

LIKE A FLOCK OF SHEEP.

THE TRICK BY WHICH A CROWD WERE GATHERED TOGETHER.

A Knot of Gazers at a Show Window. "Just for Fun"—Looking Intently Into a Sewer—Ridiculous Results—Human Weakness.

Queer it is that human beings, like sheep, often hear out the saying of "Follow the leader." This thought came to me a few days since while watching a test made by a friend of mine. Happening to meet a young man whom I had not seen in a long while, I stopped to greet him and indulge in a short conversation. While we were talking a man walked up to a show window near by, and in a moment was joined by several others. In a short time the entire window was surrounded by anxious gazers, and as there was nothing out of common on exhibition, both myself and my friend were amused at the action of the crowd.

"Turning to me my friend said: 'It does seem odd that people can be attracted so easily, but I assure you that I can give you even a better illustration than the one we have just witnessed. There is nothing at all the matter with the sewer inlet over at the corner, yet if I go over and look into it intently it will be only a little while before I attract a crowd. Now, just for the fun of the thing I am going over and look into it, and I want you to stand here and watch the people.' Accordingly he walked over to the opposite corner, and standing in the street bent down and looked into the sewer. Scarcely had he fixed his gaze on the inside when a small boy who was passing stopped and looked around and then stepped out into the street and also looked into the inlet. A street car stopped at the corner to let off several passengers, and two of them walked up to the inlet to look in. In less than one minute by actual count ten persons were looking into the place, and in two minutes the crowd had increased to twenty-five people. In three minutes the crowd was doubled, and after five minutes' actual time the entire corner was crowded with a peering mass of humanity, all eager to look down the sewer and all asking questions.

During this time my friend had not uttered a word, but had continued to gaze steadily into the inlet as though he had dropped something down into its dark interior. Then I walked across the street to mingle with the crowd and catch any observations that might be made. A tall, sad looking man tapped me on the shoulder and asked me what the trouble was. I replied that I didn't know, but scarcely had I uttered the words when a short, fat, friendly looking man, just joined the crowd, kindly spoke up and informed me that looking in the sewer was a child in the sewer. This information quickly spread and many exclamations of pity and sympathy were heard on all sides. Then some one contradicted the rumor and said it was a valuable dog that had fallen into the sewer. This was promptly denied by a heavily built man, in his shirt sleeves, who was sure he had heard the boy's voice, but that it must be drowned by this time, because it was so quiet. Right here some one else took up the conversation and went on to describe how careless the mother of a child must be to allow it to get away from her and run the risk of meeting with such a horrible death. In the meantime a reserve officer made his appearance and asked the cause of all the trouble. A very knowing young man took the policeman aside and explained to him that the crowd was all wrong. Then he went on to tell the officer that the man at the sewer had been counting a roll of bills and had accidentally dropped a bill of large denomination into the sewer and was now looking down to see if he could get a glimpse of it.

You can readily imagine how ridiculous this all sounded to me, and what an effort it required on my part to keep from laughing aloud. I managed to restrain myself, however, and worked my way out of the crowd and took up a position at the doorstep of a store near by. The crowd meanwhile had grown to an immense size, and several cars were blocked by the people standing in the street across the track. In vain the drivers tried to get the crowd to separate and allow the cars to pass, but, as is generally the case, the crowd only laughed at them, and some of the more venturesome boys tried to climb onto the dasher of the car to obtain a good view over the heads of the persons in front of them. Then came a regular stream of questions from the crowd, such as, "What's the matter?" "How did it happen?" "Who's hurt?" "What's lost?" "Somebody got a fit?" "How did he get run over?" "What is it, a man or a woman?" "Why don't the crowd keep back and give him some air?"—to which the following were some of the answers: "Don't know." "Give it up." "Can't get near to find out." "I don't know, do you think I'm a dictionary?" and many other answers that I have now forgotten. The policeman did his best to disperse the crowd, or at least keep them back, but he was powerless. He threatened a few of them with arrest, but he didn't look very stern, so they risked his anger. Finding that he could make no impression upon them, he wisely withdrew and allowed them to use their own pleasure about going. He succeeded, however, in clearing the car track, and the several cars that had been blocked were soon skimming up the street at a genuine rapid transit speed.

My friend finally worked his way out of the crowd, and I, having attracted his attention, he joined me, and we laughed to our heart's content. I imagined that after seeing my friend withdraw the crowd would disperse, but nothing of the kind. The place that he left was eagerly sought after by twenty people, and a dozen heads pressed forward to peer into the sewer. Some old fellow with an iron bar had succeeded in lifting back the heavy iron lid that fitted into the top of the inlet, and he was lying flat on the pavement, face downward, anxiously scanning the interior of the sewer. We stood aside for a little while commenting on the weakness of human nature, and presently withdrew into the inviting splendor of a neighboring restaurant, where we discussed the incident with much laughter over a good dinner and a bottle of water. Strange as my article of today may seem, it is entirely true, and in every part the story is correct. I stopped today, and seeing that same reserve officer on duty at the corner, I recalled the experience to him, and he recollected the occurrence with a smile. When I explained to him that the whole affair was a trick of my friend, he laughed heartily, and said he would repeat it at headquarters. You see now how, like sheep, we are often tempted to do something simply because some one else does it, when with a little thought many a foolish or an uncalled for action might be prevented.—"Observer" in Phila. Call.

A STRANGE AFFECTION.

The Story Told by a Traveler—Effects of Imagination.

The modern town of Taranto, in Italy, occupies the site of the famous Tarentum of old. The tarantism, an insect venomous in hot weather, is to be found there, and various startling accounts are given of the peculiar effects of its bites. A Tarantine gentleman, who has seen many cases of persons affected by the tarantism, thus describes it in the "Italian Sketches" of Janet Ross:

"There are various species of the insect, and two kinds of tarantism, the wet and the dry. A violent fever attacks the person bitten, who sits moaning and swaying backward and forward. Musicians are called and begin playing; if the air does not strike the fancy of the tarantula, as the patient is called, she moans more loudly and says: 'No, no, not that!'

"The fiddle instantly changes, and the tambourine beats fast and furious, to indicate the difference of the time. When at last the tarantula gets an air to her liking she springs up and begins to dance frantically.

"If she has the dry tarantism her friends try to find out the color of the tarantula that has bitten her, and adorn her dress and her fingers with ribbons that recall the tails of the insect. If no one can indicate the color she is decked with silken cords of every hue, which flutter wildly about as she dances and tosses her arms in the air. The ceremony generally begins in the house, but what with the heat and the concourse of people it often ends in the street.

"If it is a wet tarantism, the musicians choose a spot near a well, and the dancer is incessantly deluged with water by relays of friends, who go backward and forward to the well with their brow earthware jars.

"When the tarantula is quite worn out she is undressed and put to bed. "The fever lasts seventy-two hours, and the state of nervous excitement must be intense to sustain a woman under such fatigues dancing for three whole days. If the musicians are not called in, and the person bitten is not induced to dance, the fever continues indefinitely, and is in some cases followed by death."

It is hardly necessary to say that in this method of treatment the imagination plays a great part; nevertheless it is a real cure.—Youth's Companion.

Indian Relics in Georgia.

The whole field for acres around a bridge over Little river, in Wilkes county, Ga., is literally covered with flint arrow heads, spear heads, stone tomahawks, knives, hatchets, and other articles of Indian manufacture. These relics are found in great numbers, and are found in many domestic articles, as mortars and pestles for mashing corn, pots hewn out of solid stone, and broken vessels carved in rare and curious designs. These relics were washed down from a neighboring hill by the late freshet and scattered over the field. On the top of this hill, where the village was supposed to have been, was found a large pile of broken and defective arrow heads which seemed to mark the spot where some old arrow maker had his shop, making arrows for his tribe and receiving in return deer, bear, and other such game as the forest afforded.—Chicago News.

Another Liberty Statue.

A statue of liberty is to be erected on a peak in San Francisco by Adolph Sutro, the millionaire. The figure and pedestal will be forty feet high, and the torch, which will be lighted by electricity, will be 1,000 feet above the level of the sea. The pedestal will rest upon the solid rock of the peak, and will be over twenty feet high, eleven feet square at the base, and seven feet square at the top. The principal figure will be that of a woman holding a torch in the right hand, the torch of liberty, and in the outstretched left hand the sword of justice. At her feet will be a figure emblematic of despotism, and will be that of a man lying on his side and clutching at the sword held out of his reach.—Chicago Times.

The Bones of Columbus.

The bones of the discoverer of America are to be once more removed, as if they had not yet earned rest. When Columbus died he first found a resting place at Valladolid. But it was not for long. In seven years his remains were taken to Seville, and in 1536 across the ocean to Havre, where they were deposited in the cathedral of San Domingo. In 1795 it was thought to be high time that the bones of Columbus were disturbed again, and they were taken to Havana, in Cuba. Now, after a further rest of 100 years, a fresh transfer—let us hope the last—is to be made, and Genoa, the navigator's birthplace, will finally claim its own.—Chicago Times.

An Author's Old Fashioned Home.

Mr. Aldrich's house at Ponkapog, Mass., is a plain, old fashioned mansion, just like so many others that one sees scattered everywhere throughout New England. It is two story, painted brown, with a portico in front, and concealed from the street by a belt of trees. Inside is the large, old fashioned hall belonging to old colonial days, with two rooms opening on either side, and the dining room in the rear. The poet's study is on the second floor, and a pleasant room it is—large, airy, with books lining the four walls, and stuffed into every nook and corner. Choice art treasures and bric-a-brac appear scattered about in a charming way.—Chicago Times.

Industrial Fishing School.

Lady Burdett-Guthrie expresses a willingness to expend \$125,000 on an industrial fishing school at Baltimore in West Cork, accessible to all Irish youth. She thinks such a school would benefit all Ireland.—New York Graphic.

The late Gen. McKee Dunn left all his fortune to his wife. His will was the shortest ever filed in Washington, and consisted of four lines.

It is a somewhat singular fact that of all the Christian nations the United States of America are alone represented by Protestant Christian missions in Persia.

The Prince of Wales is described at Hamburg as venting a most unbecoming common looking, snuff colored suit, with a red comforter round his throat.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON AT THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

Every man is Finally Valued at His Real Worth—Rising to High Position Through Public Abuse—The World Must Honor Christian Character.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 18.—After being closed for some weeks for improvements and enlargements, the Brooklyn tabernacle was opened to-day. The same overwhelming throngs were in attendance as before. The congregation sang with great effect the hymn:

Before Jehovah's awful throne
Ye millions bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone
He can create and he destroy.

After explaining appropriate passages of Scripture, Dr. Talmage took his text from Genesis xli, 41: "And Pharaoh said unto Joseph: See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt." The subject of the sermon was "The Prime Minister."

Dr. Talmage said: "You cannot keep a good man down. God has decreed for him a certain elevation to which he must attain. He will bring him through, though it cost him a thousand worlds. There are men constantly in trouble lest they shall not be appreciated. Every man comes in and is to be valued at just what he is worth. How often you see men turn out all their forces to crush one man or set of men. How do they succeed? No better than did the government that tried to crush Joseph, a Scripture character, upon which we speak today. It would be an insult to suppose that you were not all familiar with the life of Joseph; how his jealous brothers threw him into the pit, but, seeing a caravan of Arabian merchants moving along on their camels with spices and gums that beaded the air with aroma, sold their brother to these merchants, who carried him down into Egypt; how Joseph was sold to Potiphar, a man of influence and office; how, by his integrity, he raised himself to high position in the realm, until, under the false charge of a vile wretch, he was hurled into the penitentiary; how in prison he commanded respect and confidence; how, by the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream, he was freed and became the chief man in government, the dispenser of the nation; how in time of famine Joseph had the control of a storehouse which he had filled with the seven years of plenty; how, when his brothers who had thrown him into the pit and sold him into captivity came to him, he sent them home with their beasts borne down under the weight of the corn sacks; how the sin against their brother, which had so long been hidden, came out at last and was returned by that brother's forgiveness and kindness, an illustrious triumph of Christian principle.

Learn from this story, in the first place, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character. Potiphar was only a man of the world, yet Joseph rose in his estimation until all the affairs of that great house were committed to his charge. From this servant no honors or confidences were withheld. When Joseph was in prison he soon won the heart of the keeper, and, though placed there for being a scoundrel, he soon convinced the jailer that he was an innocent and trustworthy man, and, released from close confinement, he became a general superintendent of prison affairs. Wherever Joseph was placed, whether a servant in the house of Potiphar or a prisoner in the penitentiary, he became the first man everywhere, and is an illustration of the truth I lay down that the world is compelled to honor Christian character.

There are those who affect to despise a religious life. They speak of it as a system of phlebotomy by which a man is bled of all his courage and nobility. They say he has benumbed himself. They pretend to have no more confidence in him since his conversion than before his conversion. But all that is hypocrisy. It is impossible for any man not to admire and confide in a Christian who shows that he has really become a child of God and is what he professes to be. You cannot despise a son or a daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Of course half and half religious character wins no approbation. Redwald, the king of the Saxons, after Christian baptism had two altars, one for the worship of God and the other for the sacrifice of devils. You may have a contempt for such men, for mere pretension of religion, but when you behold the excellency of Jesus Christ come out in the life of a Christian, all his disciples, all that are good and noble in your soul rises up in admiration. Though that Christian be as far beneath you in estate as the Egyptian slave whom we are discussing, by an irrevocable law of our nature Potiphar and Pharaoh will always esteem Joseph. Chrysostom when threatened with death by Eudoxia, the empress, sent word to her saying: "Go tell her that I fear nothing but sin." Such nobility of character will always be applauded. There was something in Agrippa and Felix which demanded the respect for the man the emperor's government. I doubt not they would willingly have yielded their office and dignity for the thousandth part of that true heroism which beamed in the eye and beat in the heart of the unconquerable apostle. The infidel and worldly are compelled to honor in their hearts, though they may not eulogize with their lips, a Christian firm in persecution, cheerful in poverty, trustful in losses, triumphant in death. I find Christian men in all professions and occupations, and I find them respected, and honored, and successful. John Frederick Oberlin alleviating ignorance and distress, John Howard passing from dungeon to lamazette with healing for the body and the soul, Elizabeth Frye coming to the profligate of Newgate prison to shake down their obduracy as the angel came to the prison at Philippi, driving open the doors and snapping locks and chains, as well as the lives of thousands of the followers of Jesus who have devoted themselves to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the race, are monuments of the Christian religion that shall not crumble while the world lasts. A man in the car said: "I would like to become a Christian if I only knew what religion is. But if this lying and cheating and bad behavior among men who profess to be good is religion, I want none of it." But, my friends, if I am an artist in Rome and a man comes to me and asks what the art

A Miniature Republic.

Between French Guiana and Brazil is a region of 400,000 square miles, containing 60,000 inhabitants, whose possession has been contested for 200 years. France claims it on one hand, Brazil on the other, and all because of an impracticable clause in the treaty of Utrecht. Neither France nor Brazil has ever dreamed of taking possession of this territory, either by force or by arbitration of a friendly nation. The principal center of population in this country is Comani, which has about 350 inhabitants and will soon be the capital of a new republic. A short time ago the Comanians proclaimed the independence of their country and chose for president M. Jules Gros, a venerable Frenchman, who has explored the banks of the Amazon. M. Gros lives at Cayenne, not far from Paris, and there he received the news of his appointment.

Unfortunately, he is not in Comani, for his new subjects have forgotten to make out a "civil list," and the voyage is expensive. However, he is serious, and the legation of the new republic has already been installed, No. 18 Rue du Louvre, Paris. M. Gros does not make us very enthusiastic over his position, from the fact that his first official act was to create a decoration, called the "Star of Comani," and to appoint the high dignitaries in his republic, especially the intendant general of the president's palace at Comani. Comani has not more than thirty-five houses—a proof that he who made the success of Le Petit Journal by his writings is in his dotage. —New York Mail and Express.

Climate a Trifle Too Glorious.

The increased railroad facilities and the marvelous stories of country and climate, have brought thousands to the Pacific coast, and they tell us that 60,000 excursionists will make their appearance here within the next four months. New hotels are building along the southern coast and extensive preparations making for their entertainment. The infusion of such a quantity of new blood as this must of necessity change the whole character of the country. There is little this state needs besides its natural advantages, but New England thrift and energy. If the same money and labor were spent upon the stony hillside farms of New York or New England the owners would be repaid a thousand fold. "Thrift, thrift, Horatio," is what they need. Haste and energy seem to have gone out of this world—if ever they were here—and nothing is left but the dolce far niente of the old Spanish settlers. The people own too much land and cultivate too little. They say the climate is such they cannot work like eastern people. Be that as it may, the trail of the old lazy Spaniard is over them all, and they have little desire to get away from it.—San Francisco Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Bitten by a Centipede.

A well known lady of Albuquerque was picking blackberries in her garden when she felt something bite her on the right side of her neck just below the ear. She quickly put her right hand up to the place, when a centipede curled itself around her forehead. She immediately brushed it off with her other hand, and, strange to relate, did not faint, nor scream, nor frighten her husband, nor daughter, nor any one else by calling to them, but ran into the house, and finding the ammonia bottle empty, took a big knife and stuck the blade into the fire in the stove until it got hot, when she applied it to the wound. Next she took some soda and applied that, fastening it by wrapping a cloth around her neck. By this time her neck began to swell, and she says she felt as though the top of her head was about to secede, and closed her teeth tightly to make sure that her head was not gone. In a short time she felt greatly relieved and then informed her daughter. She did not even call for a doctor, but she has procured another supply of ammonia. Though it occurred several days ago, the wound now looks as if an ant had bitten her. That lady would keep her presence of mind in a fire or in a railroad accident.—Albuquerque Citizen.

Mr. Tilden's Fancy.

A pretty and distingue looking lady at the Murray Hill hotel recalls one of the provisions of Mr. Tilden's will. She is Miss Celeste Stauffer, the New Orleans belle to whom the gallant old statesman bequeathed the neat little sum of \$100,000, and about which provision of the will no question seems to have been raised by any of the contesting heirs. Whether there was a romance about the matter or not, the fact is that the lady, who is both beautiful and accomplished, as well as blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, has for the last few years quietly but persistently dropped away from the suitors that have sought her, and given her women friends a chance to ponder and consult over her evident preference for a life of single blessedness. She is scarcely 23 years of age, one of the best horsewomen of her day, dresses with exquisite taste, is a charming conversationalist, and one of the brightest young women in New Orleans.—New York Graphic.

The Clay Family.

The recent death of John Clay removes the last member of the immediate family of the illustrious statesman whose name he bore. The eldest son died in the lunatic asylum near Lexington, where he had been confined for many years. The next eldest, Henry Clay, Jr., a bright and promising young man, was killed in battle in the Mexican war. He was a comrade and friend of the sprightly and gallant Lieut. O'Hara, whose poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead," is so familiar to American readers. Another son, James B. Clay, at one time owned a large stock farm on the Bellefontaine road near St. Louis, but removed back to Lexington on the death of his father and was sent to congress from the Ashland district.—St. Louis Republican.

The Premier's Feet.

The late Agostino Depretis was always careless of his dress and personal appearance until he became premier, and even then he was no dandy. His feet were almost abnormally large, and upon this fact he rather congratulated himself: "because," he said, "no one can expect a man with such feet to dance at a state ball."—Chicago Herald.

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