

The Wave

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 16, 1890.

WENTWORTH HOUSE,

Kennebunk, Maine.

P. O. Address, Kennebunk, Me.

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Pure Water and Good Drainage.

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Miss Alice Paine, Proprietor.

A beautiful location. Excellent rooms. Ex-
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With a delightful location, a popular reputation and a table unexcelled, this house cannot fail to please the most fastidious guest.

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Agency for Kennebunk Steam Laundry.

The Wave is for sale here.

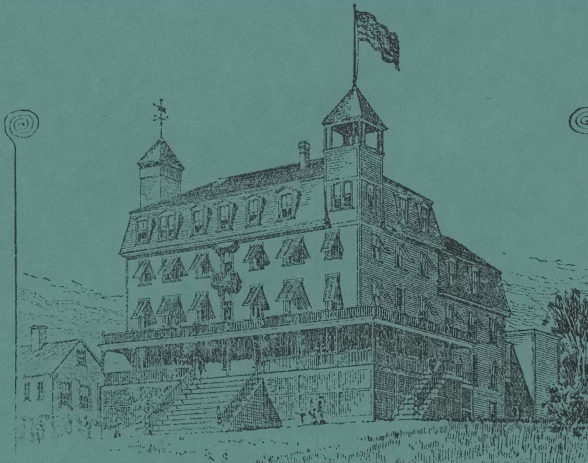
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PROPRIETOR.

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Cool Soda, etc., at

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Mrs. John P. Moulton.

Saco, Me., Aug. 30, 1886.
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 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 pains. At last, last night, she 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 housework, and has remained in perfect health since; praise God for this wonderful remedy.
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A. E. COBB, M. D.
And for sale at office, Exchange Block, 119 Main street, Biddeford, Me., and by Druggists.
Price \$1.00 per bottle.

The Wave

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1890.

THE STATION BELL

WILL CHANGE ITS LOCATION.

For a long time visitors have wondered just what the great bell was intended for that hung upon the belfry in the railroad station. After this week they will wonder no longer, for it will not be there. Arrangements have been made to move it to Cape Arundel and place it in the tower on St. Ann's church. It is expected the tower will be completed this summer. The bell will be moved this week by Mr. J. B. Maling. This bell was cast in Belgium for Yale college, but its tone didn't exactly chime with the others there so it was sold for its value in old metal and was given to the railroad to place in this station, it being at that time the custom to strike a bell in all terminal stations before the departure of trains. For a while it was used, after being placed there, to announce the departure of trains but the space in the belfry was not large enough to swing it, so for years it has remained motionless and soundless. Now it is to be placed in the little church tower and its resounding peals will mingle with old ocean's roar. Its weight is 1320 pounds.

GENERAL TOURIST NOTES.

Report comes from the Isles of Shoals that an English capitalist, representing a syndicate, is a guest at the Appledore house, and has made a careful examination of the property owned by Laighton Bros., including the hotel, with a view of purchasing the property for the syndicate. It is reported further that \$500,000 has been offered, and that a bargain is likely to be consummated.

There never was a summer when it was more necessary, in order to be fashionable, to pass the season anywhere but at one's country home, says the Boston Herald. It used to be thought a luxury to own a house by the sea or in the country and live there half the year. Now it is well enough to own it and keep it well stocked with servants and horses, ready for short and unexpected visits perhaps at Christmas or during sleighing time, but summer, with its flying visits to Bar Harbor, Lenox and Russia, England, Alaska, Newport, and Norway, leaves no time for rest at home. Surely it is useless to look for an American at his own home this summer.

Poor prominent people at a fashionable watering place are like elephants and monkeys at a menagerie, a part of the show.

Hotel Arrivals.

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.

Baltimore—E Lovejoy and wife.
New Haven, Ct—Mrs E S Greely, Miss Greely.
Philadelphia—Miss McGuigan.
St Louis—Mrs N O Nelson, Miss Nelson, Charlotte Nelson, Mrs Benj. von Phil, Mrs Chas Maynes, child and maid.
Haverhill—Chas M Howe.
Philadelphia—Dr and Mrs M H Fowles.
Portland—Geo O K Cram, Mrs Cram, Miss S H Cram.
New Haven—Miss Brewster.
Boston—C A White.
Keene, N H—Mrs E Clark.
New York—Mrs A M Gluck, Master F C Gluck, C Davidson.
New York—Mrs J J Healy, Miss Hicks.
Boston—Richard Dawling, Winthrop H Dame.
Haverhill—C H Fellows.
Juchalpa—F L Willis.
Fort Bliss, Texas—Mrs Mason Carter, Miss Alice Carter, Mrs F C Kimball, F H Kimball and wife.
New York—James J Healey.
Haverhill—James H Carlton, Edwin F Adams, Mrs D K Flint.
Boston—Mrs Mary Ames.
Philadelphia—E N Wright, Mrs W K Bray—Wm F Fotherall.
Boston—Herbert L Fenn, F L Howe, M C Hallett, E E Piper.
Worcester—Mr and Mrs W G Beal, Master Clifton Beal.
Haverhill—E B Adams, Warren Kimball.
Boston—Wm S Rumill.
Jersey City—Mrs O Cleveland, Miss Cleveland, Mr C Cleveland.

NONANTUM HOUSE.

St Louis—F A Lane.
Franklin Falls, N H—Annie Nesmith.
Jamaica Plain—Miss M Reynolds, Robert D Reynolds.
ARUNDEL HOUSE.
San Antonio, Texas—Mrs H E Carbaugh.

COLUMBUS, O.—Mrs Mary F Going.

HIGHLAND HOUSE.
East Orange, N J—Miss C M Dey, Miss C B Beach, Miss A J Beach.
Denver, Col—T E Schwarz and wife, Gertrude Schwarz.

THE PARKER HOUSE.

Portland—W O Fox and wife.
No Cambridge—G A Leonard and wife.
Boston—J W Chatman, J E Chatman, W C Chatman, W B Parker, Miss Littlehale.
Newtonville, Mass—B S Grant, Miss E LeB Woodman, Alice B Woodman.
Lewiston, Me—F W Dana and wife, Miss Davis.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.

Boston—A R Paull, W E Coggin, K A Kimball.
Manchester—C W Heizer, Julia M Smith.
Beverly—Albert L Pitcher.
Gt Falls, N H—Ida M L Young.
Norway—W H Whitcomb.
Reading—E H Gowing.
Easthampton, Mass—G P Tibbets.
Biddeford—H H Goodwin, wife and child.
Lewiston—Stephen Lee.

GRANITE STATE HOUSE.

Boston—F E Nute.
Concord, N H—Mrs R C Carr and son.
Andover, N H—Mrs J T Carr.
Saco—E Lane.
Manchester, N H—Lizzie B Cossar.
Great Falls, N H—Mrs L M Nute, W M Nute.
Franklin Falls, N H—Alonzo Messenger.
Danbury, N H—Miss Florette Emerson.

SEASIDE HOUSE.

New York City—Miss Julia K Dunphy.
Boston—Mr and Mrs Julian S Eayrs, Miss Ethel W Eayrs.
Andover, N H—Mr and Mrs T D Thomson, Miss Eleanor J Thomson, Mr Philip Thomson, Miss Clara Thomson, Miss Rosamond Thomson.
Haverhill, Mass—Howard C Jewett, M D.
Kennebunkport—Miss Lottie Torrey.
Baltimore—Rev Wayland O Ball, Mrs Annie W Ball, Mrs Price, Miss Jennie Price, Miss Mary King.

LANGSFORD HOUSE.

Salem, N H—Mr A C Barstow, Mrs A C Barstow, May Barstow, Frank Barstow, Mrs Kent.
Boston—Miss Bertie Millett.
Dorchester—Mr C H Knight, Mrs C H Knight, Harry Knight, Miss Grace McKown, Melvin H Prior, Cora A Whipple, Fred F Whipple.
Roxbury—Mr H C Knight, Mrs H C Knight, Sadie Knight, Homer Goodwin, Marion Whittaker.
Reading—Mr F W B Pratt, Mrs F W B Pratt, Marion Pratt, Winthrop Pratt, Mr Daniel Pratt, Mrs Daniel Pratt, Mr Pratt.
Lowell—Mr Geo W Brothers, Mrs Geo W Brothers, Mrs Mary Brothers, Walter Brothers, Joseph Brothers, Arthur Brothers, Harry Bradford, Miss Morgan, Miss Clifford.
Woburn—Mr Henry C Wood, Mrs Henry C Wood, Dana Wood.
Boston—Mr Grenville Bacon, Mrs Grenville Bacon, Mrs A Bambee and family.

W. H. H. HINDS, DENTIST.

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of every description for

Men's and Women's Wear.

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Kennebunk, Kennebunkport.

Agents for Cambridge Steam Laundry.

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(Successor to Dr. Barrett.)

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A fine New House, close to bath and boating. Almost surrounded by water. Nice rooms and first-class table.

H. L. LANGSFORD, Proprietor.

CYCLING AND HEALTH.

The Bow-Legged Wheelman and Some of His Other Dangers.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, in the Asclepiad, points out that unless certain essential conditions are observed cycling is inevitably injurious to health.

He thinks that it is always best to delay the commencement of cycling until the body is closely approaching to its maturity. Even adult cyclists who are too much in the saddle almost invariably acquire what may be called the cyclist's figure, which is not graceful and is not indicative of the full possession of perfectly-balanced bodily powers. Hence I should not recommend cycling as a pastime of the schools, and I should not favor it as an exercise, even during holiday times from school, except in the most moderate degree. The systematic pursuit of cycling should never be fully commenced until the rider has arrived at maturity—that is to say, until the age of twenty-one years has been attained.

The effect of cycling on the upper extremity of the arm and forearm is to slightly bend the limb, the deformity taking place in the arm-bone and in the fingers, and to bring about an unnatural curve of the shoulders. On the lower limbs cycling tells as markedly as it does on the spine, and, as the lower limbs perform the greater part of the work, they usually feel the effects of it most distinctly. Riding brings out and exaggerates any deformity, however slight. The pelvis of the rider, now practically a part of the machine, is fixed to it, and is almost as rigid as itself. In this position of things the thigh bone is placed under unusual strain. The large muscles in the fore part of the thigh are employed during or lifting up the leg at great disadvantage of leverage. What the strain is on these muscles every young cyclist knows to his cost, and it is not until they get a kind of extra-natural power that riding is easy. The pressure upon the thigh bone causes bow-leggedness.

We still maintain a base error in the machine, by having it so constructed that the pelvis of the rider becomes a fixed part of the machine. This is well shown when the cyclist has to meet a hill. In climbing, we push the machine or drag it. We want two entire changes in construction of the machine, one by which we can bring the whole weight of the body into the propulsion; the other by which we can call forth all that muscular power which is used with such effect in walking and running, but is lost in cycling. If these two objects were attained, and there is not the slightest reason why they should not be attained, climbing would be just as easy on the machine as it is off it while the degree of speed that would be rendered applicable would at least be doubled; that is to say, if now in ordinary riding the four miles an hour of the pedestrian is changed into eight, it would then, with the same amount of exertion, be turned into sixteen; while the twenty miles an hour of the fast-trider would be turned into forty, if that were a safe pace to travel.—St. James' Gazette.

COURTESY IN BUSINESS.

It Is Always Profitable, Even from a Strictly Mercenary Standpoint.

"May I bring this back if I don't like it?" is a question very often asked by customers at the large stores. Sometimes it is not profitable for the firm to take back goods, even if others are bought in their stead, and it is often a question if the courtesy thus extended pays in the long run.

There can be no doubt, however, that courtesy of language is always profitable. A clerk in one of Chicago's largest retail dry-goods stores tells the following, which might happen a hundred times a day in any large city: Two women came to his counter and inquired for Madras cloth. He took some down, and one woman said:

"Why, that isn't Madras cloth. Show us some of the real article."

"I assure you, madam, this is the real thing. We have nothing else in these goods."

"They are not like this at Smith's," said the other woman.

"No," said her companion, "they are genuine goods there."

"We try to furnish the best thing in the market," replied the clerk, politely. "Sometimes we make mistakes, but we are always ready to rectify them. If you find that this is not all Madras cloth, we will agree to get the real article."

"Will you be sure to give me enough for another dress of the real Madras cloth if I take this, and find that in washing it fades, for the real Madras is warranted not to fade, you know, and even if you gave me another dress, it would hardly pay for my loss of time in making this up."

"I am quite sure, madam, that you will find the cloth what we represent. If not, we will do the right thing."

The goods were finally bought and taken home. The next day the woman, who had left her address with the clerk, was surprised to receive from the firm the following note:

DEAR MADAM—Messrs. B—and M—do desire to state that the goods sold to you yesterday as Madras cloth are imitation, and not what we had supposed. If you will kindly return the same, we shall be pleased to give you in exchange the real article. In case you have made use of the cloth, or damaged it in any way, it will make no difference to us. Please excuse the mistake of the clerk, and return the cloth at your earliest convenience.

Respectfully, B—and M—

This was a good advertisement for the firm, but even if it had not been, the courtesy was appreciated. As the woman said when she returned the cloth: "It is worth a good deal to trade with such a firm. It is an education in courtesy.—Youth's Companion."

—A lion cub at the Cincinnati Zoo is being raised with a black cat. It is very fond of pussy, and they play and frolic together most amusingly.

THE VALUE OF METHODS

Living on a System which Will Best Preserve the Harmonies of Life.

Once in awhile there finds its way into print some method or system of living, advocated by the man who applies it, that is startling. A journalist recently published and strongly advised his fellow-professionals to follow his plan, a system that was the worst form of slavery. He was engaged in a publishing house where he was compelled to spend seven hours a day. Neither the salary nor the employment was satisfactory, as the gentleman had literary proclivities, so he adopted his method to meet his wants, and believed entirely that he had found the secret of success in his method. With the aid of an alarm clock he is roused at 3:30 each morning, and one hour later after "very thorough ablutions" and a light breakfast of bread and milk, or rolled wheat, he is at his desk, where he remains till seven o'clock; then the morning paper and breakfast; at eight he starts for business; the study of Spanish furnishes employment for the half-hour spent on the elevated road—for of course this man lives in New York—then seven hours in the publishing house, more Spanish, dinner, and bed at eight. It would be interesting to read the literary work ground out by such a system. The closing sentence of the article is characteristic: "But it is 7 a. m., and I must stop." Think of what the world has lost because of the unfortunate minute hand on that worker's clock.

Is life to be spent in a treadmill? Are we to be nothing but machines? Sometimes we see, we hear, of mothers whose lives are one incessant effort to gain a period of rest; but that a man could be found who would be willing to shut out friends, art, music, life, willingly, and advocate a system that involves such sacrifice, seems incredible.

But was there ever a man who doubted his ability to advise his neighbor? The subject may be what it will, whether the division of income, investments, love affairs, government of wife or children—nothing daunts or deters him. In no relation does man show his belief in the brotherhood of the race so thoroughly as in his willingness to guide and direct his brother in the management of his affairs, in advising him especially about the use of time. Every man believes that he has found the secret of accomplishing the greatest amount of work with the least expenditure of force. And so we hear, from the man who finds he can work best in the afternoon, convincing arguments for following that method of dividing time. Then there is the man who works best when he has not a moment of time in which to catch up with the demand. Then we have the man who eats, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, exactly the same breakfast at the same time, and to this habit attributes his sound health and working powers. We have the man who believes in inspiration, and the man who thinks inspiration is a habit, and it is merely a matter of sitting down and rising on the exact minute each day.

"One man's meat is another man's poison," says the old saw, and it applies to life on every side. What is temptation to one man is not to another. What is ease to one man is distress to another. What is attractive to one man is repellant to another. We can not make rules for each other; fortunate are we if we can make rules for ourselves which we find always workable. But there is one gospel which we should all preach in these days, and that is that the liberty of life is worth more than systems, more than rules, more than theories; that every man should seek to find that philosophy, that system, of living which will best preserve the harmonies of life for him.—Christian Union.

HANGING FOR AMUSEMENT.

An Englishman Who Nearly Hanged Himself in Reality.

Two remarkable examples are on record of persons who allowed themselves to be hung for the entertainment of an audience. An account of one of them is given in the London Lancet of April 17, 1847. The man's real name was John Harnshaw, but he performed throughout England under the high-sounding title of M. Gouffe. He was an athlete, and among other feats it was customary with him to exhibit the process of hanging. In this performance he relied for security on the strength of the muscles of the throat and neck alone. He had a rope with a fixed knot that would not slip, and passed both ends of the loop up behind one ear.

The whole act was so adroitly managed that he prevented any pressure of the rope upon the windpipe or the jugular vein, and could even sustain a weight of 130 pounds in addition to that of his own body. On three separate occasions Harnshaw mismanaged the rope and became unconscious, but was, luckily, rescued each time. Dr. Chowne, who writes the account, says truly: It can not be doubted that as far as sensation and consciousness are concerned Harnshaw passed through the whole ordeal of dying; and had he been permitted to remain hanging until actually dead he could have passed out of existence without further knowledge of his misery. Harnshaw said, not with particular reference to either of the accidents, but in speaking of his performances collectively, that he could recollect nothing which happened to him after the rope tightened, and that he lost his senses all at once.

The moment the rope got in the wrong place he felt the change and could not breathe; felt as if he would like to loosen himself, but never thought of using his hands. He experienced the heaviness of legs and arms mentioned by others who have been half hung and then rescued, and the rattling sound in his ears, but never saw sparks of light which are the usual phenomena.

FIRE BY FRICTION.

Various Methods by Which Primitive People Obtain Light.

The friction methods in use in different parts of the world are various. One of the simplest is with the stick and groove, a blunt-pointed stick being run along a groove of its own making in a piece of wood lying on the ground. In Tahiti Mr. Darwin saw a native produce fire in a few seconds, but only succeeded himself after much labor. This device is employed in New Zealand, Sandwich Islands, Tonga, Samoa and the Kadack Islands.

Instead of rubbing the movable stick backward and forward other tribes make it rotate rapidly in a round hole in the stationary piece of wood in the manner referred to, thus making, as happily designated, a fire drill. This device has been observed in Australia, Kamschatka, Sumatra and the Carolines, among the Yeddahs of Ceylon, throughout a great part of South Africa, among the Esquimaux and Indian tribes of North America, in the West Indies, in Central America, and as far South as the Straits of Magellan. It was also employed by the ancient Mexicans, and Mr. Taylor gives a quaint picture of the operation from Mexican MS., in which a man, half kneeling on the ground, is causing the stick to rotate between the palms of his hands.

This simple method of rotation seems to be generally in use, but various devices have been resorted to for the purpose of diminishing the labor and hastening the result. The Guacho of the pampas takes "an elastic stick about eighteen inches long, presses one end to his breast, and the other in the hole of a piece of wood, a d then rapidly turns the curved part like a carpenter's center bit." In other cases the rotation is effected by means of a cord or thong wound around the drill and pulled alternately by this end and that. A further advance was made by some North American Indians, who appear to have applied the principle of the bow drill, and the still more ingenious pump drill was used by the Iroquois Indians. For a full description of these instruments we must refer the reader to Mr. Taylor's valuable chapter in his "Researches."

These methods of producing fire are but rarely used in Europe, and only in connection with superstitious observances. We read in Wuttke that some time ago the authorities of a Mecklenburg village ordered a will fire to be lighted against the murrain among cattle. For two hours they strove vainly to obtain a spark, but the fault was not ascribed to the quality of the wood or to the dampness of the atmosphere, but to the stubbornness of an old lady, who, objecting to the superstition, would not put out her night light.

Such a fire to be efficient must burn alone. At last the strong-minded woman was compelled to give in. Fire was obtained, but of bad quality, for it did not stop the murrain. A belief in the peculiar virtue of fire obtained by friction of wood has at one time or another prevailed among nations of Indo-European race, and not many years ago the obtaining of need (fire) was practiced in the highlands of Scotland. One of its principal virtues has always been considered to be its efficiency against disease.—London Globe.

EFFECTIVE ORATORY.

An Eloquent Appeal Which Made a Briefless Lawyer's Reputation.

Jonathan H. Pugh was a pale-faced young lawyer. Day after day he sat waiting for clients, but none came. The first term of court appeared and his name had not appeared on the docket. At that time my father was clerk of the circuit court. One day there came to him a poor, sad woman, who poured into his ear a pitiful tale of woe. A brother-in-law had robbed her of all the property left her by her dead husband, had oppressed and abused her, and was now seeking to take from her care her only child, a little girl three years old. My father became deeply interested in the woman and promised to help her. He at once sent for Pugh. The young lawyer came and took charge of her case. The poor woman's brother-in-law was rich, and he employed the best of counsel, and made every preparation in his power to defeat her in court and subject her to still greater oppression. He even circulated the most slanderous stories against her, and succeeded in totally destroying her good reputation. This story kindled the soul of Pugh, and he went to work with a fierce determination to unmask the villain. The day for the trial arrived. The neighborhood was thoroughly aroused, and the old court-room was crowded with spectators. The sad and dreamy young lawyer became another man—a bold and dauntless knight fighting for outraged womanhood. He arose to speak. The silence was painful. With a master hand he laid before court and jury the work of the poor woman's oppressor. The perjured witnesses withered beneath his fiery denunciation. Judge, jurors and spectators bent forward to listen. As he told of the woman's wrongs tears filled the eyes of all. Then he turned from the weeping woman to the author of her sorrows. In terrible language he expressed the villainy of the man. Suddenly he faced the victim of his scorn, and pointing his quivering finger at him, exclaimed: "You have stolen from this poor woman all her property. Not only this; you have robbed her not only of her last dollar, but of what is more precious than gold—her good name. And now, with savage hands, you try to tear from her arms her darling child. In the awful hereafter you should not even be allowed the miserable comfort of hearing with the common damned, but in some lower, deeper hell be compelled, singly and alone, to howl out an eternity of woe."

As Pugh reached this climax it fell like a bolt of thunder on the ears of the guilty man, and he rushed headlong from the court-room. Pugh's reputation was made. He was flooded with clients and was at once one of the busiest lawyers in town.—Springfield (Ill.) State Register.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Green grapes make most excellent pies. Stone the grapes, and use a cupful of sugar and a lump of butter to each pie.

—Stewed Mushrooms: Let them remain in salt and water an hour, then cover them with fresh water and stew them until tender; then add salt, pepper and a little cream.—Boston Herald.

—To cook fish in its own juice: After cleaning place in a jar with a few cloves and sprigs of parsley, cover it close and set it in a saucepan of boiling water. Keep it boiling for half an hour. Serve with sauce.—N. Y. World.

—Butter Cakes: Prepare a dough as for quick biscuit, roll it out quarter of an inch thick, and cut into small rounds. Roll each of these out until as thin as cookies, prick with a fork and bake in a quick oven. When done, butter well. Leave in the oven half a minute longer, and send hot to table.—Harper's Bazar.

—French Mustard: Slice an onion into a bowl, cover it with good vinegar and let it stand two days, then pour off the vinegar into a basin and add to it one teaspoonful each of pepper and salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, and enough mustard to thicken it. Mix well together and let it come to a boil, then remove it at once from the stove.—The Housekeeper.

—Preserved Strawberries: Place the berries in an earthen dish with an equal weight of granulated sugar. Let them stand until the juice seeps, then put them into a preserving kettle and boil rapidly for twenty minutes. Preserves may be kept in glasses like jelly, but one is much safer to put them in self-sealing cans, where they will keep for years.—Rural New Yorker.

—Velvet Muffins: Sift one quart of flour with a level teaspoonful of salt in it. Rub into the flour thoroughly four ounces of butter. Mix it with one teaspoonful of good yeast and as much fresh milk as will make a very stiff batter. Beat four eggs separately, very light, stir these in and set in a moderately warm place to rise. In three hours it will be sufficiently light. Bake in old-fashioned muffin rings.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Hamburg Steaks: Hamburg steaks should be made from fresh, uncooked meat, but the left-overs from steaks and roasts may be chopped, moistened with uncooked eggs, seasoned, made into cakes and cooked the same as Hamburg steaks. In Hamburg steaks, the meat being uncooked, the albumen in the juices holds the meat together. The uncooked egg added to the cooked meat answers the same purposes.—Troy Times.

—Coffee Bread: One-half cupful of sugar, one egg, one cupful of milk, one-half cupful of yeast, enough flour for a sponge. When it is risen, add one-half cupful of butter, worked in with the hand (not kneaded), and flour enough to make it soft, so that it can be patted down in a greased pan to be baked. When it is risen, put little specks of butter over the top, press them down, and sprinkle sugar and cinnamon over it. Bake in a quick oven—twenty minutes when the oven is right. Serve cold. Cut in strips about an inch wide; for breakfast or lunch.—Exchange.

WOMEN IN MEDICINE.

No Direction in Which Female Aptitude Can Find Greater Usefulness.

It can not any longer be said that woman's sphere is limited to mere household economies, and that the employment of her skill and ability has no relation to the happiness and comfort of the world at large. Perhaps there is no direction in which her particular aptitudes can find greater usefulness than in connection with medicine and surgery. While it is scarcely forty years since the first woman graduate in medicine received her diploma in this country, the number of female practitioners in medicine is every year on the increase, and not a few of them have obtained high rank in the profession. We find women in all our hospitals equipping themselves not merely as nurses, but for the service of humanity as experts in the healing art, and the facilities for medical training are constantly increasing.

A most significant movement in this direction is that which has taken shape in connection with the Johns Hopkins University and Hospital. The somewhat straitened financial condition of that institution has suggested to many prominent women of the country the possibility of contributing to its relief, and at the same time hastening the establishment of a medical school in which the benefits of the highest medical training shall be afforded. To this end they propose to raise the sum of \$200,000, which is to be given to the trustees on the distinct condition that women whose previous training has been equivalent to that of an ordinary preliminary medical course shall be admitted to the institution on precisely the same terms as men. Committees are at work in six of the principal cities, including Boston and San Francisco, and considerable contributions have already been made to the furtherance of the movement. It is not designed that this medical school shall take the place of the ordinary schools for women now in existence but that it shall supply opportunities for that advanced medical training which they are now obliged to seek in foreign schools. The prominence of the ladies engaged in this enterprise, together with the obvious desirableness of the school proposed, leave no room for doubt that it will be successful.

We can see no reason why women should not be admitted on an equality with men in all our educational institutions, of whatever character. Whatever woman is able to do well and efficiently without sacrifice of the primal relation which she holds to society, she should be permitted to do and helped to do. Since her influence is the supreme factor in every great moral reform, and is rapidly becoming a prime influence in all social progress, it certainly is desirable that no obstacle should be placed in the way of the largest possible utilization of her capacities.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS

Green grapes make most excellent. Stone the grapes, and use of sugar and a lump of butter.

Stewed Mushrooms: Let the mushrooms be in salt and water at least an hour. Then wash them with fresh water and boil until tender; then add salt, a little cream.—Boston Herald.

To cook fish in its own juice: Using place in a jar with a few sprigs of parsley, cover the fish in a saucepan of boiling water, let it boil for half an hour. Then pour the sauce.—N. Y. World.

Utter Cakes: Prepare dough, roll it out, cut into small squares, prick with a fork and bake in the oven half a minute. Then pour hot to table.—Harper's.

French Mustard: Slice a bowl, cover it with gold leaf, let it stand two days, then pour vinegar into a basin and add a teaspoonful each of pepper and salt. Then pour the mustard into a stard to thicken it. Mix water and let it come to a boil, and let it at once from the stove.

Preserved Strawberries: Put berries in an earthen dish with a light of granulated sugar. Let it until the juice starts then pour into a preserving kettle and boil for twenty minutes. Then keep in glasses like jelly.

It is much safer to put them in cans, where they will be safe.—Rural New Yorker.

Velvet Muffins: Sift one cup of flour with a level teaspoonful of salt into the flour through a sieve of butter. Mix with a full cup of good yeast and strain it as will make a very stiff batter. Four eggs separately, beat these in and set in a moderate place to rise. In three hours be sufficiently light. Bake in muffin rings.—Lafayette.

Hamburg Steaks: Hamburg steaks should be made from fresh meat, but the left-overs from steaks may be chopped, minced, and cooked eggs, seasoned, minced and cooked the same as steaks. In Hamburg steaks, the eggs uncooked, the minced meat holds the meat together. Cooked egg added to the cooked meat the same purpose.

Coffee Bread: One-half cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of milk, one cup of yeast, enough flour. When it is risen, add a full cup of butter, worked in well (not kneaded), and flour. Bake in a greased pan to be in on it is risen, put little over the top, press them in, sprinkle sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a quick oven.—New York.

When the oven is right, cut in strips about as thick as breakfast or lunch.—Exchange.

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.

	A. M.	P. M.
July 11,	6:35	7:05
12,	7:35	8:05
13,	8:35	9:05
14,	9:35	10:05
15,	10:35	11:05
16,	11:20	11:45
17,	11:50	12:20
18,	12:30	1:05
19,	12:35	1:35
20,	12:50	2:05
21,	1:20	2:35
22,	2:05	2:50
23,	2:50	3:20
24,	3:35	4:05
25,	4:20	4:50
26,	5:05	5:35
27,	5:20	5:50
28,	5:35	6:05
29,	5:45	6:15
30,	5:55	6:25
31,	6:10	6:40

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.

Soft child of love, thou balmy bliss, Inform me, O delicious kiss, Why thou so suddenly art gone, Lost in the moment thou art won.

Where is our baseball nine?

Mrs. Margaret Deland is expected at her cottage early in August.

When the evening mail arrives the square puts on its gay colors.

W. F. Moody, esq., was the first subscriber to *The Wave* this year.

There will be a fair in Arundel Hall August 6, for the benefit of the hall.

Mr. Jos. H. Jeffrey will have a three-horse buckboard this year for the convenience of parties.

The Grove Hill orchestra have arrived and make an additional attraction at this popular place.

Mr. Prosper L. Senat will receive visitors at his studio on Tuesdays and Fridays, from 3 to 6 P. M.

Mr. C. W. Heizer, pastor of the Unitarian church, Manchester, N. H., is at the Grove Hill Hotel to enjoy a month's vacation.

All the leading Boston papers have correspondents here this year. What a case of hustle it will be among them on Carnival night!

Mr. H. H. Goodwin, with the York County Savings Bank, Biddeford, Me., is at the Grove Hill with his wife and baby, for a summer outing.

A Harvard graduate wishes to obtain tutoring work for the whole or part of the summer. Address the "Seaward," Kennebunkport.

Mr. Owen Wentworth remarked the other day that never since he could remember had there been a drowning accident at Kennebunk Beach. And Mr. Wentworth can remember back three score years.

Among the ladies at this place who often appear on horseback are Miss Margie Thompson, daughter of the

manager of the Parker House, Miss Carr of the Granite State and Miss Mabel Hastings of "Beacon" cottage.

The best place to get your watches and jewelry repaired in this vicinity and to find the most complete stock of jewelry and fine stationery is at Frost's new store at Kennebunk, where you always get full "value received" for your money.

Mr. Austin R. Paull, a Boston University student who is introducing text books for A. S. Barnes & Co., dropped down on some of his class mates at the Grove Hill the first of the week, and helped paint the salt sea waves and the deep blue sky.

Mr. Brook Nevins, the crack oarsman, sailor and baseball player, has arrived for the summer. He has been busy in getting ready his new boat the "Wanderer." It has received a coat of white paint and many other improvements.

Mr. A. M. Esleeck, treasurer of the Beebe and Holbrook Co., one of the prominent Holyoke paper manufacturers, is spending a month's vacation at the Grove Hill House. Esleeck is a sleek fellow, a fine flutist and a great favorite with all the guests.

William Joseph Parrot, Jr., who graduated last June from the Phillips Exeter Academy, and who, for the past two years, has been the champion fence and pole-vaulter of that school, is spending part of his vacation with his parents at the Sans Souci cottage.

The artists have already arrived at Kennebunk Beach with their canvass and paint, and one may expect any moment, in turning a sharp corner in the woodland paths, to come face to face with a peach checked beauty, with jaunty cap, tennis gown, and easel before her, sketching some choice nook.

Enjoying the hospitality of the delightful Riverside cottage, up river, is a genial party from Cambridge, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Durrell, Miss J. Maude Durrell, Masters Ralph and Harold Durrell, Mrs. R. F. Higgins, Master George Kimball Higgins, Miss Mary A. Davis and Master Rudolph Gurney.

If this is your first visit to Kennebunkport you ought to buy one of the Illustrated Souvenir Guide Books. It is a volume of over 100 pages, with 30 fine illustrations and three maps, showing all the drives. It is gotten up in a very tasty style and sells for only 50 cents. It can be found on sale at the post office, Ocean Bluff Hotel, E. C. Damon's store, Kennebunk Beach, and at J. H. Otis's, Kennebunk.

"JACK"

CHATS ABOUT FOLKS AND THINGS.



The editor of *The Wave* has threatened to have my picture put in his paper. Now I have a dread of any notoriety and a great aversion to having myself photographed. I have never had my picture taken since I have been here so I thought it would bother him a bit to have a cut made of myself without a photograph and I knew he couldn't get one of those anyhow.

So I felt safe. One day last week as I was standing on the "bureau of information" at the Ocean Bluff Hotel I saw a decidedly blonde looking gentleman with a linen duster on walking toward me on the piazza. Just as he drew near I saw him pull his watch chain in a peculiar way, turn abruptly around and disappear. I thought it rather funny but yesterday when I went into *The Wave* office the editor said "Well, Jack, I have your picture at last. I got Charlie Bryant, the photographer, to spring his detective camera on you the other day and here is the cut of yourself which will appear in the paper next week." And he showed me a funny little block of wood with metal on one end of it.

Now I call that mean, don't you? I found out afterwards that this Mr. Bryant who so cleverly captured my profile has a studio near where the Indian wigwags cluster by the river bank, and that just for fun he carries a detective camera under his vest. The spring is attached to his watch chain by a string, so all he has to do is to approach his prey, pull the spring, with the third button of his vest (that's where the eye of the camera looks out) at the right focus, and the ordeal is over. He don't even ask you to look "pleasant and natural."

Well, that's the story of how my picture comes to adorn the head of this column. Of course everybody will recognize it and know who "Jack" is.

I am sorry for that.

I wrote a moment ago about standing on the "bureau of information" at the Bluff, where I had my picture taken. This is a very convenient and unique arrangement painted on the floor of the piazza and showing the points of the compass and the distances to various points of interest and their direction. To a stranger it is a mighty handy thing. I don't need it myself.

There are few boarders at the Ocean Bluff who, as they eat the dainty viands that are prepared for them, ever think of the amount of labor and care expended in preparing those tempting dishes. They know in a general way that the steward has all the responsibility of the work going on "behind the scenes." But they little know the unusual amount of work necessary to properly direct the movements of over 130 employees. The care and overlooking of everything rest on the steward. His is the brain that never rests. From 5 A. M. to 11 P. M. he is the same energetic worker, the same careful buyer, the same indefatigable director of the various departments of the great house. This gentleman's name is Mr. L. F. Brundage and he has been here many years. I don't know him personally but some day I mean to take a trip through the kitchen and see what I can.

May I, Mr. Brundage? I remarked last week that Mr. Frederick Dubos of the Bluff knew how to take a vacation. I might have added that he knew how and where to buy good cigars. This is no wonder, however, for a man who was born in New Orleans and has spent half his life in Havana ought to be able to appreciate a good cigar if anyone can. But as I started to say, Mr. Dubos has his cigars imported direct from Cuba. An installment of 500 arrived the other day. Mr. Dubos smiled broadly when he saw them, and he and his friends have been as happy since as nicotine can make them.

I took a stroll into the Parker House this forenoon. I saw a gentleman sitting on the piazza that looked natural. I could not exactly place him, but at last I remembered seeing him in Atlantic City, N. J., a month ago, on my way here. It was Col. Wm. Spooner. He is a gentleman of the old school. A tall, distinguished looking man with a courteous, stately manner, and a cheerful word for everyone.

I should think the parlor at the Parker House would be a very pleasant room these cool evenings. They have the handsomest fireplace I ever saw in a hotel, and the whole room is arranged with good taste. Those that board there say everything about the house is first-class. This gentleman who runs it is an old hotel man, which probably accounts for the excellence of everything.

I have seen this week quite a good many things that I should be glad to write of if I had time and space. Among them is a choice bit of scandal that would electrify the guests at one hotel, at least. Perhaps I will write of it next time.

"JACK."

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.



Cooling, Palatable, Delightful.

Whether at the seaside or elsewhere, for a part or 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 Foulis's 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 mound and eaten cold, with cream and sugar it makes a delicious feature of lunch or supper. For children and persons in 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 Steamer Chairs, Swing Chairs and Rockers, Screens, Mosquito Canopies, Tents, &c. Cots of all kinds—canvas, slat, woven wire and mattress. An endless variety of Rattan, Reed and Willow Chairs, Rockers, Couches, etc. We furnish cottages, delivering goods, taking all risks, and putting everything in perfect order for the occupant at specified time.

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Furniture Manufacturers and Upholsterers,

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

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446 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

Delicious Bon Bons

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Chocolates

carefully selected, packed in tin boxes, and expressage

PREPAID

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

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No Farm Mortgages. No Debenture Bonds

Kansas City Investments Exclusively.

Absolutely Safe Five, Six and Eight per cent.

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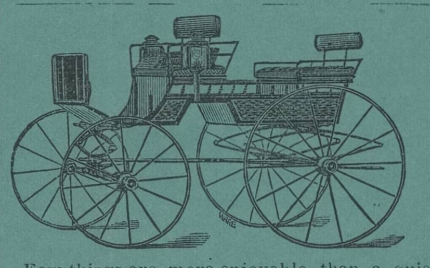
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GENERAL AGENT,

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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 spoiled 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 value to you of dealing with us.

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A Wonderful Story

The Master of the Magicians.

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

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American House. Rates from \$2.50 upwards.

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by mail on receipt of 4 cents for postage; also circular of our leading toilet requisites, Antiseptics, Antirrhinics, etc., which bleach teeth and heal the skin; most embellishing, yet invisible and unaffected by perspiration; free trial at parlor. PINKETINE, for women, a far-coming point. Physicians agree that women should use it even in health; it has no rival for toilet.

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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.

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Anything from a Single Hitch to a

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

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

MARKET SQUARE. CONGRESS. FEDERAL AND ELM STREETS.

Foss & O'Connor, Proprietors.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

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

IN SPITE OF THE FUNNY MAN.

Theater hats aren't always high,
In spite of the funny man;
And hayseed chaps are sometimes fly,
In spite of the funny man.
Her father's dog's not always wild;
Sometimes you find a well-bred child;
And mothers-in-law are sometimes mild,
In spite of the funny man.
Prohibitionists don't always yearn to drink,
In spite of the funny man;
And the dude occasionally thinks a think,
In spite of the funny man.
Chicago feet aren't huge at all;
The pauper's bill is sometimes small;
And messenger boys don't always crawl,
In spite of the funny man.
The poets don't have to live on air,
In spite of the funny man;
Those front-row men sometimes have hair,
In spite of the funny man.
Sometimes a brand new joke is sprung;
Sometimes the ballet-girl is young;
And sometimes wives are not all tongue,
In spite of the funny man.
Society girls at balls wear clothes,
In spite of the funny man;
Sometimes a man pays what he owes,
In spite of the funny man.
Sometimes the tycoon's plain in face;
Sometimes the church-deacon's not at the race;
In fact, this world's quite a decent place,
In spite of the funny man.
—Gertrude Evans King, in Puck.

HE WAS ONCE THERE.

Story of a Man Who Had Soon
Hard Luck.

The two men were sitting outside a hotel in Windsor, and as it was cooler there I drew up a chair in time to hear the younger, a man of about twenty-five, say to the other, who was perhaps five years his senior:

"Your brain doesn't work with your heart; that young fellow is an impostor."

"How do you know?"
"Because his story is altogether too plausible. It bears evidence of having been carefully prepared and memorized, with the most effective points noted for emphasis," and the last speaker, thoroughly satisfied with himself, waited for a reply. It did not come for a minute or two; the other was very slowly blowing from his mouth the smoke of a good cigar as if loth to part with it. Then he said in an even tone and with a quiet smile:

"My dear fellow, think a little before you judge; or better still, trust to your heart, which is often wiser than your head. I am willing to take chances, and he is welcome to what little I can do to help him along. If that boy is an impostor so am I, or at least I was many years ago when I told much the same kind of story in much the same way and found more kindness in the world than you appear to give it credit for. You are fond of calling yourself a cynic, but you cynics never see below the surface. Let me tell you one of my experiences, when I was about his age."

I was not invited to listen, but there was something in the manner of the speaker that interested me, and I made up my mind to hear what he had to tell.

"When I was a boy," he began, "the little world of my native town was not large enough for me—I was romantic—had read enough at random to fire my imagination—and I used to picture beyond the horizon a world grand with noble deeds and brilliant opportunities, in fact a world in which every thing was rose-colored. Many of the deeds and opportunities were there, but there were also a relation of cause and effect which I was too young to appreciate then. Well, I broke away from my tame surroundings and landed one night in Chicago with a maximum of conceits and ignorance in my head and half a dollar in my pocket. I was jostled in a crowd, and the latter disappeared before I reached State street; the former I was destined to keep until repeated hard knocks from my fairy world had driven that away also, or the most of it, I hope. You can gain a faint idea of the hardships I underwent from the tale of that poor boy who left us a little while ago."

But the boy had returned, for, as the speaker paused I saw him sitting behind me out of sight of the other two and listening as intently as I was.

"You have never starved in a big city," resumed the narrator; "let me tell you that starvation is not worth experimenting with for the sake of learning the sensations. I suppose the final result of fasting is the same everywhere, but the torture of the process is intensified in a city. If one were all alone in a desert he would most likely accept starvation as a logical condition of the life or absence of it, around him, but in the crowded street he has the direct antithesis of his condition. Unthinking plenty is everywhere about him, and the agonized gaze of a starving man into the window of a bakeshop is enough to shatter the glass which interposes its transparent mockery between him and the wealth it protects. I once went without food for ninety hours, and I know how it feels. Near the end of my long fast I secured a loaf of bread and went down into an excavation where I could eat it without being seen. I do not know how much Lazarus appreciated the crumbs, but Dives never relished his banquet more than I did that loaf of bread. I tore it to pieces savagely and ate until my throat was too dry to swallow. One stormy night I crept into the entrance of the old Farwell Hall on Madison street. I was wet, miserable and hungry, for no food had passed my mouth that day. I lay down on the steps and had just dropped off into a fitful sleep—for one can not rest very well under such circumstances—when I felt a strong hand on my collar. I was jerked into the street and bidden in a rough voice to move on. A policeman is a terror to a boy in that plight, and I went away, but soon came back, for the hall had afforded me at least a little shelter, and I felt grateful to it. I could not sleep again, so I leaned against the entrance, just out of the rain, a long while—two hours it must have been, for I heard a clock strike that hour—my thoughts all the while dwelling with a strange persistency on the idea that Paradise might be

a place where people ate three times a day and slept in a warm bed every night. On a sudden I was conscious of company, and there at my side was a

boy, ragged and dirty and with a keen, winched face. He had come in noiselessly in the dark and had been silently surveying me. We stared at each other until he said:

"What's the matter? In hard luck?"

"Yes," I replied, stily, for I didn't want to fraternize with him.

"Hungry, eh? But I needn't ask that; you look hungry enough to eat me; only there ain't much of me to eat. Is there?" he added, putting himself in an attitude of inspection.

"Not much," I agreed, frigidly.

"Now, look here," he said, "you needn't stand me off that way; I ain't much to look at, I know, but I ain't ezoin' to let you starve. I'm strapped, too, but that's nothin'. Dye hear that?" and he took me by the sleeve and pointed up the dark, deserted street.

"I did hear it as any one could within four blocks of the place. Half that distance away a jolly voice, but a very thick one, was lustily rearing a snarl in which the singer expressed his intention of not going home until the appearance of daylight. This resolve was frequently reiterated and appeared to afford the singer a great deal of delight. Exclaiming: 'That's my meat,' the gamin at my side drew something from his pocket and quickly smeared his face. He hitched up one shoulder and trailed one leg, and was painfully lame in a minute. His appearance before was not inviting, but now it was so altered as to be very pitiful. My surprise he accepted as a tribute to his skill, and it pleased him greatly. 'Now, just you watch me,' he said, and under the gaslight I could see on his face a grin of mingled cunning and kindness. We drew back into the shadow, and the happy reveller came along very fast to preserve his balance, but suddenly stopped and leaned against the lamp-post which we had left a minute before. I could hear him muttering about straight, flushes and fulls; then he said something about a big jack-pot and a pat hand. This latter recollection seemed to tickle him mightily, for he laughed loud and long, and energetically slapped his trousers' pocket to which the contents of that jack-pot had seemingly been transferred. His dress was fashionable but much disordered, and I gathered that he was a club man, for there was in his talk much about the boys at the club. My friend limped painfully over to the lamp-post where he stood in silence as the club man focused his eyes in a frown upon the small and wretched object beneath him.

"Whaz ze mazzer wiz you?" said the victim.

"Then my young friend slipped the leash from his imagination and told a tale of woe that would have drawn blood from a stone. I can not imitate the tone of his voice, but nothing could have been more forlorn. There was about it none of the whine of the professional beggar, and the story and the voice were so pathetic that I fancied for the moment it was all true and my heart melted in pity. So did the big heart of the gambler, for he closed the thin fingers of the mendicant upon a five dollar bill, and with a voice husky with emotion as much as with drink, bade him cheer up and every thing would come all right. Then he staggered off without a word, but the incident did not stay long on his mind, for a block away I could hear him repeating his musical determination and that of his imaginary company not to go home till morning.

"Come," said the beggar, who had dropped his limp and resumed his natural voice; 'come with me,' and he led me away. How long and how much I ate in that restaurant that night I do not know, but all the while the beggar sat beside me piling my plate with food. The cunning was gone from his sharp face now; it was soft with kindness and luminous with the light of a beautiful deed. Let who will moralize upon the deception; it was consecrated by the motive, and I shall never forget him."

The voice of the narrator was low and tender, as if speaking to himself. He stopped, and as I looked at the boy behind I saw that his breast was heaving with a great sigh and that his eyes were filled with tears. Suddenly he went and stood before the two. The cynic drew a bill from his pocket-book and held it out without a word.

"I don't want your money, sir; you said I was an impostor, but you lied, sir; you lied."

There was something grand about the high-spirited boy; his eyes flashed and his voice was tremulous with wounded pride. Then he turned to the other:

"You believed me, sir, when I told you all; I'll keep your money, and I'll never forget you, never. I won't be always like I am to-night, and I'll do for some one what you did for me. Good-bye, sir, and God bless you."

"God bless you, my dear boy."

The two friends—for they were so—rose and went their way together, the elder with the same gentle smile; the other, very thoughtful.—Thomas F. Watson, in Detroit Free Press.

Popular Estimate of Men.

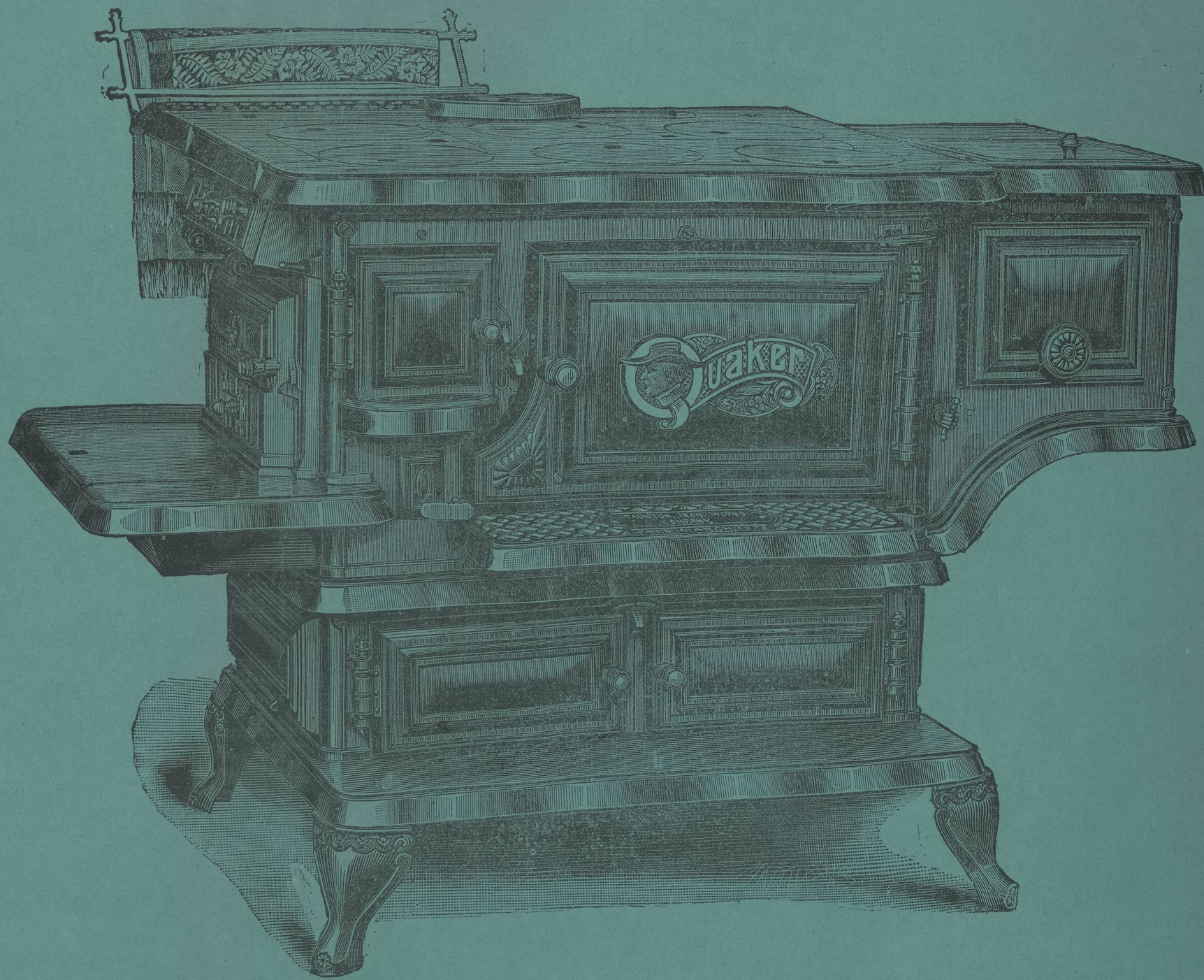
In spite of pretense and its short-lived success, men are generally valued at what they are worth. Sincerity and honest endeavor will not die unrecognized, although their recognition has not been sought or expected. Those whom the world has most greatly honored have generally thought and cared the least about its plaudits. Absorbed in their undertakings and conscious of their own capacities, they have been masters, both of themselves and of their work; and public esteem, unasked and unsought, has been poured upon them in full measure.

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.

THE QUAKER TOPS 'EM ALL



IT IS THE BEST RANGE SOLD.

Our agent, Mr. Geo. Ulmer, is now in Kennebunk and would be pleased to see you either about Quaker Ranges or anything you may want for your homes, such as:—PARLOR SUITS, CHAMBER SETS, CARPETS, DRAPERIES, &c. Look out for the Quaker team. We are sole agents for these Ranges in Maine and sell more than ever each season. That tells the story. Buy a Quaker Range and save fuel, besides having five improvements over all other ranges. Easy terms if desirable.

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PORTLAND, ME.

BRANCHES:—BIDDEFORD, AUBURN, ROCKLAND, BANGOR, NORWAY, GARDINER, WATERVILLE, BATH.

ISAAC C. ATKINSON, General Manager.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The official directory of the New York Central shows that of 200 station agents on the road twenty-six are women.

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

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

The Flowers of Europe.

Of the 4,200 kinds of flowers which grow in Europe, only 420 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 951 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.

An Aged Umatilla Squaw.

The mother of Homily, the famous Indian chief, died not long ago at her daughter's home, on the Umatilla 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.

How the Czar is Loved.

It is related of the Czar that when he was staying at Gatchina a man working in the grounds of the castle, every time he saw the Emperor approaching, ran away and hid himself; this occurred so often that the man was taken to task and asked the reason why he did this. He replied: "I am so afraid that the Czar, if he sees me, will take a great dislike to me, when perhaps I should be sent off to Siberia, so I hide myself to keep out of danger." This ingenious answer shows how the Great Father, as he is sometimes styled, is regarded by his subjects.

A Great Deal in a Name.

A certain woman in New York City has found out, to her sorrow, that there is a great deal in a name, legally considered. She has written a society novel, and had made all arrangements to publish it, when, lo! she is threatened with prosecution if she should issue it under her own name. The reason for this curious proceeding is that there is a well-known authoress whose name happens to be precisely the same as that of the tyro in literature, and it is her publishers who have issued the injunction.

School House and Lot Raino & Co.

FOR SALE AT AUCTION!

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

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

PUBLIC AUCTION,

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

SCHOOL HOUSE WITH THE LAND

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

Saturday, the 2nd day of August next.

The terms are Cash on delivery of the deed, within 3 days of the sale.

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

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

Kennebunkport, July 10, 1890.

WM. E. TOWNE, Auctioneer.

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Steam calls at Hotels Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Goods may also be left at S. Brown's.

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