

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XIV.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1903.

NO. 7.



THE HAUNTED PALACE.

By EDGAR ALLAN POE.

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—rears its head,
In the monarch's thought's dominion,
It stood there;
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting,
Porphyrogene,
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers now within that valley
Through the red-tinted windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

The Longest Way Home.

BY NORMAN DUNCAN.

"I was a very narrow escape," said the doctor.
"Crossing the harbor?" I exclaimed.
"Yes," said he, with a laugh, then gravely, "it was my narrowest escape."
"Tell me the story," said I, much interested.

It was a quiet evening—twilight—with the harbor water unruffled, and the colors of the afterglow fast fading from the sky. We were sitting by the surgery door, watching the fishing boats come in from the sea, and our talk had been of the common dangers of that life.

"Do you see the little cottage on the other side—back of the church and to the left?" said the doctor.

"Under the big rock?" said I. "With the little garden in front and the lad going up the path?"

"Aye," said the doctor. "Some years ago, when that sturdy little lad was a toddler in pinafores he was taken suddenly ill. It was a warm day in the spring of the year. The ice was still in the harbor, locked in by the rocks at the narrows, though the snow had all melted from the hills, and green things were shooting from the earth in the gardens. The weather had been fine for a week. Day by day the harbor ice had grown more unsafe, until, when Tommy, the lad you saw on the path, was taken ill, only the daring ventured to cross upon it.

"Tommy's father came rushing into the surgery in a pitiable state of grief and fright. I knew when I first caught sight of his face that the child was ill.

"Doctor," said he, "my little lad's wonderful sick. Come quick!"

"Can we cross by the ice?" I said.

"I've come that way," said he. "It's safe enough 't risk. Make haste, doctor, sir! Make haste!"

"Lead the way!" said I.

"He led so cleverly that we crossed without once sounding the ice. It was a zigzag way—a long, winding course—and I knew the day after, though I was too intent upon the matter in hand to perceive it at the moment, that only his experience and acquaintance with the condition of the ice made the passage possible. After midnight, when my situation was one of extreme peril, I realized that the way had been neither safe for me, who followed, nor easy for the man who led.

"My boy is dying, doctor!" said the mother, when we entered the house. "Oh, save him!"

"My sympathy for the child and his parents—they loved that lad—no less than a certain professional interest which takes hold of a young physician in such cases, kept me at Tommy's bedside until long, long after dark. I need not have stayed so long—ought not to have stayed—for the lad was safe and out of pain, but in this far-away place a man must be both nurse and doctor, and there I found myself, at 11 o'clock of a dark night, worn out, and anxious only to reach my bed by the shortest way.

"I think, sir," said Tommy's father, when I made ready to go, "that I wouldn't go back by the ice."

"O, nonsense," said I. "We came over without any trouble, and I'll find any way back, never fear."

"I wish you'd stay here the night," said the mother. "If you'll bide, sir, we'll make you comfortable."

"No, no," said I. "I must get to my own bed."

"If you'll not go round by the shore, sir," said the man, "leave me pilot you across."

"Stay with your lad," said I, somewhat testily. "I'll cross by the ice."

"'Twill be the longest way home the night," said he.

"When a man is sleepy and worn out he can be strangely perverse. I would have my own way, and, to my cost, I was permitted to take it. Tommy's father led me to the landing stage, put a gaff in my hand and warned me to be careful—warned me particularly not to take a step without sounding the ice ahead with my gaff, and he brought the little lesson to an end with a wistful, 'I wish you wouldn't risk it.'

"The tone of his voice, the earnestness and warm feeling with which he spoke, gave me pause. I hesitated, but the light in my surgery window, shining so near at hand, gave me a vision of clean and comfortable rest, and I put the momentary indecision away from me.

"It is a quarter of a mile to my surgery by the ice," I said, "and it is four miles round the harbor by the road. I'm going the shortest way."

"You'll find it the longest, sir," said he.

"I repeated my directions as to the treatment of Tommy, then gave the man good night, and stepped out on the ice, gaff in hand. The three hours following were charged with more terror and despair than, doubtless, any year of my life to come shall know. I am not morbidly afraid of death. It was not that—not the simple, natural fear of death that made me suffer. It was the manner of its coming—in the night, with the harbor folk, all ignorant of my extremity, peacefully sleeping around me—the slow, cruel approach of it, closing in upon every hand, lying all about me, and hidden from me by the night."

The doctor paused. He looked over the quiet water of the harbor.

"Yes," he said, repeating the short, nervous laugh, "it was a narrow escape. The sun of the afternoon—it had shone hot and bright—had weakened the ice, and a strong, gusty wind, such a wind as breaks up the ice every spring, was blowing down the harbor to the sea. It had overcast the sky with thick clouds. The night was dark. Nothing more of the opposite shore than the vaguest outline of the hills—a blacker shadow in a black sky—was to be seen.

"But I had the lamp in the surgery window to guide me, and I pushed out from the shore, resolute and hopeful. I made constant use of my gaff to sound the ice. Without it I should have been lost before I had gone twenty yards. From time to time, in rotten places, it broke through the ice with but slight pressure, then I had to turn to right or left, as seemed best, keeping to the general direction as well as I could all the while.

"As I proceeded, treading lightly and cautiously, I was dismayed to find that

the condition of the ice was worse than the worst I had feared.

"Ah," thought I, with a wistful glance toward the light in the window, 'I'll be glad enough to get there.'

"There were takes of open water in my path; there were flooded patches, sheets of thin, rubbery ice, stretches of rotten 'slob.' I was not even sure that a solid path to my surgery wound through these dangers, and if path there were it was a puzzling maze, strewn with pitfalls, with death waiting upon a mis-step.

"Had it been broad day my situation would have been serious enough. In the night, with the treacherous places all covered up and hidden it was desperate. I determined to return, but I was quite as unfamiliar with the lay of the ice behind as with the path ahead. A moment of thought persuaded me that the best plan was the boldest—to push on for the light in the window. I should have, at least, a star to guide me.

"I have not far to go," I thought. 'I must proceed with confidence and a common-sense sort of caution. Above all, I must not lose my nerve.'

"It was easy to make the resolve; it was hard to carry it out. When I was searching for solid ice and my gaff splashed water, when the ice offered no more resistance to my gaff than a similar mass of sea foam, when my foothold bent and cracked beneath me, when, upon either side, lay open water and a narrowing, uncertain path lay ahead, my nerve was sorely tried.

"At times, overcome by the peril I could not see, I stopped dead and trembled. I feared to strike my gaff, feared to set my foot down, feared to quit the square foot of solid ice upon which I stood. Had it not been for the high wind—high and fast rising to a gale—I should have sat down and waited for the morning. But there were ominous sounds abroad, and, although I knew little about the ways of ice, I felt that the break-up would come before the dawn. There was nothing for it but to go on.

"And on I went, but at last—the mischance was inevitable—my step was badly chosen. My foot broke through, and I found myself of a sudden sinking. I threw myself forward and fell with my arms spread out; thus I distributed my weight over a wider area of ice and was borne up.

"For a time I was incapable of moving a muscle; the surprise, the rush of terror, the shock of the fall, the sudden relief of finding myself safe for the moment had stunned me. So I lay still, hugging the ice, for how long I cannot tell, but I know that when I recovered my self-possession my first thought was that the light was still burning in the surgery window—an immeasurable distance away. I must reach that light, I knew, but it was a long time before I had the courage to move forward.

"Then I managed to get the gaff under my chest, so that I could throw some part of my weight upon it, and began to crawl. The progress was inch by inch—slow and toilsome, with no moment of security to lighten it. I was keenly aware of my danger; at any moment, as I knew, the ice might open and let me in.

"I had gained fifty yards or more, and had come to a broad lake, which I must round, when the light in the window went out.

"Elizabeth has given me up for the night," I thought in despair. "She has blown out the light and gone to bed."

"There was now no point of light to mark my goal. It was very dark, and in a few minutes I was lost. I had the wind to guide me, it is true, but I soon mistrusted the wind. It was veering. It had veered, I thought; it was not possible for me to trust it implicitly. In whatever direction I set my face I fancied that the open sea lay that way.

"Again and again I started, but upon each occasion I had no sooner begun to crawl than I fancied that I had mischosen the way. Of course I cried for help, but the wind swept my frantic screams away, and no man heard them. The moaning and swish of the gale, as it ran past the cottages, drowned my cries. The sleepers were not alarmed.

"Meanwhile that same wind was breaking up the ice. I could hear the cracking and grinding long before I felt the motion of the pan upon which I lay. But at last I did feel that mass of ice turn and gently heave, and then I gave myself up for lost.

"Doctor! Doctor!"

"The voice came from far to windward. The wind caught my answering shout and carried it out to sea.

"They will not hear me," I thought. "They will not come to help me."

"The light shone out from the surgery window again. Then lights ap-

peared in the neighboring houses and passed from room to room. There had been an alarm. But my pan was breaking up! Would they find me in time? Would they find me at all?

"Lanterns were now gleaming on the rocks back of my wharf. Half a dozen men were coming down on the run, bounding from rock to rock of the path. By the light of the lanterns I saw them launch a boat on the ice and drag it out toward me. From the edge of the shore ice they let it slip into the water, pushed off and came slowly through the opening lanes of water, calling my name at intervals.

"The ice was fast breaking and moving out. When they caught my hail they were not long about pushing the boat to where I lay. Nor, you may be sure, was I long about getting aboard."

"Doctor," said I, "how did they know that you were in distress?"

"Oh," said the doctor, "it was Tommy's father. He was worried, and walked around by the shore. When he found that I was not home he roused the neighbors."

"As the proverb runs," said I, "the longest way round is sometimes the shortest way home."

"Yes," said the doctor. "I chose the longest way."—Youth's Companion.

WHERE INDIANS TRADE.

Members of the Lipan Tribe Drive Close Bargains With Langtry Merchants.

Langtry, Texas, is one of the few Indian trading places remaining in the United States. By this is meant the genuine Indian trading such as existed at many frontier points until the red men were either exterminated or brought under the influence of civilization. This has been an Indian trading post for half a century and more. A thriving business was done here with the Indians long before the advent of the Southern Pacific Railroad. In those days the little collection of houses, situated on the bank of the Rio Grande, midway between San Antonio on the east and El Paso on the west, about 300 miles from either place, was known as Vinagaron. When the railroad was built the name was changed to Langtry.

The Lipan Indians who occupy a reservation in the Santa Rosa Mountains in Mexico, about 100 miles south of here, have made Langtry their trading point for many years. Only a few days ago ten big, strapping Lipan bucks crossed the Rio Grande with many boats full of bear, deer, javeline and panther hides. They also had a great quantity of hides of smaller animals. In their collection was also the hides of three mountain sheep, which are considered very valuable. There were several beaver hides in the lot, but the Indians said they had met with poor luck this year in trapping beavers, although there are several large colonies of the animal scattered along the mountain streams and in the valley of the Rio Grande above Langtry.

The Indians were close traders, as they knew fairly well the value of the different kinds of hides, and the local merchants gave full value for them in blankets, calicoes and foodstuffs, principally in flour and canned goods. It took the Indians all one day to complete their trading, and they left for their distant mountain home, a train of burros awaiting them on the other side of the Rio Grande to carry the goods.

These trading visits are made at frequent intervals during the winter season. The Lipans are great hunters and trappers and they make a good living out of the business. They are peaceable citizens, and it has been many years since they gave the Mexican authorities any trouble. Their reservation is remotely situated, and the tribe has not been disturbed by the influence of civilization.—New York Times.

The English Oyster.

It affords us pleasure amid the criticism recently directed against the German Emperor to find something in his judgment and conduct to commend. It is therefore with genuine joy that we learn from a cable dispatch of his order banishing the English oyster from the imperial table. Of all the bitter, copperish, unpalatable products of the sea the English oyster is entitled to an odious pre-eminence. It is small and devoid of fatness. For an oyster it is tough and indigestible. To the taste it suggests a diabolic compound of quinine and corroded copper. It has the appearance of a diseased mussel, turned blue by long abstinence from healthy diet or by defective digestion.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Some people measure success by what they can borrow

UNCLE ABNER'S WHISTLE.

Uncle Abner has a sure,
Never-failing trouble-cure;
Makes no difference what it is,
'T can't withstand that tune of his.
He keeps whistling day by day,
Smoothing all his cares away;
Making heavy burdens light,
And the shadowed places bright.

Trouble, seeking out the men
It would bother, pauses when
It comes close enough to hear
Uncle Abner; leans its ear,
Listens, and remarks, "That tune
Surely makes him an immune;
No use trying to get at
Men who whistle tunes like that."

'Tisn't what most folks would call
A fine, classic tune at all;
'T just goes softly rambling on,
Like a robin's nest at dawn,
Till, somehow, you understand
That his head and heart and hand
Form a trio that must win
Sweet reward through thick and thin.

I have watched him, rain and shine,
Tending plant and tree and vine;
Never knew him—hot or cold—
To forget himself and scold.
Still there comes to him his share
Of the world's big load of care;
Comes, ah, yes! but doesn't stay—
He whistles it away.
—Nixon Waterman, in the Woman's Home Companion.



"Did you ever hear Miss Mammerton play the piano?" She—"No; but I've seen her work at it."—Chicago News.

'Tis true, as every man must know,
(And every man regrets it),
Man wants but little here below,
And very seldom gets it.

—Philadelphia Record.
"Daughter, I am surprised that you would suffer a man to kiss you." Her Daughter—"But, mamma, it wasn't suffering."—Detroit Journal.

"How does that razor feel?" inquired the conventionally over-obliging barber. "Why, I hardly knew you were using a razor," answered the martyr in the chair.—Punch Bowl.

"What a luxury a clear conscience it," exclaimed the high-minded statesman. "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "it's a luxury. But it isn't a necessity."—Washington Star.

Philanthropic Visitor (at county jail)—"My friend, how came you here?" Embezzler—"Well, I got so straitened in my finances that I turned crooked."—Chicago Tribune.

The light of love shone in his eyes
At sight of lovely Maude.
His face lit up with glad surprise,
For he was lantern-jawed.

—Philadelphia Record.
Miss Gushy—"Oh, Mr. Jones, won't you take a chair? We're getting up a raffle for an old lady who is as poor as Mr. Sium (interrupting)—"Excuse me, ladies, but I would prefer—er—some rich young widow."—Colorado Jester.

Uncle John—"I'm glad to hear you say you've got such a nice teacher." Willie—"Yes, she's the best ever." Uncle John—"That's right." Willie—"Yes, she gets sick every other week or so, an' there ain't no school."—Philadelphia Press.

Herbert—"Did you get what you wanted yesterday?" Horatio—"Didn't even get what I deserved." Herbert—"You'll hardly get that in this world, you know. I should think you'd want to stave it off as long as possible."—Boston Transcript.

Griggs—"Don't you think you can hear exceptionally well in the new lecture hall?" Biggs—"It ought to have some redeeming feature; you can't sleep in a single seat without being seen by the lecturer!"—Harvard Lampoon.

At the request of the confirmed dyspeptic the operator was taking an X-ray photograph of the seat of his trouble. "This, I suppose," remarked the sufferer, with a ghastly attempt to be facetious, "is what might be called taking light exercise on an empty stomach."—Chicago Tribune.

Cold Comfort.

"I was sitting here with the creatures of my brain for company," said the budding poet and playwright to a visitor who had found him before a dying fire.

"You poor thing!" said the visitor, who was a practical person and a distant relative. "I said to myself as I opened the door, 'If he doesn't look lonesome, then I never saw a man that did.'"—Youth's Companion.

It is seldom that you can get a self-made man to apologize.