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EVERY DAY IS THE BEST DAY.

Some skies may be gloomy,
Some moments be sad,
But everywhere, always,
Some souls must be glad;
For true is the saying
Proclaimed by the seer—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

Each day finds a hero,
Each day helps a saint,
Each day brings to some one
A joy without taint;
Though it may not be my turn
Or yours that is near—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

—Priscilla Leonard, in Pittsburg Methodist Recorder.

The calendar sparkles
With days that have brought
Some prize that was longed for,
Some good that was sought;
High deeds happen daily,
Wide truths grow more clear—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

No sun ever rises
But brings joy behind;
No sorrow in fetters
The whole earth can bind;
How selfish our fretting,
How narrow our fear—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

HOW TOM MCKINNEY DIED

IT was long after John Rice Jones was commissary general at Vincennes; long after Pierre Gamelin was commander there, but still all of sixty or seventy years ago that "Tom" McKinney rode the Southern Illinois and Indiana trails, and, having evil intent in his mind, came to where Life and Death meet and turned not back. It might have gone different with "Tom" McKinney if he had chosen not to kill his enemy, but the blood-wrath was on him and he was strong in his own courage, and what mattered a life when the law was young and a summer's wind would obliterate a trail. So "Tom" McKinney left a stark form and cold face looking up to the skies and rode away. So, too, we all—riding to the Darkness by right or wrong.

The men of the early days on the Wabash, Bon Pas, White, Little Wabash and other South streams were big of bone and muscle, hard in their passions, drunk with the license of being masters of a virgin soil, an untouched forest, an ungoverned land. The Pottawattamies fled before them. Their place was taken by settlers, and some of these were strong and brave, and many were weak and cowed. "Tom" McKinney rode among them and worked his will, just as "Andy" Graham did and "Gentleman Dave" Walker. "Andy" rode his gray mare, Twilight, and, drunk as the master might be, she never swerved from under him when carrying him over the hills to his home. There a pale-faced woman led the master to his bed and stalled the beautiful mare, and sighed, for she too was going her way and no hand reached out to turn her back. Wild, almost heroic desperadoes were these men of the beginning days, and none more bold than "Tom" McKinney. His people were scattered all over the Wabash country. Some toiled, some were shiftless, but none as daring or law-defying as he. He knew the run of the bottom lands, the ways of the twisting streams, the hidden hollow, the densest timber growths, and there were men here and women there to keep his hiding secret. Yet when he killed his enemy the law found him and he was brought into old Vincennes, where he laughed at the courts and the people, and he was tried and sentenced to be hanged in the public square—by the neck until he was dead.

"Tom" McKinney did not believe that he was to die until almost the last moment. The word went out to all the settlements that hang he must, and the settlers made great preparations to attend. His name had been a terror to them, and now they would be with him where they might laugh at his feror and be secure from his wrath. Down to Shawneetown, over to Albion, south to Mount Carmel, east to the Muscatituk, traveled the message:

"There's to be a hanging at Vincennes. 'Tom' McKinney's going to be strung up." Forty miles west of Vincennes, old man McKinney, father of "Tom," received the news that his boy had finally been convicted of murder and must suffer the extreme penalty of the law. The old man was plowing in the fields with his oxen when he learned of this. He held the beasts in the furrow for an instant while he listened, and then without a comment said:

"Get up, Buck."

He had no particular reason to feel for "Tom." The boy had been wild from his first days. Highway robbery, pillage, murder, had all been charged to his account before, and the father had wondered often, dumbly, what the end would be. Now it was in sight. "And," said the talebearer, "Tom's in the jail now, but when they put the rope on him he'll be out in the open, and they're going to have a jollification in Vincennes. They tell me when



A COLD FACE LOOKING UP TO THE SKIES.

I was there that the doctors are all after 'Tom's' body and that when they're sure he's dead they're going to take it and cut it up, so as to see what made him so powerful strong." "They be?" asked old man McKinney.

"Yes. The Sheriff has said they might have 'Tom,' and he won't get any coffin nor a grave." "I'll be blamed," said the old man, and still held the oxen to the furrow. The next day he was back in the field and the next, and each day was one nearer to "Tom's" end.

An ox could not travel fast in those days. The roads were only partially broken trails and if the rains were on almost impassable. The yellow clay of that land makes a fine bottom in the dry season, but when it is wet it is deadly to progress. Old man McKinney sat by his cabin door and calculated the forty miles to Vincennes and the number of days it would take his oxen to make the journey. He wrinkled his brow many times, but at last he was satisfied. The next morning he yoked his beasts to a rude wagon, climbed in, laid his rifle across his knees and took the Vincennes trail. He figured he should reach there in

three days, and if this proved true he would arrive on the day of "Tom's" death and several hours before his execution. That was all he wished to do.

Over in Vincennes no one expected any member of the McKinney family to be present. The people were poor, far removed, and "Tom" had chosen his own way. The scaffold rose in the square, unprotected by barricade. The night before the hanging the ox teams from the settlement began to come in. The wagons were ranged about the scaffold, and there the cattle fed, while the men lingered in the taverns, drinking and smoking and listening to many a tale of what McKinney had been when he was free. Women came with their husbands and little children, and the one topic of conversation was the coming death.

"I'll bet," said one, "Tom's wishing now he had his mare, a gun and an open road."

"Gosh, no," said another. "He's playing pitch and wishing his jig was done. He ain't no coward, 'Tom' ain't."

The morning came and the stirring of the town. The cattle were fed in the shadow of the scaffold, while the Sheriff joked with his prisoner and told him he would make "things as easy" as possible. By 10 o'clock the crowd was thronging the square and jostling up to the edge of the scaffold, fixing many a curious eye on the dangling rope.

On the west bank of the Wabash appeared a dusty, foot-sore ox team that slowly made its way across by feary and then lumbered up the street

rife and looking at the doctors crowd lag about. They, too, noticed his nervous shifting of his weapon. When they pronounced "Tom" dead, they drew back. The Sheriff cut the body down and it fell in the dust. Old man McKinney was off the wagon instantly, and had lifted his dead son high in the air and stretched him out in the wagon. Then holding his rifle again and looking toward the doctors that had counted on having the body, he said:

"This is my meat. Get up, Buck." And across the Wabash passed father and son to be seen no more.—H. I. Cleveland, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

A Fatal Meal.

"Saw a curious thing in California last winter," said the man who travels about. "I had stopped for a moment to chat with a man who was plowing, when he called my attention to a large centipede that he had just plowed up."

"Come along with me a few feet," said he, "and let's see what those crows will do when they find it." "There were several large carrion crows that had been following the farmer and picking up the insects that were turned up, and they were now a few feet away, waiting for the plow to start again."

"We went on a few feet and the crows followed. One big, black fellow soon saw the centipede and swallowed him at one gulp. Then, in the expressive slang of the day, there was something doing in the neighborhood of that crow. With a caw of despair he mounted into the air for perhaps 100 feet, then fell heels over head until he was a few feet from the ground. Then he managed to catch himself and flew upward again and away for the hills, cawing wildly. He had not gone more than 300 feet, when he lost all control of himself, and fell like a shot to the ground. We went over to where he had fallen, and found him on his back with his feet in the air, stone dead."

"In a way I know how that crow felt when he awoke to the situation. I hadn't forgotten my first spoonful of tobacco sauce that a joking friend once talked me into swallowing."—Detroit Free Press.

Queer Fishing.

An English writer tells this story: "While walking along the banks of the Wiske, accompanied by two fox terriers, I observed some large pike basking in a shallow pool. At the same moment a young cart horse that had got the wrong side of the stream attracted my notice. It occurred to me if the beast would only jump on top of the fish I might secure them while stunned by the shock. Accordingly, helped by the dogs, I drove the horse to the bank, cracked the dog whip which I carried, and the animal jumped, eager to return to its own field. When the mud cleared off the stream two large pike floated to the surface stunned. They were out of reach, but I called the dogs' attention to them, and one of them plunged in and retrieved a four-pound pike, getting well bitten in the process as the fish revived. The other pike recovered and swam away before the dog could reach it."—Chicago News.

Elephant Catcher Needed.

An elephant catcher rather than a cow catcher seems to be needed in India. On the railroad between Bengal and Assam, according to the Railroad Gazette, as the superintendent of the line was making an inspection trip, while passing through the great Nambur forest, the train came to a stop with a jolt that threw the travelers out of their berths. The train had run into a herd of wild elephants which were trotting down the track, the last of which had both hind legs broken and was thrown into the ditch, while the engineer counted seven others which got away. This is not the first time that wild elephants have got on the track, and ordinary fences and cattle guards are no protection.—Scientific American.

Three Established Facts.

There are three business facts which may be regarded as established—that there is no worthy article at a reasonable price which cannot be sold by the right kind of advertising; that the newspaper which has a large circulation is the best medium of publicity, and that an advertisement which is specific and which quotes prices is the most effective.

THE REMINISCENT MAN.

What would we do for things to read about our public men? How could we learn their boyhood traits and how they acted then? How could we know their whims and fads and other little things about them, were it not for waaat a certain person brings? All hail the chap who fills that gap in wise Dame Nature's plan, The one who's always in our view—the Reminiscent Man.

He tells us of our Presidents, and what they did and said, Or what they didn't do or say, as we have often read; He cites remarks of heroes bold, long ere they burst to fame, Which plainly show they were designed to bear an honored name; He knows the pages of the past—no other person can Dig up as many facts as does the Reminiscent Man.

Sometimes he is the man who's styled the Old Inhabitant, And he can tell when Colonel Bluff went out and laid a bait; And then, again, he is the man who batted side by side With Major Blood, and now he tells about it with much pride; Or else he had a jury seat when Lawyer Chugg was young— All this the Reminiscent Man has ever on his tongue.

Perchance he used to fish along with Mr. Officeek, And when that man's a candidate he tells it by the week; He holds the wise reporter up and fills him full of tales— The news may stop, but, after all, the R. M. never fails, Somebody ought to write a book about the talky clan— The bunch of people who make up the Reminiscent Man. —Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.



Granddad—"What makes you look so unhappy, Willie?" Willie—"Cause nobody never calls me good unless I'm doing something I don't want to do." —Motherhood.

The self-made man is easier known Than any other snob, Because he is so quick to own He's well pleased with the job. —Philadelphia Record.

"Mr. Gallant, you are something of a student of human nature," began Miss Bewchus, coyly. "Ah, but now," he interrupted, flashing his bold, black eyes upon her, "I am a divinity student."—Philadelphia Press.

The youthful politician is A man of promise great, His promises are numerous now; And still accumulate. —Washington Star.

"I heard a good definition of 'wealthier' to-day," he suggested casually. "What was it?" she asked unobtrusively. "Wealthier," he replied, "is the most feminine thing in nature." And yet she didn't laugh. —Chicago Post.

Aunt Hannah — "Oh, I don't think Amanda would do such a mean thing as that. I have always heard people say Amanda was generous to a fault." Uncle George—"When the fault happens to be hers, she is; not otherwise, not otherwise."—Boston Transcript.

Papa — "See that spider, my boy, spinning his web. Is it not wonderful? Do you reflect that, try as he may, no man could spin that web?" Johnny—"What of it? See me spin this top! Do you reflect, try as he may, no spider could spin this top?" —Tit-Bits.

"I suppose," said the physician, smiling and trying to appear witty, while feeling the pulse of a lady patient, "I suppose you consider me an old humbug?" "Why, doctor," replied the lady, "I had no idea you could ascertain a woman's thoughts by merely feeling her pulse."—Chicago Tribune.

"I suppose, of course," remarked the society reporter at the Struckoll-Jimpson wedding, "the bride's diamonds and the lace on her waist were handed down from her great-grandmother." "Well, hardly," exclaimed old Struckoll, indignantly. "I'd have you know everything on her as she stands was bought brand new for the occasion."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Quite a Difference.

A British Columbia lawyer was passing along the street, carrying under his arm a law book in circuit binding, when he was accosted by a self-righteous individual: "Hal! Mr. Blank, and where are you going to preach to-day?" "I don't preach; I practice," replied the lawyer.—Argonaut.