

it falls over the side of the vessel, against which it is retained by ropes till all the persons on board are transferred to the raft. Three strong spars, passing through the whole length of the raft, keep it flat and solid.

#### ARRESTING A BEAR.

##### Novel Suspension of the Writ of Habeas Corpus.

It was the terpsichorean Bruin that waltzed around in such a lively manner on Second, near Myrtle street yesterday afternoon. All the bad little boys and girls who didn't go to Sunday-school congregated on the pavement to witness the astonishing feats performed by the bear, and at last the sidewalk was obstructed to the great discomfort and discomfiture of pedestrians. A strong, stout-hearted individual in a blue coat and brass buttons (Snow was his name) concluded to "take 'em in;" that is to say, made up his mind to arrest the bear, the gentleman who "welled" the animal over the head to make him dance, and the sordid-souled human who took the pennies from the admiring assemblage of gamins.

Presently the trio appeared at the Chestnut Street Station. "What's the charge?" said Sergeant Brown. "Obstructing the street with that bear," answered Officer Snow. "What is your name?" inquired the Sergeant of the bear master. The answer reminded the by-standers of the Tower of Babel, and would have driven a thousand men, each better than Job, perfectly crazy. Then the Sergeant tried to talk to the other man, with the same confounding result. Sergeant Brown was in a fix. "He didn't know what to do about it." Finally, Riley suggested asking the bear about it, but a low growl from the ungainly brute dispelled all hope of information from that quarter. The officers were about to give it up, when the door of the station opened, when in popped the dirty face of an Italian apple boy—

"Apples."

"Come on and ask this fellow his name," cried the sergeant, now thoroughly disgusted. "I guess he belongs to your tribe."

The little gamin did so, got the answer in Italian and translated it into the Queen's English. Brown wrote the English name on the blotter—"P. C. Orrack," and ordered the first bear man to be locked up. The other fellow was allowed to depart and take the bear to his hotel, near Third and Walnut streets. Subsequently

it was ascertained that Orrack had more than enough to put up \$25 as collateral for his appearance before Judge Cullen this morning, and was informed by the apple-boy that by depositing that amount he could secure his freedom. He gracefully accepted the proposed terms and left the station. This morning the bear will be offered in evidence at the Police Court.—*St. Louis Globe, March 1.*

#### HE FINALLY WENT.

##### Unsuccessful Effort of a German Gentleman to beat down a Ticket Agent.

Yesterday afternoon an old man appeared before the Detroit and Lansing Railroad ticket window at the Central Depot and asked:

"What you charge for a ticket to Lansing?"

"Two-sixty, Sir," replied the agent, wetting his thumb and reaching out for the money.

"Two dollar and sixty cents!" exclaimed the stranger, pulling his head out of the window.

"Yes, Sir, that is the regular fare.

"Then I sthays here by Detroit forty years!" said the man getting red in the face. "I have never seen no sush'n swindle as dat!"

"Two-sixty is the regular fare, and you will have to pay it if you go," replied the agent.

"I shurst gef you two dollar and no more," said the stranger.

"No, I can't do it."

"Vell, den I sthays mit Detroit till I dies," growled the old man, and he went away and walked around the depot. He expected to be called back as he left the window, as a man is often called back to "take it along" when he has been chaffing with a clothing dealer. Such an event did not occur, and after a few minutes, the old man returned and called out:

"Vell I gef you two dollars and ten cents."

"No, I can't do it," replied the agent.

"Vell den, I don't go, so help me grahus! I have lived in Detroit three yare, und shall bay bolice tax, sewer tax, und want to grow up mit dis town, und I shall not be swindlet."

He walked off again, looking back to see if the agent would not call him, and after a stroll around, he returned to the window, and threw down some money and said:

"Vell, dake two dollar and twenty cents, und gif me'n dickette."

"My dear sir, can't you understand that