

## THRILLING ENTERTAINMENTS.

No Limit to the Ingenuity of Caterers to the Public.

There is no limit to the daring and ingenuity of those who cater for the public recreation; but no device was ever bolder than that which drew 50,000 spectators to Waco, Texas, to witness all the horrors of a planned railway collision. The centre of attraction was a section of the Missouri, Texas, and Kansas Railway; and around it a densely-packed crowd, was packed for hours before the thrilling moment arrived.

Two trains, each consisting of an engine and six cars, were started at a distance of ten miles from each other, the drivers jumping from the engines when the levers had been set at the highest possible speed. The trains, thus left, thundered on to meet each other, gathering momentum every yard, until they were soon racing to their destruction at a speed of eighty miles an hour. When they were seen dashing from opposite directions towards the waiting crowd the suspense and excitement were, in the words of a spectator, too great for words.

When finally they crashed into each other the impact was terrible. The engines appeared to leap at each other as if in a fearful death struggle, and the carriages jumping one over the other were converted in a moment into a mountain of matchwood. Wreckage was hurled through the air in every direction; one of the engine-boilers exploded, and two of the spectators were killed, while many others were injured.

Quite as exciting, although happily less fatal, was the entertainment provided some years ago at Niagara, when a magnificent schooner, the Michigan, was deliberately sent over the famous Falls.

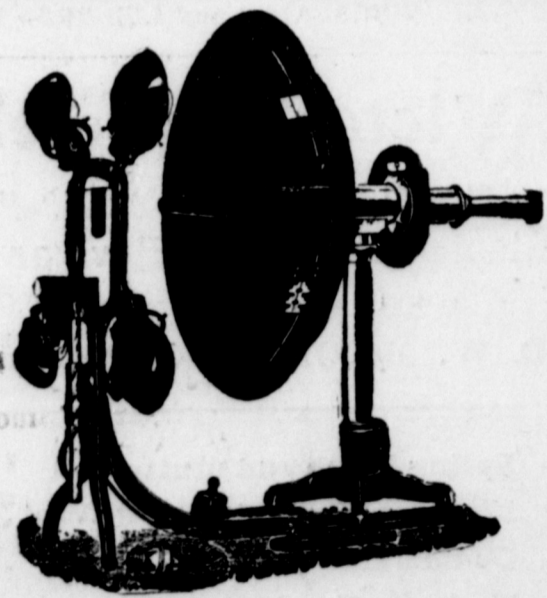
The Michigan was the largest of all the vessels on Lake Erie, so large, in fact, that she could not enter the harbours, and was practically useless. Her proprietors, however determined to turn her into a source of profit, and advertised that on a certain day she would be sent over the Falls.

For two weeks before the eventful day the roads and boats to Buffalo were packed with dense masses of people bent on witnessing such a thrilling spectacle; and on the appointed day, September 18th, the river banks were black with crowds numbering many hundreds of thousands.

A boat manned by Captain Rough, the most daring of all the Lake Erie captains, took the giant schooner in tow and set her loose within a quarter of a mile of the first rapids above the Falls. With the American flag floating from her bowsprit and the Union Jack from her stern, the Michigan floated majestically into the rapids, keeping a splendid course in mid-stream, in spite of her plunging and shipping heavy seas.

When she entered the second rapids, with the speed of an express train, she was as helpless as a cork tossed on angry water. All her masts went by the board with a crash; she shivered from stem to stern as if in horror at her impending fate, and swung round, broadside on, as if to avoid it. Then, with a sweep of despair, she dashed on stern foremost into the third rapids, where the waves leaped and hissed round her, until with a mystic plunge she leaped into the abyss.

When she took her last plunge, and the thousands of spectators poured down to the foot of the Falls, they found the waters a sea of wreckage. The destruction had been so complete that in no case were even two planks found nailed together. On board the doomed vessel were a buffalo, two bears, a dog, a cat, four geese, and a racoon. Of these the bears were 'wise in time,' and swam ashore in the first rapids. All the rest were drowned, with the ex-



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"I take great pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla to others. It has been the means of restoring my wife to good health. She was stricken down with an attack of nervous prostration. She suffered with headaches and her nerves were under severe strain. She became very low spirited and so weak she could only do a little work without resting. Her appetite was poor, and being so weak she could not get the proper rest at night. She decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, as we had heard it highly praised, and I am glad to state that Hood's Sarsaparilla has perfectly cured all her ailments." G. BELLAMY, 321 Hannah St., West, Hamilton, Ontario. Remember

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Is the Best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1, six for \$5. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

ception of two geese, which actually survived the terrible plunge and calmly swam ashore, half a mile below the Falls.

Perhaps the most thrilling entertainment on record was one witnessed in the Romagna which was as unexpected as it was unauthorized. It was the last day of the carnival, and the theatre of Formicopolis was packed with a crowd of spectators awaiting the rise of the curtain. After a long delay the curtain went up, only to disclose a stage occupied by 100 brigands facing the audience with pointed rifles.

The leader of the strange cast, Il Passatore, one of the most ruthless robbers of any age, bowed profoundly to the horror-stricken audience, and explained that the theatre was surrounded by his men, that the first man who attempted to escape would be shot, and that his merry men would proceed to collect any money and valuables they had with them.

The brigand and his men then descended from the stage, and stripped the audience of their possessions to the value of £80,000. He then thanked them in a graceful speech and left the theatre. It is comforting to know that he and 100 of his brigands were captured shortly after, and that they paid a heavy penalty for their evening's entertainment.

### FROZEN MUTTON.

Enormous Growth of Business in Argentina and Australasia.

It is nineteen years since the first shipment of frozen mutton was despatched from Melbourne. The trade in refrigerated meat was at the first very slow in developing. In 1883 only \$11,000 worth of sheep carcasses were sent across the sea from Argentina. It was not until about ten years ago that the business began to take on very large proportions. To-day New Zealand has its freezing works at Auckland, Wellington and elsewhere and every year over \$5,000,000 worth of fish, beef, mutton and lamb are frozen solid, sewed up in canvas, stored in the cold chambers of ships built for the trade and sent to markets in Polynesia and Europe. In 1890 New South Wales' exportation of sheep carcasses was only 200,000, but it has steadily increased, and in 1896 it reached the large figure of 1,200,000 carcasses, averaging fifty-six pounds. It costs three cents a pound to kill, freeze, ship and sell the mutton in London; and among the other places of large shipment are Manchester, South Africa and Malta. Queensland is the only Australian colony that exports beef in any quantity. New Zealand now has the most extensive meat-freezing works in Australasia. They are at Auckland, Wellington and elsewhere, and in 1896 they froze 2,362,535 sheep carcasses. Until 1877 the only country sending fresh meat to the United Kingdom was Holland, but to-day by far the larger part of the fresh meat imports come from Australia, New Zealand and the River La Platta.

Argentina at last leads New South Wales and New Zealand in the exports of frozen mutton and lamb. She has need for a large export trade, for her newspapers say she is now producing annually such an immense quantity of meat that her people cannot possibly consume. This enormous surplus has naturally brought about the establishment of large meat refrigerating plants, and one of the four in Buenos Ayres, that owned by the Sarsiena company, has facilities for killing and freezing and sending out 3,500 sheep a day, and is the largest plant of the sort in the world. Before the era of refrigeration it was impossible to transport meat long distances, and much less to carry it across the tropics of Europe. In those days we used to hear chiefly of the beef extracts prepared from Argentina and Uruguay cattle. But now Argentina alone is exporting about 2,500,000 frozen carcasses of sheep a year. The processes employed are practically the same as in New Zealand, and, as in our

own slaughtering centres, nothing is allowed to go to waste.

Cold storage is one of the great modern triumphs in transportation. South Africa is able to profit by it to get summer made butter all the year round. It is winter in Denmark when summer reigns in Australia, and so when it is the grass season in Australia a good deal of South Africa's butter comes from that quarter of the earth, and when the grass is sere and yellow in the dairy districts of Australia the butter of Denmark begins to arrive. England buys from Denmark nearly \$30,000,000 worth of butter a year, and though the distance is short, more and more of it is being sent in cold storage. Cold storage does not create wealth, but it keeps wealth from becoming a loss. It lengthens the marketing period, for unless butter, strawberries and other articles are preserved in some way or other they deteriorate or become valueless in a very short time. It also enables the producer, within certain limits, to choose his own time for selling, for he is not compelled to sell, whether he will or no, at an unfavorable time.

### AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

His Pet of Red Paint Fell on the Wrong Man This Time.

"My first experience as a thief catcher," said the detective, as he smiled softly to himself, "came when I was a young lad on my father's farm. My father kept a large number of chickens of which he was extremely proud, as they were high bred and the only ones in the neighborhood.

"One morning several of them were missing, a fact which caused my father to say things that he never used in ordinary conversation. It was plain that a two-legged thief, and not an animal, had taken them, as there were a number of foot prints around the hen house.

"Several days later a number of others disappeared, and then my father was wild-eyed. He bought a savage dog that was warranted to eat a man on the slightest provocation, and turned him loose at night. He also borrowed a bear trap from one of the neighbors, and set it near the doorway of the hen house. But it was all in vain. It was only a matter of a few nights when a number more hens disappeared, with no signs of the thief.

"It was then that my detective ability began to develop by laying plans to catch the thief. One Sunday night, while my folks were at church, I conceived a plan that I thought might work. I secured a pot of red paint from the barn and fixed it over the doorway of the hen-house in such a manner that it would be sure to fall on any one opening the door. Then I had figured that it would only be necessary to look for some one covered with red paint to be sure of the thief.

"But my dream of looking for a man covered with red paint was short lived. My father returning from church happened to go to the hen-house to see if everything was all right. He opened the door to look inside, and got the whole contents of the paint pot over his head. This so startled him that he forgot about the bear trap until he had put his foot in it, and had closed on him with a snap. This awoke the dog and he seized the other leg. His cries brought the household out on a run. We managed to get him loose and over to the horse trough, where we washed off what we could of the red paint, and I gave up my efforts to catch that particular thief."

### MYSTERY OF THE MAGNETIC GIRL.

Lulu Hurst Made a Fortune and Then Retired Without Explaining.

"There never has been a scientific investigation of the phenomena involved in the various places of what is called spiritualism," remarked a well-known scientist, "that is, scientific, pure and simple, though some spiritualists very frequently claim that science has demonstrated and approved all their claims and suppositions. There have been a number of investigations made in this country and in Europe by boards on which scientific men have assisted, but these investigations were made to approve rather than to investigate. In each instance the scientific assistant was more of a spiritualist than a scientist, and that fact was known before his assistance was asked. The nearest that has ever been reached to a scientific investigation was the case of Lulu Hurst, the so-called magnetic girl of Georgia, who created such a sensation about fifteen years ago. That clever performer raised more of a sensation in a few weeks than did the Fox sisters, the first public spiritualistic mediums, in as many years. She made the sensation and made the money, and then quietly retired from the scene. The scientific investigation in her case was just about being started when some one raised the question as to there being anything to investigate. The girl was then asked if she used physical forces to accomplish her performances, and she replied that it she did she was not conscious of it. It was then necessary to ascertain if physical forces were used, and Lulu



## "SURPRISE"

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SURPRISE Soap will do your washing in half the time, with half the labor and half the wear to your linen.

No scalding, no boiling, no hard rubbing, no yellow or streaked clothes, no red hands.

Only 5 cents for a large, long-life cake.

Remember the name—"SURPRISE."

was asked to perform her wonders while standing on a platform scale. The moment she began her efforts were indicated on the scale, and that was the last of the mystery of the phenomena. How she did her trick was no question for scientific investigators who had satisfied themselves that she did perform them herself. There were hundreds of magnetic girls who turned up soon afterward, but they were not in it with Lulu Hurst, who profited immensely by her skill and cunning."

### SHE DIDN'T LIKE IT.

Too Much Flat 6y Maketh the Heart Soft and Tender.

"I am so proud of you!" With eyes tenderly expressing the fond appreciation and tender love of a devoted husband, John Blumer turned gently and imprinted a kiss upon his wife's forehead.

"Yes, my dear," he continued, "I feel somewhat conscience stricken when I think of how silent I am, as a rule, about all those qualities of mind and heart which you possess. As I go about among my friends and talk with the brilliant and cultivated women who shine with such splendor, how glad it makes me to think that you are not as they! Give me the quiet simple woman, who is content to stay at home who lives but for her husband, and who prefers the domesticity of the home circle to the artificiality of society. No one knows better than I do that when you go out you suffer greatly in comparison with other women, whose glamour of intellect blinds the senses. Beauty in women I can admire—indeed, I do admire it—and yet, after all, I prefer you. What do I care if you are not beautiful, when I know that you are good? What difference does it make to me if you cannot be bright and witty, no matter how hard you try with others? Hello! what's the matter?"

"Don't you think," replied Mrs. Blumer as she took her handkerchief from her eyes and glared at him with a combined look of sorrow and anger, "that you have said enough?"

John Blumer rose from his chair with a despairing gesture and looked out of the window savagely, with a hard, set look on his face.

"That's just like a woman!" he muttered indignantly to himself. "Give her one word of praise and she turns on you!"

### Collected Under Difficulties.

A collector of unpaid bills has a hard time of it, but one met a philosophical debtor recently who convinced him of some astounding facts. The collector says that he has been chasing the said philosophical debtor for six months, and was getting tired of the job. It was always: "Come tomorrow," or "Haven't got it now."

"I say," he said, when he made his last call, "are you ever going to pay this bill?" "Why, yes, some day," the philosopher replied. "But, look here, young man, I want to show you a thing or two. How many bills have you got in that bundle?" "About forty," was the reply.

"How long does it take you to visit all these people?" the philosopher inquired. "About a day." "What if they all paid up promptly?" "Why, that would be capital business." "Would it? What would you do for a living if all these debtors paid up in one day?" The collector looked blank for a moment.

"Gracious! I'd be out of a job," he exclaimed.

"Well, then, don't be so anxious to collect every penny due to your people. One bill a day is enough. As for me, come round some time next week, and I may do something for you," and the philosopher faded away.

### Cocooned by Mail.

One of the strangest packages which has ever been handled by the clerks in the Waterville Post office was delivered to S. J. Lightbody the other afternoon. The package was a cocoon in the same form in which it was first taken from the tree. There was no tag attached to the cocoon. Instead the address was written on the husk. One of the three sides of the husk was taken up by the address, which used up nearly all the space allotted for it. Another side contained the postage stamps. Of these there was one fifteen-cent stamp, two two-cent stamps, and in spite of the fact that the remaining stamp of one-cent denomination was one stamp issued in commemoration of the Maine, there was plenty of room for many more stamps of the same size, so large was the surface.

## "MY WIFE'S LIFE."

How I was the means of saving it.

When the lungs are attacked and the symptoms of consumption appear, then begins the struggle between affection and that destroying disease which slays its thousands annually. It is a happy issue to the struggle when disease is conquered and health restored. Such an issue does not always end the struggle, but it did in the case of Mr. K. Morris, Memphis, Tenn., who saw his wife wasting and weakening and physicians helpless, and then suggested the simple remedy that wrought the cure. He tells the story thus:

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe attack of lung trouble which the physician pronounced consumption. The cough was extremely distressing, especially at night, and she was frequently attended with the spitting of blood. The doctors being unable to help her, I induced her to try Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was surprised at the great relief it gave. Before using one whole bottle she was cured, so that now she is strong and quite healthy. That this medicine saved my wife's life I have not the least doubt, always keep Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Whenever any of my family have a cold or cough we use it, and are promptly cured."—K. MORRIS, Memphis, Tenn.

The question: "Is consumption curable?" is still debated, and still debatable. It is easy to say that this was not a case of consumption. Yet the physicians said it was. They should know. As a matter of fact, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has wrought so many similar cures that it seems to argue the curableness of consumption, in its earlier stages, by the use of this remedy. There is no better medicine for pulmonary troubles than Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It gives relief in cases of Asthma and Bronchitis, where relief has been heretofore unobtainable. It promptly cures Coughs and Colds, La Grippe, and all affections of the throat and lungs. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice, on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Dr. Ayer's Curebook sent free, on request. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.