

The Wave

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

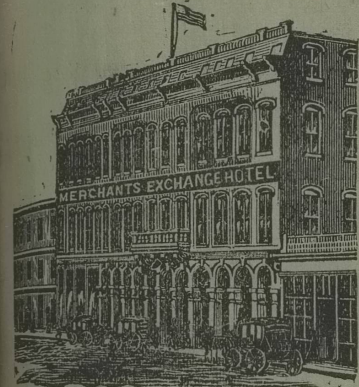
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Advertisements inserted at Low Rates.
JOHN C. EMMONS,
Editor and Proprietor.

BOATS TO LET!

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

Joseph A. Titcomb,
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.

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

Reserved for
Maine Central
R. R.

Congress St. Kennebunkport, Me.,

Portland, 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.

Dock Sq., Kennebunkport.

S. BROWN,
DEALER IN
HATS AND FANCY GOODS!
Shoes, Hats and Gents' Furnish-
ings. Largest Stock and Lowest Prices.
Kennebunkport, Me.

KENNEBUNKPORT

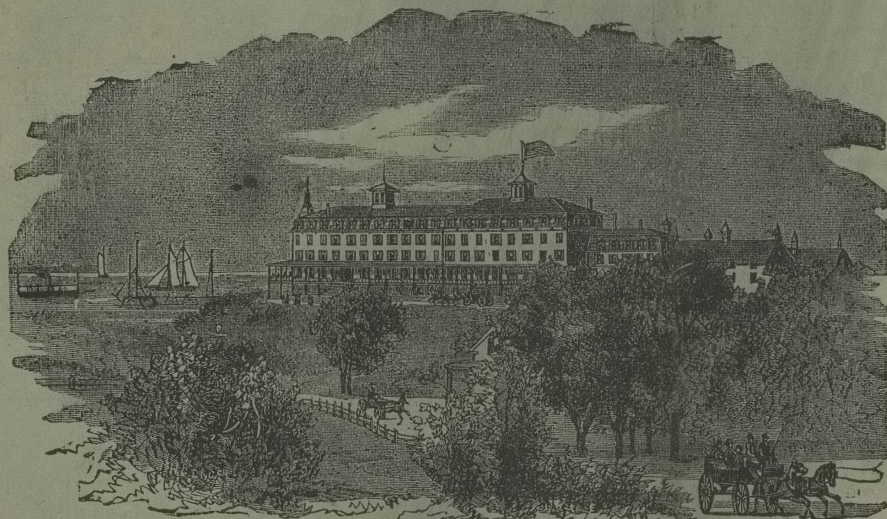


VOL. II. NO. 4. KENNEBUNKPORT, ME., JULY 25, 1888.

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.

IRVING BLAKE.

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 acquired
in a short space of time at

Shaw's Business College,
PORTLAND, ME.

None but thorough and experienced teachers
employed. Remains 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
picturesque 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

A Word to the Wise.

Occasionally a newsboy reports that while selling THE WAVE he encounters either some crusty old codger or some pompous dude who make it a practice to plague and insult him. THE WAVE is good natured but would mildly suggest that if it should get hold of the names of some of these idiotic cranks they may expect to see a brief sketch of their life in the paper that might not please them enough so they would care to buy a dozen copies to send away to their friends. A few people in this vicinity will find before many moons that there are such things as blows to take as well as blows to give and that some of the blows they may receive in the columns of THE WAVE will be far from easy ones.

One Class of People.

At the beach one meets all kinds and classes of people and sees life in all its different phases. The most intolerable nuisances of all the beach visitors is that class who work as petty clerks for a meager salary during the winter and by strict economy hoard up enough to allow them to spend a couple of weeks at some second class yet tony summer hotel. These insufferable prigs seem to exert themselves to be just as disagreeable and overbearing in their manner as possible. They snub the older guests, bully the bell boys, insult the waiter girls and sport around as if they owned the place, when as a matter of fact should they die their personal effects would not pay their funeral expenses. So with all the airs of a Vanderbilt they spend their brief outing and then go back to their dingy quarters in the city to pass the remaining fifty weeks of the year. Poor creatures! They deserve after all our pity rather than our hatred.

What Makes us Blush.

Compares favorably with any sea side paper both as regards news and advertising.—Old Orchard Summer Rambler.

THE WAVE, Kennebunkport's summer newspaper, began its second season July 14th. It is well gotten up and appropriately printed on sea green paper. Mr. John C. Emmons is the editor and proprietor.—Bar Harbor Herald.

We have received No. 1 of vol. II. of THE WAVE, of Kennebunkport, Maine, Mr. John C. Emmons, editor and proprietor. * * * THE WAVE is a breezy and newsy beach paper. Long may it wave.—Merrimack Journal.

We have received the first number of the second volume of that seaside paper, THE WAVE, published at Kennebunkport by that ambitious young journalist John Collins Emmons. It is issued semi-weekly this year on "beautiful sea-green tinted paper," which matches "the verdancy and modesty of the editor," so the editor says.—Skochegan Review.

IN FANCY COSTUME.

Arundel Hall the Scene of a Gay Ball. Saturday night witnessed the first fancy dress hop of the season in Arundel hall. The demand for tickets was almost unprecedented. As early as 7:30 in the evening the crowd began to arrive and by 9 o'clock, when the grand march began, every available seat was occupied. Many elegant costumes were noticed among the spectators, a number of ladies being in full evening dress. At 9 o'clock Moore's orchestra of Kennebunk struck up the march and the dancers in fancy costume entered, led by Mr. Hastings and Miss Sarah Bancroft. Many of the costumes were exceedingly unique.

Miss Bessie Bates appeared in a hay-maker's costume with a rake and brood-brimmed hat. Miss Bessie Lockwood was a typical peasant girl, with a crook that looked natural enough to use.

Miss Mamie Lockwood wore a wreath around her hair and her costume was elaborately trimmed with flowers and leaves.

Miss Hastings had a picturesque costume with a jaunty little yellow cap.

Miss Lou Lockwood was a waiting girl with a tray loaded with cup and plates. She looked prepared to "fill an order" with "neatness and dispatch."

Miss Cater looked very like a gypsy in a red costume and long hair.

Miss Madeline wore a very becoming pink costume, handsomely trimmed.

Miss Lemist looked finely in a handsome white costume.

Miss Willets was a charming milkmaid.

Miss Ida Slade was patriotically clad in the stars and stripes, with a band entitled "Liberty" around her head.

Perhaps the costumes that attracted

the most attention were those worn by Mr. and Miss Bolles. They were Chinese twin costumes from the land of the Mikado. Many other beautiful costumes were noticed among the dancers.

It would be hard to tell whether Mr. G. Howe was a brigand chieftain or a pirate. At any rate we should hate to have met him alone in the woods.

Mr. Dexter was the center of attraction in his costume, representing Samson. He carried the traditional jaw bone in his hand.

Mr. Ware, Mr. Greenough, H. E. Woods, Mr. Bodine, Mr. Little, Mr. Kip Taylor, Francis Noble, Mr. Carter, Mr. Willets, Mr. Sam Jones, C. Gibson Goosheol, were among the gentlemen who helped make the affair a success.

The dancing was kept up until a late hour and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Installation of Rev. C. H. Pope.

The installation services in connection with the settlement of Rev. C. H. Pope, as pastor of the 1st and South Congregational churches of this town will take place to-day. The council will organize at 2.30 p. m. in the South church, Temple street. The following churches and individuals have been invited to be present, by pastor or delegate. Eliot, 1st and 2nd of Wells; 1st York, South Berwick, Lyman, Kennebunk, Pavilion and 2nd, Biddeford, Saco, Limington, and Rev. E. L. Clark D. D., of New York city, Rev. L. Q. Curtis of Hartford, Conn. A collation will be furnished for the people of both churches and invited guests in Temple hall, at 6 o'clock p. m. The evening exercises will commence at 7.30. The sermon will be given by Rev. L. H. Hallock of Portland, the other parts by different members of the council.

The places assigned for entertainment are as follows: Rev. E. C. Ingalls of Saco, W. F. Moody; Rev. J. Lade, Eliot, C. E. Miller; Rev. George Lewis, S. Berwick, L. S. Williams; Rev. W. E. Morse, Wells 2nd, E. C. Miller; Rev. Mr. Burr, Wells 1st, S. Rankins; Rev. George Roger, Lyman, Horace Smith; Rev. T. M. Davies, Biddeford, W. F. Walker; Biddeford 2nd, J. H. Tripp; Rev. D. Sewell, York 1st, Rev. C. H. Pope; Rev. G. A. Lockwood, Kennebunk, F. Meserve; Rev. C. H. Gates, Limington, Gates cottage; Rev. L. H. Hallock, Portland, Rev. E. L. Clark; Rev. E. L. Clark D. D., residence South street; Rev. L. Q. Curtis, Hartford, Cliff House. The First Congregational church of this town was organized in 1730, their meeting house is about one mile and a quarter from the village. The South church was organized in 1838. These two churches of the same faith and order are happily united in calling Mr. Pope to become their pastor. The Sunday morning services at the South church at 10.30 a. m. and at the First church at 2 p. m., to which all are cordially

Nothing Succeeds Like Success.

Ed. Bryant's laundry at Cove Cottage is a success. The long lines full of snow white clothes show how the work is appreciated by his numerous patrons. Our friend Bryant is about to hang out a sign that his place may be more readily found.

More About the Yacht "Rowena."

In our last there was some reference to the yacht "Rowena," which lately appeared in our waters from Boston. Having interviewed some of the brave lads who made the voyage we are permitted to give the following additional information:

The Rowena is a ten foot sloop yacht, built by Higgins and Gilbert, of Rockport. She is four years old and formerly belonged to Commodore H. E. Turner. She is now owned by the Greathead Yacht Company. She has as good, handsome and comfortable a cabin as any yacht of her size.

The Rowena sailed out of Boston harbor at a quarter before four in the afternoon of Saturday and put into Rockport at ten the same evening. At a quarter to five on Sunday morning she again set sail reaching Kennebunk Beach at twelve o'clock the same night but for want of a pilot did not enter the cove till the next morning.

The entire party on board the Yacht Rowena consists of Messrs. James E. and George D. Stevens, Almer F. Hudson, A. M. Howe, and Skipper D. C. Gardner.

But for the foggy weather that has come on, the Rowena would have visited Biddeford Pool and Old Orchard Beach.

Mr. George D. Stevens has returned to Boston by rail; the rest of the party will return in the yacht, stopping at the Isle of Shoals, Newcastle, Boar's Head and Gloucester.

Messrs. Jas. E. Stevens, Almer F. Hudson and A. M. Howe are all connected with Messrs. Abram French & Co., the well-known crockery and glassware dealers on Franklin street, Boston.

Hotel Arrivals.

BASS ROCK HOUSE.

Littleton N H—Isaac Calhoun, wife and daughter.
Waterville, Me.—Mrs Geo W Ware.

GRANITE STATE HOUSE.

Boston—W H Bartlett.
Dover, N H—D W Littlefield and wife.
Cambridge, Mrs J L Sands and son.
Binghamton, N Y—Mrs H L Noyes.
Oakland, Cal—Mrs John M Agard.

SEA VIEW HOUSE.

Kennebunk—Kate M Lord, Miss C M Little, Miss M A Vinal, Miss C B Perkins.
Auburn—Miss F H Jordan.
Cornish—W P Perkins.
Malden—Mr and Mrs S G Dexter.
New York—D Rasenfield.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.

Cleveland, O—Mrs C S Hickox, Mrs J L Dodge.
Worcester—Miss P M Bigelow, Miss Nellie B Estabrook, Miss Jennie D Estabrook, A E Estabrook, Mrs R B Estabrook.
New York—Miss Helen Hickox, Theo A Wadsworth.
St Johnsbury—Elsie M Ranney.
Albany, N Y—Geo H Stevens and wife, Ogden Stevens, Mrs Edward Ogden.
Malden—E Gertrude Copeland.

WENTWORTH'S BEACH HOUSE.

Brooklyn—Chas C Fuller and wife.
Boston—Miss F H Shapleigh.
New York—A S Julien.
Boston—Chas H A Barker, E B Parker.
Springfield—Mrs Coleman Gordon.
Syracuse, N Y—Miss A E Wood.
Medford, Mass—Mrs A Hamilton, Miss S Alice Hamilton.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.

New York—Dr F H Wadsworth
Mrs Chas J Rich and daughter.
Manchester, N H—John Cavanagh, Mrs John Cavanagh.
Old Orchard—Fred W Adams.
Brookline, Mass—Miss Eva Stiles.
Great Falls, N H—W F Russell.
Boston—C W Owler.
Adams, Mass—F A Mole.
Boston—Chas J Rich.

OCEAN BLUFF.

Haverhill—H H Gilman.
Pablo Beach—L C Duff and daughter.
Haverhill—C M How.
Brookline—Wm F Hall and wife, Miss Fannie M Hall, Miss Alice M Fogg.
Danbury—Win H Peabody, Miss Hattie Barr, Miss Maizie Peabody.
Waterloo, La—Miss Emma Hockett.
Boston—E D Chamberlin.
Cambridge—A H Bill.
Concord—J H Bates and wife, M L Bates.

Cincinnati, O—Henry Hanna.
Buffalo—Mrs Geo Howard.
Lockport, N Y—Miss Sanders.
New York—Edward B Adriance, Warren B Adriance.
Newton—Isaac N Peabody, Walter B Peabody.
Ottawa, Ont—E H Bronson, Isabelle Bronson.
Baltimore—Geo S Smith.
New York—T F Goodrich.
Boston—H K Turner.
Haverhill—Geo Brooks.
Boston—F S Stanwood.
New York—D Rosenfield.
Boston—A De W Simpson, Mr and Mrs Edgar G Miller, Miss Ethel M Miller.

Lawrence—Mrs W W Smith, Miss E G Wetherbee.
Memphis, Tenn—W N Brown.
Lenark, Can—W C Caldwell, T B Caldwell.
Haverhill—C H Fellows.
Arlington—W A Tuft and wife, 3 children and nurse.
New York—Mrs D H Hopkinson, Miss Hopkinson.
Boston—Miss E Charles Fitch, Miss Fitch, Master C Fitch, Master Charlie Fitch, Miss Helen Fitch and maid, F S Stanwood.

NORTON HOUSE.

Boston—F F Wilson, H E Wales, D Stevens.
Haverhill—W H Shaw.

PARKER HOUSE.

Boston—Mrs H D Hutchinson, Miss

Ethel Hutchinson, Miss Majorie Hutchinson and nurse, Miss Katherine Shailer, Marion Chase.

Waterville, Me—Shailer Mathews.
Brookline, Mass—Mrs D S Coolidge, Mrs M J Shailer, Miss C L Shailer.
Chicago—Miss Boutell.
Lynn, Mass—Benj Sprague, Mrs B Sprague.
Boston—Francis J Ward.
Brookline—J B Matthews.
Portland—W C Nelson, Lyman H Nelson.

Newton—Ernest D Burton, Paul Brackett, Mrs W H Brackett, Miss Alice G Brackett.

GLEN HOUSE.

Haverhill—Mr and Mrs Henry Merrill, Alice K Merrill, Francis P. Merrill, Louise Merrill, Geo Merrill.
Andover—Mrs Albert Abbott, Mrs Shirrell.
Newark, N J—A W Woodhull.
Haverhill—H H Gilman, Alice Day, Edith E Davis.

BICKFORD HOUSE.

Boston—P M Carpenter, Hattie E Carpenter, Master G H Carpenter.
Worcester—Mrs Louise Carpenter, Miss H F Carpenter, Miss I W Carpenter.
Minneapolis, Minn—Mrs Sarah C Ford, Master Robert Ford, Master Allyn Ford.
Chicago—E Carpenter.
Watertown, Mass—Mrs J T Blaisdell, Mrs E G Blaisdell.
Boston—Mrs M E Wentworth, Winthrop Alexander.
Chicago—Mrs E Carpenter.
Haverhill—M L McCrellis.
Boston—B D Blaisdell.
Lexington, Mass—J A Barker jr.
Hudson, N H—J E Merrill.

CLIFF HOUSE.

Toronto—Vaux Chadwick.
Albany—John de P Down, Mrs V P Down.
New York—Alma Bolish.

THE ARUNDEL.

Portland—Philip Deering.
Boston—Miss Alice Curtis, Miss Mabel Kezar.
Portland—Rev F T Bailey.
Cleveland, O—Mr and Mrs Wm B Sanders, child and nurse, Master Harrison, Gray Otis.
Worcester—J L Rhentan, Miss E S Rhentan, S H Goodwin, Miss C J Goodwin.

SEASIDE HOUSE.

East Saginaw, Mich—L C Storrs.
Albany—Mrs C P Easton, Irving B Easton.
Boston—C E Jenks, J M Meggett jr.
Andover—Nathan Ellis, Mrs C A Stork, Amy L Stork, W B Stork.
Waterville, N Y—Mrs J D Plummer.
Somerville, Mass—T H Locke.
Boston—E C Fessenden, Erastus Willard.
Arlington—Marion B Fessenden.

A Brief Story of a Belle and a Swell.
(Written for THE WAVE.)
Miss Pumpkins was a maiden fair,
A gracious child was she;
And Franklin Squash, for all his air,
Was of her pedigree.
And was it strange these gossings met
Beside the foaming sea?
They met, they talked, they walked, they wooed;
She thought he was the bluest blood,
He thought her rich and gay;
And who could wonder at the match
Of two who thought as they.
Two grocers' children have been wed,
The old rule still proves true.
Birds of a feather will flock together,
Even at summer resorts.
Nor is it strange these grocers laugh
O'er their romance at Bellevue.

F. BARRETT, M. D.,

Kennebunkport.

Office Cor. Spring and Cross Sts.

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.

Mid-Summer Inducements

AT

J. R. LIBBY'S.

100 pieces 30-inch fine Satines, latest French designs, price 12 1-2 cts.
50 pieces Challies, cream ground with handsome figures, to be closed out at 8 cts. per yard.
One case, 40 pieces, All Wool Ties, in dark and medium gray and brown mixtures, very desirable for traveling suits. Price 25 cts., actual value 50 cts.

Black Henrietta Cloth, Silk Wares and All Wool ones. A full assortment and special value offered during the season.
A big Job Lot of Hamburgs, extra value, price 25 cts., former prices from 40 to 50 cts.

Pocket Handkerchiefs. Some drives just to stimulate trade. See our handkerchiefs we are selling for 25 cts.
Hosiery, Hosiery. We offer in Hosiery some of the greatest bargains ever shown over our counters.

Gauze Underwear. This department is well worth one's care. Gents' Bathinggown Shirts and Drawers, price 25 cts. One case extra fine Men's Angora Shirts and Drawers at 37 1-2 cts., always selling at 50 cts. One case Ladies' Jersey Gauze Vests, price 25 cts.
Gents' White Shirts, Laundered and Unlaundered. Revilo 50 cts. Bonanza 75 cts. Senator \$1.

One case Bleached Cotton, yard wide, 6 1-4 cts.
One case Bleached Cotton, yard wide and extra good value, at 8 cts.
One bale Brown Cotton, yard wide, at 6 1-4 cts.
One case White Quilts, extra value, price \$1.00.
One case Colored Quilts, splendid quality, extra heavy and large size. Price \$1.75, worth \$2.50.

BATHING SUITS.

J. R. LIBBY,

Savings Bank Building,

Biddeford, Maine.

LOUIS M. PERKINS,

dealer in

HARDWARE,

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

A full line of the celebrated

Granite Iron Ware,

most wholesome, servicable, durable.

All kinds of Repairing promptly attended to.

Oil Stoves a Specialty.

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.

BEACH HOUSE!

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

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

Sea View 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.

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.

Meat, Vegetables and Fruit

at the new market just opened under Bay View Cottage, Kennebunk Beach, by

J. R. TAYLOR.

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

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.

BONSER & SON,

No. 10 Main Street, Kennebunk,

BUY FOR CASH! Maintain the Highest Standard, and always Quote the Lowest Prices in Men's Clothing, Hats and Furnishing Goods. The balance of their stock at Low Bargain Prices, demands the attention of every careful buyer.
BONSER & SON.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 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 JULY.

High Water at Kennebunkport.

	MORN.	EVE.
July 18,	6:15	6:45
" 19,	7:15	7:45
" 20,	8:15	8:30
" 21,	9:15	9:30
" 22,	10:15	10:30
" 23,	11:00	11:15
" 24,	11:45	12:00
" 25,	12:00	12:45
" 26,	12:45	1:30
" 27,	1:45	2:15
" 28,	2:30	3:00
" 29,	3:15	3:45
" 30,	4:15	4:45
" 31,	5:15	5:30

STAGE LEAVES OCEAN BLUFF!

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

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On and after June 25, 1888, Mails Close: For Boston and vicinity, and Points West and South, at 9, 10, A. M.; 3:25, 6:20, P. M. For points this side of Boston, at 9 A. M., 12 P. M. For the East, at 10, A. M., 6:20 P. M.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the West and South, at 11:45 A. M., 2 P. M. From the East, at 10:10 A. M., 4:50 P. M.

Wavelets.

Chew, chew, chew. On the cold, hard gum, O teeth, And I would that my jaws didn't ache, As if they were going to break. They stood beside the cottage door, The youth and fair faced miss; Two night and dark—he asked her for A kiss. "I must answer no," said she, "I will this statement make: No man should ask for that which he So easily could take. Very high tides. 'Tis about time the gayeties began in earnest. Who had the horn on the river Saturday evening? A barber shop at Kennebunk Beach much needed. A new buggy has been added to the Kennebunk State livery. Mr. W. F. Paul and family passed part of the week in Boston. Work on Hon. John W. Beering's grave is rapidly progressing. Mr. Isaac Calhoun and family, of Highton, N. H., are summering at the Kennebunk House. Mr. Chas. J. Rich of the Hollis theatre, Boston, is at the Grove Hill with wife and daughters. E. C. Damon has the agency for the Kennebunk steam laundry, which is one of the best in the state. The electric light from the Grove Hill hotel tower attracts lots of attention as viewed from Cape Arundel. There was a very successful bean supper at the Parker House Wednesday night, followed by a game of stage ball. Jos. H. Jeffrey's little spotted pony in great demand by the children. It is perfectly safe for any one to handle. The children have discovered some gum in the grove back of the Kennebunk House and make frequent trips on it. Mr. Fred Harris, the obliging clerk of the Grove Hill, discovers that he is eating in flesh very rapidly, in spite of his rather arduous duties. Mr. George A. Metcalf, stopping at the Eagle Rock, has had the pleasure of welcoming his father and mother, who are guests at the same hotel. Miss Georgia G. Doyle of the Grove Hill is an accomplished whistler. She recently delights the guests of the house with a solo, playing her accompaniment on the piano. The herd of Jerseys connected with the Grove Hill House are an extra fine lot of cattle. They supply the table with the delicious milk and butter that the house is famous for. Sunday was a very unpleasant day for those parties who came to the seashore to spend Sunday. The fog and rain were almost unbearable after the delightful weather of the past week. The guests of the Grove Hill weigh themselves regularly every week. Nearly all show considerable gain in weight, which would make it appear that the place must be unusually healthy.

The Ocean Bluff is full.

Mr. Marshall E. Curtis of Fortunes Rocks, who was drowned last week, was well known in this vicinity.

If the pastors of the various churches will send us the particulars as early as Friday noon we will gladly publish an announcement of the Sunday services.

The family of Mrs. E. Charles Fitch are at the Bluff. Mr. Fitch is president of the Waltham Watch Co. They have some fine horses and carriages with them.

The mail Monday morning was the largest ever dispatched from the Kennebunkport post office. Stamps amounting to over \$20 were canceled before 9 o'clock.

Mr. Devnell of the Bluff has been in Boston this week. He says he finds it a great relief to escape the dust and heat of the city and get back to the "cool green cape."

One young couple who met for the first time at the beach have agreed to go into partnership for life, and we know another couple who seem to be considering the subject. More anon.

Mr. Alexander Davis, who has had a short visit at home, leaves for New York on Saturday to go first mate with his father, Capt. Alexander G. Davis, in the ship C. Southard Herbert.

Beach visitors who propose to buy anything in the fancy goods, drug or medicine line, will do well to examine the stock of Dr. Bourne & Co., Kennebunk. A fine line of stationery, cigars and toilet articles are kept by them.

Mr. Fred W. Adams, editor of the Old Orchard Summer Rambler, was in town Saturday and paid the Wave office a visit. He was accompanied by Miss Eva Stiles, one of the most beautiful and charming belles of Old Orchard.

Mr. Watson's fine fishing net was so injured by the recent storm that he has had it out of the waters for repairs. We are glad to learn that it is in use again and his fish market is again stocked with the usual variety of fine fish, including shad.

As an illustration of how the summer travel from this place is appreciated it may be remarked that we have seven trains west daily, or one more than Biddeford, Old Orchard or Portland. The early 7 o'clock train for Boston is made up at Kennebunk.

WANTED—A few good lively newsboys to sell the Wave. Any smart, energetic boy can make from 50 cents to a dollar selling them every Wednesday and Saturday. They should present themselves at the office in Brown's block at 10 a. m.

There was a donkey party and dance at the Sea Side House last Saturday. Mr. Eaton took the first prize; Mr. Jenks took the booby. First ladies prize was taken by Miss Wyman, booby by Miss Lewis. Dancing was kept up until a late hour.

In next Saturday's Wave will appear an interesting article descriptive of the loss of the Nottingham galley of London, on Boon Island, in 1710. The terrible sufferings and miraculous escapes of the crew will be graphically told. Don't miss this remarkable story of shipwreck.

Her many friends will learn with regret of the death of Mrs. F. W. Strout, wife of Station Agent Strout, which took place yesterday. Mrs. Strout was a lady who, by her many amiable qualities, had endeared herself to a large circle of friends and she will be much missed by all.

The good fast yacht Julia D. Schmidt, Capt. Geo. H. Chick commander, will leave Kennebunkport August 6 on her annual cruise to Isle of Shoals, Portsmouth and York, and any who wish to avail themselves of the pleasure of the trip can secure passage and berths by applying to the clerk, D. W. Dudley.

A few years ago the banjo was much favored here but now it is unheard and almost forgotten. The banjo never was sweet music unless played by sweet girls, and was never agreeable unless picked by an agreeable young man, so the instrument can be left out and not be missed.—Bar Harbor Tourist.

A new and convenient bathing shoe is fastened to the stocking, so that it can't come off, and is really a slipper of the very heaviest Jersey cloth woven into the foot of the stocking. One puts them both on at the same time. The jersey clings closely to the feet and yet gives easily in walking, is soft and light and cannot come off.

The fast sailing schooner "Julia D. Schmidt" took a party to Boon Island Monday. They landed on the island and enjoyed themselves hugely. The party was composed of Geo. H. Chick, Capt. D. W. Dudley, sailing master; A. M. Welch, pilot; William Schmidt, acting ensign; Chas. Hanna, cook; F. H. Consens, steward; a picked crew of four men before the mast. The

crew grumbled a good deal about the cooking, but Mr. Hanna declares that the trouble was the whole gang was too seasick to eat anything no matter how dainty. It is said the steward was so used up that he found it convenient to remain in a reclining position most of the time. The party returned about midnight.

Advertised Letters

in the Kennebunkport Post Office, July 25, 1888.

Miss A E Abbott, J Wood Adams, Mrs Clara L Brown, Bessie A Bull, J A Barker jr, Mrs E A Bailey, Harleston Deacon, Mrs L R Daniels, Nellie Fifield, Alexander Grant, Joseph Grounds, Mrs A A Hawley, Mrs H E Hill, Miss Lizzie Jenkins, Kate McGuire, Katie Nugent, Lucy E Nesmith, Ada Jane Perkins, Albert Reed, Ida M Smith, Julia H Suydam, C R Sargent jr, Mr Geo F Stevens, Kate Sturgis, Thos H Stacy, Blanche B Smith, Annie M Wheeler, Helen Young.

Still They Come.

The Sea View is so rapidly filling up that the question is being asked, "What will Mr. Hubbard do with the overflow?"

My Rich Relations.

[Written for THE WAVE.]

It was a bright sunny day in June, when I left my home in Portland, to visit my youngest sister, and her children then living in Boston. I reached the train, took my seat, and was soon flying over the rails at a rate that made me quite uneasy. But then, I had traveled but little during my life, and I suppose, accounted in a measure, for my restless disturbed state of mind. Mercy! It always made my heart jump right into my mouth, to hear those horrid whistles screech, and you can never depend on those pesky engines. They're always running off the track, breaking through bridges, or something or other. I was the oldest of four girls. All my sisters had married and gone from home or this story would never have been written. I don't know why it was, I had never married, (but probably because no one had ever asked me.) I was now a thin spare woman, of medium height, clad in a black alpaca, and a black bonnet, and had arrived at that period in my life, which some people call an uncertain age. (I may say in secret right here, that I was not over and above blessed with the world's goods—that is in the way of money.) On reaching Boston safe and sound, I entered the waiting room and looked around and—I tell you what—it made my heart swell with pity for those poor fellow creatures, who had no rich relations living at the West End. I soon left the room and went out side to look around. I came to a long railing, and behind it were some very polite men. They all seemed anxious to have me ride in their carriage, and said, "Carriage lady carriage, take you to any part of the city," I couldn't help accepting such a kind offer, and the man who led me to the carriage seemed so happy, that I felt quite flattered at the thought that I was doing him a kindness, and so soon after my arrival in a strange city too. I informed him that I wished to go to the West end, and when he asked me if he could get my trunk, and I had said that he might, he seemed even more grateful than before. It made my own eyes fill with tears to see the gratitude that he showed. After getting my trunk he mounted his box with as proud an air as ever a king did his throne. He seemed very active and was so considerate of me, that he asked me four times how I was. I couldn't but feel proud of such a driver. He had driven but a short distance, when he drew up his horses and got down from his box. I looked out but surely this was not Mathie's home! Just then the driver looking in at me said with a smile, "You won't mind will you if we stop here a minute?" "Oh no I answered," at which he disappeared. He stayed so long, that I began to feel nervous but he just then put in appearance, and looked so self satisfied and happy, that I actually felt ashamed of myself, for having been impatient at his few minutes stay. No knowing I said to myself, but that he run in to see his mother. I thought differently however, before I reached my sisters, for he stopped some four or five times, and surely he couldn't have a mother in all of the places. It was about six o'clock when I reached my destination.

I was a little taken back when he asked me five dollars for his services, but the poor man said that his mother was sick and his father was too old and feeble to work, so I paid him what he asked and left him, (or rather he left me.) I rang the bell and called for my sister. On seeing her I said that I had come to spend a few weeks with her. I don't think she seemed like herself at all but I think it was the

surprise at seeing me. I wouldn't advise any one to ever take their friends by surprise, for often times you are the one that is most surprised. She didn't seem quite so pleased to see me as I had anticipated. The next day after my arrival she took me in her fine carriage out driving. I must own that I felt prouder of her coachman than I did of mine the day preceding, although he was not quite so active as mine. My sister was much shocked at my story, but then, she was shocked at everything I did. I was taken to the theatre in the evening, and it was dreadful—never saw anything like it in my life. (I remember of having gone once when I was a little girl but it was nothing like this.) After a week of such dissipation, (for we went somewhere or to something every night.) I concluded that I had better go home. I might have been prevailed upon to stay a while longer, if I hadn't overheard a little conversation between my sister and niece. Hearing my name mentioned I naturally became interested. "I do declare" exclaimed Minnie (which by the way was my niece's name) "It is too bad to have that little old woman here all the time, she is so shabby in appearance that I am ashamed to have her seen with us." "I know: it is hard for you my dear," said my sister in a soothing voice, "and I will try and give her a hint about going home."

That was enough, after such plain unvarnished talk I didn't think a hint was necessary and so to save my sister the trouble of hinting, I made known to her that I should return home the next day. They seemed kinder than ever after they learned that I was going home. Minnie was all attention, and it was "Dear aunt, let me brush your bonnet," "I hope you will come again soon," "How we shall miss you" and many just such false speeches. I said nothing, but I thought a good deal.

My sister went to the station with me. While waiting for my train I saw my coachman but he didn't seem quite happy in his mind. He said he was well, but down on his luck, (if you know what that is or means.) And as I thought he looked as I felt, I thought I must be down on my luck too.

I received an affectionate farewell and a pressing invitation from my sister to visit her whenever I found it convenient. But I never have or shall find it convenient and when I hear of any poor body who has rich relations I pity them and think of my week in Boston.—M. W. A.

OWEN, MOORE & CO., Portland, Me.

Call attention to Special Departments which Strangers are invited to Inspect. * * * * * Bathing Suits Ready made and Made to order. Bathing Shoes, Caps, Belts. * * * * * Caps and Hats for Tourists, Tennis and boating. * * * * * Blazers for men and Blazers for women Made to order 5.00 Flannel Shirts, Flannel Blouses, Silk and wool Blouses for Women and girls. * * * * * Fine Stationery sold by the Pound, which is the most Economical method of Purchasing fine Writing Paper. Accessories for Drive Whist and Progressive games, with Suitable Prizes for the same. Also prizes for the "German." Extensive assortment. * * * * * Our "Fancy work" has a National Reputation. New goods for Summer. We show now what most others will show For Christmas. We make the goods. Ladies will be interested. * * * * * Twenty-four departments altogether. * * * * * All exclusive without high prices. * * * * * Don't forget to go down stairs. * * * * * All street cars from Union Station pass our door.

OWEN, MOORE & CO.

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 .89
\$2.00 Black Satin Duchesse, reduced to 1.39
\$2.00 Black Faille Francaise reduced to 1.50
\$1.50 Black Satin Rhadame reduced to 1.00
\$1.00 Black Silk (warranted) reduced to .79
\$1.25 Black Silk Warp Henrietta reduced to .95
\$1.50 Black Silk Warp Henrietta reduced to 1.15
\$1.62 Black Silk Warp Henrietta reduced to 1.25
50c. Tricots reduced to .29
75c. French Dress Goods reduced to .35

- 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.,

Portland, Maine.

VISIT THE

Bowling Alleys and Billiard Room

OF THE

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL!

where you can find a

First-Class Barber Shop.

ALSO

Cool Soda, Fruit, Confectionery, and Best Cigars.

Fishing Tackle for Sale and to Let.

Also, Agent Kennebunk Steam Laundry.

GROVE HILL HOUSE,

W. F. PAUL, Proprietor,

Kennebunk Beach, Maine.

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

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

Anything from a Single Hitch to a

FOUR-IN-HAND!

FURNISHED ON SHORT NOTICE.

A Buckboard for the convenience of Parties.

Strangers carried to adjoining towns.

JOS. H. JEFFREY, Kennebunkport, Me.

Near Parker House.

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 others than New Hampshire people. Located as it is directly on the beach, the location is a most desirable one for those wishing to be near the water. Still farther on is Cove Cottage, which for genuine comfort is second to none on the beach. Under its present management it had a very prosperous season last year and will undoubtedly do so this season.

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

But in this journey the tourist has skipped the finest fitted up hotel at the beach and one whose location is second to none. We refer to the Grove Hill House. Located about one-eighth of a mile from the beach, on a high elevation, with beautiful sloping lawns and green terraces, the house stands out in bold relief. Steam elevator, electric lights, a mineral spring and every modern convenience for the comfort of the guests is destined to make the Grove Hill House stand second to none on the coast. When the visitor has been these places 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.

Whiton House, 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.

Forest Hill House, on the road to Gooch's Beach.

BASE-BALL LITERATURE.

Bill Nye Grapples with the New Style of Reporting Games.

I am extremely sorry that Matthew Arnold did not live to read more of our American base-ball literature. I think he would have liked it better if he had done so. In saying that we were a vulgar people and that the American humorist was a National misfortune, I think he criticised us hastily, for he was only in this country a little while and judged our humor largely by the supply he read while here and which he brought with him in his trunk, but if he could have seen the base-ball word-painting of our glorious country he would have loved us.

If he could have read that Richardson went out, Irwin to Farrar, that Foster hit safely and stole second, that Welch fled out to Wood, and all about Tiernan's scratch hit, and Ewing's failure to sacrifice, and Ward's miss of a grounder that went through him, Mr. Arnold would have said that he had done us an injustice.

We do not claim much for our long line of ancestry, and those of us who came over in the Mayflower try to conceal it as quietly as possible, but here in this wild and savage land we are trying to build up a classic style of writing up our National game that will make the mother country blush.

I admit that I can not understand it at all yet, but I am striving to do so and I am willing to work hard.

Sometimes wish that Lord Tennyson could come here for an summer and sit with me on a bleaching-board, with his numerous hair hanging over his top-coat, while I explained to him "that it looked rather squally for the Giants, for instance, till Slattery jolted merry thunder out of the horsehide, tore the tar out of the willow, smashed the leather, and then, while the Phillie fumbler were pulling dandelion greens beyond the Harlem, the Metropolitan infielder lit out like future punishment beating tan-bark, accumulated a one-bagger, a two-bagger and a three-bagger, straightened himself out like a long-waisted jock-rabbit across the plate and made his royal red home run just as the New York Central got in with the ball and the band played 'Tommy Make Room for Your Auntie.'"

I think that Alfred would like that. If me Lord likes a vivid and searching style he would find it here. I am only beginning to write in this way, and it is new to me, but I think I can ultimately give a description of a ball game that will appeal to every heart.

When I began I would have said, for instance, that O'Rourke swatted at the ball and missed it, till the pitcher hit O'Rourke's person with it and then he went to the first and gradually got to the third base, but now I would say that O'Rourke, the Gothic extended catcher for the Giants, strove to belt the blooming ball to windward, mauled the atmosphere two times and concussed the life preserver on the right leg of Umpire Daniels, was presented with one base as a mark of esteem, and with a blister as big as a hornet's nest where he had tried to bisect the orbit of a hot ball with the bosom of his knickerbockers, he bungled a second, and while Hallman was mufing the orb, catching invisible crabs, flunking every thing in sight and corking himself generally, O'Rourke lit out like a scared-to-death bobtail cornet, fell forty feet horizontally, and with his ear full of hot ball, a blister across his meridian, a fractured thigh and his mouth full of sand, hoarsely ejaculated "Judgment!"

There is a description that appeals to every heart. There is a literary moss agate, that ought to tickle a man like Tennyson, unless he has a foolish prejudice against American writers.

My ambition is some day to write the lurid description of a base-ball game which will go snorting down the corridors of time, along with Balaklava, Ma-co Bozzaris and the stubborn youth who stood on the burning deck. I want to write it so that it will be bright and jaunty in style, and yet I would like to seek a little sadness in it, a description that should be rich in coloring, and yet free from information, a carefully and professionally prepared gem of literature that would contain about a column and nothing else whatever.

The London Saturday Review says that "what America wants is a literature that shall smack of the soil." Here is the opportunity. Let the umpire take down the remarks of a Giant who has tried to reach nine feet and catch hold of the third base with his front teeth, and then demand judgment before spitting out the north end of the Polo ground.—Bill Nye, in N. Y. World.

—The New York Chinese interpreters, who have acted as "match-makers" between "Metician" lawyers, and their Chinese clients, have decided that they do not get enough pay for their services. So they are now organizing into a regular union, and will then demand a uniform rate, which must be paid in advance, unless otherwise guaranteed. The union is to have regularly elected officers annually, and by-laws by which to govern the action of its members in regard to the acceptance of fees, etc. It proposes to obtain a regular charter from the State of New York.

—A Buffalo young lady the other day described Joan of Arc as one of Noah's seven daughters.

PETROLEUM REFUSE.

The Original Foundation of the Cheving Gum of Commerce.

"What is chewing gum made from?" repeated a very large producer in Brooklyn of the now almost universally used substance to a reporter, who, with others, was being shown around the extensive works. "That is one of the secrets of the trade, and we have no desire to give it away. Suffice it to say there are few only who know its original foundation, for that is disguised completely in the confections which are placed around it."

This reply only excited the curiosity of the reporter, and while looking out of one of the windows of the works he noticed a large truck, bearing on its side the name of a well-known candle manufacturer of New York. The truck was heavily laden with bags of some kind of substance evidently intended for use in the works. Following up this clue the reporter called at the candle factory in question, and learned that the substance delivered at the chewing gum factory was the refuse of petroleum after the kerosene oil had been extracted. The informant said:

"The crude petroleum is pressed until the black oil is extracted. This is refined and produces paraffine and subsequently kerosene which can also be refined. The refuse is a yellow scale, which can be made into hard paraffine wax, used in the manufacture of candles. The same yellow scale can, by a process known to the chewing-gum makers, be made into a soft wax which will yield easily to the action of the teeth. It is of such a peculiar nature when thus prepared that, if once chewed upon, it will almost involuntarily cause the person in whose mouth it may be to continue the work of mastication."

"But kerosene oil has a nasty taste and smell, while chewing gum has not."

True; but you must remember that the oil has been squeezed out, or at least the greater part of it. If you were to take the yellow scale as it first comes from the press, it would doubtless have some of the same taste and smell that you speak of; but after it has been subjected to several processes, and artfully hidden under the essences contained in the confections which cover the chewing gum, few would recognize the yellow scale or refuse of the petroleum."

"But is not the substance injurious to health?"

"Not more so than any other kind of wax. Of course, excessive use of any thing may prove injurious. The greatest evil that I can surmise would be in the extraordinary exercise of the salivary glands, thereby depriving them of that force which nature gives to them when requiring their use in the proper mastication of food. Of course I am now only speaking of the petroleum basis of the chewing gum assold, and have no knowledge of the composition of what covers the little cakes in the shape of a confection. The latter is naturally taken into the stomach, while the waxy portion is generally thrown away after it has served its purpose as a chewing gum. If the pure paraffine wax was used as soon as it is refined, it would be a simple tasteless substance, and consequently less attractive than in the forms it is now sold."

"As chewing gum is cheap, would it not pay better to make the so-called refuse into paraffine wax candles?"

"It would, if there was as large a demand for the candles, as there is scale made in the process of getting out the oil. There being so much yellow scale produced, something has to be done with it, or it would go to waste. A market has therefore been found among the chewing-gum manufacturers, who get it at an almost nominal rate. Hence the profit, despite the cheap price at which it is sold."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

A Bright Student of Memories.

"Hello, Blank," said a Boston man to one of his friends the other day, "I hear you are attending this memory school. What do you think of it, anyhow?"

"Greatest discovery of the age!" says Blank, enthusiastically. "I tell you it's a big thing, sir; a mighty big thing! Why, two months ago I couldn't remember any thing a day. Couldn't remember names and dates half a day, even, and now, since I've taken up this Loissette system I can't forget any thing. No, sir, I actually can't."

"That so? I must look into the thing myself. What's the teacher's name?"

"Oh, his name's—um—um—let me see. What is his name? I know it well as I know my own. I've heard it forty times. Odd sort of a name, but common enough, too. It's—it's—I had it right at my tongue's end a second ago. It's something like—like—hanged if I remember what it is. I never could remember names, anyhow!"—Detroit Free Press.

He Resented the Imputation.

Seedy Individual—Yes, mum; the winter has been hard on us poor people. That pie is rattling good, mum.

Farmer's Wife—You don't look very well, that's a fact. What are you? An actor?

Seedy Individual—The bloom may be off my cheeks, mum; and my looks may not be quite up to the handle, but thank Heaven, mum; I'm no actor.—Tid-Bits.

FETISH WORSHIP.

The Terrible Belief Held by the Native of the Dark Continent.

The African believes that there are everywhere evil spirits who are amenable to charms or incantations or, as he calls them, "fetiches," and that certain unknown or half-known persons whom he calls wizards are acquainted with these charms and use their occult knowledge for nefarious purposes. He believes further that certain other persons are gifted with the power of tracking or "smelling out" the offenders. So universal is this belief that almost every village of pagan Africa, particularly toward the west coast, has its fetish house, a grim and ghastly building, often ranged round with human skulls in every stage of decomposition, and a fetish man, who is its high priest. No human being, surely, ever had a more terrific power committed to him, and few have used it more unscrupulously or unscrupulously. The fetish man is bound by no law; he recognizes no rules of evidence. Any thing which happens, even in the most ordinary course of nature, he may pronounce to be the work of a fetish, or a wizard, and to need his assistance to ferret it out. A heavy rainfall or drought, a murmur among the cattle, a pestilence or a conflagration, a child devoured by a wild animal, an illness or a death, each and all of these may be pronounced to be "fetish"—somebody has done it, and he must be detected. Supposed a native by this belief, it so forms part of their being, that it never occurs to any of them, though he knows its own turn may come next, to question the reality of this uncanny power; and, in the panic terror of this fetish man and his decisions the negro loses for a time some of his most essential and amiable characteristics, his frivolity, his light-heartedness, even his family affection.

A son will join in putting his father to death; a brother will help to tear in pieces a brother. If the accused dares to deny the charge—which he seldom does, however preposterous or impossible it may be—he has to submit to some terrible ordeal, such as the running at full speed under an avenue of hooped arches about half his height, when, if he stumbles, or rather, as soon as he stumbles, he is backed to death; or the drinking of some deadly decoction, such as the casca bark, when his one chance of escape is handsomely to bribe the fetish man to give him the exact quantity or quality which will make him desperately sick, before the poison has well begun its deadly work.

In Ashantee and Dahomey, at Bonny and Calabar, in the Fan country and throughout Angola this terrible belief prevails, and, as may well be imagined, it ramifies out into every kind of villainy and crime.—Nineteenth Century.

EARN HIS SALARY.

The Onerous Duties of China's Ambassador to the United States.

It is not—at least it may not be generally known—there are a great many things that hadn't ought to be of not be generally known; if I do not fail to make myself clearly understood, bear in mind that the discussion relative to the uselessness of English grammar as she is taught, is a great strain upon the nerves of a literary man; but whittivazzasain (that's volapuk) is, that it may not be generally known that the Chinese Government some years ago sent an ambassador to this country, whose sole duty is to go to a city as soon as he hears that the construction of a cable road is in contemplation. When the first car makes its trial trip, this Celestial ambassador is required by his Government to look at it in amazement and say: "No pullee float end; no pullee hind end; no mulee, no horsee; runnee likee (1) allee macee!" It most sorely grieves a sensible Chinaman to talk in this idiotic way, but the Imperial Government compels this official to do this, in order to keep the American people in a good humor. He said it first in San Francisco; then he said it in Chicago; then Kansas City; then Philadelphia; then Los Angeles, Oakland, and last winter a son of old Sam Adams (proprietor of the Adams House), who was burning kibosh, a sort of incense, before an elm tree on Boston Common, told me that the Chinese said it there. "But," I said, "you have no cable cars in Boston." The Pilgrim turned his quid of cult in his cheek—all the Pilgrims are great cult chewers—and said, haughtily: "What of that? There is a Chinese professor in Harvard College." That struck me as a great and beautiful truth and it impressed me profoundly. I didn't exactly see what he meant by it, but then I have to accept so much that I don't understand, in order to be able to believe any thing, that the swallowing of the incomprehensible and unknowable is now accomplished by me with no effort more painful than a spasmodic gulp, accompanied by stentorated breathing and slightly accelerated heart action, with falling temperature and mean barometer.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Overloading Himself.

Customer (to art dealer)—If that is a genuine Corot, Isaacstein, I don't understand how you can sell it so cheap.

Art Dealer (in a confidential whisper)—My friend, I was new in dot pinness, and I bought an overstock of dot make.—N. Y. Sun.

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