



BEAR RIVER

Bear River nestles deep down in a little valley about five miles from the sea on a river from which it takes its name. At low tide there is very little river to be seen—it is reduced to a tiny stream that seems to trickle with difficulty through vast stretches of mud. But when the tide does come up it alters the whole appearance, and the place seems to come to life again as the strong current pushes its way up—running far up the little streams, and beneath the houses, which are built out over the river bed, at the bridge, on high wooden gates—giving a wonderfully picturesque effect, and reflecting all shades of color. The town scrambles up the steep hills, which rise sharply on either side, and beautiful views of the winding river may be seen from almost any point, and quantities of cherry trees everywhere add to the picturesqueness—whether in blossom or laden with the ripe fruit.