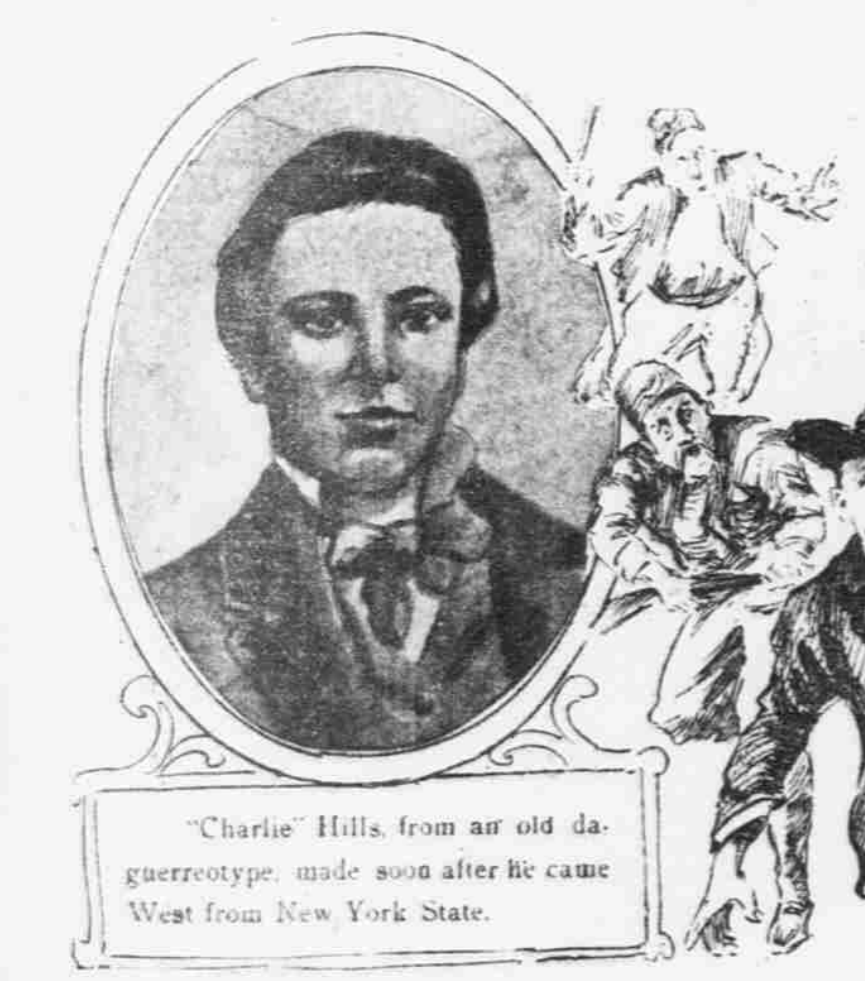
The result was that Britain and the States were both anxious to place their hands on her, but she vanished once more, and arrived on the Norwegian coast, totally disguised, as the "Wallack," and did some salmon-fishing at the mouth of the rivers, taking her catches to Rotterdam.

This is a gold mine of wealth, but one abjectly banned by Norwegian law, and some salmon-fishing at the mouth of the rivers, taking her catches to Rotterdam.

Advertisement for "STONEWALL" JACKSON'S TEMPERANCE. It features a portrait of a woman, Ethel Ponga, and a testimonial from General Bradley T. Johnson of Virginia. The text describes how she cured his extreme temperance habits. The advertisement includes a poem and a list of symptoms it treats, such as indigestion and nervousness.

COLONEL HILLS'S PICTURESQUE LIFE OF ADVENTURE, AS OUTLINED IN THE DIARY HE KEPT.

183-When 8 years old, employed as a mill hand in New York, a mill hand in New York, a mill hand in New York...



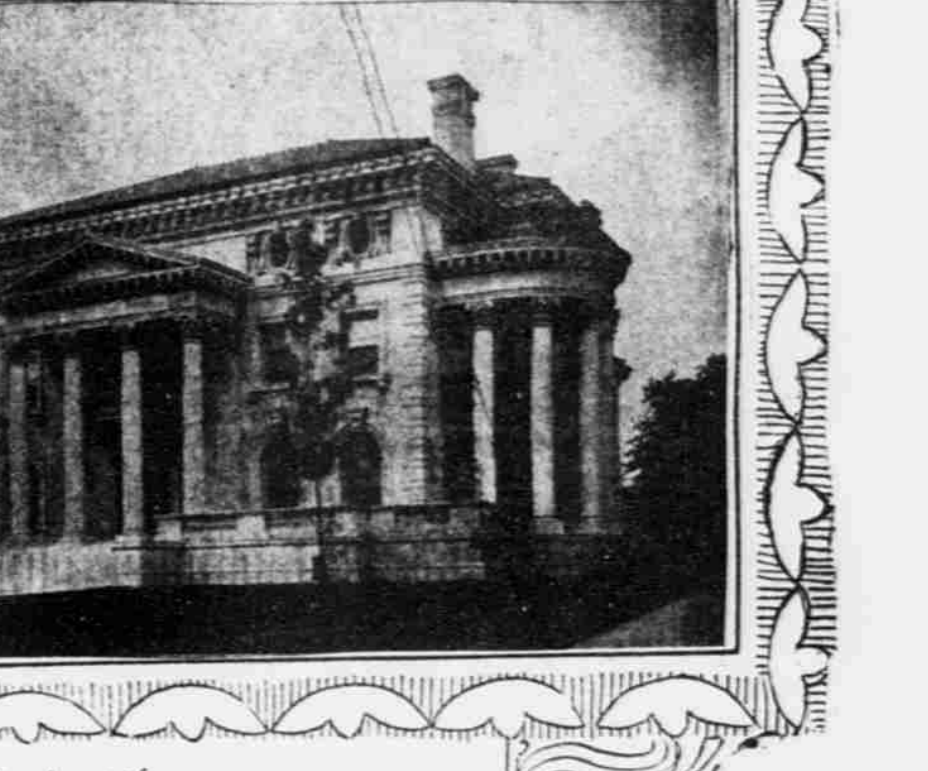
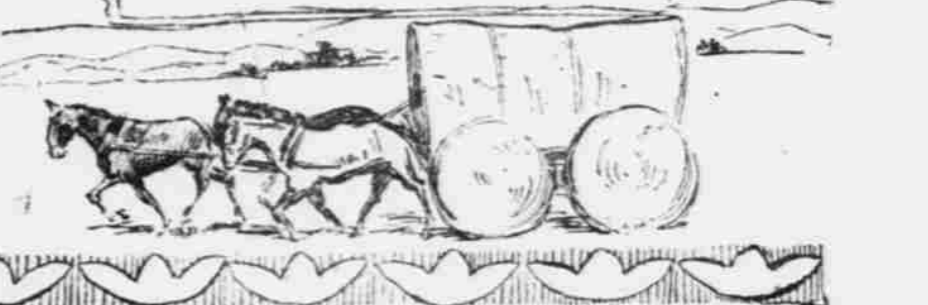
'Charlie' Hills, from an old daguerrotype, made soon after he came West from New York State.



COLONEL CHARLES S. HILLS'S LAST PHOTOGRAPH



CHARLES S. HILLS IN 1882. Photograph taken in Constantinople at the time of his thrilling experience with a Turk in 1882.



Residence of Mrs. Charles S. Hills, No. 5065 Lindell Boulevard.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. The life of Colonel Charles S. Hills, captain, whose death occurred a few weeks ago, was replete with adventures...

Following account of his experience in the Moslem quarters of Jerusalem. I groped along the dark streets, realizing that I was lost. Presently I saw a feeble light and heard voices...

lights were burning dimly, and I decided a gate—the Damascus gate to the city. Underneath I found a body of Turkish soldiers sleeping on their arms...

the Holland Purchase, I mention this because they borrowed our clothes and prevented us from going to the funeral. My mother was more unfeeling than her children...

which I placed my own signature as the artist in bigger letters than I used for the storekeeper. Of course, I had to point it out again.

claim, saying that on one occasion if an old musket had not failed to fire, he would not have been left to tell the tale.

ent. I would swap them a fresh animal and get one much better after he was needed. Then I was postmaster—an honor, of course, as the office only paid about 24 cents a month.

Dog His Only Companion in Kansas Wilderness. For more than a year he lived in the Kansas wilderness with a dog as his only companion. Only twice in that period did he see a human being...

Climbed Narrow Ledge to a Tower. Upon a near-by wall I discovered a flight of steps. These I climbed, and crawling upon hands and knees along the narrow ledge came to a tower, which barred my progress...

Studied the Bible and Read Shakespeare. My evenings were spent in study. The principal text-books were the Bible, Shakespeare and Plutarch's Lives...

Living Among Strangers. The trip exhausted his strength. He had visited an uncle, who he had expected to assist him in finding work.

and the bird of paradise is extremely rare. When this became too dangerous the "Vital Spark" put it up, only to turn up as the "Mirrored" in the strictly preserved...

When Ethel Pong. Ethel, gesticulated grace And creamy waves of filmy lace; The lovely dreams of poets, too, Such fancies in the picture trace...

When Ethel Pong. Each triumph adds a deeper hue She sweetly ekes to score a few, But, missing just within an ace, There swift comes a different case...

SHIPS WITH MANY NAMES. Special Correspondence of The Republic. London, July 12.—There came into the port of Hull from some distant port...

She vanished, and turned up suddenly in the Bay of the Bosphorus, where she was again seen to be in the hands of the British Government...

at a huge price by a Spanish syndicate as a regular blockade runner during the Spanish-American War. She carried 15,000 cigars during the blockade...

WHITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. General Bradley T. Johnson of Virginia tells the following story of his well-known "Stonewall" Jackson's temperance...

"STONEWALL" JACKSON'S TEMPERANCE. Advertisement for a temperance product, featuring a portrait of a man and decorative borders.

DEATH OF CHARLES S. HILLS.

Former Vice President of Catlin Tobacco Company.

Word was received in this city last night from Glenwood Springs, Colo., announcing the sudden death of Charles Spear Hills, former vice president of the Catlin Tobacco Company, and well known among St. Louis business men.

A few minutes before the telegram containing the news reached here W. G. Hills, a brother of the dead man, who was formerly in the tobacco business, underwent an operation at the Mullanphy Hospital and his condition was reported to be so serious that it was deemed advisable not to let him know of his brother's death, the physicians fearing that he would not be able to stand the shock.

Mrs. C. S. Hills was with her husband when the end came, and will accompany the body home for burial. No arrangements have been made for the funeral.

Mr. Hills was born in Conewango County, New York, sixty-eight years ago. His father was a manufacturer of woolen goods. After receiving his education in the public schools of New York, Mr. Hills came West at the age of 21. He located in Belvidere, Ill., for a short time, and not meeting with success there walked from the place to Stevenspoint, Wis., arriving in the latter city with a capital of 20 cents. After rafting logs and teaching school for about a year he moved to Leavenworth, Kas., and later helped lay out the town of Cottonwood Falls, of which he afterwards became Postmaster. In 1860 he moved to Emporia, Kas., and at the beginning of the Civil War he joined the Emporia Guards and fought under General Lyons. He was wounded at the battle of Wilson's Creek. Later he made the assault on Fort Blakely and captured the Southern stronghold. In recognition of his services he was promoted by President Lincoln to the rank of Colonel.

After the war Colonel Hills came to St. Louis and entered the wholesale grocery business, under the firm name of Perley, Hills & Co. In 1868 he became manager of the Daniel Catlin Tobacco Company, and in 1877 was appointed a director of that concern. In 1879 he took a trip around the world, remaining abroad eighteen months, and on his return he was made vice president of the Catlin Tobacco Company, which office he held at the time the company was absorbed by the Continental Tobacco Company. After disposing of his stock in that concern he retired from business.

Mr. Hills was married twice, the first time in 1867, to Miss Evaline Babbitt of Indianapolis, Ind. She died in 1873, and in 1879 Mr. Hills married Mrs. Eva Sturgess Curran, daughter of Samuel Sturgess.

Besides his wife, he leaves a son, Howard, aged 10 years. A brother and three sisters, living in New York, also survive him. Although of a domestic nature, Mr. Hills took a great interest in public affairs. He was a member of the Loyal Legion and of the St. Louis Club.

Kidney trouble is assigned as the cause of his death.



Cha: S. Hills. 1st Limb. 2^d Kansas Infly.
Two days before the Battle of
Scholten Wilson's Creek. Aug. 10. 1861. St. Louis
[copy]

