

## 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.



## 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.

VOL. IV. NO. 13.

KENNEBUNKPORT, ME., AUGUST 23, 1890.

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.

J. W. BICKFORD.

## ARUNDEL HOUSE,

Kennebunkport, Maine.

Miss Alice Paine, Proprietor.

A beautiful location. Excellent rooms. Ex-  
cellent table board. Modern conveniences.

## Sea Side House,

Kennebunkport, Me.,

ISAAC GJOCH, Proprietor.

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

## OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL,

CAPE ARUNDEL, KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE.



STIMPSON & DEVNELL, Proprietors.

## 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.

## Hall & Littlefield,

Proprietors of the

Ocean Bluff Livery, Boarding and  
Stage

## STABLES!

WATER STREET,

Kennebunkport, Maine.

Bar Harbor Buckboards, with re-

liable drivers, a specialty. Fine

Beach Teams of all Kinds.

Prices Reasonable.

## 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

Books, Stationery, Boston Papers, Soda  
Fruit, Confectionery, Cigars, Views,  
Fancy Groceries, Ice Cream,

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.

## Sea Grove Cottage,

Kennebunk Beach, Me.,

W. R. BARNEY, Proprietor.

Horses boarded and wintered.

J. E. HUBBARD,  
PROPRIETOR.



Mrs. John P. Moulton.

Saco, Me., Aug. 20, 1886.  
My wife suffered terribly from rheumatism  
and neuralgia for 13 years; was prostrated most  
of the time; each acute attack being severe—  
At last, 15 months ago, she took to her bed re-  
maining 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 morphia seemed  
to relieve her some, but at last even that in enor-  
mous doses had no effect whatever. Finally she  
commenced to take Dr. Cobb's Rheumatic 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.  
JOHN P. MOULTON,  
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 impuri-  
ties from the blood and is a cure cure for rheu-  
matism and neuralgia. It is also one of the best  
tonics in the world, and strengthens the stom-  
ach, 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.

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 boatin-  
g and fishing are unsurpassed.  
JOSEPH D. WELLS, Manager.



Hotel Arrivals.

LANGSFORD HOUSE.

Lowell—Mrs A V Wheeler, Marietta Wheeler, Mrs Adeline Stanley, Clara A Stanley, Eugene Stanley, V G Barnard, Mrs V G Barnard, Percy G Barnard, Mr C F Hatch, Mrs C F Hatch, Grace Hatch, Arthur Hatch, Miss Lamere.  
Roxbury—Herbert Wardner, Chas Mackenzie, J M Fiske, Mrs J M Fiske, Martha Fiske.  
Washington, D C—Wm A Hedrick, Tecumseh, Neb—Mr Clarence Chamberlain.  
Boston—Geo H Alsen, S M Norton, Miss Rachel Norton, Miss G M Bradford, G W Spencer, S A Stevens.  
Salem, N H—A E Goodwin, Mrs A E Goodwin.  
Portland, Maine—Cyrus F Davis, Mrs C F Davis.

BICKFORD HOUSE.

Philadelphia—John Hopkins.

SEASIDE HOUSE.

Boston—Wm T Teidden 2nd.

WESTWORTH HOUSE.

Boston—Mrs E C Drew.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.

St Johnsbury, Vt—Hon C Tyler and wife.  
Hallowell, Me—Mrs James Atkins, Gertrude Merrill Atkins.  
Melrose, Mass—Mrs H A Bigelow, Miss N J Lawrence, Miss Rena Beebe.  
Auburn, R I—Mrs A M Greene.  
Boston—Geo A Whitmore.  
Topeka, Kan—H S Wilder.

RIVERSIDE HOUSE.

Adrian, Mich—H A Angell and wife.  
Boston—Alfred Kemp and wife, Alfred L Kemp, Calvin H Kemp.  
Watertown, Mass—Geo Parker and wife.  
Everett, Mass—C P Smith.  
Dover, N H—Chas F Smith.

NORTON HOUSE.

Boston—L J Netmore and wife.  
Great Falls, N H—Mrs Agnes Freeman, Miss Bessie Freeman, Mrs I P Hubbard.  
Lawrence—Kirke W Moses.

SEA VIEW HOUSE.

Boston—Geo A Ward, Mrs George A Ward.  
Reading, Mass—N G Hill.  
Lawrence, Mass—G C Bennett.

BASS ROCK HOUSE.

Worcester—Mary L Putnam.  
Southbridge, Mass—Joel Cheney.  
Lawrence—Addie M Craig.

GRANITE STATE HOUSE.

Montreal—D Howard Henderson, N Louise Henderson.  
Chinchester, Mass—W M Belcher, wife and child, L N Maxwell, wife and child.  
Brooklyn—Kate E Shattuck.  
Danbury, N H—Miss Edwin Litchfield.  
Champlain, N Y—Miss Nellie M Chapin.

THE PARKER HOUSE.

Newton, Mass—John A Kenrick and wife.  
Boston—Wm Milman, L H Bartlett, Mr and Mrs Daniel Swan.  
Exeter, N H—Charles E Byington, Charles E Atwood, N P Chadwick.  
South Berwick—E A Gray.  
Cambridge—Mrs Brazier, C G Brazier.  
Brookline, Mass—E C Pike.  
Boston—Mrs Mary Monroe, John T Langford, Wm Devens, F W Hunt, J W Chatman.  
Haverhill—Mrs E D Thompson and daughter.

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.

Brooklyn—H Price Collier.  
Boston—J A Taylor, C W Taylor, W J Clark.  
Albany, N Y—Miss Julia Treadwell, Geo C Treadwell.  
Philadelphia—Mr and Mrs Wm B Elliot.  
Woodstock, Vt—F H Billings and wife, Henry B Chapman.  
New York—F S Billings, C M Billings, Chas A Whitney, Mrs Jane M Murphy, Mrs S M Roosevelt and two children, Mr and Mrs O P C Billings.  
Princeton, N J—Minot S Morgan and wife, Minot C Morgan.  
Concord, N H—Fannie Louise Barrett.  
Salem, Mass—Mrs J F Kimball, Mrs E D Shepard, Miss Shepard.  
Trenton, N J—T R Foster and wife.  
Medford, Mass—Hall Greason.  
Chicago—Mrs C A Merrill.

So Manchester, Conn—M A Cheney.  
Boston—J L Priest, Miss C A Priest, H G Priest, Henry G Lord, Asa M Bond, C J Hall, wife and son, Wm H Nagle, Frank K Mitchell.  
New Haven—Annah C Grover.  
Walpole, Mass—A E Stetson.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.

Boston—J E Pember, Geo D Huntley and wife, Wallace H Ham, John W Lane, May L Goodwin, Mrs N A Robbins, Mrs A S Potter.  
Biddeford, Me—Mr and Mrs H H Goodwin.  
Laconia, N H—Joseph W Pitman, Anna L Pitman, Grace A Pitman.  
Manchester, N H—C L Richardson, S Christophe, Mrs M A Holton, Eddie Holton, Sarah Holton, Hannah Maloney.  
New York City—Miss Lion, Mrs Nelson, Will D Luce.  
Brooklyn, N Y—John H Lyon and wife, William Jeremiah.  
Baltimore, Md—Sister Adelaide Francis.  
Utica, N Y—H W Schulte, Mrs Bernard Schulte, E D Nelson Schulte.  
Chicopee, Mass—Frank E Tuttle and wife.  
Kennebunk—L M Perkins and wife, Mrs Coakley, Mrs Plummer, Miss Bonser, Miss Webb, Miss Hutchinson, H W Jordan, J B Lord.  
Providence, R I—Mrs Spink, Miss Spink.  
Old Orchard—Mrs Fiske, A H Fiske.

"JACK" GOES TO A BALL.



I went to the Parker House full dress hop last Thursday evening. I never was inside the ball room before, and I must say I was surprised to see such a beautiful room as I did. It was handsomely decorated and would do credit to any house.

This was a full dress affair, and the invitations were so worded, and yet I saw fellows from other house with tennis trousers. Such people as that ought to be publicly invited to get out, and if they didn't get out they ought to be kicked out.

There are times when any one should dress up, and a full dress hop is one of those occasions. These boys were not, however, more to blame than one or two girls who were present clothed in garments that were anything but full dress.

But of all ludicrous and miserable objects that I beheld, a couple of duds were the worst. One was clothed in a Newport smile and a standing collar of colossal dimensions. The other one's garments consisted of a very elaborate set of bangs and a general life-is-a-bore-you-know expression on his rapid looking countenance. And the sickening thing of it all was the way girls appeared to feel flattered by the attentions of these two apes. It made me tired. Most girls do that, anyhow.

I saw one girl being hugged on the piazza by ———— Somebody.

THE "BESSIE" THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BOAT ON THE RIVER.

Among the many beautiful boats on the river this season, the "Bessie," owned by Mr. Cutter of Brookline, is undoubtedly the nicest and prettiest. This little beauty is what is commonly called a "double ender," or a canoe shaped boat. It is sixteen and a half feet long by three feet four inches in width, and is built of cedar with oak ribs. The seats are wide and comfortable, and are of bird's eye maple. The rowlocks and rudder braces are of nickel. The whole craft is designed in the best possible manner for combining beauty, durability and comfort.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Arnold of Philadelphia arrived last evening and are guests of Mr. Lockwood at his cottage. On Friday Mrs. Roomfield McIlvain, one of the loveliest ladies of Philadelphia, was also his guest.



FAC-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. By Mail, 60 Cts. PRICE: Special Size, \$1.00. Not Mailable.

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

Outing Goods

of every description for

Men's and Women's Wear,

—AT—

BONSER & SON'S

Kennebunkport.

Agent—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 23rd, 1890, Passenger Trains leave Portland as follows:

For Poland Spring, Auburn and Lewiston, 8:35 a.m. and 11:10 a.m. 1:20 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, 5:45 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.; Bangor via Lewiston, 11:10 a.m., 1:20 p.m., via Augusta at 1:00, 1:25 and 11:20 p.m. Skowhegan via Lewiston, 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 Piscataquis R. R. via Dexter at 11:10 a.m., 1:00, 1:25 and 11:20 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. Acadstook County, St. John, Halifax and the Provinces 11:10 a.m., 1:00, 1:20, 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, Lunenburg 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 8:30 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 Ag't. Portland, June 25, 1890.

This space is for

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 Carl Ferrottype 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.

The Wave : Miller's : the House, Clear leys, the Ken Office, J. C. Kennebunk and by News

THE WAVE

Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

THE STAGE

Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

To correspond with the 8:45 A. M. train for Portland, 8:30 P. M.

ARRIVAL AND

On and after J For Boston an at 9:00 A. M.; For this side o 9:50, 10:30 A. M For the East, For Kennebun For Kennebun For Cape Po P. M. M. From the We 7:30 P. M. From the East P. M. From Kenne P. M. From Cape P From Kenne

Let Frost jewelry, Ken

Go to Bout shave or hair

Mr. Phas. is staying at

Loss—Ter turned to Be port.

Rev. H. P arrive, Thu Hotel

Rev. C. H last Sunday Nashua, N.

Mrs. E. H New York, for a few d

Mr. Wm. Boston merc Hotel for a

The guest are very mi lent help at

A large p head drove at the Ocea

Mrs. S. M city daily c at the Ocea

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M. J. W Church Ch was at the

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HAIVING,  
the face from the weather,  
INFECTION.

Address.  
cial Size, \$10  
Not Mailable.

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for

BRYANT

LAPHERS!

near the Ocean Bluff Hotel  
otographic line, from a  
n the highest style of the  
a specialty by the  
lease call.

FFREY,

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convenience of

ljoining towns

FFREY,

Parker House.

Jewelry need

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R'S,

KENNEBUNK.

Watch.

STABLE

Proprietor.

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is, Phaetons,

etons, &c.

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

# THE WAVE

TIDE TABLE FOR AUGUST.		
HIGH WATER.		
	A. M.	P. M.
Aug. 20,	1:35	1:50
21,	2:20	2:35
22,	3:05	3:20
23,	3:50	4:05
24,	4:35	4:50
25,	5:20	5:35
26,	6:05	6:20
27,	6:50	7:05
28,	7:35	7:50
29,	8:20	8:35
30,	9:05	9:20
31,	9:50	10:05

# THE STAGE

WILL LEAVE	
OCEAN BLUFF	
To connect with trains for Boston at 7:30 and 8:45 A. M.; 12:30, 3:15 and 6:00 P. M. For Portland, 8:30 and 10:00 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, at 9:00 A. M.; 12:30 M.; 3:25, 6:20 P. M. For this side of Boston in Massachusetts, at 9:00, 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, 7:30 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.	

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For Boston and all Points West and South, at 9:00 A. M.; 12:30 M.; 3:25, 6:20 P. M.  
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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.

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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.

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

Go to Bourry's at Ocean Bluff for a shave or hair-cut. He is the man.

Mr. Chas. A. Whitney of New York is staying at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

Lost—Terrier dog. Reward if returned to Beacon Cottage, Kennebunkport.

Rev. H. Price Collier of Brooklyn arrived Thursday at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

Rev. C. H. Pope exchanged pulpits last Sunday with Rev. Dr. Pope of Nashua, N. H.

Mrs. E. H. Carle, a wealthy lady of New York, is at the Ocean Bluff Hotel for a few days.

Mr. Wm. J. Clark, an enterprising Boston merchant, is at the Ocean Bluff Hotel for a few days.

The guests at the Wentworth House are very much pleased with the excellent help at that house.

A large party from York harbor and beach drove over yesterday and dined at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

Mrs. S. M. Roosevelt, a leading society lady of New York, is registered at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

The stable keepers at Kennebunkport and the Beach all report a flourishing business this season.

Mr. J. W. Lane, director of Grace Church Choir, Temple street, Boston, was at the Grove Hill this week.

Rev. Alexander Prouditt of Baltimore will preach at Arundel Hall tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock.

Mr. F. S. Billings and Mr. C. M. Billings, two very prominent and wealthy citizens of New York, are at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

Mr. H. A. Angell and wife of Adrian, Mich., are at the Riverside. Mr. Angell is a prominent lumber dealer in that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Minot C. Morgan, wealthy people from Princeton, N. J., have arrived at the Ocean Bluff Hotel for a short time.

Mr. A. H. and Mrs. Fiske of the Fiske Hotel, Old Orchard Beach, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul at the Grove Hill, Thursday.

The Congregational society are to have a sale of fancy articles and a supper at Temple Hall on Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Mrs. Gray and Miss Woods of Baltimore, Miss Lancaster of Newton and Mr. Croner of Portland are guests of Mrs. Palmer at the Elms.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Davee of Springfield, Mass., are at Mrs. Capt. Brown's. They have with them a very valuable setter dog named Trim.

John H. Lyon of New York, a well known importer, manufacturer and dealer in paper stock and woolsens, is at the Grove Hill House with his wife.

The screen fell out of the window and he thought as he lingered with her on the piazza that her pa was coming. Some of his strides measured nine feet.

John E. Pember of the Boston Record has spent the week at the Grove Hill House, where he was very much pleased with the situation and appointments.

The "Minisikit," owned by Mr. Palmer, which was so tastefully decorated the evening of the carnival, won the race in the Indian contest Wednesday.

Mrs. C. H. Fiske of Old Orchard, the wife of the proprietor of the Fiske House, drove over to the Ocean Bluff Hotel, Thursday, with a large party of her friends.

Miss Julia Treadwell and Mr. Geo. C. Treadwell of Albany, N. Y., have joined their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden of Philadelphia, at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

Every team in town was let last Sunday morning as early as eight o'clock. There must have been an immense amount of driving about the country roads that day.

Miss Edlefsen of the Parker House orchestra appears to be a great favorite with the children, if one can judge by the swarms of them about her in the office and the parlor.

Fred W. Adams of Boston University will read at the Methodist entertainment in their vestry, Monday evening. Mr. Adams is an excellent reader and all would do well to hear him.

For a good school, situated in a pleasing location, in a town where high morals and christianity prevail, Berwick Academy in South Berwick is the place for young men and ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Billings, Messrs. C. M. and F. C. Billings of New York, and Mr. F. M. Billings of Woodstock, Vt., form a very merry party at the Ocean Bluff Hotel for the rest of the season.

The many friends of Rev. Dr. Edward L. Clark will be glad to know that he will occupy the pulpit of the South Congregational church tomorrow, Aug. 24th, at 10:30 a. m. All are invited.

Rev. I. H. Packard, D. D., of Boston will occupy the pulpit of the M. E. church next Sabbath, Aug. 24, at Cape Porpoise at 10:30 a. m., and at Kennebunkport at 2 p. m., on exchange with the pastor.

A very exciting dog fight took place Thursday forenoon in front of Bourry's barber shop at the Bluff. The two animals were from Boston and Kennebunkport, respectively, and the Boston came off victor.

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 few evenings ago the remark was heard that Kennebunkport was a decidedly dull place. A person having such an opinion as that ought to go to some of the other resorts and compare them with our beautiful lively little town.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Roberts dined with Mr. E. Dunbar Lockwood on Sunday. Mr. Roberts is president of the Pennsylvania railroad. On Monday Mr. Lockwood gave a very enjoyable broiled lobster lunch to the same parties.

Messrs. Geo. S. Motley, Henry B. Thompson and Samuel V. Merriek, of Lowell, who are staying at Prout's Neck, sailed over from there to Cape Arundel, Thursday, and spent the night with friends at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

The Grove Hill is fortunate in having the services of Mr. Chas. Snow as cook this year. Mr. Snow was for two years cook at Young's hotel, and for five years at the Parker House, Boston, and has served in that capacity in several famous Mountain hotels.

The float on which Fred Goodwin keeps his boats is easy to reach at low tide by walking down the shore rather than down the steep incline built for that purpose. However, after the tide begins to rise many are the wet feet caused by trying this trick and not jumping far enough.

Miss Emma L. Oakes, a pretty and attractive brunette, is staying at Mrs. Mason's, whose house holds a very merry party of young ladies who have mints of money to back up their good looks. The Misses Shaw of Newburyport, and Miss Hawley of Amesbury are among the party.

Glimpses of Italian Art and Travel is the title of Franklin Antonio Stolle's lecture at Arundel Hall Monday evening. This is to be illustrated by the stereopticon, after which will be shown views of encampment week in Boston, the late beach races, and picturesque scenes on river and shore.

Rev. Mr. Heizer of Manchester, N. H., preached in the parlors of the Grove Hill Hotel Sunday. His discourse was very interesting. Excellent music was rendered by Miss Young, Miss Christophe and Mr. Pitcher. In the evening a sacred concert was given by the orchestra and guests.

Mr. W. H. Davis, a prominent banker of New York, who is at the Ocean Bluff Hotel, came August 12 to stay about two days, and is so much pleased with Kennebunkport that he is still here. Mr. Davis has been a great traveller and has visited several very fine summer resorts, therefore Kennebunkport may well be proud of such an opinion expressed by him.

The sports on the river, Wednesday, did not prove of particular interest although a large and merry crowd were in attendance. The canoe race between Indians was very good; the tub race amusing, as tub races always are; and the dory race very tame. The latter was easily won by Mr. Chas. Murphy, the popular night watchman at the Ocean Bluff. "Charlie" is quite a boy with the oars when he tries.

A very pleasant drive whist party in which over forty persons participated was given in the parlors of the Ocean Bluff Hotel Thursday evening by some of the ladies stopping there. The first three prizes, a book of etchings, a collection of views of Kennebunkport, and a box of Huyler's candies were won by Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Walker and Miss Talmage, respectively and the booby prize, a wicker cologne bottle, was awarded to Miss Fox.

Rev. E. A. Capen of Watertown, Mass., will preach at the Baptist church Sabbath morning, Aug. 24, at 10:30.

A very pleasing and attractive entertainment is to be held in the M. E. church on Main street, Monday evening, Aug. 25th, at 7:45 o'clock. Fred Winslow Adams, the popular elocutionist, has been engaged to read. A fancy Flag Drill by nine young ladies of the church, under the direction of Prof. J. D. Robertson of Cambridge, will be one of the bright features of the evening. There will also be singing and club-swinging. Cake and ice cream will be on sale. Admission, 15 cents. The following is the program:

Singing, Misses Smith and Huff  
Reading, Fred Winslow Adams  
Flag Drill, Nine Young Ladies  
Singing, Misses Alice Chick and Lillie Smith  
Club Swinging, Fred Winslow Adams  
Reading, Fred Winslow Adams

# A VERY PLEASANT LAWN PARTY AND HOP AT GROVE HILL.

The hotel guests and cottagers at Kennebunk Beach were invited to a lawn party and hop at the Grove Hill hotel on Wednesday evening. The hotel and grounds were prettily illuminated with Japanese lanterns and the brilliant rays of the electric.

There were a large number present who participated in the dancing.

At ten o'clock there was a display of fireworks on the lawn and at ten-thirty refreshments were served, after which dancing was resumed until midnight. The whole affair passed off very pleasantly, it being the largest company together for the season.

Among the matrons, all of whom were richly attired, were Mrs. Dr. Ingalls, Mrs. Christophe, Mrs. Hersey, Mrs. S. T. Hersey, Mrs. Lyons, Mrs. Huntley, Mrs. Paul, Mrs. Tuttle, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Robbins, Mrs. Holton, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Tubbs.

Among the other elegant costumes worn were those of Miss Ingalls, Miss Richardson, Miss West, Miss Pitman, Miss Bonser, Miss Annie Webb, Miss May Goodwin, Miss Young, Miss Besie Christophe, Miss Griffin.

Mr. Pitcher struggled through the difficulties of master of ceremonies with a grace and gallantry which won him most hearty applause.

# A NOVEL FISHING PARTY.

At 8.30 Tuesday morning a party of six started on an all day fishing trip, from Government Wharf, with just enough breeze to fill the sails, and with just enough undulation to warrant the equilibrium of all on board.

To fish all day with indifferent luck and no dinner is a thing not to be eagerly sought after, so to inspire the members of the party with zeal a prize of five dollars was offered for the captor of the largest fish; a prize of \$2.50 for the second in size; a prize of \$2.50 for the first fish caught, and a booby prize of \$2.00 for the smallest fish drawn in.

The results of this unique competition were as follows:

The \$5.00 prize for the largest fish caught was won by Mr. A. J. Adams. The prize of \$2.50 for the first fish drawn in, went to the skipper of the fishing yacht. The \$2.50 prize for the second fish in size, was won by Mr. Alexander Prouditt, Jr.; while the booby prize went to L. B. Adams.

The largest fish caught was a huge cat fish, tipping the scales at 45 pounds and nearly equalling four feet in length.

# A REVERIE.

As I look through the eye of my fancy,  
As I scan the vast realms in view,—  
All this life seems so blithe in its day dream,  
That I feign would wish it were true.

From this dreamland of beauty and gladness,  
Where joys never wear a disguise,  
It is a truth replete in its sorrow,  
That we from our dreaming must rise.

But to turn from this sweetest delusion,  
With the glance of a waking eye;  
'Tis then life's saddest realities live,  
While its fairest fancies must die.

—ELLIS H. R. BROOKS.

# AN ENJOYABLE EUCHRE PARTY AT ARUNDEL.

Mrs. Craig Lippincott of Philadelphia gave a most enjoyable progressive euchre party to about sixty of her friends Tuesday evening at Arundel Hall. The hall was very prettily decorated and the merry party sat down to the two sets of tables at about 8.30 p. m. After about two hours of exciting play, the prizes were won as follows: The first ladies' prizes, a beautiful gold necklace and a gold breastpin with a small diamond, were won by Mrs. Geo. Bartol and Mrs. Dunbar Price, both of Philadelphia.

The first gentlemen's prizes, a fine tennis racket and a silver flask, were won by Mr. Porter and Mr. J. B. Lippincott, both of Philadelphia. The ladies' booby prizes, a delicate little bonboniere and a small silver mirror, were won by Miss Gardner of Brooklyn and Miss Lockwood of Philadelphia. The gentlemen's booby prizes, a silver cigar cutter and a silver match safe, were won by Mr. Outerbridge of Philadelphia and Mr. Arthur Woods of Boston.

The progressive prizes, a silver repousse box and a silver buttonhook, were won by Mrs. Barker of Providence and Miss Ware of Boston.

The prizes were all very dainty and beautiful. After the prizes were awarded, very nice refreshments consisting of cakes and ices were served, after which dancing was indulged in till a late hour.

# A VERY DELIGHTFUL MUSICAL AT THE BICKFORD HOUSE.

On Thursday evening the parlor of the Bickford House was filled by a music-loving audience, when the Misses Mackey, who are endowed with such versatile talent that they find themselves equally at home with the piano, the violin, the mandolin and the guitar, filled important places on the program of the evening.

The musicale was opened by selections from Faust, after which followed "The Angel's Serenade" by Broga, arranged for voice with violin obligato. During the evening the "Decease" by Bottes and the "Chant sans paroles" were rendered by Miss Lewis, who was accompanied by Miss Cattell, with the violin obligato by Miss Helen Mackey. "Under the Lindens," "On the Water" and the "Brook," composed

sitions of Heinrich Hoffman, were exquisitely rendered by Miss M. C. Prouditt. Many guests were present from adjoining hotels and cottages, and the affair proved in every way a success.

# A GRAND FULL DRESS HOP AT THE PARKER.

The full dress hop at the popular Parker House Thursday night was probably attended by more people than any similar affair since the house was built. Extra seats around the dance hall were all occupied and the piazzas were jammed with people. The hall was prettily decorated with flowers and evergreens, and the orchestra were almost concealed behind banks of wild flowers. Among the most noticeable costumes were the following:

Miss Lockwood, niece of Mr. E. Dunbar Lockwood, wore cream brown Henrietta cloth, made princesse, with trimmings and sleeves of dark brown velvet.

Miss Greenleaf, from Cape Porpoise, a very pretty girl with dark eyes, wore simple white muslin with blue ribbons.

Miss Langford, black lace, with embroidered white silk sash.

Miss Beran of Baltimore, pink moire waist and sash with white pearl trimming, pink crepe skirt, pink aigrette in her hair, and exquisite pearl necklace and pendant.

Mrs. George W. Byram, white moire trimmed with point lace, decollete neck and full train.

Miss Cutter, ice blue silk with crepe front.

Miss Susanne Rowe, white crepe. Miss Davis wore an exquisite crepe gown of plain pink and a white ground scattered with pink blossoms.

Miss Maude Henry looked dainty in a black silk mull with pauties.

Miss Hattie Henry, silver gray silk, pauties.

Miss Jewell of Washington, pink satin and white silk net, sweet peas for corsage bouquet.

Miss Snow, black net with velvet ribbon girdle and trimmings of burnt orange—a lovely dress.

Miss Hastings, pale blue satin.

Miss Woods, a sparkling brunette, pink India silk.

Miss Alice Pike, cream white wool and silk.

Miss Thompson, blue net over silk.

Miss Lord, an especially airy and becoming dress of white tulle, with fluttering ribbons and beautiful fan of white ostrich plumes.

A gown of heliotrope silk, filled in with point applique lace at the neck, was worn by a tall graceful girl of Miss Lockwood's party.

Miss Rowe of Chicago, wore a gray Chinese crepe with white crepe sash.

Miss Parrot, blue brocade.

Miss Annie Rogers of Allston, light blue.

Miss Wakefield, light brown plaid silk—very noticeable.

Miss Ware, white.

# TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT ARUNDEL CASINO.

A large crowd gathered at the Arundel Casino Thursday afternoon to see the tennis tournament. At about three o'clock the preliminaries began and were played as follows:

Hervey and Cummings defeated Kidd and Lippincott, 6-2, 6-5. Mann and Mann won the sets with Chase and Rogers by the scores, 6-3, 6-2.

Ware and Field were vanquished by Gardner and Terry by the scores 6-2, 5-6, and 6-2. Nichols and Lord defeated Kirk and Coddington to the tune of 6-1, 6-4.

In the first round Hervey and Cummings defeated Lord and Cutter 6-2, 6-2. Thus closed the first day of the tournament.

The game Friday began with the second games in the first round, in which Terry and Wilcox defeated Mann and Mann 6-1, 6-4. In the next games Nichols and Lord beat Talbot and Sibley 6-3, 3-6, 6-3, and Kelham and Stevens defeated Gardner and Terry 6-5, 5-6, 6-5. This was the most exciting contest of the tournament so far, and was very finely played.

The results of this round placed Hervey and Cummings, Terry and Wilcox, Kelham and Stevens, and Wilcox and Lord in the second round, which was played as follows: Hervey and Cummings defeating Terry and Wilcox 3-6, 6-1, 6-3, and Kelham and Stevens in a very close, exciting and well played series, 6-4, 5-6, and 6-5. This placed Hervey and Cummings, and Kelham and Stevens in the first round, which was to be played this forenoon about the time *The Wave* goes to press.

# Nonantum House,

H. A. HECKMAN, Proprietor.

Splendid Location. Beautiful View of the River and Ocean. Excellent Rooms. KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.



# FOULDS' WHEAT GERM MEAL IS THE BEST

BREAKFAST CEREAL IN THE WORLD. Because, being carefully prepared from the Germ and Gluten of Wheat, it is the most nourishing and yet the most delicious and easily digested of cereal foods, and is especially adapted for summer diet. It is served at most of the leading hotels and can be obtained of grocers everywhere.

The Foulds Milling Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

# SEASHORE and MOUNTAIN LUXURIES

Are to be found in abundance at our store, or at our Bar Harbor Branch. In addition to our extensive assortment of standard Furniture and Upholstery, we exhibit a large variety of Hammocks, Hammock and Steamer Chairs, Split Chairs and Rockers, Screens, Awnings, Canopies, Tents, &c. Cots of all kinds—canvas, slat, woven wire and mattress. An endless variety of Rattan, Reed and Willow Chairs, Rockers, Couches, etc. We furnish cottages, delivering goods, taking all risks, and putting everything in perfect order for the occupant at specified time.

# Keeler & Co.

Furniture Manufacturers and Upholsterers.

Washington Street, cor. Elm, BOSTON. Factory at East Cambridge.

# Kuyler's

146 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

# Delicious Bon Bons

# AND

# Chocolates

carefully selected, packed in tin boxes, and expresse

# PREPAID

1 lb., \$1.15. 2 lbs., \$2. 3 lbs., \$2.90.

4 lbs., \$3.70. 5 lbs., \$4.50.

# 3 1/2 MILLIONS

invested in the securities handled exclusively by the

# WINNER INVESTMENT COMPANY,

during the last eighteen months.

Capital Full Paid, \$1,000,000.

Surplus, \$400,000.

No Farm Mortgages. No Debenture Bonds

Kansas City Investments Exclusively

Absolutely Safe Five, Six and Eight per cent.

# BOND INVESTMENTS.

Full particulars on application.

# WILLIAM H. PARMENTER,

GENERAL AGENT,

50 State Street, Boston.

50 and 51 Times Building, New York; 1 Custom House Street, Providence.



## DER OAK UND DER VINE.

I don't vas preaching vum'n's rights  
Or any ding like dot,  
Und I like to see all beoples  
Shust gonced mit their lot;  
Budd I vants to gondradict dot shap  
Dot made dis leedle shoke:  
"A voman vas der gonzing vine,  
Und man the shurdy oak."

Perhaps, sometimes dot may pe drue;  
Budd, der dimes outt off nine,  
I find me outt dot man himself  
Vas been der gling vine,  
Und ven hees frends they all vas gone,  
Und he vas shust "tead probe,"  
Dot's vhen der voman shlops right in,  
Und peen der shurdy oak.

Shust go outt to der pase-pall groundts  
Und see dhoes "shurdy oaks"  
All planted roundt ubon der seats—  
Shust hear their laughs and shokes!  
Dhen see dhose vum'n's at der tubs,  
Mit clothes outt on der lines;  
Vich vas der shurdy oaks, mine frends,  
Und vhen der gling vine?

Ven slockness in der householdt come  
Und veeks and veeks he stays,  
Who vas id fights him midoudt resht  
Dhoses verry nightts und days?  
Who hease und gonfort alvays prings,  
Und pools dot feredd prow?  
More like id vas der tender vine  
Dot oak he glings to, now.

Man vants budd leedle here pelow,  
Der boet von time said;  
Dhere's leedle dot man he don't vant,  
I dink id means inshured;  
Und vhen der years geep rolling on,  
Dher cares und droubles pring,  
He vants to pe der shurdy oak  
Und also der gling.

May pe, vhen oaks they gling some more,  
Und don't so shurdy peen,  
Der gling vine, dhere's had some shance  
To help run life's masher;  
In helt und slockness, shoy und pain,  
In calm or shorny vedder,  
"Tvas better dot doss oaks und vines  
Should alvays gling together,  
—Charles Follet Adams, in Boston Globe.

## MARY RAVENEL.

### An Heiress Finds a Lover in the Hop Fields.

"Hop-picking?" said young Durell, as he took a rosy August apple from his pocket and fed it leisurely to the beautiful white horse against which he leaned. "Why, yes, it is rather a romantic business, if you look upon it from a romantic point of view. You're an artist, eh? Come to sketch our little bits of rustic scenery? But there's nothing particularly picturesque about our hop fields. Just sunshine and the gold-green of the clusters, and the curling tendrils reaching out for something to grasp it, and the air so blue and clear that one can almost see the straight lines of the sunshine. Of course, it looks pretty to me, for I was born and brought up in it—but excuse me—I can't see what there is specially worthy of an artist's pencil?"

Mr. Raymond smiled. "Do you see those long perspectives of green alleys?" said he, "with the figures all running in and out? And the old woman sitting among the fragrant heaps, with the scarlet cloak and the two little toddlers at her feet? And yonder feeble, bent old man, with water cans on his shoulders? Why, there are a hundred bits of *genre* here, to say nothing of the background."

And Raymond took out his mill-boards and color boxes, set up an impromptu easel and began diligently to paint.

Squire Durell's son looked on with an amused smile. To him the machinery of the great hop farm was the real business of life. Artists and such like were merely pleasure-seekers who disported themselves idly along the outskirts of creation.

"You will find some very pretty faces here," said Durell, "if you care for sketching that sort of thing. People come here from all parts of the country in hop-picking time. Gypsies, tramps, respectable poor workers who don't object to turning an honest penny, young people who come here for the frolic of the thing, and poor old wretches who think every season will be their last. It's healthy, the doctors say. At all events it's profitable. In hop season there isn't a cottage, a farm-house garret, nor even a barn untenanted. There are tents, a white sprinkle of them, down in the meadow by the vines, where people sleep at nights. You can see them from here. You are staying in this part of the neighborhood? No? My father will be very glad to see you up at the house, if you will honor us by becoming our guest to-night."

And raising his light straw hat, Daniel Durell went his way, the beautiful, satin-skinned white horse following, like a docile kitten, at his heels.

"Hugh," he said to a servant who had just come down with a hamper from the house, "take a cup of hot coffee and two or three of those white rolls, with my compliments, to that gentleman in the linen coat who is sketching under the tree. And Hugh!"

"Sir?"

"Did you carry the sardine-sandwiches and the basket of apricots and the fresh milk to the young girl in black?"

The man nodded.

"She didn't want to take 'em, Mr. Daniel," said he. "She was all for calling me back. But I minded your order, sir, and made off as fast as I could, pretending not to hear."

Durell smiled. "That's right," said he. "And don't forget the cold meat and slices of new bread for old Dunstable. He grows feeble and feeble every day, and there was nothing but the heel of a loaf and a black cheese-rind in his dinner-basket, for I saw it myself."

"It's all right, sir," said Hugh.

And then Durell, going up to the Great House, shrewdly noting all the hop-pickers as they sat and lay around, under the shadow of the vines, in the *doles for nicks* of the noon intermission, finally came into the great, cool room, where the scent of cheese-making filled the air, and the muslin curtains fluttered to and fro in the breeze.

The squire himself sat there, gouty, but content. Iced claret and cold chicken were on the table; forced hot-house peaches scented the atmosphere; a plate of deviled tongue, with curry sauce, supplied the fiery element, and delicate entrees, breaded and fried in

egg, were brought in, hot and hot. The old gentleman's face brightened at the sight of his son.

"It has seemed a long day without

you, my boy," said he. "Sit down; sit down. Do you know, Daniel, I've been thinking all the morning that I wish you'd bring a wife home to the old place? She could be company for me when you are gone. Why don't you think of it, my lad?"

"I have been thinking of it, father," said the squire's son. "But what would you say, sir, if I were to marry a poor girl?"

The squire set down his glass of iced-claret. Evidently this was a new view of matters.

"A poor girl, Daniel?"

"But a good girl, father, and as sweet and lovely as yonder half-opened rosebud. You will, perhaps, laugh at me," he added, "but I believe I have lost my heart to one of our hop-pickers."

"Daniel!"

"Her name is Mary Ravenel, sir; I never saw her before this season. She is picking hops with her aunt or some elderly relative—a pale and fragile-looking girl, but as beautiful as a dream. And—I love her."

The old squire nodded his head.

"I can trust you, my son," said he, "and whoever you choose to bring here will be as welcome as flowers in May."

While all this time the artist, strolling idly along to observe the various groups, came upon a pale-faced girl in black—a girl with large, melting wine-brown eyes, straight, pure features and tender, dark hair overhanging her forehead like a mist of jet.

"Miss Ravenel!" he cried, in amazement.

"Yes, 'Miss Ravenel,'" she smiled back. "You are astonished to see me here. But the doctor declared that hop-picking would be the very thing for me. So Aunt Verna brought me, and here we are. And I am really accomplishing wonders in the hop-picking line! Sit down here and eat some of these delicious hop-house grapes. They are sent to us daily by an unknown benefactor. That is," as Aunt Verna smiled meaningly, "not exactly unknown. It is Squire Durell's son. He will persist in sending all these delightful things, although I tell him, over and over, that I have no need of them. I believe he thinks I am a starving dress-maker, or something of the kind, with a blush and a smile. 'But, oh, he is so good! And I like him so much! Now show us, please, what you have been sketching.'"

Mr. Durell came down, in the warm, red glow of the summer sunset, to the willow-shaded curve of the river where Miss Ravenel liked to sit when her day's work was done.

"I have brought you some of the rare orchids from the conservatory," said he. "You told me, the other day, that you liked flowers."

"I am so much obliged to you," said she, gratefully. "But, Mr. Durell, I have something to tell you."

"Stop a minute," he said. "I have something to tell you—that I love you—that I want to make you my wife. Dear Miss Ravenel, are you surprised at this? Have you not seen it growing out of my heart by degrees? My father is old and infirm, but he is ready to welcome you with all paternal love, and—"

"You really love me?" she cried, with wide-open eyes. "Me, a poor, pale little hop-picker?"

"You, my queen and my ideal!"

"Then," she said, all smiles and blushes, "I think I ought to repay you by loving you a little. And I think I do, nay, I am quite certain of it."

"My darling! Oh, my darling!" he murmured.

"But wait; you have not heard what I am," she urged.

"You are Miss Ravenel from Philadelphia."

"I am General Ravenel's daughter. I am here by the doctor's orders, not because I need the daily wages of a hop-picker. But you won't like me any the less, will you, for that?"

Mr. Durell stood amazed. Miss Ravenel, the Philadelphia beauty, the great heiress!

"We are stopping at the Clarendon Hotel," said she. "I have my phonograph and ponies there. I will drive up to the house to see your father, since he can not come to me."

"But I thought you were a poor girl, hiring one of these tents at so much a night," said Daniel, in perplexity.

"That's where you were mistaken," said Miss Ravenel, smiling. "But the hop-picking has done me a good deal of good. Aunt Verna says my cheeks are redder than they used to be; and I must be better, because—"

"Well?"

"Because I feel so happy," said Mary Ravenel, coloring like a rose.

And so Daniel Durell found his life's treasure out among the garlanded hop-poles.—N. Y. Ledger.

### COURAGE OF FISH.

They Exhibit Considerable of the Quality in the Spawning Season.

One day while wading and casting for bass in Lone Stone Lake, Wisconsin, I inadvertently stepped on the spawning bed of a rock bass, or "rogglo-eye," as they are sometimes called in the West, writes a correspondent of Forest and Stream. The fish ran out and a moment later came back at me and struck quite a severe blow on my leg as I stood in the water. I stood quiet, and the little creature—it was only about a half or three-quarters of a pound in weight—ran at my leg again and again, bunting quite forcibly with its head.

The whole demeanor of the fish was one of great anger. As the water cleared I could see it very plainly, and it could see me as well, but it showed no signs of moving off, and evidently meant fight. I stepped a way from the nest I had unfortunately trodden upon, and its possessor then abandoned the fight. This was June 15, I believe. We could see a good many black bass nests shining on

the bottom of the lake near the shore. The men of that country said they often caught bass by leaving the bait lying on the bed or "nest." On finding it there upon their return one or the other of the bass would seize it and carry it off from the bed, and the fish could then be hooked. I caught only one bass here, a big-mouth.

### He Used Diplomacy.

Lady (to tramp)—"I've a good mind not to give you any thing. Why do you always come to this house?"

Tramp—"Madam, the woman in the next house is such a wretched cook that I couldn't eat any thing she'd give me."

Lady (sweetly)—"Come right in, sir."

—Lippincotts.

### He Got It.

Cantwain—Ah, Smiley, I see you're raising a beard.

Smiley Basker—Yes.

Cantwain—By the way, do you think you could raise that five dollars I loaned you six months ago.—Van Dorn's Magazine.

—The cost of the proposed Nicaragua canal is now placed at \$65,000,000. The distance between the oceans is 100 miles, but only 29 miles of canal will have to be dug. The San Juan river must be deepened, and some artificial basins constructed in the valleys of other streams. Lake Nicaragua affords 50 miles of free sailing. The Suez canal, which was cut out of the soil and sand for 100 miles, cost \$81,000,000.

### A MID-DAY MIRAGE.

Discovery of Another Product of Southern California.

Any one who will take the trouble to go to the intersection of North Los Robles avenue and Villa street, by looking south on the first-named thoroughfare will see, on a clear day about noon-time, a pool of water, or what appears to be such, about the place where Colorado street crosses the avenue.

There would be nothing strange or startling in the above information if the water, plainly visible at Villa street, did not disappear as one approaches its apparent location. In other words there is no pool at the intersection of Colorado street and Los Robles avenue, and what the spectator sees from Villa street is nothing less than a mirage.

To witness this rare optical delusion the place indicated should be visited between the hours of eleven a. m. and noon, although the mirage has been seen as late as one o'clock. A perfectly clear day must be chosen, for when there are clouds in the sky the water does not show up. The spectator had better be in a buggy, the elevation thus afforded adding somewhat to the effect of the delusion.

Granted these conditions a small pool or lake is distinctly visible off to southward, about a half mile distant. Let a vehicle pass Los Robles avenue on Colorado street and its shadow will be plainly reflected beneath the water's surface. The water is seen most clearly from a point a few yards south of Villa street.

The mirage is an optical delusion that comparatively few persons are privileged to witness. It is due to the unequalled densities and refracting powers of adjacent strata of the air, usually of those close to the surface of land and sea. The phenomenon is fully explained by the principles of refraction and total reflection of light, and is often termed unusual refraction. Mirages are seen less frequently on land than on sea. On land they are seen mostly on desert plains, in hot climates, where the intense heat of the sand greatly rarifies the air in contact with it, which acts as a mirror or body of water, in which inverted images of distant bodies are seen. As the traveler approaches these seeming lakes their real aspect changes, the water apparently gradually receding.

It is difficult to express exactly what is the condition of the atmosphere when multiple images are seen. Sometimes the images are direct, at other times inverted. It would be interesting to know what causes the local mirage above described. The ground where the pool appears to be is usually moist, the sprinkling wagon getting its water from a hydrant near by. But no matter what produces the phenomenon it is there just the same, and any one, no matter how skeptical, by following the instructions given above, will see for himself and be convinced.

One of the first persons to discover the mirage was C. C. Thompson. He has since pointed it out to a number of persons.—Pasadena Cor. Los Angeles Tribune.

### TEACHING HER BILLIARDS

It Is Very Amusing, But Not to the Man Who Does the Teaching.

He—You will observe that I English the ball on this side, and cue low down, which returns the ball upon the red one, and brings—

She—But must you play it that way?

He—It is scientific!

She—Oh, I know; but suppose the balls were situated differently, and suppose—

He—Yes—yes. But that would be a different problem, too. While the play is as it is—

She—But what if I miss? You know I never can make the balls go in the right direction. They *always* go on the wrong side.

He—Obviously then, you—you—why you—

She—If I put plenty of chalk on my—

He—Cue.

She—My cue. Will that cause any difference?

He—Y—yes. But here—in this particular case you must do as I show you. She—Even if you have no chalk on your—your—

He—Why, yes. The chalk only prevents possible deflections from the smooth surface of the—

She—Oh, but you said once that it was foolish to omit the ch—

He—Exactly. But the chalk is merely

a passive aid—your skill, after all, determines the result.

She—Oh!

He (showing)—Now then, you English on this side, and cue low down—so. See?

She—But what if it slips? What if—

He—But it won't slip.

She—Even if you have no chalk on your—your—

He (desperately)—Even if it was greased!

She (taking his cue)—Well, let me wipe off all the chalk, and then we can see.

He (submitting)—Very well—there you are—now. (Prepares to play.)

She—Is this going to be a "draw shot?"

He—Yes; the ball comes back to the cushion and touches the red, as I explained to you.

She—Oh, wait! Do you call it English when you hit low down with the stick?

He—No, no. 'English' means any point from the center to either side.

She—Well, why do you English?

He (feebly)—Oh, I don't know. It's in the game.

She (satisfied)—Isn't it nice? I shall like billiards better than croquet. Now go on. You didn't put any more chalk on your mallet, did you?

He (rallying)—No. Now, as I said, this is a very simple shot. Low down; this side; and there you are! (Cue breaks; misses his point by a foot.)

She (demoniacally)—Oh, look at that! You didn't do it! And you said it was a simple shot! Does it often do that? I told you you ought to put more chalk on your English; didn't I? Do draw shots *always* run away? Did it scratch? Where? (Etcetera for an hour.)—Morrell Hazard, 12 July.

### HABITS OF THE CRAB.

The Toothsome Shell-Fish in Its Various Stages of Development.

Crisfield, Md., supplies most of the crabs all the year round for the markets of the leading cities of this country. The crabs are caught in the Chesapeake Bay and are packed in crates and barrels for shipment. Over half the inhabitants of the town make their living out of crabbing. Whenever a female crab is scooped up in the crabber's net it is always thrown back into the bay; that keeps up the propagation, and hence the supply is always adequate to the demand. It also accounts for the luscious quality of the huge blue crab caught in these waters.

The crabs are caught during every month in the year and in all stages of development. Millions of crabs are shipped north on the East Shore railroad every year and the Maryland soft crabs meet Jersey soft crabs in the New York markets on equal footing in spite of the difference in the distance they are carried. The crabs in market in winter are always hard-shells, and, in fact, they would be if they were brought from the tropics. They are dredged or raked out of the mud in the Chesapeake and its estuaries, and thousands of them are caught by oystermen.

The crabs are dormant from fall until spring, even in the Gulf of Mexico, where they are more abundant than anywhere else on this country's coast. In the spring, when they come out of the mud and masses of seaweed, they go right into the business of shedding. Really, it seems as if the crab had little else to do in summer but shed his shell and get a new one of larger caliber. The hard crab first puts on a leathery undergarment, and while it is growing he is known as a "comer." In a day or two, when his under skin is completed, he is a "shedder," and then he is fitted for bait, because his hard shell can then be stripped off, leaving the leathery integument entire.

In this condition he is more valuable than a soft crab, owing to the constant demand for bait and the fact that the "shedders" are less frequently caught than soft crabs. In a single day the "shedder" parts his shell and becomes a "buster." Taken then he is the best of bait, but left in the water a few hours he will throw off his shell, crawl out of it entire, and commence to swell and stretch out his elastic covering. Then he is a soft crab par excellence.

On the night of the day the crab divests himself of his misfit shell he is in the best condition for frying. In another day, if he is not taken from the water, his new covering becomes like parchment, and in twelve hours more the parchment hardens so that it just yields to pressure. Then he is known as a "buckler," and is of little use except as a broiler.

The crab fishing business is put down at \$500,000 per year by the Fish Commission, and probably the estimate is by no means complete, as it is difficult to obtain accurate information from the men engaged in any kind of fishing.

In Virginia and Maryland there are several big canning factories putting up crab meat for inland cities, and the business is carried on extensively. The crabs are caught in summer by baiting set lines with tripe or fish, and the catch per man will average sixty dozen per day.

All the soft crabs taken during the summer are sent to market, and in May and early June the only soft crabs to be found in New York come from Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina. In the latter part of June soft crabs begin to be caught in Jersey waters, and the price then declines.

When soft crabs are scarce, \$2 or \$2.25 per dozen is not regarded as an excessive price, but in the height of the season the ruling price is \$1 for large crabs, and 75 cents for medium and small. Shedders seldom go below 75 cents a dozen, and are more frequently valued at \$1.50, and sometimes command \$3 per dozen.

Taking a crab out of water arrests the process of development, and packed in sea-weed in a cool place the shedder or soft crab will remain alive for several weeks without undergoing any change. —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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