

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. 4.

KENNEBUNKPORT, ME., JULY 23, 1890.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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 everybody hereabouts 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 exhibitions 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.

BASS ROCK HOUSE!

Kennebunk Beach, Me.
Grove Station.

A. 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,
excellent table, Antiseptic 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.

PARKER HOUSE,



Kennebunkport, Maine.

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

S. D. THOMPSON, Manager.

Sea View House, Damon's Two Stores!

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

Both are well supplied with

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

J. E. Hubbard,
PROPRIETOR.

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

and Knick-Knacks of various kinds.

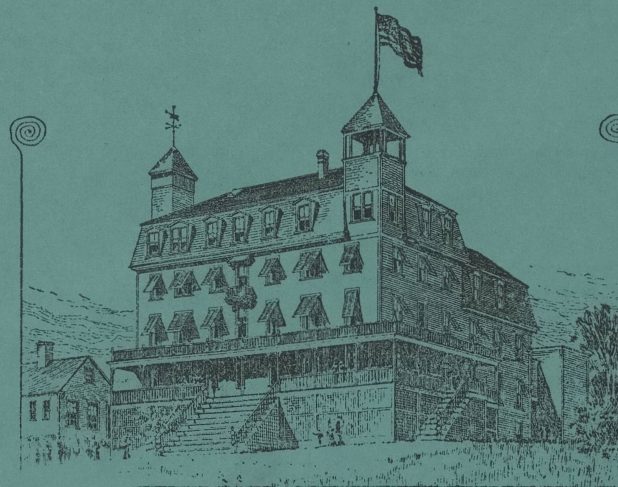
Also a First-class Barber Shop.

Fishing Tackle for sale and to let.

Agency for Kennebunk Steam Laundry.

The Wave is for sale here.

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.



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 remaining there for over a year, suffering tortures indescribable. For months I did not sleep much but stood over her trying to relieve her terrible pain. At first large doses of morphine seemed to relieve her some, but at last even that in enormous doses had no effect whatever. Finally she commenced to take Dr. Cobb's 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 household work, and has remained in perfect health since; praise God for this wonderful remedy.

JOHN P. MOULTON.
Foreman Box Factory and Saw Mill, 36 Lincoln St., Residence 60 Lincoln St., Saco.

From all over the country come thousands of statements of the wonderful cures made by this medicine. This medicine is not a liniment. You cannot cure these blood diseases by applications to the skin. This remedy destroys the impurities from the blood and is a SURE CURE for rheumatism and neuralgia. It is also one of the best tonics in the world, and strengthens the stomach, nerves and kidneys. Sent 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, Core and several Hotels. The facilities for boating, fishing and bathing are unsurpassed.
JOSEPH D. WELLS, Manager.

The Wave

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1890.

Hotel Arrivals.

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.

New York—Geo F Butterworth, Mrs Butterworth, Mr and Mrs F L Caldwell, Miss Sylvester, Miss Caldwell, Chas E Lyall.
Denver, Col—Dr Stedman and wife. Plainfield, N J—Mrs V N Talmage. Dover, N H—Mrs L Stevens.
Malden, Mass—Mrs Stevens.
Kennebunkport—J Brooks.
Boston—H G Ricker and wife, Master Willard Ricker, Eugene L Crump, W Ames, Fred W Emerson.
Detroit—Mrs R McMillan, Miss Marie McMillan.
Haverhill, Mass—Arthur T Jacobs, J H Hodgman, C H Fellows.
Portland—Geo K Cram.
Chicago—Mr and Mrs E Ryder.
Danvers—Mrs A B French.
Newton—Miss Cutting.
U S Army—Gen James Oakes and wife, Miss A de B Oakes.
Haverhill—Gordon L Howe, Mrs L E Kaler, Thos S Paddock, Miss Hattie Paddock, Miss Agnes Paddock.
Cincinnati—Chas B Taff.
Philadelphia—Mr and Mrs G Albert Lewis, Franklin Evans.
Prout's Neck—J Vaughn Merrick, Samuel Vaughn Merrick, David Evans Williams, George L Motley.
Baltimore—Dr A F Berlin.
Madrid, Spain—G Flint, A B.
Boston—Philip Dexter, Clifford W Smith.
Buffalo—E H La Tour.
Philadelphia—W D Bell.
Jutialpa, Central America—Francis L Wells.
Washington, D C—Mrs Dillingham, Mrs Tice.
Omaha—Mrs Lander.
Boston—Richard Ware.
Newton—Mrs Chester Guild.
So Weymouth—Helen M Shaw.
Baltimore—H Shewer.
Willimantic, Conn—Geo S Barrows.

NONANTUM HOUSE.

Brookton—Mrs W H Wales, Miss Susie Wales, O C Howard.
New York—Chas W Livermore.
Manchester, N H—David Cross, Edward W Cross, Allen E Cross.
Milton, Mass—Miss L E Howard.
Newburyport, Mass—Mrs J M Hills.

HIGHLAND HOUSE.

Montreal—Miss I J McIntosh, Miss Watt, Miss Frances Watt.
Nashua, N H—Harvey Ball.
Boston—Mark L Read, jr.

RIVERSIDE HOUSE.

Brookline, Mass—Hatherly Foster and wife, Sumner H Foster, Herbert J Foster, Master Winthrop Foster, Master H Foster, jr.
Philadelphia—Mrs Thos J Barger, Miss Adele H Barger.
New York—Mrs Belle W Fox, Miss Cricket Fox.
Boston—J H Bickford.
Baltimore—Mrs Graffin, Miss Rabilon.

ARUNDEL HOUSE.

Salem, Mass—Mrs Henry Gardner, Miss Eleanor P Gardner.
Baltimore—Miss Cynthia R Savage.

THE PARKER HOUSE.

Boston—Frank E Wingate, C F Daniels, Frank W Hunt.
Baltimore—Wayland D Ball and wife, Mrs Price and daughter, Miss King.
Newtonville—B S Grant.
Woburn, Mass—Miss J C Randall.
Washington, D C—Mrs J P Pearson.
Boston—W E Coggin, Mrs Petrin, Mrs Burbank.
Maynard—John Bont.
Newtonville, Mass—Mrs D G S Woodman.
Kansas City, Mo—Mrs H M Surmann.
Cambridge—Mrs L H Gilmore, Chas S Flood and wife, Mrs Mary A Lindsay, Irving Blake.
Auburndale—Mrs C Todd.
Greenfield—Nellie Pierce.
Portland—E C Gray.

BICKFORD HOUSE.

Haverhill, Mass—W A McCullis, N M Nelson.
Morristown, N J—Mrs R W Stevenson, Miss Stevenson.
Portland—Everett Smith.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.

New York City—Mrs C G Parker.
Laconia, N H—F P Holt and wife, Miss L Maude Holt.
Quincy, Mass—W G A Pattee.
Reading, Mass—J S Temple.
Danvers—C H Shepard.
Reading, Mass—J Mitchell and wife.
Waterville—F E Warren and wife.

Washington, D C—Cornelia H Wright, Grace D Wright.
Boston—Leonard Ware, wife, nurse, and four children.
Manchester, N H—F R Cheney, wife and son.
Biddeford—J M Goodwin and wife.

SEA VIEW HOUSE.

Malden, Mass—Miss Hattie A Lunt, Miss Mary C Poore.
Exeter, N H—Carrie W Byington, Alice Byington.
Boston, Mass—J L Brooks.
Malden, Mass—Mrs Geo J Greenleaf, Miss R E Greenleaf, Edith L Stevens, Mr and Mrs A M Walker.
Oakland, Cal—Mrs Chas Rudolph, Cornish, Me—W P Perkins.

SEA GROVE COTTAGE.

Somerville, Mass—Mr Win Daniels and wife, Miss Nellie Daniels, Mr Daniels, Mr Bert Fiske, Miss Tresia Fitzgerald.

NORTON HOUSE.

New York—R Perkins.
Concord, N H—George Cook.

WENTWORTH HOUSE.

Hanover, N H—Mrs C V Blaisdell, Mr and Mrs E R Ruggles, D B Ruggles, E F Ruggles, Miss Mabel Ruggles, Miss Helen Ruggles, Arthur H Ruggles.
Rochester, N Y—Samuel Jenan.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.

Worcester, Mass—Miss P M Bigelow, Millicent B Estabrook, Jennie D Estabrook.
Jamaica Plains, Mass—Mrs Albert Draper, Miss Carrie Draper.
Bethlehem, Pa—J F Klein and wife.
Washington, D C—Mr and Mrs J B Dunckley.
Philadelphia, Pa—Miss F C McDonnell, Mrs S E Bliss.
Mankato, Minn—Mrs H Spencer, May Spencer.
St Paul, Minn—Mrs C C Brown, Margaret Brown.

"JACK"
CHATS ON
MANY TOPICS.

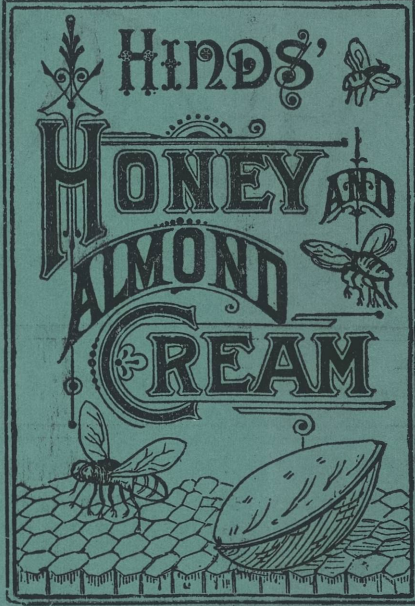


This is the season when the usual round of robberies at the different summer resorts are displayed in the daily papers under scare headings. Newport and Saratoga have this year already contributed their share of losses. Several belles who are prominent in society here have diamonds that would tempt a Jack Shepard to risk his life and liberty to gain possession of. I wonder some expert second story worker don't drop down here and make a raid. It has never been tried here yet, in fact, I don't remember of ever hearing of any hotel robberies being committed here. Nor has ever any tricky maid relieved her mistress of her jewels and eloped with the coachman. Kennebunkport is a very fashionable and exclusive place, but it needs one or two good robberies to make the place really famous.

They say a young fellow—a native—who has a girl here, was flirting desperately with an Old Orchard girl last week, who was over for the day. They were in the railroad depot and so affectionate in their behavior that they attracted some attention. Suddenly there loomed up his own real girl, coming along the platform. The young man fled around the corner in mad haste, to the consternation of his Old Orchard friend. His best girl didn't get onto it, but he says he will never take any such chances again.

They say up at the Parker House that Brooks got cast away on the river and June was lost in July.

I read in the Boston Sunday Herald, as I suppose every one else did, of some summer resort in Maine that had, I think it was, seventy-two young ladies, but not a single gentleman. Well, the place is unfortunate, certainly, but almost all watering places are cursed or blessed, whichever way you look at it, by the absence of the manly sex. Whether it is for this reason or from some other more powerful one I don't know, but it is a fact



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, 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.

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 Ferrottype to a 20x24 Photograph, and in the highest style of the art. Groups, Parties, Cottages, Boats, etc., a specialty by the instantaneous process. Please call.



Portland & Boston
STEAMERS.

One of the elegant new
steamers
"PORTLAND,"
or "TREMONT."

Leave Franklin wharf, Portland, every evening at 7 1/2 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.

Outing Goods

of every description for

Men's and Women's Wear,

—AT—

BONSER & SON'S

Kennebunk, Kennebunkport.

Agents for Cambridge Steam
Laundry.

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

Anything from a Single Hitch to a

FOUR-IN-HAND!

FURNISHED ON SHORT NOTICE.

A Buckboard for the convenience of
Parties.

Strangers carried to adjoining towns.

JOS. H. JEFFREY,
Kennebunkport, Maine.

Near Parker House.

STOVES

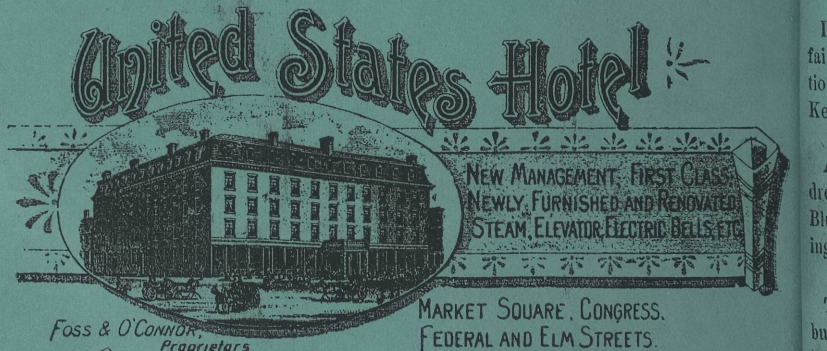
Of the VERY BEST QUALITY and LOWEST PRICES for Cash
or on installments. For sale by

LOUIS M. PERKINS.

Should your Watches or Jewelry need
repairs you can have the work
well done at

BARKER'S,

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



PORTLAND, MAINE.

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

PLEXION

Hard Skin, Chafing

IRITATION,

alt Rheum, Eczema

like character.

SHAVING

ect the face from the wind

or INFECTION.

Address.

pecial Size, Not Mailable.

EFFREY

nd Carriages

LET!

Single Hitch to a

C-H-A-N-I

SHORT NOTICE

he convenience of

o adjoining towns.

EFFREY

ine.

ear Parker H.

VES

LOWEST PRICES

For sale by

PERKINS

NEWLY FURNISHED AND REPAIRED

Steam, Elevator, Electric Bell

or Jewelry

ave the work

at

ER'S,

KENNEBUK

nd Watch.

Hotel

NEW MANAGEMENT, FIRST CLASS

NEWLY FURNISHED AND REPAIRED

Steam, Elevator, Electric Bell

T SQUARE, CONGRESS

AL and Elm Streets

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.

	A. M.	P. M.
July 19,	12:05	1:05
20,	12:50	1:35
21,	1:35	2:05
22,	2:20	2:35
23,	3:05	3:20
24,	3:50	4:05
25,	4:35	4:50
26,	5:20	5:50
27,	6:05	6:35
28,	6:50	7:50
29,	7:35	8:35
30,	8:20	8:35
31,	9:05	10:20

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.

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From Kennebunk Beach, at 5:00 P. M.

A. M. WELCH, P. M.

Wavelets.

A darling little soft, white hand,
Rose palmed and sweet to kiss;
No sculptor ever carved from stone
A fairer hand than this.

Upon my eyelids it would rest,
Or'er my forehead pass,
Softer than ever rose leaves fell
Upon the waving grass.

No other hand unto my heart
Could greater solace bring
Unless, mayhap it chanced to be
Four acres and a king.

For a good shave, go to Bowry's shop at Ocean Bluff.

You will find "what you want" in jewelry and fine stationery at Frost's, Kennebunk.

A game of baseball is talked of for Friday, between the Ocean Bluffs and village nines.

Mr. Chas. P. Taft, of the Cincinnati Times, is at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

"Make no mistake," but let Frost at Kennebunk do your watch and jewelry repairing.

Gen. James Oakes, of the U. S. A., with his wife and daughter, is sojourning at the Ocean Bluff.

Mr. Fran cis L. Wells, a prominent fruit grower and dealer, of Central America, is at the Bluff.

Prof. Wm. A. Moody of Bowdoin College is visiting his father, Mr. Wm. F. Moody, on Main street.

The showers of Saturday and Sunday were very welcome, and a grand good thing for our dusty streets.

A party of about twenty from Wells Beach drove through here yesterday forenoon en route for Cape Porpoise.

It will be a "cold day" when Frost fails to do repairing to your satisfaction. The jeweler and stationer of Kennebunk.

A large bonfire at Parsons beach drew much attention at the Ocean Bluff Hotel, some thinking it a burning building.

The Arundel Hall association are building two new grand tennis courts in the rear of the hall. "This is a great improvement."

Mrs. Lizzie Tripp has arrived at the Bickford House for the season. She drives a very stylish team and enjoys life thoroughly.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Caldwell, Mrs. Sylvester and Miss Caldwell of New York City form a happy party at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

Mr. J. M. Goodwin, president of the York County Savings Bank, registered at the Grove Hill House Sunday. His wife accompanied him.

Married—In Kennebunkport, July 20, by Dr. Chase, Josiah Durgin, esq., Mrs. Elsie J. Stevens, both of Newfield, York county, Maine.

Several barge loads of excursionists from neighboring towns were here Sunday to enjoy the beauties of our quaint little village and seaport.

Mr. F. P. Holt, proprietor of the Laconia, N. H., Hosiery Mills, is at the Grove Hill House with his wife and daughter Made for the summer.

Prof. L. E. Warren, instructor in mathematics and lecturer on art, at Colby University, is spending a few weeks with his wife at the Grove Hill.

Miss Wright and Miss Grace Wright, daughters of Col. Carroll D. Wright of Washington, D. C., are guests of Miss Blanche Paul at the Grove Hill Hotel.

You must have your photograph taken while with us, and you have that ruddy color on your cheeks. Gurney & Bryant can do a first-class job for you.

Mr. Geo. H. Barbour, son, and Mr. J. E. Goodman called at The Wave office Monday. We were pleased to welcome our friends and hope to see more of them during their stay here.

There will be a party given in honor of Miss Paul's guests, the Misses Wright of Washington, at the Grove Hill House, to-night. The exercises will be musical and literary, with dancing.

Mr. John Walsh, one of the Parker House bell boys, is an expert penman. He has put up a stand in the Parker House office and will pay attention, during his leisure moments, to card writing.

Hall & Littlefield's stables are grand shelters from the sudden showers we are having lately. During the shower of Sunday afternoon both stables were full of nice teams which had been caught out in it.

A happy party of about twenty-five from Ocean Bluff Hotel made our streets merry last Monday evening, when they rode about town in a hay-rack singing, shouting and enjoying themselves hugely.

A sextette of young men at the Parker House enjoyed themselves with a sing in the dance hall last evening. They were Messrs. Wingate, Reed, Walsh, Crosby, Daniels and Bent. Their music was of a kind where a little goes a good way.

A comfortable and economical home for tourists and pleasure-seekers in Boston is the United States Hotel. Convenient to railway stations, steamboats, and places of interest and amusement; 2600 horse-cars passing three sides of the house, connect with all parts of the city and suburbs.

We would advise those who think Kennebunkport "a dead hole" to read the interesting letters which appear from this place weekly in the Boston Sunday Globe and Herald, and in the Saturday Evening Traveller. The "Out and About" column in the Boston Gazette also shows Kennebunkport in a very favorable light.

Mr. Geo. H. Barbour of Detroit, who is stopping at the Ocean Bluff Hotel, is a firm believer in advertising. We should all be very grateful to Mr. Barbour for the little mirrors, pincushions, vest pocket notebooks and pencils. They are very neat little advertisements for the Michigan Stove Company, of which our genial friend is a member.

Following is the program for Mr. Riddle's reading at Arundel Hall, Thursday evening:

PART I. Bret Harte, "The Pagan," Dickens, "A Class Day Conquest," Tom Masson, "A Piece of Red Calico," Frank Stockton.

PART II. Autumn Tourist, "Nicholas Nickleby," Dickens. This program speaks for itself, and we all know what an excellent reputation Mr. Riddle has. All lovers of a fine entertainment should be present.

Mr. Charles E. Miller, the druggist, has been in business here many years and is well known as a keen but conscientious business man. However, although he has been in business here for so long and is so well known, he yet believes in advertising, and always patronizes The Wave. He keeps a little of most everything, and sells at rock bottom prices.

Photographer Bryant claims that by his good advice to many to "go home before they were baptized," saved several boating parties from duckings, in the sudden shower of Sunday afternoon. However, one young couple failed to heed his warning, and sailing outside were becalmed with no oars and had to take it all. Good enough for them.

A suggestion was made to The Wave reporter, as he was travelling his weary round in search of excitement, such as drowning accidents, canoe mishaps, love affairs, scandal, and various things, which if followed out would wake up our little resort and make music for us. A gentleman suggested to the reporter that it would not be a bad idea for the hotel proprietors, and public-spirited guests to club together and build a few band stands at different points about here, and then procure a first-class band and make things lively for us. A good idea.

"Ah, these dusty streets!" is the cry we hear daily from pedestrians between the Port and the Bluff. For a short, very short, distance, there is a single-file sidewalk, but not enough to make it worth while to cross the street. Why this lack of good walks in such a flourishing summer resort as this? Will not some public-spirited person start a ball rolling, and let it roll on till it develops in the form of a plank walk along the river road to the Bluff? Such a person would certainly receive the blessings of the guests at the various houses, and all who have occasion to walk along that street. We hope soon to chronicle the completion of a suitable walk along this street.

What a delightful place, these beautiful evenings, is the western piazza of the Parker House! It may well be termed the Western Promenade. What better place can be found, by the guest of this house, in which to stroll with his cigar for company, and give himself up to the enjoyment of the beautiful strains from the orchestra within? What more suitable place, screened by the trees and shrubs from the gaze of the vulgar crowd, can the devoted lovers find for their loving words, or their silent meditations as they realize the blissfulness of their situation and rear their beautiful castles in the air, alas, so soon to be ruthlessly destroyed—not by death's grim hand, nor by the common "stern realities of life," but by the fickleness of, perhaps the damsel, perhaps the young man, or still again, by both following the well beaten path of fashionable seaside flirtation. Enjoy life while you can, but never think of the morrow.

THE MOON IS FULL.

One of the greatest events of this season at Kennebunkport will be the launching of the elegant new three-masted schooner "Golden Ball."

This launching will occur some time between July 28th and Aug. 1st, according to the tides. The vessel is one of 273 tons burden and is fitted with all the modern improvements of a vessel of this size, such as the very latest steering apparatus, patent pumps, etc. The date of this event will be announced later, and of course a large crowd will witness the affair, as it will be a very rare treat to many of our summer visitors. What can be more beautiful than a large vessel of this kind gliding gracefully into the water and riding on the waves like a great and gorgeous bird. Last year there were thousands of people here to witness the launching, and we hope to see an even greater number this year. Verily it will be a gala day for our quiet little village.

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A SHREWD IRISH BOY.

How He Made Daniel O'Connell Redeem a Rashly-Made Promise.

Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish orator, when taking a ride in the neighborhood of his house had occasion to ask an urchin to open a gate for him, says the New York Ledger. The little fellow complied with much alacrity and looked up with such an honest pleasure at rendering the slight service that O'Connell, by way of saying something—any thing—asked:

"What's your name, my boy?"

"Daniel O'Connell, sir," replied he, stoutly.

"And who's your father?" demanded the astonished liberator.

"Daniel O'Connell, sir."

O'Connell muttered a word or two below his breath and then added aloud:

"When I see you again I'll give you sixpence."

Riding briskly on, he soon forgot the incident and fell to thinking of graver matters, when, after traveling some miles, he found his path obstructed by some fallen timber, which a boy was stoutly endeavoring to remove. On looking more closely he discovered it to be the same boy he had met in the morning.

"What!" cried he; "how do you come to be here now?"

"You said, sir, the next time you seen me you'd give me sixpence," said the little fellow, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"Here it is," said Daniel; "you are my son—never a doubt of it."

A Preliminary Trial.

Mrs. Spankwell (to shoe dealer)—May I try these slippers before I take them?

Shoe Dealer—Why, certainly, ma'am. Mrs. Spankwell (catching her hopeful over her knee)—Yell kinder easy, Johnny. Tain't as if I was nice and cozy at home, you know.—Burlington Free Press.

TO ENJOY GIBRALTAR.

Treat with Scorn All Proffers from Guides and Donkey Boys.

The way to enjoy Gib is certainly to leave the faithful but too prosaic Murray in your cabin. When you land treat with scorn all proffers from guide and driver and donkey boy. Cross the drawbridges as if to the manner born; pass the semi-tropic garden that fills the corner space to the entrance to the town, noting as you pass on the right the disused nook filled with graves where some of the heroes of Trafalgar sleep, brought there to die of their wounds. Next ask the first soldier the way to the D. A. G.'s office, where a pass is courteously given admitting to the famous galleries. The summit is now tabu to all not employed on the new works in progress there, but the lower of the three tiers of galleries will amply suffice us. This dates from the last century, and most of it was tunneled out during the great four years' siege from 1789 to 1793.

A leisurely stroll upward to the Moorish castle takes us in a right direction for the entrance. We note the ascending alleys are named ramps, for we are in a fortress. One is lettered "Right-Shoulders-Forward," quaint word of command of the days of powder and pig-tail and the maneuvers of Dundas. We reach an old world guard-room, with a large fig tree, leafless now, for the time of figs is not yet. Just within the Moorish arch of the gateway we are arrested by the trim artillery sentry, with his Martini carbine on his arm. A white-gaitered grenadier of Ligonier's were more in keeping with the scene.

The corporal of the guard inspects our pass and we write our names in a book and are then handed over to a warrant officer, a master gunner, who has the keys of the gallery doors. We ascend by a covered way a deep trench sunk in the solid rock, so that our heads are well below the surface—a surface liable to be swept in time of siege with fragments of shell and whistling mitraille, now carpeted with verdure among the jutting rocks. Here spring is already at work with her flower show. Already tall plants of some kind of allium are beautiful with spikes of reddish-white blossom, innocent of the scent of garlic, the badge of most of the tribe.

A purple saffron, with orange-colored center, nestles in clusters in the nooks, and a shrub of genista is bursting out in golden bloom. We soon reach the mouth of the gloomy gallery, closed by a strong palisaded door. The tunnel is some ten feet wide by twelve feet high, and ascends gently. We pass here under a water drip, which increases to a shower bath after a rain, and we notice the grim, black gins, have wooden waterproofs to protect them. Glorious are the views that are given by successive embrasures. Far beneath as a card-board model, lies fort and casemate and the houses of the town, but beyond them the azure sea. No model is suggested by that.

Anon we reached a battery where cannon point to Spain. Beneath we see the race course, worn bare with the tramp of marching men; for it is the drill ground of the garrison. Here, with their backs to the Mediterranean sea, are rows of targets painted with black figures, reduced by the distance down to the size of dots. These are being fired at by squads of other black dots. Real live ones these, for the King's Royal rifles are at musketry practice. Faint comes the crack of the Martinis, and tiny are the puffs of blue smoke. Beyond them stretches across the isthmus the narrow gray mound of sand, pierced at the center by the broad white road that leads to Spain.

Wayfarers must keep to this, for on that bank at intervals are nine sentry boxes. Between them by night and day, year in, year out, pace the British sentinels that watch the neutral ground. Neutral in tint also, a level plain and bare; for here neither grows grass, nor tree, nor flower. We guess it to be about a mile across to the Spanish lines and the white-walled houses of the little town which arises on the further verge of this little desert.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Flowers of Europe.

Of the 4,200 kinds of flowers which grow in Europe, only 430 are odoriferous. The white flower is the most common, there being 1,194 kinds of that color. Less than one-fifth of these are fragrant. Of the 451 kinds of yellow flowers 77 are odoriferous; of the 823 red kinds, 31; of the 308 violet-blue kinds, 13. Of the 140 kinds with combined colors, 28 are fragrant.

AFTER SIX WEEKS.

The First Unpleasantness in the House.

Mr. and Mrs. Bolivar Pyke had been married about six weeks, and were still oppressively happy. Not a ripple of discord had stirred the frog-pond of their domestic harmony, and their life had run smoothly and unobstructedly. If there was any thing that could have made Bolivar happier he didn't know what it was, unless, possibly, it was to hear that his tough, leathery and grasping old uncle in California had gone to the good world; while the addition of forty more cupboards and closets to the house could hardly have added to the felicity of his young wife.

This may sound like exaggeration, but you have positively no idea how unreasonably and absurdly happy these two young persons were.

In was an evening in May—an ordinary evening in May, 1890—and the rain hadn't stopped. It was falling as it fell in the seventeenth day of the second month of the six hundredth year of the life of one Noah, and in sheer despair the Signal Service man had begun to predict wet weather.

"Buenavista," said Bolivar, looking abstractedly about the room, "if it wouldn't be asking too great a favor —"

"What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Pyke, tenderly.

"Please try the other knee awhile. This one is getting tired."

"You have never said any thing like that before, Bolivar," she protested, reproachfully. "Perhaps, I'd better go and sit on a chair."

"Now don't get huffy, darling. You don't look so pretty when you frown."

"I am not frowning, Bolivar."

"You certainly are, Buenavista."

"Then I don't look pretty!" she exclaimed, bouncing up and seating herself ten feet away. "All right, Mr. Pyke! You—you're getting tired of me. I—I—wish I was —"

"Now look here, Buenavista, don't be foolish. There's nothing to quarrel about."

"I'm not quarreling, sir! I'm not going to quarrel, either. If there's any thing of that kind done you will be the one who does it, Mr. Pyke."

"I am glad to hear it, my dear. I am not dear to you any more."

"I thought you said you were not going to quarrel."

"I did say, and I am not. In spite of your conduct, Mr. Pyke, I am still your loving wife."

"Then, dearest —"

"No, sir, I am not your dearest."

"Well, Buenavista, then—if you prefer it—if you are still my loving wife, won't you please sing something?"

"What for? Are you afraid I'll try to sit on your knee again? You needn't —"

"No, no, Buenavista. I thought it might clear up the atmosphere of this room a little. That's all."

With the aspect of a martyr going cheerfully to the stake Mrs. Pyke went to the piano and sat down before it.

"What shall I sing?" she asked, meekly.

"Perhaps—h'm—perhaps it would make things seem more cheerful if you should tackle 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

Mrs. Pyke fixed her eyes on a spot near the ceiling where the wall-paper didn't exactly match and waited out the touching melody:

"Mid ple-a-a-sures and pa-a-laces tho-o-ugh—I know well enough, Mr. Pyke, you have only asked me to sing this to make me appear ridiculous, but I am going to do it—two may ro-o-o-am, Be it e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e—I think any man who tries to make his wife the object of ridicule never, never cared any thing for her—hu-u-u-mble there's no-o-o place like—I have always done every thing I could to make home pl-pl-pleasant, and, you—you know it—ho-o-ome. A cha-a-arm from the ski-i-ies seems to—seems like the ghostliest mockery in the world, but you would have it—ha-a-allo-o-ow us the-e-e-re, Which se-e-ek through the w-o-o-orld is ne'er me-e-e-t with elsewhe-e-ere. Ho-o-o-ome, ho-o-ome, sw—I'll sing it through if it k-k-kills me—swe-e-e-eet, swe-e-e-eet home, There's no-o-o place like—ain't you ashamed of yourself, Bolivar Pyke, to sit there pretending you care any thing about our home any more, or me either? —ho-o-ome, There's no-o-o-o place like—B-B-Bolivar, dear, I can't! Yes, I will! I will!—ho-o-o-ome!"

As her quavering voice sounded the last word of the song a manly voice joined in with a deep bass, her trembling little fingers were gathered in a close grasp, her head sank on Bolivar's shoulder, and—

But what business has any outside barbarian to be intruding here? Let us retire.—Chicago Tribune.

Living Up to Side Whiskers.

It is a fact that side-whiskered men are seldom seen in young and busy communities. There is a good reason for it. Side whiskers are expensive. They make a man look dignified, and lead him to cultivate slow ways and a careful style of costume. In order to keep up first-class side whiskers a man must have leisure and money. If he gets up early and rushes around town in a bob-tailed coat he will look out of place, and people will stare at him with pained curiosity. Atlanta as yet has very few side-whiskered men. They will come in time. When we have more wealth and leisure there will be a lot of solid old fellows here savoring their nuptial chops on the promenade. But we must wait awhile.—Atlanta Constitution.



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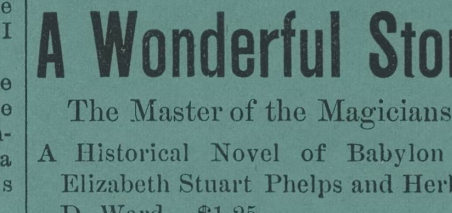
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BIG LUMPS OF GOLD.

Some of the Most Valuable Nuggets Found in California.

The first nugget of any great importance, and which played a prominent part in the early history of California, was found by a young soldier of Stevenson's regiment in the Mokelumne river, while drinking from that stream. He hastened to San Francisco and placed his prize in the hands of Colonel Mason for safety, after which it found its way to New York, where it fanned the smoldering flame and caused the nations to realize the importance of California. The nugget weighed between 20 and 25 pounds.

In November, 1854, a mass of gold was found at Carson Hill, Calaveras County, which weighed 195 pounds troy. This is the largest piece of gold ever found in the State. Several other nuggets, weighing from 6 to 7 pounds, were found in the same locality.

On the 18th of August, 1860, a large piece of gold was taken from the Monumental quartz mine, Sierra County, which weighed 1,506 ounces troy. The nugget was purchased of the owner by R. B. Woodward, of San Francisco, and exhibited at Woodward's Garden. Mr. Woodward paid \$21,638.35 for it, and afterward melted the nugget, realizing \$17,654.94 from it.

A Mr. Strain found a large slab-shaped gold quartz nugget near Knappe ranch, half a mile east of Columbia, Tuolumne County, which weighed 50 pounds avoirdupois. After crushing and melting the gold was valued at \$8,500.

In 1849 a nugget was found at Sullivan's Creek, Tuolumne County, that weighed 28 pounds avoirdupois.

In 1856, at French Ravine, Sierra County, a nugget was found which contained considerable quartz, but yielded \$10,000, while another was found at an earlier date, in 1851, the gold from which was valued at \$8,000.

In the year 1867, at Pilot Hill, El Dorado County, a boulder of gold quartz was found which yielded in gold \$8,000.

Several other boulders of smaller size were found in the same claim. The boulders were found in what is known as the boulder gravel claim, immediately west of the Pilot Hill post-office.

A Mr. Virgin and others found a nugget on Gold Hill, Tuolumne County, which weighed 880 ounces and was valued at about \$6,500.

In 1854 a mass of wood weighing 300 ounces and valued at \$9,625 was found at Columbus, Tuolumne County.

It has been reported that a nugget weighing 390 ounces, and valued at \$5,000, was found at Minnesota, Sierra County.

In 1850 a piece of gold quartz was found in French Ravine, Sierra County, which contained 263 ounces of gold, worth \$4,893.

It has been reported that a Frenchman found a nugget of gold in Spring Gulch, Columbia, Tuolumne County, which was nearly pure gold, being worth more than \$5,000. The finder became insane the next day and was sent to Stockton. The French Consul recovered the nugget, realized its value, and sent the money to the finder's family in France.

On the 4th day of August, 1858, Ira A. Willard found on the west branch of Feather River a nugget weighing 54 pounds avoirdupois before and 49½ pounds after melting.

A gold nugget was found, date not given, near Kelsey, El Dorado County, which sold for \$4,700.

In 1876 J. D. Colgrove, of Dutch Flat, Placer County, found a white quartz boulder in the Polar Star hydraulic mine which contained \$5,700 worth of gold.

It has been reported that a nugget of pure gold was found in the middle fork of the American River, two miles from Michigan Bluff, in the year 1864, which weighed 226 ounces, and was sold for \$4,204. Another account of this nugget states that the weight was 187 ounces.—Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.

LAFAYETTE MONUMENT.

A Work of Art Which Will Grace One of Washington's Summers.

The Lafayette monument, executed under the authority of an act of Congress of March 3, 1855, by the sculptors Alexandre Falguiere and Antonin Mercié, of Paris, is now completed, and the artists have been formally notified by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Minister to France, of the readiness of the American Government to accept the work. The pedestal of the monument is of Italian marble upon a granite base, and the statue of Lafayette, which is of bronze, is eleven feet in height. The General is represented at the age of twenty years, and in the uniform of a Continental officer; his cloak is thrown over his left arm, and at the rear falls in graceful folds to his feet. His left hand rests upon his sword, and his right is extended. A large cartouch on the front of the pedestal bears the following inscription: "A Lafayette et ses compagnons d'armes, l'Amerique reconnaissante." Four of these "compagnons d'armes" are represented in figures placed around the base of the monument; at the right Rochambeau, who commanded the French land forces, co-operating with Washington at the siege of Yorktown, grasps the hand of the Chevalier Duportail, who was one of the engineer officers invited to come to America by the American Commissioners in France, and who rendered such distinguished service that in 1781 he was promoted by Congress to the rank of Major-General; at the left, D'Esterre and De Grasse, of the navy of France, are represented. All these figures are in uniform, and each nine feet in height. Below the cartouch is a female figure representing America offering a sword to Lafayette. The site chosen for the location of the monument is Lafayette Square, in Washington. The monument will be placed at the entrance of the park, directly opposite the portico of the White House, where it will not be concealed by the trees of the park, but will be in full view from the White House and from the avenue passing between.—Demorest's Monthly.

LIFE FROM DEATH.

Benefactions from the Grave as Illustrated by the Egyptians.

A package of peas was once found in a fold of the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy, where it had lain undisturbed three thousand years. The peas were at once soaked in tepid water and afterward planted. They soon germinated, grew finely and produced a good crop. It will be remembered that at various times kernels of wheat have been found in the wrapping cloths of mummies, which, on being planted, have grown and flourished finely.

The above facts teach us a very interesting lesson regarding the Egyptians of the years far, far back. It is this: Their religion taught them to provide for the continuance of the fruits of the earth in remote times, so that the blessings of God might be made manifest to man as well through the bounties of nature as in the growth of the spirit. And thus they made use of death for the transmission of the germs of life to ages in the incalculable future, for they knew that the repose of the dead was sacred among the people of the passing generations, and that only chance and natural changes and causes would reveal their good works—reproducing for others, perhaps at a time when the need would be greatest, those life-giving plants whose benefits they had enjoyed.

If the Egyptians honored the dead with costly burials, they took care that life should have the benefit of death in something more durable than monumental stone and the fulsome of eulogy. How much nobler, how much higher the economic morality of this, than the later custom of placing marble memorials over or beside the dead, and inscribing upon them, not always the true character of the occupant of the tomb, but a supposititious one which wealth could purchase—perhaps a lie to the generation then passing onward, and only a description of that which should come after. The Egyptian priests tried their dead in solemn court and with an imposing ceremonial, and they gave honorable burial to those only who had been honorable in their lives. Why may we not believe that those dead in whose custody were left seeds for the reproduction of fruit in after ages were persons of peculiar sanctity of lives or distinguished by the noblest virtues? We may venture to suppose that these things were confided to their ghostly keeping so that the blessings of the inheritance might be magnified to us.

The world is every day learning by sharply presented contrasts to respect more and more highly the wisdom and religion of those mighty men of Egypt whose histories they have so carefully handed down to us. Their monoliths and tablets, thus inscribed, now thousands of years old, if left where they belong—under the burning heaven of the East, and enveloped by a pure, clear atmosphere—will be fresh, comparatively, as though newly hewn, when our shafts and memories shall have crumbled into dust, our books become mildewed and worm-eaten, and the memories of our honorable dead shall be perpetuated only in other and perhaps inaccurate histories.—Washington Post.

Baboons in Search of Milk.

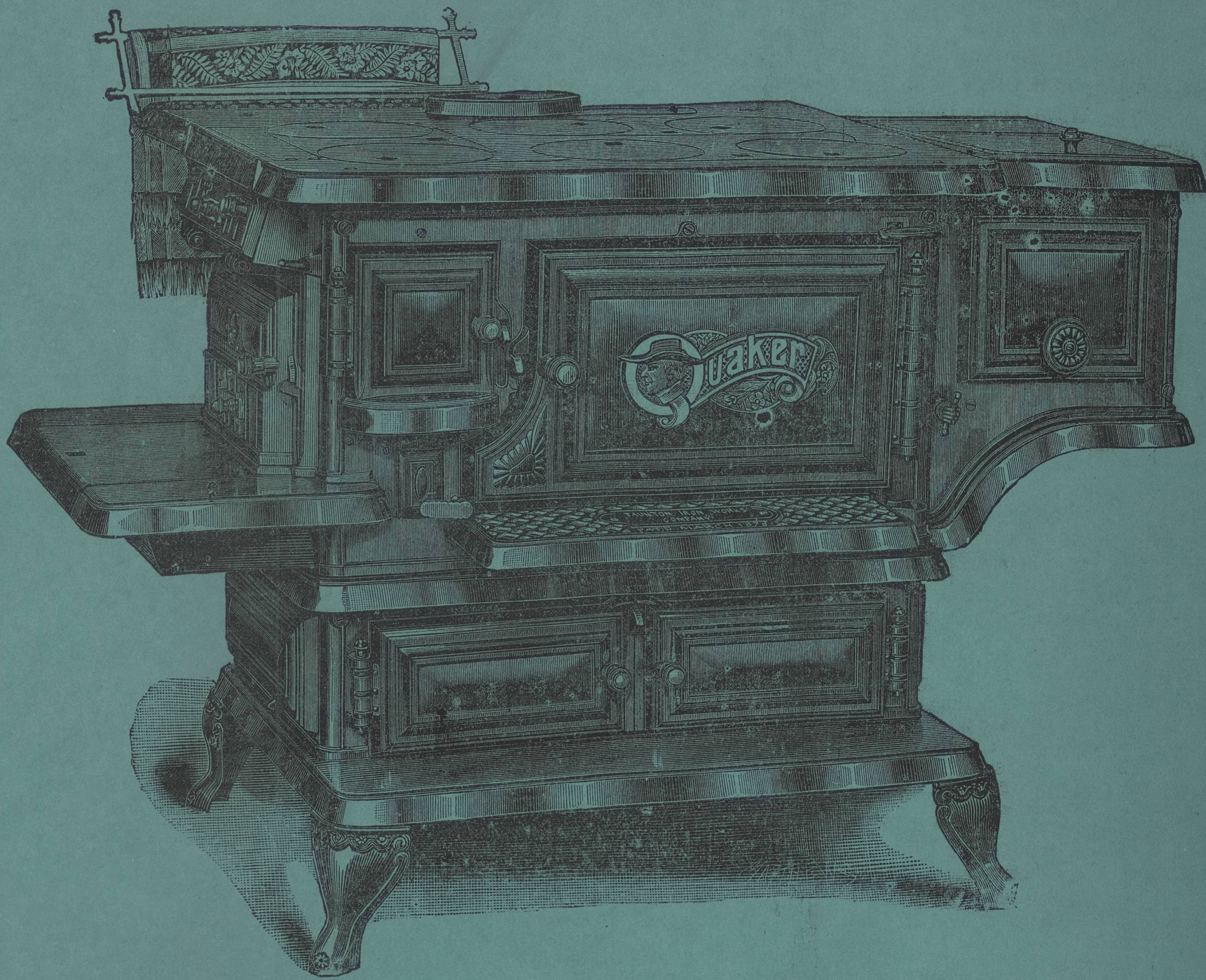
Some years back some one baboon having come across the dead body of a milk goat, discovered and extracted the milk bag, and, like Eve, "saw that it was good." His discovery must have been quickly imparted to his fellows, for the Karroo farmers began to find their milk goats ripped up by these brutes solely for the sweet and luscious milk. The baboons, too, becoming accustomed to butchering, presently turned their attention to the flesh, and will now destroy kids—and if they can manage it, goats—for their flesh alone.

SMALL-BORE RIFLES.

The Wounds They Inflict Far Less Serious Than Those Made by the Old Guns.

The adoption of small-bore rifles by most European countries—Switzerland now employing 7.5 and 6 millimeters (25 mm. being very nearly an inch), France 8, Belgium 7.6, instead of the hitherto universally used 11 mm.—leads to the consideration of what the effect on the human body will be of the increased penetration of these bullets, which can pass through iron plates of 12 mm. (nearly half an inch) and dead planks 1.1 meter (about a yard in thickness), a penetration five or six times as great as that of the projectiles hitherto employed in the German army. Prof. Paul Bruns, the well-known surgeon of Tubingen, has published a work which attempts to give an experimentally scientific answer to this important question. His experiments were made with the Belgian Mauser rifle, and the conclusion he has come to must be considered in all respects satisfactory from a human point of view. He asserts that the hydraulic pressure in the wound is much diminished, partly on account of the smaller diameter of the bullet and partly on account of the spring action of the thin steel coating which surrounds the soft lead core of the new projectile, so that the extensive tearing of the soft tissues of the body, such as the old lead bullets used to cause—and which often gave rise to the erroneous idea that explosive bullets were employed—will not occur. The new projectile, which, at 100 meters, passes through four or five limbs and smashes up three thigh bones placed one behind the other, makes a smooth cylindrical opening of less diameter than itself through flesh. The wound where the bullet enters is generally of less diameter than itself; the exit is a slit or star-shaped opening with torn edges about 6 to 8 mm. wide. At a longer range, 400 to 1,500 yards, the bones are not shattered, but bored through in a clean hole or channel. Hence, according to Dr. Bruns, the chances of healing bullet wounds will, notwithstanding the greater efficiency of the new rifle, be much more favorable than in the case of the larger bores. So it would appear that in all cases progress in the art of war leads to the diminution of human suffering.—Ueber Land und Meer.

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WOMANLY VANITY.

The Secret of a Woman's Desire to Be Well Dressed Cleverly Explained.

"I am one of the women," said a woman the other day to a New York Tribune writer, "who willingly confess that our sex is vain. And you may be sure that we do not like to have our vanity wounded. When I see a pretty ribbon which becomes my complexion or a bit of lace which I know will catch the eye of my husband when he comes home from the office, I always feel that I have gained a victory in advance. If you think, you bachelor [and the bachelor tried to look miserable,] that I wear pretty gowns and bright ribbons and dainty bonnets for my self-gratification alone you are very much mistaken. I wear them because I know that my husband will admire them or that when men see me and meet me they will find them attractive. That is the whole secret of a woman's desire to be well dressed. And do you know that the more cheaply I can get one of my gawgaws or baubles the more I am pleased? You must not think and believe with the ignorant majority of men that a woman spends money without an idea of what she is doing. When I get a 'bargain,' something that I am sure will call forth the admiration of you men, I must wait for my husband to say after he has admired it: 'Well, I suppose we shall have to dismiss two of our servants to pay for our extravagance in dress.' Then I laugh when I tell him that the expensive luxury cost just sixty-five cents.

"But," continued the frank woman, "what I began to say, and what I intend to say, is that we know we are vain, and are, therefore, the more sensitive about it. Now, there is one way in which a man may incur the undying enmity of a woman. Let him affront her in public, where every one may see her humiliation, and nothing he can do will ever restore him to the good graces of that woman. He might conquer nations or rescue nuns from mobs, only to meet the haughty glance of cold indifference. So I am free to confess that the man whom above all men I hate most; the man who is my natural enemy and who will always be such as long as there are men, women and street-cars, is the driver of a surface car. How often have I braved the danger of madly-driven trucks, wagons and cabs to stand in the street and hail a passing car. How often have I seen that car go rolling past me, no one on it giving a sign of acknowledgment that I was in the world. The sensation of standing in the street as you beckon to a driver who looks straight ahead, utterly ignoring you, is beyond describing. And we are forced to look calm, cool and indifferent. We can not betray our real feelings, for a woman must always be a dissembler—look unruined when her bosom is torn with distraction, appear interested when she is bored to death, and always fit her mood to the moods of other people. But I will confide to you that my mortal enemy is the driver of a street-car."

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, 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.

Kennebunkport, July 10, 1890.

WM. E. TOWNE, Auctioneer.

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