

COURAGE.

Wounded! I know it, my brother, The sword hath pierced thy heart; Courage! in silent endurance Play thou the hero's part.

A Heroine of the Lakes.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

The north shore of Lake Superior, not very far from Prince Arthur's Landing, was a large granite rock, about twenty square yards in area, which stood directly in the line of steamers and coasters passing up and down the lake.

That part of the coast where the island lay was so dangerous and the sea ran so high over the rocks in gales that the Government sought long for a keeper and could not find one with courage enough to undertake so perilous a duty.

One day late in September the light-keeper and his daughter got into their little boat and rowed to the nearest settlement. The father had some business to do and he had his daughter with him.

"Oh, the storm is rising, and papa cannot get back before it is too rough to cross the lighthouse. I will row over alone. Someone come and help me to launch the boat."

"My girl, your boat can't live to reach the island now; look at those white caps. Better wait until our father comes back."

"But it will be worse soon; I want to get off at once; will not one of you," looking appealingly at the group, "row across with me, four oars are so much quicker than two?"

"I suppose you will help me to launch my boat?" Still she made no sign to assist her, and running impudently at the boat, she gave it a strong push, which sent it down the spruce ways and into the boiling surf.

stant stream, and was half full of water. Any faltering of her nerves would not be fatal, and she kept constantly watching the sea, which every minute were growing more furious, and swinging her skirt around to meet them head-to.

Springing lightly from the bow and carrying the painter with her she ran up to the windlass and drew her boat high out of the water and secured it as firmly as she could. The sea had already commenced to boom against the rock, and at each shock columns of spray were flung up to half the height of the tower on the windward side.

Before supper was ended she knew the maddened waters had burst over the rock and were striking the tower, for she could feel it quiver. She sat there for nearly two hours reading a book, but the fury of the gale increased constantly and the tower shook so violently under the pounding of the thundering sea that she grew alarmed, and closing her book took her brass lamp and went up to the lantern to look out to sea.

She had not now the courage to go down to the basement, but remained there on the trimmings path actually fascinated by the rampant sea. Higher and higher rose the waves till now they began to surge against the waist of the tower, and hogsheads of water were flung against the lantern. Under some of the onsets the building quivered from top to bottom, and sometimes fairly reeled.

It had broken away close to the base, the posts breaking off short and leaving part of the floor still fastened to the rock. The upper part of the tower being heavy owing to the machinery and the heavy metal work of the lantern—when it fell over into the sea the top sank peculiarly into the water, the base remaining uppermost, and two of the floor beams still lay across it with some of the flooring.

As for the brave girl, she never knew how it came to pass, but in some providential way she floated upward from the lantern to the base, and when consciousness returned found herself in the midst of the wild sea with a large beam at her elbow.

"I will get worse, and by the time papa comes it will be impossible to go over. I must be there to light the lights," and saying this she pushed the boat off with her pole, then sat upon the thwart, seized her sculls and rowed out into the angry water. She made a very brave picture with the drift of spray driving over her, like a rain-storm, her hair loosened in the wind like a dark flag.

daughter, the fishermen sorrowing over the fate of the brave young girl, but think of their joy as they neared the wreck to see her lying fastened to the timber at the base of the tower, her hair floating in the water and feebly raising her arm as she appealed to the unashed her, took her into the boat and rowed swiftly to shore again. She could not speak on the way and was partly unconscious, but after they had swathed her in blankets and forced a draught of brandy down her throat she revived and told them the terrible story of her experience.

THE SAXON HOUSE.

The house, either in Saxon or Norman time, presented no kind of resemblance to the Roman villa. It had no cloisters, no hypocaust, no suite or sequence of rooms. This unlikeliness is another proof, if any were wanting, that continuity of tenure was wholly broken.

The Englishman developed his house from the patriarchal idea. First there was the common hall; in this the household lived, fed, transacted business, and made their cheer in the evenings. It was built of timber, and to keep out the cold draughts it was lined with tapestry; at first simple cloths, which in great houses were embroidered and painted by perches of various kinds.

When full grown it weighs from fifty to sixty pounds, its hind legs are its principal propellers, both back to the water. The hind feet are webbed and the front ones have claws, which are about as convenient to the beaver as a monkey's hands are to him.

A Word to Mothers.

Good mother, maker of numerous pies, mender of numerous noses, overseer of a great province, a household goddess, little, deliver a writer in living issues. Have a chair by the stove, and when you peep into the oven, sit while you look, yea, even a moment after; you will work all the faster for the short change of pore.

Equally Logical.

One of the earlier yeomen of Bridgeton, Me., was a pumpernickler, a good citizen, but with "no religious preferences." One day he was waited upon by one of the church assessors, who handed him a bill for the support of preaching.

A Notable Bedspread.

Mrs. J. Milton Gavitt, of Holden street, has an old bedspread that was woven in 1759 as a portion of the setting out of Miss Annie Hopkins on her marriage with John Rathbone, the great-grandfather of Mrs. Gavitt's mother.

BEAVER FARMING.

A GEORGIA INDUSTRY OF A NOVEL CHARACTER.

The Habits of the Intelligent Little Animal, and How They Are Raised—A Description of Beaver Dam Hollow.

"You have never heard of Dick Kilgore's beaver farm? That's queer. But I have always been surprised that some of you newspaper fellows haven't been down to write it up."

The speaker was old "Mud Cat" Williams, who has been a fisherman in the southeast Georgia streams for forty years.

"Dick's going to make a pile of money this year," he continued, "on account of this country and England getting together and agreeing to a closed season in the Behring sea. You see there will not be any seal skins for market next season, and beaver skins, which make a splendid substitute, will be largely used and will bring about \$10 a skin in New York."

"Dick has about 200 beavers, young and old, but there are not more than twenty to be killed for their skins this year. It's a new industry, an expert and a beaver farmer, which makes a splendid substitute, will be largely used and will bring about \$10 a skin in New York."

"You know beavers don't show themselves much in the day. They do their work at night. Dick owns about 1,000 acres running up and down the creek. He has the land posted and keeps everybody off, but it is not fenced. Fences would not keep the beavers in, but there is no danger of their going off, for this is a natural home for them and every beaver here knows old Dick. He feeds them every night, and they come when he calls just like hogs."

Kilgore has been a farmer down here for years, and beavers have been in the creek for all time, but it was not until recently that he began to protect and care for them with a view to making beaver raising a regular business.

It will be a profitable business, for the scarcity of seal skins has increased the value of beaver skins and they will continue to increase year by year. A few years ago beaver skins sold as low as \$4 per skin, but they should now bring at least \$10.

Beaver skins sent to London and properly dyed, a seal brown, are splendid imitations of the seal. The seal fur, you know, is naturally a gray. They are sent to London and there dyed a seal brown. The reason I say send beaver skins to London is because that is the only place in the world, it seems, that furs can be properly dyed.

However, the fur of the beaver is naturally a reddish brown, and is a beautiful fur just as it is. But to the farm: The beaver is a queer little animal. When full grown it weighs from fifty to sixty pounds, its hind legs are its principal propellers, both back to the water.

Just after dark Mr. Kilgore went down to the edge of the stream to feed the beavers. "I don't often feed them in the summer," he said, "for they get all they need along the banks of the stream. They eat bark of the trees, and at this season there is an abundance of fresh tender bark and grasses and roots. In the winter they lay up a supply of food for themselves along the banks and in their holes, in the dams, which they build of roots and sticks and stones. I find them nearly all the time in the winter, when they flock together and pile in building dams, but in the summer they scatter—every fellow is for himself—and I only call upon occasionally. Just enough to keep them tame. As they are scattered off for miles around, but few will come to a call for food."

While Mr. Kilgore was never yet shipped any large number of skins, by next year he will have something like 200 or 300. As it costs practically nothing to raise beavers, the business should be a paying one.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Glove Described.

People who know about gloves use a complicated vocabulary. They call the piece of leather a glove is made out of a trunk. The side pieces to the fingers they call fourchettes, and the little pieces that join the fourchettes to the gloves they call quorks, or sometimes gussets.

MONKEY ACTORS.

A Man Must Become a Monkey to Teach a Monkey.

The training of monkeys for stage performances demands peculiar talents and a custom, psychological ability on the part of the instructor. Brockmann, probably the most successful monkey trainer that the world has seen, once described thus the necessary method of approaching a monkey pupil:

"To the monkey man is a strange and incomprehensible being. I therefore must adopt as far as possible the monkey's way of regarding persons and things. The monkey must find in me one of his own kind—a monkey like himself, only a much stronger monkey, whom he must obey. When he has something which he can understand, he accustoms himself to it, and he voluntarily takes more pains to comprehend me than he would take to comprehend a being who made on him about the same impression that a monster from another world would make on us. I adapt, therefore, all to his mode of life. When he disobey and rebels against me I do not strike, because he does not strike, but I bite because he bites."

The behavior of a troupe of monkeys trained by Brockmann would undoubtedly strengthen the convictions of the Russian Duroff, who gave up teaching in a high school to instruct pigs and geese, and who holds that, of all pupils, human pupils are the less docile. A man once behind the scenes of Brockmann's monkey theatre wrote a few weeks ago:

"I have always regretted that Brockmann did not give his performances on a perfectly open stage, so that the audience could see the waiting performers. The conduct of the quadruped actors while awaiting their parts was much more fascinating than their best acting before the audience. Like a company of gnomes or Liliputians the little performers sit there dressed and made up, perfectly well behaved, each in the proper human attitude on his tiny chair, each following with undivided attention and eager anxiety the progress of the play so as to be ready at the exact moment for his appearance. No person is near them, no servant or attendant to distract them, and no prompter to whisper at the proper time."

"Fraulein Lehman, look out! You come on immediately." "Herr Schulze! Where is Herr Schulze? Quick! Quick! You must go on."

"Every one knows his part perfectly. Every one is acquainted with the progress of the plot and with the stage of the development at which he is expected to appear. Without a catch word or motion he hurries down from his tiny chair and out on the stage, plays his little part, and, without a bow for the approval of the audience, turns back to his place, not to leave it before duty calls him again before the footlights. Here all alone and unwatched these little fellows never forget their roles so far as to settle down on all fours, cover in monkey fashion, or indulge in the pranks of their mercenary natures."—New York Sun.

An Agreeable Empress.

The celebrated Dr. Metzger, of Amsterdam, who last year successfully treated the Empress of Austria, has only one waiting-room for all his patients, whatever their rank or condition, says a French paper. Each has to wait his turn. Some days ago a poor woman who happened to be there turned to her neighbor, a lady of distinguished appearance, notwithstanding the simplicity of her attire, and said:

"How long we have to wait, to be sure! I dare say you have got a little child at home, too?" "But when you get back you will have to sweep out your rooms?" "No, I have folks who do that for me."

"Indeed? But you'll want to get dinner ready?" "Not even that, for I dine at the hotel."

"Very well, as you have nothing particular to do, you might let me have your turn?" "Very willingly," replied the lady, who was the Empress of Austria.

The Derivation of "America."

Colonel Glenn, of this city, now in South America, recalls the fact that in a paper read before the Society of "Americanists" in Paris, on October 15, 1890,—"A Philological Study of the Origin of the Name America," Bishop Carrillo, of Yucatan, a well-known author on American linguistic matters, maintained that when Cortez landed on the coast of Yucatan, and on what is now known as the Mosquito Coast, the whole country was possessed by the Aztecs, and was written up to him as Am-er-ic-a, which in the Aztec tongue meant "The Windy Country or the Country of High Winds."

London as It Was.

Haydn's Dictionary of Dates makes the statement that the old name of the city of London was written Lynden or Lyndin, meaning "the city on the lake." An old tradition gives us to understand that London was founded by Brutus, a descendant of Jneas, and called New Troy or Troynovant, until the time of Lud, who surrounded the town with walls and named it Caer-Lud or Lud's town. This latter is probably the correct version of the story, if for no other reason, because it is an easy matter to detect a similarity between the expressions Lud and London. It is claimed by some writers that there was a city on the same spot 1,107 years B. C., and it is known that the Romans founded a city there called Londinium, A. D. 61.—[St. Louis Republic.

YOU ARE INVITED

To call and inspect our immense stock of DRY GOODS, Groceries, Provisions, FURNITURE, Etc.

Our store is full of the newest assortment. The prices are the lowest. All are invited to see our goods and all will be pleased.

J. P. McDonald, S. W. Corner Centre and South Sts., Freeland.

FERRY & CHRISTY, Stationary, School Books, Periodicals, Song Books, Musical Instruments.

CIGARS and TOBACCO, SPORTING GOODS, Window Fixtures and Shades, Mirrors, Pictures and Frames made to order.

41 Centre Street, Quinn's Building

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING, 175th Edition Now Ready, giving more information of value to advertisers than any other publication ever issued.

The behavior of a troupe of monkeys trained by Brockmann would undoubtedly strengthen the convictions of the Russian Duroff, who gave up teaching in a high school to instruct pigs and geese, and who holds that, of all pupils, human pupils are the less docile.

C. D. ROHRBACH, Dealer in Hardware, Paints, Varnish, Oil, Wall Paper, Mining Tools and Mining Supplies of all kinds, Lamps, Globes, Tinware, Etc.

Having purchased the stock of Wm. J. Eckert and added a considerable amount to the present stock I am prepared to sell at prices that defy competition. Don't forget to try my special brand of MINING OIL.

Centre Street, Freeland Pa.

E. M. GERITZ, 23 years in Germany and America, opposite the Central Hotel, Centre Street, Freeland. The Cheapest Repairing Store in town.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, New Watches, Clocks and Jewelry on hand for the Holidays; the lowest cash price in town. Jewelry repaired in short notice. All Watch Repairing guaranteed for one year.

Eight Day Clocks from \$3.00 to \$12.00; New Watches from \$4.00 up.

E. M. GERITZ, Opposite Central Hotel, Centre St., Freeland.

GO TO Fisher Bros. Livery Stable

FOR FIRST-CLASS TURNOUTS, At Short Notice, for Weddings, Parties and Funerals. Front Street, two squares below Freeland Opera House.

JOB PRINTING, REMOVED AT THIS OFFICE AT

Lowest Living Prices, Foreign and Domestic. Cigars Kept on Hand.

S. RUDEWICK, Wholesale Dealer in Imported Brandy, Wine and All Kinds of LIQUORS.

THE BEST Beer, Porter, Ale and Brown Stout.

Lowest Living Prices, Foreign and Domestic. Cigars Kept on Hand.

S. RUDEWICK, SOUTH HEBERTON.

COAL! COAL! The undersigned has been appointed agent for the sale of G. B. Markle & Co.'s Highland Coal.

Highland Coal. The quality of the Highland Coal needs no recommendation, being hand picked, thoroughly screened and free from slate, makes it desirable for Domestic purposes. All orders left at the TRIBUNE office will receive prompt attention.

Price \$3.75 per two-horse wagon load. T. A. BUCKLEY, Agent.

PETER TIMONY, BOTTLER,

And Dealer in all kinds of Liquors, Beer and Porter, Temperance Drinks, Etc., Etc.

Geo. Ringler & Co.'s Celebrated LAGER BEER put in Patent Sealed Bottles here on the premises. Goods delivered in any quantity, and to any part of the country.

FREELAND BOTTLING WORKS, Cor. Centre and Carbon Sts., Freeland. (Near Lehigh Valley Depot.)

H. M. BRISLIN, UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER.

Also dealer in FURNITURE of every description. Centre Street, above Luzerne, Freeland.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

DR. R. J. KENDALL, CO., BURLINGTON, Conn., May 5, '91. Sir:—Last Summer I cured a Cur on my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin on his hock. He asked me how to cure it, I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.

Yours respectfully, WOLCOTT WITTER.

DR. R. J. KENDALL, CO., BURLINGTON, Conn., April 4, '91. Dear Sir:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and find it cures Spavins with a sure and permanent cure. I have used it with a horse Spavin. The horse is now entirely free from lameness and has gained in weight. Respectfully, F. H. HITCHINS.

DR. R. J. KENDALL, CO., BURLINGTON, N. Y., May 5, '91. Dear Sir:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable horse, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin on his hock. He asked me how to cure it, I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.

Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent you on receipt of price by the proprietor. DR. R. J. KENDALL, CO., BURLINGTON, N. Y.

A. RUDEWICK, GENERAL STORE, SOUTH HEBERTON, PA. Agent for the sale of PASSAGE TICKETS From all the principal points in Europe to all points in the United States.

Agent for the transmission of MONEY To all parts of Europe. Checks, Drafts, and Letters of Exchange on Foreign Banks cashed at reasonable rates.

S. RUDEWICK, Wholesale Dealer in Imported Brandy, Wine and All Kinds of LIQUORS.

THE BEST Beer, Porter, Ale and Brown Stout.

Lowest Living Prices, Foreign and Domestic. Cigars Kept on Hand.

S. RUDEWICK, SOUTH HEBERTON.

COAL! COAL! The undersigned has been appointed agent for the sale of G. B. Markle & Co.'s Highland Coal.

Highland Coal. The quality of the Highland Coal needs no recommendation, being hand picked, thoroughly screened and free from slate, makes it desirable for Domestic purposes. All orders left at the TRIBUNE office will receive prompt attention.

Price \$3.75 per two-horse wagon load. T. A. BUCKLEY, Agent.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY FOR PATENTS

A pamphlet of information and how to obtain a patent, showing the advantages of a patent, and the cost of a patent, sent free on request. Address: MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.