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## 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,  
In 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, flow-  
-ing,  
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 entomb'd.

And travelers now within that valley  
Through the red-litten 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 in-  
terested.

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  
toddlor in pinafores he was taken sud-  
denly 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 darling 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, doc-  
tor, 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 pas-  
sage 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 bed-  
side 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  
my 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, some-  
what 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 wist-  
ful, "I wish you wouldn't risk it."

"The tone of his voice, the earnest-  
ness and warm feeling with which he  
spoke, gave me pause, I hesitated, but  
the light in my surgery window, shin-  
ing 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 sur-  
gery 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 fol-  
lowing 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 es-  
cape. 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  
black 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 lakes 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 wait-  
ing 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 des-  
perate. 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 persuad-  
ed me that the best plan was the bold-  
est—to push on for the light in the win-  
dow. 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 trem-  
bled. 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 mis-  
chance was inevitable—my step was  
badly chosen. My foot broke through,  
and I found myself of a sudden sink-  
ing. I threw myself forward and fell  
with my arms spread out; thus I dis-  
tributed my weight over a wider area  
of ice and was borne up.

"For a time I was incapable of mov-  
ing a muscle; the surprise, the rush of  
terror, the shock of the fall, the sudden  
relief of finding myself safe for the mo-  
ment 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 for-  
ward.

"Then I managed to get the gaff un-  
der 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 win-  
dow 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 mischo-  
sen 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 leave, and then  
I gave myself up for lost.

"Doctor! Doctor!"

"The voice came from far to wind-  
ward. 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 sur-  
gery 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 mov-  
ing 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 Tom-  
my'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 ex-  
isted at many frontier points until the  
red men were either exterminated or  
brought under the influence of civili-  
zation. This has been an Indian trad-  
ing post for half a century and more.  
A thriving business was done here  
with the Indians long before the ad-  
vent 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 200 miles from either place, was  
known as Vinagaron. When the rail-  
road was built the name was changed  
to Langtry.

The Lipan Indians who occupy a  
reservation in the Santa Rosa Moun-  
tains in Mexico, about 100 miles south  
of here, have made Langtry their trad-  
ing 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, al-  
though 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 com-  
plete 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 Mexi-  
can authorities any trouble. Their  
reservation is remotely situated, and  
the tribe has not been disturbed by the  
influences of civilization.—New York  
Times.

## The English Oyster.

It affords us pleasure amid the citi-  
siasm recently directed against the Ger-  
man 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 mus-  
sel, turned blue by long abstinence  
from healthy diet or by defective dig-  
estion.—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 just 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 bar-  
ber. "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 states-  
man. "Yes," answered Senator Sor-  
ghum, "it's a luxury. But it isn't a ne-  
cessity."—Washington Star.

Philanthropic Visitor (at county  
jail)—"My friend, how came you  
here?" Embazzler—"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  
— Mr. Slim (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."—Phila-  
delphia Press.

Herbert—"Did you get what you  
wanted yesterday?" Horatio—"Didn't  
even get hardly it 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 lec-  
ture hall?" Biggs—"It ought to have  
some redeeming feature; you can't  
sleep in a single seat without being  
seen by the lecturer."—Harvard Lam-  
poon.

At the request of the confirmed dys-  
peptic 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 crea-  
tures 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 dis-  
tant 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.