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VOL. 1, NO. 17.

KENNEBUNK, MAINE, APRIL 5, 1905.

PRICE 3 CENTS

THE ONLY UP-TO-DATE ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN TOWN.

ALL THE LOCAL HAPPENINGS CORRECTLY REPORTED.

FIRST-CLASS JOB OFFICE IN CONNECTION

TO BE REPEATED.

Kennebunk Military Band To Give Another Carnival

Thursday, April 13 is the
Date Set.

A GOOD TIME ASSURED.

Dance At Close—Free to All Holding Tickets.

The Minstrel Carnival, under the auspices of the Kennebunk Military Band, given at the Mousam Opera House last Thursday evening was a great success. The house was simply packed and the audience was delighted as well they might be. The ladies in the village have several times shown what they could do in the way of taking part in entertainments and the men certainly will not have to take a back seat. The curtain rose promptly and the stage setting was most effective. There was a circle of fifteen men with C. E. Richardson as interlocutor and the four end men deserve mention for their many witty remarks and funny actions. Every soloist deserves special mention, but we think little Grace Kelley in her rendering of "Barney," was just too cute for anything. The child has a fine voice and this was her first attempt but we hope she will favor (Kennebunk) audiences with many more of her delightful songs. Messrs. Goodwin, Primrose, Costello, West, King, Gannon, Rice and Murphy all received the hearty encores they deserved and were obliged to respond. The solo and full chorus at the close of the first part was fine. The second part was entirely different and Mr. Arthur Painchard of Biddeford delighted the audience, while Messrs. Gannon, Murphy, Murry, Lahaue and Remy all sang splendidly. Over \$155 were taken and a greater part of this is profit. Those who attended before will want to go again and a host that were unable will not again miss this opportunity. So the boys are already assured of a big house. There will be several new features and soloists. It's a good thing; help it along. The dancing will be free to those holding tickets. Mr. G. Austin Day deserves much credit for the part he did in making the carnival the success it was.

Parish Meeting.

Last Monday evening the meeting of the parish Society of the Unitarian church was held in the vestry and the usual routine of business gone through with. The same officers were elected with but one exception, Joseph Dane being elected Clerk in place of Arthur Lord. It was voted to appropriate \$100.00 to improve the grounds around the church.

Annual Meeting Held.

The annual meeting of Hope cemetery Corporation was held Monday afternoon at the office of Dr. F. M. Ross. The usual routine of business was gone through with, the various reports read, and the old board of officers were elected:—

President, R. W. Lord.
Treasurer, F. P. Hall.
Directors, John A. Lord, Dr. F. M. Ross and Joseph Dane. The new receiving tomb built recently will hold fifty bodies, it was stated, and there are now eighteen in the vault. The old held but thirteen.

Cape Porpoise.

The schools began Monday morning with the same teachers as last term, Mrs. Melford Whitehouse and son have returned home.

Mrs. William Perry is able to be out again after spending the winter indoors, Mrs. W. A. Lapierre and daughter have returned from a visit to Cundy's Harbor. Presiding Elder, B. C. Wentworth, preached at the church last Sunday evening.

Mr. R. C. Farquhar was in town last week attending to business connected with his summer cottage which is being built near the Langsford House. Mrs. Farquhar and daughter are at the Langsford House this week for a few days.

Miss Jennie Skolfield of Cundy's Harbor is visiting Mrs. W. A. Lapierre.

A fire on the Brooks farm made things quite lively for awhile Monday.

Trolley Notes.

Gathered Here and There and Told to Those Interested in the Doings of the Road.

A large amount of freight is being hauled over the road.

Ralph Weeks and family are boarding with Mrs. Belle Houghton.

Burbank Hall is being torn down.

The special trolley from West Kennebunk to Kennebunk Station, was taken off Sunday noon.

Things at the waiting station and the town house are being changed about somewhat. A new kitchen is being put in and the seats, counters, etc. will be moved.

A repair room for tools, lamps etc., has recently been built at the car station. A desk has been put in for the foreman, and everything will be systematized, and it will save much confusion and loss of various articles.

It is early to think of open cars yet but Mr. Murch, superintendent, is having them beautifully fitted up. They are to be painted red and green with stripes of gold and black, the ceiling being of a light green.

A special car was run for the entertainment Tuesday evening at the Kennebunk Opera House.

Thursday evening there will be a late car for those wishing to attend the "Isle of Spice" at the Biddeford Opera House.

The Choral Union from here have a special to Sanford tomorrow, Thursday, evening.

T. L. Evans & Co., the up-to-date Department store of Biddeford, has gotten out an official time card for the Railway. The public appreciate it and also the service they are having.

Plenty of water power from now on. It was a good move appointing the division Superintendents.

And even now its hard to make some people believe that the York road isn't really going through this summer.

We hear Mr. Hill is soon to marry. Is it so?

The passenger cars are being well patronized. Its much handier than the steam train when they are on time.

Geo. Butland is working on the line work. He commenced this week.

Mr. Geo. E. Murch is boarding at the home of Mr. Hewey in this village. Mrs. Murch is expected next week.

Kennebunk Landing.

Bicycles were first seen here last Saturday.

Miss Lola Durrell, who has been spending her vacation in Malden, returned home Saturday, and began her school at the Pines Monday.

Seaside Lodge, Lower Village, meets every Friday evening.

Robie Stevens of Bowdoin is spending his vacation at his home.

Timothy Batchelder is doing a hustling business with his peddlers' wagon.

William Durrell is putting on a front part to the building recently purchased of Charles Tarbox by Timothy Batchelder.

Miss Emma F. Day, who has been spending the winter in Portland with her son, has returned home.

Mrs. Towne, who resides on the Port side of the river, is seriously ill. Dr. Barker is in attendance.

Mrs. Robert Durrell who has been very ill with the grip is again about.

Mr. Wm. McCulloch, who had a fainting spell last week, is on the mending hand.

The brown-tail moths, that are in the tall elm trees, which cannot be reached otherwise, are being destroyed with a shotgun.

The services at the Landing last Sunday afternoon and evening were conducted by Mr. Tebbetts of Saco and Magrath of Old Orchard. There was a good attendance and the meetings were most interesting. Next Sunday there will be services in the afternoon at 2.30, and in the evening at 7.30 led by Mr. Ayer of Biddeford. There will be a talk to the children in the afternoon, and a social service in the evening.

On the Sunday following April 16, there will be special music by Miss Tebbetts of Saco and a soloist from Biddeford. Mr. Tebbetts and Magrath will conduct the afternoon and evening services and it is hoped that many from Kennebunk village will attend as there are no services in the village church on account of the conference being held at Gardiner.

Mrs. A. Finlayson and two children of Rye Beach are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Lord for a week.

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE,

Glee, Mandolin and Banjo Club Gives Entertainment

Which Was Much Enjoyed By
Those Present.

MOUSAM OPERA HOUSE.

The Concert Was Followed By a Dance.

There was a well filled house Tuesday evening when the Glee Mandolin and Banjo Club gave their entertainment for the benefit of the Athletic Association of this village. We are giving the program in full and every member was encoored and in several cases the club was obliged to respond twice, and even then the audience did not seem satisfied. Well, it is hard to get enough of a good thing. The reader, Mr. Goodrich, brought the house down every time. He was one of the best. The solos by Messrs Palmer and Goodwin deserve special mention.

PROGRAM.

PART FIRST.

- | | |
|--|----------|
| 1 Ein fideles Marschlied | Juettner |
| GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUBS | |
| 5 Devil's Patrol | Weaver |
| MANDOLIN CLUB | |
| 3 Vocal Solo | Selected |
| MR. PALMER | |
| 4 Golden Bell Polka | Jennings |
| BANJO ORCHESTRA | |
| 5 Ho! Ye Gallant Sailors | Macy |
| GLEE CLUB | |
| 6 Reading | Selected |
| MR. GOODRICH | |
| 7 A Splinter from Father's Wooden Leg, | Shattuck |
| QUARTET, MESSRS. GOODWIN, PLUMMER | |
| BYE AND PALMER | |

PART SECOND.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 Zeona Waltzes | Arnold |
| MANDOLIN CLUB | |
| 2 (a) Serenade | Keach |
| (b) Gavotte | Sprague |
| VIOLINCELLO SOLO MR. SPRAGUE | |
| 3 Farmer's Jubilee, | Jennings |
| BANJO SEXTET | |
| 4 Carry Me Back to Old Virginny | Bland |
| GLEE CLUB | |
| Tenor Solo by Mr. Goodwin | Selected |
| MR. GOODRICH | |
| 6 Maine Campus Song | Arr. by O. F. Lewis |
| GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUB | |
| A KIND GOOD-NIGHT TO ALL. | |

After the program was gone through with the seats were quickly cleared away and dancing commenced. The music was fine and the costumes worn by some of the young ladies were charming and contrasted well with the evening suits of their partners. The dance closed at just midnight and all returned to their homes more than satisfied with the evening. Late cars were run from West Kennebunk and Kennebunkport and there were a number from this village as well as several who drove over from Wells.

Cantata

The pupils of Miss Willard's school at Lower Village, will give the Cantata "Carnival of Roses," at Myrtle Hall next Monday evening April 10 at 8 p. m. Miss Maude S. Andrews of Portland will read selections. The proceeds of the entertainment will go toward starting a school library. The price of admission is but 25 cents with 15 cents for the school children. Let every one go and help along a good cause.

At Opera House.

The Pythian Sisterhood are still making preparations for their fair entertainment and dance, to come off Fast Day. You're planning to go, of course.

Epworth League Meeting.

The regular business and social meeting of the Epworth League was held in the vestry of the church last Monday evening. After the usual business routine was gone through with a most social time was enjoyed. The entertainment was in charge of Miss Ethel Bowdoin, the Vice President of the Society and consisted in part of a game in Geography, which was a winner. Refreshments were served.

BOAT CAPSIZED

A Fisherman Lost His Life Off Cape Porpoise

During the Heavy Gale Last
Saturday.

NARROW ESCAPE OF OTHER

Vessel Disabled And in York Harbor For Repairs.

Another fisherman of this place lost his life in the heavy breeze last Saturday. A young man, Frank Wakefield, and a much older man, James Huff, both residents of the Cape, went out fishing in a small boat this morning. The wind soon breezed up quite strong, and the Wesley Sinnett on her way to the harbor from Portland, offered her services which were refused, as the two men thought they could get in all right. The small boat was capsized by the wind and sunk, both men being thrown into the water. The older man could swim but little, and in spite of the efforts of the other to aid him he was drowned. The young man was only saved by some pieces of board under his arms and his oil clothes which had filled with air. Their danger was seen from the shore and the same vessel, the only one in the harbor at the time, went back to their assistance. The young man had been in the water more than an hour, and when taken out was unconscious. A few minutes longer and he, too, would have been beyond their aid. The vessel carried away a part of her foremast and had to go into York harbor for repairs, being unable to make the home port in this disabled condition. They telephoned that evening of their arrival and the loss of the older man, and returned to the home port Monday morning. The young man though still weak is able to be about, and feels the loss of his companion most keenly. His sympathy is with the children of the lost fisherman. Mr. Huff was a widwer, and leaves a son and a daughter, the latter being unmarried. They have the sympathy of neighbors and friends in this sudden bereavement.

Sudden Death.

Mrs. Abraham Waterhouse died suddenly of heart disease last Sunday morning. Her age was 68 years, 4 months and 3 days. Mrs. Waterhouse has not been well for some time past, but no apprehension was felt about her. She had been married to Mr. Waterhouse forty-one years and they came here soon after their marriage. She leaves a husband, three sons and a daughter to mourn her loss; and was a step-mother to two sons. The funeral was from her late home Tuesday afternoon and the services were conducted by Rev. W. F. Holmes. The floral tributes were many and beautiful. The sorrowing family have the sympathy of all in this sudden bereavement.

The Twenty Associates.

The Twenty Associates met with Mrs. S. T. Fuller last Tuesday afternoon. Miss E. A. Clarke read a paper on "Lady of Lake." Mrs. Douglass gave a brief sketch of Barrie, with characteristic reading. The meeting next week will be with Mrs. F. P. Hall. The following week the time of the meeting will be 8 p. m. It is the last session of the season, and will be held with the President, Miss Mary Nason.

Quite a Blaze.

Last Monday as Matthew King was clearing up the yard at Elliot Rogers' residence a pile of rubbish was set fire which caught the grass and spread rapidly, burning over a large track of ground. It took a good-sized crew to extinguish the flames, but it was finally done without ringing in an alarm.

Will Sail June 3rd.

We learn that Miss Ella Clark, with Miss Eleanor Barker of Denver, Col., have engaged passage on the "Prinzess Irene" North German Lloyd Line, sailing from New York June 3rd. They expect to make a trip through Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland and France, returning by way of England about the last of August.

Arrest Made.

Paulus Colell of Dover, N. H. Enters
Home of John Goodwin—Has Been
Sent to Alfred Jail.

Paulus Colell of Dover, N. H., evidently an Armenian, was arrested Monday night and has been sent to Alfred jail. He went to the hotel and engaged a room in the early part of the evening saying he would return about 6 p. m. It seems he took a stroll through Friend street and finding the front door of Mr. John Goodwin's house unlocked, he entered. The lower floor was dark but there was a light in Mrs. Goodwin's room as she was reading. He walked in and inquired if she was alone, where-by she screamed and brought her son to her assistance. The fellow was followed to the hotel and an arrest made.

Kennebunkport.

George W. Bayes was in Boston this week. The people here are preparing for summer visitors.

Mrs. Addie Holmes has been in town looking for a place to locate. A number from here are going to take in the "Isle of Spice" at the Opera House, Thursday evening of this week.

Those who attended the play at the Biddeford Opera House last Wednesday evening, were much pleased with the production.

Work has begun on the road and sidewalk to the beach.

The dance at Myrtle Hall last Friday evening was well attended and a fine time enjoyed by the young people. The Mandolin Club of North Berwick furnished excellent music. Light refreshments were served.

Three new windows have been cut in the stable of Mr. Burleigh Thompson. It's quite an improvement.

A large number from here attended the concert at Kennebunk Tuesday evening and were delighted with the same.

Mrs. Forest will not go to Europe this season as was reported but will come here for the season.

Miss Susan Davis will arrive next Tuesday for the summer.

Mrs. Samuel Jones will come here and open her cottage before going to Alaska.

Bell & Torrey are having the interior of their store painted.

Clint Bonney was in town last week.

Miss Edna Perkins arrived home last week.

Rev. C. F. Skillings will preach his farewell sermon next Sunday.

Schools commenced this week.

Fred Wheeler had his trotter out one day last week on the Beach.

The annual session of Maine Good Templars will be held in Portland, April 12 and 13. Fare for round trip \$1.00.

George Cluff of Wells, was in town this week.

Woodbury Stevens has returned to his school in Tilton, N. H.

Mrs. Holbrook, Manager of the Parker House is ill with the grip.

The family of Mr. George Little will arrive today for the season.

Dr. Merrill has gone to New York.

Mrs. Harry Thirkell is visiting friends in Portland.

Mrs. Chas. Perry of the Wildes District is very ill. Her husband is away fishing and fears are entertained of her recovery. Drs. Prescott and Haley are in attendance.

A. M. Welch has Buster Brown stockings, quantities of them.

Miss Gertrude Young commenced her school in the Wildes District this week.

The stores here are opening a little earlier. Good.

The annual meeting of the Arundel Engine Co. took place last Monday evening. The old board of officers were elected. There was a fine entertainment and supper and the society has every reason to feel satisfied with this annual meeting.

Edward Clark, the wood dealer, had the fingers on his right hand badly mangled. Dr. Prescott was called.

Mr. Hart, Mr. Ogden, Dr. and Mrs. Carey and Mrs. Perves were here Monday. They came with the remains of Mr. Perves, who was buried at Hope Cemetery, Kennebunk. They will be among the early cottage arrivals. Mr. Perves was but 38 years of age, was connected with the Hampton school for colored people and was a great favorite here.

One of the Folsom Bros. of San Diego California, came to stay over Sunday with his cousin, Mrs. M. E. W. Littlefield and the result is that Miss Mabel left with him Monday morning for that distant city. Her many friends wish her a pleasant journey and a safe return.

BRIDGE REPAIRED.

Traffic Was Resumed Sunday Afternoon Last.

First Passenger Train Passed
Over at 1.52 p. m.

SOME RAPID WORK DONE.

The Permanent Repairs Made When Convenient.

The temporary repairs on the Mousam river bridge were completed Sunday and traffic was resumed on the Western division of the Boston & Maine about noon, after being suspended since last Tuesday. The temporary repairs were made on the up river side of the bridge and new track laid on that side. The bridge shows that an immense amount of work was done in a wonderfully quick time. The permanent repairs can now be made when convenient.

The first train to pass over it was Potter's mixed train, and the next was the Sunday passenger train that leaves here at 1.46. This train went over the bridge at eight minutes of two, and the temporary bridge seemed to be as solid as the rock of Gibraltar. The trains are now running as smoothly as if nothing had happened. Crowds of people visited the scene Sunday.

Church Service.

Last Sunday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church there was a baptism. Mrs. Hannah Daniels and Miss Mildred Daniels, also Miss Stevens, Mrs. Benj. Littlefield and Miss Crystal Fuller were taken into full membership, and the Misses Stevens and Littlefield were received on probation. There was a good attendance and the choir rendered appropriate music. The sermon was omitted and a celebration of The Lord's Supper was held. There was an interesting evening service.

Funeral Services.

The funeral of Miss Elizabeth Littlefield took place last Friday afternoon from the residence of William F. Waterhouse on Bourne street, and was conducted by Rev. Mr. Lewis. No relatives were present but a large number of friends gathered to pay a last tribute of respect, to the deceased and many beautiful floral offerings rested on and about the casket. Among them were a large flat bouquet of enchantress pinks from Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Littlefield; a large bouquet of pink pinks from Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Waterhouse and Mrs. Jones; a wreath of yellow roses and autumn leaves from the Susan C. Littlefield estate; bouquet of white pinks and magnonette from Mr. Jesse Waterhouse and Miss Addie Matthews; Easter lilies and white pinks from Mrs. Robert Lord; bouquet of white pinks and ferns from Mrs. Ann Remick; bouquet of white pinks from Mrs. Geo. Patterson; bouquet of pinks and ferns from Mrs. A. W. Bragdon; large bunch of calla lilies from Eugene A. Fairfield and family; bouquet of red and white pinks, Mrs. J. S. Ross; bouquet of yellow and white pinks from Master Russel Waterhouse and Leland Ross.—COMMUNICATION.

Kennebunkport Club.

The Arundel Social Club met at their hall last Monday evening and did considerable business. Albert Welch was elected as a member in place of I. L. Meloon, who was put upon the honorary membership list. Geo. H. Perkins, H. F. Arnold and Ward Walker, non-residents were elected. The officers elected were as follows:—President, W. F. Sawyer, Vice President, W. F. Goodwin; Secretary and Treasurer, S. H. Perkins; Finance Committee, Will Weston, Mr. Allyn with the other officers. The club has played pool to a great extent this winter and there are some experts among the number. It is expected that next fall the membership will be increased and enlarged quarters be obtained.

A surprise was given Herbert S. Wakely on Monday evening last in the way of a birthday party. Several of Mr. Wakely's friends gathered at his home on Fletcher street in honor of his thirtieth birthday. The evening was spent in playing whist. Cake, sherbet and fruit was served. A fine time was enjoyed.

The Method of an Ex-Society Belle

(Original.)

Young Cuthbert Woods when he went to the city to go into business was warned by his father against a false step in marriage. Mr. Woods, Sr., concluding: "If you marry a girl with less than \$10,000 in her own right I'll disown you. If the girl you marry has that amount I will give you \$10,000." Notwithstanding this warning, Cuthbert walked right into a match with a poor girl. The first thing he knew of what was happening after meeting Lucy Briggs was that he had been in thrall. Lucy was a girl who could win hearts to throw away if she liked, but, as her intentions with regard to Cuthbert were honorable, she turned the matrimonial key.

One morning the elder Woods received a letter from his son announcing his marriage with Miss Lucy Briggs. The father made no reply to the letter, but, after giving himself time to cool, wrote a friend in the city to make inquiries as to his son's wife and report. The friend wrote that Miss Briggs had been a social belle, but, her father having died insolvent, she had previous to her marriage been preparing to earn her own living. On receipt of this letter Mr. Woods wrote his son reminding him of the warning given and stated that the boy could in the future shift for himself, supporting an extravagantly brought up wife as best he could.

Now, young Mrs. Woods did not feel satisfied to have brought this trouble on her husband, but she did not sit down and mourn over it, nor did she do what some women would have done, charge her husband with being the cause of it. She went so far as to assume the whole blame herself, declaring that no girl had any right to make trouble between parents and children by a marriage which was not even announced to take place.

"Cuthbert," she said one spring morning a few years after their marriage, "I need a rest. This doing housework and taking care of two children is breaking me down. I think I'd better go to Aunt Deborah's this summer for a visit. She will be delighted to relieve me of all care of the children, and I'll have no housework to do."

"Certainly, my dear, and the quicker you go the better."

Meanwhile Mr. Winslow Woods was finding life tedious. Being a widower with no child save Cuthbert, he had always looked forward to his son and her son's family living with him. This dream had failed to materialize on account of his son's folly. Mr. Winslow Woods was but fifty, and he would have married again, but he lived in a quiet place among quiet, prosaic women, not one of whom was in the slightest degree tempting to him. But when, one morning, a stranger, Miss Aylesworth, called on him and after announcing her intention to open a school in the place asked him to countenance the project he saw something different. Miss Aylesworth did not seem fitted for a schoolma'am, but the moment Mr. Woods looked into her pretty face and noticed her engaging manners it occurred to him that she would be just the person to take the place he had intended for his son's wife. He kept her chatting over her proposed school for an hour, promising to support the enterprise not only with influence, but with money, and invited her to call every day till her plans were matured. At the end of two weeks he proposed to her, but she called his attention to the fact that he knew nothing about her and would not consent till he had made inquiries. When he told her of his son she declared that she would never marry the father without the son's consent. This broke off negotiations for a few days, but Mr. Wood had set his heart on Miss Aylesworth and finally consented as a preliminary move to send for his son and patch up a reconciliation.

One day Cuthbert Woods, who was toiling in the city, while his wife and babies were in the country, received a letter from his father to come to him. Cuthbert hopefully wrote his wife of the invitation and took the first train. "Cuthbert," said Mr. Woods, Sr., by your folly I have been prevented, as I always hoped, from having you and your wife with me in my old age. Fortune has given me an opportunity to break my loneliness. A young woman—rather young for me, I admit—is willing to marry me. At her request I am going to be reconciled to you. She has made no such request as to your wife, whom I still do not care to meet. I will, however, from the day of my marriage allow you \$1,000 a year.

Half a loaf is better than none, and Cuthbert, for the sake of his worn-out wife, yielded a dissatisfied consent. "And now," said his father, "I wish you to meet the noble lady who has effected this reconciliation." He opened a door and announced, "Miss Aylesworth, my intended wife!"

To his surprise, his son stood for a moment struck dumb with astonishment, then took his father's intended wife to his arms. Then to his father he announced in his turn, "My wife!"

Mr. Woods, Sr., having a logical mind, concluded that if "Miss Aylesworth" was good enough to run his house as his wife she was good enough to run it as his son's wife. The lady had not spoken in the town of her matrimonial project, and her mouth was sealed by a \$10,000 check. It was arranged that Mr. Woods, Sr., should live with his son's family in winter in the city, and his son's family should live with him in summer in the country.

All of which goes to show that an education as a society belle may not come amiss even for a girl who marries a poor man.

HOPE HOPKINS.

The Tie-up of the Greatrix Estate

(Original.)

When my mother died and left me alone in the world I resolved to rent my house, spend a few months abroad and on my return move into bachelor quarters. During the preliminary weeding out of useless accumulations I took from a box of old papers a bundle that astonished me. It contained documents relating to an estate of which I had never heard. They consisted of deeds to houses and lands, also stocks, bonds and other property.

I could not have been more surprised if an angel had come down from heaven and lit on my shoulder. How had these papers come into my possession? I had no remembrance of having placed anything in the box for several years. On examining some of them I found the estate to be held in trust for a minor, John Carter Greatrix. I had never heard of such a person. On further examination I came to the conclusion that the estate in question must have remained unavailable by any one from the time these papers had been placed in my box. What should I do in the matter? If I advertised them and could give no satisfactory reason for possessing them I might be accused of having stolen them. I had engaged my passage on an ocean liner and resolved to proceed on my journey, which would give me plenty of time to think over the best course to pursue. I sailed the next day.

During my trip I met in Berlin an American, Miss Eleanor Thurlow, who was there with her mother studying music with a view to teaching it on her return. She finished her course about the time I met her, and as her mother and she spent the summer in Switzerland I was enabled to see a great deal of them, for I stayed where they stayed, and on our return I engaged passage on the same steamer. Before embarking we were engaged.

During the voyage I thought at intervals about the estate of young John Carter Greatrix, wondering if he had come into possession of it and trying to decide what I should do about making known that I had the papers. Now that another was the partner of my joys and sorrows I felt my responsibility more keenly. I debated whether I should confide in Eleanor Thurlow; but, having known me only a very short time, she might grow suspicious of me. No, I would wait till she knew me better. I told her that I had a little property and was engaged in a business in which I was doing well. On the whole, we could live comfortably. She maintained a reserve with reference to her own affairs; but, as she was expecting to teach music, I concluded she was possessed of little or nothing. We parted as soon as we reached America to go to our respective homes, which were a day's journey apart.

Meanwhile I had resolved to refer the matter of the papers to my lawyer and be guided by his advice. In relating the circumstance to him I had no sooner mentioned the name of the minor for whom the estate was held than he jumped to his feet excitedly and, running to his partners, exclaimed: "The papers in the Greatrix estate are found!"

Years before the firm had settled a case for me out of court and handed me the papers concerning it, which I tossed unopened in a box at home. Later I was given another bundle containing the papers in this same case and, supposing them to be additional documents, tossed them into the same box. One of these bundles contained the Greatrix papers, given me by mistake.

Immediately on my return to my rooms I wrote my fiancée, unburdening myself to her of the annoyance I had suffered. She replied, congratulating me warmly upon so quick and satisfactory a solution.

A few days later I was told by my attorney that during the period the papers were missing the estate had suffered greatly. John Carter Greatrix died before coming of age, and the property had passed to three persons who were next of kin. "One of these persons," he said, "desires to thank you for your return of the papers that have enabled us to divide the property, and will meet you here tomorrow for that purpose." I promised to be there.

The next morning on my arrival at the office I was shown into a private room, where I found the attorney at his desk.

"I understand," he said, "that you are about to be married to a client of mine."

"Of yours?" I exclaimed, surprised.

"Yes, Miss Thurlow is a client of mine."

"But how did she come to tell you of her engagement?"

"In a professional way."

I grew more surprised every moment.

"And now," he said, "I will introduce you to the person who wishes to thank you for ending the tie-up of the Greatrix estate. Come in here. He swung open a door leading into another room. A lady stood with her back to us, and when she turned there was—Eleanor Thurlow.

I stood stupefied.

"Miss Thurlow," said the lawyer, "inherits one-third of the Greatrix estate and will now, through your finding the papers, come into a property worth \$150,000. She desires to thank you."

He retired, closing the door behind him.

Can I ever forget the happy smile with which she came forward, dropping her outstretched arms about my neck? The explanations had all been made. We had nothing to do but enjoy in each other's embrace the first sensations of our altered condition.

JOHN TURNER WYETH.

A Skirted Highwayman

(Original.)

Had not our family lost that proud position we occupied before our King Charles I. lost his head doubtless I should have been one of the maddest, merriest maidens in the revelries in the houses of the country gentry. My father was killed at Marston Moor fighting for his sovereign, our estates were confiscated, and the family was doomed. At twenty I was without the wherewithal to buy my bread. Then one day a gentleman to whom my father had lent £20 sought me out and paid me the amount as his creditor's only living descendant.

My heart was full of rancor, especially toward the Roundheads, who had taken our estates. I was tall and strong, with a heart devoid of fear. Had I been a man I would have gone for a soldier, but my sex would soon be unmasked, and I preferred some scene of action wherein I could work alone. I resolved to take to the road.

With the £20 paid me I purchased a horse, equipments and arms. I would not don man's attire, preferring a short, close fitting habit, and instead of a mask I wore a thick veil. I wished for my first victims those shave pate Puritans who lived near my former home and to whom we owed our downfall.

So one night as the darkness was falling I spurred along the road I had often trudged to school bent on plunder. Fearing to falter in my work and put it off till I should meet some defenseless creature whose weakness would shame me, I resolved to attack the first wayfarer I met. Hearing a horse's hoofs on the road and seeing the dim outline of his rider, I drew a pistol, and when he came near enough to see me its muzzle stared him in the face. I was so frightened that I did not take notice whether the man was one of ours or a Roundhead. His raising his hat gallantly as to a woman of quality told me that he was a Cavalier.

"I am pleased," he said, "to surrender to a highwayman of your sex, though it jars my pride to do so. Here is my wallet with £10 in it. Take it and get away with it as quickly as possible. There be those coming who might interfere with your keeping it."

"No," I replied. "You are a royalist. I rob no royalist."

"Then take the purse for a loan."

"This is too much. I purpose to rob you, and you generously offer that with which to meet my necessities."

My voice trembled, and I felt that I would fain rest my head on his breast, for there was something familiar in his voice, and withal a tone of kindness.

"Take it," he said, with a deep sadness in his manner. "I would I had more with me."

"To whom shall I return it?"

"Sir George Hilditch."

He had placed his purse in my hand, and I would have tossed it back to him but for the sound of horsemen coming. Under my veil my cheek was burning. Georgie Hilditch had years ago carried my books to school for me, and of all the boys I had pinned for him for my sweetheart. In a twinkling he had left me, and I sat like an image of stone till the horsemen, coming nearer, warned me to be gone.

This was my first robbery. The next was a fat old psalm singer who had succeeded to our homestead and was then living in it. I took nearly £300 from him, and on this I resolved to subsist without further depredation till my funds were all gone. Hearing that Sir George Hilditch was to give a masked ball, I determined to attend.

In the costume of a Spanish dancer I entered the house by a rear door and not long after was treading a minuet with Sir George himself. After the dance he led me to a seclusion, where we sat and chatted. He seemed to mistake me for another, who, from what he said, I gathered had hoped to be mistress of his household. I took up with this and made love to him.

"No," he said, "I shall never marry. When a boy I gave my heart to a little girl who has been my dream ever since. Had not her family gone down in the struggle that lost us our king I might have wooed her for my wife. As it is, I have no temptation for marriage."

"Will you give me her name?"

"I care not who knows her name. It is Margery St. John."

Thrusting my hand in my pocket, I drew forth a wallet in which I had placed £10 and put it in his hand.

"What's this?" he asked.

I made no answer, for I could not. My heart was wild with strange emotions. He opened the purse and took out the money.

"I have guessed aright," he said. "I knew you, Margery, the night you robbed me, the moment I heard the sound of your voice, and tonight I knew you as soon as I caught sight of that figure, fit for a queen. My heart has bled for you, Margery, and I am resolved that the differences the civil war has made between us shall not separate me from my love."

I started up to leave, but he put his arm about me and held me till I had promised to be his wife.

That was just before the restoration of King Charles, and before I became Lady Hilditch the fat Roundhead who occupied our homestead was forced to leave it, and our wedding was celebrated there. Being the only heir to the restored estate, certain parts of which had greatly increased in value, I was able to pay my husband ample interest for his kindly loan. In my plunder taken from the Roundhead I did but take my own, but when he relinquished my property I returned the money.

MARY BROWN COLCLAUZER.

A Nihilist Infatuation

(Original.)

I am a globe trotter. One day when I was tramping in Switzerland I met a young fellow who asked if I could direct him to Interlaken. I replied that I was going there and if he would join me I would show him the way. He did so, and we walked on together. His features were so cameo-like that had they not expressed a good deal of character I should have considered him very effeminate.

He said he was a student, but when I asked him at what university he studied he evaded the question, pretending not to have heard it. The distance to Interlaken was five miles, and before we reached the place he had without any effort on his part gained a singular influence over me. I am a believer in transference of soul power, and I have since attributed the young man's effect upon me to deep emotions that were at the time absorbing his whole existence.

On reaching Interlaken we went to different hotels. I did not see him again during my stay there.

When the czar visited Paris several years ago, on the day of his entry I strolled out to see the imperial cavalcade. Turning from the Rue Rivoli into the Place de la Concorde, a figure came hurrying toward me, and as it passed I recognized the young man I had met in Switzerland. I shall never forget the expression on his face. I could not read what that expression reflected from the soul within; but, the meeting happening near the spot where the guillotine had been set up during the reign of terror, I fancied him the specter of one who had died that France might be free. Notwithstanding that he was a boy, I could not help associating him with Charlotte Corday.

Some months later I was attending an evening party at Geneva, where I was introduced to a young girl, Mlle. Zabriskie, whose face the moment I saw it made me start. It was the counterpart of that of the young man I had met near Interlaken and afterward in Paris.

"M'sieu, why do you look at me so?" she asked.

"Mademoiselle," I replied, "I have met a young man who is your very image."

"Oh, dear! When shall I cease having to explain this matter? I have a twin brother. Doubtless it is he you have met. People are always mistaking me for him."

"Was he at Interlaken a year ago?"

"Let me see. Yes; I think he was. I am sure he was."

"And at Paris during the visit of the czar?"

Her expression changed. She seemed to be trying to master some emotion.

"Did you meet him there?" she asked in a whisper.

"I did."

She gave me a look as much as to say, "Let us change the subject."

I respected her wishes, but my curiosity struggled with my politeness, for I burned to ask more about this mysterious brother.

When I went home that night my brain was in a whirl. Few people have thus come under a sudden dominating influence as I did, and words are inadequate to express or explain it to those who have not. I only know that I was on the verge of being madly in love. I met Mlle. Zabriskie several times during my stay in Geneva, passing rapidly from one stage of inthrallment to another.

One fine afternoon I went to her house—she was boarding, but I did not learn under whose chaperonage—to keep an appointment with her to saunter on the banks of the blue Rhone. To my astonishment, I was told that she had left Geneva. She had left no word where she was going or any message for me. I called at the house where I had first met her, and they told me that their acquaintance with her had been short, and they could not, or would not, tell me how they had made it. It seemed to me that I must find her or life would be unbearable; but, having secured no clew, I did not know where to look for her. I visited different cities, going often to theaters and gardens, but never in two years met either her or her brother.

During that memorable Sunday when the workmen marched to the Winter palace and to slaughter I was in St. Petersburg. For weeks after I saw persons almost daily marched to prison, and one morning while standing at my window a band of men and women passed that I was told was starting for Siberia. Among them I saw again the woman who had inthrallled me. There was the same expression on the face I had so often seen there, and I now recognized it as voluntary martyrdom. What became of my faculties for the next few minutes I know not, but when I came to myself the throng of exiles had disappeared.

I learned from a revolutionist that Zabriskie was an assumed name under which the young devotee had gone to Paris to try to assassinate the czar. There was no twin brother. The offense for which she had been exiled was inciting the laborers to action—indeed, inspiring them behind their barricades.

And now, after drawing on my bankers in America for the half of my fortune, I have secured permission to go to Siberia to examine into the condition of the persons there with the pretended view to counteract the effect in the western world of unfavorable statements of others. All I ask is that I shall find the officials as ready to accept bribes as they are reported to be. If so I shall bring back my love to life and liberty.

F. A. MITCHELL.

MILLINERY
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April 10th
TO
May 1st.

The largest and most carefully selected stock of millinery we have ever offered. Call and inspect our line before you purchase.

We have many novelties in both ready-to-wear and dress hats, in Ladies', Misses' and Children's styles. Our prices are to suit the times.

N. S. HARDEN, KENNEBUNK MAINE

GET A CAMERA
FREE

We will give one camera to any one who has a dozen of our regular Cabinet Photographs taken before APRIL 13.

If you do not wish a camera we will give you one picture on large mount all framed.

Call and see our work.

Remember this offer is not good after APRIL 13. Come early.

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A Great Reduction in Wool Goods!!

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Special Bargains in Hosiery!

Boys' and Girls' Fast Black Ribbed Hose, size 5 to 9 1-2, 10c a pair
Boys' or Girls' Fast Black, Double Knee 1 & 1 Ribbed Hose, 12 1-2c a pair
Boys' Extra Heavy Stainless Hose, 15c quality, for 12 1-2c a pair
Special Fine Ribbed Hose for Misses, in Tan and Black, sizes 5 to 9, for 15c a pair
Ladies' Fast Black, Cotton Hose, 10c a pair
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Crockery Bargains.

Gold Band White China Egg Cups, 2 for 5c
Decorated Bone Plates, 5c
1 qt. Bean Pots, 5c
Decorated Individual Butter Plates, 2 for 5c

Stationery Specials.

1 lot of Writing Paper in 1 lb. Packages, 90 Sheets, worth 20c., Our price, 10c
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SHOE TALK

From the tannery to your foot we know the history of every shoe. They're made for us, and the maker will never run the risk of losing our orders. They'll last longer because of the care he takes to deserve our business. Our whole life is spent among shoes; we see, talk about and handle nothing else. From morn 'till night, week in and week out, it is nothing but Shoes.

Style, forms, fashions, materials what wears best, and what kind keep their form best, and what customers say about our Shoes—all this experience is at the service of any of our patrons who may desire it. We should be pleased to serve you. Summer shoes are here and not a price too high.

P. Raino,

Odd Fellows Block, Kennebunk, Maine.

COUNTY NOTES

From Our Regular Correspondents.

MOODY.

Mrs. Josiah Littlefield spent a few days in Somersworth last week.

Stevens' mill began its spring work last Monday.

Geo. A. Littlefield resumed his school in Dis. No 3 on Monday, March 27.

Mrs. Clara Bourne has returned from Alfred, where she has been spending a few weeks.

Geo. Earle is working at Stevens mill.

Fine weather for the season, and the farmers are busy hauling sea-weed.

Miss Etta Williams is spending a few days in Boston.

Wesley Cook and family have moved from Dover into the so-called Moody house.

Mrs. Geo. Stacy of Eliot is visiting her daughter rs Geo. Phillips.

Alice Bean has returned home from Keazer Falls, where she has spent the winter.

Schools began through-out the town on Monday, April 3rd.

Born, in Wells, Me., Mar. 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Moses Bourne, a daughter.

SACO ROAD.

The strong winds of the last few days have dried the mud some and still it's muddy.

Schools began in this town with the same teachers in nearly all districts.

We have heard one man express his thanks that the B. & M. R. R. bridge near the Kennebunk depot is temporarily in running order. The man is D. W. Hadlock and as he is carrier from Kennebunkport office and the delay in the arrival of mails together with the muddy travelling have made long days for him. He has not arrived at his home until seven o'clock or later. We hope there will be no more delays.

Wm. Bartlett is about to move his engine to his saw mill. Then if there is no water he can run by steam. Quite a scheme.

Ernest Benson and W. L. Murch visited at D. W. Hadlock's, Sunday.

Mrs. Lavinia Stone spent a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Mitchell of this place, last week. Mrs. Mitchell accompanied her to Somersworth, N. H.

Your correspondent has been on the sick list for the last few days with sore throat and rising in the ear. She is better at this writing.

We shall certainly concede the baner to Kennebunk in regard to the destruction of the brown-tailed moth and to the citizens who take such an interest in the extermination of this pest as we see some of your business men superintending their destruction. They have been as far as the Kennebunk river. They hire men and pay them who go over town, not merely in the village, but in the surrounding country, they think there are people outside the village; while evidently in this town they think there is not, as it is in everything else. Those who live in the village have the plums while in the rural districts the people pay for all these things but do not receive the benefit from them, only the privilege of paying a higher tax each year. Now in this town the destruction of this pest is left to the school children, who can only reach those on the low limbs, while our graceful elms are full of them where they cannot be reached by shears but have either got to be sprayed or shot off. In our part of the town there has been no one but little children after them and the elms are full of them. If there is money raised to the amount of \$400 to pay for the destruction of these pests, why not do as in your town, hire a man and pay him \$2.00 to go through the rural districts as well as in the village. We people love these dear old trees and appreciate their beauty and shade as well as our more fortunate townsmen who dwell in the village. Never mind, next year we shall see in the town report and help pay for it too. \$400 for the extermination of the brown-tail moth when we have never seen the exterminator, only in our mind's eye. I suppose this is rather plain talk but true every time. We are willing to pay for them as we surely do, but we should like to see some of them this way once in a while: but do we?

Ernest Walker will drive Fred Clough's, the road commissioner's horses this coming season. We wish him all success.

John Wormwood, who is working for W. E. Smith at York, has been home the past week. He has been on the sick list but is able to work at this writing.

Melville Campbell has begun house-keeping again after boarding with his sister, Mrs. Al Whitten, who has moved to West Buxton.

Fred Clough, Road Commissioner, has purchased a fine stylish driving horse of Carrier Davis of Biddeford.

WEST KENNEBUNK.

Mr. John Brown of Lawrence, Mass. was the guest of his brother, W. H. Brown, last Sunday. Mr. Brown and his mother will arrive here about the first of May to occupy their house for the summer.

Mr. Ansel Marshall has been very unfortunate in horses lately. Last week the third one died since January.

Mrs. Theodore Noble and her mother Mrs. Redlon are quite sick with grip colds.

Mrs. D. H. Thing, who has been with her daughter, Mrs. E. J. Littlefield for a number of weeks, is sick with the grip.

Mrs. M. R. Junkins spent the day last Thursday with Mrs. John Clark at Kennebunk.

Myron Lawrence, who is visiting friends in Chelsea, Mass., is expected home next Saturday.

Mr. Almon Hanson spent Sunday at Old Orchard.

Mrs. Pamela Clark spent last Monday in Saco.

Mr. and Mrs. U. A. Caine entertained a Flinch party last Monday evening.

R. L. Webber moved into Bert Junkins house last Saturday.

Mrs. Annie Mitchell is expected home this week.

Mrs. Jos. Wood, and children, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. George W. Junkins, for a few weeks, has returned to her home in Norway accompanied by her father, Mr. Sylvester Hatch.

KITTERY.

Mrs. Mary B. Bayley, of Government St., is visiting friends in Georgetown and Newburyport.

The contractors building the new construction steel plant are much behind in their work by the delay in the arrival of granite for the base line of the building.

The work of clearing up the yard is proceeding rapidly, the labor being furnished by the prisoners from the South-ery.

A well-known clerk in one of the yard departments, who is on the shady side of sixty, received many compliments the other evening for his fancy step-dancing at a social gathering in Portsmouth.

Medical Director W. G. Fenwell, U. S. N., who is now stationed at this yard will be placed on the retired list Apr. 5

The order which has long been expected, to build a new eighty-foot ferry boat to run between the yard and Portsmouth, has been received by the construction department, and work on the same will immediately commence. The frame will be of steel, with oak planking, and the boat is estimated to cost when completed about \$40,000.

The new rigging loft for the equipment department which is being fitted up under the personal supervision of Chief Boatswain William L. Hill, U. S. N., will when finished, be the most complete and up-to-date of any naval station owned by the United States. The loft has an unobstructed floor space, except for officers of the chief boatswain and foreman rigger 220 feet in length and 60 feet wide. Brass plates set in floor indicates in figures the fathoms of space from 1 to 40 and along the walls are numerous devices for the cases of tools and stock in the manufacture of rigging. A workbench to be used in making Jacobs ladders and machinery for the stretching of cordage have already been installed, and hanging shelves for the manufactured rigging are in place. The cordage room is on the first floor, and a score or more of bronzed rimmed holes through the ceiling lead the different sizes of rope to the stretching machine in the loft. On the first floor also a lunch and smoking room will be fitted up for the use of the employees of the building.

Local Notes.

Have you that Easter Suit yet?

Cold and raw so far during April.

Spring is really here—Summer next.

Dr. A. L. Douglass has returned home.

Mrs. William Barry has arrived home.

Berry the painter has several houses to do.

Mrs. W. L. Streeter was in town over Sunday.

James Murphy took a business trip Monday afternoon.

All things come to those who wait—Don't you believe it?

The Wednesday Club are entertained to-day at Mrs. E. J. Cram's.

Next Sunday is the last before Conference at the M. E. Church.

Work will soon begun on the residence of Mr. Chas. Goodnow.

Mrs. H. L. Hanson has been on the sick list during the past week.

Born—On Monday last to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Knight, a daughter.

Mrs. Sue Sargent went to South Berwick Tuesday to visit her sister.

Don Chamberlain has purchased a new type writer. It's an Oliver.

We need another apprentice. Call in, and talk it over if you need work.

We sell
"Buster Browns"
Stockings for Boys
and Girls, for 25c
and give you a
drawing book free.

THE BARGAIN STORE.

EVERETT M. STAPLES,

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Agents for
McCall Patterns
10 and 15c
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May, now in.

AN EASTER MESSAGE

Our Dress Goods and Silks are distinguished by all that goes to make up the best quality, colorings and finish. Our name is guarantee of the best in Easter Fabrics
To look is a pastime. To price is a pleasuse. To possess is a privilege

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EASTER CORSETS. Your new dress should be fitted over new corsets. We sell the best \$1.00 corset in the world, the American Beauty also the R. & S. Corsets.

EASTER NECKWEAR. The daintiest and prettiest neckwear, collar and cuff sets, ruching etc.

BELTS. We are showing quite the newest in belts.

Manufacturers Sale of Covert Cloth Coats, 1-3 off price.

Silk Suits, - - - **\$9.98, \$10.75 and 15.00**

Henry Sargent has a beautiful pure white coon cat. He's worth seeing.

Mr. Bragdon has been busy lately clipping horses. He does a fine job.

Mrs. P. Etta Howe has gone to Boston to visit her brother James C. Littlefield.

The D. of P. are holding temporary meetings in the Good Templars hall.

The child of Mr. Eliot Rogers, who has been seriously ill, is much improved.

Mrs. Hay has no connection with the Springvale branch store recently opened by W. D. Hay.

Mrs. George Rouillard of Beachmont, Mass; is visiting her daughter Mrs. H. L. Hanson.

Mrs. Dean and son of Biddeford were the guests of Judge and Mrs. E. J. Cram Sunday.

C. H. Lucas is building a piazza, and it adds much to the attractiveness of his residence.

Miss Lena Jackson has entered the Millinery store of Miss N. S. Harden as an apprentice.

J. W. Bowdoin has a registered drug clerk for the summer season. He came this week.

Mr. Eugene Hammond of Paris, Maine, spent the first of the week with Mr. O. E. Curtis.

There was a meeting of the Safeguard Engine Company at their hall last Monday evening.

Mrs. Fred Curtis has returned to her home in Boston after a short visit her mother and sister.

Mrs. Wm. Robinson is in town visiting relatives for a few days. Mr. Robinson was in town Monday.

Mrs. Asa Richardson, Miss Nellie Littlefield and Mrs. Etta Currier were in Portland Tuesday.

The Free Baptist Sunday School library has quite a number of new books added recently.

Miss Enlalie Webb leaves Sunday. She will commence her school in Pownel, Maine; Monday morning.

The station at B. & M. R. R. look ed lively this, Wednesday morning when the boys of the U. of M. left.

Mr. E. T. Harden arrived home from Florida last Sunday. Maine is good enough for him in the summer time.

We hope the Village Improvement Association will soon begin work. There seems to be plenty of opportunity.

The Choral Union of this village go to Sanford tomorrow, Thursday evening, for a social time. Special cars are to run.

The remains of Mr. Perves, a well known summer guest at Kennebunkport was brought here Monday for burial.

The Sewing Society of Ivy Assembly P. S. will meet with Mrs. C. C. Perkins, Fletcher street, next Tuesday evening April 11.

Rev. Mr. Lewis exchanged pulpits last Sunday with Rev. Mr. Reed, of Boston. Members of the graduating class of the K. H. S. took notes.

Monsam Loge of this Village has received an invitation to visit the North Berwick Lodge at their District meeting some time this month. There is to be some interesting work at that time and a large gathering is expected.

A Stanley auto went though town last Saturday the first of the season. Tuesday another one was seen on our streets. It won't be long now before they will be numerous, much to the disgust of those owning horses.

EASTER MILLINERY OPENING

April 14 to 24

I have engaged a first class milliner for the season and have a full and complete line of custom made and ready-to-wear hats and can suit you as to price and quality.

We make a specialty of order work. I shall also carry a full line of the latest novelties in dress goods.

Mrs. W. D. Hay,

Kennebunk, Maine, Pythian Block.

Dry Humor.

An eastern rheumatic who was visiting in southern Arizona was asked by the editor of one of the local dailies what he thought of that country.

"Wonderful dry air," said the invalid.

"Yes, everything is always as dry as dust out here," said the editor. "By the way, while you're stopping here for your health you ought to let me send you my paper."

Something Just as Good.

"Young man," asked the girl's father, "have you any visible means of support?"

"Why—aw—none that are visible to the naked eye," replied the young man hesitatingly. "I am one of the microbe specialists of the health department."—Chicago Tribune.

No Waiting For Breakfast.

Baxter—Married life isn't what it used to be. Sisson—You're right there. Since the kitchen stove has been supplanted by a gas range there's no such thing as lying in bed in the morning, soothed by the sweet thought that your wife is at work building the fire.—Boston Transcript.

Merely a Feeler.

The Count—Did her father acquire his money honestly? Miss Bright (sarcasically)—Oh, yes! If he did not I suppose you would not marry her? The Count—Not at all. If he acquired it dishonestly he would probably be too clever to give any of it away.—New York Times.

His Argument.

Mrs. Jones—You ought to be ashamed of yourself not to go to work. The Tramp—Madam, if nature has fitted me to get along without work why should I struggle against my manifest destiny?

Dragging the Anchor.

"I see Newlywed at the club quite often since his baby came. I thought he was firmly anchored to a home life." "He was, but at the first squall he began to drag his anchor."

The E. V. Phelan Co. have been giving some good entertainments at the Biddeford Opera House this week and several from here have attended the matinees. Next week the Colonial Stock Co. hold the boards. They are all right.

The northern portion of the Colorado desert is paved with the most wonderful pebbles in the world, in many parts so exquisitely laid as to defy successful imitation by the most skilled worker in mosaic flooring. These pebbles are made of porphyry, agates, carnelian, quartz, crystals, garnets, chrysolite and other such beautiful materials. They are packed together so that the surface composed of them is like a floor, and they look as if pressed into it with a roller. As a rule, they are of nearly uniform size, and each one is polished brilliantly, as if oiled and rubbed. Most of them are perfect spheres, and the reflection from them of the sun's rays is gorgeous beyond description. Each convex surface gives back a ray of light, and the ground for miles seems as if literally paved with gems. Thus the whole surface of the plain is a combination of myriads of reflectors, each pebble being so highly polished that it is like a mirror, and it is believed that the lakes of the desert mirage are produced by this means. The pebbles are polished by the loose sand which is blown hither and thither.

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

CLEANSES WHERE SOAP AND WATER FAIL

Washing with soap and water makes the face look clean, but it cleans the surface only. It does not clean out the impurities in the skin that make it muddy and sallow. Pompeian Massage Cream goes through the surface. It sinks into every pore—reaches and loosens all foreign dirt and impurities that lodge in the pores. It is the only facial cream free from grease and that keeps the face free from it. Does not—cannot—promote the growth of hair on the face.

Price 50c and \$1.00 per jar.

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