

The Wave

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

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JOHN COLLINS EMMONS,
Editor and Proprietor.
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KENNEBUNKPORT, ME., JULY 19, 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 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.

J. A. WELLS, Proprietor.

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

Kennebunkport, Me.

Bickford House.

High altitude, pure open view, good rooms,
ice table, Artesian Well. Terms moderate.
Reduced rates for June and September.

Address

J. W. BICKFORD.

ARUNDEL HOUSE,

Kennebunkport, Maine.

Miss Alice Paine, Proprietor.

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

Sea Side House,

Kennebunkport, Me.,

ISAAC GOOCH, Proprietor.

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

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL,

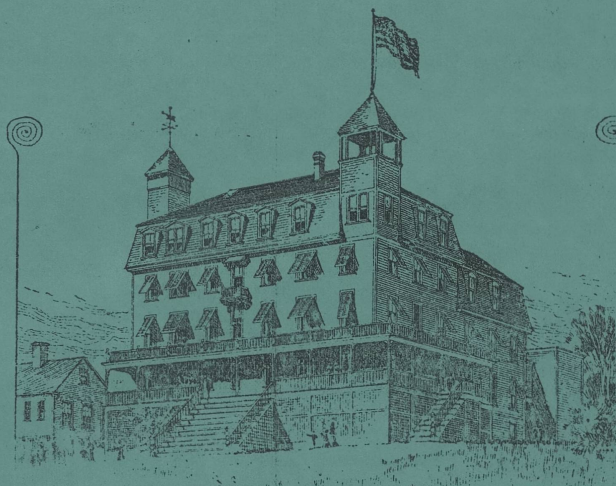
CAPE ARUNDEL,

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE.



STIMPSON & DEVNELL, Proprietors.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.



The Largest and Finest Appointed Hotel at Kennebunk Beach.

The Grove Hill Spring Water,

A Delicious and Health Giving Beverage.

EVERYTHING STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

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

THE GROVE HILL FARM

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

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

W. F. PAUL,

Proprietor.

Hall & Littlefield,

Proprietors of the

Ocean Bluff Livery, Boarding and
Stage.

STABLES!

WATER STREET,

Kennebunkport, Maine.

Bar Harbor Buckboards, with re-

liable drivers, a specialty. Fine

Beach Teams of all Kinds.

Prices Reasonable.

Sea Grove Cottage,

Kennebunk Beach, Me.,

W. R. BARNEY, Proprietor.

Horses boarded and wintered.

PARKER HOUSE,



Kennebunkport, Maine.

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

S. D. THOMPSON, Manager.

VISIT

Sea View House, Damon's Two Stores!

Kennebunk Beach, One at Ocean Bluff Bowling Alley,

Maine.

and One at Kennebunk Beach.

Both are well supplied with

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.

J. E. Hubbard,
PROPRIETOR.



Mrs. John P. Moulton.

SACO, ME., Aug. 20, 1889.
My wife suffered terribly from rheumatism
and neuralgia for 15 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, 36 Lincoln
St., Residence 69 Lincoln St., Saco.

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

DELICIOUS
ICE CREAM,
Ice Cream Soda,
Choice Candies.

FINE ASSORTMENT AT

NORTON'S.

Whitewood Souvenirs.

A full line of

Toilet Articles and Stationery.

ALSO

Confectionery, Cigars,

Cool Soda, etc., at

E. C. Miller's,

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,

Brown's Block, Kennebunkport, Me.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE

Owen Wentworth & Co., Proprietors,

Kennebunk Beach, Maine.

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

The Wave

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1890.

"JACK" EXPRESSES HIS OPINION ON VARIOUS THINGS.



I stood on Norton's piazza last Wednesday night with the taste of his ice cream soda still lingering in my mouth, when I noticed a canoe nearing the landing. I did not notice it particularly except that it contained a young man and a lady. Whether the lady was young or not I could not say, for I never notice those things. But as I started to say, the canoe neared the landing when suddenly it capsized. I don't really know just what happened then but I do know that a badly frightened lady succeeded in reaching the shore and rushed into the parlor of the Norton House. Now perhaps this girl could swim like a fish and perhaps the fellow could, too.

And then again, perhaps they could not. Now as I understand it, one of the greatest attractions of Kennebunkport is its boating. Everyone knows that boating on the river is perfectly safe for even children. But I am sorry to see so many canoes here. I know canoes are very pretty and convenient affairs when in the hands of expert canoeists, but the trouble and danger is that some amateurs may attempt to manage them, with sad results. I never thought they were fit for ladies to get into, anyway. This place has, I am told, been very free from accidents in the past and I hope its records will not be marred by any in the future. It would hurt the place and put a damper on the sport here. It is sad but true that the average girl will go in a canoe with an eligible young man if he asks her, without knowing whether he knows how to manage it or not.

That's all the sense they have. If you don't believe what I have said about canoes, ask any "boatman old and gray" what he thinks of them. He will tell you what I have. They are unsafe except for expert and experienced canoeists.

I stood on the imaginary sidewalk leading to the Bluff, the other day, when a chum of mine came along and as we chatted together for a moment, one of the great lumbering stages rolled by. It was the one a fellow named "Win" drives, at least that's what the boys call him, although I suppose he has another name. At any rate he looks like a good fellow, and I hope has at least three names. Well, if you have ever noticed this particular stage, you will remember it has the letters H. & L. painted on the side. I suppose it stands for the names of the proprietors. As the stage went by my chum said, "Jack, do you know what I'd like to do? I'd like to sneak up to the stable some night and erase that 'H' and put in 'E' L' in its place, and make 'H E L L' out of it, wouldn't it be a great joke on the driver?"

I admitted it would be a great joke and probably make a big sensation as it went through the town with the sign of the infernal region on it. But I didn't want any part of the joke.

A SELECT AND ENJOYABLE CLAM BAKE. Mr. C. A. White, the celebrated music composer, invited a select party of his fellow-guests of the Bluff to partake of a clam bake with him yesterday. In the party were the Edwards family, Mr. Frederick Dubos, Mr. & Mrs. and Miss Dornell, Mrs. E. Clarke, Master F. C. Gluck, E. Davidson. A first-rate time was enjoyed by all, and the clams cooked by Mr. White himself were delicious.

Hotel Arrivals.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.
Haverhill—E A Kimball.
Manchester, N H—Mrs S Christophe, Miss E Christophe, Master Emil C Christophe.
Easthampton—G P Tibbet and lady.

NONANTUM HOUSE.
Bildeford Pool—Miss Josephine Lane.
Lowell, Mass—Miss Hildreth Nesmith.

HIGHLAND HOUSE.
Lowell, Mass—C O Martin, Laurin Martin.

BASS ROCK HOUSE.
So Sudbury, Mass—L B Proger.
Boston, Mass—H L Farnham and wife.

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.
Philadelphia—Chas E Pugh.
Cleveland, O—D Newton.
Saco—Dr J W Bowers, Miss Grace Shannon.

Boston—G T Halladay, Mabel Walker, Miss M E Tuckman, W D Cousens.
New York—J M Bell.
Philadelphia—Theo W Cramp and wife, Miss Irene Cramp, Francis Cramp and maid, Robert G Ogden and wife, Miss Julia Ogden, Miss Helen Ogden.

Eastchester—W D Bowerman, M L Hardman, U S A, D D Pease.
Anburn—Mrs J Dingley, Miss Louisa Dingley.

Detroit—George H Barbour, Mrs G H Barbour, Ed L Barbour, Miss Grace Barbour, Miss Stella Barbour, Master George H Barbour, jr, Mrs C A Mills, Mrs Wm Franklin, J E Goodman, Mrs J E Goodman, Miss Ella Bart.

New York—D Talmage and wife.
Boston—H E Woods.
Philadelphia—Chas Purves.
Morristown, N J—Mr and Mrs A M B'gelow.
Buffalo—Mrs L Crocker and Miss La Tour.

THE PARKER HOUSE.
Boston—Daisy S Munroe, Grace Webster Edlisen, Mary S Gardner, Mrs T A Lee, Miss C G Lee, C A Buckley, F J Buckley.
Cambridge—H E Gunnison, Irving Blake, F W Bennett, Charles S Flood, Edward Kennedy, John Hooly, Geo S Smith.

New York—Mr and Mrs G M Taylor.
Portland—E E Searles.
South Berwick—John F Hodgdon.
Morristown, N J—Mr and Mrs A M Bigelow.
Somerville, Mass—Mrs Wm H Hodgkins, Grace L Hodgkins.

NORTON HOUSE.
Boston, Mass—Mrs J B Walker, Geo H Ryder, J T Norris, Chas A Ryder, W J Jackson.
Marlboro, Mass—M Lilla Walker.
Bourne—A O Collins.

BICKFORD HOUSE.
Baltimore—Charles Bangs and wife.
Philadelphia—Miss Groshold.
Haverhill, Mass—Mrs W A McCullis, Mary L McCullis.
Cambridgeport, Mass—Miss Blanche E Hooker.
New York—Joseph W Hill, Harry E Link.
Boston—Mrs J M Morrill.
South Boston—Mrs Geo R Tripp.

WENTWORTH HOUSE.
Minneapolis—Mrs W J Peck.
Paterson, N Y—Miss Alice Osborne.
Albany, N Y—M L Fearey, M S Fearey.

Boston, Mass—Mrs Perez B Howard and son, Mrs A G Hall, Miss Emma Anderson.
Malden, Mass—Miss Valeria Wilcox.
New York—William G Wilcox.

Exeter, N H—O G Courier.
Providence, R I—J F Jameson, Miss E J Cawles, Mr E L Cawles.
Washington, D C—Miss Luciana Chickering.

Rochester, N Y—Wm C Seward and wife, Mrs Thos Seward.
West Newton, Mass—Miss E W Bennett.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.
Cambridge, Mass—Mrs J W Hammond, Miss Clara Hammond, Master J Hammond.

Brooklyn, N Y—John M Kimball, E Wayne Kimball, Alexandria B Kimball, Mrs John M Kimball.

Malden, Mass—W H Hamlen.
St Louis, Mo—M S Forbes, Clara D Forbes, Mrs H Q Stagg.

Detroit, Mich—Mrs M Cabot Griffin, Miss Mary Griffin.
Chicago, Ill—C L Bingham and wife, Jessie M Bingham, Carrie A Bingham, Mabel Bingham.

New York, N Y—Miss L Shepherd, E Rude.
Boston—Mrs M E Clark, Mrs F O Tobey.
Somerville, Mass—J P Coddington and family.

SEA VIEW HOUSE.
Kennebunk, Me—M A Vinal, A G Vinal.
Exeter, N H—Cornelia Shute Byington.

Malden, Mass—Willis T Knowlton, J Elliot Knowlton, Albert E Knowlton, Henry D Corbett, Mrs H D Corbett, Miss Abbie C Corbett, Miss Leta M Corbett, C L Eaton, Mrs Grace C Eaton, Mrs E A Stevens, Mr E A Stevens, E A Stevens, jr, Mrs E A Stevens, jr, Miss Alice Stevens, Dexter Stevens.

Brooklyn, N Y—Miss Bessie Thompson, Mrs F E Thompson, Jack Thompson.

Boston, Mass—William Keyes, Mrs M E Keyes.
Malden's Vineyard—T B Brown.
Haverhill, Mass—E A Kimball.

SEA GROVE COTTAGE.
Somerville, Mass—Mr and Mrs Geo Mithroe and son.

Great Falls, N H—Mrs Russell and child.

GRANITE STATE HOUSE.
Franklin, N H—Alonso Messer.
Montreal, P Q—Q Masters Pacy, Miss Pacy, Miss Muriel Henderson.

The man who was giving away advertising fans here yesterday found a good customer in the baggage master at the depot. He took a dozen. Probably those girls that come over every night from the beach will use them to fan the heat from their blushing faces.

Portland & Boston STEAMERS.
One of the elegant new steamers "PORTLAND," or "TREMONT."
Leave Franklin wharf, Portland, every evening at 7 p.m., connecting at Boston with earliest trains on all diverging railroads.
Returning, leaves India wharf, Boston, every evening at 7 p.m.
SUNDAY EVENING TRIPS. By taking Saturday evening's steamer, returning Sunday evening, two delightful ocean trips may be secured and a day spent among the thousand interesting attractions of Boston. Fare only \$1.00 each way. State rooms can be secured in advance by mail or wire.
J. F. LISCOMB, Gen. Agent, Portland.

Highland House, ORREN WELLS, Proprietor.
Located on a Magnificent Bluff, with Fine Ocean and Inland Views
RIVERSIDE HOUSE, W. C. PARKER, Manager.
Delightfully located, close to River and Beach.
Kennebunkport, Maine.
11th Season of the Granite State House!
ALVIN STUART, Proprietor, Grove Station.
Every room commands an ocean view. Table first-class.

W. H. H. HINDS, DENTIST.
Office, Brown's Block.
Outing Goods of every description for Men's and Women's Wear.

BONSER & SON'S
Kennebunk, Kennebunkport.
Agents for Cambridge Steam Laundry.
G. F. MERRILL, M. D. (Successor to Dr. Barrett.) KENNEBUNKPORT.
Office, Spring St., Opp. Temple. Office Hours:—10 to 12 A. M.; 4 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.

LANGSFORD HOUSE, CAPE PORPOISE, ME.
A fine New House, close to fine bathing and boating. Almost surrounded by water. Nice rooms and first-class table.
H. L. LANGSFORD, Proprietor.

AN EFFECTIVE MEDICINE.

Butter-Milk One of the Most Reliable Domestic Remedies.
With the rapid growth of reconstructive medicine comes opportunely the introduction of old and well-known domestic remedies, among which butter-milk demands a respectable place. A young lady patient of the writer's (Dr. Landry, in Popular Science News) was suffering from a severe consumptive cough. None of the usual anti-spasmodics, expectorants, etc., seemed to do any good, simply because her stomach was too weak to bear enough medicine to effect the purpose. Finally I suggested to her mother the use of butter-milk. It was adopted at once. Her first night's experience was one of comparative freedom from cough and pain, and a pleasant slumber for several hours. It was continued for a long time with an unvarying relief of all her distressing symptoms and an almost perfect freedom from cough for several hours after each draught of the hot butter-milk. Lingering at one time for weeks from an attack of congestive fever, dosed with calomel and quinine almost beyond endurance, the writer began to desire butter-milk to drink. The physician "didn't believe in humoring the whims of patients," as he expressed it; besides, he contended that a single drink of the obnoxious fluid might produce death, as acids and calomel were incompatible dwellers in the same stomach.

But I was a good persuader, and my mother was a susceptible subject. The butter-milk, "fresh from the churn," was procured and drank. No evil resulted; instead came a perspiration and speedy recovery. Many years afterward I had missed my usual noon meal. It was about two or three p.m.—dinner, of course, was over—when I reached a farm-house, weak, tired, hungry and "all out of condition" for active work. Dinner was suggested by the housewife. "No, indeed," said I, "not this time; I am nearly home. But if you have any butter-milk I will take a drink of that to stay my stomach." A good, kind-hearted woman, she soon brought up a pitcher of butter-milk from the cool spring-house, while I examined my patients and prescribed for them. Perhaps a pint was drunk during the stay of nearly an hour. For months indigestion had held his unfriendly grasp on my stomach. From that notable day forward his reign was broken, my stomach healed, and I could ride all day, if necessary, without feeling so woe-begone from the lack of food as before drinking of the butter-milk. There are people, however, who can not use milk of any kind, nor butter; but to others it proves to be both food and medicine.

WHEN COMMUNISM FAILED.
The Fate of Louis Blanc's and Marshal Bugeaud's Experiments.
After the revolution of 1848, Louis Blanc started a workshop where principles of equality were practiced. The wages were the same for all, but the names of all idlers were written upon the walls. All work was very well paid for, as he had an order from the State to supply uniforms for the National Guard.
At the outset all went very well. The workmen were sincere and ardent Socialists, who made it a point of honor that the experiment of the new system should be a success; but very soon this good understanding came to an end. Those who were more industrious or quicker than their companions accused the latter of idleness; they felt themselves victims of injustice, for the remuneration was not in proportion to the zeal and activity displayed. They were being "cheated and duped," and this was intolerable; hence quarrels, arguments and fights. This temple of brotherhood was transformed into a sort of boxing booth—"boite aux griffes," which is, as is known, the name given to the building where the citizens of Geneva meet together for the exercise of their sovereign rights.
Another example: Marshal Bugeaud founded at Beni-Mered, in Algeria, a military colony on a communistic footing. The settlers were all picked men, and he supplied them with all they needed for the cultivation of the soil. Land, cattle, agricultural implements, the produce of the harvests, everything, in fact, was to be owned and all work carried on in common for the space of three years. The plan was excellent. It, nevertheless, turned out a failure. Although the colonists were soldiers, accustomed to discipline, passive obedience, and equal pay, and without private home or family, still they could not get through the communistic novitiate to the end. As they were engaged in pursuits other than their military exercises, the spirit of innovation and the taste for amelioration soon made themselves manifest. Each one wished to cultivate according to his own notion, and they reproached each other with not doing the work well. The Marshal vainly explained that it was to their advantage to work in common, in order to overcome the first difficulties of starting the settlement and to realize the economies insured by a wise division of labor; it was of no avail; the association had to be dissolved, although it had so far brought in profits.—Contemporary Review.

A Ride Across Asia.
A telegram from Omsk, in Siberia, announces the arrival at that place of the Cossack officer Peschhof, who has undertaken to ride alone, with one horse, from Blagovestchensk, the chief Russian station on the Upper Amoor, to St. Petersburg, a distance of 5,437 miles. Starting from Blagovestchensk on November 19 he reached Irkutsk on January 7 and Omsk on March 11, the journey as far as the latter place being about eight miles a day. Horse and rider both reached Omsk in good condition. In a letter to his commanding officer, written from Irkutsk, the enterprising Cossack says: "Traversed 2,451 versts (1,634 miles) in forty-nine days; in saddle 323 hours. The road in general is atrocious."

THE MAGPIE AND THE TRAVELERS.
One day a Magpie had taken a seat on a limb of a tree near the Highway, two Travelers came along and halted under the tree to rest. They soon observed the bird, and, never having seen one of its Species before, one of them called out: "Behold the Eagle! What a noble Bird!" "How Beautiful! How Grand!" added the other.
Filled with conceit the Magpie began to chatter her satisfaction at these words, but she had scarcely opened her Mouth when one of the travelers exclaimed: "What Fools we are! I know from what I have read that this Bird is only a Common Magpie!" "And let her, Begone!" added his friend, as he picked up a stone and sent it whizzing at her head.
MORAL.—A Crow, who had heard and seen all without being noticed himself, now Scratched his Ear and murmured: "If some Folks would only keep their Mouths shut what Credit they might get for what they don't know.—Detroit Free Press.

TWO AMERICAN FABLES.

Their Personal Ought to Benefit Persons Afflicted With the Big Head.
THE GOOSE AND THE DUCK.
A Goose who was sunning himself on a bank was much put out by the important airs assumed by a Duck, and finally observed: "Thank Heaven that I wasn't Born with such a Waddle as you've got." "Nor with my Good Looks, either!" Retorted the Duck.
"Bah! your Colors fade in the Wash!" "Your Voice is Cracked!" "It is, eh! Let us go to the Gobbler and Settle this matter. We will ask him to Decide between us."
When the Gobbler had looked them both over and heard each one Sing, he picked his teeth with a Straw, looked very Wise for a time, and then said: "Well, now, but up to this moment I had Credited both of you with good Looks and Common Sense. Now that you Particularly draw my Attention to yourselves I find you both so Homely that it makes my head ache, and I am amazed that either of you has Wit enough to keep your head Above Water."

MORAL.—One's Broken Nose never looks so bad until you Brag of its Symmetry.

CLOTH FROM WOOD.
A Detailed Description of the Process by Which It is Made.
A detailed description has appeared of Mitscherlich's most interesting process for producing cloth from wood. Thin boards or laths, free from knots, are cut into strips in the direction parallel with the grain, and are boiled in a solution of sulphurous acid or bisulphite, this boiling effecting disintegration without the strips being reduced to very small pieces. The wood, after boiling, is dried in the open air, and when dried the fiber becomes comparatively strong. The damp masses on the frame are transferred to a traveling endless cloth, which leads them to a pair of rollers, which may be plain or provided with corrugations in the direction of their length, the ribs of the one roller being made to gear into the recesses of the other one, whereby they effect a simultaneous strong bending and squeezing of the masses. The cutting of the material in passing through the rollers is avoided by having the endless cloth to pass over the lower roller, and by placing a canvas covering around the upper roller. The pressed masses fall from these rollers on to a second endless cloth which conveys them to a second pair of rollers, from which they are conveyed to a third pair—and so on, for six times. By continued treatment of the wood the fibers become at length so pliable and isolated from each other that they can be employed directly for coarse filaments; but to obtain a long fiber, the boiled and pressed masses are completely dried, then combed in the direction parallel with the fibers, similarly to the operations for combing flax, cotton, etc. The separation of the extractable matter from the fiber produced by boiling the gums and soluble organic matter can be effected at any time, though it is preferable that this be effected after the fiber has been spun into threads, etc.—Mechanical News.

RUSSIAN PIPE LINES.
Their Construction Will Keep American Oil Out of Europe.
American petroleum will, in a short time, be a thing of the past on the continent of Europe, as the Rothschilds, the owners of the Russian oil wells, will, in a short time, award to an American firm, the contract for the building of a pipe line 497 miles long, to run from the oil wells at Baku, on the Caspian, to Batoum, on the Black Sea, the loading port. The project has been shelved for a long time, owing to the attitude of the Russian government, which owns the railroads which now carry the oil, and which the pipe-line is bound to ruin, oil being the only business done on the road.
The pipes will be of cast iron, eight inches in diameter, and there will be sixty-four intermediate stations. The pipes must be buried at a considerable depth to guard against cracking in the intense frost and cold. The entire petroleum shipments from this port since January 1, 1890, have been 40,718,077 gallons, while at the same time last year they were 42,603,550 gallons.
The important effect which the construction of a pipe-line will have upon American oil interests is well known to the Standard Oil Company and all others interested in petroleum exports. It is well known that transit by pipe is immensely cheaper than rail carriage, and the Russian producers will now be able to carry their oil to European markets from the wells at the very lowest prices. The fight with American oil has for late years been decidedly stiff, but with the added handicap that pipe lines will give the foreigners may score a decided victory.—Philadelphia Record.

Electricity Storms.
Pike's Peak is celebrated for its electrical storms. According to the meteorological observations reported from there, the storms only occur when the air is moist; the most favorable condition is during the time a light snow is falling. When the hands at held-up sparks emanate from the tips of the fingers. At such times, with considerable wind, the anemometer appears like a circle of fire. Each flake of snow, as it alights on a mole's or burro's back, gives a spark like a fire-bug. The station was once struck by lightning. The electricity came down the anemometer rod, following along the wire running to the battery. Every place the wire crossed a nail the head of the nail was fused, and the wire melted at the same point.

POSTAL MYSTERIES.

Curious Cases Unearthed by an Inspector for the Department.

Comfortably seated in his private office, Chief Post Office Inspector Edgerton told an inquirer reporter some of his many strange experiences during nineteen years of service in charge of various postal districts. "Do you know," said he, "there seems to be an epidemic of obscene letter writing, from five to six complaints being made daily. This is unusual, and does not speak very highly for the morals of the great number of people engaged in these unlawful practices. The suicide of the beautiful girl, Jessie White, of Joliet, Ill., recalls a similar case I had when in Cincinnati."

"A wealthy, respectable and very good-looking woman, the wife of a prominent man in politics and business, was for a long time the recipient of scurrilous postal cards. From motives of delicacy she did not put the matter into the hands of the postal authorities until she was driven nearly crazy by them."

"She came to me bringing a large bundle of cards, and hysterically told me how she had received two or three daily. She did not suspect any one, and I was obliged to go to work without a clue. Watch was kept upon the street boxes, but, as the cards were dropped everywhere, this method proved unsuccessful. Her husband paid many visits to the office and begged me for God's sake to try and discover the writer. I do not remember exactly how, but suspicion finally fastened upon the husband himself, and I went to work on that basis. After careful investigation I discovered that my suspicions were correct. The wretch had been writing them himself. He had become infatuated with some woman and desired to get rid of his wife. Knowing her sensitive nature he thought by this method to drive her either insane or to suicide. For some time I said nothing, but worked on, listening to the husband's hypocritical complaints. When I had every thing ready I sent for this model husband and told him plainly what I had discovered. He was enraged, but when I related the story of his misdoings he became frightened and promised to do whatever I told him. For his wife's sake I did not arrest him, but, keeping the postals, I told him to go, and to remember that a repetition of the offense would lead to his punishment. When the wife called I told her that she would receive no more scurrilous missives. There are plenty of such cases, but many women will never complain."

"I had the pleasure of settling another case in St. Louis, but in this instance the shoe was on the other foot. A noted criminal lawyer came to me and told me that he had reason to believe that his wife was carrying on an illicit correspondence, through the medium of a private box in the post-office, with a notorious rough in that city. I, of course, investigated, and found that his suspicions were correct. They both had lock boxes, and when he came to his business mail he would also remove this woman's letters from the other box. I sent a note to her advising her to call at my office. She came, not without trepidation, fondly imagining that none knew of her guilt. In a haughty manner she asked my business. I told her without any attempt to veneer it with soft words. She declared herself insulted and said she would tell her husband. I told her to be seated, that he had instituted the inquiry, and then advised her to drop the correspondence, as she was standing on the brink of disgrace and ruin, and all for the sake of a man noted for his dissolute manner of living. She became frightened and promised to stop, and as an assurance of her good faith I gave me the key to her box. I sent a note to her husband and told him that he was mistaken, that his wife was not corresponding with any one, except by the regular course of the mails. This course was a lie by implication, but it sent him away a happy man, and he believed in such an instance the lie was justified."

"Speaking of St. Louis reminds me of another curious case. We had a man there, the chief registering clerk, who was indefatigable in his efforts to assist in detecting postal thieves. At the time the Kentucky lottery was in full blast, and whole batches of Louisville mail was disappearing, most of them with remittances to the lottery. The clerk was so deep in our confidence that we told him to keep a sharp lookout for the thief. In a few days he looked for them must be taken by the drivers of the mail wagons who came into the cars to get warm. I then made a personal investigation, but could find no drivers. Suspicion then turned upon the clerk, and sure enough I found he had been the thief. He was arrested and served three years. Oh, there are lots of funny things happening in the postal service which cause one to wonder if the good really exists in man."

Philadelphia Inquirer.

POSTAL MYSTERIES

Turkey Cases Unearthed by

for the Department.
Comfortably seated in his place, Chief Post Office Inspector on told an Inquirer reporter, in many strange experiences nineteen years of service in the various postal districts. "I know," said he, "there seems epidemic of obscene letter writing to six complaints being made. This is unusual, and does not tally for the morals of the people of people engaged in these practices. The suite of the girl, Jessie White, of Jersey, calls a similar case I had written."

"A wealthy, respectable, good-looking woman, the prominent man in politics, who for a long time the most scrupulous postal cards. From delicacy she did not put the into the hands of the postal and until she was driven nearly to

"She came to me bringing bundle of cards and hysterical how she had received them daily. She did not say I was obliged to go to work of course. When I was sent to boxes, but at the end of everywhere, this method was successful. Her husband had to the office and begged me to do not remember exactly how pious finally fastened upon the himself and I went to work. After careful investigation covered that my suspicions at rect. The wretch had been himself. He had been with some woman and had get rid of his wife. Knowing sive nature he thought by to drive her either insane or For some time I said only worked on, listening to the hypocritical complaints. When every thing ready I sent model husband and plainly what I had ere. He was enraged, but related the story of his making came frightened and promised whatever I told him. For sake I did not arrest him, but the postals. I told him up a member that a reputation of would lead to his punishment. The wife called I told her to receive no more obscene cards. There are plenty of men many women will never

"I had the pleasure of another case in St. Louis. The distance the shoe was on the A noted criminal lawyer and told me that he was sure he knew that his wife was writing illicit correspondence through of a private box to her with a notorious rough in of course, investigated, and of course, were correct. I had look boxes, and when his business mail he would this woman's letters from the I sent a note to her advising at my office. She came at trepidation, fondly imagining know of her guilt. In a hour she asked my business without any attempt to read soft words. She declared I had sulted and said she would hand. I told her to leave her husband had instituted the then advised her to drop correspondence, as she was in the brink of disgrace and ruin. To the sake of a man noted for the lute manner of living, I gave her an assurance of her husband and told him to mistake, when his wife was responding with any one, the regular course of the mail of course, was a lie by implication. I sent him away a happy man, but he in such an instance as justified."

"Speaking of St. Louis, I of another curious case. When there, the chief registering was indefatigable in his efforts in detecting postal thieves. At the time the Kentucky lottery blast, and while hundreds of mail was disappearing, most with remittances to the clerk was so deep in our confidence we told him to keep a sharp eye on the thief. In a few days he told they must be taken by the mail wagons who came to the cars to get warm. I then a personal investigation, but could not find the clerk, and sure enough had been the thief. He was served three years. On the post of funny things happen postal service which cause order if the good really exists Philadelphia Inquirer."

Electrical Storm.
Pike's Peak is celebrating electrical storms. According to meteorological observations, when the storms only occur in air is moist; the most favorable is during the time a snow is falling. When the held up sparks emanate from the fingers. At such times, a considerable wind, the atmosphere look like a circle of fire. Each snow, as it lights on a mile back, gives a spark like a fire. The station was once struck by lightning. The electricity came down the eter rod, following along the wire, and then it was fused, and the wire melted same point.

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

THE WAVE

TIDE TABLE

FOR JULY.

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

Wavelets.

A PARADOX.

(Gray's Monthly.)

"We lingered in a cosy nook,
Well screened from careless prying;
I pleading for a single kiss,
And she my prayer denying."
With scorn I said: "You love me not
To sport thus with my wishes;
I know of girls that are not half
So careful of their kisses."
The kiss is won, our peace is made,
Then, wrinkling her soft forehead,
She sighs: "O Tom, you're never nice,
Unless—unless—you're horrid."

Rev. A. K. P. Small, D. D., will preach at the Baptist church next Sabbath morning.

Mr. C. L. Eaton, of the firm of S. S. Pierce & Co., of Boston, has arrived at the Sea View.

Miss M. E. Tuckman of Boston, a noted opera singer, is sojourning at Ocean Bluff Hotel.

The family of Mr. O. Cleaveland, Mayor of Jersey City, are guests at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

The Boston Evening Traveller publishes an interesting letter from Kennebunk Beach to-day.

E. C. Damon has added cut flowers to his varied stock of goods at the Ocean Bluff Bowling Alley.

Some fine sketches of scenery by the well-known artist, Nelson Fish, are on sale at E. C. Miller's drug store.

Mr. C. White of Boston, the prominent and talented musician and composer, is stopping at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

Mrs. George E. Bartol of Philadelphia, with her family, and Mrs. S. S. Grier and daughter are at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. M. H. Forrest and family of Philadelphia have arrived here for the season and are stopping at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

Mrs. D. B. Whitlock and three daughters, from New York, have returned to the Bluff. They are welcomed as old-timers here, having spent several seasons at this beach.

Messrs. Gurney & Bryant, the photographers, have secured the services

of Miss Jeffrey, a bright and pretty young lady as assistant.

Two very enterprising young ladies from Lynn, Mass., Miss Lora Florence Larrabee and Miss Nellie M. A. Hobbs, are guests at the "Hall" estate.

Mr. Robert C. Ogden and family of Philadelphia are at the Ocean Bluff Hotel. Mr. Ogden is a member of the firm of John Wanamaker & Co.

Mr. L. B. Rogers, of South Sudbury, Mass., one of the largest stockholders of the Leatheroid Co., of Kennebunk, is spending a few days at the Bass Rock House.

The Juniors and the Seniors from the Ocean Bluff Hotel played a very interesting game of base ball yesterday afternoon. At the end of seven innings the score stood 14 to 13 in favor of the Seniors.

Chas. E. Pugh, general manager of the Pennsylvania R. R., was at the Ocean Bluff Hotel a few days the first of the week. Mr. Pugh left in a special car sent by Manager Furber of the B. & M. R. R.

Two young old-timers, Messrs. J. E. and W. C. Chatman, are again summering at the Parker House. They have been here for many successive seasons and know every inch of shore and river like natives.

Do not fail to send to the United States Hotel, Boston, for a copy of their very complete Guide to Boston and its suburbs. Ten cents in stamps will give you this, with elegant maps of the city and harbor.

Mr. H. E. Woods of Boston, the secretary of the Arundel Hall company, has arrived at the Ocean Bluff Hotel, and now dancing and all amusements are in order here. It is needless to say that Mr. Woods is a very welcome guest.

Visitors to the beaches do not have to wait till they "go home" or "to the city" to get their watches and jewelry repaired, when Frost, at Kennebunk, does it promptly and in the best manner. He also has a select stock of watches, jewelry and fine stationery.

Prof. Shailer Matthews of Colby College, and last year a guest at the Parker House for a greater part of the season, was married in Waterville on Thursday. Mr. Henry H. Matthews who managed the Parker House last season, was best man.

A convenience which will be greatly appreciated by the guest at the Ocean Bluff Hotel is a new and nicely fitted-up barber shop situated in close proximity to the bowling alley. Mr. Joseph Bowry, the tonsorial artist having charge of this shop, is a very pleasant and jovial gentleman and a clever workman.

The following is the program to be given by the Grove Hill House Orchestra to-night:

Overture,	Orchestra
Claironet Solo—Romance,	Archer
Mr. Pitcher,	
Vocal Solo—Thine Eyes so Blue,	Bohm
Miss Young,	
Reading—Music on the Rappahannock,	
Mr. Adams,	
Ballad—Down by the Riverside,	Thomas
Miss Young,	
Flute Solo—Il Trovatore,	Vedi
Mr. Esleek,	
Solo—Clarinet Obligato, Jewish Maiden	
Miss Young,	

Maj Gen. Jackson of Boston is stopping at the Norton House. Mr. Jackson is surely a veteran, having entered in the 1st Reg't Me., at Lewiston, in April, 1861. In August of the same year he was appointed colonel of the 5th Maine, at which post he served faithfully till Sept. 24, 1862, when he was appointed brigadier general; later on he was promoted to position of major general. Mr. Jackson has been through bloody scenes, having been severely wounded at Hampton Gap and Chancellorsville, besides receiving many other slighter wounds.

The Boston Evening Record, a short time ago, offered a vacation excursion to the most popular clerk in Boston, the question of their popularity to be decided by the number of votes sent into the Record office. Each clerk thus sent on a vacation is allowed to take with him one friend, also at the expense of the Record. Mr. C. A. Buckley, employed by Jordan, Marsh & Co., is one of the favored ones, and with his brother, Mr. F. J. Buckley, is stopping at the Parker House. Both express themselves greatly pleased with our beautiful resort, and with this fine house.

The horse-fly has arrived, and now takes his regular daily repast off the tender rump of the unfortunate equine. Occasionally the promenader on the beach is called upon to furnish his share toward a square meal. Some one suggests that after partaking of the more substantial portion of the repast, the fastidious insect satisfies his palate by a small portion of humanity as dessert, after which he invades the hotel office, abstracts a section of toothpick, and then hies himself away to some quiet woodland nook for a pleasant afternoon siesta.—Old Orchard Sea Shell.

Jovial, genial, hustling Mr. George H. Barbour, of Detroit, has made arrangements to have a glorious time during his stay at the Ocean Bluff, as he always does wherever he is. Mr. Barbour has all the energy and perseverance of the typical Westerner and he uses both these qualities in his business in a way that has made him rank among the great business men of the West. He is one of the commissioners of the World's Fair in Chicago in '92. The elegant stove in the Ocean Bluff parlor was a present from him to Messrs. Stimpson & Devnell, and was made in his works.

The halls of the Parker House, these fine evenings, resound with most beautiful strains of music by the lady orchestra which arrived at this house on Tuesday. This orchestra consists of three very cultured, talented and beautiful young lady musicians, Miss Daisy L. Monroe of Boston, cornetist; Miss Grace Webster Edlerson of Boston, violinist; and Miss Margaret Thompson, the daughter of the genial proprietor, pianist. Their music is of the best variety and is very pleasing to all who hear it. Surely the proprietor, Mr. Thompson, shows excellent judgment in procuring such a musical treat for his house, and we feel sure that his efforts in that line will be highly appreciated by his guests this season.

This year the old fishermen say there are plenty of "mackerel signs." The most important in their opinion is the reappearance of the horse mackerel, seen for the first time on this coast for four years. The horse mackerel is a distinguished visitor, and will be taken in and looked after every chance the fishermen have, but all the same they are glad to see the big fish back again, for they know that there must be plenty of mackerel close at hand. But while no large catches have been reported from the bay, a large number of schooners will go there, and if there are any mackerel, the Maine men will get their part, and in the meantime there is every indication that enough will be taken nearer home to keep up a supply in this market.

The Indians have arrived and have pitched their tents near the Bluff. The party this year consists of five families from the Passamaquoddy tribe of Eastport, under the leadership of L. F. Francisway, and three families of the Penobscot tribe, under the leadership of of Mr. Nicolai of Oldtown. They are making and selling their very handsome little baskets, knock-knacks, and all sorts of Indian articles. In this party is Mr. Joseph Ranco of Oldtown, a canoe builder, who in a few days is planning to start in his canoe building here and would be pleased to see all summer visitors who wish to view this novel process. Mr. Nicolai claims to be the oldest Indian settler at Kennebunkport, this being his fifth season, and boasts that his tent is the only facing the Bluff. He is a very sociable old gentleman, and an hour or so cannot be more pleasantly passed than in a chat with him.

The civil engineers, under the direction of George E. Fernald of Farmington, are still at work on the survey for the proposed extension of the York Harbor & Beach railroad to Wells. The route now under consideration is over the Bigelow survey, made twenty years ago, but which was abandoned for the present route of the Boston and Maine. The line leaves Ogunquit, passes through Cape Neddick village, and following the old mill-pond near the latter place, connects with the York Harbor & Beach road at its present terminus. After completing this portion of the survey, the engineers will again start from Ogunquit and follow the coast through Wells, passing near the site of the old Atlantic house to Kennebunkport, there forming a junction with the Kennebunk branch. Previous plans have located Cole's corner, Wells, as the point of union with the Boston & Maine, and it is thought that in the end the junction will be there instead of at Kennebunkport. This new line will shorten the time between Portland and Boston, twenty-five minutes.



Cooling, Palatable, Delightful.

Whether at the seaside or elsewhere, for a part of the whole of the season, an important auxiliary to your enjoyment is wholesome food. A most prolific source of discomfort and disease in hot weather arises from eating too heartily, and of articles which are heating and indigestible. Light nutritious dishes should form the staple article of diet during the sultry months. One of the best of these for a summer morning is Foulds' Wheat Germ Meal, which can be prepared for the table in ten minutes. Delicate to the taste, nutritious and easily digested, it has earned the title of "Queen of Cereal Foods." Put in a mould and eaten cold, with cream and sugar makes a delicious feature of lunch or supper. For children and persons of delicate health it is most nutritious and strengthening. All grocers have it. Give it a trial.

The Foulds Milling Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SEASHORE and MOUNTAIN LUXURIES

Are to be found in abundance at our store, or at our Bar Harbor Branch.

In addition to our extensive assortment of Standard Furniture and Upholstery, we exhibit a large variety of Hammocks, Hammock and Seaside Chairs, Spinal Chairs and Rockers, Screens, Mosquito Canopies, Tents, &c. Costs of all kinds—canvas, slat, woven wire and netting.

An endless variety of Rattan, Reed and Willow Chairs, Rockers, Couches, etc.

We furnish cottages, delivering goods, taking all risks and putting everything in perfect order for the occupant at specified time.

Keeler & Co.

Furniture Manufacturers and Upholsters,
Washington Street, cor. Elm, BOSTON.
Factory at East Cambridge.

Keeler & Co.

146 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

Delicious Bon Bons

AND
Chocolates
carefully selected, packed in tin boxes, and expresse

PREPAID
1 lb., \$1.15. 2 lbs., \$2. 3 lbs., \$2.90.
4 lbs., \$3.70. 5 lbs., \$4.50.

31 MILLIONS

Invested in the securities handled exclusively by the

WINNER INVESTMENT COMPANY,
during the last eighteen months.

Capital Full Paid, \$1,000,000.
Surplus, \$400,000.

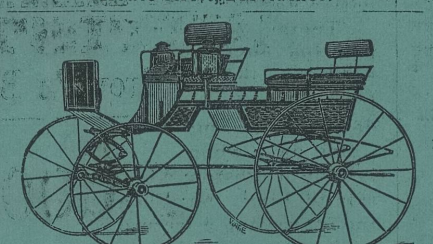
No Farm Mortgages. No Debenture Bonds
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Absolutely Safe Five, Six and Eight per cent.
BOND INVESTMENTS.

Full particulars on application.

WILLIAM H. PARMENTER,
GENERAL AGENT,

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



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

A Wonderful Story

The Master of the Magicians.

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

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston

THE OLD RELIABLE

AMERICAN HOUSE.

(Under New Management)

American House. Rates from \$2.50 upwards.

RUSSELL & STURGIS, Proprietors,
BOSTON, MASS.

By mail on receipt of 4 cents for postage; also circular of our leading toilet requisites, Antepellis, Ant wrinkles, etc., which bleach, rest and heal the skin most embellishing, yet invisible and unaffected by perspiration; free trial at parlor, PINUSINE, for women, a far coal pound. Physicians agree that women should use it even in health; it has no rival for toilet use. PINAULT, (from Paris) 53 Temple place, Paris.

Boston, Mass.

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.

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.

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.

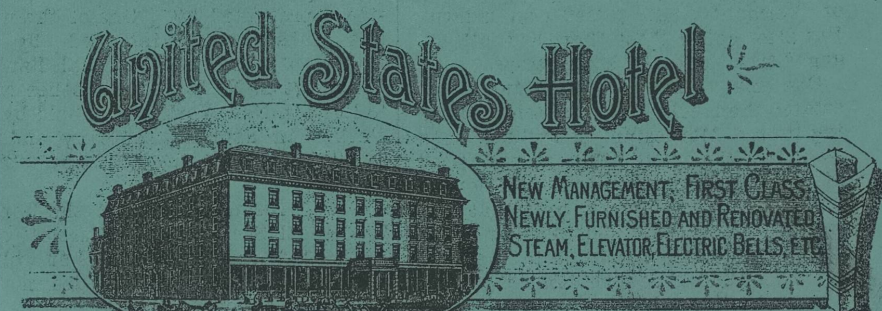
JOS. H. JEFFREY,
Kennebunkport, Maine.

Near Parker House.

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

LOUIS M. PERKINS.



NEW MANAGEMENT, FIRST CLASS, NEWLY FURNISHED AND RENOVATED. STEAM, ELEVATOR, ELECTRIC BELLS, ETC.

MARKET SQUARE, CONGRESS, FEDERAL and ELM STREETS.

Portland, Maine.

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

STORIES ABOUT CARDS.

Remarkable Hands That Have Been Held by Habitués of the Card Table.

Not very long ago the entire British Empire and a large portion of the United States was all torn up over the well-attested story of the Calcutta Club man who held thirteen trumps in a single hand at whist. But stories of the peaceful game are few and far between as compared with tales concerning that most fascinating pastime where hands are (generally) completed after a discard and a draw, says the St. Paul Pioneer-Press. It is almost as hard not to falsify about phenomenal hands at poker as it is not to tell plain, every-day lies about strings of fish, but the writer knows a few five-carders worth chronicling.

Only a few evenings ago a well-known gentleman of St. Paul, desirous of inducing his fair wife to give up an outdoor engagement (the night air was cold and the lady none too strong), offered to stay at home and play two-handed poker "for keeps." The offer was accepted, table stakes fixed at an amount sufficient simply to give zest to the play, and the game went on with varying fortune. Finally the gentleman stood pat and raised the come-in. His wife stood the raise and drew one or two cards, making a king full. She bet all she had, and at the show-down the dear fellow displayed a straight flush of clubs, with the ten at the top.

The writer once assisted at a game in which there were seven players. One man had the king, queen and ten of spades, and, as a bluff, raised the ante. Three others stayed. The would-be bluffer called for two cards, getting the ace and jack of spades, and sitting comfortably behind a royal flush. One of his three opponents made a queen full, one got "big Dick" (aces and kings), and the third—and this is the marvel—to the nine, eight, seven and five of spades drew the four of that suit, making two spade flushes in opposition, one of them straight and the other within one card thereof.

Captain MacDougall, of the Seventh Cavalry, and Adjutant Cook, who died with Custer, once held two straight flushes against each other, one of diamonds, the other of hearts and both headed by the jack.

During the flush times at Julesburg, on the Union Pacific railway, three gamblers, one of them still alive, held flushes identical as to value, all the suits but clubs being represented when the final call was made. Argument to the effect that spades was the royal suit on the part of the man who held the flush of that suit and an attempt to make his logic irrefutable by the use of a 32-caliber, cost the logician his life at the hands of the "heart" man, who "drawed a leetle the quickest."

HE BOUGHT THE BEST.

But, Says Eugene Field, He Will Not Let It Happen Again.

I have bought a dress, writes Eugene Field from London to Chicago News. I paid thirteen guineas for it. The estimable lady for whom I made the purchase had expressed a yearning for a tailor-made suit, a good one being procurable for five guineas, or twenty-six dollars. But in common with others of my sex, I was laboring under that abominable delusion which we like to utter, viz: "Tis always cheaper to buy the best." So far as I am concerned, that heresy is exploded. What I paid originally for that fine dress hardly figures with the money that it has cost to run it. A naturally domestic woman no sooner becomes possessed of a lovely gown than all of a sudden she conceives an ambition to tread straight-way the frivolous round of fashionable society. Hosiery, kerchiefs, bonnet, gloves, shoes and countless trifles must be purchased to match the seductive garment. The top of a tuppenny bus is no longer good enough for her; she must ride in the three-shilling cab; she must have a new silk umbrella and a new silk gossamer in order to be fortified against the weather, because to wrinkle, spot or dampen that new thirteen-guinea dress would constitute an offense more grievous than the sum of the seven deadly sins. Moreover, that fine gown attracts beggars and invites pickpockets; it compels a liberality that is false and wholly unwarrantable, and it entails expenditures highly demoralizing. That gown, too, claims and enjoys more than its equitable share of space in the family closet—before it the cherished habiliments of the husband are either swept away under the bed or thrown profanely over the broken back of the rickety chair in the corner. So we see that this wicked heresy, which would fain teach us that it is cheaper to buy the best—this heresy, I say most solemnly, engenders not only financial misery but intermarital discord; and against its indulgence and promulgation I protest, stand and revolt.

MANY OCCUPATIONS.

A Good Comment on the Number of Callings Some Western Men Try.

A Kansas gentleman sends to the Youth's Companion a report of a conversation recently overheard in a shop where several Western men were comparing notes on their different kinds of work. It soon came out that nearly every one present had been born in the State of Vermont and "raised" on a farm. But after going West they had all engaged in a variety of occupations.

One man said: "I went into real estate; then sold out and tried clerking it on a Mississippi steamboat; then went into the cattle business, and tired of it; packed up my goods and settled on a claim in Nebraska; quit that, and went to Texas to do business in a feed store; from there I went on to the road for a boot and shoe firm, and just now I'm in the livery business."

"That's nothing," said another. "I've been a school-teacher, a postmaster, a preacher, a lawyer, a blacksmith, a notary public, a store-keeper, a sheriff, a county superintendent of schools, a cigar manufacturer, and a farmer."

There was silence till another man remarked that he had left the printed list of his accomplishments and occupa-

tions at home, because it was too bulky to carry around, but if he remembered right the list began with a college president and ended with member of the Legislature.

At this point two or three men remarked that it was getting rather close in the store; they guessed they would go home, and they went out. Another man edged up to the door and said in a lazy tone that he thought his experience would beat the lot for variety. Some one asked him to tell it, and he said:

"I began life as a baby. From that I grew into a boy. While I was a boy I went to school, clerked in a drug store, worked on a farm, had my arm broken in two places in a saw-mill, taught the district school one term and sung in the village choir."

"When I grew up I served as apprentice to a tailor in Boston, but at the end of six months I ran away to sea and went around the world three times. At the end of my last voyage I bought a ticket for Texas and went onto a ranch, where I stayed two years. I then had an offer to edit the Weekly Blizzard, and held the position just one week, when the Government offered me a place as Indian agent."

"After serving a year at that I went into the mining business in Colorado, and made two hundred thousand dollars in six months. I went to San Francisco and invested my fortune in real estate. The investment was unfortunate, for in less than a month I lost every cent of it, and was obliged to seek work as a day-laborer on a railroad."

"I worked up from brakeman to engineer, and then in a collision I broke my leg and had to go to a hospital. While there I studied medicine, and when I got out I took to practicing, and was quite successful until I treated a small-pox patient for erysipelas. Then I decided to go to preaching, and got on well at it for several months. But the pay was not very regular, and I quit to go into a dentist's office and—"

It was very quiet in the store, and the man who had had such a varied experience said softly: "Goodnight, gentlemen," and went out. He was the wag of the town, though the strangers did not know it; but his story was a good comment on the number of occupations that some Western men try.

WOMAN'S INCONSISTENCY.

A Big-Hat Fiend Got a Dose of Her Own Medicine.

"Talk about a woman's inconsistency! Well, I had an example of it to-night that fairly took my breath away," and the speaker, who was talking to a New York Tribune man, took a puff at his cigar. "I was at the theater, and of course my seat was directly behind one which contained a woman with a big hat. The hat was not only high, but it was topped off with waving plumes, and it soon started in to spoil the evening for me. The woman bobbed her head from side to side in a way that played the deuce with my nerves, because I was kept jumping from side to side in my efforts to catch glimpses of the actors. At first I didn't know what was the cause of her activity, but finally I discovered that the woman in front of her had on even a bigger hat than she wore herself. Well, I gave up trying to see the stage the rest of the first act and devoted myself to enjoying the plight of my tormentor, as she dodged on this side and on that to avoid the big hat in front of her."

"At the end of the act I got another seat, where I could see both the stage and the woman who had sat before me. She wasn't young or pretty (women who wear big hats at the theater seldom are), and I confess I took great glee in seeing her go through the contortions through which she had recently put me. She became furious, and dropped remarks to her husband which I was sure were by no means complimentary to the woman in front."

"After the play I managed to get alongside the woman and walk out of the theater at her elbow. If she wasn't muttering all the spiteful things imaginable to her husband about the poor creature whose hat had put her in such a temper, and bless you, it probably never occurred to her that she had been doing the self-same thing which she thought so mean in her guilty sister. I hope that her experience taught her to look for the beam in her own eye first, but I've no idea it did."

Up Hill, Every Time!

Prudent Sister—If you marry that poor girl, George, you will find matrimony decidedly up-hill work.

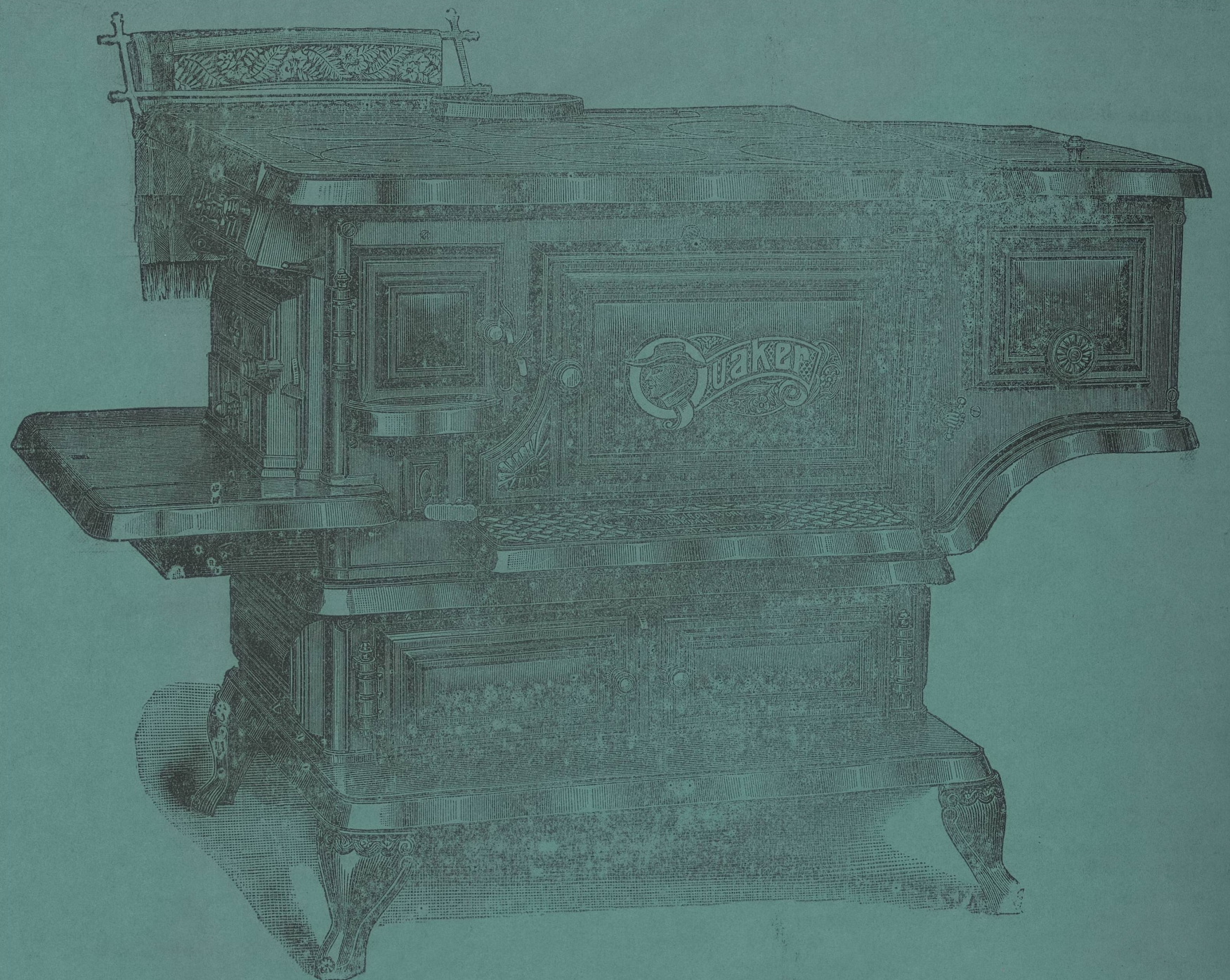
George—Well, what of it, sis? I'd rather go up-hill than down-hill by a great sight!—St. Louis Magazine.

—An old Wyoming hunter estimates that there are not over 500 buffaloes on the globe now. There are less than 100 wild bison, about 200 in captivity and 200 in Yellowstone Park. Nearly all of the wild ones have been located. Twenty-five are known to be in Texas, 20 in Colorado, 26 in Wyoming and Montana, and 15 in Dakota. The big herd said to be in the British possessions is but a myth.

—A short time ago the Government issued by mistake two bank notes, the face representing \$10, while the reverse side represented \$20. One of the notes was subsequently returned by the cashier of the First National Bank of Washington, N. J., and the other came to light in New York. It is held by the clerk of an insurance company, and it is said that he has refused a large sum for it.

—At a recent meeting of the London Zoological Society, A. D. Bartlett communicated some observations on wolves, jackals, dogs and foxes, based mainly upon his experience of those in the Zoological Gardens. His remarks tended to prove that all the varieties of the domestic dog owe their origin to wolves and jackals, the habit of barking having been acquired under the influence of domestication; and that the dog is the most perfectly domesticated of all animals.

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The mother of Homily, the famous Indian chief, died not long ago at her daughter's home, on the Umattilla Indian reservation. She is believed to have been the oldest woman in Oregon. Homily, who is the youngest of her offspring, is seventy-three years old, and, it is said, first saw the light of day when his mother had arrived at the mature age of forty. If this be true, the woman had attained the surprising age of 113 years at the time of her death.

CHOATE'S IMAGINATION.

The Great Lawyer's Wonderful Talent for Multiplying Words.

Macaulay's imagination and historical knowledge enabled him, as he walked the streets of London at night, to change the town into ancient Rome. Rufus Choate, when a boy, used to make the scenes of poetry and history real by transferring them to the shores of his native Essex.

"There," said he, years afterward, pointing out a rocky, cavernous knoll to his son-in-law as they were riding from Ipswich to Essex, "there is the descent to Avernus."

One day, when he was the leading lawyer of Boston, a celebrated lecturer said to him: "Mr. Choate, I am thinking of writing a lecture on one of the ancient Generals, but am in doubt which one to choose."

"Hannibal is your man!" answered Mr. Choate, with animation. "Think of him crossing the Alps in winter, with nobody at his back but a parcel of Numidians and Moors, riding on horses without any bridles, to set himself against that imperial Roman power!"

One element of Mr. Choate's strength as an advocate was that vivifying imagination, by which he so pictured scenes that the jury, looking at them through his eyes, saw just what he wished them to see, and were blind as to things he was anxious they should ignore.

Mr. Choate's talent for multiplying words which might not signify a great deal, but which not only sounded well, but helped to create with a jury the impression that he sought to convey, is well known.

On one occasion, in defending an insurance company against which a claim had been brought for the loss of a ship which was declared by the defense to be utterly unseaworthy, Mr. Choate made a great impression by including in his plea these swelling words:

"And so, gentlemen, overburdened with her well-nigh priceless cargo, and carrying her far more precious freight of human life, the vessel started on her voyage, painted but perdition—a coffin, but no ship!"—Youth's Companion.

—There are many things besides looks again: the squint-eyed and cross-eyed man, one of which is that he can not enter the regular army. Men must shoot straight.

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under and belonging therewith, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, the 2nd day of August next.

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CHAS. E. MILLER.

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