

—The two bears belonging to the noted "Bear Syndicate" and confined in the bastille back of John Tomlinson's place of business, have caused a considerable amount of trouble for John lately, as well as amusement for our citizens. On last Saturday morning "Jack," the head of the bear family, concluded that confinement was not in all ways agreeable to his health, and seized with a spirit of adventure and a longing to see the outside world, broke his moorings, consisting of a fairly heavy chain fastened to a beam of his domicile and after longing looks through an aperture in the building, sallied boldly forth into light and liberty. He gambled about for some time, unable to leave the fragrance of the green and luxuriant growth of iron and rag-weeds, which grow so flourishingly in the vicinity. Alas! for his love of the beautiful! for while feasting to his soul's content on the foliage of the above named plants, he was surrounded, and driven at the point of billiard cues and other formidable weapons, to his abode. On Tuesday last again a yearning for liberty overcame the love which he cherished for his mate, and he emerged from his den of seclusion through an aperture not much larger than that which would admit of the egress of a woodchuck. Seeing the astonished eyes of populace turned upon him, he concluded that he would not make any more of a show of himself, and seeing the window of John's billiard room open he hastily gained the haven and alighted upon the inside. The room happened to be empty of occupants at the time of the entrance of his bearship, or, mayhap a lively scene might have ensued. John was hailed from across the street, and opened up the front door, and with a billiard cue grasped firmly in his hand, gently drove the intruder back out the window and into the shed, where he quietly awaits another opportunity to decamp and out into the world for another spree.

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