

KENNEBUNK ENTERPRISE.

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KENNEBUNK, MAINE, JULY 26, 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

Local Notes.

Harry Leighton has a new motor cycle.
Miss Gould is the guest of Mrs. Elliot Rogers.
Miss Ethel Nichols is in town visiting relatives.
Miss Grace Getchell of Lynn has been in town.
Chas. Pray of Auburn was in town over Sunday.
Fred Keene of Boston is in town visiting his friends.
Chas. Hall and family are at Long Pond for an outing.
Miss Messer of Sanford was in town today, Wednesday.
W. D. Hay is having a good run of business at the Port.
Two auto parties put up at the Fleetwood Tuesday night.
Mrs. Chas. R. Littlefield spent Tuesday at Cape Elizabeth.
The farmers in this section are nearly through haying.
O. H. Whittier is spending his vacation at his home down East.
Mrs. William Porter returned to her home in Lawrence last Friday.
Quite a number of our people are doing a good business at the beaches.
Chas. Andrews has sold his gasoline launch to parties at Kennebunk Beach.
W. A. Hall's house is receiving a coat of paint. Berry is doing the work.
Wm. Titcomb and family and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Curtis took an outing Tuesday.
There will be no Sunday School session at the Baptist church for the next three weeks.
Mrs. Bayes and her mother have moved into the Chase house owned by C. R. Littlefield.
Samuel Clark and family, who have been at their cottage at Great Hill have returned home.

Mrs. Lockwood and young child with her friend from Concord, N. H., are guests at the Fleetwood.
Miss Martha Sleeper is enjoying a vacation and is in Somersworth, N. H. this week visiting her aunt.
E. A. Stuart and Don Chamberlain went to Boston Monday in Mr. Stuart's auto. Mr. Chamberlain returned by train.
Rev. A. C. Fulton, pastor of the Congregational church is taking his annual vacation. There will be no services during his absence.
Miss Gertrude Hartwell returned to her home in Lawrence Sunday night. She was accompanied by her friend, Miss Flossie Porter.
Mr. Rackliff, a teacher of the piano in Boston, who is spending his summer in Maine, acted as organist at the Methodist church last Sunday.
Edward Ward has finished his work at Glen Falls, N. H., and has a contract to build a pulp mill on Saco River some 16 miles from Sanford.
Mr. Clinton Fogg and wife left last evening for their home in Morgantown, West Virginia, after spending a few days with his sister, Mrs. Bryant Libby.
Roy Nason played the clarinet at Hampton Beach last Saturday afternoon and evening with the Exeter Brass Band. Roy is a good player and is becoming recognized as such.
Rev. A. F. Newmont of the Bethany church, Boston, preached at the Baptist church last Sunday and the evening lecture was also very much enjoyed and well attended. It was given Mr. Burton H. Wilson of Saco.
G. F. Cousins, proprietor of the Old Corner Grocery has a new mist machine in his store to put vegetables on. The structure looks like a flower stand containing three partitions to hold the vegetables and the water is sprayed from the top, which prevents them from wilting.

European Letter.

Florence and Venice are Visited and Delight the Travellers.

The approach to Florence by railway from Rome gave a very delightful first impression of the city lying along the valley of the Arno and climbing the encircling hills which lie green and beautiful in the distance.
Its Italian name is "Fioranza la bella" and it is said to retain more nearly medieval character as a city than any other large city in Italy.
It certainly seems as a whole much more ancient than Rome. The streets are so narrow and the big iron barred windows of the grim palaces rising directly from the streets make one feel as if surrounded with prisons. On every side one meets with familiar names well known in art, poetry, or statesmanship, Fra Angelico, Leonardo de Vinci, Michael Angelo, Galileo, Savonarola, the list of illustrious names stretches out too long to enumerate, and yet on every side we find them linked forever with the beautiful city.
When one stands on the Piazza del Signoria and tries to realize that here Savonarola was hanged and afterwards burned, or moves on a little farther to the open vaulted hall dating back to the 14th century and rich with sculpture, or attempts even in a small way to visit some of the masterpieces of painting and sculpture contained in the Uffizi and Pitts galleries near by, in a slight measure there comes some realization of the treasures that the city contains.
The hall known as the Tribune in the Uffizi is called by Hawthorne "the richest room in all the world, a heart that draws all hearts to it," and contains the Venus di Medici, the Wrestlers and other marvellous works in painting and sculpture, and one becomes completely exhausted as room after room stretches out filled with so many beautiful things it seems almost impossible ever to see all the wonders opening before us.
We left the Uffizi utterly tired in mind and body, and spent a good part of the afternoon in driving around the city, now peering into the recesses of an old chapel, then watching the workmen busy with the mosaics for which the city is famous, or stopping for a hurried trade among the curious old relics of other days, and at last drove up the winding road to the heights of the city for a grand view of the surrounding country.
The houses in this part of the city are more modern, and we seem to breathe more freely to leave for awhile the dark, narrow streets with their weird memories of battle and intrigue.
During our stay in the city we were close to the Cathedral which was begun in 1298, the dome being designed by Brunelleschi, the stained glass being of the 15th century. The interior seemed bare and dark in contrast to the beautiful churches we had seen in Rome, while right in front of it was the former cathedral of France, the church of San Giovanni Batista, which Dante calls "My beautiful San Giovanni," but which my poor benighted Americans compared to a gas house, and kept wishing it were out of the way and not obstructing the view of the Cathedral. It has, however, some beautiful bronze doors, one with scenes from the life of John the Baptist, the second scenes from the life of Christ, being the work of Ghiberti, the third also being his work, representing events in Biblical history.
The Campanile is close by and richly decorated with colored marbles and statues, being 292 feet high.
We did not, however, attempt to ascend it the ascent of St. Peter's satisfying our ambition for one summer, and the views of the city from the heights being very delightful it did not seem necessary to do any more climbing.
On one of our drives we saw the palace where the King of Italy resides while in Florence, but it didn't look a bit attractive, and our admiration for the so called synonyms of luxury has been terribly shaken since we have been gazing on the dismal looking structures that are called palaces, when fortress or prison seem more appropriate names.
The trip from Florence to Venice is the most beautiful journey we have yet taken, being nearly all the way in the heart of the mountains, which closed in on us from every side, with tunnels cutting in upon our enjoyment in the most tantalizing fashion even while they witnessed to the grand engineering work that has been done on the road. The day was intensely hot, but happily for W. C. T. U. women there were lots of cooling drinks offered besides the wine which we find everywhere present. Delicious fruit was also on

Dainty Summer Wedding

Popular Young Couple United in Marriage at the Home of the Bride in this Village, at High Noon Last Tuesday

A very dainty little affair was the wedding Tuesday at high noon of one of Kennebunkport's most popular young ladies, Miss Hazel Merrill, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Merrill and Mr. Roy ten Broek Langenberg of St. Louis, at the home of the bride's parents.
The rooms were tastefully decorated with ferns and hot house flowers. The bride was charming in a landsowne gown of white satin and carried an immense bridal bouquet of lilies of the valley.
Miss Elizabeth Merrill, sister of the bride acted as maid of honor and was attired in a pretty gown of pink mouseline de soie. There were also cut little ribbon children. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Mower in the presence of the families of the young couple.

From twelve thirty until two a reception was held at which many of the friends and well wishers of the bride and groom were present. The dining room was darkened for the occasion and lighted with tiny candles and prettily decorated presenting a beautiful glitter of cut glass. The curtains were caught and draped with bits of maiden hair fern.
The daintiest of refreshments consisting of ices, cakes, salads and punch were served by colored waiters.
The happy couple were showered with many costly presents by their numerous friends. Among the most beautiful were noticed some elaborate designs in cut glass, silver, china and fine linen.
Every one unites in wishing them a long and happy life.

Great Success.

Over \$300 Raised for the Boston Floating Hospital Last Wednesday at Kennebunkport.

The benefit given for the Floating Hospital of Boston at Kennebunkport Tuesday was a great success and a goodly sum was netted for a worthy object.

A large share of the credit is due to Mrs. Edward Hinks of Andover, Mass., who with the help of her friends brought the scheme to success. Every manner of pleasing entertainment was furnished by these ambitious ladies. The Rope Walk was fitted up for the entertainment of the people. Slight-of-hand specialties were introduced and a dainty candy table was conducted by Miss Agnes Little and Miss Lucy Maling. A favor table was in charge of Miss Louise Parsons, and there were also flower tables.

The Clark Mansion was open to the people, especially the lower floor and the circular stairways. Tea was served in the dining room by Miss Mae Clark.

Mr. Abbott Graves opened his studio to the people and was very courteous in showing his beautiful work.

There were also autos for the accommodation of those wishing other amusement, and barges going to Tuck's for those wishing ices.

Everybody reported it a success and united in their praise of the able way in which things were carried out. The instigators of the affair should give themselves much credit for their good work.

A little incident which happened in the studio of Mr. Abbott Graves came to our notice: A lady after admiring a beautiful painting asked the price. On being told by the popular artist that the price was "seventy-five," she thereupon passed him a dollar bill and calmly waited for the change.

New Catholic Church

In last week's issue we made mention of the fact just as we were going to press that the contract for building the new Catholic church had been awarded Jones and Clark, but did not give the bid, which is \$3,200. They were \$500 less than the highest bidder and \$200 less than the next bidder. The building will be 35x60, with a porch for steeples 8 1/2x12. Rev. Joseph O. Casavant and Mr. P. Raino, the committee in charge, hope to have the church ready for dedication about the first of

Trolley Notes.

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

Rain is much needed not only for the farmers but for the electric business.

Low water at the power stations kept the electricians from doing their usual business Sunday.

Many berry pickers are patronizing the trolley and find it most convenient. There are quantities of berries all along the different routes.

Mr. George A. Murch, who has been ill since last Friday, was able to be about Tuesday. It is pretty hard to have to be sick this time of year when there's so much doing.

The other day a party on the Portland trolley asked the conductor how long it would take him to reach "Biddebunk." The fellow was sober but it was evident that he had gotten things a little mixed.

The new power house is being pushed ahead rapidly with the crew at work, but even this does not seem to satisfy the management. A scarcity of masons prevents the amount of work accomplished that was hoped might be at this time.

The dances at the Old Falls are being well attended, as are also those at the Casino, and every one who goes has a right good time. General Manager Murch has put in several swings for the children, who appreciate and enjoy the same. Let the good work go on.

Miss Florence Hill will take the position as stenographer for the A. S. L. R. vacated by Miss Willard, who has resigned. Miss Hill is a Kennebunk girl and is most competent to fill any position. Miss Willard has done most faithful work for the company since she has been in their employ.

The old saying, "You never miss the water till the well runs dry," is certainly true in the case of the dances which have been held so frequently during the past few weeks, both at the Cape Casino and Old Falls Pavilion. The scarcity of water obliged the management to cut them down to a Saturday night dance at the Cape. It is hoped the new steam plant will soon be in shape and then the trials of low water, at least, will be over.

Lawn Party

A successful lawn party for the benefit of the Epworth League was held on the lawn of O. E. Curtis last Thursday evening.

Those in charge of the affair were O. E. Curtis, Chas. Bowdoin, Lelia Murphy, Mrs. Chas. Bowdoin, and J. F. Briggs. The lawn was decorated with red, white and blue bunting and Japanese lanterns were strung about.

A large ice cream booth was in charge of O. E. Curtis and Henry Porter, and another booth for home made candy was in charge of Mrs. Chas. Bowdoin.

Arthur Andrews presided over a pop corn booth and could not pop corn fast enough for the demand. The orchestra which was advertised disappointed the managers, but the guests were entertained by singing and a graphophone. About two hundred were present and some twenty-three dollars realized.

Obituary.

Mr. Jas. J. Robbins died at his home at Kennebunk Beach Sunday, July 23, of Bright's disease, aged 53 years.

Mr. Robbins was born in England but has resided at Kennebunk Beach for the past twenty-two years. He was a painter by trade and a man much respected by all. He has been sick about four weeks.

He leaves a wife who has the sympathy of all in her bereavement. The funeral was held from his late home Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Holmes of this village officiating. The interment was at Biddeford in the family lot.

Meeting at Farmers' Hall

The citizens of Kennebunkport are requested to meet at the Farmers Club Hall on Tuesday evening, August 1, to make arrangements for entertaining the 27th Maine Regiment.

Band of Gypsies.

An organized band of gypsies passed through here today. They are touring the country, camping here and there and supplying the summer people with laces and such goods.

LAWN SWINGS, HAMMOCKS PIAZZA CHAIRS. SETTEES

Before purchasing your
Summer Outfit visit
THE BIG STORE

S. B. Emery & Company

YORK COUNTY'S LARGEST HOUSE FURNISHERS
SANFORD : : : : : MAINE

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PIANOS, ORGANS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

All the Latest Popular Sheet Music

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Come in and hear these wonderful entertainers. All the latest
Records in stock. PIANOS TUNED AND RENTED.

C. J. MURPHY,

ALSO STORES AT BIDDEFORD AND SANFORD

[Continued on Third Page]

Kennebunk Enterprise.

Devoted to the General Interest
of York County.

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1905.

Just Cause

We believe the old saying "Endurance sometimes ceases to be a virtue" is true in the case of the way the patrons of the A. S. L. R. R. are being used of late in not having signals to stop noticed at all, or when they are in the most unsatisfactory manner.

We are willing to admit that it is extremely hard to stop every few yards to take on and put off passengers, and it would seem advisable to have painted posts or in some way designate stopping places, and so avoid many of the stops which now seem necessary, but until such a move is made the condition of things ought to be changed.

We hear complaint after complaint made by different people, and they seem perfectly justified in so doing. We could note several instances where the parties have reasons to feel that things are not as they should be. If one signals a car to go only a few yards and wishes to ride there is no reason that they should not do so and not be entirely ignored as happened in a case last Sunday evening when the motorman knew that some one wished to board the local car but did not make even a pretense of stopping, thinking doubtless that it was not worth while. We have no doubt but when this state of affairs is brought to the notice of the management things will be changed as we believe they are doing everything in their power for the convenience and comfort of the patrons of this line.

Kennebunk Industries

For a town of its size Kennebunk has a fair amount of industry and industry well adapted to its purposes. All are under good management and competent hands are employed.

The largest and most important are the leather board and leatheroid mills, which are large, well kept structures and give the part of the town in which they are located a thriving appearance.

The leatheroid was started about 1880 the industry being brought from Philadelphia by a stock company afterwards known as the National Fibre Board Co. At first the leatherboard extensively manufactured for shoe heels was the product of the mill; later the leatheroid came into use and was carried to the front by a new corporation but the credit of developing the scheme belonged chiefly to Mr. Emery Andrew of this town. Now the chief output of these mills is boxes and cans, trunks and cases and sheet leatheroid for insulating purposes. The mills have an extensive foreign trade in England, Germany and elsewhere. They do a yearly business of over half a million dollars.

The works cover over two acres of floor space and are being improved upon yearly, and a small addition is at present contemplated. There is also an extensive paper mill here and the Goodall Matting Factory which puts a fine quality of matting before the public. This industry is young but shows prospects of a brilliant future.

The Steam Laundry is also a very important business and is conducted in a very up-to-date manner and is in competent hands.

The present manager Mr. Frank Rutter, has conducted the business for six years and has doubled it in the last five. It now occupies two floors and employs sixteen hands.

Extensive improvements are constantly being made and since January a new dynamo has been put in and electric irons, and a fine large mangle has been added.

Advertise
in the
Enterprise

A SOLDIER OF
COMMERCE

By JOHN ROE GORDON

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Harvey coolly watched the crew. Many tribes and tongues that bordered



"Oh, my father! What have they done to him?"

on the Caspian were represented, and some were from distant countries. There were about twenty of them, a mean and disreputable looking lot.

"I am going to Astrakhan," he said to himself, "even if I take possession of the old tub against the law. The Russian government would not object. There isn't a real Russian on board."

"You must leave the vessel," said Hassan.

"So I will—at Astrakhan," answered Harvey. "Now, look here, Hassan, my friend. It's no use. I must get to Astrakhan because I've got a lot of valuable stuff there that I must overtake. No use growling; you've got to go to Astrakhan or put me on board of a boat that is going there."

"And will you pay me for that?"

"Of course."

Hassan looked at his men, then at Harvey. Certainly this dog of an unbelieve looked as if he could pay well. It would do no harm to let him remain on board. After disposing of his concealed passenger he had no objections to making a little more ready money.

Out upon the Caspian shot the vessel, and Harvey watched the lazy methods of the sailors. Five good men could have handled the boat in a storm. It took all twenty of them to do it in calm water.

Hassan thought to earn the money by placing Harvey on another boat. He stood in the bow and scanned the horizon. But all that day he saw none and began to get uneasy.

"It seems he expects a boat to overtake him," thought Harvey.

Hassan had been looking ahead for a boat. Now he cast his eyes astern. He was looking for the Russian gunboat he knew would follow if it were suspected that Koura had been taken away in his vessel. All night they sailed, but saw nothing. In the morning a cry broke from Hassan. Just ahead lay a long, low hull, with sails that seemed capable, if properly handled, of producing great speed. Astern could be seen the black smoke that came from an approaching steamer.

"Hassan is surprised, excited and afraid," said Harvey to himself. "I wonder if I've got myself mixed up in a smuggling game. That looks like a Russian gunboat coming."

The crew were evidently as excited as Hassan and watched with anxious eyes the gunboat.

"What vessel is that?" shouted Hassan to the boat ahead as they neared each other.

"This is the boat of our heavenly lord, the ameer of Bokhara," came the answer.

Hassan's vessel was schooner rigged. The other was a sort of sloop, having a single mast with lateen sail. The sloop rounded to, and Hassan shouted:

"I have some news for you. Come close. The Muscovites are coming!"

"Let us be shrewd," said the man on the black boat. "Let not the Muscovites see us together. What have you? Have you seen Mizik?"

"Yes; it is that for which Mizik went to Tiflis. Hurry! If the Muscovites catch me, I shall be shot!"

"And what of me?" asked the other. "Karaka! Is not yet weary of this life?"

The lateen sail was drawn to the wind, and the black boat shot away. "Curses upon those cowards! What shall I do?" wailed Hassan. Then, turning in fury upon Harvey, he bawled out:

"This is because of you, miserable dog of a Giaour! If they do not seize me, I will kill you! Allah, Allah be praised! Allah, Ill Allah! Mohammed Resoul Ullah!"

"Strikes me you'd better be saying 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,'" said Harvey. "You've been up to something mean, I'll bet a dollar. You have got the most evil face I ever saw

on a man. I wonder if it is smuggling."

There was no use trying to get away. The slow old tub was no match for the gunboat. The hull was growing larger every minute. Soon a puff of smoke was seen on the gunboat's deck, a boom was heard, and a shot bounded three times on top of the water and sank a few feet from Hassan's boat.

"By Jove! They'll sink this hulk with me in it!" exclaimed Harvey. "Don't wonder that Hassan is afraid."

The entire crew stood with folded arms. Their anxious eyes rested on Hassan's face, and their expressions were but reflections of his own. Hassan gave a command, and the boat swung round and waited. A small boat from the gunboat was soon up close, and two officers came aboard.

"You beast!" exclaimed one. "What do you mean by sneaking away in the night?"

"Hold on, my friend," said Harvey, for the officer had looked at him while speaking. "I don't sneak. I don't know what you want, but you are seriously interfering in my business. I have engaged this man to take me to Astrakhan."

"Astrakhan! But why did you leave Tiflis in the night?"

"Tiflis? I haven't been to Tiflis."

"This boat left Tiflis in the night—three—four nights ago."

"With that I have nothing to do. I joined the boat at Salain and bargained with this man, who seems to be in command, to take me to Astrakhan or put me aboard a boat that was going there."

"Is that true, Osmanli?" asked the officer.

"It is true, O great representative of the greatest ruler on earth except the padishah."

"Then tell me why you left Tiflis in the night?"

"O great one, I will tell you what happened. It is a strange tale that I can scarcely believe myself. Perhaps it is not known to thee, O great one, that I brought a cargo of goods to Tiflis, which I sold to the bazaars. I had been waiting for a cargo to take to Astrakhan, for there awaits me there a valuable cargo for Astrakhan. I did covered some of the finest linen, and as I wished to sail early in the morning I went to the bazaar of Ignatz Biartelkis and told him what I had found. He and his lovely daughter at once returned with me to the boat. I placed some wine before them and went to get some of the linen. I was seized and knocked down and some cloth was stuffed in my mouth. I heard the merchant speaking and also the girl scream, but I was bound securely and could not go to the relief of this young lady. I did not know what her father was doing, but I could hear him speaking loudly and harshly. In the morning two strangers came to me and said they had taken command of my boat. They did not permit me to go far from them, and through me they gave orders to the men. We sailed from Tiflis, and at a small place just before we reached Salain these men left the boat. But they ordered me to take the girl to Astrakhan. They also said that at Salain a Giaour would get on board and that he would go to Astrakhan also, but I believed that something was wrong and refused to take him. At Salain this man did come out from the wharf and came on board at the risk of his life and insisted upon being carried to Astrakhan. He asked if I had the young lady, and I told him no. I was about to put them on board that boat when I saw your smoke and believed it was wisest to wait and tell you the truth."

"Is that true? Could you understand?" the officer asked of Harvey.

"That part concerning me is all true except that I asked for no young lady. I have heard of no young lady since I came on the boat."

"Where is this young lady?" asked the officer.

"I will bring her to you," said Hassan.

He went into the cabin and soon returned with Koura, who gave a scream of delight when she saw the Russian officer.

"Oh, my father! What have they done to him?"

"That is to be learned. He was attacked by two men who remained on the boat until it nearly reached the Caspian. What do you know about this strange matter?"

"So little! So little! We went to see some linen."

"Did you see Hassan struck?"

"I saw nothing. I was blindfolded."

"What did your father say?"

"Nothing. I did not hear him speak."

"There seems to be some truth in this story. Do you swear you tell the truth, Osmanli?"

"I swear by Allah!"

"And you, my friend? Who are you?"

"I am an American. If I had known there was a young lady here in trouble, I would have assisted her. Looks like a game of kidnap to me."

"Never mind what it looks like to you. Explain your presence."

"I am going to Astrakhan. I want to get to the big fair at Novgorod to exhibit some windmills."

"And you did not go to the big fair at Tiflis?"

"No; I just came from Astrabad."
"How?"
"On board a German steamer."
"I think you are a liar. At any rate, you are arrested in the name of the czar."
"On what charge do you dare arrest an American citizen?"
"On the charge of abducting one of his majesty's subjects. This matter will be settled at Tiflis. Follow me."
"Here's luck!" exclaimed Harvey. "I've got to go to Tiflis a prisoner, and \$10,000 worth of windmills waiting at Astrakhan!"

CHAPTER V.

THE GOVERNOR OF A PRISON AND THE GIRL HARVEY IRONS LOVES.

OLONEL JURNIEFF, the governor of the prison at Tiflis, sat in his office, which was a portion of the apartments allotted to himself and family. An open letter lay beside him on a table. A perplexed look was on his face. He was a cold man, usually imperturbable, but something in the letter had disturbed him.

"May the devil take that American!" he said as he picked up the letter again. "We think he is in Paris or New York, and now he turns up with his confounded windmills in Astrabad. What is worse, he is going to the big fair at Nijni Novgorod. By the gods, he is enough to turn the entire secret police upside down! Undoubtedly he intends to meet Alma at the fair, as he did last year. But, thanks to her father's wisdom, I have her safe here where she will hear no more of that fellow's fine words."

He touched a bell and an orderly came to him.

"Has a letter been written or sent from my family apartments today?"

"None, your excellency."

"Has any been received?"

"None, your excellency."

"You must be doubly watchful. I have trusted you thus far; I will trust you further. You understand the circumstances, do you not?"

"I think I understand, your excellency. There was a bad, wicked man—one of those Americans who care for nobody."

"There was indeed—not only was, but is. As you are aware, he and my niece, Mlle. Alma, met each other in St. Petersburg, where the fellow was selling some miserable American invention to pump water with windmills. Perhaps the machines were good enough, for he sold a lot of them. But these two fools must fall in love when my brother, General Jurnieff, had already planned upon having a prince for a son-in-law. But the young people outwitted him and met at the big fair at Nijni Novgorod last year. After that we sent the American out of Russia, telling him if he ever returned we would look upon him as having forfeited the right to his country's protection and send him to Siberia or have him shot."

"That kept him out, excellency."

"Not a bit of it! I have just received a letter from my brother, who has heard from one of our secret agents at Paris, that the American is now at Astrabad, in Persia, selling his wares, and has said he was going to the big fair at Nijni Novgorod, which soon begins."

"He is a courage—he is a fool, excellency."

"You might have finished your sentence. He is a courageous fool. But, thank heaven, I have the young lady safe here in Tiflis. If he expects to meet her at Novgorod, he will be disappointed. I must send word at once to Nijni Novgorod and Astrakhan. It may be possible to intercept him on the way."

The orderly bowed and was dismissed. A few minutes later a higher officer entered. It was Captain Orskoff.

"I salute you, colonel."

"I am glad to see you, captain. You appear to be happy. Has anything new been discovered concerning the missing Biartelkis and his daughter?"

"I am glad to say we have recovered Koura. We have captured the two who were taking her away. They will be brought here and locked up to await trial."

"Then Biartelkis was not really trying to sell his daughter?"

"We cannot make head or tail of it. Koura knows little, but believes in her father's innocence. Surely he did not need the money. Moreover, he cannot be found."

"Is that rascally Turk, Hafiz Effendi, in the city?"

"Yes. I have placed him under arrest."

"If it was a slave selling affair, Hafiz had a finger in it. He is a shrewd rascal."

KENNEBUNK STEAM LAUNDRY

FRANK RUTTER, PROP.

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A TRIAL
SUBSCRIPTION

to the ENTERPRISE for
three months costs 25
cents. Let us send
it to you. A postal
will bring it.

cal. But who was it you captured, and where?"

"Lieutenant Thokt, with the gunboat stationed near the Kur, ran down a



"They will kill her, between them!"

Turkish craft and boarded it. The captain's name is Hassan. He was undoubtedly trying to get the poor girl on board a strange craft—a black hull. I thing she belongs to the ameer of Bokhara."

"So you found the girl on board the Turk?"

"Yes, and also an American, who, I am sure, had a hand in the affair. What his motive was, whether he was trying to get Koura off to marry her or was acting as an agent for the ameer, I don't know. But he was arrested and brought here. You will see him soon."

"What name did he give?"

"He gave the name, I believe, Irons. Said he was going to Nijni Novgorod to sell pumps and windmills."

Colonel Jurnieff nearly fell off his chair. He stared at Orskoff till that officer thought the governor of the prison was daft.

"Do you know him? Did the lieutenant do wrong?"

"Do I know him! Now we have him in our hands we will finish him. Do I know him! We have watched him for a year, but he is like a rat. So he was stealing Biartelkis and his daughter?"

"I don't say he was stealing Biartelkis. We can find no trace of him."

"Call that orderly."

The orderly came in again and saluted.

"Alexander, that man of whom we spoke is under arrest. He was not content with following one of the most beautiful of Russian girls, but it was he who abducted the daughter of Biartelkis."

"Has she been found?" asked the orderly, forgetting his manners in his intense interest.

"Yes, thank God! But her father is yet missing. We shall know more after we have heard them all. You understand your duties. I charge you to be shrewd and faithful. Go!"

The orderly, Alexander Borge, walked through the corridors of the prison with lagging steps. An officer passed him.

"My captain, I am not well," he said. "May I be relieved for an hour?"

The captain nodded and walked on into the office. Alexander hurried to another portion of the prison, where there were rooms luxuriously fitted up. He knocked cautiously at one, giving a certain signal. A young Russian girl opened the door.

"Alexander! You not on duty? What has happened?"

"I got relieved for an hour to tell you something for Mlle. Alma."

"Quick! In here!"

She ushered him into a small storage closet and listened breathlessly.

"The colonel charged me again with my duties," he said. "He had received a letter from his brother that the young American whom we could not trace was in Astrabad, Persia. He was to go from there to Nijni Novgorod to meet Mlle. Alma, as last year. Later I learned that he is under arrest for taking away Koura Biartelkis."

"It is impossible. He has not been in Tiflis."

"I know, but that is the charge. He was on the boat that took her away. Would you tell Mlle. Alma?"

"Yes, certainly, I must tell her everything. I believe this is a false charge got up to put the American in prison."

"Perhaps. But I must be off. I will watch. I will return if anything is new."

In another suit of apartments a lovely young girl, with pale face and longing eyes, sat listlessly looking from a window. The girl whom Borge had just left entered.

"Marie, what is the excitement in the streets?" asks Mlle. Alma. "Something unusual, even for fair time, has happened. One girl, one of the few friends I have made—I have always met her when making purchases at her father's bazaar—is already missing. I hope the Turks have not found a way to outwit the law."

"Koura Biartelkis is found, mademoiselle."

"Then that must be the cause of the excitement. Oh, when will this cruel exile come to an end? Marie, suppose Alexander should be sent away where you could never see him."

"I should cry, mademoiselle."

"Cry? Tears alone will not unite lovers. If they would, I could shed rivers. It must be grand to live where love is not a thing for prison walls."

"But you are not a prisoner, mademoiselle."

"Am I not? I have the privilege of

driving out in my uncle's carriage. But am I not watched constantly? Is not my uncle forever giving orders that no letters shall be allowed to reach me? Could I send a letter, even if I knew where—he was?"

With a burst of sorrow Marie fell at the feet of her mistress.

"Oh, mademoiselle! I have such bad news for you! I would not tell, but I know you wish to hear all. He is here!"

"Here! You mean M. Irons—here in Tiflis?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, and will soon be in this very prison."

Alma's fingers clutched at her bosom, and she half rose from her chair, but, swaying, fell back.

"Will you have water, mademoiselle?"

"No; I want news. How—where did they take him? Is it true? Did Alexander tell you?"

"Yes. It seems he was on the same boat. They say he was taking away Koura Biartelkis."

"I do not believe it! No; I know he loves me. It was not M. Irons."

"Perhaps not, mademoiselle. But we shall soon know."

"Yes, but my heart will break with apprehension. If they have taken him, after warning him to keep out of Russia, they will charge him with anything to punish him. You must help me, Marie. Good, brave, faithful girl! And Alexander too! What would I do without you both? O God, help him! Preserve him from their vengeance and cruelty!"

She broke down under the strain and slipped to the floor. Resting her arms on her chair and burying her face in them, she burst into spasmodic sobs.

"They will kill her, between them!" muttered the maid.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

FURNISHING PIAZZAS.

How to Make Them a Pleasure and Constant Delight.

Of all parts of a house the piazza is the one devoted solely to rest and comfort, and it behooves the mistress of a country house to make the place attractive.

It wants green for restfulness, air for coolness and shade for the eyes from the glare of the sun. Therefore the wise housekeeper will have seen to it that many vines are planted early. Failing this grateful shade, the screens of split bamboo are good, but the regular awnings are better, for no sunshine can penetrate them, they do not get out of order, and there is always plenty of air.

In case there are no vines and awnings are used the lady of the house will put plants all around in corners. The Boston fern set in the oxidized silver jardiniere will give best satisfaction, as there is no color to detract from the harmony. They are made in all sizes, and some of them stand as high as one's head. With a fine Boston fern drooping over the edges, or a palm, or, in fact, anything green, they are very restful and pleasing to see. They are not hurt by wetting.

Small tables for work, strong chairs that can endure an occasional rain bath with a rug on the floor, a footstool or so and a few washable cushions will make a delightful retreat.

Many persons have wicker chairs, others bamboo or rustic ones, but those in demand just now are the dark green old fashioned furniture, with cushions of chintz to match or harmonize with the rest. Flowers should form the only point of color in the scheme beyond the greens and soft shades of the cushions.

Everything save the table covers and cushions is left on the piazza at night, and therefore it should be indestructible. Comfort first, last and always should be the keynote of piazza furnishing.

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SOCIETIES.

W. R. CORPES: Meetings every other Thursday evening in G. A. R. Hall. Mary Cassidy, president.

PTHIAN SISTERHOOD: Meetings held every other Tuesday evening in Pythian Hall. Mrs. George Patterson, C. C.

DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH: Meetings held the first and third Saturday evenings in Odd Fellows' Hall. Susan Larrabee, N. G.

YORK LODGE, No. 22, F. & A. M.: Geo. A. Gilpatrick, secretary. Meets on or before the full moon each month. Murray Chapter meets Monday following full moon. St. Amand Commandery meets second Thursday each month.

SALUS LODGE, No. 156, I. O. G. T.: Meets every Tuesday evening in their hall on Main street.

WAWA TRIBE, No. 19, I. O. R. M.: Meets every Wednesday evening.

MYRTLE LODGE, No. 19, K. of P.: Meets every Friday evening in K. of P. Hall, Main Street.

EARNST LODGE, No. 55, I. O. G. T.: Regular meetings held in their hall every Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock.

CHURCH SERVICES.

BAPTIST CHURCH. Main Street.
REV. H. L. HANSON.

Sunday: 10.30 a. m. Preaching Service.
11.30 a. m. Bible School.
6.15 p. m. Young People's Meeting.
7.00 p. m. Prayer Meeting.
Monday: 7.30 p. m. Young People's Meeting.
Wednesday: 7.30 p. m. Praise and Prayer Meeting.
Covenant Meeting last Friday evening in month.

UNITARIAN CHURCH. Main Street.
REV. F. R. LEWIS.

Sunday: 10.30 a. m. Preaching Service.
12.00 m. Sunday School.
7.00 p. m. Evening Service.
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Dane Street.
REV. A. C. FULTON.

Sunday: 10.30 a. m. Preaching Service.
12.00 m. Sunday School.
7.00 p. m. Evening Service.
Wednesday: 7.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting.
Friday: 7.30 p. m. Class Meeting.

METHODIST CHURCH. Saco Road.
REV. WILBUR F. HOLMES.

Sunday: 11.00 a. m. Junior League.
2.00 p. m. Preaching Service.
3.00 p. m. Bible School.
7.00 p. m. Evening Services.
Monday: 7.30 p. m. Epworth League.
Wednesday: 7.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting.
Friday: 7.30 p. m. Class Meeting.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.
Room 8, Ross Block, Main Street.

Sunday Services at 10.45 a. m.
Subjects and sermons copyrighted by the Rev. Mary Baker Eddy.

M. E. CHURCH, West Kennebunk.
REV. WILBUR F. HOLMES.

Sunday: 10.30 a. m. Preaching Service.
Tuesday: 7.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting.
Friday: 7.30 p. m. Class Meeting at Miss V. W. Consens.

CATHOLIC SERVICES. Mousam Hall, Main St.
REV. J. O. CASAVANT.

Services every First Sunday at 9.30 a. m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

MISS ELLA A. CLARKE, Librarian.
Library Hours. Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, from 7 to 8 o'clock.
Saturday afternoons from 2.30 to 4.00 o'clock.
Wednesday afternoon 3 to 5 o'clock for reference.

Mail Arrivals & Departures.

E. A. FAIRFIELD, Postmaster.
Mail closes for the West at 7.30, 9.00 a. m.; 1.00 a. m.; 4.00 and 6.35 p. m.
Mail closes for the East at 9.00, 10.45 a. m.; 3.35 and 6.45 p. m.
Mails close for Kennebunkport 9.00 a. m. and 6.35 p. m.
Mail closes for Sanford 9.10 and 7.10 p. m.
Mails open from the West at 8.20, 9.45 and 11.40 a. m.; 1.40 and 7.40 p. m.
Mails open from the East at 8.20 and 9.55 a. m.; 1.38 and 4.40 p. m.
Mails open from Kennebunkport at 9.45 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.
Mails open from Sanford at 9.15 a. m. and 6.40 p. m.
Office Hours: 7.15 a. m. to 8.00 p. m.

Fire Alarm System.

23 Corner Brown and Swan Streets
25 York Street, near residence of O. W. Clark
7 Corner High and Cross Streets.
34 Corner Main and Storer Streets.
36 Junction Storer and Fletcher Streets.
38 Junction Main and Fletcher Streets.
41 Corner Summer and Park Streets.
43 Boston and Maine Station.
45 Corner Park and Grove Streets.
47 Leather Board
1 Continuous Blast, Paper Mill
3 Blasts, Engineers Signal
ALL OUT—Two blasts.

On the pole near the fire alarm box is a small box with a glass front, containing the key. To ring in an alarm, break the glass, open the fire alarm box, pull down the lever, and releasing it, let it fly back.
The alarm consists of four rounds of the box number.

School Signals.

Two blasts at 8 a. m. will mean no school in the lower grades—meaning the Intermediate and Primary Schools.

The same signal at 11 a. m. will mean either one session, or no school in the afternoon.

Three blasts at 8 a. m. will mean no school in all the schools—when sounded at 11 a. m. it will mean either one session in the schools—or no school in the afternoon.

One session will mean that school will keep until 1 o'clock—except in the primary grades—and they left to the judgment of the teachers.

We Do Printing

European Letter.

[Continued from First Page.]

sale and the venders drove a busy trade when the train drew up to the station. It was late when we reached Venice, and all was excitement when we saw its lights twinkling in the distance, and realized that at last the dream of our childish days was coming true.

It seemed delightful to leave the hot, dusty train and step into the long, dark gondolas awaiting us and then glide through the watery streets of the city, the cries of the gondoliers echoing through the dim passages lined with lofty buildings. Even at that late hour at night it was a busy scene, one never to be forgotten as a strange and novel experience.

We were too tired when we reached a resting place to care for much more than a good night's rest but started out the next morning ready for sightseeing. Happily there was an American gentleman at the same house with us who kindly acted as our guide for although near St. Marks Square the way by which we reached it was puzzling enough with its many abrupt turns and narrow ways.

We had heard so much about the beauties of the Grand Square with its wonderful church and the Doges Palace near by that it was somewhat disappointing to find their beauty so marred by the hand of time that a scaffolding is erected for the purpose of repairs at one of the principal points. We are learning however not to expect too much of palaces after our experiences in Florence and while some parts of the far famed Doges Palace save for the beautiful ceilings look forlorn and dilapidated enough, yet in other parts there still remain many beautiful things to remind us of the lives of luxury which were spent within these old walls.

The prisons near at hand and the well-known Bridge of Sighs give the contrasting side of the picture and as we were taken through the gloomy passages up and down the steep narrow stairs, it seems horrible to think of all the dreadful deeds these grim walls have concealed.

One of the Popes however, seemed to have a little Christian charity as we are told that in 1470 he bequeathed a large amount for illuminating the prisons and arranged that the prisoners should have in January, bread, wine and eggs with salt, as he used to give for the soul of his poor mother. Others bequeathed the money for wine, and the council of ten decreed that the bread for the prisoners should be of the best quality.

But better than bread or wine it seems to have some light to break the horror of darkness that surrounded the terrible dungeons, and yet after all these centuries is told the tale of sin and suffering, as the prisoners, still kept in the narrow cells, peered out upon us from the upper windows with the same old contrast between luxury of the careless tourist and suffering of the condemned criminal.

And still close by is the wonderful Church of St. Mark, with its rich decorations and continuous round of services. The boats on the Grand Canal laden with pleasure seekers and the crowds of loungers sipping their coffee and wine in the square with the flocks of pigeons that are always associated with the place flatter in and about the lofty buildings.

The Grand Canal offers an unique picture to the sightseers lined with stately old buildings, some with beautiful gardens that lighten the dull hues of the crumbling walls, others with paintings that still keep their bright colors though for so many years they have looked down upon the shifting scenes that have been enacted on the highway of Venice.

It seems a pity to have the steamers invite the guests of the old city but since they are here we have found them very useful in making trips to various points of interest. One of them was to the bathing beach on the Island of Lida where we enjoyed a dip in the waters of the Adriatic a most delightful experience for one who has shivered in the chilling embrace of the Atlantic.

Venice is beautiful by the daylight but at night one feels her greatest charms. To glide along the winding waterways or wander through the brilliantly lighted arcades among the bewitching shops, rich in Venetian glass, rare lace and sparkling jewels, dear to the heart of woman, or listen to the crowd that gathers nightly to enjoy the cool of evening after a hot day, these are the things that lend a charm to the city found in no other place.

Beautiful statues and pictures we find here also as in all the principal cities but it is the outdoor life that holds the greatest attraction.

To be awakened in the middle of the night with sweet music under ones window, to watch the peasant women draped in long fringed black shawls even in the hottest days, to see the laborers bearing the heavy burdens on long poles over their shoulders with no horses, no bicycles, no automobiles to dodge at every corner, to dicker with the street venders for their wares and come home in triumph with wonderful prizes when perhaps we have been richly cheated when we thought we

were smart ones; Venice the beautiful, the Queen of the Adriatic you can yield your crown to no other in the world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Kennebunkport.

Miss Helen Douglass with a friend is visiting her mother.

Mr. Elwell Dexter of Worcester is visiting Mrs. F. B. Perkins.

Miss Bessie Titcomb has gone to Marblehead to visit friends.

Miss Sadie Smith of St. Louis is visiting Mrs. Palmer Twambley.

Mrs. Hamilton Littlefield and daughter Mabel have gone to Boston.

George Milner is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Milner.

Mr. and Mrs. John Chapman of Swampscot were here over Sunday.

John Bickford is reported better, much to the gratification of his many friends.

Mr. H. F. Lamb of Brooklyn, N. Y. is spending his forty-fifth summer in town.

Notices have been sent out requesting solicitations for the Village Improvement Society. A goodly sum has been realized already. Over one hundred dollars was taken the first day.

An auction will be held on Wednesday, Aug. 2, at eight o'clock, for the benefit of the Village Improvement Society. The Rope Walk has been chosen as the place of holding it and much success is looked for. Numerous articles will be sold, among them, autograph books by Booth Tarkington and Miss Margaret Deland, and paintings by Abbott Graves. Lorin F. Deland will be auctioneer and Abbott Graves as consignee.

How to Eat Fruit.

It is a mistaken idea that no fruit should be eaten at breakfast. Indeed, it would be far better if people would eat less bacon at breakfast and more fruit. The apple is one of the best fruits. Baked or stewed apples will generally agree with the most delicate digestion and are an excellent medicine in many cases of indigestion. Green or half ripe apples stewed and sweetened are pleasant to the taste, cooling and nourishing. Raw apples are better than liver pills. Oranges are very acceptable to most people, but the orange juice alone should be taken and the pulp be rejected.

How to Take Care of Small Fruits.

If raspberries are put in the refrigerator they will almost surely be smothered with mold, and this means ruin, says Good Housekeeping. The sagacious housekeeper comes to find out that raspberries are as certainly spoiled by a sojourn in the ice chest as they would be by being dropped into the garbage barrel. Small fruit, such as raspberries, strawberries, currants and cherries, are much better kept on a broad tray carefully spread out so that the air can circulate through them.

How to Keep Water Cool.

Stone jars with tight covers are the best kind of vessel to keep purified water in, for they are easily filled and handled, and may be set in an ice chest to cool, says the New York Telegram. Once cold the heavy ware keeps cool for hours, even when taken from the icebox. Almost the only objection to boiled water for drinking purposes is the difficulty of keeping it cool. This is rather hard to accomplish in the summer unless you put it in a porcelain lined cooler.

How to Make Bisque of Crabs.

Pick into shreds the white meat from the claws of one large hard shell crab and set in the refrigerator until ready to use. Take the body of the crab with the white meat from the shell, mince and add to it three tablespoons of cooked rice. Now add a quart of white stock, season with paprika, add the shredded claw meat, heat thoroughly and serve at once.

How to Mend Earthenware.

Earthenware can be firmly mended by means of a cement made of equal parts of plaster of paris, water and white lead. Plaster of paris sets very quickly, and the cement should be made in small quantities and must be used immediately. Let dry for three days.

How to Render Pots Rust Proof.

An English ironmonger claims that if new tinned pots and pans are filled with water and allowed to stand in this condition for a few days before being actually put into use they will be rendered rust proof.

Out of Pocket, Though.

When General Lafayette attended Lamerque's funeral the crowd took the horses out of his carriage and drew him home themselves. "Were you not honored and pleased?" asked a friend. "Very much pleased," replied Lafayette, "but I never saw my horses again."

THE GRANGE

Conducted by
J. W. DARROW, Chatham, N. Y.,
Press Correspondent New York State Grange

THE ESOTERIC WORK.

A Suggestion That Is Worthy of Consideration.

[Special Correspondence.]
There is urgent need of greater accuracy and uniformity in imparting the unwritten or esoteric work of the Order. I speak more particularly of New York state when I say that too little attention is given to this exceedingly important matter, and the result is, it may be too truly said, that no two county deputies or grange masters give the unwritten work precisely alike. This should not be so and need not. I am aware that there are states—New Hampshire, for instance—where much attention is paid to exact and correct instruction in this feature of degree work, but I am quite sure that there are not two other states in the Union that can justly bear comparison as states with New Hampshire in this respect.

There is no good reason why the secret work of the Order should not be exemplified before candidates in as precise, accurate, complete and positive a manner as is the corresponding work in the Masonic lodge. I say positive because too many masters do not know when they are correctly giving the work, as they have no positive knowledge of its correctness. How can they impart it correctly to the candidate?

First of all, some one person in each state grange should be a recognized authority on the unwritten work. This person cannot be said to be an authority on the work until he has himself been instructed in it by the one supreme authority, the official who has in his possession the one book containing the secret work of the Order. When so instructed he should be authorized to visit each county in the state and summon together the county deputies, Pomona and subordinate grange masters and other officials perhaps and impart to them the instruction he has received literally, correctly, exactly and thoroughly. So carefully should this be done that there should be no doubt in his mind when he leaves the conference with the grange officers as to the ability of each grange master to give the work correctly to his own grange. All questions arising as to this feature of the degree work at any time or anywhere should be referred to the one man who is qualified to speak with authority on the subject. Then shall we see accuracy and certainty take the place of inaccuracy and uncertainty in this very important matter. OBSERVER.

A FARMERS' ORGANIZATION.

The Grange Should Confine Its Membership to Agriculturists.

There is a growing sentiment among grangers, says the New York Farmer, that the grange should confine its membership to farmers. Of course lawyers, clergymen, physicians, carpenters, merchants, politicians, blacksmiths and mechanics might "enliven" the grange, but it would require but a moment of reflection to convince the farmers that the addition of all these outside elements to the membership of a farmers' organization would mean the introduction of men whose interests instead of being identical with those of the farmers are really opposed to them.

The grange needs something more than elements to "enliven" it. There is a serious side to the grange, and that side first of all must be considered. It is a proposition hardly open to doubt or to dispute that a farmers' organization should be made up of farmers knowing what they need and ready at all times to cast their influence to obtain what they need and must have to better their condition. Suppose a grange to have a majority of non-farmer members. Conditions arise that make it necessary or desirable that the grange shall make its wishes known on an important matter. This grange, to the surprise of other granges, votes to oppose the interests and the plain needs of the farmers. The result is that the grange as a body is made to appear divided in sentiment, and the interests hostile to the farmers can use the seeming division of the farmers to defeat them. How long could a grange of that kind last? How long should it last?

If farmers really desire to have non-farmer members in the granges, would it not be possible to arrange to admit such members as nonvoting members? It would seem that all officers of granges should be farmers and that only farmers should vote for measures of importance to farmers only. Cannot the membership question be so arranged that nonfarmers may be admitted practically as honorary members, enjoying all the social cheer, the moral lift and the mental activity of the grange, but leaving all the voting on questions of importance to the farmer members? Grangers everywhere may well ponder this point.

A Good Appointment.

Governor Douglas of Massachusetts recently appointed George S. Ladd, master of the Massachusetts state grange, a member of the commission to consider the question of taxation of forest land in that state. This is a very proper appointment.

New York state grange paid \$316.20 in dues on 63,296 members, according to the last quarterly report. There are 5,000 more unaffiliated members in the state, says Observer Fuller.

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\$1.45, 1.95

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will receive pupils in pianoforte
playing and harmony at her home,
9 Mason Street, Biddeford.

For a class of three or more Miss Moore
will come to Kennebunk one day in the
week. TERMS, \$15.00 a quarter.

Subscribe Now!

West Kennebunk

Samuel Perkins has put in a N. E.
telephone.

W. W. Day is haying this week for
B. F. Titcomb.

Mrs. Lizzie Cate and child were in
town Saturday.

Winthrop Lord of Fitchburg was a
guest of Mrs. U. A. Caine Sunday.

The Methodists will hold their Sun-
day School picnic this week Thursday.

Mrs. Chas. E. Hubbard and daughter
of Alston are the guests of Mrs. Amelia
Clark.

The berrying is slim here in compar-
ison with other places and the pickers
are few.

Mrs. William Burke and two sons
have been home from Massachusetts
during haying.

Mr. Guy Chick is enjoying life these
days, breaking a five-year-old colt for
C. K. Littlefield.

Lewis P. Lincoln and Edwin Little-
field were present at the explosion at
Kittery Saturday.

Uriah Littlefield of Kennebunk vil-
lage is in town for a few days, the guest
of Thomas Jones.

\$64 worth of rose bushes to be sold
in one day is a pretty good record, but
Nicholas Staples made it.

Deputy Sheriff E. I. Littlefield is
having his hands full in serving over
100 writs received last week.

Chas. S. Thompson has been repair-
ing his barn. It has received a new
cupola and a side addition.

The M. E. Sunday School will cele-
brate with a picnic at Gooch's Beach
Wednesday. All are invited.

Joshua Clark and wife are having
their usual amount of guests this sum-
mer, which is a large number.

James M. Mead of the Stevens road
has purchased a fine, new gasoline en-
gine and is ready for wood sailing.

The Methodist Sunday Schools of this
place and the village have arranged to
exchange books to the number of one
hundred.

The twine mill will resume operations
Monday, after two weeks vacation.
The dam and water wheel have been
repaired.

Mrs. J. R. Webster has arrived from
Cambridge to spend a few weeks with
Mrs. Creelman who is here from Boston
spending the summer.

Mollie, our dressmaker, is more than
rushed with work, between the lace of
the finest outfit and the good butter
that Elmcroft produces.

The twine mills are hundreds of balls
behind in their orders but it was nec-
essary to shut down two weeks for re-
pairs and improvements.

A good number of guests are at the
"Summit Lodge" on Jones Hill. They
are a good addition to our summer
friends. Let us have more of the
same kind.

Sheriff Littlefield made a good se-
izure Saturday night when he took from
a well dressed passenger on the San-
ford-bound electric car, twelve quarts
of whiskey. Trial was held Monday
forenoon.

A meeting was held last Thursday
evening, and now all that is needed is
a deed of the land. This firm proposes
to supply soil machines, paper boxes,
and confectionary for the market. A
two story building is at present under
consideration.

The correspondent of the Biddeford
Journal in this village has the follow-
ing item:—"Owing to increasing busi-
ness as a dressmaker, Mrs. William
Jenkins has resigned as correspondent
for the Kennebunk Enterprise. The
manager, Mrs. Credford, was here
Tuesday to find some one to fill the va-
cancy. Mrs. Jenkins' work has been
highly appreciated by the manage-
ment and public." Will any one vol-
unteer assistance?

The new enterprise of this place is
much talked of at present, and looks
like a sure thing, if only the people
who own the land will show their
interest by putting their names on the
paper for a good start, and others will
follow if we show the town that the
enterprise is all right. If the same in-
terest is shown in this that we have in
building shoe shops we can eclipse
them five to one.

Drake's Island

How do you like hot weather?
Judging by the many trips of our gro-
cery man business in that line must be
booming.

Mrs. J. M. Eaton and family are spend-
ing the summer with Mr. and Mrs. J.
D. Eaton.

Mr. Bert Hall and a friend from Lo-
well are visiting Mrs. J. C. Wadleigh at
Samoset Lodge.

Come keep business good in every di-
rection. Subscribe for the ENTERPRISE
today. Three months for only 25 cents!
Don't go out of town for a bargain.

A party of our fishermen stole away
one morning this week and returned
with one hundred and ten good-sized
fish. They found them very plenty.

A phonograph concert was given the
other evening at Chatmoock Cottage by
Mrs. Earl Brown. Nearly fifty pieces
were played and were thoroughly en-
joyed by all.

Wells.

Weather—fine.

Mrs. G. E. Bliss is at home again.

Miss Emma Davis is visiting her
parents.

Alice Meldrum was at home over
Sunday, also Frank Meldrum.

The Misses Myshrahl of Portland
were at the Elmwood over Sunday.

Mrs. Stokes and her daughter Helen
are registered at the Fairview for the
summer.

Rev. Q. H. Shinn D. D., of Boston,
will preach at the Universalist Church,
Wells Branch, Sunday July 30th, at
2 p. m.

Flags are half mast on G. A. R. hall
and elsewhere for Gen. Blackmarpom-
mer, Commander-in-chief of the
G. A. R. of America.

There was a large attendance at the
dance given in G. A. R. hall Saturday
evening by H. A. Kittredge. It seemed
to be a good time all around.

Miss Olivia Meldrum's health is very
poor, owing to so much overwork.
She has been very faithful to her post
and as superintendent of schools here
has done great work.

Tennis is in full swing and at the
lower end of the town young people
are hard at it every afternoon. Indeed
it is fascinating sport but requires a
mint of practice to be thoroughly ex-
pert.

Drake's Island correspondent need
not worry about the apple boughs.
When the apples are ripe the brush
will all be cleared away, the fence
taken down and a long pole handy.
We like to be accommodating.

Crowds of summer people are now
arriving, and one may expect to see the
town very lively for the next six weeks.
Never before perhaps have the trains
been so filled, and two sections are nec-
essary to convey the large numbers of
pleasure seekers.

Recent arrivals at the Allard are,
Wm. Breen, Mrs. Gray, and George
Tilton. The middle of last week Frank
Bray was visiting his family for a few
days, but returned to Cape Porpoise
where his yacht had put in. On one
occasion Jack Carian took the trip to
Boothby and back with Mr. Bray.

Saturday evening a large hay rack
party went to Kennebunk and from
thence to Cape Porpoise to the dance.
They must have had a good time if the
horns blowing which heralded their
return signified anything. Among
those who went to the dance last night
were Geo. Tilton and wife, Edgar Jones
and wife, the Misses Rowe, Ethel Saw-
yer, Edith Pickford, Jack Carian and
Frank Clark.

Rev. Mr. Kelley of Portland supplied
the pulpit Sunday morning and even-
ing. He has a pleasing voice and held
the audience by his interesting sermon.
In the morning he preached on the
good things of life and made his text
clear and full of force, while in the
evening he spoke of how to be happy,
pointing out that it was better to seek
pleasure as a relief from work rather
than for itself alone.

Marie Bliss was given a very enjoy-
able surprise party last Wednesday
evening, it being her fifteenth birthday.
On the spur of the moment preparations
were made and as many invited as
could possibly be in the short space of
time there was. There were 22 present.
Games were played and selections on
the graphophone were given. Later
on every one gathered around the ta-
ble and refreshments were served.

Saco Road.

Dr. Ross' men and horses have out
the hay on the George Cooper place.

Winfield Murch and grandson, Ernest
Murch Benson, are at D. W. Hadlock's
for the week.

Miss Lizzie Kimball, forewoman at
the twine mill, is enjoying her vacation
at home with her sister.

Freeman Dyer and family have moved
into the Saco Road parsonage. Mr.
Dyer works on the section.

Blueberries are very scarce and high,
the only place in this vicinity where
one can pick is in Sidney Fuller's pas-
ture.

Business is rushing at the quarry for-
merly owned by G. W. Ross, L. I. Ross,
foreman, where he keeps a large crew
of men at work steady.

Miss Mabelle Murch is doing quite a
business at fagoting and embroidery,
for which she receives good pay. She
does the work beautifully.

Our extreme hot weather has at last
left us and we are enjoying some cool
weather with a gentle rain, and all na-
ture smiles at this writing.

Many of our farmers are through
haying, while some have hardly be-
gun, those who began early have had
the benefit of the fine hay weather.

A little child of Mr. and Mrs. Dyer,
who have recently moved into Mrs. Wm.
Currier's house, died last week of
Cholera Infantum, aged about eight
weeks.

Mrs. John Stone of Kennebunkport,
accompanied by her granddaughter,
Mae Stone Mitchell of Saco Road,
visited her daughter, Mrs. Elinore

Mercantile
Dividend
Day

THE BARGAIN STORE

EVERETT M. STAPLES

106 Main Street, Biddeford

THURSDAY, JULY 27
\$1 Free in Stamps

THURSDAY, JULY 27
\$1 Free in Stamps

The Mid-Summer Day Dream

We aim to provide women's apparel that will make them veritable dreams. The best of the wearing season is coming, and we are offering real bargains in Silk, Worsted and Cotton Suits, Jackets, Waists, Dress Fabrics and Lingerie.

Ladies' White Hose, drop-stitch lisle,
12 1-2c and 25c

Misses' plain and drop-stitch white hose,
12 1-2c and 25c

Many new white Shirt Waists, 98c

Boston Bags, leather ends, 50c

Ladies' 19c Lace Collars, 12 1-2c

**Big Mark-Down Sale of
Covert Cloth Coats
and Ladies' Capes**

Hanscomb of South Berwick last week.
They report a pleasant visit.

New England road seems to be the
most popular for all this season. Some
have come to the conclusion that Vine-
gar Hill is not such a hard pull for
their horse, and that surely is the
nearest road leading to Cape Porpoise,
Kennebunkport and vicinity.

Mrs. John Smith has the most beau-
tiful Crimson Rambler rose bush in
town, if not in the county. It is in
full blow, and with hundreds of beau-
tiful roses it presents a fine appearance.
Mrs. Ernest Benson also has one of
these rose bushes, which, although not
as large or as old is a handsome sight,
being loaded with roses.

We hope that the couple who got
thrown from their carriage were not
seriously hurt. They got up lively and
not many witnessed their downfall.
We think they will recover, at least
hope so. Be more careful next time is
our advice. Be sure the seat is fasten-
ed securely, and young men drive your
own horse. It's the safest way.

Cape Porpoise.

Fir pillows for sale at the store of
Helen F. Ward.

Edith Morton of Portland is spend-
ing her vacation at the Cape.

Wallace Scott and wife of Kennebunk
spent Sunday at Herbert W. Huff's.

Mrs. Lucinda Cluff of Kennebunk-
port is visiting her son, Dana F. Cluff.

Mrs. Sam Perry with her little daugh-
ter, is visiting relatives in Nova Scotia.

Mrs. E. H. Marshall and Nellie and
Martha Whitehead of Saco were at
Mrs. J. Frank Seavey's over Sunday.

W. F. Bryant and wife of Portland
are spending a few days with Mrs.
Bryant's sister, Mrs. Herbert W. Huff.

Christopher Perkins is at the Eye
and Ear Infirmary of Portland where
he has had a cataract removed from
his eye. He will remain at the Hospi-
tal a few days longer for treatment.

Schooner Thomas Knight was in
Boston last week, the crew sharing \$57;
and the Sadie M. Nunan was in Boston
Monday of this week with 16 sword fish
1000 lbs. of halibut and 45,000 lbs. of
mixed fish.

Lillian Huff of Boston, one of the
nurses in the West Newton Street Home
for Little Wanderers, was called to her
home here last week by the illness of
her sister, Mrs. Elisha Nunan. Mrs.
Nunan still remains very sick. Mrs.
Greenbank of Portland is caring for her.

Kennebunk Landing.

Berries are now ripe and lots of
people are going.

Rev. Harold Young is visiting at the
home of his parents.

Miss Nellie Stackpole has arrived
from Alton Bay for the summer.

Artelle Jellison's house has received
a coat of paint. Berry, the painter,
did the job and it goes without saying,
it looks fine.

The picnic at Gooch's Beach was a
success. All reported a good time.
About seventy-five were present and
another is talked of to be given next
month.

Mr. Sherwood of Biddeford led the
services at the chapel last Sunday.
Next Sunday a service will be held,
and a leader will be appointed, it being
the fifth Sunday and no regular leader
having been appointed.

Card of Thanks

We, the undersigned, wish to ac-
knowledge our thanks to the many
friends who so kindly aided and sym-
pathized with us in our recent be-
reavement and sorrow, also to those
who sent floral tributes—

JULIA MOUTON
CHARLES STEVENS
LAURA BROOKS

Old Corner Grocery
Corner Main and Water Sts.

**Cleanly
Consequently
Healthful**

Soap, Vigor, Push and FORCE is
the method adopted at the

Old Corner Grocery

to receive recognition and patronage.

If you appreciate the effort, call.

Come and see the Mist Machine that
prevents vegetables from
wiltling.

GEO. E. COUSSENS, Prop.

Cor. Main and Water Streets,

KENNEBUNK, MAINE

**PHOENIX
STILL
LEADS**

For Sale by

BERRY
The Painter
Garden Street
Kennebunk

MONEY

If you want it Buy your Goods at

D. O'Connor & Co., Biddeford

SAMUEL CLARK,
Broker and Lumber Dealer,
Ross Block,
KENNEBUNK, MAINE.
Telephone, 6-12.

For Printing

Give the
Enterprise Press

a Trial
Good Work Low Prices

Boston & Maine Railroad.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
In Effect June 5, 1905.

WESTERN DIVISION.

TRAINS LEAVE KENNEBUNK

For Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill,
Exeter, North Berwick, Somersworth and Dov-
er at 7:50 and 9:37 a. m.; 1:18, 4:24, 6:43 and 8:39
p. m.

For Dover and way Stations, 6:17 p. m.

The train at 9:37 a. m. and 1:18 p. m. will make
connection with the Eastern Division at North
Berwick.

For Old Orchard and Portland, at 7:15, 9:15,
10:55, 11:14 a. m.; 1:30, 4:01, 7:00, 8:41 p. m.

For Kennebunkport, at 7:10, 8:15, 9:05, 9:45,
11:15 a. m.; 1:35, 4:02, 4:42, 7:02 and 8:42 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Boston and intermediate stations, at
1:46, 5:20, 6:46, 6:50 and 8:39 p. m.

For Portland, at 9:48, 11:42, 11:50, 4:01 a. m.

D. J. FLANDERS,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent

Atlantic Shore Line R. R.

Time Table

Cars Leave Kennebunkport

For Biddeford, connecting with Old Orchard
and Portland, at 8:20 and 9:20 a. m. and every half
hour until 8:20 p. m. then 9:20 and 10:20 p. m.

For Cape Porpoise at 8:50, 9:55, 10:20, 10:20, 10:20
and 10:50 a. m. and every half hour until
7:50 p. m. then 8:20, 9:20, 10:20 p. m.

For Kennebunk at 8:50, 9:55, 10:20, 10:20 a. m.
and every half hour until 7:50 p. m. then
8:50 and 10:20 p. m.

For Old Falls, West Kennebunk and Sanford
at 8:50, 9:55, 10:20 a. m. and every hour until
8:50 p. m. then 10:20 p. m.

Cars Leave Kennebunk

For Biddeford, Cape Porpoise and Kennebunk-
port at 8:30, 9:35, 10:15, 10:45 a. m. and
every half hour until 8:15 p. m. then 9:15
and 10:15 p. m.

For Old Falls, West Kennebunk and Sanford
at 8:30, 9:35, 10:15 a. m. and every hour until
9:15 p. m. then 10:45 p. m.

Cars Leave Biddeford

For Kennebunkport at 7:05, 8:05 a. m. and every
half hour until 9:05 p. m. then 10:05 and
11:05 p. m.

For Cape Porpoise at 7:05, 8:05, 10:05 a. m. and
every half hour until 8:05 p. m. then 9:05
and 10:05 p. m.

For Kennebunk at 7:05, 8:35, 9:35, 10:05 and every
half hour until 7:35 p. m. then 8:35, and
10:05 p. m.

For Old Falls, West Kennebunk and Sanford
at 7:05, 8:35 and every hour until 8:35 p. m.
then 10:05 p. m.

Cars Leave Sanford

For Old Falls, West Kennebunk, Kennebunk,
Kennebunkport, Cape Porpoise and Bid-
deford at 5:30, 5:45, 8:15 a. m. and every hour
until 9:15 p. m.

* Do not run Sundays.

† Sundays leave at 8:15 a. m.

‡ Sundays leave at 7:15 a. m.

NOTICE!

After June 1st, the following
schedule will be in force:

15 lbs Ice per day, \$1.00 per month
20 " " 1.25 "
25 " " 1.50 "

No ice cut for less than 10
cents. Special rates for
large boxes.

**Kennebunk
Ice Co.**

Mrs. Mollie R. Junkins,
DRESSMAKER

Elmcroft Farm,
WEST KENNEBUNK, - - MAINE

Particular attention given to Shirt
Waists and Children