

## The Wave

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

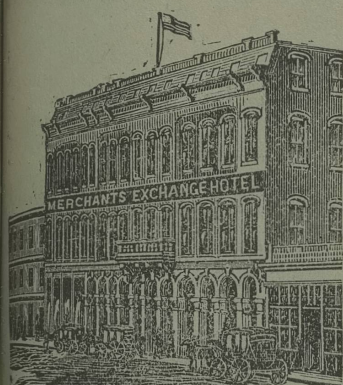
TERMS: 75 cents for the Season.  
5 cents a Copy.

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

### BOATS TO LET!

Have a lot of safe and easy rowing boats  
at reasonable rates. Apply to

**Joseph A. Titecomb,**  
at the Coal Wharf, next below Bridge,  
KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.



**Merchants' Exchange Hotel,**  
Temple St., opp. Falmouth Hotel,  
Portland, Maine.

A well kept, homelike hotel, close  
connections by horse cars with Union  
Depot.

Rates, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day.  
**GEO. E. WATSON, Proprietor.**

When in Portland visit the

**Lamson**  
**STUDIO,**  
opp. Falmouth Hotel.

The Photography in all its branches  
at prices consistent with first-class  
work.

Reserved for  
Maine Central  
R. R.

Kennebunkport, Me.,

### BICKFORD HOUSE.

High Altitude, Fine Ocean View,  
Good Rooms, Nice Table,  
Artesian Well.

Terms Moderate!  
**REDUCED RATES**

FOR

June and September.

Address

**W. BICKFORD.**

**CHARLES S. EATON,**  
dealer in

Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Goods.  
Nothing but the best of goods kept. Please  
call as a call.

Dock Sq., Kennebunkport.

**S. BROWN,**  
DEALER IN

**DRY AND FANCY GOODS!**  
Hats and Shoes, Hats and Gents' Furnish-  
ings. Largest Stock and Lowest Prices.  
Kennebunkport, Me.

**W. BICKFORD,**

**W. BICKFORD,**

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## KENNEBUNKPORT



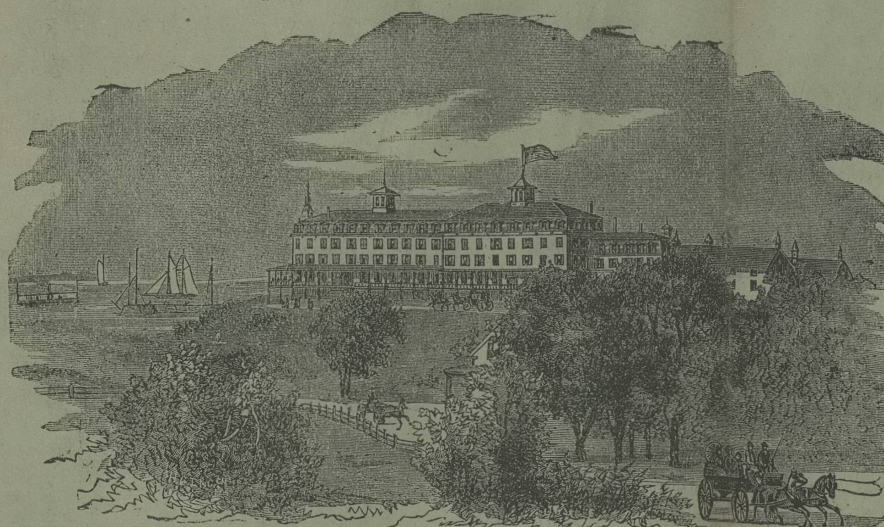
VOL. II. NO. 7.

KENNEBUNKPORT, ME., AUG. 4, 1888.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

### OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL!

Cape Arundel, Kennebunkport, Maine.



### THE "CARLETON,"

Jacksonville, Florida.



**STIMPSON & DEVNELL, Proprietors.**

### PARKER HOUSE,

Kennebunkport, Me.

**HENRY H. MATHEWS, Manager.**



### Parker House Stables,

Kennebunkport.

Having moved some of my best teams from my Cambridge Stables  
to the Parker House Stables, I am ready to furnish the public with  
first-class Dog Carts, Tea Carts, Village Carts, Pony Carts, Surrey  
Wagons, Beach Wagons, Carryalls, Buggies, Phaetons and Canopy  
Phaetons. Everything first-class. Call at the Office of the Parker  
House, Kennebunkport.

Reserved for  
Sawtelle, Photographer,  
Biddeford.

**W. H. H. HINDS,**  
DENTIST,

Kennebunkport, Maine.  
Pure Gas and Ether constantly on hand.  
All work warranted.

**F. DELAVINA,**  
wholesale and retail dealer in  
**CIGARS, PIPES, TOBACCO,**  
and Smoker's Articles,

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  
rendezvous for

### TOURISTS

while stopping in the City.

**J. K. MARTIN,**

PROPRIETOR,

Portland, Maine.

### CABINET

### PHOTOGRAPHS!

\$3.00 per doz.

The BEST and ONLY place in  
York County to get a first-class  
Photograph is at

### GARDNER & PHILBRICK'S,

131 Main St.,

Biddeford, Maine.

NINTH SEASON

OF THE

### Granite State HOUSE!

Alvin Stuart, Proprietor.

GROVE STATION.

P. O. Address, Kennebunkport, Me.

**Every Room Commands  
an Ocean View.**

**Table First-Class.**

### Whitewood Souvenirs.

A full line of  
**TOILET ARTICLES.**  
ALSO  
Confectionery, Cigars,  
Cool Soda, &c., at

**E. C. Miller's,**  
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,  
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 the rough 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  
valuable 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 anti-  
quarian'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

That advertising, semi-amateur sheet known as the Old Orchard Sea Shell appears in an even more sickly condition than in former years. We notice that the two largest hotels at Old Orchard do not advertise in it or appear to support it very liberally. It presents a striking contrast to the bright and newsy Rambler.

It is at the risk of offending some fond mothers that we express the opinion that there is not another town in the state containing such a class of utterly worthless, lazy, dishonest and thoroughly contemptible set of boys as this. The Wave has had considerable experience with them as news-boys and has found them the most degraded set of Hottentots imaginable. They will be to you to defraud and then steal what they cannot get in any other way. It is hard work to find boys to sell the paper even though they can easily make fifty cents in a few hours. They had rather hang around the Depot and like Micawber "wait for something to turn up." Of course there are exceptions and there are many nice boys who delight to work but as a class they are indescribably mean.

Tableaux at Wentworth's. The guests of Wentworth's Beach House and some of the neighboring hotels gathered in the long dining room Thursday night to witness some of the finest charades ever given at the beach. They were in charge of Mrs. Brown, who labored hard to make them what they were, a great success. Mr. Frank Hammond acted as master of ceremonies. The program is given below:

"Love in a Tub," Mr. Frank Jones and Miss Clara Hammond.  
"Rebecca at the Well," Mr. Stone and Miss Ives.  
"Sun Worshipers,"  
"St. Patrick's Day," Miss Walker, Mr. Lord, Mr. Mann.  
"Chocolate Girl," Miss Hamilton.  
"The Beggar Women," Miss L. Ripley, Miss Roberta Wright.  
"Cleopatra," Miss Nellie Ripley, Little Eva, Miss Mann; "Uncle Tom," by Mr. Douglass.  
"The Spanish Girl," Miss Sadie Kaime.  
"The City and Country Cousin," Miss Douglass, Miss Louise Wright.  
"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," Miss Lucy Ripley.  
"Little Italian Children," Abram Mann, Nellie Lee.  
"What are the Wild Waves Saying," Mr. Stone, Miss Goodridge.  
"The Prison Scene," Miss Douglass.  
"Lady of the 16th Century," Miss Blanche Wright.  
"The Nun," Miss Booth.  
"Marie Antoinette," Miss Gertrude Kaime.  
"Rebecca and Rowena," Fannie Fuller, Sadie Kaime.  
"Simply to Thy Cross I Cling," Miss Bessie Brown, George and Martha Washington, Bryant Walker, Miss Nellie Ripley.  
"Blue Beard's Wives," Misses Marion Jones, Sadie Kaime, Louise Douglass, Daisy Walker, Gertrude Kaime.

Advertised Letters in the Kennebunkport Post Office, August 3, 1888.

B F Buttuck, W N Brown, Mrs A D Bardick, Lucy M Donnelly, Bessie Ferguson, Adelle Gilpatrick, Mrs S R Harlow, Miss J D Lovell, Fred K Settle, Lulu D Leighton, Charles Newell, L A Newcomb, Sarah S Patrick, Mrs A D Patch, Nannie B Rich, Mr Joseph Wadworth, Mrs Francis Wheeler, Annie M Wheeler, Mrs Rutledge Wakefield.

Beach House Clam Bake. Mr. and Mrs. Owen Wentworth of the well known and favorite Wentworth House, gave their guests a clam bake last Monday evening which from its success will become a tradition.

The arrangements were all in keeping with the old-time Wentworth hospitality, and Captain Moody was in charge on the field of action. Some of the guests rendered efficient assistance, Mrs. C. J. Brown and Hon. Arthur French proving themselves veterans, while Miss Lizzie Ames brewed coffee, not to be forgotten for the flavor and potency.

At the close, Hon. Solomon Gordon, in a most felicitous impromptu speech, expressed the thanks of the guests to Mr. Wentworth and those who had assisted to make his undertaking so noteworthy a success.

The picturesque features of the scene, the smouldering beach fires, the glowing vivid sunset, the fir tree grove illuminated by the last red rays, the light on land and sea and sky all com-

bined to form an impression which will not soon fade from those who were so fortunate as to witness it.

## Hotel Arrivals.

GRANITE STATE HOUSE. Springfield, Mo.—F T Ingalls. Manchester, N H—Annie E Wilkins, Hattie B Cassar, Helen M Squire. Burlington, Vt.—J R Whaler.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE. Boston—C J Littlefield and wife, Mrs Henry C Knapp. Great Falls, N H—Mr and Mrs J M Dutton. New Haven—Mrs O E Daggett, Miss Daggett, Mrs Edward A Walker. Boston—Horace Lunt. Hallowell—Mrs C L Hill. Exeter, N H—W W Gall.

SEA VIEW HOUSE. Keene, N H—Charles Biedgman, Mrs Sarah E Biedgman, Miss Gertrude H Biedgman.

NORTON HOUSE. Portland—Jas F Gallagher. New York—Walter Jackson. Norwich, Ct—Miss Hattie C Williams, Miss L M Byrne. Lynn—Sidney S Chandler. East Boston—W P Berry. Worcester—Miss Ougley, Miss Clapp. Springfield—H R Rowley. New York—E R Fuller. Gardner—Chas Stackpole. Lowell—F E Thomas. Haverhill—E P Fowler. Boston—J E Cheney, L E Littlefield, J E Phelan, Louise S Girardin, Lillie A Newcomb, Valina S Smith. Malden—Jennie D Lovejoy.

PARKER HOUSE. Newton—Harry H Brackett. Elizabeth, N J—John R Moore, Portland—H J Libby and daughter. Philadelphia—Mr and Mrs H J Stelwagon. Dorchester, Mass—Mr and Mrs Or-ray W Taft jr. Boston—S A Savage. Elizabeth, N J—Henry Kiggins and wife, Miss Kiggins, Miss Lillie Kiggins, Miss Bessie Kiggins, Wm P Kiggins. Gettysburg, Pa—Mrs David A Buckler, H G Buckler. Trenton, N J—Mrs Geo S Grosvenor, Miss Maria Norris. Boston—Miss Marion Faxon. New York—Mrs A M Hopkins, Mrs M W Holbrook, Miss E Tobias. Nashua, N H—C N Pollard. Taunton, Mass—J B Phillips and wife. Newton—Mabel F Kenrick. Boston—Horace Lunt. New York—Miss Wood. Burlington, Vt—J R Wheeler. Williamstown—N E Griffin. Chester Co Pa—Miss A S Morris, Miss S S Morris, Miss Mary R H Dunning. Boston—Miss E S Rogers. Brookline—Mrs James Dooling, Miss Kitty G Dooling, Miss May L Dooling, Miss Helen Dooling. Newton, Mass—N P Cutler jr. Ft Wayne, Ind—R H Carnahan. Miss Carnahan, Miss Clara Carnahan.

OCEAN BLUFF. Philadelphia—Jno V Hastings. Haverhill—S A Dow. Boston—Sears Gallagher, Mrs S D Smith, Miss Helen F Smith Master S D Smith. Indiana, Pa—Miss J E Leonard. Baltimore—Miss J E Butler. Philadelphia—E Meides and wife, Miss Ella Lanquette, Howard Lanquette. Boston—F S Stanwood. Brooklyn—S R Harlow and wife. Boston—Chas A Burdett and wife. Philadelphia—R Cresswell, Miss Cresswell, Miss H Kirk, Mr A C Pomery.

Columbus, Pa—Mr and Mrs Geo W Halderman, Miss Wentz, S J Atlee Halderman. Brooklyn—Mrs Army T Hazer, Miss Greenwood, E B Willets. Dover—E B Lowe. Salem—Miss Butman. Boston—C H Colburn. Scranton, Pa—Mr and Mrs S B Price, Mr and Mrs George Catlin. Brooklyn—Mrs R Van Wyck, Miss S Van Wyck, Mrs A R Haddock, child and nurse. Boston—Geo H Eaton. Cleveland, O—Mrs S P Fenn, Miss DeWitt. New York—Dr and Mrs Charles Hunter. Yonkers, N Y—Phillip Nerpland. Ithaca, N Y—Chas Rollock. Portland—H N Gage and wife. Hartford—Mr Roy Buxton. Philadelphia—F A Walker.

Trenton, N J—Miss Smith, Miss Duier. Cambridge—Geo Riddle. Boston—Wm L Dearborn, F W Bacon. Haverhill—C W Morse. Philadelphia—A E Fisher, H R Nixon.

GLEN HOUSE. Flushing, N J—Mrs and Mrs Edw M Franklin, Miss Edna Louise Franklin and maid. Walpole, Mass—Mr and Mrs G H Danforth. Providence, R I—Miss Carrie M Page, Mrs E A Burgess, Edith S Burgess, Miss Burgess, Miss Hattie Page, Mrs S Walling, Miss Alice Page, May Page. Hartford, Ct—Chas Hooker Talcott, Edward Coleman Talcott, Allen Butler Talcott, Miss Alice Talcott. New Orleans, La—Mr and Mrs H W Sloan.

BICKFORD HOUSE. Worcester—Mrs W H Drury, M Drury, Herbert L Drury. Jamaica Plain—T J McDougall and family. Boston—Miss J L Goddard, A E Barr, A G Cross. Northampton, Mass—Herbert Lathe and wife.

CLIFF HOUSE. Boston—Miss Louise Girardin. Malden—Miss Jennie Lovejoy. Dorchester—Miss Valina S Smith. Boston—L A Newcomb. Newton—Mrs John Leavitt, Elizabeth Leavitt, Mr H B Emery. New Haven—Mrs Everts Cutler, Miss Eleanor E Cutler. Philadelphia—G D Lemuel. New York—Mrs H D Donnelly, Miss L M Donnelly, Miss E G Donnelly, F Ward. Brooklyn—Mr W C Peckham and wife, Reynold D Brown, Harry I Brown, Miss E Brown, Master I E Brown.

SEASIDE HOUSE. Arlington Heights—Edith H Ring. Boston—Lillian E Nichols. Lansing, Mich—Mrs Kate M Kidju, Mrs A E Silk. Dedham—Alice M Chase, Julian D Chase. Walpole—Mrs H M Sampson, Miss Sampson, Miss Bessie Pray. Albany—Mrs Arthur W Pray. Boston—Mr and Mrs C F Swan, Miss Miss Swan, Miss A F Swan.

RIVERSIDE HOUSE. Rochdale, Mass—Mr and Mrs T A Blake. Somerville—Herbert P Hill and wife. East Somerville—Mrs Albion Towle, Miss Mabel Merrill. Worcester—Chas G Milken. Newark, N J—Miss E V Gordon. Orange, N J—Mrs Prad Hawley.

THE ARUNDEL. Boston—Miss Prescott. Roxbury—Miss E B Brown. Boston—Miss Norcross.

BASS ROCK HOUSE. Zealand, N H—J E Henry. Newton, Mass—T A Estabrook, Chas T Estabrook, Clarence F Estabrook. Oakland Me—Alice Benjamin, Jeannette. New Market, N H—Miss Grace F Chapman. Newton—Miss Daniell. Cincinnati—Austin A Breed, Howard Breed.

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, Cream'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.

## GRINDING HIM DOWN.

Why the Colored Race Has No Show in This Country. "I does think I got de trifeneest boy dat eber libel in dis yare country," said an old negro who had met a white acquaintance. "What is de matter with him?" "Oh, he ain't no 'count, dat's whut de matter wid him. Come an' stole my chickens, he did, an' sold 'em, an' gin de money to mer wifo." "It was wrong to steal de chickens." "Yas, it wuz, an' he knowd dat. Yas, he did; he knowd how I wuz 'rested on account o' dem chickens an' tuck up 'fo' de cou't, an' how I come nigh goin' ter de penitencery. He knows dat I had ter keep dem chickens hid fur er minit, an' den he come an' steal 'em dat way. It makes me mad ter think dat er boy will treat his daddy dater way. Chillun dez days ain't got no revence nohow. Come er stealin' my chickens." "Where did you get de chickens?" "Whar I git de chickens?" "Yas." "What you want er foolin' wid me dat way fur? Is I done you any harm dat you want er slanderin' me?" "I merely asked you." "You merely want ter slander me, Ja's whut yer wants. Kain't er man hab chickens widout you come roun' yare cuz'n him o' stealin' 'em?" "I didn't say dat you stole them." "Mout ez well. Come axin' me whar I git dem chickens. I's had eruff trouble 'bout 'em already widout you comin' roun' tryin' ter make me feel bad. I ain't no fool dat you should come at me in s er way ez dat. I's er hones' man, an' I gwins hab you tuck up fur slander of yor doan watch out whut yer doin'. No wonder de eullud goverman ain't got no show in dis country whea de white folks all time tryin' ter grin' him down."—Arkansas Traveller.

## The Bass Rock House

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. Every thing warranted fresh and first-class, at Lowest Market Prices. Terms visit all the Hotels three times weekly.

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.

LOVERING'S PARIS Hair Store. Manufacturer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Human Hair Goods.

Goods sent on approval. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. 518 Congress St., Portland, Me.

COVE COTTAGE TO LET. Inquire of OWEN WENTWORTH.

Just received a new lot of KENNEDY'S FANCY BISCUIT AT WHEELER & BELL'S, including Ginger Wafers, Water Biscuit, Graham and Oatmeal Wafers, Wine, Milk, Egg, Butter and Soda Crackers, Pilot Bread, Vanilla, Lemon, Chocolate and Coconut Wafers, &c., &c. At the Post Office Building, Kennebunkport.

NORTON'S Ice Cream Soda, Ice Cream, Milk Shake, Confectionery, Fruit, Cigars, &c. NORTON HOUSE Board by the Week, \$7 to \$10 Transients, \$2 per day R. W. NORTON.

BARKER, the Jeweler, Sells goods low, and does first-class work. Sign of Owl and Watch. KENNEBUNK, ME.

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING! NEATLY EXECUTED AT THE WAVE Steam Printing House, KENNEBUNKPORT.

Bills of Fare, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, Address Cards, Business Cards, Ball Cards, Programs, Tickets, Pamphlets, Circulars, Flyers, Posters, &c.

Orders left at the office in Brown's Block will receive prompt attention. JOHN COL. EMMONS, Proprietor.

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.



SATURDAY, AUG. 4, 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.		
Aug.	MORNING.	EVENING.
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.	12:30	12:30
10.	1:15	1:15
11.	2:00	2:00
12.	2:45	2:45
13.	3:30	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.	12:30	12:15
24.	1:15	1:00
25.	2:00	1:45
26.	2:45	2:30
27.	3:30	3:15
28.	4:15	4:00
29.	5:00	4:45
30.	5:45	5:30
31.	6:30	6:15

STAGE LEAVES OCEAN BLUFF!

7:30, 8:15, 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 of South, at 9, 10, A. M.; 3:25, 6:20, P. M.  
For points this side of Boston, at 9 A. M., 3:25 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., 3:20 P. M.  
From the East, at 10:10 A. M., 4:50 P. M.

Wavelets.

Task horses are improving.  
Every room in the Parker House is completed.  
Mr. Peabody at the Bluff has some excellent boats.  
The guests of the Sea Shore House can enjoyable hayrack party.  
Mr. C. T. Swan, a prominent Boston president, is at the Sea Side.  
A party will visit the Isles of Shoals the Julia D. Schmidt next Monday.  
The Ocean Bluff is crowded and turning away applications every day.  
Mr. Walter Bryant, the station agent at Grove Station, complains of being lame. Poor boy.  
William Woods, esq., of Baltimore, and two of his daughters, is visiting at Palmer at the Elms.  
Politics, tricky, deceitful politics, are coming the leading topic of conversation on the street corners.  
College songs were sung in the State House parlor Wednesday night. Miss Halley lead the singing.  
Mr. George Middle's readings in Arnold hall, Thursday night, were well attended and highly satisfactory.  
The "Lobster" boat club has a meeting this afternoon to make arrangements in regard to the carnival Aug. 8 & 9.  
T. A. Esterbrook, treasurer of Faulk Hall National Bank, and two sons are among the many arrivals at the Rock House.  
The fair in aid of the Episcopal church, which takes place Aug. 9th, will without doubt be a great success. Particulars see posters.  
Audience Wm. E. Towne had a poor attendance at his chattel auction Wednesday, at the residence of the widow Lucy D. Moody.  
Ancient teakettle with crane, pots and trammels, over 75 years old, for sale. Information in regard same obtained at this office.  
Mr. E. P. Fowler, who last year was the photograph business here, was down this week. He is now proprietor of the photograph rooms in Harvard.

There was a donkey party at the Bass Rock Thursday night that was highly enjoyed by all. The first prize was won by Miss Florence Chase, second by T. A. Esterbrook.  
Advertiser pays! Dec. Barrett's professional card had been in the Wave only one week, when, lo! and behold, there came to his household last Wednesday a fine girl babe.  
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DECIDEDLY OBLIGING.

A Lady Boarder Who Was Any Thing But Troublesome and Finicky.

"Oh, I'll not be the least trouble," said the lady boarder, who had wheedled the mistress of a select boarding-house into taking her for six months, although the mistress had said that she never, never would take another woman to board.

"I don't blame you for not wanting to board women," said the lady boarder, while laying off her wrap in her room, "most of them are so troublesome and finicky, but I think you'll find I'm not one of that sort. I just take things as I find them and make no fuss at all. Now I'll just wash my hands and—oh, could you get me a little white castle soap instead of this cocoanut oil kind?"

"I'll see," said the landlady. "And about the towels—I never use crash quite so rough as this, and I'd like a Turkish towel on the rack all the time."

"Very well." "Thank you. I'm determined not to be troublesome after I once get settled, and I—don't you think this dressing case would look better on this side of the room?"

"I don't know."

"Seems to me it would. Suppose you call a servant up and let us see how it will look moved; and while she's here I believe I'll change the bed to the other corner—that is, if you've no objections."

"Oh, none at all."

"Thank you. I don't really care much, but then—oh, would it be too much trouble to have a cup of hot water sent up to my room an hour before each meal? I think it does me good."

"I suppose I can arrange that," says the landlady, gloomily.

"Thanks; you are very kind. Now, I guess I'll—oh, I wonder if there is any hot water in the bath-room? I'd like to run in and just wash out a few little things that I never send to the laundry. And I wonder if I'd be much in the way if I ran down to the kitchen and ironed them when they're dry? I'll not be a bit of trouble."

"The cook may object," says the landlady, blandly. "I don't mind myself."

"Oh, I'll get around her easy enough. Trust me for that. I always do out my handkerchiefs and small pieces wherever I board, and I—oh, while I think of it, I'd like to mention that I never drink any thing but green tea, and if it wouldn't be too much trouble, I'd like my bread made without a bit of salt in it. Perhaps it's only a notion, but I can't eat salted bread."

"I hardly know how to manage that," says the landlady, dubiously.

"Oh, it's to be easy enough. When you bake just make one loaf without salt in it. See? I hope you won't take a bit of trouble on my account if I'm sometimes too late for my meals. Sometimes I may be out shopping or may feel a little lazy in the morning and won't get up, but I'll soon find out where things are in the pantry and will just help myself without troubling any one."

This strikes the landlady so dumb that she can say nothing, and the obliging boarder guiltlessly rattles on.

"I like hot cakes for breakfast the year round, and, somehow, no kind of steak agrees with me but sirloin. Would you mind ringing for a servant and having her lower the window a little from the top? Oh, I see the blankets on the bed are white. It's only a foolish notion of mine, but I really prefer red blankets; and I see you have woven wire springs. Could you as well as not exchange them for the spiral springs? I much prefer them and I—" but the landlady, being new in the business, has gone from the room in a dazed condition of mind while the lady boarder redoubles her wits to writing as they occur to her during the day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Pretty Work-Basket.

A very convenient and pretty work-basket may be made of two peach-baskets. The baskets are firmly glued together, bottom to bottom, somewhat in the shape of an hour-glass. Then the entire structure is covered with sateen of any desired color, laid in full plaits, tacked at top and bottom, and at the point of union of the baskets. The top basket is lined with sateen. A piece of heavy pasteboard cut round and smoothly covered with sateen fits snugly, covering the bottom and making a neat finish. Full pockets are sewed in below the top of the basket. The outer rim has a deep, lace flounce, headed by box-plaited ribbon arranged to conceal the rim of the basket. A broad piece of ribbon, tied around where the bottoms of the baskets meet, is finished by a large bow.—*Parm and Fireside.*

The wonderful growth of music in the churches can not be remarked.

A woman at Oakland, Cal., who married a man thirty years younger than herself the other day, before the ceremony made him sign a paper relinquishing all claim in law and equity to her property, which she had acquired by hard work. She had seen three husbands laid in the silent tomb, and wanted to be quite sure that the young man who wanted to be the fourth was not marrying her for her money.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Matthew Arnold once said to an acquaintance: "You should know my wife. She has all of my sweetness and none of my conceit."

Bancroft, the historian, always writes under a high moral sense of duty. He wants every sentence to embody a fact or a true and noble sentiment.

Macaulay once wrote of a French writer, Barne, who hated England, that "the one small service which he could render to England was to hate her."

Miss Braddon, who married John Maxwell, her publisher, is said to make her influence felt as well in her kitchen as in her drawing-room, being a housekeeper as well as a novelist.

The journalists of Los Angeles, Cal., have founded a colony of their own at Ramona, in the San Gabriel valley. Among them, it is said, Thomas Nast, the famous cartoonist, will make his home.

Lord Salisbury, Premier of England, who was formerly a working journalist, is always as courteous as his position will allow to newspaper men, and frequently incloses news to men who were formerly his collaborators.

The London Spectator says of General Grant's "Memoirs" that they are "the true image of a man in whom the purely personal pleasure of success in battle was reduced to nothing and who was generally sorry at having to take his enemy's sword."

None of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's stories has been so successful as her "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which has paid her thousands of dollars in royalties. It still keeps up its popularity and is now near its fiftieth thousand in America, while many thousand copies of it have been sold in England. An Italian edition of the story has just been published in Rome, and a Berlin newspaper is publishing it serially.

Rev. Robert Collyer, author of "Talks to Young Men," was twenty-seven years old when he came to this country. He brought his bride over with him in the steerage. For nine years he worked as a blacksmith in Pennsylvania; then he became a local Methodist preacher, but later he became a Unitarian, and went to Chicago, where he soon made a reputation, and was finally called to the Church of the Messiah in New York.

A letter by Chateaubriand, dated October, 1825, and disposed of for sixty francs at a recent sale of autographs, contains the following passage: "I am not at all Republican in my principles, although I see very clearly that the incapacity of some and the superiority of others, is leading us in the direction of the Republic, and although I am fully able to comprehend the kind of popular liberty which, unknown to the ancients, has been evolved necessarily among ourselves by a more perfected state of society."

HUMOROUS.

Harlem has a base-ball club called "The Girls." It is doubtless referred to as the Feminine.—*Norrisburg Herald.*

Soda fountains generally do a rushing business. The fountain nozzle is an orator in its way. The more wind and froth the more noise.—*N. O. Picayune.*

She (sentimentally inclined)—"What is your favorite flower, Mr. Pitt? He (commercially inclined)—"Well, we handle various brands, but there is the biggest margin in red winter No. 2.—*Epoch.*

A youthful applicant for graduation on being asked the other day "What does history teach?" answered, "That the United States has never been whipped and never will be."—*Lexington (Ky.) Press.*

Physician to Mrs. Colonel Blood, of Kentucky—"How did your husband pass the night?" Mrs. Blood—"He seemed quite comfortable, sir, and asked for water several times." Physician (with a grave look)—"He's still flighy."—*Life.*

Jaggs—"No, sir; no two persons think alike, and"—Baggs—"O, yes they do. I owe you two dollars." Jaggs—"Don't let that bother you. I never thought you'd pay it, anyway, so"—Baggs—"There you are; my thought exactly."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Citizen (to leader of little German band)—"Here, Dutchy, is a five-dollar bill if you will play for an hour." Dutchy (highly pleased)—"Ah, you vos fond of dot music!" Citizen—"No; but a 250-pound enemy of mine occupies the second floor front and he is too big for me for me to tackle myself."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A middle-aged but rich widow, who had a very disagreeable temper, being in fact a perfect virago, complained to her son-in-law that she was annoyed by the attentions of a certain man. "How shall I get rid of him?" she asked. "Marry him," laconically replied the son-in-law. "I'd see him hanged first." "Just marry him, and it won't be long before he'll hang himself."

A sharp Maine constable opened a cement barrel the other day on suspicion. He found it packed solidly with sand, wet down, and in the middle of the barrel was a twenty-gallon keg of whisky.

WOMEN IN MORMONDOM.

Poor Deluded Creatures Who are Thoroughly Sincere in Their Belief.

Whatever the men may be, I believe the women are sincere, especially the foreigners, who are ignorant in the extreme and show it in their faces and speech and manners. Among the better classes, however, the women are intelligent and refined and well educated, sending their sons to college and their daughters to Europe, and living in every respect like their wealthy Gentile neighbors. Some of them profess to be very happy with their sisters, as they call their husbands' wives, while others openly denounce a system which has brought so much evil to them.

In a pretty cottage near our hotel was a Scotch woman who talked freely upon the subject. She married her husband, who was much older than herself, because asked to do so by his wife, with whom she lived happily for a time. Then fierce jealousies and quarrels ensued, and they lived a cat-and-dog life until the old man threw a bomb into the camp by telling them he was about to marry Rose, a fair-haired Swede of twenty. Then the first and second became a unit and waged war against the third, whose charms, however, prevailed, and she came to rule over them until the first wife died and the second packed up her goods and left the field to Rose, whose blue-eyed babies I saw, together with her husband, a man of seventy or more.

I was taken to the Lion House to call upon Eliza Snow, a widow of the great apostle, who had, when he died, eighteen wives, not including Ann Eliza, and forty-seven or fifty children. The room in which I was received was a pleasant, home-like apartment, with many portraits of the Youngs upon the walls, and among them one of Brigham. Sister Eliza, as she was called, had been the wife of Joseph Smith, the first expounder of Mormonism, and was about eighty years of age, with the sweet, placid face of one who, having outlived the joys and sorrows of life, was patiently waiting for the end. She was very intelligent and well informed, and talked freely upon various subjects, especially that of polygamy, in which she fully believed as something sacred and holy, alleging many arguments in its defense, one of which was that as women as a class, are much purer than men, it is better for a young girl to be sixth in the love of a good man than first in the heart of a bad one. She was a Mormon, and had been the wife of a man of many wives, and on that point I had no sympathy with her, but she impressed me as a sincere Christian woman, with nothing in her religion except polygamy which the most rigid Evangelist could not indorse; and when not long ago I heard that she was dead I felt sure that she had found the rest she was waiting for when, on the steps of the Lion House, with the moonlight falling on her silvery hair, she gave me her blessing and said good-bye forever.—*Mary J. Holmes, in Philadelphia Press.*

PECULIAR ERRORS.

Silps of the Tongue Made by Eloquent Preachers and Laymen.

The numerous funny errors made by eminent men would, if put together, make amusing reading. A well-known country clergyman in England, while reading a certain Psalm in church on Sunday, took his eyes off his book for an instant and could not regain his stopping place so that the sexton had to come to the rescue. On reaching home the clergyman's wife pointed out to him that he had halted just at the words: "his place could nowhere be found," having reference to the ephemeral flourishing of the ungodly.

I once heard a young man preach at a Methodist Church in England and he alluded to the marriage of a young nobleman with a "pleasant's daughter," and added: "imagine this young Lord at the wedding in costly attire and his poor bride in peasant dress!" A dress of feathers must have given her a "flighy" appearance.

I know a minister's son, too, who—as is customary with laymen in England—read the Sunday lessons for his father and on one occasion said at the beginning of a lesson: "Here—beginning the—chapter of the Gospel according St. Acts." He did not know it until informed of it afterward.

About a year ago I heard Bishop Potter, of New York, say in addressing a number of young people he had just confirmed: "These persons on whose hands I have just had the privilege of laying my head."

Another New York preacher I heard recently warn his hearers against "going down the narrow road leading to destruction."

Speaking of this, it may not be out of place to quote the words said to have been uttered some years ago by a certain Southern orator: "Dar as two roads frow dis worl—do one an do broad an' narrow road leadin' to destruction an' do other an do narrow an' broad road dat leads to sure perdition." "If dat an do case," said a hearer, "dis cullud individual takes to do woods!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Hon. Proctor Knott has a clock of which the works were made at Geneva in 1779, and the case by an uncle of President Cleveland in 1820.

LOTTERY PROSPERITY.

An Instance Which Shows That It Is Very Hard to Bear.

A very absurd story was recently told to me respecting the drawing of the Nice lottery. The first prize (\$100,000) was drawn by a workman of the great India rubber factory at Lingalee, near Montargis, which belongs to and is under the direction of Mr. Alexander Hutchinson, formerly of Connecticut, but for many years a resident of Paris. The lucky prizewinner, on coming into possession of his fortune, immediately bought himself a high hat and a handsome overcoat, and hired a carriage, in which he and his family went riding around the country. Up to the present time the chief acquisition he owes to his wealth is a severe attack of dyspepsia, for the form of self-indulgence to which he is inclined is that of good eating, and he has tried most of the celebrated dishes at the leading restaurants of Paris, with the result aforesaid.

But the amusing history connected with the Nice lottery is told not of him, but of a less fortunate ticket-holder, who was one of his comrades. This latter individual was a very ignorant and stupid fellow, a thorough type of the uncultivated class of the French peasantry. He could not read, but on hearing that his fellow-workman had won \$100,000, he contrived to decipher the numbers on his own ticket, which bore, as did all those that were issued, an announcement of the grand prize. He became wildly excited, and rushed about the village proclaiming to every body that he, too, had won 500,000 francs—it was on his ticket. "But that is on every one of the tickets," remonstrated his friends. He would not listen—every body was trying to cheat him, he declared, and he must find out how to get his prize paid over to him. "Take your ticket to the Mayor of Montargis," was the advice he received, "and he will tell you what to do."

That was all very well, but how was he to convey his ticket to Montargis? So, when he first bought it, fearing that it would get lost, he had pasted it on the door of his cow-house, and could not contrive to detach it. So, finally, he took the door off its hinges, hoisted it upon his back, and marched with it into Montargis, a distance of some two miles, followed by a jeering crowd, composed of all the rabble and all the small boys of Langlee. The mayor could only give the poor fellow the same information as had already been imparted to him by his comrades, namely, that his ticket was worthless; and so he was forced to carry his door all the way back home again.—*Paris Letter.*

THE AMERICAN MOOSE.

Nature and Habits of the Largest Member of the Deer Family.

The moose (Alce Americanus) is really an elk, being nearly identical with the elk of Europe. Is the largest animal of the deer kind, standing from fourteen to sixteen feet high at the shoulders and weighing eight hundred to one thousand two hundred pounds. With a head and ears like an overgrown jackass, wide-spreading palmated horns, clumsy, unsymmetrical body, and long legs, the animal is yet one of the fleetest and most untiring denizens of the forest. It will go all day at a trot which would distance a good horse; dash through dense thickets on a run as fast as the wind, and leap over barriers which would appal the stoutest steppeler-chaser. When driven to bay it turns on its pursuer and is a formidable antagonist. These animals are found sparingly in Maine, where they may legally be hunted, without dogs, from the 1st of September to the 1st of January, and a few still linger in the great forest region of Northern New York, where hunting them at any time is absolutely prohibited.

They are much more numerous in the forests of Canada and as far north as Labrador. Like all other members of the deer family, they shed their antlers every winter, and new ones grow the next summer. Additional prongs appear with each year's growth until the animal has passed the period of its greatest vigor, when the antlers gradually diminish, year by year. Efforts have been made to domesticate the fleet and powerful animals; but, however mild they may be at other times, a full-grown "bull" moose, when its antlers are in perfect condition, is intractable and dangerous, scoring the dominion of man. The Wapiti (Cervus Canadensis), which is commonly called an elk in this country, is in reality a stag, closely resembling its European congener of that name.—*American Agriculturist.*

"Why so contemplative, papa mine?" said the beautiful Miss Wash to her father, the eminent St. Louis pork-packer; "is your mind upon business cares intent?" "Yes, dear," he replied, pushing her away gently; "and you mustn't disturb me now. I have perfected a system by which I can make silvered pigtail favors for the German, and I am trying to think out something that will prevent the grunt from running entirely to waste."



of the 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 people 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 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 made 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.

## The Great Mark Down

PREVIOUS TO TAKING STOCK!

French and English Checked Silks reduced from \$1.00 to \$ .89  
24-inch Jersey Silks reduced to 1.39  
\$2.00 Black Satin Duchesse, reduced to 1.50  
\$2.00 Black Faille Francaise reduced to 1.60  
\$1.50 Black Satin Rhadame reduced to .79  
\$1.00 Black Silk (warranted) reduced to .95  
\$1.25 Black Silk Warp Henrietta reduced to 1.15  
\$1.50 Black Silk Warp Henrietta reduced to 1.25  
\$1.62 Black Silk Warp Henrietta reduced to .29  
50c. Tricots reduced to .35  
75c. French Dress Goods reduced to

- JOB LOTS OF FINE DRESS GOODS -

AT THE

GREATEST SACRIFICE!

Ever known. Closing out Ladies' and Misses' Outside Garments without regard to cost. 10 cent Challies reduced to 7 cents. Closing out Hosiery and Underwear cheap.

**TURNER BROS.,**  
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VISIT THE

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**OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL!**

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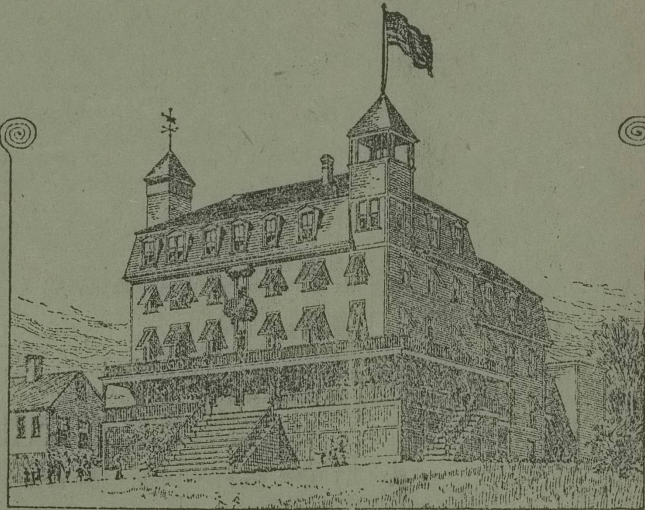
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W. F. PAUL, Proprietor,

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

**JOS. H. JEFFREY,**  
Fine Horses and Carriages!  
TO LET!

Anything from a Single Hitch to a

**FOUR-IN-HAND!**

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A Buckboard for the convenience of Parties.

Strangers carried to adjoining towns.

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Kennebunkport, Me.

Near Parker House.

**DR. BOURNE & CO.,**

DRUGGISTS,

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Eastman's and Lundberg's  
**PERFUMES;**

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Lily, Opoponax.

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**Fine Stationery!**

Boston Linen, Boston Bond, Over-  
land Mail, Marcus Ward's  
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Prices 10 to 70 cents per pound.

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the time; each acute attack being severe. At  
last, 15 months ago, she took to her bed remain-  
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but stood over her trying to relieve her terrible  
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to return, and she was able to walk about the  
room. Next day she walked to the gate, next  
day she walked to the gate, next day she walked  
a mile without inconvenience and in a  
fortnight was entirely well and able to do her  
housework, and has remained in perfect health  
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100 pieces 30-inch fine Satines, latest French designs, price 12 1-2 cts.

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One case, 40 pieces, All Wool Tricots, in dark and medium gray and brown mixtures, very  
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Black Henrietta Cloth, Silk Warps and All Wool ones. A full assortment and special value  
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A big Job Lot of Hamburgs, extra value, price 25 cts., former prices from 40 to 50 cts.

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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,  
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