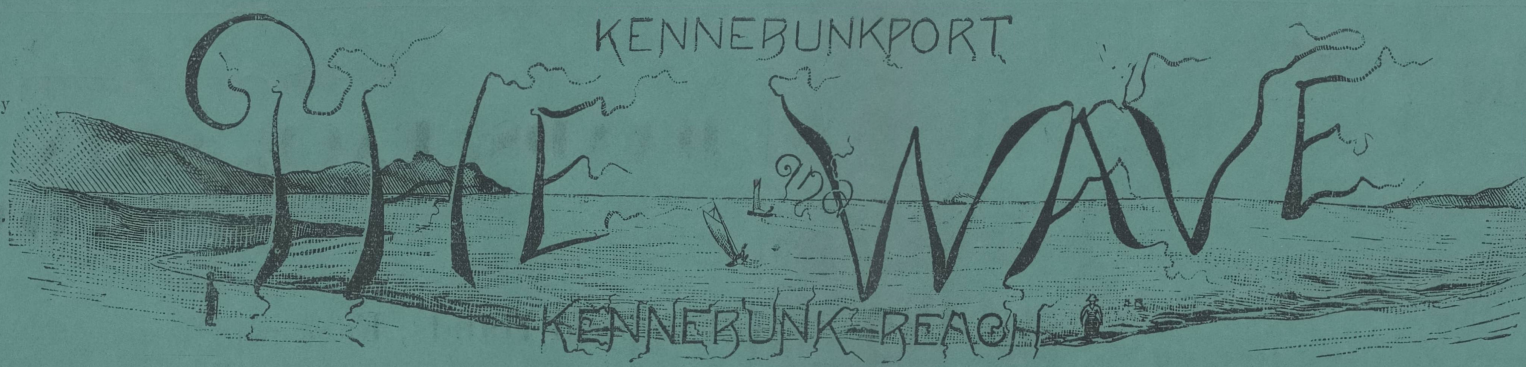


The Wave

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. 7.

KENNEBUNKPORT, ME., AUGUST 2, 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,
pure water, 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.,

SAAC 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. Sur-
roundings delightful.

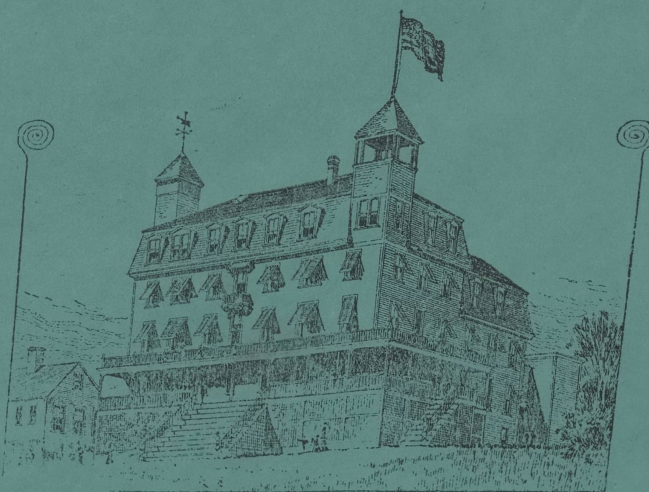
OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL,

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.

FANCY

Proprietors of the

Ocean Bluff Livery, Boarding and
Stage

STABLES!

WATER STREET,

Kennebunkport, Maine.

Harbor Buckboards, with re-
liable drivers, a specialty. Fine

Beach Teams of all Kinds.

Prices Reasonable.

Sea Grove Cottage,

Kennebunk Beach, Me.,
W. R. BARNEY, Proprietor.

Horses boarded and wintered.

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.

VISIT

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.

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.



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 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, 26 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 sure 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 bath-
ing and bathing are unsurpassed.
JOSEPH D. WELLS, Manager.

WITH COLORS FLYING. THE "GOLDEN BALL" IS LAUNCHED MOST SUCCESSFULLY.

One of the most successful launchings that ever took place here was that of the "Golden Ball" on Thursday. She is a fine schooner built in the yard of Mr. David Clark, and is commanded by Captain Paul C. Gibbs. She was named from a social club that Captain Gibbs is a member of, and is partly owned by members of the club. She is painted a light straw color with the lower part of the hull of a darker hue, and the deck and trimmings of blue and white. The cabin is elegantly finished and furnished, and all the latest nautical improvements are to be found on her.

SEVEN O'CLOCK.
The sun has risen and streams its burning and pitiless rays down upon the already sultry air. Everything around the little town and the ship yard is intensely quiet. The river looks like a massive mirror without a flaw of wind or a ripple on its surface.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.
Everything looks changed. The workmen have arrived and are putting the last finishing touches on hawsers and ways. Meantime the "Golden Ball" is poised in the air like a bird on a branch, only waiting for the rising tide, to glide like a swan into the water.

NINE O'CLOCK.
The crowd are coming. They come in carriages, on foot, in boats, and on bicycles. The wharves are lined with people. The trains have special cars. Gaily decorated boats move up river in each others wake, looking like a gaudy serpent as the line moves slowly onward. Everything is gay, everything attractive, everything picturesque. Everyone is longing for the decisive moment which will soon be here.

TEN O'CLOCK.
The banks of the river are thronged with a restless crowd. The bridge and road from Norton's to the depot and away beyond are a living mass of humanity. Roofs of neighboring buildings are lined with people. Still everything is quiet.

TEN-FIVE O'CLOCK.
The hammers and axes ring out with a crash, and the props begin to fall.

TEN-TEN O'CLOCK.
The props are out and the blocks over the ways are attacked. Strong arms wield sledges with resistless force and one by one the wedges fall.

TEN-FIFTEEN O'CLOCK.
Everyone on the qui vive. Still the blows crash with a deafening noise.

TEN-TWENTY O'CLOCK.
Those few fortunate ones on the deck felt the planks quiver and tremble under their feet, and momentarily expected the schooner to start. Strong hawsers have been fixed to regulate her speed and course.

TEN-TWENTY-FIVE O'CLOCK.
Everything is ready, a few more blows and the falling blocks will lower the hull onto the slippery ways.

TEN-TWENTY-SEVEN O'CLOCK.
Slowly, then faster, and at last with a wild rush, the "Golden Ball" dashes into the river amid the yells and cheers of the multitude. The river is a mirror no longer, but a living, seething, swelling torrent with its surface covered with floating timbers and planks. The launching is over.

Many linger to see the draw bridge raised, and to watch the schooner as she is hauled through and down the river by lines made fast to the shore. The cheery shouts of the crew as they turned the windlasses and pulled on ropes and tackle, the gaily decorated boats as they wended their way down stream, the crowded wharves and banks, made a pretty scene long to be remembered by those who saw it. Much praise is due to those who so successfully directed the launching, and who so carefully piloted her through the draw.

Mr. F. F. Palms of Detroit, vice president of the People's Savings Bank, and capitalist, accompanied by his wife and family, is at the Ocean Bluff. Mr. Palmer is also a director in the Michigan Stove company and a large owner. He is also interested in various important business enterprises, among them the Detroit Light and Power Co., and the National Loan Co.

"JACK" GOES TO THE LAUNCHING.



I had never seen a vessel launched in my life except a small yacht on a western lake, and I wouldn't have missed seeing the "Golden Ball" launched for anything. I got up town by nine o'clock and looked around for a good place to sit down and watch things. I concluded at last that the bridge was as good as any place.

It was a long wait but an interesting one. I liked to watch the hosts come and go, and to notice the crowd as they swarmed around every desirable location where they could get a better view of the launch. When the workmen began to knock out the props, or whatever you call them, I thought the time had come and for the next half hour I expected every moment to see the vessel start. I got very nervous waiting so long, but when she went the sight was worth the waiting to see.

I would like to go to a launching every day.

I enjoyed watching them work her down through the draw bridge. I expected every moment to see her strike against the side of the bridge with a crash. But I found that those in charge knew their business to perfection, and what looked to me to be a dangerous job, they probably looked on as a very commonplace affair.

As she went through the draw bridge gazed at and admired by the hundreds of delighted eyes, I saw a broad shouldered, bluff, hearty looking man with a full gray beard and bright happy eyes, standing on the quarter deck. An old rheumatic looking fellow who stood close beside me, and who all the while was consuming immense quantities of black, sticky looking tobacco, remarked as he saw me focus my optics on this gray haired gentleman "that's Captain Gibbs, one of the best men that ever walked a quarter deck." I know a little something about human nature, and I guess the old fellow was about right. Captain Gibbs looks to me like a clever, pleasant gentleman, who while preserving complete discipline among a crew, would yet treat them kindly and like men, rather than dogs. I rather think the "Golden Ball" will be in good hands as long as this gentleman is in command.

There was quite a little group of ladies and gentlemen on board, and I had the curiosity to ask my sailor friend who they were. "That man on the foreward," said he, "the short, stout fellow with white hair is Captain Manning that keeps the sail loft down yonder. He knows all that is ter know about ropes and rigging and sea things, and a tip top man he is ter."

"And who," I enquired, "is that tall, slender man with a drooping moustache, and a cigar in his mouth?" "Wall," he replied, "that is a fellow named Clayton, from Cambridge, 'Hod,' they call him, s'pose his first name's Horace. He's been a comin' here for the last few years, and everybody likes him fust rate. He's a purty smart fellow, they say, works in a bank and handles lots uv chink; an' been in the legislature, an' one place an' nother. He grubs it up ter Norton's, fust rate fellow, fust rate." And a half pint of amber liquid fell from his lips and mingled with the brine of the river. "Thet fellow thar with the white belt is Prof. Ryder, a pianon man."



A. S. HINDS,
PROPRIETOR,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO.,
MONTREAL,
Sole Agents for Canada.

Good lookin' fellow, aint he?"
I admitted he was.
"Hullo," suddenly remarked my friend, "see him up thar in ther riggin'. Thats ther chap thet's drillin' ther well up tew ther Parker House. Can't think uv his name, terble funny name."
But at last it was all over, and I walked back to the Ocean Bluff, hungry, tired, but happy.

Hotel Arrivals.

THE PARKER HOUSE.
Boston—Rodney McDonough, S M Woodward and wife, C K Jewett, Miss S P Baker.

Washington, D C—Clarendon B Jewell, Miss Jewell, Miss W Jewell. Manchester, N H—George S Varney and son. Fall River—James L Hall. Portland—L A Basser. Hudson, Mass—G T C Holden and wife.

North Attleboro—G K Webster and wife.

Mansfield, Mass—A D King and wife. South Berwick—Souren A Melcon. Middletown, Ct—Mrs C W Harris. Brookline—Geo L Hooper and wife. New York—C E Ougley. Plainfield, N J—Mr W P Lincoln. Ashmont—Mrs H D Hutchinson. Misses Ethel and Marjorie Hutchinson. Boston—H L Chetman.

NORTON HOUSE.
Boston—Geo H Ryder. Chelsea—F S Grout. Portland—Jas F Gallagher. Malden—C C Skinner.

RIVERSIDE HOUSE.
Lowell—Miss L W Anderson. Worcester—Maria P Cole. Boston—Miss H C Titus, Miss E F Glover.

HIGHLAND HOUSE.
Lowell—Mrs Thomas Nesmith, Miss Hildreth Nesmith, O S Nute and wife. Brookline—Miss Amelia G Schwarz. Boston—Mr and Mrs J D Bryant. Bradford—Mr and Mrs W K Farrar.

NONANTUM HOUSE.
Boston—Mrs Charles R Cummings, Miss M Louise Cummings, Miss Cummings, Miss Gertrude Cummings. Rangely—Miss Denis. New York—Miss Thorpe. North Berwick—Brainerd Drake. Auburndale—J Bradley Cummings.

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.
Chicago—R Johnston. St Louis—Mr and Mrs J C Richardson, Mr and Mrs F L Ridgeley, Master Ridgeley, Miss Ridgeley, Miss Katherine Buck, Miss Nellie Buck, Miss McCarter. Boston—W H W Bickam. Portland—Mrs J Hopkins Smith and two children, W R Wood and wife, Wm Wood.

Orange, N Y—Miss Belle Willis. Walpole, Mass—Mrs A E Stetson, Master Harold C Stetson and child. Miss Agnes Plimpton. Nashua, N H—Mr and Mrs George W Grover, John B Grover.

Haverhill—Martin Taylor and wife, H F Taylor, H C Taylor. Hartford, Conn—Seth Talcott, Mrs. Seth Talcott, Edward C Talcott. Brooklyn—Mrs Anna Williams, Wm Jarvis.

Appledore, N H—W F Tamer, J F Karren. Philadelphia—Florence Adelaide Lucas. New York—R W Rice and wife.

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 Not Mailable.

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 Car Ferrotype 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.

Brooklyn, N Y—Mrs Jas D Burdick. Auburndale—Mrs H A Stone, Miss Bessie Stone.

LANGSFORD HOUSE.
Lowell—Miss Sarah Bradley, Mr Harry Raynes, Mrs H Raynes. Manchester—Mr and Mrs J Campbell, French Campbell, Louise Campbell.

Roxbury—Mr and Mrs S H Chadbourne, Miss Gertrude Davis, Miss Isabelle Davis, Miss L L Tucker. Malden—Mr and Mrs W C Rogers, Henry Rogers, Mabel Rogers. Amesbury—Mrs J A Hubbard, Miss Blanche Atkins. Somerville—Walter Cutting. Boston—Annie Russell, Fred Smith. Salem, N H—Frank Barstow.

BY THE SEA.
(Written for The Wave.)
On the glistening diamond sands
Underneath a smiling sky
The waters rolled, untiring
For their whispers never die
They surged in crested billows
At play on a rugged coast
And burst in sportive laughter
With all their watery host.

Two maidens fair, with golden hair,
Had left the woods and sauntered there
And nearer they approached the tide
With foot-prints following side by side,
The waters came and back they went
As if by evil spirit sent;
They dried their shoes without delay
And wisdom kept them home next day.
—Ellis H. R. Brooks.

TO THE TUNE OF
ANNIE ROONEY.
A merry party from the Parker House took a buckboard ride to the "Old Falls" on Thursday. They got wet in the shower but returned home happy, singing "Annie Rooney" to a cornet accompaniment, in the early evening. The following compose the party:

Grace W. Edlefsen, John Bent, Maud B. Henry. Margaret Thompson, Frank E. Wingate, Mabel F. Kenrick. Daisy S. Monroe, Chas. F. Daniels, Hattie H. Henry. Edith H. Wheeler, John Francis Crosby, Mara N. Littlefield. Alice B. Woodman, Brooks Reed, Lillian F. Flagg.

BOSTON DAILY PAPERS,
Magazines, Seaside Library,
Blank Books and Stationery,
Fancy Goods, Fruit and Confectionery, at
THE DRUG STORE OF
Chas. E. Miller,
Dock Square, Kennebunkport.

Outing Goods

of every description for

Men's and Women's Wear

—AT—

BONSER & SON'S

Kennebunk, Kennebunkport
Agents for Cambridge Steam Laundry.

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

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 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.

The Wave

SATURDAY, AUG. 2, 1890.

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 JULY.	
HIGH WATER.	A. M.	P. M.	
THE STAGE			
WILL LEAVE			
OCEAN BLUFF			
To connect with trains for Boston at 7:00 and 8:45 A. M.; 12:30, 3:15 and 6:00 P. M. For Portland, 8:00 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.					

Wavelets.

In a hammock, slowly swaying
In the faint light of the moon,
Careless what the world around them
Thinks, two lovers sit and spoon.
Half reclining, on his shoulder
She her golden head has placed,
While his manly arm encircles
Lovingly her slender waist.
He is here, and she has given
All her life into his care;
Eyes meet eyes, and lips—but, come
Now,
You and I've no business there!
Ah! tomorrow they'll remember
All this summer eve's delights,
And they'll think of one another
While scratch mosquito bites.

"Where is now the merry party."

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

Mr. J. S. Cooper, a prominent lawyer of Chicago, is at the Ocean Bluff.

Rev. Mr. Ball of Baltimore will preach at Arundel Hall to-morrow at 11 o'clock.

A fine cottage to let after August 10, near the Nonantum House. Apply to Rev. C. H. Gates.

Rev. Dr. Gulick of China will preach at the South Congregationalist church on Sunday at 10:30.

Rev. C. H. Gates will conduct the services at the First Congregational church at 1:30 p. m.

Mr. Martin Taylor, a leading clothier of Haverhill, Mass., is with his family at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

There are six college men stopping here who are all of the same college fraternity, Theta Delta Chi.

Mr. Seth Talcott and family, of Hartford, Conn., is at the Ocean Bluff Hotel for a season of enjoyment.

The Wentworth House at the beach is so full that for a time Mr. Wentworth can accommodate no more.

Mr. H. B. Lincoln, a card clothing manufacturer of Worcester, Mass., is sojourning at the Eagle Rock House.

Mrs. A. E. Stetson and family of Nashua, N. H., are staying at Ocean Bluff Hotel for the month of August.

The schooner being built in Christensen's yard is to be called the Louis V. Place, after a merchant in Havana, Cuba.

Rev. C. H. Walters of Cliftondale, Mass., will preach in the M. E. church Sunday, Aug. 3, at 2 p. m. All are invited.

Rev. Geo. W. Grover, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Nashua, N. H., is enjoying a vacation at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

The guests at the Grove Hill House are about as jolly a crowd as can be found anywhere. Something is always in the wind there.

The guests at the Bluff on Thursday, enjoyed a rare treat in the beautiful effect produced by the lightning playing on the water.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Platt and daughter, who have been here for several successive seasons, arrived at the Ocean Bluff Hotel last evening.

They say that "Jesse" is the best dressed brakeman on the line of the B. & M. R. R. He is certainly one of the best looking and most obliging.

The electric light on the tower of the Grove Hill Hotel can be seen a long distance and is an excellent advertisement for this excellent hotel.

Prof. A. Burbank, principal of the Exeter High School, is spending his vacation at the Grove Hill House. He is accompanied by his wife and son.

Judge Cross and two sons, Judge Clough and son, of Manchester, N. H., and Mr. Cummings are lodging at Wavelet cottage and mealing at the Nonantum House.

Master Delbi Wilds, a thirteen-year-old son of Elphilet Wilds, who resides at Turbot's Creek, was found drowned on Thursday. It is supposed he fell overboard from a boat.

Messrs. Gurney & Bryant, our excellent photographers, were on hand at the launching Thursday and took some very fine pictures of the vessel during the plunge, and before and after.

A second-hand, slightly worn set of false teeth was found in the river near the station, last night. There was no name upon them, but the owner can learn the finder's name by applying at this office.

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.

Several guests at the Grove Hill Hotel witnessed the launch Thursday from the tower of that house. One youngster there so much enjoyed seeing the vessel glide off that he wanted to know why "they didn't do it again?"

Rev. Dr. Lyman Chase will preach at the Baptist church Sabbath morning, Aug. 3. Prof. Neidlinger of New York will preside at the organ. The evening service at 7:30 will be under the direction of the Y. P. S. C. E., C. H. Wescott leader.

Mr. Bourry, the barber at the Bluff Hotel, is truly a great artist. Yesterday forenoon one of the homeliest men who ever walked the streets of Kennebunkport walked in to see Mr. Bourry, and when he came out he was really a good looking gentleman.

A party of thirteen from the Bickford visited Sun-Set Rock Wednesday evening to enjoy a delightful moonlight row, but soon after reaching their destination the fair goddess of the night sunk beneath a misty veil and left them in the dark. So much for thirteen.

Prof. J. M. Vincent of John Hopkins University is at the Parker House with his family. Prof. Vincent has charge of the historical library at that institution, and is making a specialty of constitutional history of Switzerland, upon which subject he is about to publish an excellent work.

The officers of the Kennebunk River Club have been elected as follows:—President, Rev. E. L. Clark; vice president, J. Bach McMaisters; captain, Prosper L. Senat; lieutenant, R. E. Hastings; secretary, R. H. Platt; treasurer, A. G. Agnew; directors, Julian Talbot and M. H. Forrest, M.D.

Messrs. George and Henry were out on the river in the squall Thursday. They put ashore and Mr. Henry waded ashore, taking about an acre of

the clam flats with him. Mr. George hid himself in a fish house and waited for death with all the patience of a pious man. It was a tough fight, between Eolus, and the fish house, but the latter won.

The storm on Thursday p. m. was the most violent seen here for a long time. Blinds, screens and chairs were blown about in wild confusion. A tree in front of the Bickford House was blown down. Many people were caught on the river and had to put ashore and seek shelter wherever they could. Many bathers on the beach died for their hotels, leaving clothing and jewelry on the beach to be blown away by the sportive elements.

Last Tuesday morning, Mr. Fred Goodwin, who is in charge of the Government pier, and runs the boating establishment at the eastern end, distinguished himself by the prompt manner in which he went to the rescue of a young man, who in attempting to swim the river at that point, became exhausted. This is the fifth rescue "Fred" (as the boys call him) has made within the past few years. The boating public at this point of the river is fortunate in having two such competent men in charge of the floats as Mr. Goodwin and his assistant, Geo. Goodrich.

There has been this week a great traffic in Turkish goods at the Ocean Bluff Hotel and at the Parker House. Tuesday Mr. Melcon, an Armenian who is attending school at South Berwick, came to Ocean Bluff and Thursday to the Parker House. Tuesday night Mr. Tannier, an Armenian, came from Boston to the Ocean Bluff Hotel. Thursday afternoon another gentleman of the same race, Mr. Toros H. Torosian, who is attending Massachusetts Institute of Technology, arrived at the Parker. These gentlemen had very similar lines of nice Turkish fabrics, but there being so many at the same place at the same time, none of them enriched themselves greatly.

A very pleasant progressive euchre party was given at the Grove Hill Hotel last Wednesday evening, in honor of Mrs. Caroline G. Parker of New York, who departed the following day, after a two weeks' delightful sojourn. Mrs. S. Christopher, who managed the party, may well be congratulated on its success. The prize winners were: Ladies—First prize, Mrs. Paul; second prize, Mrs. Parker; booby, Miss Maude Holt of Laconia, N. H. Gentlemen—First prize, Dr. E. Custer, of Manchester; second prize, Mr. Goodwin of Biddeford; booby, Mr. Mitchell of Reading. The prizes were very pretty, and were presented by Mr. Mitchell, for the company.

There was considerable excitement in the Indian settlement Thursday, when it became known that Mrs. Clara Sackbasian, who lives in tent No. 4, had lost her pocketbook containing about \$40. Mr. Sackbasian started Thursday morning to go to the launching, leaving the money in charge of his wife. She having occasion to leave her tent, did not dare to leave the purse, and so took it with her. When she returned to the tent she looked for her money to see if it was in a safe place, and found it not. Whether she was robbed or whether she dropped the money from her pocket is not known, but let us hope that it was the latter misfortune which befell her. A reward has been offered for the person who will return the money to Mrs. Sackbasian at her tent. Some benevolent person at the Ocean Bluff Hotel has started a subscription for this family, and it is being circulated with good results.

A party of twelve from Worcester who were coming to the Eagle Rock House Thursday evening, met with a very narrow escape from a serious accident at Fremont, N. H., on the Worcester, Nashua and Rochester line. As it was they met with a very annoying delay. As the train was running just this side of Fremont, at a very rapid speed to make up lost time, the engine struck a butcher's cart, killing both horses and giving Mr. Knight, the butcher, a severe shaking up. The parties on the train coming to stations on the Boston & Maine were too late to make connections at Rochester, and were obliged to have a special to North Berwick and thence come on by the Pullman, which arrives at Kennebunk at 9:58 p. m. From this point our Worcester friends came by teams to the Eagle Rock, arriving there at about 11 o'clock, a thoroughly tired crowd. The party was made up as follows: Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Lincoln, Miss Helen Lincoln, Miss Mary Ward Lincoln, H. Bardwell Lincoln, Arthur Ward Lincoln, Miss P. D. Skerry, all

of Worcester; Mr. George A. Denny, Miss Bertha Denny, Misses Mary D. and Carrie Thurston, of Leicester, and Mr. Clarence Thurston of Philadelphia.

A London confectioner has placed in the market a menu card made of sweetened dough filled out very thin. The bill of fare is printed on this by ink made from colored sugar. Having ordered the dishes you want, you amuse yourself while waiting for them by eating the bill of fare, which acts as an appetizer.

A jolly dozen or more from the Grove Hill Hotel went through town last night on a hay rack ride, painting the town a deep vermilion hue. The team was decorated with bunting flags and fir branches, and the merry "Rah!" of Boston University filled the air. Among those on board the scribe recognized the following: Mr. Pitcher, Mr. Edgerly, Mr. Adams, Miss Robins, Miss Young, Miss Paul, Miss Holt, Mrs. Paul, Mrs. Christopher, Mrs. Cottle, Miss Day.

The following is the program to be rendered to-night by the Grove Hill Hotel orchestra:
Orchestra—Selection from Mardha. Flotow.
Song—Marguerite. C. A. White.
Miss Young.
Claironet Solo—Traviata. Verdi.
Mr. Pitcher.
Reading—The Unsuccessful Plan. Bentley.
Mr. Adams.
Song, Claironet Obligo—I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls. Bohemian Girl.
Miss Young.
Piano Solo. Miss Young. Selected.

The cold east winds, which make Boston such a terror in the winter, are a most delicious invigorator in the summer months, and this perhaps accounts for the fact that more fashionable Bostonians are keeping up their town residences than ever before. It is also true that some of the larger hotels, particularly the "United States," are having more families during this summer who make the city their headquarters, from which they make daily excursions to the different points of interest than ever before. These avoid the heat and discomforts of a temporary residence at the beaches, and yet can have all the benefits in their daily trips by boat and rail.

The reception given this week by Mrs. D. D. Crombie was a very pleasant affair. The halls and entire house were beautifully decorated for the occasion with flowers and oak leaves. A delicious lunch was served at about 5 o'clock, of which a large number of invited villagers and cottagers took part, as well as many from the Ocean Bluff Hotel and Parker House. Mr. Arnold of Nashua, N. H., and Mrs. Annedon of Baltimore assisted in receiving. Among those from out of town who were present were Rev. Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Clark of Harlem, Mr. Pearson, Mrs. Palmer and family, Mrs. Col. Spooner of Philadelphia, Rev. Mr. Ball and wife of Baltimore, Rev. Dr. Carleton, Rev. Dr. Grover of Nashua, Miss King of Baltimore, Mrs. and Miss Devnell of the Ocean Bluff, Miss Nelson of West Virginia, Mrs. Horatio Gray of Baltimore, and Mrs. Col. Levi Barnard of Newark, N. J.

During the severe gale and shower of Thursday afternoon there were many aching hearts and pale faces at the Ocean Bluff Hotel. Such anxiety was caused by a fishing party, consisting of Messrs. F. H. Kimball, G. F. Roach, J. J. Healey, our veteran fisher, Father Murphy, Chas. H. Guild and A. G. Hetherington, who started in M. B. Seavey's boat, immediately after the launching, to enjoy an afternoon of fishing, at the grounds about eight miles off Cape Arundel. After a few hours there they saw the storm approaching and started for shore as fast as possible, with both main sail and jib set, hoping to beat the storm. But when only about fifteen minutes' distance from the piers the squall struck full force. The first warning our friends had was a sand storm at Parsons Beach. Immediately the sails were hauled in and anchors dropped, which failed at first to do any good. The party showed great presence of mind and managed the boat very skillfully. But for awhile things looked pretty dubious. However, after a terrible scare and a decidedly rough time the party were overjoyed to find the gale abating, and they came in immediately, none the worse for the severe pelting of rain, but drenched and weary. Too much cannot be said in commendation of Captain Seavey, who is a most able skipper and to whom, by reason of his remarkably cool head, the whole party owe their lives.

A FISH STORY

LARGE SOUNDING

BUT TRUE.

Within the past two or three weeks deep sea fishing has awakened quite an interest at the Ocean Bluff Hotel by reason of the great catches brought in by three or four of the guests: Mr. J. J. Healey and Mr. F. H. Kimball of New York, and Mr. Geo. F. Roach of Boston, who are the "only reliables" in this branch of seaside pastimes. They go out every day and bring in anywhere from 200 to 300 pounds of cod and haddock. Tuesday they beat the record by bringing in a cod which tipped the scales at nearly thirty pounds, a regular old settler who had a heavy growth of whiskers and a deep sea green complexion. Mr. Roach was the lucky man who had the honor of introducing him to civilization, and his companions turned, from sheer envy, a deeper green than the complexion of the fish, when they saw his majesty come over the side under Mr. Roach's care. It may be of general interest to know that it cost Mr. Roach's companions something to balance the accounts when they got home. The gentleman who had the honor of bringing in the smallest specimen of fish was not Mr. Kimball but another of New York, whose name will be withheld until he distinguishes himself by as lucky a catch as his Boston friend. When the "old settler" was brought ashore he was taken to the hotel and placed on exhibition. He caused quite a flutter among the ladies and was pronounced "a great big thing;" other quite as learned opinions were expressed, but when a lady ventured to ask "Is he dead?" those who remembered Mark Twain and "Christopher Columbus" retired to the background to relieve their pent-up feelings. Wednesday at the Ocean Bluff hotel, the guests had for dinner "fish chowder a la Roach, Kimball and Healey," which was pronounced to be a chowder rather out of the ordinary run. Of course this was due to the catching.

A HOME

IN THE

WOODS.

Oh to dwell in the woods always,
Close by some purring stream,
Where fragrant flowers might waft perfume,
And sunlight deign to gleam.
At night I'd lull asleep my heart,
To music sung for me,
And ericke's note would form a part
In that quaint lullaby.
At dawn, 'twere Aurora's kiss
I'd view the morning showers,
Like diamond dewdrops set in mist
Upon the swaying bowers.
Then bound along ye crystal streams,
Pure font where reindeer drink,
Oh blend with larks, your cheery note,
Sing with the Bobolink.
ELLIS H. R. BROOKS.

AMONG THE BOERS.

They Regard the African Natives with Aversion If Not Hatred.

When changing teams at a veldt shanty, two Kaffirs suddenly came forward and asked for places in our mail wagon to a destination about one hundred and fifty miles ahead, in payment for which they tendered the required sixteen sovereigns. They were rather naked, exceedingly dirty, and redolent of "bouquet de Kafir," and I cordially disdained the remonstrances of the other European passengers against being jammed up for days in a stuffy canvas-covered vehicle with these two natives, who, flush with money from the mines, chose to discard their ordinary means of transport—an ox wagon. But the sixteen sovereigns were too much for our driver; the Kaffirs were thrust in, the team started off at its usual wild gallop, and we could only solace ourselves with invectives.

By degrees, however, the circumstance assumed a fresh complexion. It was palpable that one of these natives was miserably and gravely ill, possibly from smallpox, perhaps from some brain malady, probably from fever, and that the sufferer's object was to reach his kraal—perchance to die. He lay crouched up in torment in a corner, motionless, save occasionally to assuage his thirst out of a tin pannikin of water, and with every evidence of pain. He stirred not at our eating halts; he passed the night in the bitter open veldt; he was becoming manifestly worse, and at last I was wont, becoming sorely smitten in my conscience, to bring him out from time to time a cup of tea and a crumb of white bread. "Dank, Baas" (thank you, master), he faintly murmured in surprise that any European should stop short of being a brute in indifference to the suffering of a black human being.

My Boer fellow-travelers manifested not merely surprise but sour disapproval—almost anger; and after the conclusion of our journey I learned that one of them, a member of the Free States Legislature, had indignantly held forth to the following effect: "Did you see that Englishman actually bringing out tea and bread to the Kaffir? That is the way the Englishmen behave! That is the way they ruin the natives!" And then, with an amiable wish to extenuate my frailty—he added, "However, apparently the Englishman has himself been recently suffering from a bad illness, so perhaps that is the reason why he thus acted."—Blackwood's Magazine.



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.

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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, mosquito Canopies, Tents, &c. Costs of all kinds—canvas, slat, woven wire and mattresses. 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.

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Furniture Manufacturers and Upholsterers,

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146 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

Delicious Bon Bons

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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.

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Full particulars on application.

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GENERAL AGENT,

50 State Street, Boston.

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



Few things are more enjoyable than a quiet drive along the beach or through the valleys on a summer evening, but the enjoyment is wholly dispelled by the presence of weak springs, poor axles or bad wheels. Have a trustworthy carriage and without reserve enter in full appreciation of your drive. We do not sell below cost but we guarantee to supply you with any description of Carriage either for Mountain or Seashore use at a price which will testify to the worth of the article and the monetary advantage to you of dealing with us. S. A. STEWART & CO., 13 Green Street, Boston.

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The Master of the Magicians.

A Historical Novel of Babylon by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward. \$1.25.

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THE OLD RELIABLE

AMERICAN HOUSE.

(Under New Management)

American House. Rates from \$2.50 upwards.

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BOSTON, MASS.

by mail on receipt of 4 cents for postage; also circular of our leading toilet requisites, Antepheis, Antirivules, etc., which bleach, cool and beautify the most emollient, yet invisible and unaffected by perspiration; free trial at parlor, PINGINE, for women, a taro com pound. Physicians agree that women should use it even in health; it has no rival for toilet use. PINGINE, (from Paris) 35c. MME. PINAULT, 133 N. BROAD ST., BOSTON, MASS.

COST OF MARRIAGE.

Experience of a Man Who Began on a Modest Capital.

Five Hundred Dollars Enough to Establish a Comfortable Home—The Assertion Corroborated by a Comprehensive Financial Statement.

To gauge the furnishing of a home satisfactorily by one's income and savings, and to determine how well one may live and still keep his head above water, and even to lay by something, is no easy thing to do, writes a Boston Globe correspondent, and my first year's experience with the financial part of married life may be of interest, and perhaps of material value, to those young men who have in mind to take unto themselves wives.

When I first met the lady who is now my wife it was in the spring of 1888, and I had about \$100 saved. I was then earning \$2.75 per day, which had been increased to that figure, gradually, from \$1.50, and was afterward further increased to \$3 per day.

From that date until my marriage, in the summer of 1889, I saved enough from my salary to amount to about \$300, which, after figuring and refiguring again and again, I concluded would be sufficient to marry with and furnish a home.

To furnish my home, which is a tenement of five rooms, at a rental of \$15 per month, cost as follows:

Kitchen—Table, \$2.25; three chairs, \$1.35; 17 yards oil cloth, \$4.25. No. 7 range, \$30; one-half ton of coal, \$3.50; groceries necessary to start with, including a barrel of flour, which lasted ten months, \$10; other furniture, not including china ware, which was received as a wedding present by the bride, \$31; refrigerator, \$14. The above includes a small oil stove, a most useful article, making the total for furnishing the kitchen, \$89.35.

Chamber—Twenty-eight yards wool carpet at 52½ cents, \$14.70; one pair portieres, \$7.95; two shades, \$1.80; cherry set, \$27; mattress, pillows, springs and comforters, all the best, \$13.50; total, \$64.95.

Spare chamber—Sixteen and one-half yards tapestry carpet at 65 cents, \$10.72; one pair lace curtains, \$3.08; one shade, 90 cents; one antique ash set, \$38; mattress, pillows, comforters, springs, all the best, \$13.50; total \$65.20.

Sitting room—Twenty-seven yards tapestry carpet at 77 cents, \$20.79; one pair portieres, \$8.45; two shades, \$1.80; tapestry lounge, \$3; bronze mirror, 9; extension table, \$8; sheet-iron stove, \$18; four chairs, \$8, making a total of \$88.04.

Parlor—Thirty-five yards tapestry at \$1, \$35; three pairs lace curtains, \$10.08; mantel mirror, \$10.50; center table, \$3; plush set, \$60; three shades, \$2.40, making a total of \$121.53.

In the above furnishings all the curtains and shades were put up at the figures given, and the carpets were made, laid and lined.

Wedding expenses, including valuable gift to the bride, tour, clothing, outfit, etc., \$236.25.

Insurance of \$500 on goods for five years, \$3.75.

It cost me to get married, furnish my home and step into it all ready to live, \$652.12.

By allowing \$50 for tour, \$10 for gift to the bride, \$50 for clothes, \$10 for clergyman's fee and \$10 for wedding ring, the wedding expenses might have been reduced \$96.25, in which case the total cost would have been \$555.87.

Then, I find by experience that my wife and I can live well on \$5 per week, and then, after paying house rent and allowing an average amount for clothing and the necessary gradual additions to household goods, and after paying a certain reasonable amount for literature, amusements, church matters, etc., I can lay by about \$3 per week.

Hence, my conclusion is that a man may get married on a salary of \$18 per week if he has \$550 or \$600 saved to furnish his home; or, if he earns a salary of only \$12 per week, he can furnish his home as well as I furnished mine, and get married, provided he has saved \$1,000.

Why save so much? I will tell you. On a salary of \$12 nothing could be saved to meet extraordinary expenses that are naturally liable to be met with. For instance, you are liable to have an addition to your family, and if so, it will cost you at least \$50, and how can this expense be met, if nothing has been saved, unless there is a balance in bank?

The first years of married life are oftentimes, financially, the hardest, for there are so many small articles to buy that to save much for times of need is almost impossible; hence the importance of having a reserve fund with which to meet these expenses, or else meet them with a good salary.

If a young married man will carefully guide his financial matters, with the aid of a careful and prudent wife, keeping an account of expenditure for awhile, and live within his income, he will prosper.

Pussy Vanquishes a Rattler.

Near Deckertown, N. J., the other day, according to the Trenton American, a rattlesnake attacked a litter of kittens, when the old cat sprang at theropile and a fierce fight ensued. The cat sank its teeth into the throat of the serpent and the snake coiled itself tightly about the fur-coated body. The cat's ribs gave way under the pressure, but she retained her grip on the neck of the snake and with her claws tore open its body. After several minutes of bitter warfare the life of the snake was crushed out by pussy's teeth. When the coils of the snake were cut away the cat was nearly dead. Its first blow, however, was so sudden and its grip so vise-like that the rattler was unable to sink its poisonous fangs in her flesh. Pussy was resuscitated and when her fractured ribs mend she will be all right.

THE MOSQUITO PEST.

The Insect's Propagation Not to Be Lessened by Dragon Flies.

The prospect of the mitigation or extermination of the mosquito by the propagation of the dragon fly is not encouraging. For some time there has been an idea among entomologists, especially those whose acquaintances with the science was more enthusiastic than thorough, that in view of the known fact, that dragon flies are deadly enemies of mosquitoes and devour vast quantities of them and of their larvae, it might be possible by the artificial propagation of the flies to so diminish the crop of mosquitoes as to make life considerably more endurable in localities where now they are an almost intolerable nuisance.

Last June Dr. Lamborn, of this city, offered prizes aggregating \$200 for essays upon the subject and the means of exterminating the mosquito, and especially upon the feasibility of the use of the dragon fly for that purpose. The papers were to be sent to the American Museum of Natural History by December 1 last, and then to be passed upon by Prof. Newberry, of this city, and Rev. Henry C. McCook, of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. Several essays were sent in, and a few days ago the decision upon them was announced, the first prize, \$150, going to Mrs. Eugene M. Aaron, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Aaron finds that the scheme for exterminating mosquitoes by artificially propagated dragon flies is impracticable for these reasons:

First—The apparent impossibility of overcoming the immense fecundity of mosquitoes by the comparatively limited number and capacity of dragon flies.

Second—The peculiar migratory habits of dragon flies.

Third—The mosquitoes are practically nocturnal insects, while the dragon flies are substantially diurnal. When the mosquitoes most need extermination the dragon flies would be asleep.

Fourth—The difficulty of successfully carrying on artificial propagation of dragon flies on any extensive scale, and especially the difficulty arising from the fact that the larvae of the flies are fully as fond of each other as they are of mosquito larva.

In conclusion, Mrs. Aaron decides that the breeding of dragon flies for service in exterminating insects must be attended with immense expense, and a great uncertainty as to results, and that while they may be reared in limited number and found serviceable, the amount of the service would be comparatively insignificant, and could at best be only a secondary factor in reducing the number of mosquitoes. The great remedy for mosquitoes, however, Mrs. Aaron says, is thorough drainage and the clearing away of ponds, pools, swampy spots and other breeding places for the insects.—N. Y. Letter.

A MIXED DOLLAR.

Why Can We Not Have a Serviceable Coin of Gold and Silver?

The silver dollar is too large. The gold dollar was too small. Is there any reason we should not have a coin of mixed gold and silver, something smaller in size than the twenty-five-cent piece? It would be a value; the dollar-bill only represents a greasy rag. The lowest form of bill might be the five-dollar note. This is found to work well in Europe, and even in poor Ireland there is no bank bill lower than a one-pound note. It may be said that a currency of mixed metals would not be serviceable for exchange with foreign countries. Perhaps that might be so much the better, as it would remain a fixed native circulation. This objection, however, applies even more reasonably to bills, which are of themselves of no value, but the mixed-metal coin would be still bullion, containing the weight of gold and silver that, taken together, constitutes the value of the dollar.

It seems to me that this would use up our surplus silver. Does it ever occur to any one that contagious diseases may be circulated by these bills? Surely, if the gripe was conveyed from Russia to the English foreign office in Westminster, the cholera could be conveyed in a wad of bills, worn on the person of a cholera patient; yet who thinks of fumigating money? No, sir; we are too glad to get hold of it to make any trouble.—Arena.

Great Valley's Whistling Well.

In the town of Great Valley, in Cataraugus County, N. Y., there is an interesting curiosity, phenomenon or freak of nature, known locally as "the whistling well." The well was drilled to the depth of 45 feet a half century ago, but no water accumulated. A flat stone with a 1¼-inch hole was fitted over the mouth of the well, and a whistle fitted into it, which changed its tone as the air was drawn down or up. In settled weather the whistle was silent. An approaching storm was heralded by the warning shriek of the well, but as clear weather approached the current of air changed and rushed into the well, and the faithful whistle changed and told the story by its changed tone. The whistle has long been worn out, but the weather still continues to advertise the weather. In a heavy rainstorm the out-rushing wind forces the rain upward some feet in the form of a spray.—Chicago Herald.

No Farming for Him.

"Yes," remarked Sam Sample, musingly, "the lot of a traveling man is hard. I admit, but there are many occupations that are infinitely worse."

"Yes," was the response; "take, for instance, the free and easy existence of the farmer. He rises with the birds and enjoys nature's beauty when she is at her loveliest."

"Very true, but I wouldn't be a farmer if some one would present me with the best farm in the country."

"Why not?"

"Because, as you probably know, a farmer's duty is sometimes simply harrowing."—Merchant Traveler.

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

Anything from a Single Hitch to a

FOUR-IN-HAND!

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Near Parker House.

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Next to Post Office, KENNEBUNK.
Sign of Owl and Watch.

PARKER--HOUSE--STABLE.

IRVING BLAKE, Proprietor.

Nine-Passenger Buckboard,

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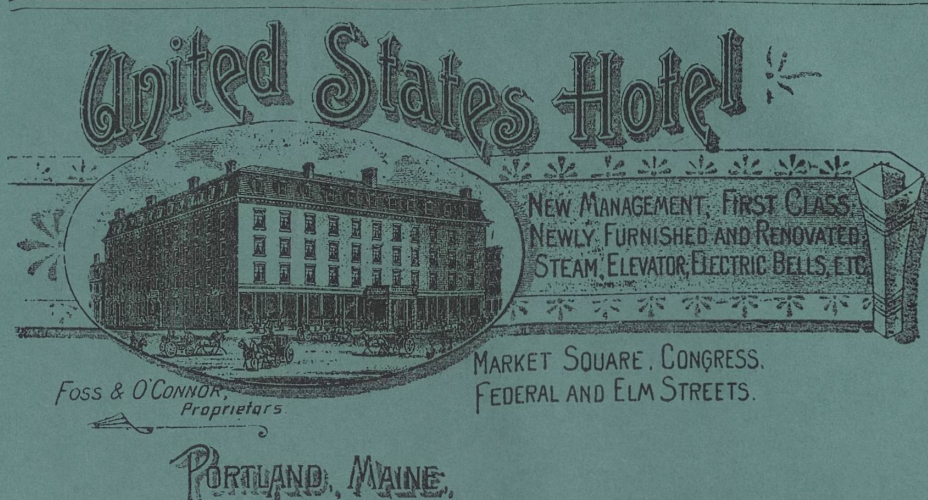
Carryalls, Beach Wagons, Phaetons,

Buggies, Canopy Phaetons, &c.

STOVES

Of the VERY BEST QUALITY and LOWEST PRICES for Cash or on installments. For sale by

LOUIS M. PERKINS.



Rates, \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day.

School House and Lot FOR SALE AT AUCTION!

At a meeting of the legal voters of School District No. 4, in Kennebunkport Village, held May 28, 1890, it was "Voted to sell the OLD SCHOOL HOUSE and the LOT on which it stands, at PUBLIC AUCTION to the highest bidder, before the first day of September next," and Wm. F. Moody, Joseph A. Titcomb and Chas. E. Miller were chosen a committee to make the sale; the said committee were "authorized to give a deed in behalf of the District, to the purchaser, and to receive for the district the purchase money."

And now by virtue of our said authority we shall sell at

PUBLIC AUCTION,

on the premises, corner of Maine and Union streets in this village, our said

SCHOOL HOUSE WITH THE LAND

under and belonging therewith, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of

Saturday, the 2nd day of August next.

The terms are Cash on delivery of the deed, within 3 days of the sale. Said building is two stories high, and measures 23 by 52 feet with wood shed annexed. The Lot will be so staked out that intending purchasers can see the corner bounds. We shall also sell at a later day, all the FURNITURE in the Primary and Grammar School Rooms.

W. F. MOODY,
JOSEPH A. TITCOMB, } Committee.
CHAS. E. MILLER.

Kennebunkport, July 10, 1890.

WM. E. TOWNE, Auctioneer.

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First-class Work, Low Prices.
Mail and Express Orders promptly attended to.

130 MAIN STREET.

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Blank Books and Stationery,
Fancy Goods, Fruit and
Confectionery, at

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Chas. E. Miller,
Dock Square, Kennebunkport.

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(Successor to Dr. Barrett.)
KENNEBUNKPORT.

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H. L. LANGSFORD, Proprietor.



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STEAMERS.

One of the elegant new

steamers

"PORTLAND,"

or "TREMONT."

Leave Franklin wharf, Portland, every evening at 7 p. m., connecting at Boston with earliest trains on all diverging railroads.
Returning, leaves India wharf, Boston, every evening at 7 p. m.

SUNDAY EVENING TRIPS. By taking Saturday evening's steamer, returning Sunday evening, two delightful Ocean Trips may be secured and a day spent among the thousand interesting attractions of Boston. Fare only \$1.00 each way. State rooms can be secured in advance by mail or wire.
J. F. LISCOMB, Gen. Agent,
Portland.

Highland House,
ORREN WELLS, Proprietor.

Located on a Magnificent Bluff,
with Fine Ocean and Inland Views

RIVERSIDE HOUSE,

W. C. PARKER, Manager,
Delightfully located, close to River
and Beach.
Kennebunkport, Maine.

11th Season of the
Granite State House!

ALVIN STUART, Proprietor,
Grove Station.
Every room commands an ocean view.
Table first-class.

Raino & Co.

(Successors to Kennebunk and Boston Express.)

The same firm under a different name.

All express business intrusted to our care will be attended to promptly and faithfully.

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Two Deliveries Daily.

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