

### Bankers Meet At Rutherfordton

#### Ninety Plates Served At Banquet—Shelby Men Are Elected To Offices.

Rutherfordton Sun.  
The annual spring meeting of Group Nine of the North Carolina Bankers Association held at the Isthmian Hotel Saturday evening was a great success. Ninety plates were served. The feed was a most beautiful one. Music by the Henrietta Orchestra was a feature of the evening. The local banks were host to the meeting.

Editor R. E. Price delivered a short address of welcome. Mr. C. F. Cline of Gilkey pronounced the invocation. The toastmaster, Mr. Miller of Charlotte, called on Dr. J. D. Biggs, president of the North Carolina Bankers Association and President of the Farmers and Merchants Bank at Wilkesboro, N. C., who spoke briefly on "The Spirit of Brotherhood and Service."  
D. L. B. Morse, President of Chitney Rock Mountains, Inc., was

present and spoke briefly of the big development at Chimney Rock. He stated that over 8,000 acres or about 12 square miles of land had been purchased and that the big development was now a certainty.  
Mr. Paul P. Brown, of Raleigh, secretary of the North Carolina Bankers Association spoke briefly and urged that all banks be well represented at the state meeting in Asheville, June 4-6th.  
Forrest Eskridge, cashier of the First National Bank of Shelby, was elected vice chairman and William Lineberger, president of the Cleve-

land Bank and Trust Company was elected a member of the advisory committee.

### CONGRESSMAN SINGS PRAISE OF THE OLD NORTH STATE

Washington, May 1.—Praises of the "grand old State of North Carolina" were sung in the house Wednesday by one of its representatives—Abernehy, a Democrat from the third district.  
"If all the cigarettes made in North Carolina were rolled into one," he said, "A young man could lean against the south pole, light his cigarette from the fire of Halley's comet and blow smoke around the seven seas."  
"If all the tables made in the state were stretched into one festive board, they would seat all the banquet guests from the days of King Arthur to the recent fiasco of the arms conference."  
"And if all the stockings were made into one huge sock, it would hold all the toys of Santa Claus."  
A dumb-bell is a fellow who thinks a counter-charge is the slip the clerk fills out when he finds out his credit is good at the store.

## DEATH OF COL. WILLIAMS AT THE KINGS MOUNTAIN BATTLE

—CORRECT STORY OF NOTABLE LOCAL BATTLE—  
(From The Gaffney Ledger.)

(The following story from The Gaffney Ledger will be of great interest to the people of Shelby, Cleveland county and surrounding section because of the nearness of Kings Mountain battleground and the hundreds of families in this section who had ancestors in the battle that was the turning point of the war. Shelby and Cleveland were named from two heroes of the fight.)

William Camp was a great uncle to Mrs. W. H. Smith, of Gaffney; David Quinn and Mrs. David Quinn were Mrs. Smith's great uncles and aunt; Anthony Morgan was Mrs. Smith's great grandfather; and Silas Randall was the great grandfather of Lucius Randall.

A few years ago the Daniel Morgan chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, moved the remains of Col. James Williams from the Mintz place in the Buffalo section of the county to the Carnegie Free Library here, the bones being interred in a vault in the library yard.

With the foregoing explanatory paragraphs, the following concerning the death of Col. Williams, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Kings Mountain, is reprinted from an old issue of the Yorkville Enquirer, of York:

#### Grave Of Col. Williams.

Thursday, November, 19, 1857.—It's well known that Col. Williams—the hero of Kings Mountain—fell mortally wounded in the moment of victory. With the vow that he would silence the whistle of Ferguson, whose shrill clarion notes rang out above the din of battle, and brought again the wavering red coats to the charge, he rushed upon the foe and fell just as the enemy was giving away—just as the whistles ceased to ring—just as the shouts of the victors were going up from the "Grand Old Mountain." It was a fit requiem for the gallant soldier: the music which sounded so sweetly in the ear of Wolfe on the plains of Abraham. But it is not generally known that the spot of earth where sleeps the hero can be distinctly identified. The tread of pilgrim feet have echoed through the ravines of the mountain, baptized in the blood of heroes; but patriotism has never sought out, nor love and veneration consecrated that little mound—the "narrow house" of the big-hearted Williams. Two rude stones mark that sacred spot, and oral and traditional evidence have alone given it a "local habitation and a name."

But the chain of testimony by which it is identified has recently been traced out, link by link, by Wm. G. Black, Esq. From him we gather the following evidence, which he has taken the trouble to collect: William Camp, Esq., a highly respectable citizen of this district, now upwards of 70 years of age, who has resided in the immediate neighborhood for the last 58 years, says that tradition and the oldest citizens, contemporaries of the battle of King's Mountain, have uniformly designated a grave on the plantation of Mr. John B. Mintz, as the final resting place of Col. Williams. The plantation of Mr. Mintz lies between Buffalo and Broad River, was pointed out to him fortyodd years ago by Mrs. David Quinn, the daughter of Anthony Morgan, who resided within forty rods of the grave,

when Col. Williams was buried. She was a full grown lady at the time. The American army on the night after the battle camped near her father's spring, and early next morning their dead commander was interred. This evidence accords with the well known facts that the army retreated immediately after the battle for fear of Cornwallis; that Col. Williams died under a chestnut tree, which we have often seen, which until recently stood near the residence of A. Hardin, Esq., and that the army, then in full retreat, did not stop to bury him, but carried him along with them.

The statement of Mrs. Quinn was confirmed by Peter Horgan, her brother, Mr. Collins who lived in a mile of the encampment, at the time, likewise attested the same. A Quixotic adventure brought him to the American camp. He was a quiet, harmless person, whose sole ambition was to live and let live; and a few days previous to the battle, a neighbor, a violent Tory, told him that the British had possession of the entire country, and that he would be "hung, drawn and quartered," if he did not carry immediately to their camp a supply of provisions. He was credulous enough—like the witless Cornwallis—to believe that the country was conquered, and so he posted off with a bag of meal for the British. This was the very day of the battle. In the meantime the mountaineers, like eagles from their aeries, had swooped down upon the confident Ferguson. Before the meal intended for the Tories could reach them, many of them had lost their appetites forever. The likable Collins was not by a neighbor, who discovering his intention, told him the result of the battle in the following unique language: "Ferguson has been in hell three hours, and the Whigs will send you after him if you don't change your course immediately." He took the hint from the gentle Mercury and returned home.—That night he carried his meal to the American camp.

Silas Randall, who recently died at the age of 90, gave Mr. Camp the following information: He was with Col. Williams at A. Hardin's; raised his head and gave him a drink, when he immediately went to sleep—his soul passed quietly away—so that it scarcely seemed like death. Mr. R., also asserted that he, Col. W., was carried on to the camp, and buried as above stated. No man ever possessed a fairer character than the last witness, and therefore his evidence is conclusive.

The grave itself appears to be a fitting abode for the hero of King's Mountain. It is situated on the side of a hill—in full view of the blue mountain top, so that at the resurrection morn his eye will rest first on the scene of his glory and earthly immortality. Was it the native taste of the rude mountaineers or the directing hand of that Providence "which shapes our ends"—which we call chance—that selected this site and this position, ere in the haste of retreat, they left the hero "alone in his glory?" We hope that private munificence or public patriotism will place an appropriate monument above his remains, or disinter and remove them to King's Mountain and place by the side of the brave Chronicle.

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