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Battle of Kings Mountain.

The Revolutionary War was fought all the way from the St. Lawrence River to the northern boundary line of Florida. This was an extensive battle-ground. Yet it accounts to a great extent for the success of the American forces. At first the war was conducted for the most part in the North; but failing to capture Washington and end the war, the British turned their attention Southward. This was not the first time an attempt was made to enter the South. The battle of Moore's Creek Bridge tells the story of their first failure. The second attempt was more carefully planned. In 1778 they entered the extreme Southern Colony and captured Savannah; and Georgia easily fell under British control. Their plan was to move northward, taking State after State until the whole South should be under British control. The next year they moved up into South Carolina. A stubborn resistance was made at Charleston, and it was not until May 12, 1780, that this stronghold fell into the hands of the British. Here Cornwallis was left in command of the British troops of the South and Patrick Ferguson, a young Scotch soldier, was left as lieutenant-colonel of a recently raised regular regiment, known as American volunteers.

Lord Cornwallis moved northward in the direction of Camden, where the Americans were to suffer a still more disastrous defeat, but Colonel Ferguson moved further to the northwest. Here were many Tories both in South and North Carolina who were loyal to the British Government. He moved rapidly from place to place, breaking up bodies of armed Whigs and adding more loyalists to his standard. News reached the back counties that Cornwallis was approaching with his entire army, that the loyalists were active and that Colonel Ferguson was already foraging in the present counties of Cleveland and Rutherford. Colonel Charles McDowell, the leader of the patriot band, was too weak to check him, so the Americans fell back to the foot of old Grandfather for safety.

The territory west of the mountains to the Mississippi River, now known as Tennessee, was then a part of North Carolina, and was divided into two counties, Washington and Sullivan. It had been settled by emigrants from North Carolina and Virginia, only a few years, when the Revolutionary War began.

When Colonel McDowell saw that he could not stop Colonel Ferguson, he went across the mountains and asked this new settlement to come over and help us keep the British out of the State. They were busy fighting Indians, but Colonel Isaac Shelby, from Sullivan County, responded immediately. With a little more than 200 men he crossed the mountains; and for the first time the enemy learned something of this new settlement, and he retreated into South Carolina, followed by McDowell and Shelby.

On the 15th of August, however, General Gates crossed the North Carolina line and met Cornwallis near Camden. The American army was annihilated. This so weakened the patriot's strength that McDowell and Shelby retreated back in North Carolina, followed by Colonel Ferguson, who pushed as far northward as the Smoky Mountains. Shelby returned home and there was no organized force now in the South sufficient to stand an attack of the British.

Suddenly and without warning, there came, like an avalanche down the mountain a force of stalwart and hardy riflemen. They came from Washington and Sullivan Counties under Shelby and Sevier, about 500 strong. They came from Wilkes and Surry Counties under Colonel Benjamin Cleveland and Major Joseph Winston, to the number of 350. They came, likewise, from Virginia under Colonel William Campbell more than 400 strong, and joined Colonel McDowell,

who had about 160 refugees.

"They were accustomed to Indian warfare; they were skilled as horsemen and marksmen; they knew how to face every danger, hardship, and privation. Their fringed and tasseled hunting-shirts were girded in by bead-worked belts and the trappings of their horses were stained red and yellow. On their heads they wore caps of coon-skin or mink-skin, with the tails hanging down, or else felt hats, in each of which was thrust a buck-tail or a sprig of evergreen. Every man carried a small-bore rifle, a tomahawk and a scalping knife."

They all came together on the 29th of September, at Quaker Meadows. Colonel McDowell's home. Some deserters had carried the news to Colonel Ferguson, of the size and strength of the approaching army, and the Tories were on the alert. The army of Patriots were now joined by several small guerrilla bands from Georgia and South Carolina. By common consent, Colonel Campbell was placed in command of the army, and they moved down on the Tories. Ferguson was near Rutherford; but as the Patriots moved cautiously along they found that he had retreated into South Carolina.

The British officer was not idle. He called for reinforcements and threw himself into the work of rallying the people of the plains, many of whom were loyalists. On the 1st of October he sent out a proclamation in which he told the people of the plains that the "Back Water" men had crossed the mountains, with chiefs at their head who would surely grant mercy to none who had been loyal to the King. He called on them to grasp their arms and to rally to his standard, "unless they wished to be eaten up by the oncoming hordes of cruel barbarians, to be themselves robbed and murdered, and to see their daughters and wives abused by the dogs of mankind."

Colonel Ferguson needed time to collect his forces. This was what the mountaineers did not give him. The British were in the dark as to the neighborhood from which the mountaineers would come. So little did they know about the character of the mountaineers that many thought they came from Kentucky and that Daniel Boone himself was among them.

Colonel Ferguson, however, was moving cautiously toward Cornwallis and keeping, as he thought, a safe distance from them. On the night of the 6th of October he halted at Kings Mountain, in South Carolina, just a few miles south of the North Carolina line.

The Kings Mountain range is about sixteen miles long, extending in a southwesterly direction from the southeast corner of Cleveland County in South Carolina. Colonel Ferguson, encamped with about 1,000 men on this strong ridge. He was about as far from Cornwallis as from the enemy, he thought; so next morning he did not think of retreating further; and he boasted that he was king of the mountains, and that even the Almighty could not drive him from it.

The night of the 6th of October was dark and drizzly, and while Ferguson and his men were fighting their camp fires and feeling secure, the hardy mountaineers were pushing out of camp and stumbling along through the murky night. They moved around to the southwest to avoid any patrol parties, and at daylight they were crossing Cherokee ford. "Throughout the forenoon the rain continued but the troops pushed steadily onward without halting, wrapping their blankets around their gun-locks, to keep them dry." When near Kings Mountain they captured some Tories and from them learned Ferguson's exact position. They rode forward in absolute silence, and when close to the battle-line, they tied their horses to trees and fastened their coats and blankets to their saddles. The countersign was "Bufford," the name of the colonel whose troops Tarleton had defeated and butchered. The forces now divided, one part marched up one side of the mountain, and the other part the other side. The right side was led by Sevier with his own

and McDowell's troops. The left side was led by Cleveland's forces, which contained the Wilkes and Surry men and South Carolinians.

So rapid were their movements that the British did not know they were in any danger until the assault had begun. Colonel Ferguson at once sprang to his horse; his drums beat to arms; and he instantly made ready for the fight. It was about 3 o'clock when the firing opened. Campbell began the assault. He ordered his men to raise the Indian war-whoop, which they did with a will and made the woods ring.

They rushed upward and began firing; Ferguson's men responded with heavy firing and charged so violently that the mountaineers gave way and retreated down the mountain-side. No soon as Ferguson returned from his charge on Campbell than he found Shelby's men swarming up to the attack on his other side. He promptly charged his new force and drove them back; but Shelby checked the retreat of his men; and as he engaged the British from his side Campbell rid his men again and charged up the mountain. Now the British were completely surrounded. Ferguson dashed from point to point and his shrill whistle could be heard above the wild whoop of the mountaineers, the shouts of the officers and the cries of the wounded, calling his men to battle; but the mountaineers were closing in on him. Once the British raised the white flag, but Ferguson cut it down. No quarters were asked; none were given. The British were mowed down like grass, and Ferguson attempted to escape by cutting his way through Sevier's line. He was recognized, and the shrill whistle of the courageous chieftain was forever silenced. Sevier's men had marked him out, and the keen rifles of the mountaineers picked him off. He fell dead pierced by a half-dozen bullets.

The two wings were now approaching the crest of the hill. The loyalists broke and fled to the east end of the mountain; but they were surrounded. Here they were huddled together among their tents and baggage wagons when they surrendered. The fighting had lasted for more than two hours; all hope was lost and a white flag was hoisted. Almost the entire British forces were killed or captured. Ferguson and two of his colonels were killed; about 200 of his men were slain and the remainder, about 800, were taken prisoners. In addition to this, all the arms and ammunition were captured. The American loss was twenty-eight killed and sixty-two wounded.

This was a glorious victory. "It completely crushed the spirits of loyalists," said Lossing. They no longer dared rise. It encouraged the North Carolinians and quickened the Virginians to come to their aid. It stunned the British, for it was the first serious check they had had in the South. General Washington proclaimed the results in General Orders to the army as "an important object gained" and "a proof of the spirit and resources of the country"; while Congress expressed in resolves "a high sense of the spirited and military conduct of Colonel Campbell and the officers and privates of the militia under his command, displayed in the acts of October 7, in which a complete victory was obtained."

As Lossing says: "When all the circumstances are considered, the boldness of the execution, the brilliancy of the execution, and the important train of consequences resulting from it, there was nothing in the North more so, except the surrender at Saratoga." It turned the tide of Southern warfare, making Cornwallis' capture of the American forces in North Carolina impossible, and causing him to slip North Carolina and march to York River, Va. for supplies. Supplies never came, and Cornwallis was captured.—E. C. Brooks, in North Carolina Education.

Don't wait for the Xmas rush but call and inspect Knight's line of Jewelry, Cut Glass, Silver Ware and Sterling Silver Novelties. A more complete line than ever

DESPERADO AT BAY.

More Dramatic Setting for Ending of Desperado's Career Hard to Find.

Bingham, Utah, Dec. 1st.—Smudges were lighted today in the Utah-Apex mine, where Ralph Lopez, desperado, is making his last stand. With all exits to the mine except that of the Andy tunnel bratticed and sealed with mud and with poisonous gases floating back into the depths of the workings, it was expected that the fugitive would make a break for liberty today.

A large amount of dynamite is stored in the mine, and knowing Lopez could easily blow out one of the bulkheads, the seven sheriffs early today stationed a dozen deputies at each of the 15 tunnel mouths with orders to shoot him on sight.

The 10,000 inhabitants of this canyon walled mining town, deep in drifts of snow, were waiting in tense excitement for the denouement of the man hunt that already has cost six lives.

On November 21 Lopez killed a Mexican miner and later in the day he killed the chief of police and two deputies who pursued him. After a chase through several counties he back-tracked to Bingham and took refuge in the Utah-Apex mine, where he killed two more deputies last Saturday.

A more dramatic setting for the ending of the career of Lopez could hardly be found. The mine is located near the top of a precipitous wall of the canyon and from any of its 15 tunnel mouths one could throw a stone that would descend for nearly 1,000 feet before it struck. Here and there a miner's cabin clings to the cliff and from one of these a widow sat watching today for the avenging of her husband's death.

Just before noon the mouth of the Andy tunnel was stopped with a bulkhead and the fumes of a sulphur smudge were directed into the mine through an opening. Bulkheads were placed in the other mine mouths yesterday and at noon smudges of various compositions were sending their poisonous fumes back into every tunnel.

If Lopez does not attempt to break out it was planned to continue the smudging for two days.

The exits of the mine are at different levels and although there is no record, it is estimated the tunnels, inclines and blind slopes cross for a total distance of 30 miles. The seven sheriffs in charge have more than 200 deputies under them. Practically all of these have been in pursuit of Lopez since Nov. 21.

Lopez took refuge in the mine Friday night with a limited supply of food. He was formerly one of the lessees of the mine, which produces gold, silver and copper, and is familiar with every passageway.

Mike Cranovich, who shot and seriously wounded his wife several days ago, may also have hidden in the mine, it was thought. The deputies were instructed to allow him to surrender if he came out alone. Lopez was to be shot on sight.

Child Saves Parents By Flagging a Train.

Bakersfield, Cal., Nov. 28.—Helpless to aid her parents, who lay pinned beneath their overturned automobile, the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Turner of East Bakersfield yesterday flagged a Southern Pacific train near Tipton and had the train crew come to the assistance of her papa and mamma.

Engineer J. L. Weyers, leaning from the cab window of the Southern Pacific Valley Flyer, No. 51, saw the little girl frantically waving her arms, and brought the train to a stop. Assisted by the train crew, he managed to lift the heavy car off the man and woman.

The accident occurred about a mile and a half from Tipton, when the steering gear of the automobile broke while the car was running at a speed of ten miles an hour. The automobile became unmanageable and turned turtle, throwing the little girl clear. She kept her nerve and probably saved the lives of her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner were only slightly injured.

A BIG FARM IN MISSOURI.

Rankin Farm of 23,000 Acres Reports Profit of \$100,000.

New York Times.

Near Tarkio, Mo., is the largest tillable farm in the United States, the property of four children of the late David Rankin. It contains 23,000 acres and last year there were under cultivation 14,000 acres in corn, 3,000 each in wheat and oats and 1,500 in alfalfa. At \$125 an acre the land alone is worth almost \$3,000,000. The profit on the entire farm for one year recently was \$100,000.

The farm makes a specialty of cattle, for which practically all the grain grown is used. Five thousand cattle were fed on the farm last year. It was a theory of David Rankin, and it is being adhered to in the operation of the farm today, that many farmers sell too much raw material and not enough of the finished product. To an inquirer he said once: "I find it profitable to feed corn, and I gain an immense amount of fertilizer. Thus I leave my farm as rich as I found it."

Horses and mules are not permitted to grow old on the Rankin farms. Every year a sale is held there where every horse and mule that has reached a respectable age is disposed of. Practically every year the stables are filled with a fresh population of work animals, insuring the maximum of efficiency. At the last sale 357 horses and mules were sold and the proceeds of the sale netted more than \$25,000. Buyers come hundreds of miles to Tarkio to attend these sales.

No manufacturing concern in America keeps closer tab on its business than do the Rankin farms. In a little office about 12x14 feet, in the rear of the First National Bank of Tarkio, two clerks and an adding machine are busy with books from one year's end to the other. The farm is divided into 10 ranches ranging from 640 to 4,760 acres. Five ranches are operated on a partnership basis, the owners furnishing the land against the labor of the partners.

A record of every transaction on the farm is kept at the central office. Not a pound of soap, not a box of matches is bought without a requisition, signed by the foreman if the farm is operated directly or by the partner if the farm is operated on the partnership plan. Each foreman and partner must submit a monthly report, which is virtually an inventory of the whole area and stock and machinery. When the books are balanced at the close of the year a statement is made just as complete as any business corporation could submit.

The farm is not as large by more than 2,000 acres as it was when David Rankin died in 1909. One thousand acres were sold last summer and 1,000 acres a year ago. One of the axioms of David Rankin was: "Never sell the farm." But the heirs of Mr. Rankin are trying to make the farm more compact, so that it can be operated with greater economy. Eventually it will probably be reduced to about 15,000 acres and divided among the four heirs.

Veterans' Reunion.

Yadkinville, Nov. 30.—The first annual reunion and memorial service of the old soldiers of Yadkin County was held here Thursday.

L. L. Shugart of Jonesville is responsible for this meeting, which a good majority of the old men of the county attended. They assembled in the court house Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. The court house was packed at 11 o'clock when Attorney F. W. Hanes made the address of welcome. Then the Yadkinville O. N. S. School children sang some appropriate songs, and Mr. Shugart made a short talk to his comrades.

The people of Yadkinville tendered a dinner to the old soldiers. Z. H. Dixon of Elkin made the principal address in the place of ex-Gov. R. B. Glenn, who was unable to fill his appointment here. Mr. Dixon spoke first of the cause and effect of the struggle that was lost to the South.

Hookworm Campaign.

Durham, Nov. 29.—In winding up the first two weeks work of the campaign against the hookworm in Durham county the conductors of the free dispensary announced this afternoon that they thought the percentage of infection in the county would be about 30 per cent. This is ten points lower than the first estimate.

The most highly infected place in the county, which has been examined was Massey's chapel neighborhood. The school at this place was examined and out of 27 children examined 24 were found to have the hookworm in more or less exaggerated stages. Out of 175 examinations made of children in the East Durham school only 35 cases were found.

During the two weeks of work in the county the experts have examined 450 cases. Of this number 128 have been found who had the hookworm.

Small Child Killed on Rail Near Lenoir.

Lenoir, Nov. 29.—This afternoon as northbound passenger train No. 10 on the Carolina and Northwestern railway came into Saw Mills, a flag station, about 10 miles south of Lenoir, a little child about 18 months old, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. B. U. Adams, was sitting on the track between the rails at a crossing south of the whistle post, and was run over and instantly killed.

Just below the crossing is a sharp curve in the road, and as the train came around the curve the engineer saw the child, but was too close to stop his train. Immediately he applied the emergency brakes and did everything in his power to stop before hitting the little one, but could not save its life. When the train was brought to a standstill the little body was taken from beneath the rear trucks of the rear coach. Its head was badly mutilated and the skull crushed.

The scene was so sad and heart-rending the engineer and conductor in charge of the train and passengers wept as they viewed the body of the innocent child. The child had a habit of following an older brother about the place, and the little one had strayed away from home and sat down on the track. The scene of the accident is said to have been about 400 yards from the house.

Surry Preacher in Virginia.

Roanoke Times, 30th.

The Rev. J. A. McKaughan until recently pastor of the Vinton Baptist church has accepted a call to the Burrows Memorial church, Norfolk, Va., and will begin his work there December 1.

Mr. McKaughan came to Virginia several years ago from Brooklyn church, Wilmington, N. C. He carried on extensive and successful work in his native state and therefore, came to Virginia Baptists highly recommended. His first work of building a church at Christiansburg, won for him the love of the Baptists there. From Christiansburg Mr. McKaughan was called to Radford and from there to Vinton.

He is a splendid preacher, a good pastor and a man of pleasing address. His pastorate in Vinton brought him into close touch with the pastors and people of Roanoke city, where, by his warm-hearted manner, won for himself many friends who are glad to see him go, but who are keeping with his increasing ability and is a fit recognition of his work in Virginia.

Southern Says \$20,000 is Too Much for Life of an Engineer.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Contending that \$20,000 is too much for the life of a locomotive engineer, the Southern Railway Company today appealed to the supreme court of the United States to reverse the supreme court of South Carolina which awarded such a sum to the widow of an engine driver who was killed when his train dashed into a burning trestle near Alston, S. C., on August 29, 1911.

A new shipment of Wear Well Hoses just received at Earp's, only 10c per pair. Try them.