

The Wave

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



WENTWORTH HOUSE,

Kennebunk, Maine.

P. O. Address, Kennebunk, Me.

The old summer house at Kennebunk Beach.

OWEN WENTWORTH, Proprietor.

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VOL. IV. NO. 1.

KENNEBUNKPORT, ME. JULY 12, 1890.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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

BASS ROCK HOUSE!

KENNEBUNK BEACH, ME.
Grove Station.

J. A. WELLS, Proprietor.

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

KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

Bickford House.

High altitude, fine ocean view, good rooms,
nice table, Artesian well. Terms moderate.
Reduced rates for June and September.

J. W. BICKFORD.

ARUNDEL HOUSE,

Kennebunkport, Maine.

Miss Alice Paine, Proprietor.

A beautiful location. Excellent rooms. Ex-
cellent table board. Modern conveniences.

Sea Side House,

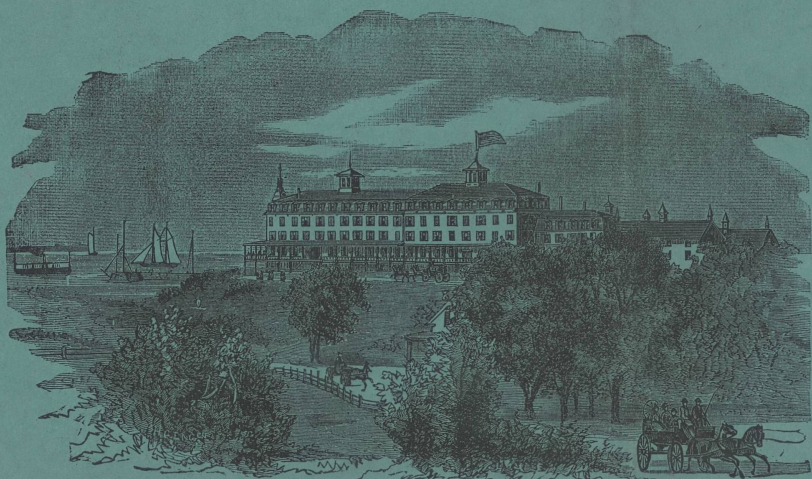
Kennebunkport, Me.,

ISAAC GOOCH, Proprietor.

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

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL,

CAPE ARUNDEL, KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE.



STIMPSON & DEVNELL, Proprietors.

PARKER HOUSE,



Kennebunkport, Maine.

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

S. D. THOMPSON, Manager.

Sea View House, Damon's Two Stores!
Kennebunk Beach, One at Ocean Bluff Bowling Alley,
Maine. and One at Kennebunk Beach.
Both are well supplied with

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

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PROPRIETOR.

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

and Knick-Knacks of various kinds.

Also a First-class Barber Shop.

Fishing Tackle for sale and to let.

Agency for Kennebunk Steam Laundry.

The Wave is for sale here.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.



The Largest and Finest Appointed Hotel at Kennebunk Beach.

The Grove Hill Spring Water,

A Delicious and Health Giving Beverage.

EVERYTHING STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

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

THE GROVE HILL FARM

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

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

W. F. PAUL,

Proprietor.



Mrs. John P. Moulton.

Saco, Me., Aug. 30, 1888.
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
unbearable. 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 strengthens the stom-
ach, nerves and kidneys. Send for circulars
containing the statements of persons cured in
your own town. Prepared only by
JOHN P. 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.

E. C. Miller's,
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,

Brown's Block, Kennebunkport, Me.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE

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

The Wave

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

The Wave with this issue begins its fourth year at the most delightful of Maine summer resorts. Every year since its first some improvements have been made in its various departments, and this year will be no exception to this custom. The quality of the paper will be noticed to be of a high grade and the general make-up and mechanical execution to be an improvement over that of former years. With an addition to our staff of news gatherers it is hoped to be able to supply the freshest and most interesting news to our readers. According to the custom of former years the paper will be kept free from scandal and unwholesome reading matter. Although entirely independent of any party, sect or creed, and fearless in its utterance, yet *The Wave* will try never to needlessly inflict wrong or injury on any one. In brief, it aims to be a model summer paper, serving its readers with all the latest beach news and gossip, and it trusts that its aims and ambitions will be crowned with success this year as they have been in former years.

SOME

IMPROVEMENTS AROUND KENNEBUNKPORT.

During the past year, while no striking improvements have been made in the way of extensive hotel building, still, in a quiet way, many improvements have been made. The Ocean Bluff Hotel office has undergone a great change. It has been greatly enlarged, and presents a very cosy appearance with neatly papered walls and a handsome carpet. The piazza has been widened and extended, and the house presents a remarkably beautiful appearance in its snowy whiteness, set off with red trimmings and green blinds. Going along the beach on the Kennebunk Beach side, the Bass Rock House is seen resplendent in a new coat of paint. The Granite State House has had many changes in its interior, not the least of which is a handsome fireplace. Near the Sea View House Mr. E. C. Damon has built a very neat looking store where he is prepared to furnish liquors to the thirsty and solids to the hungry, in the way of confectionery, fruits, etc. He has also placed a combination pool and billiard table upstairs, which will doubtless be in demand when the skies are weeping. Nearly all the hotels have made some improvements in new furniture, painting, etc. Arundel Hall has been enlarged, new tennis grounds laid out, a smoking, reading, and club room added, a unique stone arch erected, leading to the tennis court and the whole structure beautified. The new boat house, built by the Kennebunk River Boat and Canoe Club is nearing completion and even now is ready for occupancy. A sketch of this important addition to Kennebunkport, with a picture of the building, will appear in a later issue of this paper.

CHANGE OF

MANAGEMENT AT THE PARKER HOUSE.

The Parker House, so long and favorably known to summer tourists, opened its doors this season under an entirely new management. Mr. S. D. Thompson, so long and favorably known for his connection with the Kearsarge House, North Conway, N. H., assumes control and to those who know him, it goes without saying that the house will be run in a manner to please the most fastidious guest. With its delightfully shady location, its large, airy rooms and its unexcelled table, it presents attractions to the summer guest that few other hotels can.

SOME EXTRACTS

FROM THE LEADING NEW ENGLAND PAPER.

The growth of Kennebunkport as a summer resort has been slow, but it has been steady and healthy, and along the right line. The mushroom growth of some of the other watering places has been averted, and the community has been kept pleasant and sympathetic. Care has been exercised in selling the land, and it has thus been possible to exclude any undesirable element. In this way a community of similar tastes and pursuits has grown up, and it stands to-day as representative of a place as any along the entire coast. Those who built it showed rare wisdom. The penny of to-day was of less account than the dollar of to-morrow. It is built upon the same basis that Newport and Bar Harbor were founded and it has now the right to be classed with those resorts in the peculiar exclusiveness which sets the stamp of perfect safety and propriety upon any resort. As may be inferred from what has already been said, it is

A LITERARY AND ARTISTIC circle that seeks this spot, and has set a seal of approval upon it. One sees this in the faces of the people and in the houses they have built, and feels it in the atmosphere, which is as bracing mentally as it is physically.

Another feature of this settlement on the bluffs is the quaint little church of St. Ann's. It stands on the very edge of the bluffs, on a point jutting quite out to sea, and in the midst of a field of flowering grasses and daisies. It is built of the sea stone, and looks like an ancient ruin that has been roofed in. It is quite amusing to hear strangers speculate on it. It is sometimes called a Roman ruin, and sometimes a relic of the Norse invasion; but until they get quite to it they rarely think what it is—a modern church. Inside and out are alike of stone, and the altar is of square stones, porphyry and agate, and others polished and set with the accuracy of mosaic. It is quite unlike any other church edifice, and it is no wonder that the people are enthusiastic about it.—Boston Sunday Herald.

"JACK"

TALKS ABOUT

SOME THINGS.

My name is Jack. I drift around the beach and town a good deal and see lots of things in daylight and moonlight. I have promised *The Wave* editor to write him every week something of the various things I see and hear. I am from the West and my style is a bit peculiar perhaps, but I mean to make it interesting as possible. I have only been here one year before but I know most everybody that summers here. We Western people get acquainted easily you know.

I notice many of the old timers are here again even as early as this. Mr. Hastings, that pleasant Philadelphia gentleman, is at the "Beacon" or the Ocean Bluff Hotel, it is hard to tell just which, for you see him at one place about as much as the other, except when he is out riding with his horses (and they say he knows a thing or two about horses) or rowing on the river.

And the Bancrofts are here too. I wonder if there would be half the interest in amusements and such things if it wasn't for Miss Sarah P. Bancroft.

It is about time for that Western crowd of merry, pleasant gentlemen to come. I look with feelings of the pleasantest anticipations for the arrival of Messrs. Barbour, Smith, Lawrence and half a dozen others, who made life so jolly at the Bluff last season. Mr. Frederick Debus and wife have already arrived. Mr. Debus knows how to take a vacation and enjoys himself thoroughly every minute in the day.

I was walking toward the Bluff the other evening during a slight attempt at a thunder shower. A sudden flash of lightning illuminated the road in front of me for an instant. To my surprise it revealed two lovers in the act of kissing. They saw me at the same time and — but I don't know just what happened, for I closed my eyes resolutely and walked on. I don't like to look at such things. I suppose I ought to, for a kiss is such an elusive and, withal, charming aid to enjoyment, that all are interested in it, and its phases or degrees. "Lives there a man (or woman either), with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said" something concerning the habit contact which is so productive of thrills—and sometimes throes? In view of the absence of such a benighted individual, let us look into that which has excited more comment and conjecture than the probable whereabouts of the fabled sea-serpent.

A kiss should in nowise resemble the bucolic salutation which suggests the sudden withdrawal of a horse's hoof from some miry spot. It should lack, too, that passionate fervency which reminds one of the Chicago fire, and leads him to seriously contemplate calling out the fire department and ordering the wire curtain pulled down. Neither should it possess the adhesive qualities of the kiss which is a part of love's young dream; nor should it be like the front-parlor-papa's-lodge-night kiss which sometimes draws teeth from their sockets with greater ease than the painless dentist's forceps. It is none of these. But what is it? Ay, there's the rub. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy; and this is one of them. It should not be evanescent—like a politician's conscience, or the time preceding the maturity of a thirty day note during hard times. In too many cases almost before the poor boy knows it, it has gone from him, while

Susie looks as if she had found something, only to lose it in the succeeding moment. All that is left him is a brief vacuum in life; all that remains to console her is the ticklish sensation produced by his moustache—something like the nasal disturbance succeeding a draught of soda water. It is mere passing contact—nothing more. Whether it causes his fine dark hair to bristle and crackle under electrical action and puts a new curve on her eyebrows, remains to be seen. Have you lain in a hammock and felt the soft breeze come from the hills across the river and touch your cheek? That is it. Has a rose leaf ever brushed your lips? That is like it. Has the dusky barber, with the gate-bar collar and the Wagnerian necktie, ever touched your rose-bud mouth with the powdered puff? That resembles it. Have you ever been kissed in a hurry by the girl who likes you awfully but can only be a sister to you? Ah, now you have it—a light, feathery, maddening, tempting, only-half-enough sort of an affair, which, while it appears to the unsophisticated beholder to be the essence of osculatory bliss, is really a small affair.

So it is on the stage. When Susie lifts her sparkling eyes to his, and you can see "Come Jimmy!" expressed in every line of her face, there is a perceptible stir in the parquette and the average young man's arm unconsciously steals about his best girl's waist. The base on-looker closes his eyes and thinks of other and better days, and when the hero has gone the limit there is a long drawn sigh and a confidential interchange of many comprehensive smiles.

But this last effort has exhausted me and I will wait now. Believe me, dear readers, yours very sincerely, "JACK."

Hotel Arrivals.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Miss Annie M Geo.
Philadelphia—C D Cassidy and wife.
Rochester, N Y.—Henry E Robins, Miss M J Robins, Kingman Nott Robins.
Manchester—Mr and Mrs C A Cutter and son, Grace B Carter, Mrs Daniel March, Chas S Carter, Stuart Brown.
Andover—J A Burt, Geo M Deane.
Boston—N W Stiles and wife, Ray Stiles, Miss M Eva Stiles, Miss Hallie Stiles, A P Huntress, W F Knowles, Francis C Hersey and wife, Fred Winslow Adams, J H Jones and wife, Mr and Mrs P A Field, Mr and Mrs F E Puffer, Mrs A P Stevens.
West Kennebunk—A J Bean and wife, Mrs W R Bean.
Holyoke, Mass.—A M Esleeck.
Old Orchard—T P Adams and wife.
Manchester, N H.—Julia M Smith, Helen M Heizer.

THE PARKER HOUSE.

Boston—Kate Tannatt Woods, Mrs Sally Joy White, Edith K Perry, Belle Grant Armstrong, Helen M Winslow, Mrs Cora Stuart Wheeler, Miss Edith H Wheeler, Mr Chas P Mitchell, C S Dennis, wife and child, G B Dodge, S A Lincoln and wife, A P Richardson, Antonio Stolle, H G Nichols, George McCarthy, A W Eaton, F M Ambrose, Alfred Johnson, I D Woodman.
New York, Marie R Wright.
Houston, Texas—Mrs Laura E Foute.
Saco—Miss M A Mitchell, E Lane.
Newton, Mass.—Mrs J F Francis.
Newtonville, Mass.—Wm S Wendell.
Maynard, Mass.—Brooks Reed.
North Conway, N H.—Miss Edna Ricker, Miss May Ricker.
Dover, N H.—Frank Rines and wife.
Biddeford—Mr and Mrs Joseph Mason.
Portsmouth, N H.—W B Whitney.
Great Falls, N H.—James J Woodward and wife, Wm D Kuapp and wife.
Cambridge, Mass.—Irving Blake.
Philadelphia—Mr and Mrs William Spooner, Mrs A Hoskins.
Newton—Mrs H A Crosby, John F Crosby.
Boston—John A Andrews and wife, George Royal Pulsifer, Charles E Morgan, J J Lyons, Mr and Mrs Frank W Hunt and maid, Master Merrill Hunt, J J Fitzgerald, Mrs Julia White.
Morristown, N J.—A M Bigelow.
Andover, Mass.—Mr and Mrs S M Drury.
Newtonville, Mrs B S Grant, Miss Jane Grant.
New York—J W Thompson.
Newark, N J.—Mrs L R Barnard.
St Paul—Charles P White.

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.

Philadelphia—Richard H Downing.
Boston—A B Cady, C A Priest and wife.

Philadelphia—H H Kennedy, jr and wife.
New York—Wm S Patten and wife, Miss Grace Patten, Miss Mary Patten.
Ipswich, Mass.—Addie M Pomeroy.
Chicago—S Wating.
Philadelphia—Mr and Mrs Robert E Hastings, Miss Hastings, Mitchell Hastings.
Camden, N J.—Mr and Mrs M McDonald, Miss F L McDonald, Miss L McDonald, Malcolm McDonald.
St Louis, Mo.—Mr D D Walker jr, Mrs Walker and maid, G H Walker, Jos T Walker.
Washington—Mr and Mrs W Whittemore, Alice Wilcox, Walter D Wilcox.
St Louis, Mrs Dr C T Remme.
New York—Mrs James Journeay.
Boston—M Everett Ware and wife, Bertha A Ware, Master Leo E Ware, Master Storer P Ware.
Newton—C H Graves and wife, W H Emerson and wife.
Boston—Mr and Mrs B T Henry.
Stoneham—Mr and Mrs C W Field.
Boston—Mrs Frank O Dame.
Brooklyn—Mrs H Price Collier.
St Louis—D D Walker and wife.
Montclair, N J.—Paul Babcock, jr, Mrs Babcock, Miss Babcock, Miss L Fenn.

New York—Charles Bell and wife, Miss Bell, Miss Grace M Bell.
Oakland, Cal.—Miss M Snell, J Watson.
Boston—Mr and Mrs H W Weeks, H E Woods.
Cincinnati—Mr and Mrs Frank Ellis, Franklin Henry Ellis.
Westford, Mass.—Mr and Mrs Cameron.
Lowell—Mr and Mrs Frank W Howe, George R Richardson, Theo E Parker, jr.
Brookline, Mass.—Mrs Frank F Seaman.
Boston—James H Jacobs and wife.
Philadelphia—Mr and Mrs B M Gaskell.

Newmarket, N H.—C H Haley and lady.
Lowell—Walter H Howe.
Boston—"Bancroft Cottage," Mrs A B Bancroft, Miss M A Bancroft, Miss S P Bancroft, Miss Ella I Shipley.
Cincinnati—Mrs Charles P Taft and family.
Lowell—V I Cunnock.
Brooklyn—David F Wright and wife.
Haverhill—A D Patch.
Cincinnati—Mrs George Dominick, Mrs Henry Hanna, Miss Hanna.
Frederick J Dubos and wife.
New York—Chas F Avich.
Manchester, N H.—W F Wheeler and wife, Hazel Wheeler.
Worcester, Mass.—Mrs John M Barker.
Sudbury, Mass.—Mr and Mrs J B Goodnow.
Boston—Wm T Rowe.
Malden—Geo F Roach, wife, child, and nurse.
Detroit—Mrs A H Sibley, Mark Sibley.
Washington—A O Aldis.
New York—Mr Henry Day, Miss Day, A M Day, Wm S Day.
Philadelphia—William E Lehman, Fred A Walker.
Augusta, Me.—Mrs Newton Edwards, Miss Pollie Edwards.
Cedar Rapids, Ia.—A N Edwards and wife, Master Newton Edwards, Miss Florence Edwards.
Brooklyn—Mrs Thos H Gardiner, Miss Gardiner, Thos A Gardiner.
Morristown, N J.—A M Bigelow.
Haverhill—E A Kimball.
Boston—E L Rollins, E P Legg.
Ithaca, N Y.—Mrs J B Williams, Miss Clara M Williams.
New York—O S Barnum and wife.
Philadelphia—John Watt and wife, Helen M Watt, Edith Watt.
West Newton, Mass.—Mrs Chester Guild, jr.

So Weymouth—Helen M Shaw.
St Louis—Mr and Mrs John Samuel.
Cambridge—J Hale, jr.
Newburyport—I B Blood.
Philadelphia—T Morris Perot, jr and wife.
New York—Mrs D D Whitlock, the Misses Whitlock.
Detroit—Alexander H Sibley.
Norwich, Conn.—Geo Augustus Strong, Mrs Strong.
Philadelphia—Mrs Geo E Bartol, Miss Eleanor Bartol, Miss Mary Bartol, Mr St Grier, Miss St Grier and nurse.

WENTWORTH HOUSE.

Pueblo, Cal.—Mrs W D Latshaw, Bert Latshaw, Mrs Paul Wilson, Robert Wilson.
New York—Mrs J G Robinson.
Hanover, N H.—Mrs M F Chase, Stephen Chase, Theodore Chase, Mary H Chase, Frederick Chase, Philip Chase.
Washington—J W Chickering and wife.
Chestnut Hill, Mass.—D Tucker, Mrs H G Tucker.
Exeter—Mr and Mrs D W Baker.
Baltimore—Mrs James Carey, Miss Estelle Carey.

Montreal—Miss Ramsey, the Misses Gairdner, Miss Barus.
Malden—W H Wilcox and wife.
Washington—Miss F E Chickering, J J Chickering.
Randolph, Mass.—Carroll A Capen.
Exeter, N H.—Edward C Chickering.
Everett, Mass.—Mrs Charlotte W Foster.
Salem—Mr and Mrs Frank L Smith.
Brookline—Mrs S Dana Hayes, Miss H Beatrice Hayes.
Boston—Mrs E L Abbott, Miss M A Abbott.
Groton, Mass.—Miss H H Farnsworth, Edward S Gulick.
Hanover, N H.—S C Leeds and wife.
China—Mr and Mrs L H Gulick.
Hanover, N H.—Mrs J K Lord.
Miss Edith Campbell.
North Andover, Mass.—Miss Stevens.
West Newton—Miss Bennett.
Rochester, N Y.—Mrs Samuel Mace, Miss Marian E Jones, Frank L Jones.

CLIFF HOUSE.
Philadelphia—M J Grigg.
Montreal—Miss McCulloch.
St Louis—Frank M Clark.
Boston—E E Patridge, Mrs S H Clark, Miss E L Clark.
Salem—Mr and Mrs Arthur Clarke, Miss Alice C Clarke.
Boston—C L Pearson and wife, C R Gannon.
Salem—J L Leary.
New York—Mr and Mrs Gardner G Tufts.
Boston—Mrs Charles Holbrook.
Newcastle, Me.—Mrs Charles Short, Chas Lancaster Short.
Haverhill—Mr Henry Merrill, Miss A K Merrill.
Dayton, O.—Miss Alice G Evans, Miss C R Edwards.
Montreal—Mrs John McIntosh, Miss Fanny McIntosh.

RIVERSIDE HOUSE.
Lowell, Mass.—F A Puttrick, E K Perley, F W Ham, L H Keesh, Mr and Mrs Puttrick, Miss Abby G Wheeler, Miss Eleanor P Puttrick, Master Winthrop P Puttrick.
Philadelphia—Geo W Barlyett, Mrs S E Low, Miss Low.
Boston—Miss Eacy.
Cambridge—Miss Sparks.
Waltham—O M Snowman, O E Da-

Estelle Carey.
vies, G A Mansfield, J S Baker.
Oswego, N Y.—Mr and Mrs W H Frisbie.
Washington, D C.—Mrs A R Foote, Leila Foote, Annie Lewis and baby.
Nashua, N H.—E C Damon and wife.
Worcester, Mass.—J J Miller, Mrs S A Miller, Miss H B Vase, Effie L Bennett, Mary L Johnson, Edith C Johnson.
New York—Munroe Chubb.
BICKFORD HOUSE.
So Framingham, Mass.—E Lewis Sturtevant, Mrs Holland, Miss Mattie Sturtevant, E E Sturtevant, jr.
Auburndale, Mass.—C Todd.
Cambridgeport—Miss S H Gilmore.
Philadelphia—Richard H Downing and wife, Miss Deborah Downing.
Chicago—J Frank Runsey and wife, nurse, and two children.
Newton—Mrs H A Crosby, Mr J Francis Crosby.
New York—Mrs J Brooks, Ellis H R Brooks, Mrs J D Marks, Mrs J Lamb, Miss Evelyn L Adams, Miss Ida Adams Albert J Adams, jr, W C Adams, L B Adams, Lawrence P Adams, Dr G Fred Brooks.
Baltimore—Mrs P H Tuck, children, and maid.
Boston—Mrs M S Lamson, Miss Lamson, Miss H E Thaxton.
Haddonfield, N J.—Miss Ella Stiles, Miss Mary Stiles.
Philadelphia—Miss E E Cattell, Miss Lillie Cattell, William W Porter, wife, children, and maid.
Boston—Arthur Lawrence Woods.
Reading, Mass.—Mr H A Brown, Master Chester W Brown, Master Rodney W Brown and maid.
Portland—Miss E H Smith.
Brooklyn—Mrs A G Robinson.
Boston—Rosalie Weston.
Philadelphia—Mrs Jacob P Jones.
Baltimore—Mrs G T Hopkins.
Germantown, Penn.—Mrs John G Bullock.
Brooklyn—C H Hobash and wife.

SEA VIEW HOUSE.
Cambridgeport, Mass.—Mrs W F Warren.
Carmel, N Y.—Mrs J F Kingsbury.
Newton Center—Ida S Davis.
Cambridge—Emily H Bright.
Newton—Margaret B Dodge.
Lancaster—A J Latham.
Boston—J Brooks.
Cambridgeport, Mass.—Mrs Marshall Warren.
Chestnut Hill, Mass.—Miss M Kingsbury, I Wilson Kingsbury.
Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Martha Burnet, Addie Sly.
Newton Center, Mass.—Mr and Mrs C S Davis.
Malden, Mass.—Thos Pease, Edward Gay.
Shattuckville, Mass.—Mr and Mrs Frank S Field.
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New York—Mrs H M Hutchings, Christine Hutchings and maid.
Mrs Wm H Hodgkins, Miss Grace L Hodgkins.
Pope's Hill—Wendell F Brown.
Newton Center—Mrs J B Driace, Miss Muriel Driace, Gladys Driace and maid.
New York—H M Hutchings.
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Albany, N Y.—Miss C E McGregor.
New York—Miss M Porell.

ARUNDEL HOUSE.
Omaha—Mrs Dana Lander, Billy Lander.
Boston—Miss Sarah D Gore, Mrs Robert Willard, Miss Wentworth.
Salem—Mrs E S Johnson.
Boston—Richard D Ware.
Cleveland, O.—Mrs H D Sizer, Clara Augusta Sizer.
Omaha—Mr and Mrs Warren M Rogers, Miss Mildred Rogers and nurse.
West Newton—Miss Alice Williston.

HIGHLAND HOUSE.
Boston—Miss C E Train, Mrs W W Codman.
Brookline—Mrs Louis B Schwarz, May G Schwarz.
Lawrence—F H Schwarz.

GRANITE STATE HOUSE.
Boston—Antonie Stolle.
Bay View, Mass.—Augusta Gott, Etta Cook, Mrs E A Slater.
New York—Mrs S A Mead.
Grafton, N H.—Harriet B Lovering.
Andover, N H.—Lillian A Thompson, W S Carr and wife, Miss Carr, Mrs G N Thompson.
North Berwick, Me.—Josephine A Chaff.
Boston—Mrs E J Underhill, E J Underhill, A Underhill.
Jacksonville—Mrs J A Parsons, Harriet C Parsons.
Derry, N H.—May V Parsons, Olive Sewall Parsons.
Manchester, N H.—Annie E Wilkins.

SEA GROVE COTTAGE.
Somerville, Mass.—Mr and Mrs Geo Munroe, George Munroe.

CLIFF HOUSE.
Philadelphia—M J Grigg.
Montreal—Miss McCulloch.
St Louis—Frank M Clark.
Boston—E E Patridge, Mrs S H Clark, Miss E L Clark.
Salem—Mr and Mrs Arthur Clarke, Miss Alice C Clarke.
Boston—C L Pearson and wife, C R Gannon.
Salem—J L Leary.
New York—Mr and Mrs Gardner G Tufts.
Boston—Mrs Charles Holbrook.
Newcastle, Me.—Mrs Charles Short, Chas Lancaster Short.
Haverhill—Mr Henry Merrill, Miss A K Merrill.
Dayton, O.—Miss Alice G Evans, Miss C R Edwards.
Montreal—Mrs John McIntosh, Miss Fanny McIntosh.

RIVERSIDE HOUSE.
Lowell, Mass.—F A Puttrick, E K Perley, F W Ham, L H Keesh, Mr and Mrs Puttrick, Miss Abby G Wheeler, Miss Eleanor P Puttrick, Master Winthrop P Puttrick.
Philadelphia—Geo W Barlyett, Mrs S E Low, Miss Low.
Boston—Miss Eacy.
Cambridge—Miss Sparks.
Waltham—O M Snowman, O E Da-

Estelle Carey.

W. H. H. HINDS, DENTIST.
Office, Brown's Block.

Outing Goods

of every description for

Men's and Women's Wear,

—AT—

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.

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.

THE WAVE
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Ocean Bluff.

A Mansfield, J S Baker, go, N Y—Mr and Mrs W
ington, D C—Mrs A R Fox
note, Annie Lewis and baby,
ta, N H—F C Damon and wife,
oster, Mass—J J Miller, Mrs
r, Miss H B Vase, Edith C. J
ury L Johnson, Edith C. J

York—Munroe Chubb,
BICKFORD HOUSE,
ramingham, Mass—E. L. L
ant, Mrs Holland, Miss M
ant, E E Sturtevant, Jr.
rudale, Mass—C Todd,
ridgeport—Miss S H Gilman
delphia—Richard H. Davis
fe, Miss Deborah Downing,
go—J Frank Ramsey and wife
and two children.
on—Mrs H A Crosby, Mr
Crosby.
York—Mrs J Brooks, Edith
Mrs J D Marks, Mrs J L
velyn L Adams, Miss Ida A
J Adams, Jr, W C Adams, L
Lawrence P Adams, Dr. G
more—Mrs P H Tack, Edith
aid.
on—Mrs M S Lanson, M
n, Miss H E Thaxton.
lounfield, N J—Miss E. S
ary Stiles.
delphia—Miss E C. Catell,
Cattell, William W Potter, Jr.
n, and maid.
on—Arthur Lawrence Wap
ling, Mass—Mr H A. R
Chester W Brown, Master
Brown and maid.
land—Miss E H Smith.
oklyn—Mrs A G Robinson,
on—Rosalie Weston,
delphia—Mrs Jacob P. J
more—Mrs G T Hopkins,
nautown, Penn—Mrs J
k.
oklyn—C H Holash and wife.

SEA VIEW HOUSE,
ridgeport, Mass—Mrs V
n.
nel, N Y—Mrs J F Engle
rtion Center—Ida S Davis,
bridge—Emily H Bright,
rtion—Margaret B Dodge,
easter—A J Latham.
ton—J Brooks.
ridgeport, Mass—Mrs M
n.
stunt Hill, Mass—Miss M
I Wilson Kingsbury.
kesbarre, Pa—Martha B
Sly.
rtion Center, Mass—Mr
avis.
den, Mass—Thos Peas, Dr

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 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,	11:35	12:05	
17,	11:50	12:20	
18,	11:50	12:20	
19,	12:05	1:05	
20,	12:30	1:35	
21,	1:20	2:05	
22,	2:05	2:35	
23,	2:50	3:20	
24,	3:35	4:05	
25,	4:20	4:50	
26,	5:05	5:35	
27,	5:50	6:20	
28,	6:35	7:05	
29,	7:20	7:50	
30,	8:05	8:35	
31,	10:20	10:20	

THE STAGE

WILL LEAFE

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 5:00 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 8:20, 11:45 A. M.

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

A. M. WELCH, P. M.

Wavelets.

SUMMER HOURS.

Our hours in Summer's radiant light, Which, melting through the graceful bowers of after leaf, dew-moist and bright, And stainless in their holy white, Unfolding like a morning flower; Some hearts that like a fine-tuned lute, With every breath of feeling glow, And when the tongue is mute, From eye and lip the music flows, Memories of sweet Summer hours, Of books and quiet talks and song; Stars, and wind-touched leaves and flowers Journey in the tide of youth along. —Adapted from Whittier.

The Parker House garden is looking lovely.

The Nonantum House has been full nearly a month.

The Grove Hill Hotel mineral spring becoming justly popular.

A valuable boat is offered for sale our advertising columns.

Prof. Chickering will preach at the Congregationalist church on Sunday.

Mr. Frank Ellis of Cincinnati is among the recent arrivals at the Ocean Bluff.

Miss Margie Thompson of the Parker House has returned from a trip "up country."

Mr. Paul Babcock, Jr., of Montclair, N. J., arrived at the Ocean Bluff this week.

Mrs. Charles P. Taft and family, of Cincinnati, are summering at the Ocean Bluff.

Mr. M. MacDonald of Camden, N. J., among the recent arrivals at the Ocean Bluff.

One of Boston's leading merchants, M. Everett Ware, is registered at Ocean Bluff.

The Grove Hill Hotel has more guests engaged than ever before at this time of year.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Haskell of Philadelphia are enjoying the sea breezes at Ocean Bluff.

Mr. Geo. F. Roach, a leading furniture man from Malden, Mass., is at the Bluff with his family.

Mrs. Thos. H. Gardiner and her charming daughter, from Brooklyn, N. Y., are at the Bluff.

Mr. W. Whitmore of Washington, D. C., has added his unique autograph to the Ocean Bluff register.

The Arundel Hall hops will be held at the same time and under the same restrictions this year as last.

The Ocean Bluff Hotel well, 85 feet deep into the solid ledge, is now in use and will furnish pure water for the hotel's use.

Prof. Chickering is again at Wentworth's. The Professor has been here every year since 1875, with the exception of two years.

Two very agreeable young ladies from Oakland, Cal., Miss M. E. Snell and Miss J. Waters, are at the Ocean Bluff for the season.

Mr. Wm. P. Patten and family of four, from New York, are enjoying an outing at the Ocean Bluff. Mr. Patten is a well known real estate dealer.

What should we do without Norton's? Where else could we get such delicious confectionery and such cooling drinks? Echo answers, where?

Mr. John A. Andrews, a well known Boston gentleman, arrived at the Parker House on Tuesday, with his wife. Mr. Andrews drove down with his team.

Col. Wm. Spooner and wife of Philadelphia arrived at the Parker House Tuesday. Col. Spooner has been here for many years and always stays at the Parker.

Mrs. Cora Stuart Wheeler and her daughter Edith are guests at the Parker House for the season. Mrs. Wheeler is a well known Boston newspaper lady.

Mr. D. D. Walker and family from St. Louis are at the Ocean Bluff again for the season. Mr. Walker is well known as a member of the great house of Ely & Walker.

Mr. H. E. Woods, one of the prominent leaders in all amusements at this place, is again registered at the Ocean Bluff. Just now he is on a flying trip to Boston for a few days.

The boys are laughing at the way "Life" Langdon found Mrs. Nichols's cat and won the five dollars reward. As a feline hunter Mr. Langdon appears to be a colossal success.

Mr. Geo. Bonser & Son have opened a new clothing and gents' furnishing store in the square next to the post office. They make a specialty of beach goods of all kinds. Mr. Samuel Baker is the affable clerk in charge.

The Wave job printing office in Brown's Block is now open and ready for business. All kinds of printing carefully executed at moderate prices. The Ocean Bluff and Parker House bills of fare are printed there.

A large party are at the Ocean Bluff Hotel from Cedar Rapids, Ia. Mrs. Newton Edwards, Miss Pollie Edwards, A. V. Edwards and wife, Master Newton Edwards and Miss Florence Edwards are among the party.

Mr. W. S. Carr of Andover, N. H., is at the Granite State House with his family. Mr. Carr is interested in the manufacture of hames. This firm not long ago received an order for a large lot, silver plated, to be used on camels in Asia.

Mr. Alfred Kimball, formerly of the Haverhill shoe firm of Kimball Bros., and now manager of the Kennebunk shoe shop, has leased Mr. Paul's cottage on Lord's Point for three years, which he is now occupying with his family.

The new boat house was ready for occupancy on July 2, only one day later than the advertised time. Mr. Robert E. Hastings was the first to enter his boat. The carpenters are not yet through on the finishing but the house is all right for occupancy.

When you are in Kennebunk make it a point to call at Frost's and see the pretty new store and his nice stock of

jewelry and stationery. He repairs watches and jewelry in the best manner and gives "without extra charge" his prompt, personal and polite attention to all visitors.

Mr. E. C. Miller is getting well from a sore hand that has troubled him for several weeks.

Prof. J. W. Chickering of Washington lectured last night in Temple Hall to a good-sized audience. His subject was "Alaska."

MARRIED—In Kennebunkport, July 10, by Rev. F. Grovenor, Mr. Belmont C. Clark and Miss Gertrude R. Robinson, of Kennebunk, Me.

Mr. Sam'l M. Baker, clerk in Bonser & Son's store, has a fine team that he would like to let to some one for the season. It is safe for ladies.

Mr. Jas. H. Brookmire and Miss Brookmire drove over from Biddeford Pool Wednesday. Miss Brookmire remains until Saturday, July 12.

Methodist Episcopal church Sunday services:—Sunday school, 12:45 p. m.; preaching, 2 p. m.; Epworth League prayer meeting, 6:30 p. m.; praise and prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m. Class meeting, Tuesday evening at 7:30; prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7:30.

The favorite dress for tennis, and for outing generally, has a straight English skirt and laced corselet bodice made of flannel or serge, worn with a full silk shirt, to which is added a jacket of the material of the skirt. The skirt does not need a foundation skirt beneath, and is sewed to the corselet or laced bodice.

Dr. Robins is one of the choice spirits here; he is at the Grove Hill Hotel for the season, where he finds his health always improves, and where he devotes considerable time to literary work. Dr. Robins spent a few days last week at Waterville, where he installed the new President of Colby, who was a sophomore in the college when Dr. Robins himself was elected President.—Portland Argus.

Captain Wm. Gould sent home by Walker's Express yesterday two "original packages" that the "Captain" was very proud of. So proud was he that he made a street parade with them. They are two ponies brought direct from Calcutta. The "Captain" thinks of extending his express route as far as Asia in the fall. He thinks there is quite a chance to open up business in the region Stanley has just explored.

Raino & Co.

(Successors to Kennebunk and Boston Express.)

The same firm under a different name.

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

SPECIAL MESSENGERS

between Kennebunkport and Boston each day.

Two Deliveries Daily.

BOSTON OFFICES—32 and 33 Court Sq., 25 Merchant Row, 59 Franklin Street, 105 Arch Street.

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.

P. O. Address. Kennebunkport, Me.

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 FOLDS' 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 Folds 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 Seamer Chairs, Split Chairs and Rockers, Screens, Mosquito Canopies, Trunks, &c.

Cots of all kinds—canvas, slat, woven wire and mattress.

An endless variety of Rattan, Reed and Willow Chairs, Rockers, Conches, &c.

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 Upholsterers.

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

Angler's

146 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

Delicious Bon Bons AND 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.

3 1/2 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

Kansas City Investments Exclusively.

A absolutely Safe Five, Six and Eight per cent.

BOND INVESTMENTS.

Full particulars on application.

WILLIAM H. PARMENTER, GENERAL AGENT, 50 State Street, Boston. 56 and 51 Times Building, New York; 1 Custom House Street, Providence.

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.

ALMOND SOAP FREE

by mail on receipt of 4 cents for postage; also circular of our leading toilet requisites, Antephebis, Antivrinkles, etc., which bleach, cool and have the skin most embellishing, yet invisible and unaffected by perspiration; free trial at parlors, PINUSINE, for women, a tar compound. Physicians agree that women should use it even in health. It has no rival for toilet use it even in health. (from Paris) 53 Temple place, 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 Ferrottype to a 20x24 Photograph, and in the highest style of the art. Groups, Parties, Cottages, Boats, etc., a specialty by the instantaneous process. Please call.

JOS. H. JEFFREY,

Fine Horses and Carriages TO LET!

Anything from a Single Hitch to a

FOUR-IN-HAND!

FURNISHED ON SHORT NOTICE.

A Buckboard for the convenience of Parties.

Strangers carried to adjoining towns.

JOS. H. JEFFREY,

Kennebunkport, Maine.

Near Parker House.

STOVES

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

LOUIS M. PERKINS.

United States Hotel

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 pay.

A RUNAWAY.
Two trotters, small and restless, cantered off one summer day.
And with them, all unwittingly, they took the baby May;
O'er meads and meadows fresh and green, with morning dew yet damp,
They galloped far away from town, these ponies Trot and Tramp.
As on they sped new sights and sounds did all their thoughts beguile,
Till weary quite, said Trot to Tramp: "Let's stop and rest awhile!"
And dropping down on velvet sward they in their harness lay,
Nor ever gave a thought to her whom they had borne away.
But baby May was well content, and midst the grasses sat
and gathered starry daisies white, with dimpled fingers fat;
And curled dandelion stems she in her tresses hung,
And to the wind the golden wealth of blossoms gaily flung.
Refreshed and rested, Trot and Tramp once more went on their way,
And with them, still bedecked with flowers, was merry baby May;
With spirits high, they galloped on by rill and running brook,
And in and out, by crooked paths, their winding way they took.
But ere the noonday hour had come, said Trot, in a doleful mood:
"I would I could but lay me down, 'tis naught I care for food."
Said Tramp to Trot: "In all my life I've ne'er so weary been;
Perhaps to do as we have done is something of a sin!"
Meanwhile reigned fear and anxious thought o'er loss of baby May,
For none could guess the manner strange in which she went away;
Nor ever dreamed that ponies small, like tiny Tramp and Trot,
Could bear away a little girl to such a far-off spot.
But while the sun was yet on high, unharmed in wooded glade,
Was found asleep, by mossy log, a dainty little maid,
And dangling from her shapely head, with hair of golden sheen,
Were daisies white, and wilted curls of dandelion green;
And with no room at all to spare (the odd place to choose)
Were Trot and Tramp, all safe and sound, within the meadow's shade.
—Mrs. J. T. Greenleaf, in Good Housekeeping.

MY TYPEWRITER.

Why I Am the Innocent Object of My Wife's Wrath.

For the last few days I have been a much injured and much enduring man. Some persons when crushed beneath a mass of circumstantial evidence, readily accepted by the tribunal which in more senses than one is sitting upon them, take a pride in knowing that they are innocent, and, virtute sua involuti, await the future acquittal or free pardon, of which they feel certain, with tranquil minds, actually in some cases finding enjoyment in the sensation of martyrdom. I am not one of them. For I have not felt at any time sure of my acquittal; and even now, when it should be practically secured, it is possible that I shall not leave the dock altogether without a stain on my character. Beside which, even innocence may be a matter of regret to one who has suffered for a crime, or, let us say, an act of indiscretion, without having enjoyed the pleasure of committing it.
It happened in this way. Some few months ago I had occasion to require in my business the services of a typewriter, and I made my want known. As a consequence I was visited by no fewer than forty-seven candidates in person, without counting the hundred-odd who applied by letter. Of the forty-seven thirty-six were of the weaker sex, and as these demanded a slightly lower wage than their male competitors I decided—for that reason, and that only—to employ one of them. Now, the thirty-six had all brought samples of their work, and, as all possessed the needed qualifications and one typewritten letter is precisely like another, I did what every other man would have done under the circumstances and chose the best-looking one. She was a very handsome girl and a very charming one, too. I say it in spite of the trouble she brought me.
For a time she was a complete success. Apart from the fact that I had to dictate to her continually, it was obviously undesirable that she should sit with my male clerks. Some of them, I know, are frivolous, and, as a married man, I had a sense of responsibility; so I allotted her a corner in my own room and she set up her machine there.
It was pleasant to have some one to talk to when one was not busy, and Miss King being of a lively disposition interested me much with accounts of her experience as a beautiful and meritorious young woman fighting the battle of life in London. Some of her adventures were almost romantic enough to have interested the readers of the Family Herald—to which, indeed, I believe she had contributed. Others might have amused students of a more frivolous class of literature; but, except to account for the interest I still feel in her, they have nothing to do with the present narrative. I am not in the habit of "taking the office home with me" and worrying my wife with "shop;" so naturally I never mentioned my typewriter in the domestic circle. That simple omission has been thrown in my teeth many hundreds of times during the last two days. I begin to fear it always will be.
My typewriter, as I have said, worked admirably till within about a fortnight ago, when she became restless, melancholy and abstracted in manner. For a time I took no notice of it; but last Saturday, business being dull, I called her to me as I sat at my table, and placing her near a window looking over old Broad street far below, where I could get the light on her face and observe her expression, began to interrogate her in a kindly way, as an employer always should interrogate his clerks if he thinks they are in need of his help or advice. While I was doing so the one o'clock post came in. I did not look at my letters for a moment, as I was saying to my typewriter:
"Gertrude—(I make a rule of calling

my younger clerks by their Christian names, and as a rule in my office is a rule I was resolved from the first to make no exception in her favor)—Gertrude," I said, "there is something on your mind; you are anxious and distressed."

"It is nothing," she answered.
"Nothing be hanged!" I said in my friendly way. "Nothing does not make a girl pale, and absent, and silent for ten days at a time. I simply do not believe you."

"I can not help it."
"My dear Gertrude," I said (I am not sure that I ever called young Bob Smithers, my junior clerk, "my dear Robert," but circumstances alter cases), "I want you to try and let me help it, or help you, in any way I can."

"You are very kind," she said.
"Then tell me what is the matter."
"You have not opened your letters; there is one marked 'Immediate.'"

I knew she was only trying to put me off, as my clerks as a rule do not dictate to me in such matters. However, as I could see the girl had tears in her eyes, I took up the envelope she spoke of and opened it, to give her time to recover from her evident emotion. At a glance I saw, to my surprise, that the letter was a note from my wife, whom I had left at home in the Cromwell road at 9:30 that morning. It ran as follows:
"DEAR CHARLES: I want to take you to the shop in the city where I saw the sealskin I was telling you about. I have decided I must have it at once, as Mrs. Caruthers has just sent me one. I know the shop closes at two on Saturday, but if you can leave your office with me when I call for you, a little before 1:30, we can do it. Your affectionate wife,
"ELIZA JOHNSON."

"P.S.—Have your check-book in your pocket."
Now why, in the name of fortune, Mrs. Charles Johnson, who, as her letter shows, is a woman of decided purpose when it suits her, could not have made up her mind to have the sealskin before I left home that morning, and why she should have grudged sixpence for a telegram, I do not know. I have spoken to her about it, and all she says is that in future she shall visit me without any warning at all.

I read her note, and at once grasped the fact that my wife might come in at any moment. The presence of a stranger, even of my wife, who is really in her way a very kind woman, would of course have been unwelcome to my typewriter in her distress; so I said, without looking up:
"I will not press you further to-day, Gertrude; but on Monday I shall expect to be treated with more confidence. I am expecting some one here on important private business, so you may go at once."

She made no answer, and I could hear her breath coming in short, quick pants. I turned to look at her. She was standing with parted lips and widely-starting eyes, her tear-stained face tightly pressed against the window pane. I took her by the hand; then she turned, uttering a cry:
"Charlie, Charlie, my darling!"

At the moment she did so—in fact, before the words left her lips—I was conscious of the door opening, and that my wife was there and must have heard her with as much surprise as myself, and even more horror. But before another word could be said there was a rush across the room, an ink-pot, a pen or two, a sheaf of letters and a typewriter (the machine) were flying overturned upon the floor, and a typewriter (the operator) had dashed into a small closet where she kept her hat and cloak, seized them, and, almost upsetting my wife in her flight, vanished down-stairs, her little heels clattering in a wild tattoo on the stone-flagged stairs. Then a scene took place which was only the prelude to the ordeal I have spoken of. It was useless for me to argue and aver that I was innocent myself, and as unaware of any passion for me indulged in by my typewriter (a mere clerk as I repeatedly said) as I was of any insanity in her family or in her individual constitution. Now I suppose the worst of my misery has been practically put an end to by the following letter—not typewritten—which I have just received at the office and am taking home to show my wife:

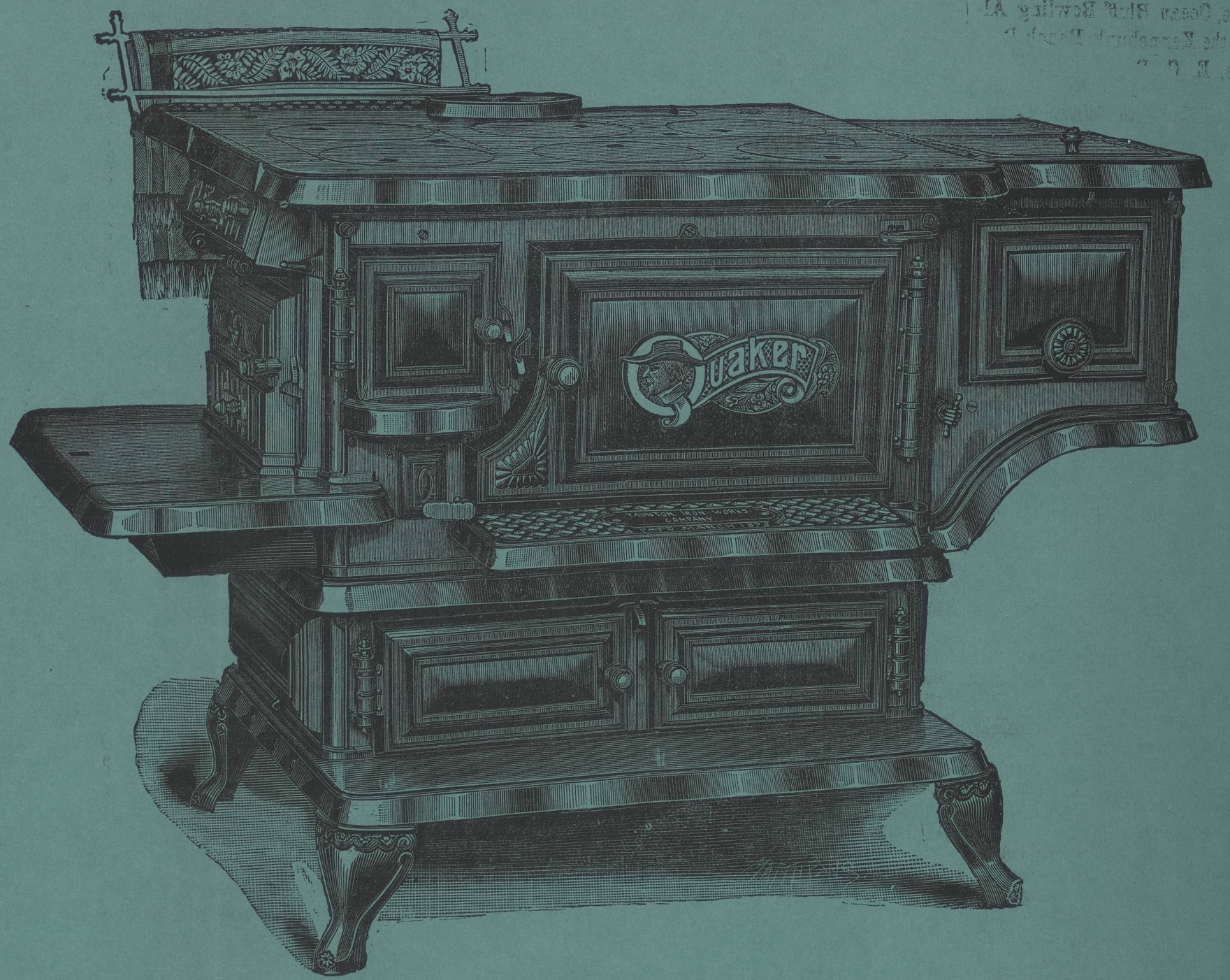
"DEAR MR. JOHNSON: I hope you did not think me quite crazy when I left you so abruptly Saturday, especially after your very kind conversation with me. The reason of my anxiety and sadness was that the man I had been engaged to for two years was coming home from Australia, and his ship was rough and due, owing to the gales. He never let me know he had arrived, but went straight to my home and followed me to the city to find my office, where I saw him from the window, which was the cause of my hurried exit. I shall not have to typewrite any more, and I dare say you have discharged me; but you have been so very kind to me that I must come, with him, that we may both thank you personally, and also remove the remains of the typewriter I think I shattered in my flight. When I do come I shall be Mrs. Charles Webster. Thanking you again and again for your great kindness and sympathy, yours truly,
"GERTRUDE KING."

Well, there is her letter; it speaks for itself, and I must show it to my wife and convince her of my innocence. But I do wish it said a little less about my kindness; in this censorious world natural humanity is liable to misconception.—St. James Budget.

Nobles at a Disadvantage.

An inland steamship company of Odessa has laid down regulations by which impetuous nobles find themselves at a great disadvantage. The company classifies its passengers not according to the fare they pay, but according to their respective stations in society. Common citizens are not allowed to take passage in a cabin, while nobles can not take passage in the steerage. The fare from Odessa to Vladivostok costs 500 rubles in the cabin, and only 120 rubles in the steerage. The wealthiest commoner can not have the comforts of a cabin passenger, nor can the poorest noble get cheap transportation in the steerage. But while the former can reach his destination if he waives the advantage of a cabin passage, the latter is decidedly unable to move if he can not raise the 500 rubles.

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"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, daintied but perfidious—a coffin, but no ship!"—Youth's Companion.

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

The Fragrant Cologne Plant.
A Savannah firm have on exhibition at their office a new plant in that section. It is a species of the tulip, called the cologne plant, from the fact that it bears a berry about the size of a small nut, which forms when squeezed a drop of liquid that will make a fair-sized bottle of cologne, so powerful is its fragrance.

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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.

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