

## The Wave

Is published every Wednesday and Saturday  
in the interests of Kennebunkport and  
Kennebunk Beach.

TERMS: 75 cents for the Season.  
5 cents a Copy.

Advertisements inserted at Low Rates.  
**JOHN C. EMMONS,**  
Editor and Proprietor.

### BOATS TO LET!

I have a lot of safe and easy rowing boats  
at Reasonable Rates. Apply to

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at the Coal Wharf, next below Bridge,  
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at prices consistent with first-class  
work.

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High Altitude, Fine Ocean View,  
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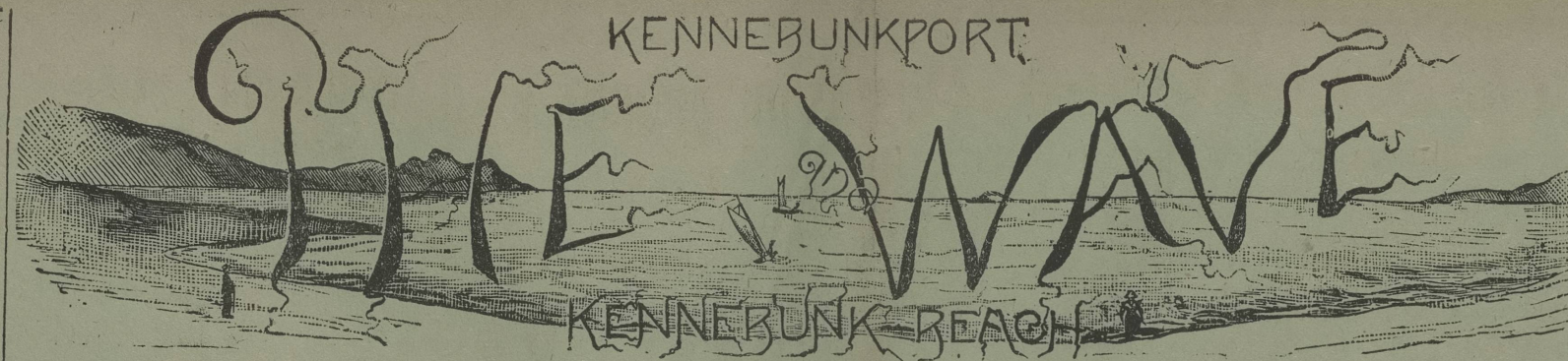
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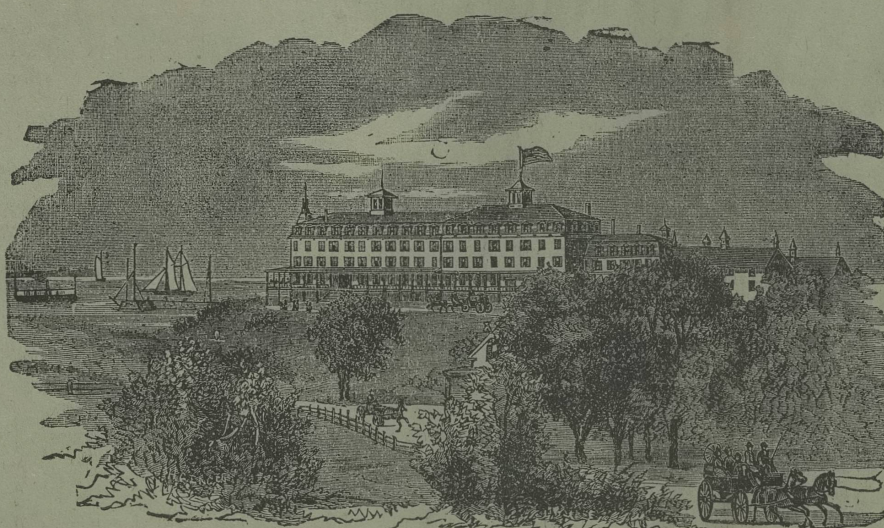


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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL!

Cape Arundel, Kennebunkport, Maine.



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Wagons, Beach Wagons, Carryalls, Buggies, Phaetons and Canopy  
Phaetons. Everything first-class. Call at the Office of the Parker  
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Pure Gas and Ether constantly on hand.  
All work warranted.

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**CIGARS, PIPES, TOBACCO,**  
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No. 86 Exchange St., Portland, Me.  
Choice brands of Domestic Cigars of my  
own manufacture. Specialties:—Best Goods  
and Low Prices.

## FALMOUTH HOTEL,

THE ONLY

## FIRST-CLASS HOTEL

In the City. The favorite  
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## TOURISTS

while stopping in the City.

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OF THE

## Granite State HOUSE!

Alvin Stuart, Proprietor.

GROVE STATION.

P. O. Address, Kennebunkport, Me.

**Every Room Commands  
an Ocean View.**

Table First-Class.

## Whitewood Souvenirs.

A full line of

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ALSO

Confectionery, Cigars,

Cool Soda, &c., at

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Brown's Block, Kennebunkport, Me.

## BUSINESS Education

Needed by every young man, can be acquir-  
ed in a short space of time at

**Shaw's Business College,**  
PORTLAND, ME.

None but thorough and experienced teach-  
ers employed. Rooms open for business day  
and evening six days each week. For full par-  
ticulars send for catalogue.

F. L. SHAW, Principal.

## HOTELS AND SCENERY

OF KENNEBUNKPORT AND KENNEBUNK  
BEACH,

With a Complete Hotel Directory.

For the benefit of those who come to  
our shores for the season, as well as  
for the sojourners for a few days, it  
has been deemed advisable to mention  
a few of the principal places of interest  
and amusement at these growing and  
attractive summer resorts. Leaving  
the R. R. station and crossing the  
bridge one enters at once into the  
heart of Kennebunkport village with  
its wide streets, broad, spreading trees  
and its large, old-fashioned houses  
built by sea captains and ship owners  
in the palmy days of the West India  
trade. The tourist can well afford to  
spend a day in looking over the many  
painted articles of interest in this de-  
lightful, old-fashioned sort of a place.  
They will notice the front yard fences  
of antique design, doubtless copied  
from foreign patterns that the builders  
may have seen in some trans-Atlantic  
town. The weathercocks of odd  
design, the old-fashioned knockers that  
have done duty since the days when  
great ships sailed out of this, then  
busy, seaport town. All these will  
come in for their share of his attention,  
and should he enter these quaint but  
comfortable abodes he would see queer  
old articles such as would set the an-  
tiquarian's heart beating with joy.

Right in the center of the village is  
located the Parker House. This ele-  
gant house, combining convenient and  
sumptuously furnished rooms with  
great architectural beauty make it a  
most desirable summer house for those  
needing rest and recreation from the  
busy mill of life. The grounds are  
finely laid out and ornamented with  
beautiful flowers and plants. Tall  
trees shed down their grateful shade,  
while between their branches steals  
the invigorating air heavy with saline  
odors from the ocean.

Leaving the Port village, where the  
Norton House, a favorite resort for  
transients as well as regular boarders,  
is located, and moving toward Cape  
Arundel we come first, after passing  
the Nonantum House, which is one  
of the most comfortable and best  
managed houses at the beach, to  
the Highland House. This place is  
very appropriately named, the house  
being situated on a cliff overlooking  
the river and ocean and commanding a  
fine view inland. The house is de-  
signed for the comfort of the guests,  
as well as their amusement, as a glance  
at its broad piazzas and green lawns  
will show.

Moving on past the boat houses and  
Indian tents we come to the Riverside  
House and the Arundel. The former  
is located close to the river bank and  
on a spot of much beauty. The  
grounds are well kept and shady, and  
all in all, the house is a most attractive  
one. The Arundel is a mansion of  
imposing appearance and beauty.  
While sufficiently retired, it yet gives  
its guests a magnificent view of the  
sea, calm in repose or terrific in storm  
as the case may be.

Passing on we come to the Glen  
House. All that has been said of any  
other house may well be said of this,  
for an inviting summer house it is un-  
rivalled. Just beyond and past the  
Bickford House, finely located so as to  
command a magnificent ocean view and  
one of the best patronized hotels at the  
beach, is the Cliff House and Glen  
Cottage which, under the efficient  
management of Mr. B. F. Eldridge,  
has acquired a justly famous reputa-  
tion. To those who know anything  
of the house no words of praise are  
necessary. Slightly in rear of this, on  
rising ground, is the celebrated Ocean  
Bluff Hotel. This is the largest hotel  
in Kennebunkport, and for years has  
been noted as a famous rendezvous for  
Southern and Western people. The  
view from the house is indescribably  
grand. But a stone's throw away the  
waters leap and lash themselves against  
the "stern and rock bound coast,"  
throwing up a vast cloud of misty  
spray. Every room commands an  
ocean view. One thing may be said of  
the Bluff—it is never hot there. So  
near the sea and so elevated is the  
location that no matter how torrid the  
day may be it is always cold here.  
Crossing the river is a ferry, the only  
house that at first presents itself is the  
Seaside, kept by Mr. I. P. Gooch, one



## The Wave

### MY ONE ADVENTURE.

(Written for THE WAVE.)

I am going to relate a curious adventure which I met with some years ago. I am not the kind of woman who is always doing heroic things, nor the kind to whom heroic things are always being done, and perhaps that is the reason this adventure stands out the more distinctly in my mind.

It was when my brother John and I were living at Kingsport on the seashore, and in order to make you understand my story I will explain in a few words how we were situated.

My father and mother were abroad that year and John and I spent the summer at Kingsport, a small, little-known place with only a few cottages along the shore near the river. The river was not large in itself but the incoming tide would make it look quite respectable; indeed, at times the current was very swift though never so that I could not pull a boat against it.

On this particular night a strong wind was blowing against the rising tide and I remember saying to John I was glad I need not row out for the river was as rough as the ocean. Some friends came to spend the evening with us and I had a nice little supper for them and played games and told stories like a party of children. Mr. Blake teased me that night by telling us of a dreadful looking man he had met on his way to our cottage, just as I was telling timid Miss Smith that she could walk all about Kingsport alone without the least fear of tramps.

"It is too bad of you, Mr. Blake," I cried, "there never was a tramp here!"

"Just as you like," said Mr. Blake provokingly. "I know I shouldn't care to meet the man alone on a dark night unless I had my revolver."

We said no more about tramps but as I passed through the entry a little later with the cake and tea, I glanced at the window and saw a face. It was a man's face and I thought at once of Mr. Blake's tramp, but as I looked it disappeared and I half thought it was imagination for I heard no sound of retreating footsteps. I soon forgot all about it for we had a very merry evening and it was eleven o'clock before our guests rose to leave. We followed them to the door and listened to the wind as it howled and rushed through the darkness.

"Hark!" said one. "How the water dashes up against the boat down by the moorings."

"Yes," said John, "it is a bad night. That is a thunder storm over yonder. I advise you to get home before it rains."

This information frightened Miss Smith almost more than the tramp story, and with good-byes and good-nights they hurried away. John and I returned to the house and soon separated for the night.

Before lighting my lamp I took another look at the weather. It was perfectly dark but the thunder clouds had come nearer and for some time past the lightning had been growing more vivid. Still it did not rain.

As I stood there a sudden flash illuminated the river and just below our landing I thought I saw a boat drift. Knowing how likely such an accident was and how much trouble it would cost the owner, I waited for the next flash and looked again. This time I made out the boat quite distinctly and apparently some one was sitting in it. I ran down stairs at once and called John who opened his door looking rather surprised.

"John," I said, "there is a boat loose on the river and some one is in it." "Oh!" said John quietly. "Some one going home rather late." "No, John," I cried, "for it looks like a woman dressed in white and she is not rowing."

"Are you sure?" asked John. "Quite sure," I said, and I suppose I looked excited and eager for he took his coat and hat and said he would see. When I saw him putting on his coat I ran for a heavy shawl and tied a hood over my head to go with him. "Quick, John," I cried. "You, too?" he asked rather doubtfully. "Of course," I replied, and he unfastened the door and held it with some difficulty while we went out; then he turned the key and took it with him. The lightning was bright and just as we reached the landing I saw the boat with the white figure in it tossing up and down nearly out of sight. The tide rushing up was carrying the boat with it.

Whether John saw what I did I did not know but at any rate he understood me when I sprang into our boat and hung the rudder. Drawing down his cloth cap he took a pair of oars and unfasted the boat, gave one glance at the sky and took his place.

John pulled a good steady oar and

even in the teeth of the wind we made some progress. I knew the ins and outs of the river pretty well and at first all I had to do was to keep clear of wharves and sunken rocks and in this the lightning helped me; but further on, when the village was past and we were no longer sheltered by the buildings from the force of the wind, it was all I could do to keep our boat headed up the stream and once in a while to look ahead for the other boat with its solitary occupant.

It was so lonely out there even with comfortable old John sitting opposite that I was frightened for that poor creature and would have shouted to her but that I knew the wind would blow the sound the other way.

"John!" I cried at last, "it is frightful! Speak to me, John." And John spoke gently and soothingly in his natural voice which was too low for me to be able to understand what he said, but the sound of it comforted me.

On and on he rowed, and only after we had gone some distance and even the lightning failed to bring out the town distinctly did we seem to gain on the other boat. It flew up the river as if propelled by unseen hands. But as we slowly lessened the distance the rain began to come down, not in torrents but quite hard enough to assure us of a thorough wetting. At first I was made very uncomfortable by it but soon I forgot it in the intensity of my excitement.

I sat quite still and strained my eyes to see through the darkness that motionless white figure. "John," I said once, "I wish I could touch you; I am frightened."

"Shall we turn back?" asked John. "No!" I cried, and I noticed that without saying anything he kicked one of the braces, which had slipped from its place, so that one end of it touched his foot and the other was in reach of mine. Even this little thing was a relief to me.

So we came nearer-nearer. "Speak to it, John," I begged, but John shook his head and rowed harder and not a word more passed between us till the two boats touched. Then I reached out my hand slowly-fearfully, and touched its shoulder, while John held the boats together.

As I laid my hand on the white figure a wild scream broke from me and I drew back with a violence that nearly upset the boat. Always ready for any emergency, John seemed to take in the whole thing. He took the painter of the other boat, drew in his oars, and came nearer to me. "Will you take it?" he asked. "Oh John, I can't, I can't." He stood a moment irresolute and then sat down in front of me and took my hand. I believe he thought I was hysterical. In a moment I took the rope from him and, with a shuddering look at that rigid figure, straightened myself on my seat.

"One moment," said John and to my horror he stepped into the other boat and approached it; when he returned he had something in his arms. Carefully he wrapped it in his own coat and held it out to me, and in very shame of being such a coward, although trembling in every limb, I took it and held it under my shawl. John resumed his place at the oars and rowed steadily up the river, towing the other boat behind.

Of course we went much more slowly now, but time was of no account to me and I could not tell whether it was minutes or hours before John turned the boat aside and sprang out on a rude landing, just above which stood a little cottage with a light shining from the window, late though it was. John helped me out, and carrying the now crying baby we climbed the bank together, but the motionless white figure still sat in the boat tossing up and down on the waves.

John knocked on the cottage door and it was presently opened by a sleepy looking young farmer who seemed surprised enough to see us, but seeing how cold and wet we were he did not stop to ask questions and calling to his wife, led us into a warm, bright kitchen, so cheerful after the cold and darkness of the river that I fell down on the floor laughing and crying together.

Before long John and I were sitting in dry clothes before the fire while the farmer's wife bustled about to get us something hot to drink. I suppose John told the farmer about the baby for it was already comfortably taken care of. We spent the remainder of the night at the farm-house and next day John drove me home. He never told me much about the terrible crime that was committed that night. The unfortunate woman was murdered and set adrift with the child warmly wrapped and placed beside her, but who she was and who committed that fearful act I never knew, and I don't think John did either. He was very kind to me and told me I behaved well and that it was through me that the

child was saved, but to myself I seem a pitiable coward, for, as I tell John, I was mortally frightened. "All the braver of you not to turn back," says John imperturbably.

I never found out anything about the woman, or the child, or the murderer, whom we, naturally enough, identified with Mr. Blake's tramp and my face, but the farmer kept the baby and she is now a well-grown maiden without a trace of wild blood, as gentle a girl as you may wish to see.

We never spent another summer at Kingsport, for when my father and mother came home we went to New York, but even now if the wind blows hard and I can hear distant thunder the whole thing rises up before me and I see with perfect distinctness the dark, rushing river and the one drifting boat with its motionless passenger.

N. Y. D.

## Hotel Arrivals.

### EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.

Cincinnati—Wm S Rix.  
Sennoxville, Que—Mrs E W Abbott, Miss Abbott.  
Norwich, Ct—A P Hitchcocks.  
Boston—Roland M Baker.  
Malden—F A A Gunnison and wife.  
Boston—C H Dearborn and wife.  
Albany—Edward Ogden.  
Constantinople—G M Gacubian.

### WENTWORTH'S BEACH HOUSE.

Rochester, N H—A S Mann and wife, Miss Mary B Mann, Miss Bessie W Ives, Master Walter H Mann, Master Abram J Mann.  
Belmont, Mass—W H Goodridge.  
Boston—F H Hamilton and wife.  
Worcester N Y—Chas W Chambeck and wife.  
Morristown, N J—H Coming Stone.  
Washington—Ellen Gordon, Mary T G Gordon.  
Boston—C French and wife.  
Leominster—Mrs C A Wheeler, Master D C Nickerson.  
Newark, N J—Miss H J Fonda, Miss Mary Fonda.  
Newton—Mrs Chas W Hall, Gardner Wells Hall, Willie M Hall, Master Roger E Hall.  
Rochester, N Y—F H Mann, Sam Sloan.  
Cooperstown, N J—Mrs Henry C Church.  
Newton—Chas J Brown.  
Leominster—D C Nickerson.

### BASS ROCK HOUSE.

Boston—A W Fisher.  
Eureka, Cal—Edson Baker.  
Philadelphia—Mr and Mrs Sidebotom and 2 children.  
Oakland, Me—Jeanette Benjamin.

### GRANITE STATE HOUSE.

Lawrence—Mr and Mrs Chas U Bull.  
New York—Mrs Saml G Courtney and maid, Mrs John T Mygatt.

### SEA VIEW HOUSE.

Hyde Park—Mrs H H Poore, Master Arthur C Poore.  
Medford—Miss Ella L Barrows.  
Wellesley Hills—Mary L French, Mary C Bachelder, W B Nye.  
New York—W Action, Mrs J W Action.

### PARKER HOUSE.

Boston—H L Chatman.  
Plainfield, N J—S W Hyde and family.  
Portland—Mrs Adeline Battles.  
Pawtucket, R I—A C White and wife.  
Haverhill, Mass—M Bradley.  
Merrimac—Mrs I Sargent.  
New York—J S Burns and wife.  
St Paul, Minn—Wm Tifflon.  
Saco—S L Moody.  
Boston—J W Chatman.  
Chicago, Ill—H S Bontell.  
Boston—W I Dewson.  
Newark, N J—Chas E Weeks.  
Brookline—F A Wood, Miss Flood.  
Portland—Harrie B Coe.  
Newton, Mass—Albert Brackett.  
Boston—Miss Louisa J Drake.  
Newton, Mass—J Q Henry.  
Boston, Mass—F W Hunt.  
New York—Chas W Livermore.  
Boston—Mr and Mrs W H Claffin, Master Thomas M Claffin and maid, H Jules Mailloux.  
Saco—Edward P Burnham.  
Concord, N H—Mrs J B Walker, Miss E L Walker.

### BICKFORD HOUSE.

Northampton, Mass—Herbert Lathie and wife.  
Newton—Mr and Mrs B H Holmes.  
Worcester—Wm H Drury.  
Newton—E B Wilkins.  
Somerville—T A Barry.

### CLIFF HOUSE.

Boston—Chas W Stevens, Alice E Stevens, Georgie I Stevens, Nellie H Crowell, Winthrop B Morse.  
New York—Geo F Butterworth and wife.

### OCEAN BLUFF.

New York—B H Denny.  
Northampton—C C Lovegrove.  
Haverhill—Mo C How.  
Chicago—E O Quicley.  
Savannah, Ga—T D Bontody.  
Johnston, Penn—Mrs P E Chapin and son, T T Morrell.  
Philadelphia—Mrs J S Banting, Miss M L Betts, Miss B L Banting, Miss H B Banting, Wm L Suppler, Do G L S Jameson.  
Syraucuse—R S Spay, Miss Minnie Spay.  
Newtonville—Mrs E H Pierce, Hattie H Pierce, Blanche Pierce.  
Philadelphia—W R Hixson, A E Fitter, F H Fitter.  
Montreal—Mr and Mrs J A Welch.  
New York—Chas B Caldwell.  
Baltimore—Miss B J Hopkins.  
Boston—Miss M H Morse, Miss Mabel Morse.  
Salem—F C Buhuan.  
Philadelphia—Francis A Lewis.  
New York—W R Thurston Jr.  
Haverhill—Geo Brooks.  
Lowell—A J Cunnott.  
Malden—Ottile Dermot.  
Philadelphia—Harry G Woodman.  
Boston—A L Edwards.  
Exeter, N H—W P Chadwick, C E Atwood, C H Merrill.  
Haverhill—C H Goodwin.  
Manchester, N H—I Howard Steward.

### GROVE HILL HOUSE.

Daniel Russell, wife and daughter, Miss Grace I Bragdon.  
Great Falls, N H—W S Tibbets and wife, Albert P Tibbets, W F Russell.  
Boston—Mrs A D Huntley, Frank Kendall.  
Cincinnati—Austin Breed, Howard Breed.  
Newton—Miss Daniel, Clinton Eddy.  
Bangor—Herbert C Bean.  
Manchester, N H—Miss Margaret L Harrigan.  
Cambridge—Chas F Goodridge and wife, Fred J Goodridge, Arthur M Goodridge, C Howard Goodridge, nurse and baby.  
Hanover, Mass—H M Magian.  
Winchester, Mass—Mrs C A Cutler and son.  
Montreal—Mrs M M Steinhoun.  
New York—Mrs Sheddelle.  
Philadelphia—Warrick P Miller jr.  
Montreal—R R Stevenson.  
New York—S H Rich.  
Boston—C E Brown and wife, Miss Arline M Brown.  
Malden—Mrs L A Dermot.

### NORTON HOUSE.

Boston—James W Ring, O W Brum, W P Berry.  
Gardiner—Chas T Stackpole.  
Newburyport—Walter B Hopkins.  
Boston—H Kingman, G R Seward.  
No Cambridge—E B Darling.  
Lawrence—H S Warren, Wm G Henry.  
Philadelphia—Miss Pearsall, Miss M Pearsall, Miss H W Pearsall.  
Brooklyn—Miss Marion J Terry, Mr Henry F Terry, Mrs James T Terry.  
Providence—E A Burgess.  
Cambridge—Mr and Mrs C W Dury.  
Watertown, Mass—Mr and Mrs Geo Parker.  
Jonesville, Mass—S Morse.  
Boston—Miss R E Curry, Miss Annie F Curry.

### GLEN HOUSE.

Philadelphia—Miss Pearsall, Miss M Pearsall, Miss H W Pearsall.  
Brooklyn—Miss Marion J Terry, Mr Henry F Terry, Mrs James T Terry.  
Providence—E A Burgess.

### RIVERSIDE HOUSE.

Cambridge—Mr and Mrs C W Dury.  
Watertown, Mass—Mr and Mrs Geo Parker.  
Jonesville, Mass—S Morse.  
Boston—Miss R E Curry, Miss Annie F Curry.

### THE ARUNDEL.

Morristown, N J—Mrs Est, Miss Bradford.  
Hartford, Ct—Allen B Talbot, Chas H Talbot, Edward C Talbot.  
Longmeadow, Mass—Mrs B Allen.  
Hartford—Miss Alice Talcott Balkeley.

### NONANTUM HOUSE.

Dorchester—Miss E E Pierce and maid.  
Newark, N J—Miss Leverich, Mrs Leverich.  
Jasper, Ala—Mrs Burrell.  
Orange, N Y—Mrs Wright.  
Maudarin, Fla—Mrs Crane, W Y Merry.  
Chelsea—A I Eaton and wife.

### BEACH HOUSE!

KENNEBUNK, MAINE.  
P. O. Address, Kennebunk Beach.  
The oldest summer house at Kennebunk Beach.  
OWEN WENTWORTH, Proprietor.

## Sea Side House,

KENNEBUNK BEACH, ME.

### ISAAC GOOCH, Proprietor.

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

## BARKER, the Jeweler,

Sells goods low, and does first-class work. Sign of Owl and Watch.

KENNEBUNK, ME.

## JOS. H. JEFFREY,

Fine Horses and Carriages!

## TO LET!

Anything from a Single Hitch to a

## FOUR-IN-HAND!

FURNISHED ON SHORT NOTICE.

A Backboard for the convenience of Parties.

Strangers carried to adjoining towns.

## JOS. H. JEFFREY,

Kennebunkport, Me.

Near Parker House.

## Dr. J. R. HALEY,

Physician and Apothecary,

Cor. Main and Dane Sts.,

KENNEBUNK, MAINE,

DEALER IN

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Fan-

cies and Toilet Articles, Sponges,

Brushes, Perfumery, Fancy

Soap, Stationery, Paints,

Oils. Also

Choice Cigars and Confectionery.

## BONSER & SON,

No. 10 Main Street, Kennebunk,

BUY FOR CASH! Maintain the Highest Standard, and always Quote the Lowest Prices in Men's Clothing, Hats and

Furnishing Goods. The balance of their stock at Low Bargain Prices, demands the attention of every careful buyer.

BONSER & SON.



WEDNESDAY, AUG. 8, 1888.

The Wave is for sale at the Drug Store of C. E. Miller, the Ocean Bluff Bowling Alleys, the Norton House, the Kennebunk Beach Post Office, and by News Boys.

TIDE TABLE FOR AUGUST.

|         | High Water at Kennebunkport. |       |
|---------|------------------------------|-------|
|         | MORN.                        | EVE.  |
| Aug. 1. | 6:15                         | 6:30  |
| " 2.    | 7:00                         | 7:15  |
| " 3.    | 8:00                         | 8:00  |
| " 4.    | 8:45                         | 8:45  |
| " 5.    | 9:30                         | 9:30  |
| " 6.    | 10:15                        | 10:15 |
| " 7.    | 11:00                        | 11:00 |
| " 8.    | 11:45                        | 11:45 |
| " 9.    | 11:45                        | 12:15 |
| " 10.   | 12:30                        | 1:00  |
| " 11.   | 1:15                         | 1:45  |
| " 12.   | 2:00                         | 2:30  |
| " 13.   | 3:00                         | 3:15  |
| " 14.   | 3:45                         | 4:15  |
| " 15.   | 4:45                         | 5:15  |
| " 16.   | 6:00                         | 6:15  |
| " 17.   | 7:00                         | 7:30  |
| " 18.   | 8:15                         | 8:30  |
| " 19.   | 9:15                         | 9:15  |
| " 20.   | 10:00                        | 10:15 |
| " 21.   | 11:00                        | 11:00 |
| " 22.   | 11:45                        | 11:45 |
| " 23.   | 11:45                        | 12:15 |
| " 24.   | 12:30                        | 1:00  |
| " 25.   | 1:15                         | 1:45  |
| " 26.   | 2:15                         | 2:30  |
| " 27.   | 2:45                         | 3:15  |
| " 28.   | 3:30                         | 3:45  |
| " 29.   | 4:15                         | 4:30  |
| " 30.   | 5:15                         | 5:30  |
| " 31.   | 6:15                         | 6:30  |

STAGE LEAVES OCEAN BLUFF!

7:30, 8:45, 10, A. M.; 12:45, 3, 6, P. M. HALL & LITTLEFIELD, Proprietors.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On and after June 25, 1888, Mails Close: For Boston and vicinity, and Points West and South, at 9, 10, A. M.; 3:25, 6:20, P. M. For points this side of Boston, at 9 A. M., 12 P. M. For the East, at 10, A. M.; 6:20 P. M. MAILS ARRIVE. From the West and South, at 11:45 A. M., 5:30 P. M. From the East, at 10:10 A. M., 4:50 P. M.

Wavelets.

A great crowd are going to the Republican meeting at Alfred to-morrow. Monday with its rain was a great day for the pool rooms and bowling alleys.

Mr. Robert P. Fernald of the Boston Maine Tourist called at our office yesterday last week.

There were charades at the Sea View house Monday. Mr. Arthur Howland had charge of them.

The guests of the Bickford House had a hop Monday night. The dining hall was cleared and great fun was had.

Commander Savage of the yacht Antheus of Boston, who was expected here, will not come but go South instead.

A party of eight took a trip to Kennebunk yesterday in Jeffrey's barouche. They had a banjo, sang songs and had great time.

Campaign badges, plug hats, dusters, can be bought at Bonser's, Kennebunk. An extra large assortment on hand.

Those lazy, ignorant scamps who had out music on the hand organ are now as "leaves in Vallombrosa." Remain the dog.

What a nuisance children are around hotels! They are a "big no good" wherever but simply dreadful around first-class hotels.

Mr. Frank Hodgskin, cashier of the Boston Lead and Pipe Co., has bought the near the Coleman's and will build the cottage for another season.

The manager and clerk of the Parker House are sleeping in the office on the 8th. Guests are being lodged out on the 8th. The best season they ever had.

Mr. Watson caught two immense mackerel off Kennebunk Beach Sunday. They weighed 900 pounds each. He also caught 15 barrels of mackerel.

Mr. Walter Bryant has requested us in reply to the statement in our issue that he has got over being homesick as he has a fine picture of the editor, drawn by the office boy of the Grove Hill.

Mr. Vernon Burgess tried his hand at playing a hand organ in the depot Sunday night. He drew an attentive audience. "Vern" thinks of taking a trip up country with one on his vacation this fall. The music he made was—oh!

Mr. J. B. Maling recently sold to Mr. George Parsons a boat that is 73 years old. She was built of three logs and is much stronger than the modern boats.

She is all sound and stannch and capable of lasting a quarter of a century more if well taken care of.

Mr. Jos. H. Jeffrey has been very fortunate about his horses not having the "pink eye" badly. Only three out of fourteen were affected and they are now well and the stable has been disinfecting so that it is now entirely free from the disease. "Joe" knows a thing or two about doctoring "hosses."

Miss A. M. Larrabee of Lynn is visiting at Mr. Geo. B. Carl's. Miss Larrabee's father formerly was engaged in business here.

The guests of the Parker House have been much annoyed of late by the thoughtless and contemptible actions of two of the youthful boarders. Unless the "kids" let up a little on their devilry some one will be apt to step on their ear and remain standing there.

The progressive euchre party at the Parker House Monday evening was a grand success. The following was the result: Gentlemen's first prize, Wm. Spooner; gentlemen's progressive prize, Harry L. Chatman; gentlemen's booby prize, Mr. Fred Flood; ladies' first prize, Mrs. Albert Brackett; ladies' progressive prize, Miss Kiggins; ladies' booby prize, Miss Lucy Jones.

The pleasantly located and beautiful homestead of the late Capt. Bradford Oakes, together with four other houses in the Port village, are for sale to wind up the affairs of his estate. His late residence is on the corner of Main and Beach streets and only about 600 feet west from the R. R. station. The house and ell are two stories, containing twelve rooms; the front gable is supported by four high, massive pillars, has a piazza, the underpinning and steps are of hammered granite, the grounds are ample, dry and thickly set with well developed shade trees. The adjoining cottage and stable will be sold separate or with the homestead if desired. This is a rare chance to purchase a very fine seashore summer or permanent residence. Further particulars can be learned of Enoch Cousins, one of the executors.

Advertised Letters

in the Kennebunkport Post Office, August 7, 1888.

Henry T Brown, Celia Burgess, Mrs S J Bullock, Alice W Chase, Lucy M Drown, Mrs Thomas S Hayden, Frank I Hammond, Dr Charles Hunter, Helen M Krike, Frederick V Little, Mrs E Littlefield, Liddle Morrell, Mrs Emily Mitchell, Mrs I F Nichols, Allie Nichols, Maria Reed, Mrs A J Quinn, Lizzie E Sprague, James Howard Stannard, Mrs S Walling 2, E A Burgess, Annie M Wheeler.

1803-1888.

A very enjoyable occasion was had last Friday afternoon at the Peabody homestead on the old road, it being the eighty-fifth birthday of Mrs. Elvira Peabody. Besides her children present was also her grandson, Mr. O. H. Durrell with his family, and at the celebration served in the afternoon four generations were represented at the table. The dining room was nicely decorated with flowers from Boston, and on the table was an elegant birthday cake on which were figures 1803-1888, the cake being presented by her daughter, Mrs. Oliver Carrier, Exeter, N. H. Many congratulations were received on this occasion, including greetings from her two sons in California. Mrs. Peabody is possessed of remarkable vigor for one of her years, does her own housework, and has good prospects of celebrating many birthdays to come.

Song of the Weather-vane on the Kennebunkport Breakwater.

(Written for THE WAVE.)  
A fish on a pole,  
Though humble my role,  
I sport in storms that mariners dread.  
My gills may be dry,  
And clouded my eye,  
But I've plenty of brains in my head.  
It is not a fad  
That thus I am clad,  
With a body too small for my mind.  
For long reverie  
On depths of the sea,  
Permits me to float out from my rind.  
Then I, near my pole,  
Draw lovers who stroll  
On the breakwater twining love's chain,  
For the surging sea  
Wakes no song in me  
Like love which turns the world and the vane.  
Once came there to me  
A maiden so free;  
Her smile clear as air that has showered.  
Such radiant grace,  
Sweet depth in her face,  
I thought her a spirit disbowered.  
I called her my dove,  
My queen and my love.  
Urged that we join two spirits so rare;  
It cannot be, she  
Said turning from me,  
You are only a perch in the air.  
"SEA-URCHIN."

The Legend of the Wreck on Kennebunkport Beach.

(Written for THE WAVE.)

Alas! my bones lie bleaching on a foreign shore, far from home and friends, and who will shed a tear over my sad fate! Once I was young and vigorous, and my youthful companions, filled with hope and confidence, exulted in my strength, and gayly waved the banner of victory over my head.

They could not stay in the old home, they said; that were to be like women; their part it was to conquer the world; proudly they would ride the billows, in their good ship, driving their foes before them, and plant the banner of the North on some captured strand.

So with many a gay carousal, when the beaker was filled to the brim, and the songs and laughter of brave men and fair women resounded through the halls, when bright eyes flashed, and weapons were drawn at the angry words haughtily resented, they spent their last days in their native land.

And one bright and glorious morning, the sails were set, and the wind bore us away—away from the noble land of our forefathers, forever. Hroff the Dane, Hroff the pride and glory of his race, was our leader, and all bowed to his will.

We sailed away for many leagues over the broad ocean; we fought with the pirates, who had tried to stop us in our course, and with fierce cries, and much bloodshed, the battles were waged, but always we conquered, and with shouts of rejoicing, we still sped on, in search of the land we hoped to find.

At last it appeared, dimly we saw it rising upon the horizon, a smiling shore, waiting to welcome us—so we thought. But what is this sound that fills the air? A storm is coming, the wind howls through the rigging, lightning flashes athwart the murky darkness, thunder rolls and reverberates around us, and in the midst of the tempest, we hear the heavy booming of the breakers, as they beat wildly against the rock-bound coast. Alas! Alas! how could I maintain my course, how resist the force of the waves? They were stronger than I; and my friends, whom I loved, who trusted in me,—I failed them. But it was not I—it was a mighty power, dragging me on against my will dashing me upon the rocks, breaking my oaken ribs, and tearing my sails, holding out strong arms and bearing brave men to a grave in the deep waters—till, at last, I only was left, desolate and alone—and here, after many years, I still remain, an old wreck on the beach, almost buried in the sand, gazed upon by careless and indifferent eyes, by men and women who know nothing of my past history, nor think that I am mourning for the good old times which never can return.

The Bass Rock House KENNEBUNK BEACH,

is finely situated on KENNEBUNK BEACH. The view from the piazza is delightful, combining as it does ocean and country view. Within sixty yards of ocean and sandy beach, with bold rocky shore adjoining. Surf Bathing, Good Fishing and Boating. The house is supplied with an abundance of pure water, and with good drainage. J. A. WELLS.

BUY YOUR Meat, Vegetables and Fruit at the new market just opened under Bay View Cottage, Kennebunk Beach, by J. R. TAYLOR.

Everything warranted fresh and first-class, at Lowest Market Prices. Teams visit all the Hotels three times weekly.

LOUIS M. PERKINS, dealer in HARDWARE,

Kitchen Furnishings, Stoves, Artists' Materials, Sporting Goods, &c.

A full line of the celebrated

Granite Iron Ware,

most wholesome, servicable, durable.

All kinds of Repairing promptly attended to.

Oil Stoves a Specialty.

Parsons' Block, Kennebunk, Me.

OWEN. MOORE & CO., Portland, Me.

Call attention to Special Departments which Strangers are invited to Inspect.

Bathing Suits Ready made and Made to order, Bathing Shoes, Caps, Belts.

Caps and Hats for Tourists, Tennis and boating

Blazers for men and Blazers for women Made to order 5.00

Flannel Shirts, Flannel Blouses, Silk and wool Blouses for Women and girls.

Fine Stationery sold by the Pound, which is the most Economical method of Purchasing fine Writing Paper. Accessories for Drive Whist and Progressive games, with Suitable Prizes for the same. Also prizes for the "German" Extensive assortment.

Our "Fancy work" has a National Reputation.

New goods for Summer. We show now what most others will show

For Christmas. We make the goods. Ladies will be interested.

Twenty-four departments altogether. All exclusive without high prices.

Don't forget to go down stairs. All street cars from Union Station pass our door.

OWEN. MOORE & CO.

A complete line of FINE STATIONERY may be found at the -POST OFFICE!- including Irish Linen, Antique Parchment, Foreign Mail and Grand Quadrille Note Paper, Crane's Fine Stationery and Old-Time Linen in Boxes, Blocks, Tablets, Blank Books, Ink, Pens, &c., &c. WHEELER & BELL.

F. BARRETT, M. D., Kennebunkport.

Office Cor. Spring and Cross Sts.

Fruits and Vegetables

in choice varieties can be found at

Charles W. Huff's, Arundel Square, Kennebunkport.

Mid-Summer Inducements AT J. R. LIBBY'S.

100 pieces 30-inch fine Satines, latest French designs, price 12 1-2 cts. 50 pieces Challies, cream ground with handsome figures, to be closed out at 8 cts. per yard. One case, 40 pieces, All Wool Tricots, in dark and medium gray and brown mixtures, very desirable for traveling suits. Price 29 cts., actual value 50 cts. Black Henrietta Cloth, Silk Warps and All Wool ones. A full assortment and special value offered during the season. A big Job Lot of Hamburgs, extra value, price 25 cts., former prices from 40 to 50 cts. Pocket Handkerchiefs. Some drives just to stimulate trade. See our handkerchiefs we are selling 4 for 25 cts. Some special drives in Gloves and Mitts at 17, 25, 35 and 50 cts. Hosiery, Hosiery. We offer in Hosiery some of the greatest bargains ever shown over our counters. Gauze Underwear. This department is well worth one's care. Gents' Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, price 25 cts. One case extra fine Men's Angola Shirts and Drawers at 37 1-2 cts., always selling at 50 cts. One case Ladies' Jersey Gauze Vests, price 25 cts. Gents' White Shirts! Laundered and Unlaundered. Revilo 50 cents. Bonanza 75 cents. Senator \$1. One case Bleached Cotton, yard wide, 6 1-4 cts. One case Bleached Cotton, yard wide and extra good value, at 8 cts. One bale Brown Cotton, yard wide, at 6 1-4 cts. One case White Quilts, extra value, price \$1.00. One case Colored Quilts, splendid quality, extra heavy and large size. Price \$1.75, worth \$2.50.

BATHING SUITS.

J. R. LIBBY,

Savings Bank Building,

Biddeford, Maine.

- - CLOSING OUT! - - Cloaks, Silks & Dress Goods!

Previous to opening our New Extension.

Checked Surah Silks reduced from \$1.00 to 50c 75-cent French Dress Goods reduced to 35c 50-cent Tricots 27 1-2c 50-cent Sateens 25c 10-cent Challies 6c She-no Cloth 5c

All other Goods will be closed out at a Great Reduction that we may open a New Stock when we open our New Store.

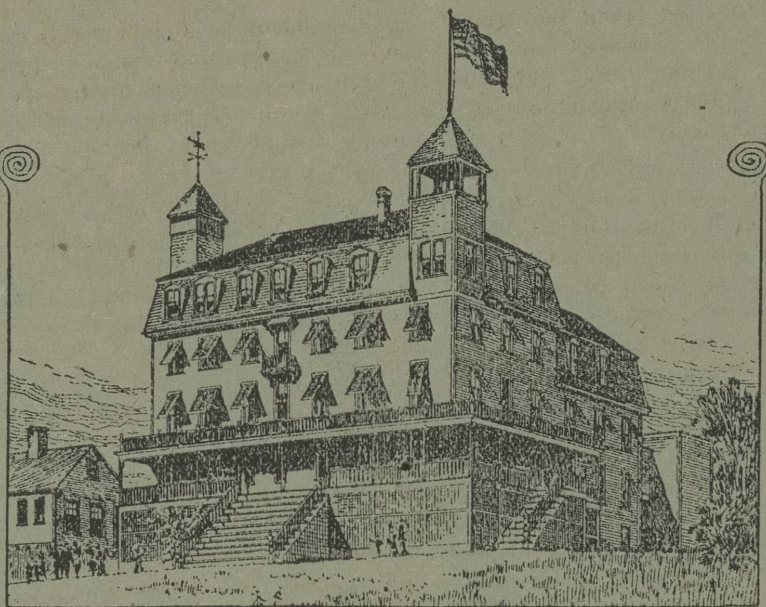
TURNER BROS.,

488 and 490 Congress Street, Portland, Maine.

GROVE HILL HOUSE,

W. F. PAUL, Proprietor,

Kennebunk Beach, Maine.



All Modern Improvements, Electric Lights, Passenger and Baggage Elevator, Steam Heat, Hot and Cold Water Baths, &c. Send for Circulars.

VISIT THE

Bowling Alleys and Billiard Room

OF THE

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL!

where you can find a

First-Class Barber Shop.

ALSO

Cool Soda, Fruit, Confectionery, and Best Cigars.

Fishing Tackle for Sale and to Let.

Also, Agent Kennebunk Steam Laundry.



the of pioneer hotel keepers of this vicinity. The beach for a mile in length is owned by the proprietor of the Seaside House and affords excellent bathing facilities.

Following the beach we near the Bass Rock House, a fine large hotel which in the fifth year of its existence can look back with pride to its record and to the number of guests that have patronized it. Half a gun shot away is the Granite State House, well known as a favorite resort for many others than New Hampshire people. Located as it is directly on the beach, the location is a most desirable one for those wishing to be near the water. Still farther on is Cove Cottage, which for genuine comfort is second to none on the beach. Under its present management it had a very prosperous season last year and will undoubtedly do so this season.

Up the beach a little is the well known Sea View house. This house always has a long season beginning early in June and not ending until far into September. Up the Kennebunk road from the beach is the new Eagle Rock House which is admitted to be one of the strongest built and most desirably located houses at the beach. This is its second year and it is rapidly filling up and bids fair to have a most successful season. On up the road and situated about five minutes walk from the beach is the Beach House of Owen Wentworth. Mr. Wentworth began taking boarders in 1865 and his success since then speaks well for the care he must have given them.

But in this journey the tourist has skipped the finest fitted up hotel at the beach and one whose location is second to none. We refer to the Grove Hill House. Located about three minutes walk from the beach, on a high elevation, with beautiful sloping lawns and green terraces, the house stands out in bold relief. Steam elevator, electric lights, a mineral spring and every modern convenience for the comfort of the guests is destined to make the Grove Hill House stand second to none on the coast. When the visitor has been these rounds he has by no means seen all there is to be seen at Kennebunkport and Kennebunk Beach.

There is Blowing Cave, Spouting Rock, Aquarium, the piers and numerous romantic little nooks along the coast which will well repay the tourist for visiting. All are places of great natural beauty, but they need to be seen to be appreciated and will have to be written up later.

## HOTEL DIRECTORY.

All Points are Reached from the B. & M. R. R. Station.

Norton House, directly across the bridge to the left.

Parker House, directly over the bridge straight ahead and take first street to left.

The Waverlies, cross bridge, first street to right, then first to left, on Union street.

Nonantum House, first street (Water) to right after crossing bridge.

Highland House, on Water street, nearly opposite Nonantum House.

Glen House, near end of Water street at Cape Arundel.

Riverside House, on Water street at Cape Arundel.

Arundel House, opp. Water street at Cape Arundel.

Cliff House, at Cape Arundel, near the Bluff.

Bickford House, at Cape Arundel, near the Bluff.

Ocean Bluff Hotel, at Cape Arundel, i. e. over bridge, down Water street.

Seaside House, on Gooch's Beach, across the river from the Bluff.

Bass Rock house, near terminus of road from Grove Station to beach.

Granite State House, at terminus of road from Grove Station to Beach.

Sea View House, on the road running along Kennebunk Beach where it begins to run inland.

Eagle Rock House, up the Kennebunk road from the beach.

Wentworth's Beach House, just past the Eagle Rock House toward Kennebunk Beach R. R. Station.

Grove Hill House, to the left from Grove Station.

## JUST US TWO.

How happy, happy were the days  
When we together strayed  
Along the meadows, by the brook,  
And through the leafy glade,  
And many a labyrinth of shade  
We slowly wandered through  
By pathways only wide enough  
For just us two.

What charming walks, what precious talks,  
What silences profound,  
Were ours, as closely linked we went  
O'er this enchanted ground!  
The birds sang sweetly overhead,  
The skies above were blue,  
And all the world seemed freshly made  
For just us two.

The other lads and lasses went  
By dozens and by scores,  
To have their fun and play their games  
Together out of doors:  
While we apart from such a crowd  
Contentedly withdrew,  
And favored vehicles with room  
For just us two.

And now in easy fashion we  
Have settled down in life;  
A husband proud and lover-like,  
A most devoted wife;  
And should you go from pole to pole,  
And search the wide world through,  
You'll never meet a happier pair  
Than just us two.

—Josephine Puller, in N. Y. Ledger.

## A BOTTLE OF OIL

The Watchman's Adventure with  
Train-Wreckers.

Wishing to take the night train at the small station of B—, and having nothing to employ my attention about the village, I went early to the station, and was ushered into the waiting-room by the watchman, a stout, good-natured-looking man in the prime of life, who wore a pinned across his breast, an empty sleeve.

As I had an hour or more of leisure before my train would arrive, I passed the time chatting with the watchman, and he told me the story of the adventure in which he lost his arm. I repeat his narrative as nearly as possible in his own words:

Before I was intrusted with the night duties of this station I formed one of a crew of three section men, who had in charge seven miles of track upon our road, some three hundred miles west of here, in the roughest and most lawless part of the Territory. Our duties were to keep in thorough order the track upon our section, and we were held responsible to the company for any thing that would endanger or delay the trains while upon it.

One section began at Summit Station, and ran east seven miles. Thence to Brewster's the next station east of Summit, and fifteen miles distant from it, was another section eight miles long.

The night duty of a section-hand is not pleasant. In rain or shine, snow or sleet, the section must be patrolled by one man—who employs in good weather a light hand-car for the purpose—ahead of our overland Pullman train. This train passed over our section at midnight, and our departure was timed so as to inspect the track immediately ahead of it. So, taking turns at that duty, we started from Summit at ten o'clock sharp, and usually arrived at the "half-way house" about ten minutes ahead of the train. Here we met one of the men from the section east of us, who had started about the same time, and for the same purpose. You see the precaution taken by all well-managed roads for the safety of its patrons.

How many of the passengers on the Overland to-night know, or knowing, give a thought to the men who, since darkness settled upon them, have been plunging through the snow—for hand-cars are useless in such weather as this—swinging their lanterns from side to side, examining carefully every out for fear of falling rocks, every bridge for broken rails, thus enabling them to ride in safety.

As I said before, the men from each section having patrolled fifteen miles of track, met at a little shanty situated beside the track, just large enough to hold a small stove and a few necessary supplies, and allow the men to enter. Here they stay until the train comes in sight; then outside, and display their two white lights, that the engineer may know all is well. Failure to do this would result in a report to headquarters, and possibly in discharge from the service.

One night it came my turn to run the section. Before starting, it occurred to me that our supply of lantern oil at the half-way house was low, so I procured and filled a quart bottle of lantern oil, the kind which is used for the purpose, put it into the inside pocket of my heavy coat, buttoned it snugly about me, and started.

It was a stormy summer's night, as black as ink. My car ran smoothly over the rails, and soon I had traveled about half the distance, and arrived at a bridge crossing Snake river. Here I dismounted from the car, and pushing it ahead of me as I passed, I gave the structure a careful examination, found everything all right, and was about mounting my car again, when I received a violent blow upon the head which stretched me senseless upon the rails.

Recovering consciousness after a few moments, I found myself bound, gagged and lying but a few feet from a gang of masked men, whom I saw, as well as the darkness would permit, at work with bars removing one of the rails just at the entrance of the bridge.

Train-wreckers! I had heard a great deal about the desperate character of these ruffians, but was now making my first acquaintance with them. As they

worked, they discussed the situation, and how they should dispose of me.

"I tell yer, Sam!" one big fellow exclaimed. "Best way is to tie him across the rails, and let 'em finish him."

"Yes, that's so!" echoed the party. "Dead men tell no tales, and he may have seen our faces."

"I'll hol' his!" I won't listen to such a plan," said one who seemed to exercise some influence over them. "We shall have enough to answer for before his job is finished without killing him. How this nail sticks!" he added, with an oath. "The man who drove these spikes must have meant 'em to stay. Come, mates! He is safe enough, and if we mean business, we must be lively. The train will be here in twenty minutes, and we have no time to lose," and at the rail they all sprang with a will.

Twenty minutes! What could I hope to do to save the train in my condition, within so short a time?

The thought of the terrible wreck which must result if the derailed train struck the bridge made me desperate. Straining at the cords which bound my wrists, I found they gave way a little. I remembered the trick of the neophytes who free themselves from their bonds by alternately contracting and expanding their muscles, and I lay in silence, working in a perfect frenzy of excitement until I was able to free my hands. In an instant my knife was out of my pocket, and my feet free.

Without waiting to free myself from the gag, I sprang to my feet, and, at the top of my speed, started down the track in the direction of the approaching train. With a yell which told me I was discovered, the whole gang started in pursuit; but I had some little start of them, and bounded along the ties, bent upon stopping the train at any cost. In the ink blackness of the night pursuit was difficult. Soon pop! pop! pop! from the revolvers of the gang. They were firing down the track, in the hope of stopping me with a bullet.

As the gag, which I had not removed, hindered my breathing, I was forced to stop for a moment to cut it away. While so engaged, there came a second volley, this time more successful. I was struck in the left arm midway between wrist and elbow. I should have fainted from the shock, together with the rough usage I had previously undergone, but for my determination to keep up.

"Brace up!" I called, as if addressing a companion. "No time for such foolishness now, Tom. Remember the train!"

This I said aloud to myself, for the solitary work of my nightly rounds had given me the habit of talking to myself, for want of another companion. Setting my teeth hard, I overcame the faintness, staggered to my feet and ran on. I soon noticed that the pursuit had ceased. Either the train robbers thought I was done for, or they had returned to their unfinished work, trusting I should be unable to stop the train. And now it flashed upon my mind for the first time, How could I accomplish it? Light I had none—my lantern was with the wreckers.

While I was thus deliberating, still running on as fast as my condition would permit, instinctively I felt in my pocket for matches. Ah, the oil! Why had I not thought of that before? Of course!

"Of course the oil will stop them, Tom. Spread it on the rails. Their old seventy-ton locomotive can get no grip on that iron. Smear it thick, cover it well, rub it on with your palm, so—both rails, don't neglect an inch of either. For life, Tom, for life. Think of the men, women and little children upon the train!"

I worked with the desperation of a drowning man. Upon my knees, the bottle under my disabled arm, pouring the oil, by an inclination of my body, into my right hand, and spreading it upon the rails.

In ten minutes the quart of oil was exhausted, and as a result I had both rails for quite a distance very well covered with it.

I had worked backward from the approaching train, and now rose to my feet at the end of my labor and at the terminus of the greased rails.

The train was coming. Already the rails were singing with vibration as the heavy train approached. Here they come. How awful the sight of a big locomotive, coming straight toward one upon a dark midnight! The great, round eye of the headlight streaming out into the darkness, the roar of the exhaust, the hiss of the steam through the cylinders, together with the rush and roar of the train, make up a terrifying, though magnificent sight.

I stood upon the tracks, waving my hands, far enough away to spring from it before the train could reach me, but so that the headlight would shine upon me and I could be seen by the engineer. "Now for it," I thought. She strikes the oil—the big, seven-foot driving-wheels spin round as though the engine had been lifted in the air. Friction, the propelling influence, is gone now. She slackens speed. I could see the engineer plainly.

In my excitement I screamed as loud as possible, in vain protest to the engineer, who was pulling the little lever which sands the rails. Shouting is of no avail, they could not hear me. Had there been sufficient up-grade had the oil would have stopped them

quite. As it was, the inertia of the cars composing the train was able to push the engine over, sliding the wheels. But one resource was left, and I thought of it just in time. I stopped as close to the rails as I dared, and with all my strength hurled the empty bottle at the head-light. It struck the glass and shattered it to splinters, and the light instantly went out. Then came the welcome signal from the whistle for brakes, and I sank down unconscious.

When I recovered, a moment sufficed to tell the story, and, proceeding slowly, we soon came to the scene of the trouble. The rail had been removed, and was lying beside the track; but, of course, the would-be wreckers had seen by our careful approach that their plan was spoiled, and had decamped. With the tools always carried upon a train for such purposes, we soon replaced the rail and proceeded.

I was carried to the company's hospital at B—, where skillful surgeons did the best they could for me, but it was found necessary to remove my arm, as you see. And the company thought it best to avoid my meeting with possible harm from the gang I had foiled, to transfer me to this point.

Now it is time for me to light up the station, for your train will soon be here. A pleasant journey to you, sir, and no mishaps. Good night.—In D. Waldron, in Yonk's Companion.

## PRETTY BESSIE'S PLAN.

How Lord Chancellor Eldon Was Over-Reminded of a Promise.

A man, well-known in politics and journalism, was noted for his parsimony. As he was well-to-do, a friend once remonstrated with him upon his littleness in money matters, saying that there was neither cause nor occasion for his being so "near." "That's so," answered the journalist, "but the fact is, I can't help it. I began life in poverty, and early formed the habit of turning over a penny again and again before spending it, and now, when there is no occasion for saving, I can't break away from the old habit."

Lord Chancellor Eldon is another illustration of the force of the penurious habit. He married young and imprudently. For several years he had to struggle to maintain his family, and the economical habits then formed clung to him throughout life. But what was frugality in the briefless lawyer became parsimony in the Lord Chancellor with a large fortune and a princely income. The penurious lawyer was, however, when thoroughly moved, capable of generous actions. As Lord Chancellor, his ecclesiastical patronage was large. He showed liberality and humanity in bestowing good "livings" upon meritorious clergymen.

One morning Lord Eldon was sitting in his study, and working slowly to lessen the huge pile of papers which encumbered his desk. A young and beautiful girl was shown in. Her rustic attire and slight embarrassment prompted the old man to rise, and with a courteous bow to ask:

"Who are you, my dear?"

"Lord Eldon," replied the blushing maiden, "I am Bessie Bridge, the daughter of the Vicar of Weobley, and papa has sent me to remind you of a promise which you made him when I was a little baby, and you were a guest in his house. It was when you were first elected as member of Parliament for Weobley."

"A promise, my dear?" exclaimed the perplexed chancellor.

"Yes, my Lord, a promise. You were standing over my cradle, and papa said to you: 'Mr. Scott, promise me that if ever you are Lord Chancellor, and my little girl is a poor clergyman's wife, you will give her husband a living.' You answered: 'Mr. Bridge, my promise is not worth half-a-crown, but I give it to you, wishing it were worth more.'"

"You are right, my dear. I remember the promise, and admit the obligation," exclaimed the chancellor, enthusiastically. Then, looking at the damsel, he added, with a smile: "But surely the time for keeping my promise has not yet arrived. You can not be any one's wife at present?"

"No, my Lord," answered Bessie, hesitatingly; "but I do so wish to be somebody's wife."

Then she blushed, and continued: "There's a living in Herefordshire, near my old home, that has recently fallen vacant, and if you will give it to Alfred, why, then, my Lord, we shall be married before the end of the year."

The chancellor rang his bell, and directed his secretary to make out the presentation of the living to Bessie's Alfred. Then the old man kissed the young lady, and sent her on her way in love with Lord Eldon and at peace with all the world.—Yonk's Companion.

—A young couple in Springfield, Me., who have been married less than five years, have separated five times. The husband has left the family three times, and each time the wife has sold their goods and returned to her parents, taking back her spouse every time he returned, and helping her furnish. Furthermore, she has left him twice, when he in turn sold their common possessions. They are now living together again as if nothing had occurred out of the usual way.

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