

field, all at once I seemed to drop off of the earth and fall into a cellar, and then I knew I had tumbled into a sink hole. They are never very deep or dangerous, and I wasn't afraid of being fatally hurt, but it took the sand out of me right quick, and I went down through the weeds and stuff, not knowing just what had happened. Of course I hadn't much time to think, and when I hit bottom I had still less, for instead of lighting on the ground or stones or thicket, I lit on something alive. It was a wild animal of some kind, I didn't know what, and I was scared till my hair began to feel funny on my head.

"When I went down, I went hard, and I kind of knocked the wind out of the varmint at first, but in a second it began to yowl and snap and snarl and to twist under me and try to get out and to raise the dickens generally. In the meantime I was yelling and squawking and trying to scare the blamed thing, because I thought it was a wildcat, and I knew a boy of my size didn't have any show with a wildcat if the varmint ever took a notion to fight, and I knew pretty well that a wildcat was about as sure to take a notion to fight as anything on earth. I don't know exactly what I did in that hole or how I did it, but I remember it seemed about a month of Sundays that I was all mussed up in there with some kind of a wild animal, and finally the thing got from under me and scooted as fast as it could for the top of the sink hole. I followed after it as quick as I could, for I became braver when I saw it run, and when I got up on the level the moon had come out, and I could see the varmint fairly skinning it out for the tall timber. I yelled at it with all my might, though I didn't run after it very fast, and began to call my dog. On the second call the varmint stopped, and I began to get ready to skin out myself, when I got a better look, and, by the great horn spoon, gents, it was my dog. I called him then, and he came back to me, and I could see for myself that he had holed something down there in the sink, and his barking had been smothered and sounded away off to me, and of course when I dropped in on him unexpectedly like that he didn't know anything about it, and neither did I, and there we was. In any event, gentlemen," concluded the former Corncracker, "that dog come trotting back to me, and when we met face to face in the moonlight he sorter looked at me, and I sorter looked at him, and I don't know which one of us felt most like apologizing. I do know, though, we both knocked off for that occasion, and on the way home we took turn about sneaking along behind each other, me and the dog."—New York Sun.

#### Parisian Pagans.

Paris is threatened with a renaissance of paganism. Several well known litterateurs, poets and artists have banded themselves into a society for the adoration of heathen deities. This romantic revival has already caught the Parisian fancy, and converts are announced every day.

### A QUEER EPITAPH.

In Memory of Two Boys Who Thought They Ate Mushrooms.

Piscataway is one of the oldest towns in New Jersey. It was founded in 1666 and was intended to be the capital of the colony, but it did not grow, while its rivals, New Brunswick, Rahway and Elizabeth, became thriving villages. At present there is little to interest the casual visitor to the sleepy village, but that little is good of its kind.

There is old Mr. Mundy, the village wheelwright, who at 80 is still a fine shot with gun or rifle. Twenty-five years ago he accompanied a New York merchant on a hunting trip to the far west, and since then not a year has passed without their taking a hunting trip to the west or south. Old as these cronies are, they cannot make up their minds to forego their hunting. Then there is the old cider mill whose ramshackle appearance belies the purity and strength of the applejack resting in its dark cellar. Finally, there is the cemetery of the old Episcopal church, the first house of worship erected in the place. In response to inquiries the other day the sexton, who holds also the offices of gravedigger and roadmaster said:

"Well, there might be some interesting gravestones there, and then again there mightn't. They don't interest me. There is one old brown stone which has fallen down and is out of place. I wanted to throw it away, but the minister wouldn't let me. That might be interesting to you."

"Is there any inscription on it?"

"No, there isn't. It is just covered with words from top to bottom—no poetry, no nothing—just words."

The stone was found easily, although partly overgrown with moss and myrtle. After much cleaning the following inscription was made out:

Spectators, under  
Here in this tomb  
Lie 2 boyes.  
The older was full  
Ten years old, the younger  
Was twice  
Told. By eating  
Mushrooms for  
Food rare, in day  
Time they poysoned  
Were. A. K. Hard Hooper  
and Charlie Hooper,  
Desesed, 1690.

The meaning of "the younger was twice told" is somewhat obscure, but it is supposed that he was but five years old.

An inscription upon the tombstone of James Thompson, who died in 1763, was once very popular with the country people in New Jersey. Three others in the graveyard are similar to it:

Remember, friend, as you pass by,  
As you are now so once was I,  
In health and strength, though here I lie,  
As I am now so you must be.  
Prepare for death and follow me.

—New York Sun.

### JAWS AS WEAPONS.

Chief Means of Defense Among All Old World Apes.

Among all old world apes the teeth are the chief weapons for defense

against natural foes and for combats for mates or tribal supremacy. The canines are in most cases enormously developed, insomuch that ill informed naturalists have suggested that a near relationship must exist between the primates and the carnivora. As a matter of fact, these formidable teeth have nothing to do with alimentation, but are as purely weapons of war as are the bayonet and the maxim gun. In practically every emergency demanding unusual energy, obstinacy and courage they come into play.

In every conflict with the world, the flesh and the devil—as such things are understood in pithecoid society—the temporal and masseter muscles are the chief arbiters of war. To become a great and powerful anthropoid it is absolutely and brutally necessary to have a large and strong jaw, to give firm attachment to the teeth and good leverage to the muscles. That for an immense epoch our prehuman ancestors achieved success in life in like manner is as clear as the print of "Maga" to those who have learned to read nature's handwriting.

Since those days of true Arcadian simplicity our life has become bewilderingly complex, and our methods for settling social difficulties have changed generally for the better. But here, as in so many other instances, the habits of a past age have left an indelible impress on the nervous system.—Blackwood's Magazine.

#### Mountains.

There used to be held, in accordance with Murchison's well known geological views, the general theory that mountains were mainly due to cracks which took place in the surface of the earth in remote periods, but this idea is no longer entertained by scientific men. As to the form of mountains, that which is known as table mountain finds the best example, curiously enough, at the cape of Good Hope, a mountain, it is believed, due not to any action or phenomenon of upheaval, but to the sinking of the surrounding districts or territory. Why these peculiarly defined areas did not sink was owing, it is thought, to the probable fact that the ground under them cooled before the rest of the section, and thus the table mountain had the earlier foundation and has long retained its place. There would always be denudation, however, though proportionate with its surroundings, and therefore, owing to this fact of being higher at the start, it still keeps to its approximate elevation.

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