

## FREAK BRIDGES IN ARIZONA.

Bridges Have Had to Be Abandoned Through River's Changes.

An abandoned bridge at Florence, Ariz., is a striking example of the uncertainty of the streams of the desert region. Where for many months in the year there is but a dry and sandy river bed, a raging torrent rushes during the rainy season or after a storm in the mountains, washing away whole tracts of land or cultivated spots along the river bank. These streams often change their course in a single night, and the next morning the river may be found half a mile or more away. This is what occurred at Florence, on the Gila River, where an iron bridge, recently constructed, was left high and dry on the desert, and therefore utterly useless.

Because of this uncertainty in the course of the rivers but few bridges are built in the desert country. When the water in a stream is high, travelers by stage or on horseback camp on the banks and wait for the water to run down, as it will certainly do, often in a very few hours. Sixty miles below Florence, on the Gila River, the branch railroad to Phoenix crosses this stream, which at this point is constantly shifting its bed toward the north. The railroad company has met the changes in the river bed by adding to the bridge, so that it is now over a mile long, and for a great distance crosses a barren desert where the river once flowed. There are many other instances in the Southwest where rivers have changed their courses, and in some cases have completely disappeared, occasioned by a mountain torrent cutting through a watershed and changing the outlet of the stream. These freaks of nature are a serious drawback to that region.—Leslie's Weekly.

## A Woman's Clever Trick.

In 1558 a certain Dr. Cole, charged by Queen Mary of England with a royal commission to punish the Irish protestants, stopped on the way to Dublin at the Blue Posts, of Chester, where the innkeeper, Betty Mottershead, overheard him, as he flourished his parchment, exclaim, "Here is what will lash the heretics of Ireland!" Fearing for the safety of her brother or brother-in-law, John Edmonds, she, while he slept, looted his bag, abstracting the warrant and substituting for it a pack of cards, with grim humor placing the knave of clubs face uppermost on the top. When the doctor opened his bag, safe on Irish soil the guileless imbecile countenance of the knave leered at him, but no warrant was there; and before he had time to return for fresh authority Mary was dead and his power was gone forever. For this deed Queen Elizabeth granted a pension for life to Betty of \$200 a year.

## Felt Tents Not a New Device.

A Copenhagen dispatch tells of a Dane who has invented a new military tent fashioned of felt. Possibly there may be some new method of treating the material, but felt tents are not a new device. They played their part in eastern history at a date sufficiently late to be in most people's recollection. The Turcoman tribes of Transcaspia, not to seek further, have used tents of felt of ages. The use of them had a curious effect upon a Russian expedition thirty-five years ago. Gen. Lomakin assailed the stronghold of the Tekkes and fired in terrific volleys of grape and shell among the tents of felt. But no serious damage seems to have been done, and when the troops attempted the storming of the felt encampment they were repulsed and fled in wild panic.

## The Hardiness of the Mule.

A correspondent with the Tibet mission tells a mule story: "Mules, apparently, do not die from any cause and this mission has again proved the extreme hardiness of these animals. When the mission first crossed the Jelapla, a mule slipped in the dusk and fell into the lake at the bottom of the pass. It was thought to be drowned. Next morning a convoy found it with its nose just above the ice, the rest of its body literally frozen in. Pickaxes were brought and the animal was dug out. It is now working as usual.—St. James' Gazette.

## The "Pill City."

A new cognomen has been added to the already wearisome list of nicknames applied to American cities. Detroit is now the "Pill City." It is said that 70 per cent. of the pill product of the United States is manufactured in that city. It has several large drug manufacturing houses, and in fact does a larger business in that line than any other place in the United States. The word "pill" embraces not only the old-fashioned article, resembling a shot, but oval, square, flat and every other shape of tablet and pellet. These are not patent medicines, as a rule, but pills made up according to the formulas in the recognized pharmacopoeias, and purchased at wholesale by druggists, to be dispensed as physicians' prescriptions.—Toledo Blade.

## Names of Japan's Warships.

Japan has christened her big battleships after great mountains and the smaller war vessels from some well-known natural features of the country. It may also be mentioned that at the end of the name of every Japanese ship is either the termination kan or maru. They stand, as it were, as equivalents for our own U. S. S. and S. S. Kan means war vessel, and is applied, of course, only to the emperor's fleet. Maru, which means round, is applied to merchant vessels—why, it is difficult to say.

## BORN "BUSINESS MAN."

If this Boy Doesn't Make a "Hit" then Something's Wrong.

"I had an amusing experience on the smoking car coming through Ohio last week," said the traveling man who had just come from the West.

"A little ragamuffin with a shoe-blackening kit tried to get a free ride by hiding beneath two seats that were turned back to back. His clothes were in a deplorable state, and it was easy to understand that he did not have the price of a railroad ticket. All of us in the car watched him hide, and we waited for further developments as the conductor came walking through.

"But the old boy spied three inches of leg sticking out in the aisle, and it didn't take him long to pull the lad out of his retreat.

"I haven't got any money," whined the youngster, wiping away a tear that had already left its path on his beamed cheek.

"Then you'll get off at the next station," answered the irate official, who had evidently dealt with many similar cases in the past.

"I felt sorry for the chap, and didn't want to see him put off the car, so I went up to him and told him to shine my shoes, after which I handed him a quarter. In a short time he was shining the shoes of other men in the car until he had made seventy-five cents more than the price of his fare.

"We saw to it that he straightened out matters with the conductor and forgot all about the incident, until half an hour later, when the man next to me poked my arm and pointed over to the corner of the car. The little shoeblack was sitting back as big as a lord, his feet stretched across the opposite seat. He was slowly puffing away at a cigarette, blowing the smoke lazily toward the roof of the car with a look of supreme satisfaction on his face."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## No Fault Of His



She—Did you ever stop at my uncle's hotel in New York?  
He—Yes, I stopped there once, but I didn't intend to.  
She—How was that?  
He—Oh, I was passing with my automobile.

## As It Might Have Been.

George," said the Father of His Country's father, "George, what about this cherry tree?"  
"Father," replied the immortal George, "I cannot tell a lie. With my little hatchet I did it."

Whereupon his father promptly turned him over his knee and gave him the chastisement he deserved.

"This will teach you," said he, when it was finished, "that you ought to never acknowledge that anything is impossible. You cannot tell what you can do till you try."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

## Consolatory.

Sir Arthur Jelf was a formidable opponent at the bar, and on the bench has proved no less of a success. He has a pretty wit, too. Once at Quarter Sessions, as Recorder of Shrewsbury, he was sentencing a hypocritical prisoner who, hopeful of softening the judge's heart, shed copious tears, and in reply to his lordship's inquiry, "Have you ever been in prison before?" sobbed tearfully, "Never, my lord, never!" "Well, don't cry," was the Recorder's reply, "I am going to send you there now."—Westminster Review.

## Meaningless.

"Here's a poem we accepted some time ago that nobody can possibly make any sense out of at all," said the editor's assistant. "It hasn't any title, either."

"O!" replied the editor, "just call it 'The Sighing Soul!' and run it in."—Philadelphia Press.

## Natural History.

Eva—Mother says I'm descended from Mary Queen of Scots.  
Tommy (her brother)—So am I then.

Eva—Don't be silly, Tom. You can't be—you're a boy!—Punch.

## Picks Its Company.

"Old Hunks boasts that he never has a cold."

"It's nothing to boast of. He's so mean that even a cold won't have anything to do with him."—Chicago Tribune.

## The Old Thing Won't Go.

Hewitt—First be sure you're right, then go ahead.

Jewett—You may be sure you're right and not be able to go ahead, if you are in an automobile.—Brooklyn Life.

## Described.

"How would you describe a college boy?"

"I'd call him a chap who might be a fine student if he had time to study."—Detroit Free Press.

## THE GOVERNOR'S DILEMMA.

A Proof that One Woman Could do a Thing Good.

Governor Van Sant, of Minnesota, arrived one day in New York and went to a hotel. Shortly after a former resident of that state called and was shown up to his room. He found the governor sitting in a chair surveying with a gloomy countenance, a trunk which stood against the wall.

"What's the matter, Governor?" asked the caller.

"I want to get a suit of clothes out of that trunk," was the answer.

"Well, what's the difficulty—lost the key?"

"No, I have the key all right," said the governor, heaving a sigh. "I'll tell you how it is. My wife packed that trunk. She expected to come with me, but was prevented at the last moment. To my certain knowledge she put in enough to fill three trunks the way a man would pack them. If I open it, the things will boil up all over the room and I could never get half of them back. Now, what I'm wondering about is whether it would be cheaper to go out and buy a new suit of clothes or two additional trunks.—Saturday Evening Post.

## Those Dreadful Noises.



"I want to see you about my husband, Doctor."

"Yes, madam."

"He says he hears such awful noises at night."

"After he retires, I suppose?"

"Exactly. Now Doctor—"

"Yes, madam."

"Do you suppose it is possible for a man to hear himself snore?"

## Cause for Howling.

The brave Saint Bernard dog had found the traveler who was lost in the Alps. Lifting his head, the dog howled long and dismally. Nor did he stop with one howl, but continued to howl, each yell being more agonized than its predecessor.

The monks came on a dead run through the snow.

"You seem to be all right," they said to the traveler. "We wonder why the dog howled in such a distressed tone."

"Well," explained the wanderer, "I didn't know whether or not he could make you hear his ordinary howls, so I just whistled 'Hawatha' to keep him buckled down to business."—Judge.

## Minister Got the Prize.

A good one is told on a well-known minister who was walking along the street the other day and saw a crowd of boys sitting in front of a ring, with a small dog in the centre. When he came up to them he put the following question: "What are you doing to the dog?" One little boy said, "Who ever tells the biggest lie wins it."

"Oh," said the minister, "I am surprised at you little boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie." There was silence for a while, until one of the boys shouted: "Hand up the dog."—Mt. Olivet Democrat.

## An Exploded Theory.

The stranger had such a haggard expression that we attempted to cheer him up a bit.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you," we gently admonished him. "Weep and—"

But he interrupted us with such a fierce look that we quailed before him.

"Is that so?" he wildly cried. "Did you ever try to sell a joke?"

But then again from his manner we gathered that it wasn't a joke.

## Smart Child.

"Do the boys tease you?" asked her mother.

"They used to," answered the wise little girl, "but they don't do it any more."

"Why not?"

"O, I chose for my beau a boy who can whip all the rest of them."—Chicago Evening Post.

## Strange Happenings.

A Michigan woman was scanning over the marriage columns of a newspaper and remarked to her husband: "Here's a strange coincidence—a William Strange married to a Martha Strange."

"Strange, indeed," replied her husband, "but I expect the next news will be a little stranger."—The Lyre.

## Clever Indeed.

La Montt—He certainly has a keen appreciation of singing.

La Moyné—Can he understand grand opera songs?

La Montt—I should say so. Why, he can even understand college songs.

—Chicago News.

## A Yonkers Philosopher.

Teacher—And why should we endeavor to rise by our own efforts?

Boy—'Cause there's no telling when the alarm clock goes wrong.—Yonkers Herald.

# For Journal Subscribers

Most Generous Premium Offer Ever Made by a Newspaper

## \$12 Dinner Sets for \$4.85

Offer Open to Both Old and New Subscribers

## THE DISHES.

They are pretty enough to grace any one's table.

An American high-grade semi-Vitreous Decorated Porcelain Dining Set of forty.

Composition of the set includes Large and Small Plates, Cups, Saucers, Potato Dish, Dish, Meat Platter, Gravy Bowl, Salad Dish, Dessert Dishes and Individual Butters. The set can be seen at The Journal office.

The ware is the very highest grade in French designs, decorated in the most artistic natural color in roses, etc., and is gold traced. It will appeal to the most fastidious.

This set is positively guaranteed by the makers against crazing and will ordinarily last for

## THE TERMS.

A signed subscription to The Catholic Journal for a period of One Year, \$4.85, upon delivery of the dishes (free of delivery charges), which includes subscription to The Journal for the period of One Year covered by the contract.

Total payment is \$5.85, of which \$1.00 is the regular Journal subscription for One Year, the balance, \$4.85, being the cost of the dishes.

Absolute safety of delivery is guaranteed and each piece in the set is warranted to be perfect. Any breakage in delivery will be immediately replaced.

## CASH ORDER BLANK FOR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

The Catholic Journal:—

Gentlemen—Please send me one of your 42 piece handsomely decorated dinner sets. In consideration of receiving same as a premium, I agree to take The Catholic Journal for a period of One Year, at \$1.00 a year, and to pay \$5.85 upon delivery of the dishes. The amount being payment in full for the dinner set and subscription for Journal for One Year.

Start paper.....

Signed.....

Deliver dishes.....

Street and No.....

Collect at.....

## Cut Out Contract

Read Carefully, fill in and forward to

The Catholic Journal

22 Cortland Street, Rochester, N. Y.

## CASH ORDER BLANK FOR OUT-OF-TOWN SUBSCRIBERS.

The Catholic Journal:—

Enclosed herewith you will find \$5.85 for which please send me one of your 42-piece handsomely decorated dinner sets. In consideration of receiving same as premium, I agree to take The Catholic Journal for a period of One Year, at \$1.00 a year. The above amount being payment in full for the dinner set and subscription for Catholic Journal for One Year.

Send by—

Name.....

Freight.....

Town.....

Express.....

State.....