

The Wave

Published every Wednesday and Saturday
morning, in the interests of Kennebunk-
port and Kennebunk Beach, and
their visitors.

Subscription—75 Cents for the Season.
5 Cents a Copy.

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

Vol. IV. NO. 5.

KENNEBUNKPORT, ME., JULY 26, 1890.

WENTWORTH HOUSE,

Kennebunk, Maine.
P. O. Address, Kennebunk, Me.

The oldest summer house at
Kennebunk Beach.

OWEN WENTWORTH, Proprietor.

LYMAN CHASE, M. D.

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

Maybe this is your first visit to Kennebunkport. Perhaps you've never been in this part of Maine before. In that case, of course, you don't know yet that the favorite shopping place for every-
whereabouts is at Owen, Moore & Co.'s in Portland. It isn't a place for buying and selling exclusively either—it's a sort of big permanent exhibition of things useful and otherwise, only, unlike most
things there's a price marked on every article and it's yours if you want it. Take a trip into Portland some day and see this store. It's a good place to spend an hour or two, you're sure to see
things that you've never seen before and you are more than likely to find something that you'll want to take home.

ROCK HOUSE!

Kennebunk Beach, Me.
Grove Station.

WELLS, Proprietor.

Large and airy. Splendid Location.
Pure Water and Good Drainage.

Kennebunkport, Me.

Wickford House.

Large, fine ocean view, good rooms,
Artesian well. Terms moderate.
Rates for June and September.

W. BICKFORD.

Wickford House.

Kennebunkport, Maine,
Alice Paine, Proprietor.

Excellent location. Excellent rooms. Ex-
cellent board. Modern conveniences.

Side House,

Kennebunkport, Me.,

W. B. JOCH, Proprietor.

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

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL,

CAPE ARUNDEL, KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE.



STIMPSON & DEVNELL, Proprietors.

PARKER HOUSE,



Kennebunkport, Maine.

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

S. D. THOMPSON, Manager.

Sea View House, Damon's Two Stores!

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

Both are well supplied with

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.

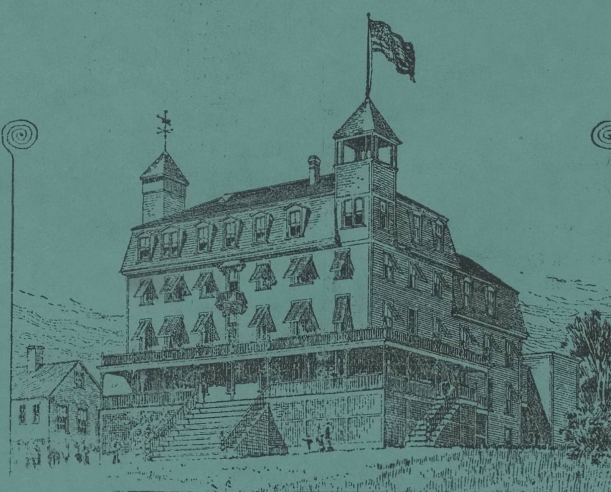
Fishing Tackle for sale and to let.

Agency for Kennebunk Steam Laundry.

The Wave is for sale here.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.



The Largest and Finest Appointed Hotel at Kennebunk Beach.

The Grove Hill Spring Water,

A Delicious and Health Giving Beverage.

EVERYTHING STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

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

THE GROVE HILL FARM

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

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

W. F. PAUL, Proprietor.

DELICIOUS
ICE CREAM,
Ice Cream Soda,
Choice Candies.

FINE ASSORTMENT AT

NORTON'S.

Whitewood Souvenirs.

A full line of

Toilet Articles and Stationery.

ALSO

Confectionery, Cigars,

Cool Soda, etc., at

E. C. Miller's,

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,

Brown's Block, Kennebunkport, Me.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE

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

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



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 morphine 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, 35 Lincoln
St. Residence 69 Lincoln St., Saco.

From all over the country came 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.

The Wave

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1890.

Hotel Arrivals.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.

Boston—Chas H Ederly, Geo Clark, Biddeford—D E Owen.
Woburn—Mrs J A Day, Miss J A Day, Miss M H Bowers.
Lewiston, Me—Lucy Myra Ricker, Haverhill—E A Kimball.
Kennebunk—M A Vinal, A G Vinal, Elizabeth C Lord, C M Little, C B Perkins, M H Thompson.
Detroit, Mich—M R Alexander.
Cornish—W P Perkins.

LANGSFORD HOUSE.

Brookline—Mrs C H Wood, C H Wood, jr, Mamie Wood, Willie Wood, Mr J W Loughton, Mrs J W Loughton, Miss Gertrude Loughton, Mr William Loughton.
Malden—Mr J W Walker, Mrs J W Walker, Miss Florence Batchelder, Miss Martha Batchelder.
Boston—Ernest Wright, Alice Bacon.
Dorchester—Miss Georgie Adams, Isabel Gerrish, May Gerrish.
Roxbury—Mrs D K Reed, Miss Reed.
Arlington Heights—Bert Rankin, Helen Brockway, Katie Brockway.
Waltham—Mr Rufus E Lord, Mrs R E Lord.

WENTWORTH HOUSE.

Newton Center, Mass—Mr and Mrs J S Newell.
Cambridge, Mass—Sara P Hooker.
Norwich, Ct—S H Howe, Mrs S H Howe, Louise C Howe, Helen R Howe, S Henry Howe, J Ralph Howe.
Rochester, New York—John M Davison, J C Goodridge, Mrs J C Goodridge, Miss Bessie Goodridge.
Saratoga Springs, N Y—Miss S W Davison, S A Packard, M S A Packard, H S Packard.

SEA VIEW HOUSE.

Bradford, Mass—Mrs Ordway, Mrs Kimball, Miss M E Everett, M J Peabody, L Belle Poore.
North Bridgton, Me—Mrs E A F Kitson, Miss Maria E Kitson.
Montpelier, Vt—J Edward Wright, wife, and three children.

GRANITE STATE HOUSE.

Philadelphia—Mr and Mrs W L Stewart.
Cambridgeport—Miss E M Chamberlain.

SEA GROVE COTTAGE.

Boston, Mass—Mr and Mrs Roberts and two daughters.

BICKFORD HOUSE.

Germantown, Pa—John G Br'lock.
Boston—Wm S Runnill.

RIVERSIDE HOUSE.

Philadelphia—Mr and Mrs W L Stewart.
Cambridgeport—Miss Ella M Chamberlain.
Cambridge—Mr and Mrs F W Tausig.

ARUNDEL HOUSE.

Boston—Miss Emma J Allen, Miss Norcross.

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.

Haverhill—D D Kennedy and wife, Mrs L E Martier.
Philadelphia—M J French, Mrs W H Ross, Miss Ross, Mrs Victor Green, Miss Green.
New York—Miss F M Beers, Miss Lizzie Webb Carey.
Boston—P A Butler and wife, Miss Pitman, Miss Frier.
California—Miss H B Martin.
Portland—C G Pike.
Wilmington, Del—Dr W R Bullock, Miss M E Bullock.
Columbia, Pa—Mrs Geo W Waldeman, Miss Wentz, Geo W Waldeman, S J Abbie Waldeman.
Lowell—Mrs A E Coburn, Miss Bess Coburn.
Westford, Mass—Mrs C A Kebler, Miss Lucy K Abbott.
Hamilton, Ont—Mrs A H Hope, Mr Robert Hope, Miss Sawyer.
Lowell, Mass—Miss Whittier, Mrs H A Brown, Mr H A Brown.
Cambridge—George Riddle.
Detroit—Mrs C A Du Charm and children.
Boston—Geo W Libbey, M E Ware.
Philadelphia—Mr and Mrs A G Hetherington and two children.

HIGHLAND HOUSE.

Queincy, Mass—Mr and Mrs John W Nash.
Boston Highlands—Miss Mamie Kelley.
Cambridge—Miss Harriet A Dunne, Miss Jennie V Conigun.
Toronto, Ont—Mrs A R McMaster, Miss McMaster, Wm W McMasters.

NONANTUM HOUSE.

Manchester, N H—L B Clough, Albert L Clough, Mrs L B Clough, Miss Louise Clough.

BASS ROCK HOUSE.

Providence, R I—B Montgomery.
New London, Ct—G Eng'ish.
Boston—Fred J Pingree.
Philadelphia—Mr and Mrs A M Roberts, Morris F Roberts.
Nashua, N H—Miss M E Norton.
Woburn, Mass—Miss E M Brown, H C Blake.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.

Boston—Wm Shapleigh and wife, Miss Francis Shapleigh.
Lowell—Mrs H C Hoory.
Ottawa, Canada—Mrs L Christie, Miss Christie, Miss Jessie Christie.
Leominster, Mass—Mr and Mrs Hamilton Mayo.
Somerville, Mass—M Alice Paul, Louise M Wilde.
Cambridge, Mass—J W Hammond.

THE PARKER HOUSE.

Cambridge—Miss Blake, Mrs F W Hopkins.
Boston—V W Halbert.
Lawrence—J A Dow.
Malden—E C Wyman.
Haverhill—M Broodley.
Portland—C C Libbey.
Kansas City—Mrs Joseph Meinrath.
Chicago—Mr and Mrs Edward E Gray and two children.
Newton, Mass—Waldo S Henry, Miss J E Jones, Miss L A Jones, Miss Maud B Henry, Miss Helen J Henry, Miss Hattie H Henry, Miss Mabel Kenrick.

SEASIDE HOUSE.

Dedham—C N Rogers, Mrs C N Rogers.
New York—Mrs K L Van Norden, Miss Carter, Miss H J Carter.
Kennebunk—Miss Maggie Robinson.
Worcester—G E Holmes and family.
Somerville—C L Sutherland, E M Sutherland.

A PLEASANT

PARTY AT THE

GROVE HILL HOTEL

The second musicale and hop at the Grove Hill Hotel, for this season, occurred Wednesday evening. The guests of the house, with a number of invited friends, made a very pleasant party. The dining room was cleared, and made a splendid place for dancing, as under the glare of the electric, the pretty costumes were seen blending in the mazy waltz.

The music was all to be desired, and Mr. Pitcher conducted the affair to the evident satisfaction of every member present.

The program was as follows:

| | |
|----------------|-----------------------------|
| Overture, | Orchestra |
| Solo, | "Snow-Flakes" |
| Clarinet Solo, | Mr. Pitcher. |
| Reading, | Scene from "As You Like It" |
| Selection, | Mr. Adams. |
| | Orchestra |

Besides these numbers, Mr. Adams read "The Goblins," and by special request, the "Story of John James." Miss Young also, by request, sang "Love's Old Sweet Song."

ORDER OF DANCES.

| | | |
|-------|-----------------------|-------------|
| I. | Waltz | Schottische |
| II. | Portland Fancy | |
| III. | Polka Glide | |
| IV. | Waltz | |
| V. | Virginia Reel | |
| VI. | Schottische | |
| VII. | Quadrille, Grove Hill | |
| VIII. | Galop | |
| IX. | Waltz | |

Some of the most attractive costumes were those of Miss Wright of Washington, who was charmingly attired in a gown of pine apple tissue over pink, corsage of Jacquemant roses.

Miss Grace D. Wright of Washington was prettily dressed in a blue Henrietta.

Miss Blanche Paul was very tastily dressed in Bengaline silk.

Miss Ricker of Lewiston graced the occasion in a pink cashmere with net. She wore a beautiful corsage of sea clovers.

Miss Robins of Rochester was admired in a gown of white muslin and blue crepe.

Miss Young—Cream silk, lace overdresses.

Miss Vinal—Sea green gown.

Miss Annie Vinal—Figured mohair.

Miss Lord—Dore gray silk.

Miss Perkins—Cream net over cream silk.

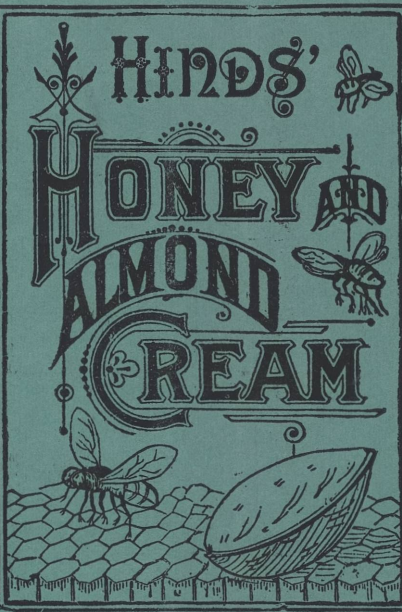
Miss Daniels—Old rose cashmere.

Miss Day of Woburn—Cream gown.

Miss Holt—White net.

Among the matrons were: Mrs. Paul, black net and pearls; Mrs. Ware, wine cashmere and diamonds; Mrs. Holt, lavender gown with diamonds; Mrs. Goodwin, light blue silk; Mrs. Christophe, white nun's veiling with black velvet; Mrs. Parker, black and white striped silk, diamonds; Mrs. Mitchell, black lace.

Ices and cake were served at intermission. The party adjourned not until the "sun" wee hours.



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

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

FOR THE HANDS, FACE, SKIN and COMPLEXION

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

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, PREVENT SUNBURN, CHAPS, SORENESS or INFECTION.

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

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 Card Ferotype 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.

PARKER-HOUSE-STABLE.

IRVING BLAKE, Proprietor.

Nine-Passenger Buckboard,

Six Passenger Buckboard,

Caryalls, Beach Wagons, Phaetons,

Buggies, Canopy Phaetons, &c.

BLOWING CAVE,

KENNEBUNKPORT.

(Written for The Wave.)
If'er at the Port you chance to be,
Don't fail the Blowing Cave to see,
When the wind blows in right merrily
And the waves come rolling high and free.

Into the Cave the "water-king" glides,
A muffled roar is heard inside,
But far too monstrous there to stay
He belches forth in gorgeous spray.

Then backward whirled in antic freak,
With mocking laughter seems to shriek!
"Again I'll come thy mouth to close,
And beat thy side with watery blows!"

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.

Outing Goods

of every description for

Men's and Women's Wear,

—AT—

BONSER & SON'S

Kennebunk, Kennebunkport.

Agents for Cambridge Steam Laundry.

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.

Should your Watches or Jewelry need

repairs you can have the work well done at

BARKER'S,

Next to Post Office, KENNEBUNKPORT.

Sign of Owl and Watch.

United States Hotel



Foss & O'Connor, Proprietors.

MARKET SQUARE, CONGRESS, FEDERAL AND ELM STREETS.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

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

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

THE WAVE

| TIDE TABLE FOR JULY. | | |
|----------------------|-------------|-------|
| | HIGH WATER. | P. M. |
| July 10, | 12:30 | 1:30 |
| 11, | 12:50 | 1:50 |
| 12, | 1:10 | 2:10 |
| 13, | 1:30 | 2:30 |
| 14, | 1:50 | 2:50 |
| 15, | 2:10 | 3:10 |
| 16, | 2:30 | 3:30 |
| 17, | 2:50 | 3:50 |
| 18, | 3:10 | 4:10 |
| 19, | 3:30 | 4:30 |
| 20, | 3:50 | 4:50 |
| 21, | 4:10 | 5:10 |
| 22, | 4:30 | 5:30 |
| 23, | 4:50 | 5:50 |
| 24, | 5:10 | 6:10 |
| 25, | 5:30 | 6:30 |
| 26, | 5:50 | 6:50 |
| 27, | 6:10 | 7:10 |
| 28, | 6:30 | 7:30 |
| 29, | 6:50 | 7:50 |
| 30, | 7:10 | 8:10 |
| 31, | 7:30 | 8:30 |

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.; 12:00 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.

As one may breathe without a fish,
But cannot sigh without a breath,
So love may live to passion be,
While passion unto love is death.

High tides next week.

Have some cards written by J. J. Walsh, at the Parker House.

Miss H. B. Martin, from California, is at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

Miss L. E. Martin of Haverhill, Mass., is registered at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

Rev. Wayland D. Ball of Baltimore will preach at the Baptist church next Sabbath morning at 10:30.

Mr. Frederick Dubos and wife, of the Ocean Bluff Hotel took a flying trip to Old Orchard Thursday.

Mrs. Geo. W. Haldeman and family with Miss Wentz, are back at the Ocean Bluff Hotel for the season.

Miss Lizzy Webb Carey, a well known and popular singer of New York, is at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

The Boston Traveller of Tuesday, July 22nd, contained a very interesting letter from Kennebunk Beach.

Mr. George Riddle, the reader at Arundel Hall, stopped at the Ocean Bluff Hotel during his brief stay here.

Dr. W. B. Bullock and daughter, of Wilmington, Del., are at the Ocean Bluff Hotel for a few days' pleasure.

Mr. Edmund E. Gray, wife, two children and nurse, of Chicago, arrived at the Parker House Friday noon.

Mrs. W. H. Ross of Philadelphia, widow of a late governor of Delaware, is spending a few weeks at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

R. H. Stearns of Boston had a large display of fancy goods at the Ocean Bluff Hotel Thursday morning. He did a flourishing trade while there.

Mrs. C. A. Ducharm, wife of Mr. Ducharm, secretary of Michigan Store company, is at the Ocean Bluff Hotel. Mr. Ducharm is coming later in the season.

"Little Annie Rooney" has left the city and appears to be summering at

Kennebunkport. The young men at the Parker House can not let her rest.

Mr. Irving Blake is running the Parker House stables this year, as in the past. He has a lot of fine horses and carriages, and is doing a good business.

A very exciting dog fight in front of the Nonantum House drew a large crowd Wednesday evening. The contest lasted about ten minutes and was a draw battle.

Beauty's neck is ringed with a string of gold beads by day, a string of pearls by night, and at either time it is round and white and a charming object to contemplate.

Mrs. A. A. Coburn and daughter, of Lowell, Mass., are at the Ocean Bluff Hotel. They are accompanied by their friends, Miss C. A. Kebler and Miss Lucy K. Abbot.

Mr. P. A. Butler, a prominent artist of Boston, is staying at Ocean Bluff Hotel with his wife. Mr. Butler is improving his time witnessing the beautiful scenery here.

Mr. M. Bradley of Haverhill drove down to the Parker House this week. Mr. Bradley is a remarkably smart and pleasant old gentleman, and don't look so old by 25 years as he is.

The baseball game between the Ocean Bluff and village nines, scheduled for yesterday, was prevented by the rain and will be played in the near future, the date to be announced later.

Among the pleasant people at the Parker House are Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Leonard of North Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Leonard was for 13 years grand secretary of the I. O. G. T. of Massachusetts.

A very pleasant impromptu hop occurred at the Parker House on Wednesday night. Many guests of other houses and cottages were present, and the affair was a most enjoyable one throughout.

According to the Old Orchard Sea Shell the heavens went yes erday. They went copiously, too; and instead of the dust, we now have about a foot of mud, more or less. Oh, for a side-walk to the Bluffs.

Rev. I. H. Packard, D. D., of Boston, will preach in the M. E. church at Cape Porpoise Sunday, July 27, at 10:30 a. m., and at the M. E. church, Kennebunkport, at 2 p. m. He will have charge of the evening service at the Port at 7:30.

Mr. Geo. H. Barbour has been appointed a member of the citizens' committee from Detroit to visit Boston on the 10th of August, for the purpose of inducing the National Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic, to hold their encampment in Detroit in 1891.

An organ grinder in front of the Highland House met with quite a misfortune Thursday morning, in the loss of a small collection of pennies. However, a vigorous search revealed most of them and he continued his crank revolutions after the slight interruption.

If you decide to spend your vacation in historic Boston, with its wealth of reminiscences, its thousand interesting attractions and hundreds of pleasure resorts down the harbor, you should make your home at the United States Hotel, where comfort, economy, and convenience are happily combined.

Mr. John Hodgdon, a bright Bowdoin College student, has been engaged as reporter on The Wave. When you have an item you want to see in bold type just give it to him. He is a clever writer, possesses the cheek of a brass fly and will make a success of the newspaper business "as sure as eggs are eggs."

Three young gentlemen of the Parker House, while on a trip up the river a day or two ago, had an adventure in saving from an annoying delay three young ladies from Kennebunkport, who were prevented by the swift running tide from returning to their starting point. It is needless to say that the young men were very glad to render this assistance.

They do say, there will be electric cars in the White Mountain region before long. They are going every where, and nothing short of the "Presidential Row" will stop them. It is difficult to imagine the disfiguring poles and over-

head wires in the great New Hampshire pleasure wilderness, but where there's a will there's a way, and enterprising capital has both.

Mr. Walter Dockendorff of Woodford, Maine, is drilling an artesian well at the Parker House. At last accounts he had reached the depth of about 105 feet and was still going lower. Mr. Dockendorff is an expert in this work, having worked all over the state drilling wells in such places as Bath, Brunswick, Augusta, Portland and many other like places, and has given great satisfaction everywhere.

These July evenings bring a brilliant planetary exhibition into the heavens. In the southeastern sky Jupiter is glowing brightly, and in the southwest the fiery Mars is in congenial company, leading the constellation Scorpio into the west, and a little to the south of the north-heaven, in the constellation Leo, Saturn beams modestly, while Venus, the favorite of all star-worshippers, vies with the twilight in the west.—Times.

The following party went to Bald Head Cliff on Thursday, in two buckboards. They enjoyed their ride immensely. Mrs. Thomas J. Barger, Miss Adele Barger, Philadelphia; Miss Anna Cradlin, Miss Babbion, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Arriden, Mrs. A. H. Price, Miss Jennie Price, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Ball, Miss Harry Fug, Mrs. Horatio Grey, Miss Nicodemus, Baltimore; Mrs. Palmer, Miss Palmer, Mr. Francis Palmer, Kennebunkport; Mr. Chase Castman, Massachusetts.

Mr. C. G. Pike, agent of Owen, Moore & Co. of Portland, is at the Ocean Bluff Hotel with a very fine line of fancy goods, consisting of very nice table and sand covers, painted enamel scarfs in green and white, very handsome sofa pillow—one in particular of a beautiful shade of yellow silk with a netting over white silk, very much resembling a fine fish net—linen goods in great variety, very handsome yachting pillows with handsome designs of anchors and birds. We would advise all to look at these goods, as Owen, Moore & Co. sell nothing but best quality goods.

When our fair equestriennes hear what sort of a riding habit was worn by the Princess of Wales, and her daughters, for they were dressed like their mamma, at the review of the troops at Great park, Windsor, the other day, it is likely they will turn up their dear little noses. Fancy an American princess appearing in Central park on a thoroughbred, of course, habited in an "open light brown riding jacket, black shirt and round hat!" What a get up that would be for Miss Rosebud Threesters, to be sure. But since the Princess of Wales abandons the conventional cut and colors of the masculine riding habit for a more delicate style, perhaps our girls will think it "nice" to do so, too.

A very enjoyable party was given at the elegant residence of Rev. Edward L. Clark, on River street, Wednesday evening, by Mr. Clark's little daughter, Miss May. The evening was very pleasantly passed in games, favor hunting, dancing, singing, and the like. The little folk attending came from various distant places. Among the guests were the Messrs. E. C. and Elsie Pond from Mt. Lebanon, St. Louis, Asia Minor; Miss Julia Annidon, Baltimore; Misses Christine and Louise Dexter, Boston; Misses Sarah and Bessie Titcomb, and Mrs. Mabel Littlefield, Kennebunkport. Among the older people present were Mr. and Mrs. Annidon and Rev. Mr. Ball, Baltimore, and Mrs. Agnew and son, New York. The party adjourned at a late hour, for the little folks, and all declared that they had had a most delightful evening.

BACK INTO THE DEAD PAST.

The Mr. Street school house, now advertised for sale by auction on our last page, will go into other hands next Saturday, and the fall term of the village school will be opened in the new building just completed on the site of the burned Spring hotel. We congratulate the district on obtaining so commodious and attractive a building, and more so on account of the very central commanding and accessible lot, which by the fire only the class could have obtained. The sale of the old building will recall to the older citizens the name and familiar face and action of Captain Oliver Bourne, who for so many years kept therein the post office and popular store, and whose genial activity is well remembered by the younger men with whom he delighted to have sport on his skates on the mill-

pond, even after passing his four score years. Capt. Bourne was postmaster during the eight years of Jackson and the four years of Van Buren, being removed only on the advent of Tippecanoe and Tyler too.

In those days the little mail bag was opened in a small closed room at the west end of the store, and people were obliged to ask if they had any mail, as there were no boxes either with glass or locks. Not a daily paper was then taken in the town, although the population was more than now; the present correspondence is enormous compared with those days when it cost 25 cents to send a single letter to Baltimore, and 18 3/4 cents to New York.

Our coaster packets then brought many business letters from Boston in a free box in the cabin gateway, thus saving 12-12 cts on each. Captain Bourne was also noted as being one of the seventy prominent men of the town who were captured from the privateer McDonough and confined in the celebrated Dartmoor prison until the close of the war. Capt. B. beside ranking as a most esteemed citizen and first-class Jacksonian democrat, was known as a devoted Methodist, and in 1832 finished off the Wesleyan hall over his store for the use of the Methodist society, who there held all their services until he sold the building to the district in 1855. This same hall now condemned as too small to convene thirty-five pupils, was there often crowded by audiences of more than a hundred. We trust a new owner will erect a nice dwelling on the old premises.

NAT. RE.

"JACK" HAS A TALK WITH A FEMALE CORRESPONDENT.



I scolded into The Wave office today and found a letter there waiting for me. It was written in the most delicate spencerian calligraphy, and was signed "Anon." The writer claimed to be angry with me for some remarks I made in last week's Wave concerning flirting girls. The letter didn't really amount to much. It was written in the tone of a very bad gossip and flirt who tries to put on an injured air when she thinks her character is likely to be assailed. In spite of her protestations of virtue and innocence I will bet duets to doughnuts that she is a girl that I wouldn't be seen walking the street with in daylight. From the careless abandon with which she writes I can see that she is not the kind of a woman to reproach a man for anything, but rather that she is a woman who deserves all the scorching stings of satire that can be levelled against her and whose character and honor is made of "such stuff as dreams are made of."

There is some good in every thing bad.

And in some of "Anon's" letter there is much that is true. For instance she says in speaking of flirtations the following:—

"But even those men that flatter themselves that they are too old in the business to be caught, may have been most basely deceived. A word, a look from some fair woman, the deed is done, and man is her most humble slave—for the moment—and that is what the woman wished for; the moment passed, and there are so many others that claim her attention that the first is forgotten, unless by chance they meet again; while the man flatters himself he is the only one, and his vanity is unbounded if she seems to wish his company more than that of others of his noble sex, while all the time this poor deluded victim of man's deceit is only making sure of knowing that her road is clear, to see, and dupe some other poor self-conceited victim."

"Anon" is right there, but what about the gay and festive drummer that has "a dear true girl" in every town? What about the fellow who is engaged to half a dozen girls at a time and covers his deceit successfully?

No doubt there are many girls that are very clever at flirting and deceit. In fact most of them are good at deceit.

But it takes a cool, fascinating, unprincipled man to really deceive and carry out his deceit as the author does the plot in a novel.

Good-bye "Anon."

I saw three very good looking couples being photographed at Gurney & Bryant's, Thursday. They were Messrs. Bent, Reed and Will Chatman, and Misses Woodman, Grant and Hodgkins. Verily, "youth has its time, Merry hearts will merry chime."

I'd like to see some fun myself.

Why not have a Bowling tournament with, say, six gentlemen and an equal number of ladies? Ed. S. Barbour 2d has made the best score at Damon's up to date, 256 it was, I believe.

I was up river the other day with three fellows when we were accosted by three young ladies who wanted help in the management of their boat. They got it.

But girls ought not to be so careless as to place themselves in such a position. I think it a mark of poor breeding for a girl to address a young man even under those circumstances unless she has "met" him.

I paid half a dollar to hear George Riddle read last Thursday night. I am sorry I did, for I didn't like his program a bit.

Did you?

"JACK."

"THE WIND WAS IN THE EAST."

It's a favorite expression of the character in Dicken's works was literally true on Friday last. "The wind was in the East" and a small rain fell all day. But the storm put no damper on the enthusiasm of the Parker house guests. The afternoon was pleasantly passed in a progressive whist party. After a spirited contest Miss Daisy Monroe and Miss J. E. Jones were tied for 1st prize at 80 points each. In cutting of the tie each cut a nine spot. On the second cut Miss Monroe showed a seven spot but Miss Jones "went her one better" with an eight spot, thus capturing 1st prize and leaving the 2d to Miss Monroe. Mr. Ball won 1st gentleman's prize with Miss Gardner, "who had 23 and was a boy you know" second. Much credit for the success of the affair is due Miss Maggie Thompson who from the conception to the consummation of the tournament was the director.

The following were the contestants: Mr. Wingate, Mr. Daniels, Mr. Crosby, Mr. Bent, Mr. Reed, Mr. J. Chatman, Mr. Emmons, Mr. W. Chatman, Mr. Ball, Miss Grant, Miss Kendrick, Miss Wheeler, Miss Woodman, Mrs. Meinrath, Mrs. Hunt, Miss Edliffsen, Miss Monroe, Miss Jones, Mrs. Spooner, Mrs. Ball, Miss Thompson, Miss Gardner, Mrs. Her, Mrs. Leonard.

UNCLE JOHN SPRADDLER.

An Old Georgia Negro Who is Something of a Philosopher.

"Uncle" John Spraddler lives in Smithville, Lee County, Ga. He is quite a philosopher, in his own peculiar style, says the Atlanta Constitution, and is considered an oracle by many of his colored brethren. Some of his quaint sayings are here given.

I doan know of dis worl' is a fren' to grace or not, kase I know sum folks dat don't say grace at all.

De sayin' is, you mus' make hay while de sun shines, en' dat's why dere's sech a scarcity of hay. Folks don't like de sun, you see.

Religion is a great blessing, but sum folks hab a call to plow, en' tink it is a call to preach. Dat 'counts for de scarcity ob falmers' mong de cullud race.

I doan b'leve in findin' fault wid dis beah worl', kase it's de bes' worl' I was ever in, an' it's a mighty long way to de next one.

It's a long lane what ain't got to turn in, but tek care he don't turn too short and turn de wagon over. So don't drive too fast.

Dis race question is mighty easy to settle. Let de white man keep on bein' white, an' de nigger black, an' foller de mule faithful, an' quit loafin' round de kentry, an' hit'll settle jis like coffee.

When I see a man goin' home wid a gallon ob whisky and a pound ob meat, I know dat dere's a peek ob misery to ebery pound of happiness in dat house-hold.

Dere ain't no use in grievin' over spilt milk, for ten to one, de milk was half water, an' dere's plenty mo' wells in de kentry.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The official directory of the New York Central shows that of 206 station agents on the road twenty-six are women.

The farmers near Salt Lake City are followed by large flocks of seagulls, which find rich picking in the freshly-turned furrows.

It is said that the annual production of eggs in this country equals in money value the country's annual production of iron. The eggs are eaten as fast as produced, while the iron stays by the owners, and is subject to taxation as it accumulates from year to year.



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MME. PINAULT

CHARTREUSE

PARIS

FOUR DINING STORIES.

None of them Are Chestnuts and All of Them Are Good.

Here are some dining stories, told by the New York Evening Sun's "woman about town," all good, all new, and each having its affidavit attached to it. Let's give the Englishman the precedence.

He was dining with a company of Americans somewhere in the country, and the waiter announced the dessert after the manner of his kind: "Peach—plum—apple—blackberry—lemon—custard pie." "You may bring me peach—plum—apple—blackberry—lemon—pie," said the Englishman, in one wild plunge into unknown terrors. With a sly twinkle as he departed the waiter asked: "What's the matter with the custard pie?" while all the diners smiled till the dishes clinked together. And by and by, when all the pies were laid out before him, the Englishman looked up "in a contemplative fashion," and asked ruminatingly: "By the way, what was the matter with the custard pie, any way?"

That reminds us—but that's another story, as Rudyard Kipling says, and it's the Irishman's turn now.

He was newly arrived, this Milesian personage, and he didn't propose to be borne at once, body and soul, out of the old loyalty into the new. But he, too, was at meat, and was ministered unto after the usual interrogative way. "Red snapper, boiled, whitefish, baked bluefish?" asked the waiter. Then all the Irish bled in his veins rose at once. "No, ye don't," he said. "I'll have neither of them. St. Peter! I don't be havin' th' Amerikin flag stuffed down me throat that way, neither baked nor boiled nor fried! Ye may bring me some green peas and potatoes, waiter."

Scene, Delmonico's; time, a few evenings ago. A party of men and women near the center of the room:

Mrs. Youngwife—Tom, dear, who is that distinguished looking man near the door? I always see him. Does he dine here regularly?

Tom—Yes, my dear, he has dined here for ten years past.

Mrs. Y.—Is he rich, Tom?

Tom—No, love, he has dined here for ten years past.

And now for the "that reminds me" story. The *naty* question of the Englishman over his pie suggests some consideration of the difference between the ponderosity of the English, and the quick darning of the American wit, a consideration which we shall only suggest here by illustration. Not long ago the London Truth was moved to relate that story familiar to all good-story-loving Americans which we tell in this crisp way:

Testy old man to small boy—Boy, what do you mean by always hollering just when I'm going by?

Small boy—Old fellow, what do you mean by always going by just when I'm hollering?

Now hear Trath: A somewhat irate old village squire was once moved to notice that a certain youngster seemed always in the act of hollering while he was passing by. And so one day he said to him with that arrogance which, it seems, characterizes village squires: "Boy, why is that you always appear to be hollering whilst that I am passing by?"

To which the boy responded, with that readiness which characterizes village boys: "Why is it that you are always passing by whilst that I am hollering?"

"SLEEPY HOLLOW."

Hawthorne's and Emerson's Graves Strangely Neglected.

A reporter of the Bangor Commercial overheard the other day an account of a trip recently made by B. B. Thatcher, of that city, and learning the nature of the journey and the benevolent act performed, the temptation to say a word was too strong to be withheld.

A little outside the town of Concord, Mass., lies an ancient burial ground known as "Sleepy Hollow." The fame of this place is but little known, and few people who visit it are acquainted with its historical relations. On a hill of some prominence lie the graves of four famous writers, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Louisa M. Alcott and Henry D. Thoreau. Here to the right lies what was mortal of the philosopher, Emerson. A large triangular block of quartz, five or six feet in height, marks the spot, its sides presenting a rough, irregular appearance on account of the pieces that have been chipped off by relic seekers. Since the opening of the grave a short time since by unknown hands, the body has been enclosed in a tomb of granite built below the monument. No name stands carved to tell the passer-by of the great man buried there. The tall grass growing about the grave shows plainly that it has long been neglected. But a little distance away is the grave of Hawthorne. No stone is there to mark the spot, and were it not for the mentioning of the fact by the guide the visitor would never know it. As this truth dawns upon him he asks why it is that one who achieved such fame and honor should have been so neglected. Strange it is that those who laid him here to rest have planted neither monument nor slab as a memorial to his name. Asking the guide where his wife lies buried, he simply shakes his head, and pointing to the grave, says: "May be she was buried there, too."

Surely as one looks at these mounds of earth and thinks of those long buried there, reviewing their lives and works, he is at a loss to account for this seeming neglect. Who is there who can read the works of these great masters and not love them, too? But we must stop a moment, for there is one whom we have not mentioned. It is Thoreau. You doubtless know of him, and are familiar with those vivid scenes which he has drawn, enacted in the wilds of Maine. For years his grave remained unmarked, but thanks be to the generous impulses of Mr. Thatcher, a handsome monument of Maine granite stands over his grave, and contains the names of his wife and children buried there.

THIS MAN is a most worthy one, and, read having been only a distant relative to Mr. Thatcher, and the quiet manner in which it is effected reflects great credit upon him.

STORIES OF WEBSTER.

How the Great Statesman Prepared His Famous Orations.

A Personal Acquaintance Still Living Talks About the Habits of New England's Most Eloquent Son—A True Friend and Liberal Landlord.

In the little town of Franklin, N. H., stands the house of George W. Nesmith, who had a personal acquaintance with Daniel Webster such as no one else now living can claim. A recent visitor to the judge, says the Chicago Herald, found him hale and hearty, though in his ninetieth year, and his mind seemed to be as clear and bright as in the prime of life.

"The first time I saw Webster," he said, "was in 1818, just after the decision of the Dartmouth College case. I was then a senior in that institution and I can remember having my attention drawn to two men talking together in front of the college church, and being told that one of them was Daniel Webster, who was on a visit to Hanover, after his great triumph. He was then in the prime of life, and was the idol of the town and college while he remained with us. A speech which he made at an alumni dinner, held during this visit, I was unable to hear, as these exercises were not then public, but those present informed me that it was well worthy of him.

"My personal acquaintance with him began in 1823 or 1824, when one day he came with his brother Ezekiel, to visit the farm where he had lived when a boy. I was introduced to him as he stood conversing in front of the tavern, and I remember that his talk was of the happy days he had spent there before going off to school and college. 'Zekiel,' he said, 'how would you like to take a third-story room with me in the tavern, as we used to do when boys? Do you remember how the rain used to patter on the roof, and early in the morning the roosters across the river woke us up with their crowing?' But Ezekiel thought he preferred high life below stairs. 'You don't understand the pleasures of living in a garret,' was the answer. 'Don't you remember that line in No. 117 of the Rambler, 'How sweet in sleep to pass the careless hours,' etc.'"

"I remember that I was surprised at his exactness in fixing the place of the quotation, and that I afterward looked it up to make sure that he had made no mistake. In 1829 Ezekiel Webster died of heart disease in the court-house at Concord, and Daniel came into possession of the whole of the old farm where the Orphans' Home now is. He at this time had more or less business to do with his tenants and about the farm, and he applied to me for help in this, so that by 1840 I got to know him quite well, and after that I saw a great deal of him.

"On the Fourth of July, 1846, he delivered the oration at Salisbury. About 1850, we were down there, and walked out into the pasture together, where he showed the rock upon which he wrote half of that speech. At this time he told me much about his speeches. 'Those I wrote in early life,' he said, 'I was afterward ashamed of, and I was sorry that I had ever had any of them published. Whenever I came across one I used to burn it up, but, of course, there were many that I never could get hold of. They were much sound and little substance. Joe Denny, a local critic, said that they were 'full of emptiness,' and this was a kind of criticism that did me good. From the day when I heard of it altered my style, and tried to avoid sophomoric display and bombast in my writings.'

"During the first part of his public career Webster used to spend much time in the preparation of his speeches. He would sit up all night working over them, walking about the room and repeating them aloud. He was always a hard worker. In one of the letters he wrote me, and which has since been published, he said: 'I have never eaten the bread of idleness, but for the last forty years I have worked twelve hours a day.' Still, in the last part of his life, he acquired a faculty in the arrangement of his thoughts which was simply marvelous. I was in Boston at the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Page, on the Friday before he made his last speech in public.

"Some have said that he was very careless in money matters, but that was not so in his life about here. He was liberal and just with his tenants, but he wished them to be just toward him. He was charitable, but did not give away large sums. He almost always used to bring something for some of the old servants in his father's house, and he used to enjoy going around to see the people in the neighborhood, talking with them and comparing reminiscences. We frequently walked all about the country here together, and he often would surprise the farmers by calling them by name or alluding to some incident of his boyhood which they supposed had long been forgotten. Usually he came to Franklin about twice a year, and spent in all about three or four weeks here. Sometimes he would make this his headquarters and go off to the mountains with friends. On one such occasion he directed me to open all letters arriving in his absence. Among them were several from secret emissaries in France and England, about which he was very reticent when I handed them to him.

"I never saw him but once in Marshfield. At that time he used to rise between four and five o'clock in the morning, saying that it was then he could do his best work. He showed me many interesting and curious relics which had been given to him. Most of them were destroyed later when the house was burned. All of my personal letters from him I have given away, and many of them have been published."

The Fragrant Cologne Plant.

A Savannah firm have on exhibition at their office a new plant. In that section. It is a species of the tulip, called the cologne plant, from the fact that it leaves a heavy odor of the size of a small nut, which forms when squeezed a drop of liquid that will make a fair-sized bottle of cologne, so powerful is its fragrance.

IN THE DEEP SEA.

Animal Life Supported Under Almost Incomprehensible Pressure.

Animal life is ultimately dependent upon the vegetable kingdom, and that kingdom in turn is dependent upon the light of the sun. Miles below the ocean surface the sun can not penetrate, or, at all events, vegetation, with all its powers of bottling up the solar rays, can not there, so far as at present known, maintain an existence.

The water at very great depths is, in most parts of the world, near the freezing-point. Further, the pressure upon every square inch of the surface of a body under three miles of sea-water, instead of being about fifteen pounds, as in atmospheric air, is three tons, or, in other words, six thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds. It was not perhaps irrational to suppose that a sponge or a delicate fish would be crushed into nothingness if each square inch of its surface were subjected to such a weight as a score of the strongest coal-heavers in the world would stagger under.

It rather humbles one's pride in the prowess of human reason to see how some times its apparently most cogent and most readily accepted arguments suddenly lose all their force when unexpectedly confronted with facts.

The skilled ornithologist, after pointing out that the owl in the barber's shop was so badly stuffed that it could not be taken to represent either an owl or any possible member of the bird creation, might well be disconcerted when the impossibility stepped down from its perch and proved to be not a stuffed owl, but a live one.

Even lawyers and law-givers, theologians and political economists have occasionally made mistakes, and the votaries of natural science are also human.

Now that we know that animal life can be and is supported under enormous pressure in the "dark depths," where even kelp and sea moss take no foothold, reason is equal to the task of explaining how the difficulties of the position may be encountered.

Though plants can not grow without sunlight, yet, when their life in the upper regions of the sea is over, they may sink, as diatoms undoubtedly do, through all depths to the bottom.

Even if the deepest living animals had no access to vegetation, they might derive the benefit of it through a chain of consumers, ending with themselves, but beginning with vegetable feeders.

Many of the dwellers in the deep sea have no eyes, and are, therefore, comparatively unaffected by the absence of light; for others that have eyes the gloom is relieved by the luminous organs which they or their neighbors possess.

The temperature, we may be assured, is well suited to the permanent inhabitants of each region, so that those surrounded by water nearly at the freezing point would not thank us for warming it for them, any more than the Eskimau is pleased when a rise of temperature sets every thing adrift in his pavilion of ice.

The pressure, too, however stupendous to our imagination, is evidently borne without concern by creatures which are themselves permeated by fluids of the same density as the surrounding medium.

Though also to our taste the chemistry of sea water is unpalatable, we know that most marine animals can not live without it; and while terrestrial life is limited to its distribution, and often put to sore straits by the scanty supply of fresh water, to the denizens of the sea the resources for the quenching of thirst are always at hand, never-failing and practically infinite.—Golder Days.

A WHITE BLUEBIRD.

Its Song and Habits Were Identical with Other of the Same Species.

Among the bluebirds that returned to this locality, Elsie, Ill., in the spring of the year 1888, was a curiosity. It was an albino, a milk-white specimen, and from the distance at which it allowed itself to be inspected, not a feather of a darker shade could be seen. Paradoxical as it may seem, it was a white bluebird, and yet it was not a bluebird, because it was a white bird. Its song and habits were identical with others of the same species. On three different occasions we were within a few yards of it, but were unable to determine its sex, or whether it paired with any other bird of its kind during the breeding season. It was often seen during the summer of that year, and during the months of October and November was in its favorite haunts nearly every week, and sometimes every day, but nearly always in company with bluebirds. It seemed enamored of the sunny slopes and deep, cool, wooded ravines along the bluffs of the Mississippi river at that point. Late in the fall, when the frosty nights proclaimed the summer ended, it would flit about its favorite trees, dashing in and out of the yellow sunshine with its feathered friends that were getting together to seek winter quarters, and we wished it a safe and speedy journey to its balmy Southern home. Little expecting to ever see it again. But it returned the following spring, spent the second summer with us and remained until December, when with others of its kind it was evidently preparing for its annual migration to warmer climes. We trust it has not fallen by the gun of the pot-hunter or the taxidermist, and we often ask ourselves: "Will it come again?"—Forest and Stream.

The roast beef of old England has been obtained for years in the United States; breeders are now sending over here for turkeys to improve the British stock.

BUILDING RUBBER BOOTS.

The Various Stages of the Intricate Operation Apply Described.

It is forty years, observes the India-rubber World, since the first rubber boot was made, and a very clumsy specimen of foot-wear it was. Prior to this the old-fashioned rubber shoe was in existence, but not much worn, and it was called galoshe. The styles of boots now made are nearly identical in all of the leading rubber companies, each, however, having some strengthening device of more or less excellence upon which they pride themselves. All boots are made by hand upon wooden "trees," which are prepared of carefully seasoned maple. The seasoning is necessary, else the trees would shrink in vulcanization and become worthless. Iron trees have been used, but are practically "barred out" by their great weight.

A well-arranged boot-room has first a wide center circle running its whole length, through which run car tracks for the easy removal of the finished boots to the "heaters." Running from this main passage-way are the "alleys" of the workmen, in front of each of whom is a long table, fitted with a rack capable of holding fifteen pairs of boots. A portion of this table is padded and reserved for the work of making up, the tools for this being simply a small hand roller, a stitcher, a knife and a cement cup and brush.

As the various pieces that are to be joined together to make the perfect boot are brought in "books" to the boot-maker, they are first laid over the table and cemented with a paste made of rubber and benzine. The first step then is the lasting. A tree is put upon the "block" with the foot upward, and the leg-lining, of felt usually, is wrapped round it, and connected at the heel by a bi. of "piping." The edges are then lapped over upon the inner sole where they stick fast. The lining is then scamed up the back by drawing the piping edge over the rubber coating. Next the lining is fastened at the top of the tree to make it firm and also to take out any looseness that may be in it.

Then the foot-lining is connected at the instep and lapped over on the inner sole. A rag filler is the next necessity, to fill the space left on the sole between the lower edges of the leg lining. Over this, and indeed on the whole bottom of the boot, is placed a tough sole made of rubber and fiber, called the "rag sole." This is "skived" all round, and then both rag sole and lining are brushed over with a fine quality of rubber cement and left to dry.

When the benzine has fully evaporated from the cemented surface the process of "trimming" is the next in order. First the holes are cut for the straps and they are placed in position. Then a small "heel-stay" of cloth is added, followed by an "ankle-piece" of rubber cut without "lapping" at the back. A heavy counter of rubber and fiber is put around the heel next, to be followed by a "back-strip" of rubber that runs up the seam in the lining from the heel to the top of the boot. This is succeeded by a toe-strip of piping, a toe-piece of rubber, and side-stays of the same, when the boot is ready for the "cover."

All this time the boot has the look of some of these felt boots that car-drivers in Chicago fancy, only this is decorated with cement and trimmings, and the other is plain. The leg cover is rubber and goes over the whole with the exception of the sole and a part of the toe. It is put on with great care.

The third stage, known as "covering," now follows. In this a counter of heavy rubber is put around the heel, the point being in line with the back seam, the edges being carefully "rolled down." Then a vamp of heavy rubber—the "tongue"—exactly covering the vamp lining. The sides of this extend around to the counter, and are distinguished by two side seams. These seams are then run over with a "double stitcher," which is similar to a pair of sharp tracing wheels, and which not only help fasten the rubber to the cemented surface beneath, but also make a very neat finish. After this the vamp is cut out around the outliner, and the bottom of the boot receives a coat of cement which is to hold the sole on.

When the boot is dry it is ready for the fourth stage, which is "soling." To digress a little, a sole is in four pieces, and is made up for the bootmaker in the soling room. These four parts are a fiber and rubber "worm," a thin rubber "sole-piece," a "top," and a heel. These are put together and are sent to the boot room to be covered with the strongest possible rubber cement on the bottom and edges. The sole is attached to the partly finished boot at the toe, brought over to the heel that the latter may sit straight. Then the heel is hammered, the sole rolled, the edges rolled down in the vamp and counter, the last seams are stitched, and the boot passes on to the varnishing room and then to the vulcanizer.

Timely Attractions of Women.

The great art—not duty—which women have to learn is, says a living writer, how to make the best use, in its own time, of the various kinds of attraction, the various sorts of charm practicable by them—each beautiful in its way, but only perfect when in harmony with age and condition. For instance, the simplicity of a child is silliness in a full-grown girl; the unsuspecting frankness of a girl is loose-lippedness and undignified want of reticence in a woman; the instinctive coquetry and desire to excite admiration and love, in a maiden, become folly and heartlessness, and a fixed habit of inconstancy, and, as time goes on, a ghoulish craving in a matron, and so on through the whole life.

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, CHAS. E. MILLER, } Committee.

WM. E. TOWNE, Auctioneer.

Kennebunkport, July 10, 1890.

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