

The Wave

Is published every Wednesday and Saturday morning, in the interests of Kennebunkport and Kennebunk Beach, and their visitors.

TERMS:—75 Cents for the Season.
5 Cents a Copy.

JOHN COLLINS EMMONS,
Editor and Proprietor.
Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOL. IV. NO. 15.

KENNEBUNKPORT, ME., AUGUST 30, 1890.

WENTWORTH HOUSE,

Kennebunk, Maine.

P. O. Address, Kennebunk, Me.

The oldest summer house at Kennebunk Beach.

OWEN WENTWORTH, Proprietor.

LYMAN CHASE, M. D.

Office in Brown's Block.

Office Hours: 9-11 A. M.; 4-6 P. M.
Home, Cor. of Main and Green Sts.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Favors for the German and for luncheon parties; bon-bons, prizes for progressive euchre, trophies for tennis matches, dance orders, paper napkins, baskets of the genuine Indian kind or Japanese or Chinese kind; grass cushions for the rocks or the beach or the lawn, hammocks for the piazza or out in the woods, tennis rackets (all makes) and all the other necessary things for the tennis court, including costumes,—bathing suits and shoes and gloves and towels,—yarns and all the materials for fancy work, sashes, handkerchiefs, hosiery, bicycle outfits, cut glass, choice imported pottery, jewelry, neckwear, stationery—and everything else that you're likely to require while you are at the Beach you can get of Owen, Moore & Co., in Portland.

BASS ROCK HOUSE!

KENNEBUNK BEACH, ME.
Grove Station.

J. A. WELLS, Proprietor.

Rooms Large and Airy. Splendid Location.
Pure Water and Good Drainage.

KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

Bickford House.

High altitude, fine ocean view, good rooms,
nice table, Artesian well. Terms moderate.
Reduced rates for June and September.
Address

J. W. BICKFORD.

ARUNDEL HOUSE,

Kennebunkport, Maine,

Miss Alice Paine, Proprietor.

A beautiful location. Excellent rooms. Excellent table board. Modern conveniences.

Sea Side House,

Kennebunkport, Me.,

ISAAC GOOCH, Proprietor.

Located close to the Beach,
which for a mile in extent is owned
by the proprietor. Rooms large
and airy. Table first-class. Surroundings delightful.

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL,

CAPE ARUNDEL,

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE.



STIMPSON & DEVNELL, Proprietors.

PARKER HOUSE,



Kennebunkport, Maine.

Situated in a cool, delightful spot overlooking the river, and convenient to boating, bathing, post office, telegraph office and railroad station. Pure water, hot and cold salt water baths, electric bells, gas, large airy rooms, and an unexcelled table are among the conveniences.

S. D. THOMPSON, Manager.

Sea View House, Damon's Two Stores!

Kennebunk Beach, One at Ocean Bluff Bowling Alley,
Maine. and One at Kennebunk Beach.

Both are well supplied with

With a delightful location, a popular reputation and a table unexcelled, this house cannot fail to please the most fastidious guest.

and Knick-Knacks of various kinds.

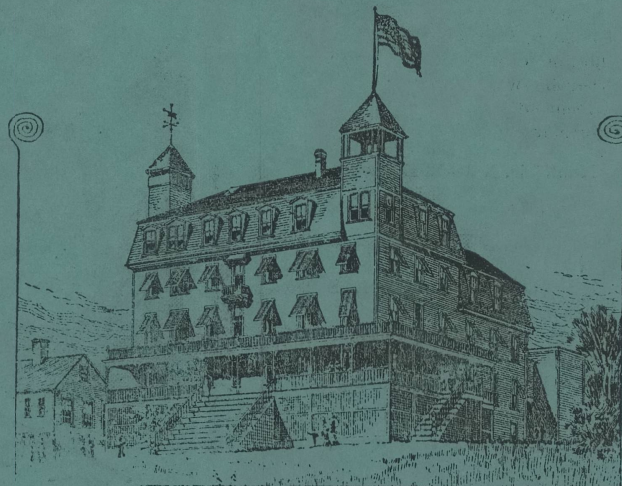
Also a First-class Barber Shop.

Fishing Tackle for sale and to let.

Agency for Kennebunk Steam Laundry.

The Wave is for sale here.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.



The Largest and Finest Appointed Hotel at Kennebunk Beach.

The Grove Hill Spring Water,

A Delicious and Health Giving Beverage.

EVERYTHING STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

STEAM PASSENGER ELEVATOR, ELECTRIC
Lights, Hot and Cold Water.

THE GROVE HILL FARM

Supplies the Table with Fresh Vegetables, Pure Jersey Milk, &c.

The Hotel is situated on a high elevation overlooking the Ocean, with Spacious Grounds for Tennis and Recreation and every facility for Bathing, Boating, Fishing and Rowing.

W. F. PAUL, Proprietor.

DELICIOUS
ICE CREAM,
Ice Cream Soda,
Choice Candies.

FINE ASSORTMENT AT

NORTON'S.

Whitewood Souvenirs.

A full line of
Toilet Articles and Stationery.

ALSO
Confectionery, Cigars,
Cool Soda, etc., at

E. C. Miller's,

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,
Brown's Block, Kennebunkport, Me.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE

Owen Wentworth & Co., Proprietors,
Kennebunk Beach, Maine.

This new and attractive house is situated on a hill commanding one of the finest views of the ocean and surrounding country to be found on this coast. It is within five minutes walk of Post Office, Station, Beach, Bath Houses, Cove and several Hotels. The facilities for boating fishing and bathing are unsurpassed.

JOSEPH D. WELLS, Manager.



Mrs. John P. Moulton.

Saco, Me., Aug. 20, 1886.
My wife suffered terribly from rheumatism and neuralgia for 12 years; was prostrated most of the time; each acute attack being severe. At last, 15 months ago, she took to her bed remaining there for over a year, suffering tortures indescribable. For months I did not sleep much but stood over her trying to relieve her terrible pains. At first large doses of morphine seemed to relieve her some, but at last even that in enormous doses had no effect whatever. Finally she commenced to take Dr. Cobb's Kidney Cure, and in twenty-four hours her pain left her never to return, and she was able to walk about the room. Next day she walked to the gate, next day she walked 100 rods, and in ten days she walked a mile without inconvenience and in a fortnight was entirely well and able to do her housework, and has remained in perfect health since; praise God for this wonderful remedy.

Foreman Box Factory and Saw Mill, 36 Lincoln St., Residence 69 Lincoln St., Saco.

From all over the country come thousands of statements of the wonderful cures made by this medicine. This medicine is not a liniment. You cannot cure these blood diseases by applications to the skin. This remedy destroys the impurities from the blood and is a SURE CURE for rheumatism and neuralgia. It is also one of the best tonics in the world, and strengthens the stomach, nerves and kidneys. Send for circulars containing the statements of persons cured in your own town. Prepared only by
A. E. COBB, M. D.
And for sale at office, Exchange Block, 119 Main street, Biddeford, Me., and by Druggists.
Price \$1.00 per bottle.

The Wave

SATURDAY, AUG. 30, 1890.

This is the last issue of *The Wave* for the season of '90. We take this occasion to thank the public for their very generous patronage during the summer. It is not an easy task to publish a paper in a town as small as this but in spite of that we have felt no occasion to be ashamed of *The Wave*. It has aimed to be brightly gossip without being unpleasantly personal and from the patronage it has received we conclude that its efforts have been appreciated. Another year it will endeavor to appear in a larger and more attractive form and hopes to receive the same warm support that it has in the past.

Hotel Arrivals.

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.

Cincinnati—John W. Herron and wife, David Sinton and wife.
Columbus, O.—Mrs. Francis Collins, Miss Evans.
Lowell—Mrs. C. G. Sargent, A. C. Sargent and child, C. G. Sargent.
Oxmoon, Ala.—Thos. A. Mack.
Boston—C. M. Goddard.
Detroit—W. B. Mills.
Greenfield, Mass.—S. W. Comstock.
Portland—C. G. Pike.
Montclair, N. J.—W. E. Stone.
Newton, Mass.—Charles E. Billings and wife.
Rochester, N. Y.—Frederick L. Churchill.
Walpole, Mass.—Mrs. A. E. Stetson, Miss Stetson.
Worcester—F. F. Hopkins and wife.
Boston—Freeland Jewett.
New York—B. B. Blydenburgh.

RIVERSIDE HOUSE.

Lowell, Mass.—D. E. Stimpson, wife, son and daughter.
Washington, D. C.—Aug. R. S. Foote.
Somerville—Mrs. F. C. Perkins, Mrs. Samuel Cutler.

ARUNDEL HOUSE.

Cleveland, O.—Bella Cooke.
New York—John F. Burk.
Brookline—Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Latham.

NONANTUM HOUSE.

Jamaica Plain—Miss M. H. Davis.
Manchester, N. H.—Alfred K. Hobbs.

SEA GROVE COTTAGE.

Boston—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Godfrey, Miss H. M. Cushing.
Melrose—Mr. J. H. Coney, Charles B. Coney.
Cambridge—Miss Josie Woods.
Springfield, Mass.—James Bryan.

SEA VIEW HOUSE.

Williamantic, Conn.—John Scott and wife.
Cambridge, Mass.—Ralph L. Stevens.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.

Washington, D. C.—H. W. Hemenway.
Boston—Miss M. E. Nason, Miss K. A. Nason, W. B. Swan.

THE PARKER HOUSE.

Boston—William R. Campbell.
Philadelphia—Mr. and Mrs. Richard Y. Cook, Gustavus Cook.
Newton—J. F. Crosby.
Baltimore—John P. Aminidon, wife and child.

PORTLAND HOUSE.

Portland—V. Richard Foss.
Newmarket—Miss Treadwell.
Exeter, N. H.—Miss Annie M. Dow.
Fairport, N. Y.—J. E. Howard and wife.

AUBURN HOUSE.

Auburn, N. Y.—Dr. Sophia E. Howard.
Saco, Maine—Mrs. E. C. Patten.
Rochester, N. Y.—Chas. S. Patten.

NORTON HOUSE.

Providence—Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Curtis.
Portland—L. B. Roberts.

WESTWORTH HOUSE.

Worcester, Mass.—D. W. Abercrombie and son.
New York—Charles C. Tuttle.

BASS ROCK HOUSE.

Lawrence—Miss Ethel E. Tongue.

BICKFORD HOUSE.

New York—S. G. Metcalf.

GRANITE STATE HOUSE.

Lowell, Mass.—F. G. Ripley.
Brookline, Mass.—H. B. Eager, wife and child.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

Manchester, N. H.—D. M. Poore and wife, Miss Bertha F. Poore, Miss Gertrude M. Poore.
Montclair, N. J.—Wm. Felsing.
Newmarket, N. H.—Miss Treadwell.
Exeter, N. H.—Miss Annie M. Dow.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.

New York—Mrs. A. L. Thompson.
Portland—J. W. Lowell.
Manchester—D. M. Poore and wife, Miss Gertrude M. Poore, Miss Bertha F. Poore.

FESTIVITIES

AT THE

EAGLE ROCK.

On Monday evening Mrs. Judge Hammond, Mrs. William Shapleigh and Mrs. Albert Draper gave a very enjoyable reception and ball in the parlors of that house. The parlors were very prettily and tastily decorated with flowers and evergreens. Dancing was enjoyed by all present until a late hour, and refreshments of ice cream and cake were served during the intermission.

On Tuesday afternoon the gentlemen of the house gave a clam bake to the other guests. This was a very pleasant affair and was enjoyed by fully sixty people.

On Tuesday evening the parlors were again the scene of much life at a progressive heart party, which furnished great fun for those participating. The first prizes were won by Miss Shepard and Mr. Brooks.

Last evening about twenty of these lively guests joined in a hayrack ride and made lots of noise, and had lots of fun.

"JACK"

SAYS

A LAST FAREWELL.



The time has come for me to bid *The Wave* readers good-by. I do so reluctantly for I have enjoyed writing for the paper and telling of "the queer things I see and the strange things I hear."

Everything is beginning to look deserted. The hotel offices and parlors, so gay and noisy a fortnight ago, seem almost as still as death. The beach is no longer dotted with bathers and gazers. The rocks, once covered with idlers, stand alone and solitary in their stoic grandeur. Good-bys, kind wishes, fluttering kerchiefs, are scenes that are witnessed before the departure of every stage and train. The curtain has rolled down on the summer scene and only the nude and barren properties and stage settings are left.

To all my friends who may have enjoyed my column I bid adieu and beg to express the hope that another year I may be with you again. To those who have been offended and who hate me, I will say—I DON'T CARE.

I leave for home on Monday.

Farewell.

"JACK."

A PLEASANT LAWN PARTY

AT RIVERSIDE FARM.

Mrs. O. H. Durrell entertained the members of Epworth League at the residence of Mrs. Horace Boothby last evening. A large number went up in boats and carriages and each and every one had a splendid time. The grounds were beautifully decorated for the occasion with Chinese lanterns, while bon fires on the banks threw their reflection into the water. Barring a slight dampness, the night was perfect. The brightly colored lanterns mingled their light with the slanting beams of the silver moon, as it rode like a rejoicing God through the heavens.

The Kennebunk band was in attendance and discoursed in its usual superb manner. After a variety of outdoor and indoor games, supper was served in a spacious tent. "Let good digestion wait on appetite" seemed to be the motto of all. The scene during the evening was a lively one. The pleasant farm house in the rear, with its long barn, the lawn covered with merry young people; the river in front stretching away to the village below with its lights and its church spires outlined against the sky, all made a perfect picture with acres of sward and boughs for the background and setting. The farm is certainly delightfully located, being retired yet convenient of access. Mr. O. H. Durrell, of the great firm of Brown, Durrell & Co., Boston, spends his summers here with his family, and thinks, as do all who have been there, that it is as near heaven as any earthly place can be.



FACE-SIMILE, REDUCED SIZE.

A. S. Hinds Proprietor, Portland, Me., Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal, Sole Agts. for Canada.

BERWICK ACADEMY

SOUTH BERWICK, ME.

Centennial Year.

The last year has been one of the most prosperous in the history of this institution. The school will be under the same management the ensuing year, which with its Centennial Celebration promises to be the most successful in this long established college preparatory school.

Fall Term begins Sept. 1, 1890.
Tuition, \$5.00 a Term.

For information regarding course of study, board, rooms &c., address,

ABNER OAKES, Esq., Sec.,
or GEO. A. DICKEY, Prin.

Anyone with a few thousand dollars wishing to enter into the manufacture and sale of a new and valuable

Patented Article

can find a good chance by inquiring of the editor.

W. H. H. HINDS, DENTIST,

BROWN'S BLOCK.

Office Hours:—Day and Evening, except from 8 to 11 a. m. and 4 to 6 p. m.

HOUSE FOR SALE!

On Main Street, (west side of river) second house from corner of Wells Road, near store of Wm. A. Emery.
Two stories, 34 x 22 feet, with L and new Wood Shed. Has 10 rooms, a large Cistern and pumps for well and soft water.

PRICE LOW!

Apply on premises to
BENJAMIN JACKSON,
or at office of WM. F. MOODY.
Kennebunkport, July 18.

HOUSE for SALE

A fine Cottage at Kennebunk Beach. Best location at the beach. Nine rooms, best of well water. Apply at once to
FRANK O. GARVIN,
on premises, or
J. E. HUBBARD,
Sea View House.

FOR THE HANDS, FACE, SKIN and COMPLEXION.

Chapped Hands, Face and Lips,
Rough and Hard Skin, Chaffing,

ITCHING, SUNBURN, IRRITATION,
Inflamed and Irritated Piles,

Scaly Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Eczema
And all Unpleasant Conditions of the Skin of like character.

GENTLEMEN, AFTER SHAVING,
Will find it a very grateful Lotion to ALLAY IRRITATION, protect the face from the weather, and PREVENT SUNBURN, CHAPS, SORENESS or INFECTION.

Sample Free to Any Address.
Regular Size, 50 Cts. { PRICE: { Special Size, \$1.00.
By Mail, 60 Cts. { Not Mailable.

Outing Goods

of every description for

Men's and Women's Wear,

BONSER & SON'S

Kennebunk Kennebunkport.
Agents Cambridge Steam Laundry

Antiquarian Furniture
and Bric-a-Brac
BOUGHT and SOLD.

Maine Central R. R.

For Bangor, Bar Harbor, St. John, the White Mountains, Montreal, and the West. On and after June 29th, 1890, Passenger Trains leave Portland as follows:

For Poland Spring, Auburn and Lewiston, 8:35 and 11:10 a. m., 1:20 and 5:10 p. m., and on Sundays only at 8:00 a. m. and 6:40 p. m.
Lewiston via Brunswick, 6:50 a. m., 1:00, 1:25, 5:05 and 11:20 p. m.
Rockland and Knox & Lincoln R. R., 6:50 a. m., 1:25 and 5:05 p. m.
Brunswick, Bath, Gardiner, Hallowell and Augusta, 6:50 a. m., 1:00, 1:25, 5:05 and 11:20 p. m.
Farmington via Lewiston, 8:35 a. m., 1:20 p. m.; via Brunswick, 1:25 p. m.
Monmouth, Winthrop, Lake Umbagog, Readfield and Oakland, 8:35 a. m., 1:20 p. m., and for Winthrop and Oakland, 11:10 a. m.
Waterville via Lewiston at 8:35 and 11:10 a. m., 1:20 p. m.; via Augusta, 6:50 a. m., 11:25, 1:20 p. m.; Belfast 1:20, 1:25 and 11:20 p. m.
Dover and Foxcroft via Dexter, 11:10 a. m., 1:00, 1:25 and 11:20 p. m.
Bangor via Lewiston, 11:10 a. m., 1:20 p. m.; via Augusta at 1:00, 1:25 and 11:20 p. m., and Sundays only at 7:20 a. m.
Bangor and Pisquetquisset R. R. via Dexter at 11:10 a. m., 1:00, 1:12, 1:20 p. m.; via Oldtown at 11:20 p. m.
Ellsworth and Bar Harbor 11:10 a. m., 1:00 and 11:20 p. m.
Vanceboro, Arnsbrook County, St. John, Halifax and the Provinces 11:10 a. m., 1:00, 1:12, 1:25 and 11:20 p. m.

*Runs daily, Sundays included. †Night express with sleeping cars attached, runs every night, Sundays included, but not to Skowhegan Monday mornings, or to Belfast and Dexter or beyond Bangor except to Bar Harbor Sunday mornings.

WHITE MOUNTAIN LINE.

For Cumberland Mills and Sebago Lake, 8:45, 10:30 a. m., 1:05, 2:45 and 6:50 p. m.
Bridgton at 8:45 a. m., 1:05 and 6:15 p. m.
Fryeburg, North Conway, Glen, Bartlett, Crawford, Fabyans, Whitefield, Lumburg and St. Johnsbury at 8:45 a. m., 1:05 and 6:15 p. m.

Montreal at 8:45 a. m., 6:15 p. m.
The 8:45 a. m. train for Montreal connects for all points in Northern New Hampshire, Vermont, Chicago and the Great West. The 6:15 p. m. train runs daily, Sundays included, and has Canadian Pacific sleeping cars attached connecting via Soo Line for Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Arrivals in Portland from Montreal, &c., 8:30 a. m.; Lewiston, 8:35 a. m.; from Augusta, Bath and Rockland 8:40 a. m.; Farmington, Skowhegan and Lewiston 11:50 a. m.; St. John, Vanceboro, Bangor, Dexter, Dover, Foxcroft, Rockland, &c., at 11:55 a. m.; Bar Harbor Express, 12:05 p. m.; Sebago Lake, 12:10 p. m.; St. Johnsbury, Fabyans, North Conway and Bath, 12:15 p. m.; Sebago Lake, 4:45 p. m.; Waterville, Bath, Augusta and Rockland, 5:25 p. m.; Flying Yankee 3:30 p. m.; Farmington, Waterville and Lewiston, 5:48 p. m.; Montreal, 7:55 p. m.; Night Pullman, 1:40 a. m.

PAYSON TUCKER,
Vice Pres. and Gen. Man.
F. E. BOOTHBY,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt.
Portland, June 25, 1890.

GURNEY & BRYANT, THE PHOTOGRAPHERS!

Who will be found at the new Studio, near the Ocean Bluff Hotel, where you can get anything in the photographic line, from a Card Ferrotyp to a 20x24 Photograph, and in the highest style of the art. Groups, Parties, Cottages, Boats, etc., a specialty by the instantaneous process. Please call.

JOS. H. JEFFREY, Fine Horses and Carriages TO LET!

Anything from a Single Hitch to a
FOUR-IN-HAND!

FURNISHED ON SHORT NOTICE.
A Buckboard for the convenience of Parties.

Strangers carried to adjoining towns.
JOS. H. JEFFREY,
Kennebunkport, Maine.
Near Parker House.

Should your Watches or Jewelry need repairs you can have the work well done at
BARKER'S,
Next to Post Office, KENNEBUNK.
Sign of Owl and Watch.

PARKER'S HOUSE-STABLE.
IRVING BLAKE, Proprietor.

Nine-Passenger Buckboard,
Six-Passenger Buckboard,
Carryalls, Beach Wagons, Phaetons,
Buggies, Canopy Phaetons, &c.

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Size, \$1.00
Mailable.

Agts. for Canada

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ar the Ocean Bluff Hotel
graphic line, from a Car
e highest style of the art
specialty by the inst
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FREY,

Carriages

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joining towns

FREY,

Parker House

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R'S,

KENNEBUNK

Watch.

STABLE

Proprietor.

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etons, &c.

The Wave is for sale at C. E. Miller's, the Post Office, Norton House, Ocean Bluff Bowling Alley, the Kennebunk Beach Post Office, E. C. Damon's Store at Kennebunk Beach, J. H. Otis's, Kennebunk, The Wave Office, and by Newsboys.

STAGE

WILL LEAVE
OCEAN BLUFF
connect with trains for Boston at 7:00 and 8:45 A. M.; 12:30, 3:15 and 6:00 P. M.; for Portland, 8:30 and 10:30 A. M.; 3:15 and 6:00 P. M.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE

OF MAILS.
On and after July 1, 1890, Mails Close:
For Boston and all Points West and South, 9:00 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 3:25, 6:20 P. M.
For this side of Boston in Massachusetts, at 10, 10:00 A. M.; 3:25, 6:20 P. M.
For the East, at 10:00 A. M.; 6:20 P. M.
For Kennebunk, at 9:00 A. M.; 3:25 P. M.
For Kennebunk Beach, at 10:00 A. M.
For Cape Porpoise, at 9:00 A. M.; 12:30 P. M.

MAILS ARRIVE:
From the West, at 8:20, 11:45 A. M.; 5:00, 8:00 P. M.
From the East, at 8:20, 10:05 A. M.; 5:00 P. M.
From Kennebunk, at 11:45 A. M.; 7:30 P. M.
From Cape Porpoise, at 8:30, 11:45 A. M.
From Kennebunk Beach, at 5:00 P. M.

A. M. WELCH, P. M.

Wavelets.

This is the last issue of *The Wave* for the season.

Mr. R. E. Hastings is on a flying trip to Philadelphia.

Business is still rushing at the barber shop of Mr. Boury.

About two hundred guests still left at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

Buckboard parties to the Saco races are all the rage this week.

Let Frost repair your watches and jewelry, Kennebunk, Maine.

Miss Ellen Sheffield gave a delightful card party Wednesday evening.

Mr. John Hall, clerk in E. C. Miller's drug store, says he is too busy to ink.

The mails grow smaller. Captain Welch, the genial P. M., will not be sorry.

The August storm is registered at the Ocean Bluff Hotel for Wednesday, August 27.

Large crowds visited the spouting rock and blowing cave after the storm Wednesday.

Rev. H. Price Collier of Brooklyn preaches at Arundel Hall to-morrow at 11 o'clock.

Mr. A. Hamilton Sibley of Detroit, Mich., returned home yesterday from the Ocean Bluff.

Prof. D. W. Abercrombie of Worcester, Mass., is registered at the Wentworth House.

Mrs. Lizzie Tripp is the champion gather at the beach this year. Her record is 30 sea baths.

Wednesday afternoon the Parker House was deserted, as nearly every guest went out driving.

Joe Jeffrey's three-horse buckboard is in great demand. So is his little spotted pony and dogcart.

Mr. Chas. E. Billings, a prominent chemist of Boston, and his wife are guests at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

Mr. John Herron and wife, very wealthy people from Cincinnati, are registered at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

Miss Flora Treadwell of Newmarket, N. H., a distinguished elocutionist, was at the Parker House Thursday.

About forty of the guests at the Ocean Bluff Hotel enjoyed a very pleasant buckboard ride Thursday evening.

We are now having the pleasantest evenings of the season. Everybody should stay and enjoy this beautiful weather.

Mr. John Buck of the editorial staff of the *Spirit of the Times* in New York, is spending his vacation at the Arundel.

Which is the most energetic, Dock or Arundel Square? The latter has gained a lap by having its one street lamp fixed.

The help at the Parker House had full swing in the dance hall Thursday evening and had a very merry time, the bell boys especially.

A youngster at one of our hotels volunteered the information that his father "isn't governor, he is only a Sunday school superintendent."

Mr. Thomas Tuman has given his consent to the street light near his residence being lighted by Mr. George Grant, if the latter furnishes oil and does the lighting.

The *Wave* job printing office will keep open for several weeks yet. Bring in your next year's printing and get special prices. We have every facility for doing good work at low prices.

The Ocean Bluff stables have always been run very nicely. This year a veterinary surgeon, Mr. F. L. Wheeler, has been in constant attendance to look after the welfare of the horses.

Mr. David Sinton and wife of Cincinnati arrived yesterday at the Ocean Bluff Hotel. Mr. Sinton is a prominent and wealthy man and one of the proprietors of the iron works in that city.

The Granite State House has nearly one-third of its rooms engaged for next season. This house has always been deservedly popular and as long as Mr. Stuart runs it, probably always will be.

Mr. John W. Harper, of the firm of Harper & Bros. of New York has a fine cottage at Biddeford Pool. He, with a large party, drove over to the Ocean Bluff Hotel to tea Thursday evening.

An experience of twenty years, under the teaching of some of the best workmen in the land, is an assurance that Frost will do all repairing in his line to the entire satisfaction of his patrons, Kennebunk.

A jolly party of about twenty from the Parker House enjoyed a hayrack ride to Kennebunk and the Blowing Cave Wednesday evening. They were a very happy and noisy crowd as they passed through the streets.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Lowe, Miss Mabel G. Lowe, Mrs. R. W. Andrews, of Lawrence, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Wilmarth, of Northbridge, Mass.; Mr. William W. Goodwin, Carriage, Maine; and Miss Mary T. Gale, Worcester, Mass., have been entertained by Woodbury Goodwin.

The Parker House has had a better season than for many years. It has been kept in a first-class manner, and whoever has stayed there has gone away satisfied. Mr. S. D. Thompson, the manager, is an old hotel man and has looked personally after every detail of the management.

Kennebunkport has usually been very free from the rough gangs from the cities about, who come down for a good time and bring the most of it in their pockets. However, Thursday a crowd from Dover came down and made nuisances of themselves. No police officer was about to stop them. It was a disgrace to the town.

Mrs. Field of New York gave a delightful buckboard ride on Thursday evening to some of her friends. The route was to Cape Porpoise and return. Among those present were Mr. G. Howe, Mr. James T. Terry, Mr. James McBride, Mr. Wm. Field, Mr. Phillip Deering, Miss Field, Miss Gardner, Miss Mabel Hasting, Miss Bessie Bates, Miss Lockwood, Mrs. Gardner.

The vestry of the Congregational church looked gorgeous on Wednesday evening, on the occasion of the church fair. A multitude of people were fed at the tables. Mr. W. F. Moody auctioned off all that was left at good prices. A flower booth, arranged by Mrs. Burleigh Thompson and Mrs. Ellis Williams, was very pretty and attracted lots of attention and patronage.

The Grove Hill orchestra gave their farewell concert on Thursday evening, August 28. The program consisted of selections by the orchestra, solos by Miss Young, soprano, and Mr. Pitcher, clarionetist, all of which were finely rendered. Mr. Adams favored with a few original readings. The entertainment proved a great success and all the performers were given rousing plaudits on this their farewell appearance for the season of '90.

Mr. W. F. Paul well deserves the success he has attained at the Grove Hill Hotel this summer. He has proved that a summer hotel, even with such modern accommodations as electric lights, passenger elevator, etc., can be made to pay. The house has been crowded during the whole of August, and the guests have proved to be a very lively and pleasant company. Mr. Pitcher and Miss Young have directed the music which has proved an additional charm this year. Another season still more improvement may be looked for, as the proprietor is up to the times and bound to do all possible to make the Grove Hill as near ideal as it is possible for a summer hotel to be.

The event of the season came off on Wednesday night at Dr. Parrot's cottage. Guests were invited to a lemon party, and came wondering what it was all about. This wonder was satisfied when they saw the decorations. Canopies of yellow bunting concealed the ceiling, while Chinese lanterns illuminated the rooms. The alcove was hung with yellow bunting, the furniture all being concealed beneath draperies of the same. When the spread was displayed the walls were hung with nets covered with goldenrod. The whole scene was one of beauty. Dancing was indulged in to a late hour, music being furnished by the Kennebunk band. The guests united in saying it was one of the most swell affairs of the season.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT
AT ARUNDEL CASINO.

The finals in the singles were played on Thursday morning; Terry and Wilcox being the contestants for the first prize, a handsome loving cup. The game was very close, Wilcox playing a fine game against his more experienced opponent Terry. The score was finally settled in Terry's favor, by the following scores: 10-8, 6-8, 6-4, 8-6.

The Days of the Months.

The days of the month and week are always the same in March and November, in April and July, and in September and December; that is, if March comes in on Monday November will do likewise, the same rule applying to the other months named above. In leap year January is with April and July, in other years it is with October. February in leap year is with August, in other years with March and November. The last day of February and the Fourth of July always occur on the same day of the week. The same is true of May day and Christmas.

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THE THREE BACHELORS.

Three bachelors slept in their shuttered room—
In their shuttered room when the sun shone high:
Not one of them felt he must rise till noon
Or take his breakfast till by and by;
For single men may happily sleep—
A pillow is good and breakfast will keep
Till ten o'clock in the morning.

Three fair maids smiled on these bachelor three—
On these bachelors three when they came to town:
They waltzed, they sang, they made high tea
And had their accomplishments quickly known;
For it matters not if bachelors sleep,
The maids are awake quite soon in the week,
And sometimes rise in the morning.

Three married men jumped when the sun arose
And left their pillows in swift dismay;
They felt for their boots, they grabbed their clothes,
And thoroughly realized it was day;
For women will never let men sleep
When there's breakfast to get and a wash for the week,
Though it's five o'clock in the morning.
—Libbie Adams Turner, in Judge.

DESPERATE OUTLAWS.

How They Were Disposed of by Two Scouts.

In September, 1896, word came into Helena that an outlaw named Bill Traver had taken up his retreat in the woods a few miles below and on the Mississippi shore of the river. Indeed, the word came to us direct from him, and was brought by a colored man. Not being able to write, he had to send a verbal message, and it was to the effect that he hated the Government, had killed fifty Yankees during the war, and now defied the military force to capture him. William Bastrop and myself, both being on duty as scouts, were detailed to investigate. The order detailing us meant this:

"You are hereby granted ten days' leave of absence to kill Bill Traver, outlaw, or to be killed yourselves."

The negro disappeared after delivering his message, and we waited two days before making a move. We were then set across the river in a skiff at night and left to pursue our plans. Traver would be expecting us to approach his retreat in front and by boat, while we proposed to go in by the back door, if at all. He might be in the woods and he might not, although the negro was honest in telling his story. We doubted if any human being could live in the woods at that season on account of the torment of the insects. We had in mind an old cabin in a clearing two miles back of the river. A squad of fifteen of us had once captured five outlaws in this cabin, and in the fight two more had been killed. For this reason no one would occupy the cabin, not even a negro squatter. Whether Traver would be affected by a like superstition we did not know, but proposed to find out. We each had a Winchester and a revolver, with a pack of provisions, and an hour before daylight we were in hiding close to the cabin. When day broke we saw that the door—there was but one—was shut, and that an old coffee sack had been nailed over the only window. These were evidences that the house was occupied by some one, and from our ambush behind a log and only pistol-shot away we kept a closer watch.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning when a colored man came out of the cabin and built a fire on the ground and began to cook breakfast. We could smell the frying bacon and catch the odor of the coffee, and we felt sure that Traver or some other white man was inside. It took the man about half an hour to prepare the meal, and during this interval we made up our minds that we had never seen him before. When he had every thing ready he went to the door and called, and five minutes later Traver appeared. There was no mistaking him, as he tallied point for point with the description given us. He was a ragged, dirty, desperate-looking fellow, and he was evidently in bad humor. He kicked the negro aside and sat down to his breakfast, and for ten minutes he kept up a continual growling and cursing. The negro retired to a log ten feet away, and while he made no reply to the abuse heaped upon him, he did not seem much disturbed by it.

There was no doubt that Traver was well armed. Had he not considered himself perfectly safe he would not have stirred out doors without a weapon. While he had been outlawed, and while we knew him to be a robber and murderer, we could not kill him off hand. Either one of us could have sent a bullet into his head from our ambush, and we knew that he would shoot us down like dogs if he had the chance. We finally decided to flank him right and left, and hope to get so near the cabin as to cut off his retreat; it was then we called upon him to surrender. I passed to the right and Bastrop to the left. He had the best cover. When I had accomplished half the distance the negro suddenly rose up, alarmed by the breaking of a twig, saw me, and uttered a whoop. Bastrop rose up and demanded a surrender, while I fired on the outlaw. In an instant both men were in the cabin with the door shut, and our game was blocked. We dropped to the ground, and five minutes later one passing by could not have told that there was a human being within twenty miles of the spot.

After a quarter of an hour of the deepest silence we moved back until we came together. We had caged our man, and the negro was evidently a bad one as well. We had the advantage of being able to command the only exit from the house, but there was no telling what sort of a dodge Traver would be up to as an offset. We decided to guard the door and window for the day at least, feeling certain that the outlaws had no supply of water in the cabin. That day seemed long enough to make a full week. We were tormented by mosquitoes, had only hard tack to satisfy our hunger, and our thirst was quenched with water unfit for an ox to

drink. We were constantly expecting to see the men open the door and spring for cover, only a few feet away, and the situation was a constant tax on the nerves. Noon came, mid-afternoon came, the sun went down, and not the slightest move had been made by our enemies. Had we not seen them rush into the cabin and shut the door we should have said that the place was untenanted. Traver, though a desperate man, had too much sense to expose himself to our fire by daylight. He knew that there were at least two of us, and perhaps he feared that we numbered five or six. He had only to wait until night came to get a more even show.

As the sun went down and darkness settled upon the wood we crept nearer the house, and when we finally got settled it was at the roots of a tree not over twenty feet from the door and directly opposite. While the night was a fairly dark one, the door could not be opened without our hearing and seeing. It was our idea that along about midnight it would be suddenly flung open and the men would leap out to the right and left, and therefore neither of us slept—indeed, sleep, with the myriads of mosquitoes swarming around us, would have been impossible. There were times when it seemed as if we would be eaten alive and when we had to lay down our guns and make a fight for it. At about one o'clock there was a pounding on the door of the cabin, and the thick voice of the negro called out:

"Hey, you white men out dar!"
We did not answer until he had called several times, and he then announced:
"Marse Traver ar' dead, an' I want to surrender."
"When did he die?" I asked. "Jes' 'bout an hour ago; one o' you shot him dis mawvin' an' he's been bleedin' all day."

I had fired upon him, and I felt quite certain that I hit him, and so this statement seemed very reasonable. After consulting for a bit we called to him to throw open the door and come out, but he answered:
"Ize dun afeared you'll shoot me down."
"But we promise, not to fire if you do not seek to escape."
"What's de time o' night?"
"About one o'clock."
"Den I'll wait 'till daylight afore I come out. Den you kin all see dat I want to surrender an' go up to Helena and jine my wife. I didn't dun want to be heah, but Marse Traver made me cum."

This plan suited us just as well, and every thing went along quietly until day was just breaking, when Bastrop suddenly roused up and whispered:

"What infernal fools we are! Don't you smell the rat?"
"No."
"I'll bet a hundred to one that the nigger was giving us taffy. They have dug out under the logs on the back side while we were waiting here."

It struck me that this was the dodge he had played, and leaving my comrade to watch the door, I made a circuit to approach the cabin in the rear. The first thing I saw was a pile of fresh dirt close to the logs, and this was proof that the outlaws had escaped. The talk of the negro was a part of the plan to throw us off our guard, and he had probably gone with Traver. My first thought was to advance to the cabin and settle the question, but as I was about to leave my cover, I heard a noise inside which satisfied me that at least one of the pair was still there. If so, he would shoot me as soon as I exposed myself, as there was no chinking between the logs on the back side of the hut. After a few minutes' reflection I felt that I had sifted the plan. Traver had left by the hole, not for the purpose of running away, but to circle around to our rear and then creep up and shoot us.

It had now come to be broad day, and I moved swiftly to get back to Bastrop. I had to make a considerable circuit, and as I approached the spot, dodging from tree to tree, I heard the report of a rifle, followed by a ringing war-whoop. Next instant I saw the outlaw before me, holding a smoking rifle in his hands, and I took a snap shot and dropped him in his tracks. Next moment another rifle cracked, and I heard a yell from the negro, followed by a call from Bastrop. I advanced to find him sitting on the ground, with the blood flowing from his head, and at first I thought he had a fatal wound. An investigation, however, revealed the fact that he had had a narrow escape. The bullet fired at him by the outlaw had raked his scalp and knocked him down, but he had jumped up just as the negro flung the door open to come out, having a rifle in his hands. Bastrop had fired upon him and sent a bullet into his shoulder, and the fellow was rolling around on the earth and howling like a wolf with pain and fear. Traver was stone dead. The bullet had struck him in the head, and he fell in a heap. He had a Winchester, two revolvers, and two knives, and there was such a look of ferocity in his face that we had to turn away from it.

The negro was also well armed, but the wound had taken all the fight out of him. He had been with Traver for three months, and admitted to having had a hand in several serious crimes during that period. We took him to Helena, where he suffered amputation of the wounded arm and died soon after.—N. Y. Sun.

A Shower of Ants.

A peculiar sight was witnessed in Ansonia, Conn., recently. It was what might be styled a shower of ants, and lasted nearly two hours. The air was completely filled with the insects, and they evidently had midair combats, for the street was full of dead and injured and the wings of other unfortunates.

The Appreciative Sucker.

"Well," said the Sucker, as he was landed in the middle of a half dozen speckled beauties by the lone fisherman, "you have got me into a pretty mess, haven't you."



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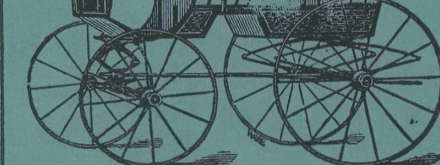
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NO PLACE FOR HIM.

Why a Kentucky Dandy Did Not Make His Home in Chicago.

An old negro called upon a prominent Chicago lawyer. "I has come," said he, "ter ax you er few p'ints, eaze I has jest nubbed from de Souf ter dis place eaze Mr. Vinn he say dat ef I come up yere so would see dat I got suthin' ter do, fur Iuster be er boy wid him er laung time ergo down in Kaintuck w'en he wa'n't er big man er tall, but er slim feller dat everbody called Tom, so I thought I'd come an' I has come, fur I rot tired o' dat place down dar eaze dar sin't nuthin' fur er po' man in dat country lessen he's got plenty o' money, an' iat's whut I didn't hab plenty o' nohow, fur I wuz allus er mighty han' ter spen' money w'en I had it, an' w'en I didn't nab it I allus hankered atter goin' in leebt."

"Well, what do you want with me?" the lawyer asked, looking in astonishment at the negro.

"Yas, sah, I's comin' ter dat. Now, as I says, I doan know nuthin' 'bout de rules an' regerlations o' dis country, eaze I has jest come yere, an' I has foun' it necessary ter ax er few p'ints 'bout vorce. Do de law yere say dat er pussen atter take out papers w'en he wanten quit his wife?"

"Well, a man can simply quit his wife any time he pleases, but if he hopes to marry again he must get a divorce."

"Yas, I know dat, but I didn't know how it wuz wid er man's step-wife."

"His what?" exclaimed the lawyer.

"Step-wife, sah."

"What do you mean by a step-wife?"

"W'y, sah, de lady I's libin' wid now is my step-wife."

"How do you make that out?"

"W'y, it wuz diser way: Good while ergo I maird down in Kaintuck. Libed wid my wife 'bout fifteen year an' she took an' died, she did. Wall, 'bout four year ergo I maird de presen' lady. I has one boy, de ehile o' my fust wife, an' my presen' lady is his step-mudder, ain't she?"

"Of course."

"Wall, den, why ain't she my step-wife? She's de boy's secon' mudder an' is my secon' wife."

"She is just as much your wife as the first one was."

"Den I would hatter git er vorce from her jest like she wuz de fust lady I eber did mair'."

"Certainly."

"Wall, gimme de paper."

"What paper?"

"W'y, de vorce paper."

"I can't give it to you, I can bring suit for divorce, however."

"All right, fetch it."

"Upon what grounds?"

"I doan know whut groun's. Didn't know I hatter say nothin' 'bout groun's. I doan want de lady no longer, an' dat settle it wid me."

"That may be, but it won't settle it with the law."

"Whut's dis law 'way up here eaze erbout me w'en I has been libin' all my life 'way down in Kaintuck?"

"Got so much to do with you that it will send you to the penitentiary if you marry again without getting a divorce."

"Look yere, is da got a penytency up yere, too?"

"Yes, two of them."

"Huh, ef dat's de case it ain't as good fur me up yere ez it wuz 'way down yander, eaze dar ain't but one down dar. Wait er minit. Does da put niggers in de penytency up yere?"

"They do that very thing."

"Den I's gwine back, eaze I come yere eaze I gittin' sorter tired o' de penytency down dar, but if da's got two up yere, w'y dis ain't de place fur me,"—Arkansaw Traveled.

Imitation Mushrooms.

Commercial enterprise carried to extremes is apt to develop into license. A genius living in the department of Aveyron, France, struck by the high prices at which mushrooms were sold in his district, had a bright idea. He fabricated the expensive delicacy out of turnips, cutting the innocent turnip into mushroom shapes, drying the latter, artistically completing their appearance with a few blotches of paint, and then palmed them off upon his unsuspecting customers as the genuine article. For some time the manufactured mushrooms were sold to advantage; but one day a connoisseur discovered the trick and brought an action, and the ingenious manufacturer got two months' imprisonment, in spite of his efforts to demonstrate that the turnips were quite as wholesome as the richer vegetable they personated, and he now is leisurely meditating on the rashness of genius in substituting dried turnips for delicate mushrooms.

Rented Summer Boats.

There is proof that a really great man rises superior to the limitations of circumstances in the incident recently related of the New Hampshire landlord who made a requisition on the city for six young men to proceed at once to the mountains, and there, arrayed in tennis costume during the day and conventional evening dress at night, assist in entertaining the guests of his hostess, presumably the maiden element for the most part, living on the fat of the land, meanwhile, gratis. The increasing scarcity of young men at our summer hotels has proved more deleterious to profit than even a combination of cold weather and high prices, and it was inevitable that something radical should be undertaken. The New Hampshire man mentioned is evidently abreast of the times.

No Use for a Husband.

A Williamsport girl, who in the matter of beauty and affectionate exuberance was not to say "fresh as first love and rosy as the dawn," was asked why she did not get married, and this is what she said in reply: "I have considerable money of my own. I have a parrot that can swear, and a monkey that chews tobacco, so that I have no need of a husband."

FAMILY FASHIONS.

Suits for Little Boys and Wraps for Little Girls—Children's Hats.

The first colored dress which is put on little boys after they are a year old is of gingham, and is made with a plaited waist with rows of insertion between the plaits and a skirt laid in side plaits. When the boy is about three or four years old, according to his size, he is considered large enough to be put in a suit with the kilt separate from the waist. These suits are made of Scotch plaid and plain wools of light weight, white pique and white flannel. The skirt is laid in flat, broad kilts, and if of wool is ornamented with a decoration of squares of braid. The jacket is square and short, to show the blouse vest of white linen or white or yellow China silk entirely around. Short white socks, which display the bare leg, are worn with black or tan-colored boots.

A long coat of pique or white wool, with a cape, is worn by little girls up to five and six years of age, when the child is considered old enough to wear a reefing jacket of dark navy-blue cheviot, or of the pretty striped flannels that are now used. A great many mothers, however, retain a long coat till the child is at least ten years old, because they find there are many cool days when the light reefer jackets are not enough protection in the country. The long wraps made for little girls are usually loose in front, reaching to the bottom of their dress-skirts. They are made of plain and fancy cloths and rough cheviot cloths in navy blues, browns and also of light drab and gray coachman's cloths. Dainty little jackets in mixed covert cloth, in stylish Oxford and Cambridge mixtures, are imported for little girls. The favorite wrap for older school-girls is a tailor-made jacket of serge or mixed English tweed, finished with stitched edges and plain bone buttons.

Considerable difference is now made in the first hat worn by a baby boy and girl. The little girl's bonnet is a variety of the French cap, fitted closely around her head, while the little boy wears a hat of shirred lawn or croquet, made with a puffed crown, and a ruche of lace next the face. As soon as the boy puts on a separate kilt, he wears a sailor hat of white straw. The little girl of three, when she is too old to wear a cap, has a leghorn straw flat in white or in some of the various colors which have been brought out this season, simply trimmed with ribbons and flowers. For school-girls there are large hats, with brims projecting over the eyes, to be trimmed with tips or ribbon bows. Sailor hats are worn by girls in their "teens," and are now more popular, it possible, than ever before.—Helena Rowe, in Good Housekeeping.

A Swindled Landlord.

Tenant—I don't think I ought to pay any rent for this month.

Landlord—Why not?

Because the roof leaks so that the water runs down the wall.

What! There is running water on the premises? You will have to pay five dollars. I wonder how long you have been enjoying water privileges at my expense.—Texas Sittings.

RUNNING A RAILROAD.

How an Eastern Pooh Bah Manages His Valuable Property.

"The public generally suppose that it takes a man with a big head to run a railroad," said the general manager of one of the biggest corporations in the West to a Chicago Post reporter, "but the business becomes comparatively simple to a man who has been trained to the service, and who has an able corps of assistants to look after the various departments and attend to all the details of administrative work. I have often thought that the manager of the biggest trunk line in the country has an easy task compared with the president of a suburban road down East. He has not only to dictate what the general policy of the road shall be, but has personally to attend to carrying out the policy down to the minutest details. He embodies in his own person the offices of president, director, general manager, general superintendent, general freight agent, general passenger and ticket agent, a whole corps of clerks, locomotive engineer, conductor and baggage-master. He, in fact, represents in his own person the entire official staff and force of employees of the company, and all he receives for his services in these multifarious offices is \$800 a year. The road he manages is the smallest in America. It is owned and operated by the Monson (Me.) Slate Company and is but six miles in length. It has only a two-foot gauge, but it is thoroughly equipped with locomotives, passenger, baggage and freight cars, and so carefully has it been operated that there has not been a single accident on it during the six years it has been running. The road carries freight and passengers. The principal portion of the freight consists of stone from the company's quarries. It is carried to Monson Junction, where it is transhipped over the Bangor and Piscataquis road to Bangor and other points west. The runs made average about fifty miles a day in summer and twenty-five in winter. If a passenger misses a regular train he can charter a special one for \$5. Last year the road carried 9,000 tons of freight and 4,200 passengers. The receipts of the passenger department amounted to \$12,000, and more than paid the entire running expenses of the road. There was a surplus of some \$3,000 for dividends, without charging any thing for the freight carried. The carriage of this freight actually cost nothing. The road is all down hill one way, and it is only on the return trip that locomotives are required. I think they might improve this part of their service so as to abolish the use of locomotives altogether. By laying a double track and providing an endless cable they might make the cars descending furnish the motive power for those ascending. In this way the duties of the Pooh Bah who does all the work of the road would be considerably lightened."

AN INTERESTING STUDY.

Is There a Reasonable Relation Between Calligraphy and Character.

Nobody contrasting the signatures of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell could doubt which of the two men had the stronger will. Charles II. wrote a much more pleasing hand when Prince of Wales than after his accession to the throne, but it is certainly true that handwriting undergoes many transformations and reflects in many unexpected ways the changes of mood of the writer. Nobody need hesitate to recognize the temper in which a letter is written, and nothing is more absurd than the incoherent haste with which any one in a passion expresses himself. Nothing, too, is more pathetic than the trembling characters formed by old age or ill-health. There is a signature of the first Earl of Shaftesbury, the author of the "Characteristics," in the British Museum, which is eloquent of the infirmities from which he was suffering. It is a far cry from William III. to George Washington, but one seems to have a parallel in the calligraphy of the two famous captains, which is, perhaps, also to be drawn between their characters as men of action. Men of letters are notoriously the worst writers of their time, and we look, perhaps in vain, for indications of character in the hurried scrawls which do duty for their autographs. There are, of course, here again, exceptions numerous enough to rank as examples of the converse rule. Addison, for instance, wrote a beautifully clear, if somewhat correct, hand. Dean Swift wrote a legible but stiff hand, nearly upright, a sufficient indication of his independence of character. Richard B. Sheridan wrote an execrable hand, while poor Shonstone might have been a writing-master to judge by his educated if characteristic superscription. Dr. Johnson, again, wrote a very crabbed hand, but no fault could be found with it on the score of illegibility, for nearly every letter was well formed, and one can believe that he had the horror of "corrections" before his mind. Voltaire wrote a small but legible hand, which seems to indicate that he must have been distinguished by method and precision of character. There was certainly no indication of genius in the handwriting of Edmund Burke, which is rather effeminate looking; but nobody could doubt the individuality of Francis Bacon. Congreve wrote a clear, if somewhat school-boyish hand, and Thomas Campbell, too, was a fine and free writer. There is a curious family likeness between the handwriting of Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge, which tempts one to think that they copied one another, but if so, they certainly did not succeed in producing a very remarkable hand. Lord Byron was a much more untidy writer, and if we compare his handwriting with Southey's, we can see at a glance what a gulf divided the two poets. Robert Burns had an autograph worthy of royalty. Dryden wrote a scholarly hand; but one can detect, one fancies, a lack of decision in his tremulous curve and thin down-strokes. The Italian school must have been in fashion when Maria Edgeworth was taught to write, for her hand represents primness personified, not unworthy of her tales. In the same way, too, few people would, we imagine, have been led far astray by the handwriting of Oliver Goldsmith, which, with all its beauties, is wholly lacking in decision, and seems to curiously reflect his refined but wayward temperament. But it would be interesting to know what these modern soothsayers would make of some historical handwritings. It would be safe to predict that they would make a rare hash of such characters as Wellington or Napoleon.—London Standard.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The city of Hamburg has a surplus of \$2,250,000. Of this amount \$1,500,000 was from last year's receipts.

—The Bismarck monument fund is well on toward \$100,000. The citizens of Hamburg are talking of giving him a palace.

—The decline of English beauty is asserted, of course, with serious regret. Bad teeth, short sight and round shoulders are the increasing faults.

—The Garibaldi family has agreed to sell to the Italian Government the island of Caprera for \$60,000, the house and grave of Garibaldi being reserved.

—The Bavarian peasantry is still loyal to the memory of poor King Ludwig. "What if he did owe 20,000,000 marks?" All this money was spent in Bavaria, and every trade got a profit out of it.

—The British Medical Journal, considering the danger of kissing the usually greasy Bible of the law courts, recommends that a clean wrapper of paper be put on from time to time. This was done recently for the benefit of the Duke of Eife, a recent witness, and it is approved as a desirable practice.

—The government statistician of New South Wales, T. A. Coghlan, has estimated the population of Australia at the beginning of the current year to be 3,784,798. This is an increase during 1889 of 113,995, or 3.10 per cent. The population of New Zealand is now 620,170, an increase during the year of 12,599.

—Olga Loubanowski, a young Russian of high birth, has started from St. Petersburg on a journey to Odessa on horseback. She is nineteen years of age, and has wagered 50,000 rubles on the success of her trip. She is accompanied by a committee charged with the duty of seeing that the terms of the wager are complied with.

—When the Germans began to study the tribes around Astrolabe bay, in New Guinea, a while ago, they were very much interested to find that quite a number of Russian words had been incorporated into the various languages. The circumstance was easily explained by the fact that the Russian explorer Maclap has lived for some time among these people.

A TALK ABOUT OATHS.

How People Swear and Where Some Expressions Come From.

"You need not have looked severe because I said that didn't I care a dam," said a gruff old Senator in conversation with the Sunday-school reporter of the Washington Star. "That is not swearing. The expression has a very different meaning from what is popularly supposed, and was originated by the Duke of Wellington. A dam in India is the smallest piece of money known, and not to care that much means simply that one is very indifferent. That was all the phrase was intended to signify. The word 'damn,' from the Latin verb meaning 'to condemn,' is a very different thing. Curiously enough, it seems almost invariably to be the first word in our language acquired by foreigners, and it has always been such a favorite with the English that in the last century the French always referred to them as the 'Goddams.' A distinguished Gallis writer of that epoch said that English was a beautiful tongue and that 'Goddam' was the basis of it. 'People of that nation,' he remarked, 'have a few other words which they use in conversation, but the principal one is Goddam. You can go anywhere in England if you know that.'"

"A funny misapprehension also exists as to the expression: 'Go to the duce.' People generally suppose that 'duce' means 'devil,' whereas as a matter of fact it is derived directly from the Latin 'Deus'—'God.' So when any one tells you to go to the duce he is unconsciously uttering the best of good wishes for your welfare."

Speaking of Latin always reminds me that among the ancient Romans it was considered the thing for each man to have some particular god to habitually swear by. Some swore by Jupiter, others by Mars, others by Minerva, and so on. The demi-gods, like Hercules and Castor and Pollux, were also made use of in the way of oaths. Castor and Pollux were usually appealed to as the "Twins"—"by Gemini"—the phrase whence we get our exclamation "by Jiminy." It was thought very improper for Roman ladies to swear by the male gods, but they were permitted to take the name of the Twins in vain, and also especially that of Venus. In moments of great aggravation they might go so far as to cry "Mecastor!"—"by Castor!"

The Greeks swore by the cabbage, which was the most prized of vegetables, and even to this day the same oath is often heard in Italy, while in France a lover is being intensely affectionate when he calls the lady of his heart his "petit chou" or "little cabbage." "By jingo" is from "Jincoo," the Basque name for God. Barbarous tribes have been accustomed to swear by the head of their ruler. Queen Elizabeth is said to have been a very hard swearer, as ladies were very apt to be in her day. Louis IX. of France forbade the use by his courtiers of such oaths as "Par Dieu," "Cerdieu," "Tete Dieu," and so on. There chanced to belong to one of the ladies of the court a small pet dog named "Bleu." The courtiers made up their minds to swear by the dog instead of the Deity, and hence came the pious and the corbious of later times. Pythagoras had a favorite oath which most people would consider not sufficiently forcible to be satisfactory. He swore by the number four, which the Greeks regarded as symbolizing perfection.

FAST TYPEWRITING.

Fact and Fiction with regard to It—Mr. Munson's Opinions.

English newspapers have given considerable space of late to the feat of a Parliamentary short-hand reporter who transcribed 6,000 words in two hours and three minutes. In a conversation with Mr. J. E. Munson, well known as the inventor of Munson's system of phonography, and one of the oldest law reporters in the country, he made some interesting statements about rapid writing.

"The fact is," he said, "we have in this city one or two typewriters who write from dictation at a speed of forty folios of 100 words an hour, and any number who can write from thirty to thirty-six folios in that time. Twenty-four folios is only the average time of a good typewriter. I understand that there is a difference in writing from dictation and transcribing one's notes, but I do not regard the feat spoken of as any thing but fairly good work."

"The highest authentic speed in shorthand that I know of was the feat of a lady who wrote 367 words in one minute. There is a great deal of humbug in the way speed contests have been conducted of late years. A man sits down to write after a very fast reader. He takes down what he can, and what he can not get he lets go. The number of words that he has taken are counted, and this is given as his speed, looked at from a practical stenographer's standpoint. Every mistake made in a contest by the competitor should be counted against him."

The shorthand writers in Washington do as good work as is done anywhere in the world; and I think, taking it on the average, the best law reporting is done in the city of New York. We have a number of shorthand writers in this city who have written as fast as 250 words a minute for five or ten minutes. The matter in these tests was new to them."

"A court stenographer works about five hours a day. In that time he will take, if the examination is a quick one, about 400 folios. This, however, is a heavy day's work, and the average is 250 to 300 folios. It is not always necessary to transcribe the notes of a trial. In reporting the debates at Washington the stenographers are relieved every twenty minutes to write out the matter they have taken, so that the proceedings are nearly always written out almost as soon as an adjournment is taken."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

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