

While Abram Houston was threshing at Boyd Donk's, near Taylorstown last week, an accident occurred which may result fatally. Samuel Amos was feeding the machine when, without warning, the engine started to travel, which caused the belt to pull the front of the machine against the barn, catching Amos between it and the barn. He was badly crushed across the abdomen and a doctor was called. The engine was put in position and threshing resumed, with Joseph Binney doing the feeding. Again the engine started, and Binney was only saved from perhaps fatal injury by the breaking of the feed board. The engine was started the third time, and for the third time left its position and started away.

Prof. Loyd F. Hall, principal of the South Side School in Butler, had an unpleasant experience a few days ago while hunting ground hogs and owls on his farm in Washington township. He had succeeded in winging a monster night owl that measured 4 feet 8 inches from tip to tip of its wings and started to carry his trophy home. While apparently dead, his owlship was only stunned, and when the professor undertook to lift him over a fence by a wing the owl raised up and sank four claws into its captor's arm just below the elbow. No amount of shaking could get the bird loose, and it was not until the professor sent a bullet through the owl's head that it relaxed its grip.

The Sisters of Charity at St. Josephs academy, at Greensburg, the mother home of the diocese of Pittsburgh, will receive into the institution a number of Cuban girls. Maj. J. Orton Kerby, the traveler, who has been in Cuba for a year, has completed arrangements for the reception of the girls. The young women belong to good families. Maj. Kerby will visit St. Xavier's academy, near St. Vincent's monastery, on the same mission. Other leading institutions conducted by the Sisters of Mercy and Sisters of Charity will be visited by Maj. Kerby in the hope of having girls admitted. It is probable that the tuition of the young women will come from the Non-Sectarian society of New York, of which Bishop Potter is president.

An infant daughter of Mrs. Vergoh, of Silverbrook, was perhaps fatally scalded a few days ago. The mother was preparing to wash the child and had provided some water, which she did not think was warm enough, and in order to heat it, placed the tin bath tub, in which the child was sitting, on the stove. The mother proceeded to perform other duties, forgetting all about the child. The little one's cries called her back. The baby had been terribly scalded.

Through District Attorney Brown, of Lancaster county, complaint was entered before Alderman Deen against Private James Reilly, from Camp Meade, who quarreled with Conductor J. M. Climenston on his train, near Leaman Place, last Friday, as the result of which Climenston died of a apoplectic attack. He is charged with manslaughter, and will be brought to prison at Lancaster from Philadelphia to await trial at the September term of court.

Edwin Dewitt Helder, the second murderer executed in the Erie county jail, was hanged Tuesday morning, when he paid the penalty for killing Levi H. Krieder on May 1, 1893. Without any preliminaries the deputy sheriff adjusted the knot under the right ear. He did not put the black cap on the prisoner before tying the noose, and the prisoner turned to him and said: "Don't forget the black cap."

Fred Myers, said to be one of the boldest car robbers with which railroad detectives over the country have had to deal with, was released from the penitentiary Tuesday morning after serving time for robbing cars in Cambria county. He was promptly arrested by an officer from Greensburg on a charge of robbing a car at Irwin a year ago. He was again committed to jail.

John Belman, aged 32 years, a brakeman on a freight train on the Pennsylvania railroad, was ground to atoms on Wednesday in a wreck at Downingtown. His train was making a flying switch when it collided with a dirt train and he was thrown under the wheels. Engine and several cars telescoped. Belman leaves a widow and two children in Harrisburg.

August Newman, aged 19 years, was instantly killed by a train at Coalbrook the other night, and his mangled body was brought to Conowingo and prepared for burial. Newman and his elder brother John were just starting on a trip to Kansas, and it is thought that August was killed while attempting to board a moving freight train.

While charging a soda water fountain at Altoona the other evening, J. Rose Mater, a prominent pharmacist, met with an accident which, it is believed, will result in his death. The tank attached to the fountain became overcharged with gas and blew out the cylinder. It struck Mater in the stomach with terrific force.

The \$2,000 horse, Grand Elector, a bay gelding, which was locked in the stables of George Greer, president and manager of the big tin mill, of New Castle, has been stolen together with a buggy, whip, lap robes and harness from Dr. Donnan's stable. The barns are in a thickly settled portion of the city.

John Jones, aged 15 years, of New Bridgeville, was thrown from a horse recently, his feet becoming entangled in the reins. The animal becoming frightened ran away, dragging the boy a distance of two miles and inflicting injuries from which he died a few minutes after the horse was captured.

The steam laundry building at Williamstown was completely wrecked a few days ago by the explosion of a boiler. V. P. Crummev, the foreman, received injuries which resulted fatally. Miss Hayes, an employe, was also injured. Adjoining buildings were badly damaged.

G. F. McCune, a fish peddler, left his horse and wagon standing at the Beaver station of the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie railroad. The horse wandered upon the track and fell between the ties on a bridge nearby, when a freight train ran over it, killing it and destroying the wagon.

In the mountains of Center county a berry picker paid no attention to a long black snake across the road until it gave chase and raced him down the mountain. He says it was 12 to 15 feet long.

Two young men, residents of Warren, O., passed through Cory recently on an automobile bound for Chautauqua lake. The distance is 150 miles.

David Cassidy, aged 30, a railroad employe of the Pennsylvania, was cut in twain by a freight train.

Jacob L. Covert, of Grove City, aged 30 years, in jumping from a buggy was badly injured that he died.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

The Story of the Sea-Urchin—Baby and Elephant—How an American Girl Rode One in India—Ants Who Have Slaves Wait Upon Them.

To a Dear Little Truant.  
When are you coming? the flowers have come!  
Bees in the balmy air happily hum;  
In the dim woods where the cool mosses are,  
Gleams the anemone's little, light star;  
Tenderly, timidly, down in the dell,  
Sighs the sweet violet, drops the harebell;  
Soft in the wavy grass lightens the dew;  
Spring keeps her promises: why do not you?

Up in the blue air the clouds are at play—  
You are more graceful and lovely than they;  
Birds in the branches sing all the day long,  
When are you coming to join in their song?  
Fairer than flowers, and fresher than dew!  
Other sweet things are here—why are not you?

Why don't you come? we have welcomed the rose.  
Every light zephyr, as gayly it goes,  
Whispers of other flowers, met on its way:  
Why has it nothing of you, love, to say?  
Why does it tell us of music and dew?  
Rose of the south, we are waiting for you.

Do not delay, darling, mid the dark trees,  
Like a lute murmurs the musical breeze;  
Sometimes the brook, as it trips by the flowers  
Hushes its warble to listen for yours.  
Pure as the rivulet, lovely and true—  
Spring should have waited till she could bring you.

The Story of the Sea-Urchin.

Far down on the Maine coast, where the great ocean roars and dashes its waves against the rocks, is a very curious and interesting home, which I think you would like to see.

I first saw this home on a lovely June day, when the sky was blue, with little clouds floating in it, and the sea looked like a great sapphire, as it sparkled in the sunlight.

On this morning of which I am going to tell you I was lying on the rocks, listening to a lullaby which a mother wave was singing to her babies. It was so soothing that I had almost fallen asleep, when suddenly a queer, little, sharp voice said: "Oh, mother, the wave has washed me away up here! Come and take me back!" I looked all around, expecting to see a little girl of boy, but not a soul was in sight. Then, as I turned my head, I discovered, quite close to me, something very strange indeed. It looked exactly like a chestnut-hur.

"Can I take you back?" said I, politely. Then there was a terrible commotion. All the little spikes on the burr stuck out feelers, which quivered in a most agitated manner, and it tried very hard to roll itself away, but it could only move a short distance. I lay quite still, hoping it would get over its fright. After a few minutes it calmed down, and presently the little voice said, "I thought you were a log."

"Oh, no," I answered, "I am not a log, but I am as safe as one. Can't I take you home?"

"I don't believe you can. I live away out by that rock where the waves are breaking now, and I think you're the animal called man that doesn't live in the water; perhaps you might, though, when the tide goes further out, and in the meantime, if you will be kind enough to set me in that puddle I will be much obliged. I find the heat of the sun very weakening."

The poor little thing's voice was quite faint, so I made haste to get a flat shell which was near and to put him into the puddle. The water soon revived him, and he became quite animated. Seeing that he felt better, I asked him his name.

"I have several," he answered, "but you will know me best by my name of Sea Urchin."

"How did you get so far from your home, Sea Urchin?"

"I was looking out of the window to see my cousin Star Fish go by, and a big wave swept me up here and left me. Mother always told me to keep away from the window, but I wanted so to look out that I forgot. If I ever get home again I will remember."

As he said this he made a queer sort of a shuffling movement toward a speck in the water and it disappeared. "That looks as if he might have eaten it," I thought to myself. So I took a stick and gently turned him over to find his mouth.

"Here, stop that! Don't you suppose I have feelings?" he said, sharply.

"I wanted to see your mouth," I answered. "I won't hurt you."

What a funny looking mouth it was! In the center, hundreds of little tentacles waved to and fro in the water, and five sharp teeth led the way into a hole which looked as if it might swallow anything. I took the liberty of looking at it closely, and saw the bit of fish which I thought it had eaten disappearing rapidly.

"If you don't stop poking in my stomach," he said, suddenly, "I'll have to sting you, and you won't like it."

"Oh, that's your stomach, is it? I thought it was your mouth."

"Humph! you did! Well, it is and it isn't. I think you may carry me home now. The tide is about out."

I looked around. Sure enough, the great brown rock was out of water. I took the sea-urchin up on the shell, and when we arrived at the rock I looked about for his home.

"It is on the other side," he said; "and hurry; I don't feel very well."

On the other side I went, and there, in a cleft of the rocks, was the home of the little sea-urchin.

Thousands of years the sea had been

making this home, and how beautiful it was! First of all, little by little, the water had cut a basin in the rock, round and deep. Then its sides had been colored a beautiful, soft tint of red, and finally, different kinds of seaweeds had grown up and now waved to and fro in the clear green water. A ray of sunlight touched the sides, they sparkled like jewels, and away down at the bottom I saw the Sea-Urchin family, Mr. and Mrs. Sea-Urchin, and all the little Sea-Urchins.

As I listened I heard a voice saying: "Father, did you speak to the waves about looking for Spiney, when the tide goes in again?"

"Yes, mother, I did; but they said they were afraid it would be of little use."

Mrs. Sea-Urchin gave a sob, and said: "I hope this will be a lesson to you children, to keep away from the top of the house. How often I have spoken to Spiney about it; now I am afraid they'll never see him again. Oh, dear! oh dear!" and she quivered all over in her grief.

I took the shell with Spiney Sea-Urchin on it, and slid him carefully into his home.

"O mother!" he cried, as he slowly sank to the bottom beside her, "I've had such an adventure."

What a commotion there was at his coming! The pool fairly boiled, and all the Sea-Urchins talked at once, and laughed, and had such fun, that I stayed until the sun said that noon had come, and it was time to say good-by until another day.—Grace Eleanor Fitts.

Baby and Elephant.

Lillian Allen Martin describes in the St. Nicholas a baby's ride on an elephant. Cum Moon, the nurse, took Ruth from her crib and snifed with her nose the warm little cheek and neck; this is the Laoa way of kissing. "Nai nov pi doy!" ("The little lady is going on the mountain.") She repeated this many times while dressing her. Out on the broad veranda where Ruth spent all her waking hours it was very lively and entertaining. Such a running about and ordering and packing as there was! Mattresses, pillows and blankets were strewn over the floor; dishes, clothing and provisions were being packed into bamboo baskets. In the open space before the house, below the high veranda, four big elephants leisurely broke up and chewed long, juicy banana stalks, making a great rustling noise as they swept the broad leaves over the ground. By and by the hubbub on the veranda quieted down. The filled baskets were fastened, two by two, on each end of a short pole; this pole was hoisted over a man's shoulder, and on he trotted with his load. Down among the elephants was a great shouting and groaning and straining. The elephants were made to kneel down while the heavy howdahs, or elephant saddles, were put in place on their backs. Two of the howdahs were packed with bedding, two folding-chairs, a coop of chickens, a stone water-filter, cans of kerosene—whatever could not be put into the bamboo baskets. The third elephant was led up to the first landing of the long flight of veranda stairs, and Ruth's mamma stepped upon a chair, then on the stair-railing, and then on the elephant's head, whence it was easy to reach the seat of the howdah. Papa made the passage to the howdah more quickly and with less trepidation. Lastly, dear Dr. McGilvary, who was speeding the expedition, handed the baby over to papa, and chorus of "Nai nov pi doy!" went up from the admiring crowd below. The procession moved out of the gate, the brass bells at the elephants' necks chiming melodiously.

Ants Who Have Slaves.

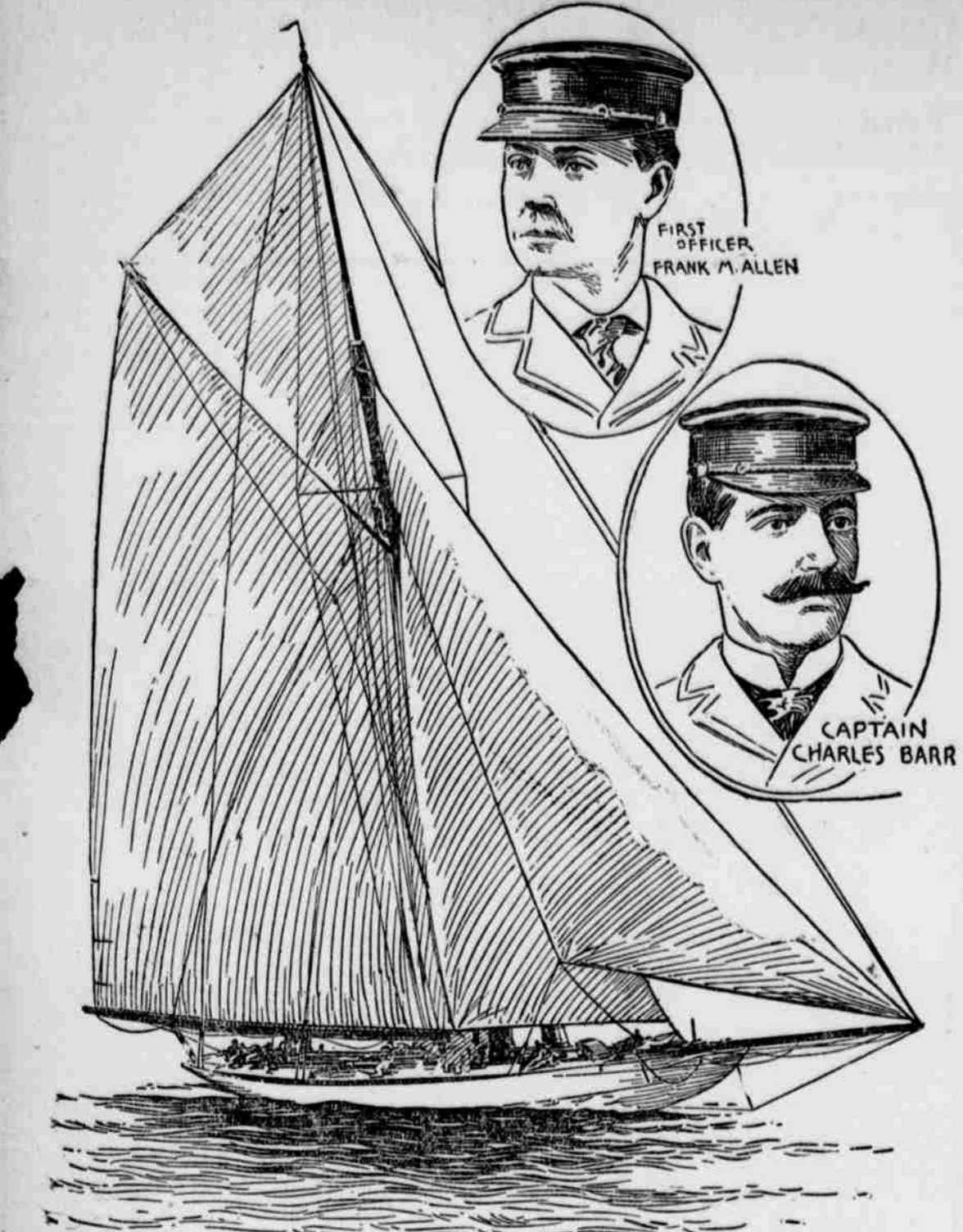
Did you ever hear of ants who make slaves of other ants? Well, there are such creatures. They are called slave-making ants.

One day in the year 1804 a famous naturalist beheld a large body of ants marching rapidly over the ground in an unbroken column. Their behavior was most military and there was no straggling. Presently they came to an ant mound where another species of ants lived. Some of these ants were on guard, and on seeing the enemy approach messengers were sent to the interior of the mound to call the rest out. In a minute a great battle was on, which ended in a victory for the attacking party. The conquered ones retreated to the bottom of their nest, while the conquerors followed in after, and presently each returned with a baby ant in its mouth. These ants were brought up as slaves, as was later discovered by this same naturalist.

After a while the masters became so dependent on the slaves for everything they could do nothing for themselves except fight other ants. They lost their teeth; they forgot how to build; they neglected their young, leaving the slave ants to care for them; they even lost the power of feeding themselves, and when, by way of experiment, a few of them were placed by themselves where there was lots of food, but no slaves to give it to them, they died, every one of them, from hunger. One time a man took a few of this species and kept them by themselves for a couple of days, and then, just as they seemed about to die, he gave them one slave ant. Working all alone, this fellow built a nice home, washed and cared for the baby ants and fed the older ones, who were about dead from hunger. If you had to be an ant, wouldn't you much rather be the slave than the master?

Bullet of Great Force.

A rifle of very small bore, invented by Capt. Dudeteau of the French army, fires a bullet with such force that it will penetrate a horse from head to tail at a distance of a mile and a quarter.



Details of the Race Between Columbia and Shamrock.

MEMORABLE contest may confidently be expected when Sir Thomas Lipton comes over here in the fall to get the America's Cup. The race will be the tenth since the eagle first acquired a right to perch upon that trophy. But it is not time to be frightened yet. The British papers are doing their best to scare us, but

that she had a hollow keel in which all sorts of dangerous expedients could be concealed, and that she was in general a craft more filled with mysteries than our own Fenimore Cooper's Water Witch. But the lines of a yacht, like murder, will out. Her dimensions may be kept secret, yet they, too, will ultimately be known



WM. FIFE, JR., THE DESIGNER. CAPT. WRINGE. CAPT. HOGARTH. (The Shamrock's designer and her two skippers.)

with something approaching exactness. The dimensions of the Columbia have been obtained from men who have had means of learning them, and are trustworthy. They put the yacht's length over all as 131 feet; beam, 22 feet 2 inches, and draught, 19 feet 10 inches. Her painted water line measured 89 feet 6 inches, and it was believed that she would float, when all rigged, at about 89 feet 8 or 9 inches. The following table of dimensions of the two yachts is taken from the London Daily News.

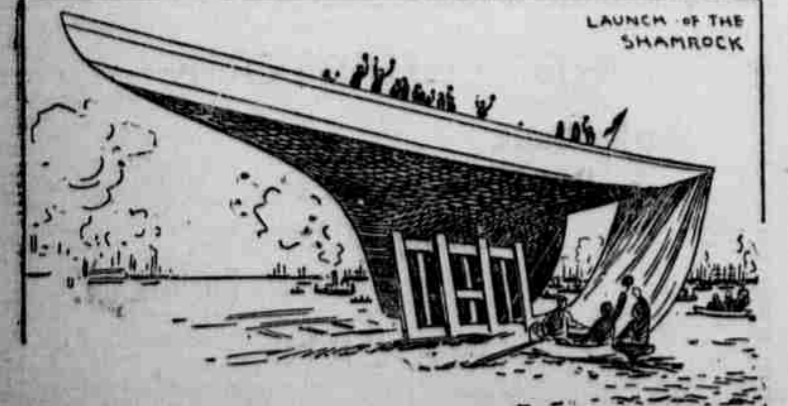
	Columbia.		Shamrock.	
	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.
Length over all	131	4	132	2
Water-line length	89	5	89	6
Beam	22	2 1/2	24	6
Draught	20	10	20	6
Displacement—Columbia, 145 1/2 tons; Shamrock, 147 tons. Sail area—Columbia, 13,940 square feet, Shamrock, 14,125 square feet.				

The Columbia, which is the third cup defender designed by Nathaniel Green Herreshoff, is owned jointly by



SIR THOMAS J. LIPTON. (Challenger for the America's Cup.)

we should keep up our courage for the present. That the Shamrock, Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger, is a dangerous craft is hardly to be doubted, but that she will defeat the Columbia is not yet a foregone conclusion. We



LAUNCH OF THE SHAMROCK. (A sail was dropped over the stern to prevent photographers getting a picture of the lines of the yacht.)

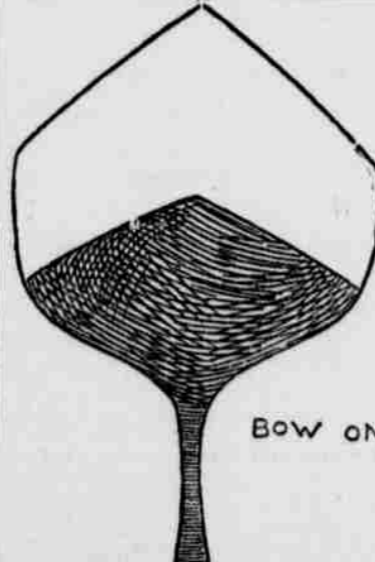
have been told that the Shamrock had a concealed centreboard, and that this was what would beat us. We have read that she had a way of putting her chain cable up her sleeve and taking it out for the purpose of the race.

Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan and C. Oliver Iselin, both of the New York Yacht Club. Roughly speaking, she will cost to build and run about \$225,000 for the season, of which the Herreshoffs will receive about \$110,000, which includes the hull, rigging, sails and extra spars.

The Columbia in C. Oliver Iselin has a capable amateur manager. His famous racing flag, the black and red swallow-tail, has been carried triumphantly to victory on the Titania, Vigilant and Defender. No patriotic American doubts he will be successful this year. He has in Mrs. Iselin the most charming mascot in the world. His aids are Woodbury Kane, Herbert C. Leeds and Newberry D. Thorne, all excellent yachtsmen.

His skipper, Charles Barr, is one of the smartest in the world. He is a Scotchman, but has long been naturalized. He is the only man of foreign birth who will sail on Columbia. He is thirty-five years old, and was born at Gourcock on the Clyde. In Chief Mate Allen, Captain Barr has a thoroughly able and experienced officer.

The crew of Columbia hail from Deer Isle, Me., and a better lot of seamen never broke a biscuit. There are thirty-nine all told, and ten of them sailed on Defender. Many of them have been captains and mates of coasting vessels. They are a lithe,



BOW ON

THE HULL OF THE COLUMBIA.

agile lot, and handle the Columbia to perfection.

The Shamrock's skippers, Hogarth and Wringe, are men just a little over thirty years of age, and yet both have been sailing in class matches for several years. Hogarth has had charge of most of Fairlie's successful boats, and Wringe made another boat of Ailsa when he took her over from Jay. The designer has, therefore, complete confidence in them. The crew consists of no fewer than fifty men, thirty Scotchmen and the rest Englishmen—four officers, boatswain, two boatswain's mates, carpenter, carpenter's mate, sailmaker, nine leading seamen, twenty-seven able seamen, two stewards and two cooks. In addition, Tom Ratsey and six sailmakers will look after the canvas. Of the ship's company, only ten have not sailed in America's Cup contests before.

The contests between two such yachts as Columbia and Shamrock, manned by such men, cannot fail to be of magnificent interest.