

# KENNEBUNK ENTERPRISE.

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KENNEBUNK, MAINE, SEPT. 20, 1905.

PRICE 3 CENTS

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

ALL THE LOCAL HAPPENINGS CORRECTLY REPORTED.

FIRST-CLASS JOB OFFICE IN CONNECTION

## Local Notes

Getting frosty.  
Better get your winter's fuel in.  
Did you attend the Biddeford anniversary?  
The law on partridges came off Friday, Sept. 15.  
A. W. Meserve was in Boston Tuesday on business.  
Miss Fanny Gray of Lawrence is visiting friends in town.  
Repairs are being made on the Chase house on Main street.  
Master Richard Credford is confined to his home by illness.  
Mrs. Wiles, wife of Capt. Wiles, is visiting Mrs. Isa Smith.  
Winfield Kilgore recently visited his brother at Lisbon Falls.  
Just arrived—a fine line of moonlight evenings and cold mornings.  
H. E. Lunge is showing a fine window display of hunters' supplies.  
Mrs. Nora Boston and Mrs. Lillie Smart visited Sanford last Sunday.  
Mrs. Frank Ewing and son Paul, of Boston, are visiting Mrs. H. L. Hanson.  
The next attraction at the Biddeford opera house will be "David Harum," Sept. 22.  
The Mousam Water Co. have had the building where their office is located re-shingled.  
Mrs. R. W. Robinson and children, of Portland, visited Mr. and Mrs. Ray Wormwood Sunday.  
H. E. Lunge has been awarded the contract for the plumbing in Chas. Goodnow's new house.  
The state conference of the Congregational churches of Maine will be held in Gardiner, Sept. 26-28.  
Chas. Kelley shot a fish hawk, last Friday, which measured five feet, eight inches, across the wings.  
Mrs. J. R. Mitchell and children have been spending a vacation with her sister, Mrs. Baker, at Ashland, N. H.  
Miss Lucy Thompson is entertaining her relatives, Jack Thompson and Miss Bessie Thompson from New York.  
The Mousam House is undergoing extensive repairs and will present a very attractive appearance when completed.  
William Allison's little daughter Florence is more fortunate than the majority, relative to great-grand-mothers, possessing four.  
Wesley Allison Jr., one of Kennebunk's bright young men, who is employed as agent for a large steel firm in Philadelphia, has been enjoying a short vacation with relatives and friends, returned to his duties Sunday.

James MacBride, who has been ill with pneumonia for the past three weeks, is slowly improving.  
Mrs. John Merrill and daughter, of Portland have moved into the tenement on Main street, recently vacated by Mr. Cane.  
Mrs. Abbie Cousens, who has been visiting her niece, Mrs. Herbert Ricker, returned to her home in Somerville, Friday.  
Chas. Cole, Wm. Stanley, H. E. Lunge and Don Chamberlain went on a gunning trip to Waterboro last Friday in Mr. Chamberlain's auto.  
Mrs. Jocelyn Horne, who has been the guest of Mrs. A. J. Credford for a few weeks, returned to her home in New York last Thursday.  
Several of the sporting men of our village are to be seen upon the street unusually early in the morning on their way to the hunting grounds.  
Titcomb, the barber, is having a hen house built. The building will be 15x50 feet. Mr. Titcomb intends going into the poultry business on an extensive scale.  
Paul Andrews has on exhibition in the show window of H. E. Lunge's store a very rare specimen of the Sickle-bill Curlew. This bird is seldom seen in this state.  
Biddeford certainly did itself proud on its fiftieth anniversary. Many from this town attended, a large number going over Thursday to witness the grand parade.  
There was only one session in the village schools last Friday, giving the teachers and pupils an opportunity to attend the celebration at Biddeford, in the afternoon.  
The sewing society of Ivy Assembly, P. S., will meet with Miss J. G. Boston at her home at the Landing next Tuesday evening, Sept. 26. A full attendance is requested.  
An alarm of fire was rung in from Box 27 last Thursday afternoon. It proved to be a slight blaze in the foundry at Varney's Plow Works, very little damage resulting.  
Salus lodge held an especially interesting meeting last Tuesday evening. There were thirteen present from Cape Arundel lodge, Cape Porpoise, and two from Seaside lodge, Kennebunkport.  
Col. and Mrs. Charles R. Littlefield started on Sept. 16th for a vacation in the White Mountain region, where they expect to be joined by Pay Director Chas. W. Littlefield. They will visit many points of interest.  
Mrs. Alice Johnson of Portland has been in the village for a few days, disposing of her father's household goods. Mrs. Johnson's father, Mr. Storer will go to Portland and will make his home with Mrs. Johnson in the future.

## European Letter

### A Visit to the Birthplace of the Poet Shakespeare

We have been taking a delightful trip to the home of Shakespeare, and Kenilworth, and as part of our trip was made by carriage we have gained quite a good idea of the English country roads, which are very beautiful.  
Of course, the center of interest is the birthplace of the great poet, on the north side of Henley street, Stratford-on-Avon.  
John Shakespeare, the poet's father, used a part of the building for his business of wool-stapler and glover, and about the close of his life it was divided into three tenements, the center one ever since being known as Shakespeare's birthplace.  
We were admitted first to the quaint old kitchen and living room of the family, with its low ceiling, old-fashioned fire-place and rough stone floor, which used formerly to be strewn with rushes, according to the custom of those times.  
It all looked forlorn and desolate and when we climbed to the room above, where Shakespeare first opened his eyes upon this world in which he was to play such a wonderful part, it seems incongruous that the one who could people it with such a fair procession of kings and queens, ladies and lords, beautiful maidens and brave men, should have had such a humble beginning upon its stage himself.  
One of the most satisfactory parts of the place was the garden, where all the trees and flowers mentioned in his works have, as far as possible, been planted, and they are always lovely wherever we may find them, and a sprig of rosemary for remembrance seems in some way a more fitting reminder than a battered stone floor which has been tramped over by the butcher who kept shop in the historic place.  
Great care is being taken, however, to protect the place. Adjoining cottages have been torn down to secure it from fire, and the building has been restored, to present as nearly as possible its original appearance.  
In some respects, Anne Hathaway's cottage was more satisfactory. The sun shone so brightly in the gay little garden; and the lawn, though tiny, was such a picturesque spot one could imagine the poet coming across the fields with eager feet, and sitting in chilly evenings on the old seat by the big fireplace with Anne.  
We visited the old church also, where rests all that is mortal of the great poet, protected by the well-known inscription:—  
"Cursed be he  
Who moves my bones."  
We did not have time to enter the fine theatre where his plays are presented, as we wished to see something of the country by driving, rather than go all the way by rail.  
The country about Kenilworth is very attractive, as the titled proprietors of the adjoining lands keep everything in good condition and the roads are so fine and smooth it is delightful to drive over them.  
Kenilworth is a grand old ruin, covered with ivy, with enough of its ancient walls remaining to allow one to trace many historical scenes.  
It was a bright afternoon when we saw it, and judging from the pinnacles going on, must be a favorite spot for the young people, and we fancy many new romances have begun in the place where the old ones were long since finished.  
From Kenilworth it was not a long trip to Coventry, the city of the three spires and the story of Lady Godiva's famous ride. We saw the figures of "Peeping Tom" learning out of two windows, but believe the legend is attached to a window in the center of the town, which proves that curiosity is not always confined to the so-called weaker sex. We saw also the statue of the Lady. The fine old hall and curious churches make the place one of interest to tourists.  
We made rather an amusing procession ourselves, on the way to Coventry, as we refused to pay what we considered the exorbitant demand of a driver who was trying, in cabman fashion, to get extra pay out of us. We hired a number of boys to carry our luggage and took a triumphant march to the station, on foot, showing the driver that all Americans are not to be imposed upon, and that if all the carriages are engaged but one, there is some escape from an awkward dilemma if people have independence enough to carry them through.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## West Kennebunk

Mr. Charles Rowe is visiting friends in town.  
Sister Mildram Hanson spent Sunday in town.  
Mr. R. L. Webber was in Boston last Thursday.  
Mrs. D. H. Thing is in Boston for a few weeks.  
Mrs. L. M. Whitten and sister are visiting in Portland.  
Miss Jessie S. Littlefield is visiting friends at Waterville.  
Katie M. Allen is enjoying a vacation with friends in Dover.  
Mr. Stephen Allen raised ten potatoes which weighed 13 lbs.  
Miss Susie Kimball spent the day, Thursday, with Mrs. E. R. Day.  
G. A. Adjutant of York Beach is paying a short visit to friends on Pleasant street.  
Miss Hattie Stokes and Miss Noble, of Lawrence, are welcome guests at J. N. Brown's.  
Mrs. and Miss Creelman are absent on a business trip to Boston, New York and Portland.  
Schools opened Monday with a full attendance. Misses Fisk and Kimball in charge of same.  
Mrs. A. Noble and Miss Laura Downs were in Waterboro Sunday, visiting Mrs. Noble's son.  
Mrs. Everett Nason and daughter are spending the fall at the home of her father, C. F. Webber.  
Mr. Horace M. Wiggins of Portsmouth has been a guest at the home of J. D. Tripp for a few days.  
Garden thieves are quite busy this fall. They may get caught in a trap they are not looking for.  
Mr. Merton Jones and wife, of Newburyport, were in town over Sunday, visiting Mr. Jones parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Jones.  
The constables stopped fast driving on the streets Sunday and lodged the rum part of it in the lockup, to wait for a hearing Monday.  
Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. C. H. Noble and daughter Millie have returned from a visit to Lynn and Boston and are full of good cheer for the fall work here.  
M. B. Jones and Morris Goodwin recently passed the examination for promotion from baggage masters to conductors on the Boston & Maine railroad.  
Mrs. R. L. Webber, Miss Blanch Weeks, Miss Agnes Webb and Mrs. George Littlefield were in Kittery last Saturday to visit their sister, Mrs. Florence Parker.  
We are pleased to congratulate Fred W. Jones of Jones Hill on his safe return from his wedding trip. We hope for many happy returns of the day to him and his bride.  
The new power station to be built near the old Estes mill on the Mousam will put in the shade all other power on the river. It is to be finished by Jan. 1, 1906. Machinery and power engines are being shipped to hasten the work.

## Wells Branch

The new furnace for the Free Baptist church has arrived.  
Mr. George Goodwin and Mrs. Laura Littlefield who were on sick last week are improving.  
E. R. Clark of Oak Grove farm is shipping some very handsome Jerseys to Connecticut.  
Dr. J. F. Albion of Portland preached a most excellent sermon at the Universalist church last Sunday.  
Those who attended the Baptist Circle at Mark Farnham's last Thursday evening report a very pleasant time.  
Miss Clarisa Chick, who has been at the Wentworth House, Kennebunk Beach for the summer, returned home last week.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Nickett and Miss Gladys Hadlock of Haverhill, Mass. are spending their vacation at Oak Grove Farm.  
Miss Marion Gowen left last Saturday to begin her duties as teacher at West Newbury. The best wishes of a host of friends go with her.

## A Musical Treat

Last week, just before Mrs. Jocelyn Horne left for her home in New York city, she gave a most delightful half hour of song at the home of Miss Carrie Remick. Those present enjoyed the occasion most thoroughly and it was to be regretted that more could not have heard her. Next summer Mrs. Horne expects to come early and start a class in singing, as many have expressed themselves as being most anxious to have the privilege of studying with her.

## Trolley Notes

Travel is still quite heavy.  
There ought to be water enough to last for some time.  
The preliminary work on the new dam is well under way and several gangs of laborers have already arrived.  
The half hour service between Town House and the Port, and Kennebunk and Town House, has been discontinued.  
The 5.30 trip from Sanford was not run last Monday morning, owing to some difficulty at the Old Falls power house.  
Numerous changes are taking place among the motormen and conductors, some of the extra employees leaving and others changing around.  
The road is being graded and repaired between Kennebunk and Town House.  
Supt. Murch is certainly putting the entire line in first-class shape for winter.  
Deer are becoming quite plentiful along the line. The crew of the 5:30 a. m. car from Sanford saw three one morning recently, just above Whitcho's Mill.  
The temperance meeting which was advertised to take place at Old Falls last Sunday, under the auspices of Kennebunk parties, did not prove very successful.  
Motorman Enoch Perkins has resigned his position and will be employed on the new dam. The genial "Perk" is a favorite among his fellow-workers and the patrons of the road, who regret his departure. Mr. Perkins has served the company long and faithfully and all join in wishing him success in his new position.

## B. & M. Improvements

The Boston & Maine Railroad Co. is laying the track on the spur in Wells, between Wells Beach station and North Berwick, on the Western division, and changing the rail from a sixty pound to an eighty-five pound rail. Seth Towne of Saco Road, Kennebunkport has the work in charge.  
It is also planned to lay a second track on this division between Kennebunk and West Biddeford, and on the Eastern division between Portsmouth and Conway Junction and between Rockingham Junction and Dover, N. H. This, when finished will complete the double track from Boston, Mass., to Dover, N. H. Mr. Towne will, no doubt, have charge of the work between Kennebunk and West Biddeford. He has laid every foot of the rail from North Berwick to Portland once and in some places twice. He has been in the employ of the B. & M. for several years.  
The intended improvements will greatly facilitate the traffic and passenger service on the road.

## Hunters' Licenses

Are Now Being Issued For the Coming Season at Augusta.

The new licenses for non-resident hunters have been received at the department of inland fisheries and game and are now being issued to such persons as have made application for them. The license is quite an imposing document in appearance, its dimensions being 14 x 19 inches, and is printed on a dark red cardboard, with cloth back. The ink used is black and the card is illuminated by the figures 1905 in gilt in the center. The license itself occupies the center section of the card and is flanked on each side by coupons which allow the hunter to kill and take out of the state one bull moose, two deer, 12 ducks, 12 partridges and 12 wood-cock, under such rules and regulations as have been established by the commissioners.—Biddeford Journal.

## Library Notes

The publishers are sending out their catalogues of the fall books and we are expecting soon to have a large addition to our shelves of the latest books of fiction.  
Mr. F. P. Hall has been arranging the books received from the estate of the late Edward M. Lord of Newton, Mass., which are to be divided between the First Parish Library and the Free Library association. The books consist mainly of standard works and will be of great aid to our reference department, which will be open to the public on the first Wednesday in October, from three to five o'clock.  
Much interest was shown in this new departure last year so it has been thought best to continue the department thus giving our young people and others interested in historical research, valuable aid in their studies.

## Local Notes

O. W. Clarke is having a Kelsey generator put in his house.  
Mrs. H. C. Saunders is visiting her mother, at Ossipee, N. H.  
Mrs. John Getchell is slowing recovering from her recent illness.  
Mrs. William Robinson of Woodfords has been in town on a visit.  
H. E. Lunges' new tin knocker took his leave last Saturday night.  
Howard Wakefield, clerk in the Day-light store, is out on a vacation.  
The splitting room in the counter works is shut down for two weeks.  
Rev. Augustus M. Lord and family left for Providence, R. I., last Saturday.  
Nathan W. Hartwell visited his sister, Mrs. Wm. Smith, in Waltham during the week.  
Chas. Cole is having a bath room put in his house. H. E. Lunge is doing the work.  
Miss Flora Webber is spending her vacation in Boston, visiting relatives and friends.  
The railroad house, occupied by Station Agent G. L. Allen, is receiving a fresh coat of paint.  
Mrs. John Nedean, who has been spending the past two weeks in Massachusetts, returned home Monday.  
Chas. Goodnow's house is now ready for the finish. Mr. Goodnow expects to be able to move into it about Jan. 1.  
C. O. Brawn, who has been working at Alfred, has finished his labors in that town and is now working on the new Catholic church.

Harry Leighton, clerk in Meserve's drug store, has returned to work after spending a three weeks vacation at his home in Biddeford.  
Tax Collector Webber is busy these days, as a great many tax payers are taking advantage of the 5 per cent. discount which expires Sept. 30.  
Postmaster Fairfield is working in the bank in the absence of the cashier, C. R. Littlefield. Mr. Fairfield's son, Harry F. Fairfield, is officiating in the post office.  
Contractors Jones & Clark have commenced work on the new Catholic church. It is the intention of these gentlemen to push the work as rapidly as possible.  
Some difficulty is being experienced in excavating for the cellar at the Congregational church, the wet weather causing the dirt to cave, also filling the cellar with water.  
Wilbur Chase, clerk in Brown's grocery store, is out on a two weeks vacation. Mr. Chase is spending most of his time in the woods with his gun. He reports game quite plentiful.  
Mrs. Pike of Springfield, Mass., is visiting relatives in town. It has been eight years since she has visited Kennebunk and she says she can see that there have been great changes during that time.  
Leon Rogers is having the house he recently purchased, remodeled. Mr. Rogers is to have a bath room with hot and cold water, also a heating system. Enoch Cousens of West Kennebunk has charge of the carpenter work and H. E. Lunge is doing the plumbing.  
Mrs. Jocelyn Horne and Mrs. A. J. Credford travelled to New York last week, leaving Thursday morning and taking in Harvard College at Cambridge, Yale at New Haven and several other points of interest along the route. A letter giving an account of this interesting trip, will be published later.  
G. L. Allen, station agent here, was in Portland last Sunday, in attendance at the meeting of the Boston & Maine Agents' Association, held in that city. This association is composed of the agents of the B. & M. system and meets on the third Sunday in each month somewhere on the line. Mr. Allen reports having a very fine time.

## York Baptist Ass'n

The 129th annual meeting of the York Baptist association met at the Baptist church in this town last Wednesday and Thursday. Notwithstanding the unpleasant weather at the outset there was an unusually large attendance. Inspiring addresses were given by representatives of denominational, missionary and charitable societies. The annual sermon was preached by Rev. F. W. Peakes of North Berwick and Rev. A. E. Kingsley of South Berwick preached the doctrinal sermon. Noteworthy addresses were given by Rev. J. A. Cook of Bloomfield, N. J. and by Rev. Bowley Green of the First Baptist church, Portland. The meeting was an unusual success, both in attendance and interest.

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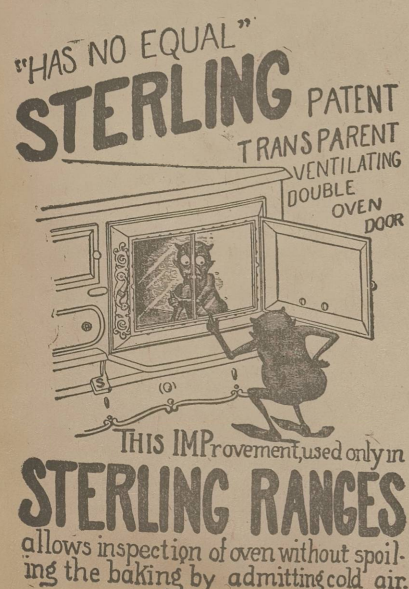
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KENNEBUNK ENTERPRISE

DEVOTED TO THE GENERAL INTERESTS OF YORK COUNTY

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WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 20, 1905.

Intermediation

"As incapable of doing the task as Phaeton when he is given permission 'To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.'"

What are nations all but men?  
Why then standing thus at bay?  
Theirs to name the glad time when  
Bloodshed shall be swept away,  
See, so near the door of peace;  
Each waits just outside the portal;  
Though man may indeed be mortal,  
He may bid the warfare cease.

There approaches one more brave,  
Grasps each nation by the hand,  
Is it in his power to save?  
His the path thus to command?  
Yet he only seeks their weal;  
Will they scorn the aid he proffers?  
Dare they spurn the help he offers?  
Doubts o'er all his senses steal.

May, no Phaeton he; 'tis done,  
And from Portsmouth comes the cry  
That the victory has been won;  
They no more manhood deny;  
Others conquered not, but came;  
He dared most where others trembled;  
Faced the fight while they dissembled;  
Laurels wreath round Roosevelt's name.

HELEN FRANCES WARD.

Lake Winnepesaukee Excursion,  
Monday, September 25. Regu-  
lar Rates via Boston &  
Maine Railroad.

Lake Winnepesaukee, situated at the foot hills of White Mountains and the entrance to the Merrimaak Valley, is the ideal outing place in New England. A large and beautiful steamer, the Mt. Washington, sails over the lake, covering a course of about sixty miles, and from the decks of this steamer one can get an excellent view of Passaconaway and the nearer mountain peaks. On a clear day the far away peaks are clearly visible and the view of the surrounding country is magnificent. Hundreds of islands dot the surface of the lake and numerous harbors and coves are veritable mecca for the lake and summer cottager and camper. On Monday, September 25, the Boston & Maine R. R. will run a round trip excursion to Center Harbor on Lake Winnepesaukee at the very low rate of \$1.75. Tickets will be on sale at this station and other principal stations on the Boston & Maine R. R. For full information regarding stations and rates, see Boston & Maine posters or inquire of

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By JOHN ROE GORDON

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CHAPTER XX.  
THE ATTACK ON THE CARAVAN.

IN the morning, after waiting and watching all night, the caravan was discovered slowly making its way along the pass. Palpak called Harvey and Orskoff to him at the edge of the cliff.

"We will attack the caravan in this way," he said. "My men are now divided, and one-half is under my brother Domitan, who is very brave and a good officer. His section will go up the pass to head off the camels if they bolt and run beyond our reach. My own section will attack at this spot. You will be with me."

"I should say so," said Harvey. "We want to be in this business from start to finish."

"But it would be safer to remain hidden."

"It would be impossible. Orskoff is a fighting man and would not remain idle while his sweetheart is in danger. I am not a fighting man, but I could not remain in hiding while you were fighting for the girl I love."

Domitan came up.

"It will be well for us to plan, my brother," he said. "The caravan will soon be here."

"We have already planned," said Palpak sternly. "You will take your men farther up the pass. Lie in wait there. If the camels bearing the young women escape, you can capture them. I will remain here and attack."

"Heretofore I have been asked in councils," said Domitan surlily.

"You will obey," said Palpak.

"It is evident," said Harvey to Orskoff, "that, though he forgives, he does not forget."

Domitan soon had his men under way. They took a winding path through the woods leading to the pass.

"I trust there will be as little bloodshed as possible," said Harvey to Palpak. "We want to get the girls, but do not wish to commit unnecessary murder. These soldiers are simply obeying orders, as your own men are doing."

"We will save your women, but the rest of the matter must be left to us. I see by the size of the caravan that there is much treasure."

The caravan came on. Riding ahead was an officer of the ameer in brilliant garb. Following him were twenty horsemen, all well armed. Then came two camels, each led by a soldier. The first bore in its howdah the girl intended for the bride of the prince. Alma was in the second one. She still wore the uniform of the inspector general of prisons. Then came twenty more horsemen, a string of camels and mules bearing merchandise of all kinds and horses on which rode Turkish, Persian and Hebrew merchants.

Silently Palpak led his men down a steep and difficult path. They waited in hiding till the head of the caravan was opposite. A peculiar cry from Palpak sent them dashing into the road. Palpak's men had left their horses above on the cliff and were at a disadvantage, but they outnumbered the Bokharans. At the first volley three of the ameer's soldiers fell from their horses. A terrific outcry followed, but the officer in command was brave and calm and soon rallied them. They formed in a circle around the camels bearing the two girls, while the merchants and the camels bearing their goods scuttled for safety. Palpak rallied his men and led them in a ferocious onslaught, but the direct and steady

when the ameer's horsemen came upon them.

The battle of the ameer's men was being waged chiefly by the officer in command, who seemed not to know the word fear and who seemed to be impervious to bullets. Mounted on a fine horse, he led every charge. Harvey saw that so long as the Bokharans were inspired by this officer they were well nigh invincible. He watched his chance to cope with the commander in person.

At last it came. The officer, in making a dash through the forces of the Zannucks, was beset by several of them with spears. He brought his horse suddenly to a halt, tried to swerve, and the horse came down almost on his haunches. With a quick leap Harvey sprang upon the horse behind the officer. Spears about to be hurled were lowered, and the men stood in amazement. The officer tried to turn, to reach Harvey with his sword, but the iron arms of the American were around his neck, and he was soon choked into submission. With a shout of victory Harvey hurled him to the ground.

"Now, Palpak! Now!" he cried, and with a rush the Zannucks attacked again. Their onslaught was so ferocious that the soldiers of the ameer fled along the pass, to be met by Domitan with the remaining hundred.

"Victory!" cried Harvey. "Victory!" He sped to the camels, as did Orskoff, and at the command of Koura, who could manage the beasts, the camels knelt. Alma and Koura were soon in their lovers' arms.

"My darling! My darling! You are saved!" cried Harvey. "The Bokharans have been defeated!"

"They would not have been," said Orskoff, "but for the brains of your American."

"How is it you are on Bokharan soil against the command of the czar, my captain?" asked Koura.

"To save you, my sweet one; to save the girl I love. I learned my duty from the American."

So absorbed were they in their greetings that a cry from the Zannucks did not reach them. Happening to turn his head, Harvey saw the form of Palpak stretched upon the ground.

"Good heaven! Palpak killed!" he exclaimed.

He rushed to the chief and found that he was severely wounded.

"Who knows anything about surgery?" he asked. As no one answered, Harvey knelt beside the chief and began dressing the bullet wound in his side.

"Is it the last of me, my friend?" said Palpak.

"Perhaps not. I'm pretty good at this sort of thing. Be patient, and we'll see what can be done."

The hoofs of a horse pounding the road caused them to look up. Domita soon appeared.

"How goes the fight here?" he demanded. "We have defeated the soldiers of the ameer."

"And so did we," said one of the captains, "but Palpak, our chief, is wounded."

"Palpak wounded?"

They led Domitan to his brother. There was no sympathy in his dark face.

"Art thou wounded to thy death, my brother?"

"This American friend saith he can do much, yet I fear the bullet has reached a spot that kills."

"It is customary for a dying chieftain to proclaim his successor. I am thy eldest brother and so will become chief."

Already the eyes of Palpak were glazing, and he was growing weaker.

"Yes, thou art chief," he whispered. Then, motioning to his captains to gather round, he said: "Domitan is chief, I die."

Domitan, as soon as he was convinced that his brother was dead, became a changed man.

"Zannucks," he shouted, "I am thy chief! Obey me as thou obeyed my brother, and I will make thee rich with the spoils of the caravans. We will pay no taxes to the ameer, but will give him battle in the mountains and kill his soldiers. And thou, American and Muscovite, shalt become my slaves and wait upon me in the palace I will build. I shall not be called chief, but king, and the prettiest of the girls we have rescued from the Bokharans shall be my queen."

"Nonsense!" said Harvey. "Your brother promised that we should be sent to the coast safely."

"Let my brother fulfill his promise. I am chief, and thou art now my prisoner. Obey me or thy life will go as did my brother's."

Harvey made a gesture as if to draw his pistol, and Domitan sprang upon him.

"The other! Seize the other! Bind them both!" he cried.

Alma and Koura screamed with terror as they saw their gallant lovers almost buried under the Zannucks that hurried themselves upon them. In a few minutes Harvey and Orskoff were securely bound.

"Dogs of unbelievers!" cried Domitan, shaking his fist in their faces. "Thou interfered with my plans before! Remember the cave! Now will

I pay in good coin! Slaves, forever shalt thou serve me!"

Harvey did not answer. He looked at Alma. The poor girl was trembling with terror, and tears were pouring down her cheeks.

"Cheer up, my darling!" he said to her. "We will soon be out of this!"

The clatter of horses on the road could be heard, and the force Domitan had left fighting came up.

"We routed them well," said one of the captains. "What! Is Palpak killed?"

"I am thy chief!" said Domitan.

"But there was treasure in the caravan! Where are the camels of the merchants?"

"Below. They fled. After them, and bring them back!"

Fifty started, and the remainder prepared to bury the dead. It was now late in the day, and Domitan was eager to get his caravan off the highway lest a returning force of Bokharans turn victory into defeat.

"We have two of the best camels of the ameer," he said. "We cannot take them up the side of the cliff. We must travel by way of the road farther up. We will arrange for the burial of the dead, foes as well as friends. Remove all trace of the fight."

The two girls were tenderly cared for, Domitan studying them carefully, as if to decide which was the more beautiful.

"There is my queen," he said, pointing to Alma. "The Georgian is beautiful, but this one, this Muscovite, suits me. I will make her my wife."

"Not much," said Harvey. "There's going to be another deal all around before that takes place."

"Dog! Pig! Be silent!" growled Domitan.

A meal was served, and the two girls were royally treated. A dozen soldiers waited upon them.

After this delay Domitan ordered his men to move, and the entire caravan, captured camels, horses and all, withdrew from the highway and made camp in the thick forest that formed the border of the pass. The horses were left upon the cliff in charge of a few men, and camp was made for the night. Plans for removing the booty to the Zannuck village could be made in the morning. Sentinels were stationed, and a guard was placed over the two girls. Harvey and Orskoff, bound, were thrust under a bush and left there.

"This is terrible!" groaned Orskoff. "We have failed, with all our planning."

"Sh-h," whispered Harvey. "Make them think we are sleeping."

"The fellow has another plan," thought Orskoff.

The hours of the night dragged wearily. The soldiers slept, and, not being accustomed in their wild life to keeping guard at night, most of the guards were asleep by midnight. Harvey and Orskoff lay close together. A wriggling motion on the part of Harvey attracted the Russian. In a moment he felt a nudge in the side. Harvey was sitting up, his hands free, industriously untying the cords around his legs and feet. With a swift slash of his knife he set the Russian free.

"Come!" he whispered.

He crawled away in the darkness, keeping in the deeper shadows of the trees. Orskoff followed. Neither spoke for many minutes. They kept working their way in the direction of the road and away from Sloom. At last, having cleared the camp, Harvey stood up straight.

"What is your plan?" whispered Orskoff breathlessly.

"I have none except to get away," said Harvey. "Free, we can do something. Let's walk along this road, and as we walk we can think."

CHAPTER XXI.  
THE MONASTERY OF THE LAMAS.

"SURELY," said Orskoff, peering in the darkness at the face of the American, "it is not your purpose to desert the girls."

"I should say not; but with our feet and hands tied and we helpless in that camp we could not assist them. It's this way; Domitan is now camping in the woods. His horses are on the cliff. According to what he said, there is a road farther up the pass by which he will take the camels to the mountains. If thatascal ever gets the girls into the Zannuck stronghold, nothing that we can do will avail. We've got to think of something to do now."

"But what? Is it to fight? I will fight to the last drop of blood!"

"No; fighting will not help us. We've got to win out by some trick."

They sat down, and Orskoff leaned his head in his hands. Harvey became intent with his thoughts.

"Hello!" said Harvey, getting to his feet quickly. "Somebody around here! Hear that noise? Sounds like a wounded man calling for aid."

"Must be one of the Zannucks or one of the ameer's men who crawled here to get out of the way."

"I'm going to see who and what it is," said Harvey. "I can't see friend or enemy suffer when helpless."

They soon discovered a man, wounded by spear and sword, lying near the side of the road.

"Art thou friends?" he whispered in the tongue of the ameer's people.

"We have reason to be enemies, but we have no wish to harm you. Is there anything we can do?"

"Canst thou bring water?"

"I could if I knew where there was any," said Harvey. "Do you know of a river or spring near by?"

"Nay, there is none nearer than the Batoola temple."

"And what is this Batoola temple?"

"A place for lamas—priests of the monastery. There are many there. They are hospitable. If I could get there, they would know how to deal with my wounds."

"How far is it?"

"It is not far. It stands on the high-

way, but is surrounded by high walls."

"How came you here?"

"I was with the ameer's men when we were attacked by the Zannucks. I was wounded and crawled away from the pass, for the Zannucks kill all their wounded enemies. I could go no farther."

"You came to a good place. The Zannucks are almost within reach of our voices. But tell me more about that Batoola temple."

"As I said, it is a lama monastery. There are monks of all kinds there—missionary monks, begging monks, praying monks."

"Are they all natives of Bokhara?"

"Not all. They come of many nations. Could I be carried there?" asked the wounded soldier.

"We have work to do here," broke in Orskoff. "We cannot give you the time."

"You spoke of begging monks," said Harvey. "What do they beg? How do they reach people?"

"They walk along the roads and ask alms of all they meet. It is in this way the monasteries are supported."

"What do they wear? What sort of looking?"

"You interested in monks?" interrupted Orskoff impatiently. "We have no time to think of them."

"I am thinking of them very hard just now."

Again addressing the wounded man, Harvey asked:

"What sort of garb do these monks wear?"

"Cloaks and hoods. They are humble and holy men."

"I've seen them near Lake Balkal in Siberia," said Orskoff. "They cover their heads and faces so their own grandmothers wouldn't recognize them."

"Oh, they do! And the monastery is poor, supported by alms?"

"Yes," said the soldier of the ameer. "You want to go there?"

"I would live if I could be carried there."

"If we could make a litter of some kind, we might do it."

"We could manage with our coats to make a chair in which to carry him," said Orskoff, "but we have not the time. We cannot forsake our duty to the girls for a wounded enemy."

"We are not forsaking the girls. I have an idea these monks can be of use to us. I want to see them. Help me make the chair."

Harvey's voice was imperative. Orskoff protested, but it was of no avail. He tied the sleeves of their coats together and formed what he called a Russian field chair. The wounded man was then picked up, and the three started off.

"Tell me more about these monks," said Harvey as they went along.

"They are priests of the religion of Buddha-Sakymuni. They are good and holy men."

"Have I not heard somewhere that they are supposed to be gifted with the power to foretell the future—a sort of second sight?"

"Yes, they have magic sight."

"Are the Zannucks believers in these monks?"

"Yes, all of them."

"How shall we know when we reach this monastery?"

"There is a light at the pool. If I can be bathed in the sacred pool of Batoola, I shall be cured."

"What pool is that?"

"The life giving pool of Batoola. It is just within the first gate. One who bathes in it is made holy and is given much power by the Dalai lama."

"Watch for the light. But the dawn is breaking; we shall soon be able to see for ourselves."

An hour later they saw the stone walls of the lama monastery.

"The first gate is there," said the Bokharan, who proved to be a young, handsome fellow and seemed inclined to be friendly.

"How do we call them?" asked Harvey as they reached the iron gate.

"There is a rope. Pull it, and a bell will ring."

Harvey pulled a rope that dangled from above, and inside a bell tolled twice. Immediately the wicket of the gate was opened.

"Who thus disturbs the peace of this holy city?" asked a voice.

The hooded face of a monk peered out at them.

"A wounded soldier of the ameer who seeks thy help," answered the young Bokharan.

"Enter."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Too Many Vindications.

A man named Bill was always getting in trouble. "But," he would say to his friends afterward, "I was vindicated. Wicked men said cruel things about me, but I was vindicated."

After this had happened seven or eight times an old fellow said: "Bill, I quit you right here. You have been vindicated oftener than becomes an honest man."—Atchison Globe.

Cynical.

Doctor (to wealthy old lady, convalescent after a severe illness)—Have you no bright, cheerful relations who could come and stay with you? Old Lady—Oh, yes; many. But they wouldn't be a bit cheerful if they thought I was getting better.

Suggestive.

Jorkins—My dear, I wish you would not sing that song about "falling dew." Mrs. Jorkins—Why not? Jorkins—It reminds me too much of the house rent.

In Harmony.

"What color does madam wish me to give her hair today?"

"Black, please. I'm going to a funeral."—Paris Annales.

Nothing can work me damage but myself.—St. Bernard.

SOCIETIES.

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

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

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

YORK LODGE, No. 32, F. & A. M.: Geo. A. Gilpatrick, secretary. Meets on or before the full moon each month. Murray Chapter meets Monday following full moon. St. Amand Commandery meets second Thursday each month.

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

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

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

EARNEST LODGE, No. 55, I. O. G. T.: Regular meetings held in their hall every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

CHURCH SERVICES.

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

Sunday: 10:30 a. m. Preaching Service.  
11:30 a. m. Bible School.  
6:15 p. m. Young People's Meeting.  
7:00 p. m. Prayer Meeting.  
Monday: 7:30 p. m. Young People's Meeting.  
Wednesday: 7:30 p. m. Praise and Prayer Meeting.  
Covenant Meeting last Friday evening in month.

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

Sunday: 10:30 a. m. Preaching Service.  
12:00 p. m. Sunday School.  
7:00 p. m. Evening Service.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Dane Street.  
REV. A. C. FULTON.

Sunday: 10:30 a. m. Preaching Service.  
12:00 p. m. Sunday School.  
7:00 p. m. Evening Service.  
Wednesday: 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting.

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

Sunday: 11:00 a. m. Junior League.  
2:00 p. m. Preaching Service.  
3:00 p. m. Bible School.  
7:00 p. m. Evening Services.  
Monday: 7:30 p. m. Epworth League.  
Wednesday: 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting.  
Friday: 7:30 p. m. Class Meeting.

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

Sunday Services at 10:45 a. m.  
Subjects and sermons copyrighted by the Rev. Mary Baker Eddy.

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

Sunday: 10:30 a. m. Preaching Service.  
11:45 a. m. Sunday School.  
Tuesday: 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting.  
Friday: 7:30 p. m. Class Meeting at Miss V W. Consens.

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

Services every First Sunday at 8:30 a. m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

MISS ELLA A. CLARKE, Librarian.  
Library Hours, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, from 7 to 8 o'clock. Saturday afternoons from 2:30 to 4:00 o'clock. Wednesday afternoon 3 to 5 o'clock for reference.

Mail Arrivals & Departures.

E. A. FAIRFIELD, Postmaster.  
Mail closes for the West at 7:30, 9:00 a. m.; 1:00, 4:00 and 6:35 p. m.  
Mail closes for the East at 9:00, 10:45 a. m.; 3:35



## THE GRANGE

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

### AGRICULTURAL CONTESTS.

#### A Sensible Idea From Michigan's State Grange Lecturer.

The contest idea among the granges has become very popular, says Mrs. F. D. Saunders, secretary of Michigan grange, and to it may be ascribed much of undiscovered talent in literary work and debating power, as well as great gain of membership, which is always a feature of a contest. However, the new plan we announce includes none of the above named points, but is in the line of growing products for exhibit at subordinate and Pomona grange fairs, the prize winning exhibits of Pomona grange fair to be passed on to state grange, where suitable awards will be given. Such a contest to be waged among the granges in a county in agricultural and horticultural lines promises to be most interesting.



MRS. F. D. SAUNDERS.

The contest shall be in charge of the lecturer of Pomona, assisted by the ladies of the court, Ceres, Pomona and Flora. He shall arrange through the subordinate lecturers and the subordinate court ladies to have appointed in each grange those who will enter the contest, grow one-half acre of corn and potatoes, also beds of flowers (two varieties of asters or dahlias) of size to suit the grower. A complete record of the same is to be kept, previous usage and variety of soil, condition at time of planting, mode of preparing, planting and cultivating, climatic and weather conditions all through the summer, details of harvesting, etc.

Each subordinate grange, at the proper time, shall arrange for and hold a fair at its hall, at which shall be displayed, among other things, samples of products so grown, together with a written history of the same. Each grange shall award such prizes as in its discretion shall be suitable. In awarding agricultural prizes three things shall be taken into consideration—the sample, amount and the report. In floral awards quality, arrangement of display and the report shall determine.

The winners in these contests shall be allowed to compete for prizes at the Pomona fair, to be held at such time and place as each Pomona grange shall arrange. The prizes to be awarded at Pomona in each class shall not aggregate in value less than \$10. Judges at the subordinate fairs shall be disinterested parties from some other grange.

### THE WORK IN IOWA.

#### Reasons Why One New Grange Was Recently Organized.

Grange work in Iowa seems to be progressing, although slowly. In the early history of the order Iowa was one of the great grange states, having for a time over 2,000 subordinate granges, but at the present time its granges are so few as not to entitle it to representation in the national grange. But there are evidences that the grange spirit is again reviving and that Iowa will soon again be represented in the national body. A grange was recently organized at Matlock, Sioux county, Ia., with Hon. Luther Bishop, former state senator, at its head. He was for years prominent grange organizer in New York state. Sate Senator Kimmell is also active in promoting grange work at Sheldon, Ia. It is interesting to note why Matlock grange was organized. A committee of five of the best farmers of that section was appointed to investigate all existing farmers' organizations and report which seemed the best adapted to the needs of the farmers in that section. After a long investigation the committee unanimously reported in favor of the grange for the reasons that its membership is by far the greatest of any farmers' organization in the world, it has a record of usefulness in legislation in nearly every state in the union and its influence in national legislation has always been for the farmers' interests.

#### Two Illinois Granges.

The Earlville grange of Lasalle county, Ill., reports ninety-four candidates initiated during the quarter just passed. That's a fine record. Members of this grange are to erect a grain elevator. Another flourishing Illinois grange is located in St. Clair county, known as Turkey Hill grange. The members are building one of the finest grange halls in Illinois, to cost about \$4,000. It is 36 by 54 feet, two stories. A new piano will form part of the furnishings.

Garrettsville grange, Portage county, recently spent \$60 for costumes. They are classical and lend a charm to the work than can be secured in no other way. Electric lights are thrown on the "Three Graces," who pose in appropriate postures.

State Master Derthick of Ohio will spend one week each in New Jersey and New York in field work. He is one of the best speakers in the National grange.

### HOUSEHOLD WISDOM.

#### How Fine Table Linen May Be Preserved by Proper Treatment.

Tablecloths and napkins should never have a touch of starch in them, says the New York Journal, but should be wrung out with very hot water, and then each piece should be ironed until it is perfectly dry, going over and over it with the iron until not a suspicion of moisture is left in it. With a tablecloth, after having ironed the whole cloth, place the clothes basket under the ironing board to catch the cloth as it works over, fold it carefully, so that the edges meet and the crease is exactly down the middle, and iron as it is creased; then lay the cloth on a table or somewhere where it will air a little before putting it away in the linen drawer or shelf.

Centerpieces and dollies that are embroidered in colors or made of drawn work should never be allowed to get very soiled before washing, not only because everything that belongs to a table should be kept spotlessly clean, but because they are perishable things and should never be rubbed hard to get spots out.

A soap lather is best for washing embroidered pieces, as soap should never be rubbed directly on them. Make a thick lather of soap and lay a centerpiece in it, washing it carefully, but patting instead of rubbing as much as possible. Squeeze in, drying without wringing; get the knack of getting all the water out that way, and iron dry.

Wash the colored embroidery pieces one at a time, spreading them out on towels to keep the colors from coming against another layer of the linen. There may be a piece that the colors will run in, and every piece may bear its mark if washed all together.

Drawn work may be washed with a little less care, for soap not only may but should be rubbed directly into the piece, and if one piece is a little yellow it may be washed out well and laid out in the air to bleach with the suds still in it.

#### How to Prune Trees.

We must prune young fruit trees before they are planted, cutting the top severely to produce a balance between the top and the root, the latter having been greatly reduced in digging the tree from the nursery, says Suburban Life.

We must cut out at this time any branches not needed for the formation of the head, and we may pare the ends of the roots smoothly that were roughly cut with the spade in digging. We must watch the young tree during the growing season and stop the growth of any shoots outgrowing their neighbors and rub off any shoots not desired as soon as they are discovered. We must prune out here and there, as the trees grow older, such shoots as are being smothered by branches above them or that are being injured by others rubbing against them and aim to give the tree a symmetrical low headed form. When the lower branches become weak we must increase their vigor by cutting out branches from the top, thus forcing growth into them, and never, if it can be avoided, cut a large branch from the main trunk.

#### How to Seal Letters.

It is often very desirable to know how to seal a letter so that it cannot be opened without betraying the fact. Steam or hot water will open envelopes closed with mudclay and even a wafer. A hot iron or a spirit lamp dissolves sealing wax, an impression in plaster having been taken of the seal. By the combined use of wafer and sealing wax, however, all attempts to open the letter otherwise than by force can be frustrated. All that is necessary is to close the letter first with a small moist wafer and to pierce the latter with a coarse needle (the same applies to mudclay), whereupon sealing wax may be used in the usual manner. This seal can neither be opened by dry heat nor by moisture.

#### How to Cure Obstinate Coughs.

A cure for obstinate coughs was made at the old missions in Lower California after the following recipe: One gallon of water, one pound of figs cut small, dry or fresh; one pound of dates cut small, one ounce of sage leaves and half a pound of rock candy. Boil all together till reduced one-half. Strain and boil the sirup again gently until reduced to one quart. Bottle and take it as often as desired and as much as agrees with the patient. The sage checks the night sweats and heals, the figs purify the system and the dates and sugar furnish carbon to the blood faster than the lungs can consume it.

#### How to Make Egg Barley.

Egg barley is a dainty soup paste which is an agreeable change from noodles, macaroni, spaghetti and similar compounds. To make it prepare as for noodles, save that a third more flour is to be kneaded into the dough. This must be so firm that it can be grated on a large grater or chopped into the finest of kernels with a chopping knife. These are then spread in a tin plate and allowed to become a light golden tint in the oven. Strain the soup and put over the fire. When it boils put in the egg barley and let it remain till it begins to float on top.

#### How to Toughen China.

To toughen china and glass place the new china in a boiler full of cold water, bring to boil gradually, boil for four hours and leave standing in the water till cool. Glass or china toughened in this way will never crack with hot water.

#### How to Clean Mother-of-pearl.

In cleaning mother-of-pearl rub it with fine powdered pumice and water and polish with rottenstone moistened with dilute sulphuric acid, applied with a soft cork.

## In the Dunes

By HONORE WILLISIE

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Lake Michigan is covetous of her eastern shore. Year after year her sands creep inland. Inch by inch, mile by mile, now a peach orchard is smothered, now a mellow wheatfield is blotted out, and in their stead scrub pines thrive and sand burs sprawl in the sun. Year by year the scrub pines grow stouter and the sand burs tangle thicker and thicker, and with each year the desolation of the sand dune country increases. Roads formed one month are shifting dunes the next. Inland lakes, once green and lovely, slowly and mercilessly are choked until only sand skirted pools remain. And still the desolation grows.

Katherine and her Great Dane huddled together under the scrub pine and watched the gray of the twilight turn to purple.

"Well, we're lost, Jacky," she said, "just plain lost! The hunting dog ought to be over in that direction, but it's not, and they have supper so late they won't miss us for another hour. How would it seem to spend the night in the sand burs, do you suppose, Jacky?"

Jacky whined and laid his great head in the girl's lap. She rubbed his ears absently and started off over the dunes. "I'm not frightened," she said. "I'm just—just lonely. Well, let's empty our shoes, Jacky, and start on."

The low shoes once more securely tied, Katherine picked up the bit of fish rod with which as a staff she had strolled from camp early in the afternoon and struggled to the top of the dune, the dog trudging beside her, with now and again a growl at the shadowy pines. From the top of this heap of sand she saw another heap looming through the dusk. Down she waded, now leaning on her bit of bamboo, now holding to Jacky's collar, until from the top of this she discovered a third bur crowned dune. On the top of the third dune she dropped down to rest, while the dog crouched on her skirts, with watchful ears pricked forward. Suddenly he gave a little yelp and ran into the dusk.

"Jacky!" called the girl. Then she struggled after him through the heavy sand.

"Why," she said, "it's another little lake! Look out, Jacky; don't drink too much. I'm not thirsty enough to drink water I can't see. Why, how soft this sand is! Jacky—it's why—I'm in way above my ankles!"

She floundered toward the dog as he turned toward her with a whine, the instinctive desire in danger of the living for the living.

"Oh, Jacky, it's one of the quicksand burs!"

Trembling and panting, the dog threw himself against her knees, while his whines changed to sharp yelps. In vain Katherine struggled to draw her feet from the sand. It had closed about each foot with the grip of giant hands that insistently, silently drew her down. She stooped and felt Jacky's back. Already the quivering sands were half way up his legs. As she felt of him his yelping ceased. He reached up and licked the face bending over him. Then he crouched low, while Katherine felt his great muscles swell and stiffen. Then suddenly he hurled himself forward with all the strength of his lean, magnificent body and in three leaps had disappeared into the dusk. Katherine gave a low sob.

"Oh, Jacky, how could you leave me?" Again, summoning all her strength, she strove to follow him. But the struggle was worse than useless. And now the calm that had possessed her left her. She stooped and scooped at the sand about her ankles with bare hands, digging frantically, with low moans not unlike Jacky's. Handful after handful, then a pause, while she stared out into the darkness with shrieks for help. The sand had crept above her knees. With broken nails she stopped to listen. Yes, far out across the dunes she heard a man's shout and Jacky's excited bark, and again she raised her own hoarse cry. Then she heard the crackle of sand burs.

"Katherine, for heaven's sake, where are you?" His voice!

"Go back, Hugh—go back! I'm in the quicksand!" Silence from the shore, then: "Stay perfectly still. I'll be out there in a few minutes. I'm going to cut pine boughs to walk on."

In utter thankfulness Katherine stood silent. Then surprise swept over her. Hugh! That was Hugh, whom she had not seen or heard of for a year, not since she had tossed the ring—the wedding ring—back to him and said: "Well, six months have shown us what a fuddle we have made of marriage. Let's have sense enough to stop now. We evidently don't care enough to give in to each other."

Without a word Hugh had taken the ring and left her. And now to be found this way, and by him! In silence she watched the path he made grow out toward her and in silence heard Jacky's excited greetings to her from the shore. Then, after what seemed a lifetime of battle with a creeping sand, the man lifted her in his arms and silently carried her to the shore. She lay quietly, while the dog fawned about her and the man, a broad shouldered figure in the summer darkness, brushed the sand from her skirts and emptied her sodden shoes.

"What am I to do with you, Katherine?" he asked.

"I got lost from camp," she answered.

"I don't know. Show me the way back, and I'll go when I'm rested. I don't want that coward Jacky, though."

"I was driving out to Camp Minitka. I didn't know you were there. John asked me—to effect a reconciliation, I suppose. It is like him. Jacky was running about among the burs, whining. Then he saw me and literally dragged me out of the buckboard and down here. I shall drive you back to camp and then return to town."

The girl put her arm about the dog, and he snuggled down beside her with a deep sigh. "That will be best, I suppose," she said.

"I think I shall leave you here," Hugh went on, "while I go back for the horse. It must be three-quarters of a mile away." He pulled off his coat, wrapped it about Katherine's shoulders and strode off into the darkness.

Katherine lay in the warm sand close to Jacky, who watched her every movement. She was not at all afraid. It seemed to her that, after the wonder of her rescue, she never again could know fear. Little by little the stars grew brighter and the answering glow of the sand seemed like the half light of some strange new dawn. At first she lay without articulate thought, thankful to be alive, to feel the warmth of the sand and of the great dog beside her, to rest her strained muscles.

Then suddenly the past year, which had seemed to her so heroic, so sacrificial, seemed very useless and shallow.

"I must find some new thing to do," she thought. "Hugh has gone on in his work. I must find work for myself."

She moved closer to the dog and half unconsciously raised her head from the sand to listen for the crackle of sand burs under heavy boots. Then almost without warning Hugh stood beside her.

"Can you walk," he said, "or shall I carry you?"

"Oh, I can walk," she answered as he helped her to her feet. They walked in silence to the buckboard. Hugh untied the horse and, reins in hand, stood waiting to help her.

Katherine stared at the man. She seemed to have awakened from a dream. "And I've missed a whole year," she said. "And who am I to set myself in judgment of us both? Hugh," with a pitiful little infection of humility in her voice that was as strange to her own ears—"Hugh, will you—shall we try again?"

For one moment he stared at the drooping head of the girl. "Dear!" he said after awhile, and, gathering her in his arms, he climbed into the buckboard, and, with Jacky following close behind, they drove slowly off into the summer night.

#### Fencing For Exercise.

The enormous value of continual practice with the foils as a means of securing and preserving good health is, in my humble opinion, the main reason for the steady hold of fencing upon public favor in France and Italy. It is only of late years that the attention bestowed by medical men upon physical exercise, in France at least, where Dr. Lagrange's treatises have become classical, has given prominence to the worth of fencing as a health factor. Every one knows, or, rather, every one should know, that fencing presses into service every muscle of the human frame, that it creates and develops suppleness and quickness, that practiced in youth it imparts a freedom and grace of motion absolutely unattainable by other means, that it is not a violent exercise in so far as injury by strain is involved and, finally, that its perils are comparatively few. At very remote intervals one hears of a fatal injury resulting, almost invariably from a cheap or damaged mask or from the foolhardy practice of exercising without the usual head or chest covering or with an ill buttoned foil. The proportion of mishaps to the number of fencers, however, is infinitesimal.—Frederick A. Schwab in Outing.

#### A Long Walk.

The dear old professor was one of the kindest hearted men in the world, but he was also one of the most absentminded. He was recently visiting his newly married nephew, and, naturally, the young wife was full of the praises of her firstborn. The professor listened like a man in a dream to her recital of the remarkable fortitude with which he cut his teeth and his truly wonderful intelligence. At last the dear old fellow woke up with a start and felt he really must say something for the sake of at any rate appearing interested. "Can the dear little fellow walk?" he inquired mildly. "Walk?" said the proud mother. "Why, he has been walking six months!" "Dear me!" said the professor, lapsing once more into abstraction. "What a long way he must have got!"

#### American Clubs All Wrong.

"American clubs are few and small," said a social philosopher, "because they exist on a radically wrong principle. This principle is that club life is an extravagance, whereas the right principle of club life is that it is an economy."

"London is the club city of the world. Why are London's clubs so splendid and so popular? Because a man can dine, drink, smoke and amuse himself in them almost as cheaply as in his own house—far and away more cheaply than in a cafe or a hotel."

"Hence in London every man desires to join a good club, for a London club is an institution that actually saves its members money. But here in America our clubs are conducted extravagantly, and it is an extravagance to belong to them. Only the very prosperous American can afford to be a clubman."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## Have You Seen

Our series of beautiful views of places of interest in Kennebunk and vicinity? Buy a set of these

## Post Cards

and send to your out-of-town friends. On sale at

Bowdoin's Drug Stores

and

The Enterprise Office

PRICE, TWO FOR FIVE CENTS.

Published by

The Enterprise Press

Kennebunk, Me.

## The First Impression

Every business man recognizes the value of making a favorable first impression on a prospective customer. How can you expect to do this with poorly printed Stationery and Advertising Matter? A combination of antiquated type, poor ink and cheap paper is bound to make a bad impression. We do

## Good Printing

using new and up-to-date type, the best of inks and good stock. This combination assures good, business-bringing printing. And our prices are as low as is consistent with high grade work. Give us a trial order, we guarantee satisfaction. If interested, call or drop a postal to the

## Enterprise Press

Warren Bl'k, Main St.  
Kennebunk, Maine



Remember, We Have For Your Inspection the

## NEW FALL AND WINTER SUITINGS AND OVERCOATINGS, HATS, CAPS AND FURNISHINGS

And don't, forget we sell the WALK-OVER  
SHOES for men, also Trunks and  
Dress Suit Cases at

**The Daylight Store**  
W. M. Dresser, Proprietor  
14 Main Street, Kennebunk

### Kennebunkport.

Mrs. Collins Roskelly is on the sick list.

Wilber Consens of Ogunquit, was in town this week.

Murphy's music rooms were closed last Monday night.

Weinstein Brothers close their fruit store Wednesday (today)

The Sample Boot & Shoe Co. closed their store last Monday night.

Harry Wakefield expects to move into the Heins tenement this week.

Ray Seavey has accepted the position as janitor of the High school building.

All the hotels are closed for the season except the Nonantum and the Oceanic.

Geo. Bayes is having his auto painted. Berry, the painter, is doing the work.

The High School opened last Monday morning with an unusually large attendance.

W. F. Goodwin has closed his ice cream parlors, next to the post office, for the winter.

The schooner C. A. Sproul is unloading coal from New York, at the Perkins Coal Co's wharf.

G. H. Walker left last Monday for St. Louis after spending the summer at his cottage on the point.

Mrs. James Shuffelburg who has been quite ill at her home in the lower village is improving at this writing.

A large gang of Italians is at work on School street laying the water pipe to connect with the line to the Cape.

Extensive repairs are being made on the Palmer cottage. The wing has been leveled up and new underpinning put in.

Scott Campbell has leased the rear end of Tuck's Colonial Inn for three years. He will occupy it with a variety store.

R. W. Norton, our genial postmaster, has leased the Anthony Luques house for three years and is fixing it up for occupancy.

Miss Helen Mills of Massachusetts, who has been visiting Miss Myra Stronach for the past two weeks, returned to her home last Saturday.

The cottage near the Point formerly owned by L. F. Deland has been sold to Mrs. Yo-man of Philadelphia, and is being extensively repaired and improved.

Eben Stronach, the efficient engineer on the Port train, who has been in ill health for some time, has returned to his work after a much needed rest of two weeks.

The village schools commenced last Monday with the following teachers: High school, Mr. Carver, principal; Miss Thompson, assistant; Grammar, Geo. Tarbox; Primary, Miss Jane Rowell.

The Farmers' Club fair will occur Wednesday, Oct. 11. Members are expected to exhibit and furnish food for the dinner. There will be a sale table also which will be supplied by contributions from club members.

Dr. W. E. Hanson, Kennebunkport's first class dentist, expects to close his office here Nov. 1 and pay a visit to his old home in Lyman for ten days and then open the office at his old stand at 131 Main street, Biddeford.

The school at the lower village opened last week with fifty-eight scholars, divided into two departments. The one taught by Miss Addie Willard has thirty pupils and the one taught by Miss Mary Ward has twenty-eight.

H. M. Woodruff, who has been here for nine years, reports this to be the best season of all. He is closing up his store here and will leave next month for Florida where he has been in business each winter for seventeen years.

The barn at the M. E. parsonage has been repaired.

The Clark mansion on Pleasant street is closed for the season.

Mrs. Leach, wife of Rev. S. E. Leach, has returned from a weeks visit with her son in Boston.

Winfield E. Towne, has finished his duties as clerk at the club house and returned to his studies.

Work has begun on the new cottage to be built by Abbott Graves on the lot adjoining his cottage on Water street.

The young people of the M. E. church and congregation are planning a social gathering to be held next Friday evening.

Dr. Fox and Family, who have been occupying the Greenhalge cottage this summer, left for their home in Philadelphia last Tuesday.

Arthur L. Leach, Roy Smith, Alfred Plummer and Hosea McKenney went to Kent's Hill last week to attend the Maine Wesleyan Seminary during the coming year.

A hard pine partition dividing the ice cream parlor of Tuck's Colonial Inn has been put in. The room next to the river will be occupied by the Arundel Club which will move into their new quarters next Wednesday. This will give them a very neat and attractive club room.

Mrs. Jacob Towne of the lower village, has remodeled her house and had it painted inside and out by George W. Clark. This is the place formerly owned by Porter Towne, her husband's father, and is located on Beach street near the railroad. Mrs. Towne has now a very neat and attractive home.

Union services were held at the Congregational church last Sunday evening. Rev. A. Sloane, pastor of the church, presided and Rev. S. E. Leach of the M. E. church spoke about ten minutes on the subject: "Christ's All Conquering Law," and Rev. Mr. Bock, pastor of the Baptist church spoke on "The Unity of Believers." The introductory address was made by Rev. A. Sloane.

A party of ten, among whom were Steven Ward, Ward Walker, F. B. Tuck, Scott Campbell, Silas Perkins, Irvin Stronach, Frank Carey of Worcester, Mass., Oscar Hanson of Lyman, and Dr. W. E. Hanson went to Beachwood Sunday. It was a regular jolly gander affair. No "gooses" were present. All report a first class, good time, though the public is left to imagine what they did, as no programs were printed and none issued.

### Kennebunk Landing

New front and side steps adorn the residence of Joshua Day.

Miss Gertrud Young began her school at the Port last Monday.

Farmers complain of their potatoes rotting quite badly in this section.

Mr. Cox, on the Port side of the Kennebunk river, is shingling his barn.

Miss Lola Durrell, who is teaching in Wells, spent Sunday at her home here.

Charles Durrell has launched a new, white rowboat on the Kennebunk river.

Mr. MacDonald of Portland spent Sunday with his father, Andrew MacDonald. His family accompanied him. Ye Olde McColloch House, Teacup Inn, was closed last Friday afternoon, for the winter. It will be reopened early next June.

Misses Katie Bachelder, Mina Stevens and Sadie MacDonald represent the Landing in the class of '09 in the Kennebunk High school.

On account of the appearance of rain the leader did not come from Biddeford and there was no meeting at the chapel last Sunday. Quite a number went to the chapel and were disappointed in not finding a leader there. There will

be services there next Sunday afternoon and evening. Mr. Sherwood is the leader for that day.

There will be meetings at the Saco Road M. E. church at 10.30 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m., every pleasant Sunday hereafter, until further notice.

Ed. Nason and wife visited their sister, Miss Belle Nason, last week. Mr. Nason is a United States mail agent on the railway post office between New York city and Portland, Maine.

T. Dyer of Norwood, Mass., visited Ye Olde McColloch House, Teacup Inn, last Saturday and helped Mrs. Dyer to pack up and close the house for the winter. He returned home Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Dyer and their two little girls.

The Landing enjoyed another gentle rain last Monday. This is the third twenty-four hour soaking rain we have had this month. We are now ready for ten days of fair weather until the "praties" are dug and the garden "sas" is gathered, but we accept the weather as it comes, knowing that the weather maker knows best what is needed.

Up to date we have learned of only one person on the Landing being poisoned by the German brown tail moth. We are fortunate so far, but we must keep a sharp lookout for their nests when the leaves fall. If other towns and states had done as well as Kennebunk and Maine have, this pest would not have been as extensive as it is. Eternal vigilance and combined effort on the part of every town in eastern Massachusetts, southeastern New Hampshire and southern Maine, is necessary to exterminate the pest. It seems as though the government ought to take hold of the matter, for the brown tail moth is certainly more dangerous than the cotton boll weevil.

Rev. G. Elliot of Boston, began revival meetings at the chapel last Tuesday evening. He expects to continue them for two weeks. Next week Mrs. Elliot will join her husband and assist with the music. All are cordially invited to attend and it is hoped that the young people of the Landing will turn out en masse and help the work along. Here is an opportunity for all who have been reading about England and Wales to do something and have a revival at home. Fathers and mothers of the Landing, if you care anything for your boys and girls and their soul's salvation, come out and assist in these meetings; the responsibility rests on you. Come and help save your boy, your girl, your own soul.

### Wells

Weather—horrid.

Mr. Calvin True has gone to Boston for a short visit.

Miss E. F. Burns has returned from a very pleasant visit in Dover.

Miss Mary C. Bragdon spent a day last week with Mrs. Charles Lindsay.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hill are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Miss Ethel Sawyer has gone to Portland, to remain until after the holidays.

Mrs. Wm. F. Breen and her three children left Wednesday for their home in Roxbury.

Mr. Jack Carians and Mr. Frank Clarke went up to the dance at Wells Depot last Saturday night.

Mrs. Edmund Garland and daughter and Miss Mildred Lord went to Biddeford last Wednesday for the celebration.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Rankin and their daughter were the guests over Sunday, of their mother, Mrs. John Rolfe Rankin.

Miss Carmen Taylor, of the class of '05, Wells High school, is teaching at Wells Depot. Thus far she has been very successful.

Mr. Arthur Wall returned to his home in Dorchester, Mass., last week, after a very pleasant vacation with his aunt, Mrs. F. F. Rowe.

Mr. Fred Hilling, with his son and two daughters, has spent two weeks in Wells. Before they left they purchased the Ralph Lord estate.

Mr. H. B. Lord went to Portland last Wednesday on business. On the way back he stopped off at Biddeford for the Anniversary celebration.

Miss Alta Walker, assistant at the Wells High school, is with us once again. It is hoped that this year will prove a very satisfactory one.

Mr. Frank Bray of Malden spent Sunday with his family at the Allard, returning Monday afternoon. Mrs. Bray and her son Norman, who went with him, stopped off at Portsmouth for a few days.

The pulpit of the Second Parish was filled Sunday by Rev. Mr. Coleman of Brooks, the first candidate of the season. He has a most pleasing presence, a good, low-pitched voice, and on the whole was liked very well by the congregation. His sermons showed much clearness of thought and were handled in a very up-to-date manner.

Mr. George Pike's horse, "Captain," had quite an exciting race with a train recently. He is in the habit of strolling about by himself, but never has he gone quite so far from home before. He jumped the culverts and landed on the track just as a train from Portland was nearing the Elms station. He proceeded to race the train up to the Burnt

We  
Carry  
Only  
Good  
Goods

THE BARGAIN STORE

EVERETT M. STAPLES

106 Main Street, Biddeford

We Sell  
Always  
at  
Lowest  
Prices

## The Greatest Race

That's the human race, of course. We have many things to supply the needs and wants of Men, Women and Children.

### Men's Specials

Natural Wool Underwear, single breasted,  
\$1.00 quality, 75c apiece  
Natural Wool Underwear, double breasted,  
\$1.25 quality, \$1.00 apiece  
Heavy Fleece Jersey Vests and Pants,  
50c quality, 45c apiece  
Men's Wool Hose with silk clocks, to wear  
with low shoes, 25c  
Special Wool Hose, sizes 9 1-2 to 11 1-2,  
19c value, 12 1-2c

### Ladies' Specials

Extra Quality Fleece Vests and Pants, 25c  
Heaviest Quality Fleece Vests and Pants, 50c  
Ladies' Cassimere Hose, 25c  
Union Suits, 50c, 39c  
18-inch Cotton Diaper, 39c

### Children's

Extra Heavy Fleece Hose, 19c value, 12 1-2  
Extra Fleece Underwear, 25c

## Wall Paper

A regular slaughter going on at my store in this line.

## Paint!

We still carry the only genuine paint made

"Phoenix"

**BERRY, The Painter**

Garden and Main Sts.  
KENNEBUNK, - MAINE

### Cape Porpoise

The Prospect House closed Monday of this week.

A few visitors still linger at the Langsford House.

The Roper and Felton cottages are closed for the season.

Miss Alta M. Fletcher is having her house wired for electric lights.

Mr. G. W. Coleman of Boston was at the Prospect House over Sunday.

Postmaster L. E. Fleether and wife went to Portland on business one day last week.

Elisha F. Nunan has bought out the meat business and will carry on the business in the same place.

Mr. and Mrs. Buckman of Boston who have been at the Prospect House since July 1st, returned home Monday.

Schooner Thomas W. Knights was in Boston recently the crew sharing \$22; and the Richard J. Nunan sharing \$14.

Schooners Sylvia M. Nunan, Olive F. Hutchins, and the Kenwood are in the harbor getting ready for winter fishing.

Capt. Charles Verrill of Biddeford Pool will move his family into the house which George Ward has recently had built.

The Sinnet House closed last week. Mr. Littlefield and wife and Mrs. Knight and family have returned to Sanford.

Miss Gertrude M. Hutchins is having a two weeks vacation before going into the store of A. M. Welch at Kennebunkport.

The Sunday evening church service was in charge of Wm. J. Ellis of Wyncote, Pa., who, with his family has been stopping at the Prospect House.

Master George Nunan, aged eleven, recently went for a trip in the fishing schooner Sadie M. Nunan, and for the fish which he caught received fifteen dollars. This, with the two dollars paid him by the crew, made him the fair share of seventeen dollars for the one trip.

### Notice

Your Collector will be at the Selectmen's Office, Sept. 25, 29, 30 and Oct. 2, from 8 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 4 p. m.

C. H. WEBBER, Collector.  
Kennebunk, Me., Sept. 20, '05.

### Notice

TO THE UNPAID PROPERTY TAX PAYERS OF THE TOWN OF KENNEBUNK FOR THE YEAR 1904:

Pay your taxes by Oct. 1st, and save extra charges or perhaps a sale.

C. H. WEBBER, Collector.

SAMUEL CLARK,

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

## NOTICE!

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

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

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

## Kennebunk Ice Co.

Try Bowdoin's  
Headache Powders

Bowdoin's  
Pharmacy,  
Kennebunk-Kennebunkport

### 1905 DESIGNS

O. L. Allen's

Marble and Granite Works.

We have on hand a specially large assortment of  
**Single and Double  
Tablets**  
of original and modern patterns also a good selection of  
**Monuments.**

We sell on the installment plan to those desiring. We endeavor to do work promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

226 MAIN STREET.

Near cor. Elm and Main Sts., between New Masonic and St. John's Blocks Biddeford.

### Boston & Maine Railroad.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.  
In Effect June 5, 1905.

### WESTERN DIVISION.

TRAINS LEAVE KENNEBUNK

For Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill, Exeter, North Berwick, Somersworth and Dover at 7.50 and 9.37 a. m.; 1.18, 4.24, 6.43 and 8.39 p. m.

For Dover and way Stations, 6.17 p. m.

The train at 9.37 a. m. and 1.18 p. m. will make connection with the Eastern Division at North Berwick.

For Old Orchard and Portland, at 7.15, 9.15, 10.56, 11.14 a. m.; 1.30, 4.01, 7.00, 8.41 p. m.  
For Kennebunkport, at 7.10, 8.15, 9.05, 9.45, 11.15 a. m.; 1.25, 4.02, 4.42, 7.02 and 8.42 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Boston and intermediate stations, at 1.46, 5.20, 6.46, 8.30 and 8.39 p. m.

For Portland, at 9.48, 11.42, 11.29, 4.01 a. m.

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

### Atlantic Shore Line R. R.

#### Time Table

#### Cars Leave Kennebunkport

For Biddeford, connecting with Old Orchard and Portland, \*6.20 and 7.20 and every half hour until 8.20 p. m. then 9.20 and \*10.20 p. m.  
For Cape Porpoise \*6.50, 7.55, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20 and 10.50 a. m. and every half hour until 7.50 p. m. then 8.20, 9.20, 10.20 p. m.  
For Kennebunk \*6.05, 7.20, 8.50, 9.50, 10.20 a. m. and every half hour until 7.50 p. m. then 8.50 and \*10.20 p. m.

For Old Falls, West Kennebunk and Sanford \*6.05, 7.20, 8.50 a. m. and every hour until 8.50 p. m. then \*10.20 p. m.

#### Cars Leave Biddeford

For Kennebunkport \*7.05, 8.05 a. m. and every half hour until 9.05 p. m. then 10.05 and \*11.05 p. m.  
For Cape Porpoise \*7.05, 9.05, 10.05 a. m. and every half hour until 8.05 p. m. then 9.05 and \*10.05 p. m.  
For Kennebunk \*7.05, 8.35, 9.35, 10.05 and every half hour until 7.35 p. m. then 8.35, and \*10.05 p. m.

For Old Falls, West Kennebunk and Sanford \*7.05, 8.35 and every hour until 8.35 p. m. then \*10.05 p. m.

#### Cars Leave Sanford

For Old Falls, West Kennebunk, Kennebunk, Kennebunkport, Cape Porpoise and Biddeford \*8.30, 9.45, 8.15 a. m. and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

\* Don't run Sundays.  
Sundays leave at 8.15 a. m.  
Sundays leave at 7.15 a. m.

GEORGE A. MURCH, SUPT.

## LADIES!

Your Storm Boots are here. Shoes that keep the feet dry and warm are not usually very handsome, but our Box Calf and Kid Shoes add both style and comfort to their other virtues. These shoes are made on new lasts. Some have heavy welted extension soles and Cuban heels. Leather pliable and comfortable to wear

**P. Raino,**  
Odd Fellows' Bldg.  
Kennebunk, Maine.