

## STREAM CHANGED ITS COURSE

North River in One Night Moved Its Mouth Three Miles to the Northward.

There is a stream in this state called the North river. It starts in a pond near Hanson and runs to the sea at Scituate. It is ten miles by air line from Hanson to Scituate and the river is 40 miles long.

This river is probably the most remarkable body of water, herring the Dead sea, on this footstool and has stood more abuse and bad language than the Chicago river. When the tide is coming in the river runs upstream and not only that, but the upper part of it, which is fresh water, also runs up, and the spectacle of a fresh water river beating it up hill is alone enough to call attention to itself. But there is much more to it than that.

This North river is noted for being the scene of the last Indian raid on the coast settlements. It is notable for having given birth to the ship Columbus, whose captain discovered and named the Columbia river and was the first American vessel to circumnavigate the world. It is notorious for having suddenly changed its mind on its course on the night of November 27, 1838, when it moved its mouth three miles to the northward, presented the town of Marshfield with a deep harbor, killed three men and converted about 200,000 acres of prime meadow land into a salt marsh.

But the chief thing about this river is its crookedness. This river is so crooked that it double crosses itself. If you don't believe it go and see. There is one place in Hanson where by making three loops the river moves toward the sea for a distance of almost fifty feet and meanders about for 15 miles in doing it.—Boston Transcript.

## BANDITS' SCHEME IN CHINA

Robbers Themselves Conduct the Business and Collect Premium at the Insurance Bureau.

The bandits of Manchuria and Mongolia have adopted a new way of acquiring at least a portion of the goods of the traveler. These mounted highwaymen in bands not only constantly attack the peaceful native population but even rob travelers in broad daylight.

As a provision against this danger, says the Oriental Economic Review, an insurance bureau where one buys a banner, at a cost of about 1,500 of the value of the property to be insured, is established there.

This banner carried by a traveler will save him from the bandit's attack; for curiously enough they themselves conduct this insurance business. But it has its limitations.

"We paid our premium at the insurance bureau," says a Japanese traveler, "secured a red banner, and our party then started from Harbin, using several sturdy ponies for ourselves and the carrying of our luggage. After traveling about ten miles we reached a small town called Taklu, where we put up at an inn for the night in order to do business with our customers there."

"Several of these customers came to see us in the evening and warned us that there were many mounted bandits in the neighborhood. When we told them there was no cause for anxiety on their account because of the insurance, they informed us that by it our safety was guaranteed only on the highways, but that the bandit bureau was not responsible for what might happen inside of any building."

## Goose as a Pet

During a recent visit to Bridlington, writes a correspondent of Country Life, I was much amused to come across a large goose that had been adopted as the pet of a small home in the oldest part of the town. It frequently followed its master on the pier and in the streets and might often be seen waddling after him with slow, measured steps along the country lanes, sometimes walking eight or ten miles at a stretch.

Two years ago the live goose was sent in November for the Christmas day dinner, a destiny which was never fulfilled, as before a week had passed it had become the pet of the family, walking in and out of the house at its leisure. It now often takes its food from the children's hands at the dinner table and constantly perches on the man's shoulder as he sits and reads. The old bird is a popular favorite in Bridlington, where it is well known by the name of John Willie.

## Absent-Minded After His Trial

"Do you take this woman to be your lawfully-wedded wife?" begins the minister when the bridegroom, Mr. Cheetham Stox, the eminent financier, interrupts with:

"I don't remember."  
Then, seeing the looks of amazement on the faces of all, he realizes where he is, and exclaims:  
"I beg your pardon! For the moment I was thinking about my trial last week. Certainly I take her."—Life.

## A Flyer's Joke

Hubert Latham, the Antoinette flyer, was talking at a tea in Los Angeles, to a pretty California girl.

"Mr. Latham," said the girl, as she took her nineteenth walnut and lettuce sandwich, "tell me, does flying require any particular application?"  
"Well, no, none in particular," Mr. Latham answered. "Arnica or horse liniment—one's as good as another."

## THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Dog Walks 140 Miles to Reach Favorite Spot Behind Butcher Shop Stove.

If you've ever felt the pangs of homesickness and have longed for the quiet of a small town in contrast to the hustle and bustle of a big city, your sympathy will go out to Dewey, a white bulldog who, pining for his personal soft spot behind a meat-market store in La Crosse, Wis., walked the entire distance from St. Paul to that city.

A letter from La Crosse tells of the arrival there of the dog, which is the property of Oscar Baum, a St. Paul meatcutter, who formerly lived in the Wisconsin city.

Dewey is now sleeping behind the stove in the meat market in La Crosse, which his master formerly owned. Although Mr. Baum brought the dog to St. Paul in the express car of a fast limited train and offered him all kinds of inducements and delicacies not to be had in a small town, Dewey was not happy.

He ran away and appeared unexpectedly at his old home. Wagging his short tail furiously, he scratched and whined for admittance.

The 140 miles he had tramped had made him footsore and weary. His tongue was hanging far out of his mouth and he was fainting. His eyes were bright, however, and he was not too tired to yawn in a friendly manner at his old trusted friend, the market cat.

When his master telephoned from St. Paul that he would go to La Crosse to get him the gaunt little fighting pet was sleeping the peaceful sleep of the weary. Between his paws was a discarded bone, and the satisfied grin on his battle-scarred face told more plainly than words that he preferred a meager bone in La Crosse to porterhouse steak in St. Paul.

## DRUGGIST, THE MEANEST MAN

Woman Shopper Finds Many Things to Complain of in Drug Store.

"Give me a two-cent stamp, please. Here's a ten-dollar bill—it's the smallest I have—what, haven't you any more convenient change than all that silver? I can't carry that about with me. Well, the ideal! Are you supposed to be running a drug store, or what? Let me use your telephone. No free phone? Well, this is the jumping off place, I must say. If I have to drop a nickel in I'll have to have change—please give me change for this five-dollar bill."  
"Well, they don't answer. Of all the service! Is there a city directory here? Where? For goodness sake, this is last year's directory—haven't

you a new one? Huh! Give me a little piece of licorice root for the baby to bite on. Why, this seems wormy—haven't you a smooth piece? How do you sell your magazines? No, I don't want to buy one—we subscribe for all the good ones, and you don't seem to have those. I'll just read this one while I'm waiting for a friend. O, and please give me a wide-mouthed bottle, holding about so much. What—five cents? You don't mean to tell me that you charge for empty bottles? I know, but when a person has been shopping all over your store, it seems to me you might be a little accommodating about little things like that. Baby! Put that thermometer down—throw it down at once! It might poison you. There—I'm glad it was only a cheap thing, or you might have wanted me to pay for it because side smashed it. Thank goodness, there's my car! Will you please hold the door open till we get out?"

## Deserving No Mercy

"Here," said the policeman after he had hurriedly entered the dentist's reception room, "what's goin' on? You've had a man in there hollerin' bloody murder for nearly half an hour. Why don't you give him something to stop his pain?"

"Give him something to stop his pain? My dear sir, you don't understand. I had occasion to take a lady to lunch one day last week—oh, it was a business matter, nothing more—add this chap saw me. Well, the next day he happened to meet my wife, whom he knew before she was married, and he mentioned he had seen me and wanted to know what the other lady's name was. Of course, I—"

"Oh, never mind. Go ahead and kill him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## The Absurdity of Overwork

Dr. C. Hutchinson Ely, the brain expert of Duluth, was discussing the new tuberculin cure for progressive paralysis, a malady common to brain workers.

"Tuberculin has cured a third of the cases it has been tried on," he said. "Hence it may be called a pretty good cure. But a better cure for the diseases due to overwork is rest."

Dr. Hutchinson Ely thumped the table vigorously.

"When a professional man tells me he is too busy to take a rest," he cried, "I tell him he is like a workman who is too busy to sharpen his tools."

## Designs Grand Staircase

Miss Fay Kélogg is a New York girl who has great skill as an architect. She designed the scheme for the grand staircase of the Hall of Records in New York, which is regarded as a very good example of architectural beauty.

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