

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.

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

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

BOATS TO LET!
I 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.

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
Found, 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.

Kennebunkport, Me.,
BICKFORD HOUSE.
High Altitude, Fine Ocean View,
Good Rooms, Nice Table,
Artesian Well.

Terms Moderate!

REDUCED RATES

FOR
June and September.

Address
J. W. BICKFORD.

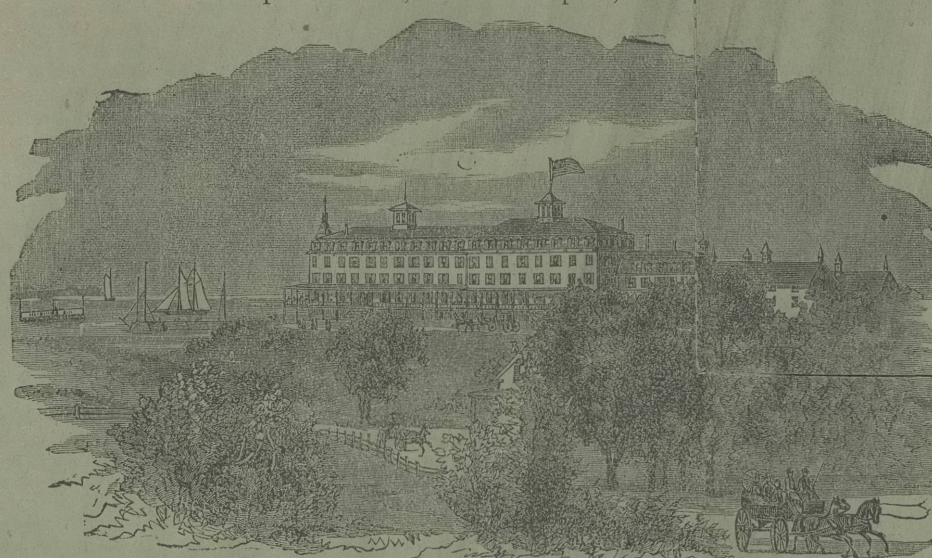
BEACH HOUSE!
KENNEBUNK, MAINE.

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



VOL. II. NO. 1. KENNEBUNKPORT, ME., JULY 14, 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
Merchants' Exchange Hotel,
Portland.

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.

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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.

Thanking the public for the patron-
age they have given the house in the
past, I hope by setting a good table to
please the inside, and by gentlemanly
treatment on the outside, to receive a
share of patronage.

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.

Great Mark Down

TAKING STOCK!

With a
For the benefit of the
our shores for the season, 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
quaint 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 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 cool 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
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 excel-
lent bathing facilities.

Following the beach we near the
Bass Rock House, a fine large hotel
which in the fifth year of its exis-
tence 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 desir-

The Wave.

Good-By.

This number of THE WAVE closes its season of 1887. On the whole, considering it has been its first, it has had a season as prosperous as could be expected. Pain would not be the season longer at this time.

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

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1888.

GOOD MORNING.

Again THE WAVE has hung out its gorgeous canvas sign and, its columns teeming with news, is prepared to welcome the tourist. Its readers will doubtless notice the beautiful sea green tinted paper that it is printed on this season. It will be found very restful to the eyes instead of the old glaring contrast of black and white. Besides it is very appropriate for a beach paper to be printed on green stock; it is in harmony with the gurgling green waves and that ferocious green-eyed monster of jealousy that so often stalks about to the discomfort of many of the younger guests. Again it matches with the verdancy and modesty of the editor, so all in all we think the 3000 or more readers of THE WAVE will agree that the green paper is a great improvement over the old stock. We trust this season to welcome back all of our old readers and a host of new ones and make the paper, with its hotel arrivals and beach gossip, what it always has been, a vehicle for bright and original news.

The old Orchard Summer Rambler is among the first exchanges to reach our table. It is under the management of Mr. Fred W. Adams and John W. Lane, two brainy young journalists. It is brim full of news and gossip, its typographical appearance is neat and attractive, has lots of paying advertising and is a credit to the popular resort in which it had its birth and will we trust have a long and successful being.

Hotel Arrivals.

WENTWORTH BEACH HOUSE.

Boston—G L Wasgatt and wife.
St Louis, Mo.—Mrs J H Douglass, Mrs A A Douglass, J H Douglass, Allouise Douglass jr, Miss Sadie Kaine, Miss Gertrude Kaine, Mrs Archibald Douglass, child and nurse.
Denver, Col.—Mrs R R Wright, jr, Miss Blanche Wright, Miss Louise G Wright, Miss Roberta M Wright.
Newton Centre, Mass.—Mrs Edward Cook.
St Louis, Mo.—Miss N H Ripley, G M Ripley, Lucy Ripley, Fanny Fuller, A F Forbes.
Springfield—Miss M Ames, Miss E M Ames, Gordon Ireland.
Boston—Mr and Mrs E A French.
Syracuse, N Y—Sarah P Young.
Medford, Mass.—Miss S Alice Hamill.
Cincinnati, Ohio—F B Walker, Miss Marion Walker.
Dunkirk, N Y—Mrs Wm Bookstaver, Miss M L Bookstaver.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.

St. Johnsbury, Vt.—Mrs E C Putney, Mary Putney, Ellen C Putney.
Bath—Miss Abbie F Mitchell.
Boston—W P Harvey and wife.
St. Johnsbury, Vt.—Geo H Frost, wife and family.
Cambridgeport, Mass.—Mrs J W Hainman.
W Kennebunk—U A Caine and wife.
St. Johnsbury, Vt.—C E Putney.

SEA VIEW HOUSE.

Boston—Albert Gray.
Newton Centre—C S Davis.
Boston—Bertram Lord, A T Lord.
Morristown, N J—Miss H L Symonds, M E Symonds.
Newton, Mass.—Otis Childz.
Somerville, Mass.—Frank E Hodgkins, Mrs F E Hodgkins, Ethel G Hodgkins, Willie P Hodgkins.
Barre, Mass.—Mrs Chas E Cook, Miss M Wood, Miss A B Field.
Lawrence—Mrs J F Winchester, Mrs C L Silvester.
Malden, Mass.—Mr and Mrs E A Stevens jr, Alice R Stevens, Edith L Stevens, Frank D Stevens, Dexter Stevens.
St Paul—Mrs G F Farmington.
Boston—Miss L E Farrington.
Danvers—Mr and Mrs B S Andrews.
Somerville, Mass.—Dr T M Durrell and family.
Montclair, N J—F H Harris and family, Miss Leffingwell, Miss Miles.
Boston—Gertrude Small.
Newton Centre—Ida A Davis, Mr and Mrs C S Davis.

Montreal—Mrs Newman, Miss Henderson, J R Knight.
Rochester—B A Brewster and wife, Mrs H C Brewster.
Boston—Mrs J E Gray, Gertrude Philadelphia D Chase.
Wakefield—Mrs D S D Nuggett, and nurse, Jas M Clapp.
Philadelphia—Miss N H Carpenter, Henry Pennypacker.
Boston—A J Quinn, wife and daughter.
Boston—Wm Macomber.
Portland, N J—E C Brewer.
Boston—S E Flicker.
Williamstown, Mass.—Mr and Mrs Edward H Griffin, Nat E Griffin, Jack W Griffin.
Exeter, N H—Wm H Paine.
Boston—A S Hooper, C Burnham, Frank Weymouth.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.

Boston—C F Daniels.
Newmarket, N H—Miss Nancy Chapman.
Stillwater, Minn—Miss Stella Bean.
Newmarket, N H—Charles A Edgerley.
Franklin, N H—Mr and Mrs E G Leach, Robert M Leach, Eugene W Leach.
Stroudwater, Mass—J W Moyes.
Adams, Mass—T A Mole, Miss Helen Mole, J W Mole.
Watertown, Mass—Mrs A O Davidson.
Adam, Mass—Miss Maggie Howarth.
Boston—Mrs G A Doyle, Georgia G Doyle, J Hartwell Staples.
Gt Falls—Mrs Wm F Russell.

SEASIDE HOUSE.

Bridgewater, N H—Alice M Lewis.
Waterville, N H—C E Buell, Mrs C Buell.
New York—H Dumphy, Julia K Dumphy, Mrs G Hawley.
Pittsfield, Mass—Miss Olive Grasming, Miss M E G Miller.
Boston—Mrs Erastus Willard, Carrie Willard, Mary Willard, Anne Willard and nurse.
Arlington, Mass—Miss C M Wyman, Mr and Mrs E C Prescott, A D W Prescott.
Boston—Miss C W Post, Fred E Worthy.
Saco—E Lane.
Dorchester, Mass—G W Andrews.

OCEAN BLUFF.

New York—Jas McCash Magie, David Magie jr, Dr and Mrs David Magie.
Philadelphia—Mr Thomas Wood and wife, Miss Ida Wood.
Paduach, Ky—Mrs Moses Bloome, Miss Blanche Bloome, Mrs Schwarzenberger.
Elizabeth, N J—Mrs Kellogg and four children, Mr J C Kellogg.
St Louis—Mrs H F Lemist, Miss M Lemist.
Boston—Jas H Richardson.
Philadelphia—Mrs Theodore Mitchell, Miss C M Hastings, Mr and Mrs Robert E Hastings, Miss Hastings and maid, Master Hastings, Mrs L C Duff and daughter, Mr L C Duff.
Whitford, Pa—Mrs Dr Geo Thomas, Miss M G Thomas.
Baltimore—Mrs G J Hopkins.
Philadelphia—Mrs Jacob P Jones, Miss Helen Annan, Mrs E C Annan, Miss Annan.
Berton—C L Brown, Miss Florence Brown.
Brooklyn—Abbott L Dow, Miss N H Dow, Carrie Dow and maid, Mrs J F Heinman, Miss J H Snyder.
Boston—J A Ryan, Samuel Hooper, J S Spaulding.
N Y—Mr and Mrs Wm D Barbour, Miss Barbour.
Middlebury, Vt—Mrs W W Eabon, Miss Wright.
N Y—Mrs Jas T Lennox, Miss M E Lennox.
Fair Haven, N J—J S Boardman.
N Y—Miss S B Boardman, Miss M F Ross, A G Greene.
Haverhill—Mr and Mrs Geo C How, Miss Minnie Hersey.
Exeter—W N Dow.
St Louis—Philip S Myers.
Philadelphia—Mr and Mrs A B Morgan and family, Mr and Mrs I H Brazier, Miss E L Brazier, W E Lehman, F A Walker, Miss M G Grosholtz, Miss Grosholtz, Gibson Grosholtz.
New York—Mrs D B Whitlock and family, Miss E P Whitlock, Miss A W Whitlock.
St Louis—G H Walker, J T Walker, Mrs L Greene.
Boston—C A Brooks and wife.
Baltimore—Mrs John Gibbs, Mr Rufus Gibbs, Addie Gibbs, John S Gibbs.
Haverhill—L E Martin and wife.
California—Bessie Martin.
Malden—Millie R Brown, Otter Dermont.
Portland—W A Morten.
Boston—Francis L Wells.
Omaha—Mr and Mrs Lewis S Reed, family and maid.
Haverhill, Mass—David J Ayers.
New York—Jas W Cile.

which safe per neighbors,

NORTON HOUSE.

Boston—L Mutcherson.
Taunton—G T Fisher.
Lawrence—Henry W Emmons.
Boston—G W Reed, G R Seward.

GLEN HOUSE.

New York—Mr and Mrs Robert Au-ther.
Morristown, N Y—Miss M H Garrard.
Lowell—G S Motley, T C Parker, G R Richardson, Henry Eastman, Haverill, Mass—Mr and Mrs Henry Merrill.
Boston—Miss H W Pearson.
Brookline, Mass—M C Beecher.
Boston—K L Taylor, Horace B Pearson, Miss H M Robinson, Dr Wm C Winslow, wife and daughter, Geo W Taylor, Arthur Lawrence Woods, Miss L F Brigham, Miss H F Foster, Mrs Geo E Foster, Mr and Mrs John Chandler.
Morristown, N Y—Mrs R W Stevenson, Miss Stevenson.

BICKFORD HOUSE.

Boston—W H Taft.
Ottawa—E H Brownson.
Boston—J L Blaisdell.
Philadelphia—G H Willis and wife.
Boston—Geo W Richardson, wife and family.
West Buxford, Mass—Mr and Mrs S C Clark, Grace E Clark, Arthur L Greene.
Lowell—Mrs J M Fletcher, Mrs A E Clark, H C Fletcher.
Boston—Miss A F Reynolds, Miss M E Reynolds, Chas F Morrill, W E Morse, Mrs Jas M Morrill.
Brookline, Mass—D H Daniels and wife, Miss N W Daniels.
Arlington, Mass—W A Taft and wife, Clara C Taft, Helen Taft, W A Taft, nurse and girl, Samuel H Smith.
Boston—Thomas Bisbee, Miss Bisbee, Miss K H Holden.
St Louis—Miss Peck.
Boston—W L Read jr.
Ottawa, Ont—E H Brownson and wife, Mrs Bell Brownson, child and nurse.

RIVERSIDE HOUSE.

Portland—S H Goech.
Newburyport—Geo I Goech, Geo H Bregg and wife, Master Geo H Bregg jr, Miss Lelia Bregg, Geo H Ogden, R S Bailey, Capt Chas Howard, Chas H Sargent and wife, Chas R Sargent jr, Geo Henry Sargent, Howard W Sargent—steam yacht "Josie M."
Boston—J H Weld.
Somerville, Mass—J E Perkins and wife.
Worcester, Mass—J J Miller and wife, Miss H B Vose, Miss Effie L Benet, Miss Maria P Cole.
Somerville, Mass—Miss Ella F Cutler, Miss Janie Cutler.

PARKER HOUSE.

Boston—Mr and Mrs Newton Platt, Geo L Haynes.
Germantown, Phila—S Lloyd Eirth, Frank J Firth.
Worcester, Mass—D H Fanning, T N Coyle.
Kennebunk—Chas C Vinal, Geo F Robinson, John Collins Emmons.
Englewood, N J—Mrs M T Martin, Mrs M E Bolles, Miss Bolles, Randolph Bolles.
Boston—A W Smith, G H Jones.
Norfolk, Va—Mr and Mrs F F Bowles and maid.
Boston—Geo E Hyde, Mr and Mrs S H Savage.
Baltimore, Md—Miss K Hyde.
Boston—Chas Johnson.
Newton—Arthur Kendrick.
Saco—F B Wiggins.
Elizabeth, N J—Mr J C Kellogg and family.
Boston—Mr and Mrs Frank W Hunt, Master Merrill Hunt and nurse.
Biddeford—J W Maxwell.
Boston—Mr and Mrs C W Pope, Miss Ella Pope, Miss Ella Sears, Mr and Mrs W Wilson, Miss F E Wilson, Miss Alice Wilson, Mrs Francis J Ward, Miss Ward, Wm W Kellet.
New York—J W Hardley, Miss Hardley, Miss Margueretta Harcley.
Nunda, New York—Mrs S D Moxley.
Brookline, Mass—Mrs J B Mathews, Miss Grace E Mathews, E B Mathews.
Lynn, Mass—Miss Nellie Miles.
Waltham, Mass—Miss Lilla Bell Viles, Miss Lena N Flagg.
New York—Mr and Mrs G B Dim-

mick, Miss Dimmick, Miss Maud Dimmick.
Cambridge, Mass—Irving Blake, F R Blake, E Kennedy, T Kerman.

THE ARUNDEL.

Columbus, Ohio—Mrs Mary F Go-ting.
Boston—Mrs Richard A Ware.
Philadelphia, Penn—Mr B B Strout, Mr Chas A Strout.
Omaha—Miss J James.
Baltimore, Md—Miss C R Savage, Miss Helen Davis, Miss Mary F Sav-ago.
Detroit, Mich—Mrs Richard Inglis, Miss Inglis, Miss Agnes Inglis.
New York—Mr B M White, Miss A S Whitlock, Miss C P Whitlock, Miss S W Whitlock.

The World-Renowned Underwood Spring at Falmouth Foreside.

When Weymouth, the English explorer, first visited the coast of Maine he found a portion of the shores of what is now known as Casco Bay jealously guarded by a small tribe of Indians, known as the Sekokis, who maintained a permanent camp at a spot that appeared to have peculiar charms for them.

Having his curiosity excited by this unusual departure from the customary nomadic habits of the other aborigines that he had come in contact with, he opened friendly relations with them and found that their solicitude care of the locality arose from the fact that their most valued possession was a remarkable Spring that issued from a ravine that made up from the shores of a small cove, and that the place was used by them as a sanitarium for their own sick and wounded, and those of neighboring cities.

Weymouth notes that he filled his water casks at the Spring.
The Sekokis at that time were a small and decaying tribe, but the evident antiquity of the mounds that they or their predecessors, in the occupancy of the region, had constructed in the vicinity, showed that the spot had for generations possessed peculiar charms for its owners.

The first white settler, who claimed possession of the Spring and surrounding land, was one Jonathan Underwood, a scion of the ancient Dublin family of Underwoods; and the Spring has continued to bear his name during the 250 years that it has been known to the scientists of America and Europe. The aboriginal owners for years disputed the claim, and as late as 1750 a descendant of the first Underwood claimant was ambushed and slain at the Spring.

The peculiar characteristics of the Spring early attracted the attention of the naturalists who visited it, its immense volume,—200,000 gallons in twenty-four hours—its unvarying flow, and all its undiscoverable source, giving ground for a revival of Descartes theory that all springs have their origin in the ocean and are supplied by capillary attraction. No satisfactory explanation of the reason for its existence has been arrived at, and it remains as much a mystery to the scientifically curious of to-day as it was to its simple Indian owners.

The waters of the Spring are the purest ever found, and as they are absolutely inimitable by the art of the chemist, they are the best known solvent; the advance that has been made in the past 50 years in the knowledge of the therapeutic value of a water in any degree approaching the character of the product of the Underwood Spring has given it a high place in the materia-medica of the world.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE,

Owen Wentworth & Co., Proprietors, Kennebunk Beach, Maine.
This new and attractive house is situated on a hill, commanding one of the finest views of the ocean and surrounding country to be found on this coast. It is within five minutes walk of Post Office, Station, Beach, Bath Houses, Cove and several Hotels. The facilities for boating, fishing and bathing are unsurpassed.
JOSEPH D. WELLS, Manager.

BEACH HOUSE!

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

CIRCULATING LIBRARY

Books two cents a day.
Boston Daily Tapers, Periodicals, Choice Fruit and Confectionery, at the Drug Store of
C. E. MILLER,
Dock Sq., Kennebunkport, Me.

NONANTUM HOUSE,

H. A. HECKMAN, Proprietor.
Splendid Location. Beautiful View of the River and Ocean. Excellent Rooms.
KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

C. TROTT, BOAT BUILDER,

Kennebunkport, Maine.
Ships, Row, Sloop, and Sail Boats built to order of the best materials and in a workmanlike manner. Also, Boats and Canoes to Let. Raft near E. Cousens' store.

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.

COVE COTTAGE TO LET.

Inquire of
OWEN WENTWORTH.

LYMAN CHASE, M. D.,
Homoeopathic Physician,
KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.
Office hours: 9 to 11; 4 to 6.

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.

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PRINTING!

NEATLY EXECUTED

— AT —

THE WAVE Steam Printing House, KENNEBUNKPORT.

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

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

BONSER & SON,
No. 10 Main Street, Kennebunk,
BUY FOR CASH! Maintain the Highest Standard, and always Quote the Lowest Prices in Men's Clothing, Hats and Furnishing Goods. The balance of their stock at Low Bargain Prices, demands the attention of every careful buyer.
BONSER & SON.

A complete line of
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IAN CHASE, M. D.
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Prices, de-
SON.

The Wave is for sale at the
Drug Store of C. E. Miller, at 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 14.	2:30	3:00
" 15.	3:15	3:45
" 16.	4:15	4:45
" 17.	5:15	5:45
" 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

Arrival and Departure of Mails.
(In 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.,
3 P. M.
For the East, at 10, A. M., 6:20 P. M.
MAILS ARRIVE.
From the West and South, at 11:45 A. M.,
3 P. M.
From the East, at 10:10 A. M., 4:50 P. M.

Wavelets.
Industrious Lovers.
Her work with needle and with thread
Seemed all her thoughts engaging,
Which made me jealous, and I said:
"I wish you'd quit your edging."
Then when aside her work she laid
And love I got to pledging,
My chair somehow got feet; she said:
"Now, sir, you quit your edging."

Ab, there!
Are you glad to see us?
The Cliff and Glen Houses are full.
The popular Nantasket House is well
filled.
Good cooks appear to be in demand
at the hotels.
The Cliff house has had boarders
since April 2.
Poor weather to induce people to go
to the beaches.
Forty-four more guests at the Bluff
than last year at this time.
The prospect is that the Grove Hill
will have a rushing season.
The prospect is that August will
bring a terrible rush to the beach.
Mr. Henry W. Emmons, of Law-
rence, is sojourning at the Norton
house.
E. C. Miller, the jolly druggist, has
his stock of unique whitewood
canebrakes.
S. S. Davis, of Newton Centre, will
erect a cottage on his lot at Ken-
nebunk Beach.
Bring your orders for job printing to
the Wave office and get neat work
at living prices.
Mr. W. C. Parker, formerly of the
Parker House, has assumed charge of
the Highland House this year.
E. E. Damon has bought two new
bath and pool tables for his already
well equipped saloon at the Bluff.

The cottages on Kennebunk Beach
are about all occupied and we notice
general progress of construction.
Col. Harris, of Newark, N. J., has
bought a lot at Kennebunk Beach and
will soon commence to build a summer
cottage.
Mayor, John W. Deering, of
Portland, and family are at Capt.
Brown's while their elegant new cot-
tage is being built.
The Wave office is at its old loca-
tion in Brown's block, up stairs, where
it shall be pleased to welcome our
friends and subscribers.
Fenn's goods are all the rage for the
month this year. People wear them
who couldn't tell the difference be-
tween a racket and a cod fish.
The family of Hon. E. G. Leach, of
Middletown, N. H., are at the Grove
Hotel. Mr. Leach is one of the
leading lawyers of that section.
We notice the names of many Ken-
nebunk people at the Sea View House,
near Landlord Hubbard to be
regular around home as well as draw-
ing guests from abroad.
Hall & Littlefield have made many
improvements to their stable in the way of
boxes, ponies and carriages since last
season and have some elegant equipages
for the use of the summer guests.
The Wave office is in Brown's block
the same location as last year. The
editor would be pleased to welcome
any of his readers who may drop in,
bring an item with you if you can.

Mr. James B. LaCroix is again in
charge of the Ocean Bluff newstand.
In later issues we propose writing
up some of the elegant new cottages
that have been built since last season.
Mr. Jos. H. Jeffrey has just pur-
chased an elegant three-seat party
wagon. "Joe" believes in keeping
up with the times.
Considerable of our advertising has
been unavoidably omitted from this
issue. There was a delay in getting
the copy in. It will appear next
week.

D. T. Parker, M. D., formerly pres-
ident of New Hampshire Medical
Society, says:—"I consider Dr Cobb's
Rheumatic Cure an absolute cure for
rheumatism and neuralgia in all cases."

The roof of the bowling alley has
been raised and 18 nice rooms, to be
used for single gentlemen, finished in
first-class style by Goodwin, Grant &
Co. They know how to do a good job
quick.

Our tide table at the head of the
local column will be found of great
convenience to those planning boating
excursions ahead. It was compiled by
Capt. Jos. Titcomb for THE WAVE
which is a guarantee that it is exactly
correct.

Mr. J. R. Taylor has opened a store
at Kennebunk Beach which will prove
a great convenience to the hotel keep-
ers and cottagers there. Mr. Taylor
is a square, upright man and custom-
ers will find his goods exactly as rep-
resented.

Mrs. Lizzie Tripp, daughter of the
proprietor of the Bickford House, has
arrived for the season. She will act as
clerk at that popular house and will
doubtless be as great a favorite with
the guests as last year.

Many will be pained to hear of the
death of Miss Lillian Fuller in Venice
some two months ago. Her pleasant
face and cheerful voice will be greatly
missed by all that knew her. The
body is daily expected at Kennebunk,
where it will be interred.

Capt. Brown has had a sick and
tedious winter, but is now able to be
around part of the time and welcome
the returning guests with whom he is
a warm favorite. May every coming
summer's day bring back to him re-
newed health and vigor until autumn
shall find him full of his old time
energy.

Many additions have been made at
the Bluff since last season. New car-
pets adorn the office and hall floors and
a considerable amount of new furni-
ture has been added. New walks have
been laid out and every improvement
possible for the comfort of the guests
has been made.

Advertised Letters
in the Kennebunkport Post Office,
July 14, 1888.
L B Bates, Miss Lizzie Bush, Irving
Blake, Miss Alice C. Berry, James H
Coleman, Celia E. Clark, Mrs Sarah
Cole, William Curtis, Ida S. Davis,
Miss Carrie V. Dyer, Mrs George
DuBois Dimmick, D. H. Daniels, Mrs
G B Dodge, Miss Mary Dawson, Miss
A M Dorr, Miss C M Eaton, Rev and
Mrs Fred K Frothingham, Miss Sarah
Fletcher, Miss Fannie George, George
A Goodridge, Frank S. Gurney, Mrs
Helen Gooch, Miss Addie Gibbs, New-
ell M. Hayden, Mrs Julia E. Hill, Mrs
W W Hastings, Rev Eben Halley, Miss
Mabel Haseltine, F H Hunter, Miss
Mary L. Hawley, Clara M. James, Dr J
W Johnson, Mary Wheeler Lockwood,
Mrs J T Lennox, Miss Azuba J. Latham,
Miss Alice M. Lewis, Mrs P F
Myers, Miss Maggie M. Leod, Mrs Chas
Morton, Mrs A C Noyes, Annie F
O'Brien, J S Nichols, Mrs D C Perrin,
Mrs George A. Perkins, David Perkins,
Frank Perkins, Mrs Lizzie Perkins,
Martin L. Rideout, Miss Eva F. Royget,
G P. Trott, Mrs Laura D. Townsend,
Arthur Wakefield, Mrs Francis J
Ward.

The Parker House.
The Parker House has undergone a
great change since last season. Mr. W.
C. Parker so long connected with it
retires in place of Mr. Henry H. Mat-
thews, who was last year clerk there
and this year assumes the entire man-
agement. The prices have been put
up and as a consequence the social
standing of the house becomes second
to none. Especial attention is to be
paid to the table and no pains will be
spared to make it fully equal to any on
the coast. Mr. A. H. Hodge recently
of the Revere House, Boston, will be
chef and each department will be un-
der an experienced head. The Am-
phion ladies' orchestra, consisting of
Miss Mellic Miles, (cornetist) Miss
Lilla Bell Viles and Miss Lena N.
Flagg, have been engaged for the sea-
son. Miss Niles is one of the finest
xylophone players in the country.
The Macen, (Ga) telegraph says "The
audiences were highly delighted with
the xylophone solos by Miss Nellie

Miles, and called for repeated encores."
The stables have been taken by Mr.
Irving Blake of Cambridge, who has
sent some of his finest horses and car-
riages down for the summer. They
comprise dog carts, village carts,
phaetons, buggies, surreys, carryalls,
canopy phaetons, T-carts, beach
wagons, elegant harnesses and safe
and handsome horses. If first class
teams and polite attention can win
success then Mr. Blake is sure to win
it. Many of the old guests are coming
back with a host of new ones and that
it will have a gay and successful sea-
son there is no doubt.

CAPTAIN TWAMBLY'S DEATH.

A Shipmaster who Encountered the Ala-
bama in the Sixties.

Captain Henry B. Twambly, a well-
known ex-shipmaster of Kennebunk-
port, died in the office of Captain J. A.
Titcomb, Monday afternoon, from
heart disease. He came near his end
two weeks ago, but had so far recov-
ered as to be in business when this
second attack overcame him.

Captain Twambly has made but few
deep water voyages since the ship
"Anna F. Schmidt," which he com-
manded, was burned by the Alabama.
He was subsequently acting ensign in
the war time and had command of a
gunboat in southern waters. He was
59 years, six months of age, and from
his boyhood a consistent member of
the South Congregational church, and
noted for his sterling integrity and
genial disposition. Mrs. Twambly
and their only son, Deacon Palmer A.
Twambly, survive him.

DROPPED THEIR WORK.

An Ideal View of Life in the Hospitable
Blue Grass State.

A Chicago man who recently visited
Louisville, Ky., was much surprised
at the social customs of the city. "I
went around," said he, "to call on
an old friend of mine. I found him
very busy, shipping goods to a dis-
tant village, but remarking that na-
ture had taught patience to the vil-
lagers, announced that he was ready
to run with me.

"Run with me!" I exclaimed.

"Of course. Come on, and we'll
stir up the boys."

"As we were walking along the
street we passed a wholesale house,
where a large number of men were
rolling barrels and handling boxes.

My friend, poking his head into the
doorway, yelled:

"Come on, boys."

"The book-keepers throw down
their pens, the barrel-rollers turned
away from their work and the bald-
headed supervisor of the entire work
came from the counting-room; and
every one of them followed us to a
saloon. Then we went to the court-
house, and my friend poked his head
in and said:

"Boys, got time to step out?"

"Every pen was dropped, and we
went over to a saloon."

"Do you know the Governor of
this State?" my friend asked.

"I replied that I did not. 'Then,'
said he, 'we will go up to Frankfort
and see him.'"

"Are you not too busy?"

"Of course not. Pleasure before
business is the only correct theory of
life."

"We went to Frankfort, and, with-
out going to a hotel, went straightway
to the State-house. My friend intro-
duced me to the Governor and all the
State officers, and, just as I expected
my friend to say 'come on, boys,' the
Governor remarked that we'd better
take a stroll. In a moment scores of
doors were opened. One old fellow
who came from the auditing depart-
ment, and who was putting on his coat
as he trotted along, was asked by an
old negro watchman if there was any
thing the matter.

"The Governor has issued a procla-
mation," the old fellow replied. The
old negro, dropping an armful of kin-
dling-wood, silently joined the proces-
sion. I don't remember when we left
Frankfort. I understand that we went
back to the State-house and held a sort
of reception, and although I am not
inclined to dispute the information,
yet I must say that I know nothing
about it. I remember bidding
the Governor good-bye. I don't know
where it was, whether the Governor
had gone with me and my friend to
the depot, or whether we had gone
home with him, but I remember hold-
ing his hand, and telling him as I gazed
into a sort of cob-web and misty smile,
that he was one of the boys and de-
served success."—Arkansas Traveler.

"My friends admire me a great
deal musically," said a young travel-
ing man who had never been promi-
nent for self-conceit. "I didn't know
that you sang." "I don't, and what's
more I never try. That's why I am
admired."—Merchant Traveler.

An odd combination of wares is
offered by a shop in the Italian city of
Bari, on the Adriatic. A sign informs
would-be customers that within can
be obtained: "Leeches, bread sold in
slices or loaves, and tuition in
mathematics."

The easiest labor is hard when we
put no life into its performance.

USES OF CASTOR OIL.

One of the Most Valuable and Serviceable
of Oleaginous Substances.

Castor oil, though best known for
its medicinal qualities, is from a me-
chanical point of view one of the most
valuable of all oleaginous substances.
The production of this oil in the
United States amounts to more than
900,000 gallons per year. In 1880 the
value of the product was a little more
than \$790,000.

Castor oil is one of the heaviest of
oils. Its specific gravity is nearly as
great as that of water, being .9611.
It is the most viscid of the fixed oils
and mixes in all proportions, when
pure, with alcohol and ether. Al-
though in time it does oxidize
and become solid, yet it is prac-
tically non-drying and non-gumming,
as it may be exposed in thin films for
months without showing any signs of
gumming or hardening, properties
which give it great value for a variety
of purposes. For use upon leather it
excels all other oils. Neatsfoot oil is
not to be compared to it. Its viscosity
and its indifference to the oxygen of
the air, are among the reasons for its
preservative action. The first prevents
its being easily driven out of the
leather by the action of water or
dampness, and the latter serves to
retard the slow destruction of the
leather by atmospheric action.

It appears to have a peculiar
action upon leather, softening and
greatly improving that which has be-
come old and hard. Old boots which
are entirely beyond the reach of any
ordinary preparations may be greatly
improved and made almost like new
leather by the application of castor
oil. There is little difficulty in black-
ing leather after this oil has been ap-
plied. The ordinary preparations of
beeswax, tallow and rosin, when ap-
plied to leather, do make it water
proof for a time, but as they penetrate
and harden in the leather they ap-
pear to open its pores, and when they
have at last been driven out
by moisture, which happens in a short
time, the leather is more porous than
before. Ordinary oils appear to open
the pores and to do very little toward
rendering the leather permanently
soft and pliable. A wetting, after
these preparations have been applied,
leaves them worse than before, espe-
cially if they have been wet with
snow water.

Leather hose and leather belts,
when treated with castor oil, last
much longer than when any other
material is used upon them. One
author goes so far as to say that they
last years longer. A belt well filled
with castor oil will do the work of
one fifty per cent. wider, which has not
been so treated, and at the same time
last more than twice as long. An-
other recommendation is that rats and
mice will not touch the leather, as
they dislike the oil.

For the lubrication of light ma-
chinery, castor oil is very valuable, as
it does not gum, and its slow-flowing
prevents it from working out of the
bearings as quickly as the mineral
oils. In this respect it is far ahead of
most other oils of the same class.
Compared with ordinary "black oil"
it would stand as 180 to 16 or 17. Al-
though it is very thick, it does not
solidify or freeze until it has been
cooled to 3 or 4 degrees below zero.
Its melting point is about 13 degrees
above zero. The addition of one-
quarter part by weight of beeswax is
sufficient to convert the oil into a soft
solid which might be used for many
kinds of lubrication where a grease is
needed.—Mechanical News.

—Ross Winans, the Baltimore mil-
lionaire, has given up his 260,000 acre
game preserves in Scotland, and the
lease has been renewed by W. K. Van-
derbilt, who has taken Beaufort Castle
for five years. Thus does the newly
acquired money of the New World go
toward building up the tottering for-
tunes of the Old.

—In the Pennsylvania community
of Economy every inhabitant is com-
pelled to rigidly conform to the rules.
Every one is required to attend church
twice every Sunday and hear two ser-
mons from Father Henrici. Any one
found out of bed after nine o'clock on
any night is immediately banished
from the town, and all are required to
rise at five o'clock in the morning. In
addition to three meals daily, a free
luncheon is served to the whole com-
munity at nine o'clock every morning
and at three every afternoon.

—The Sultan's jubilee gift to the
Pope was an amulet of gold, profuse-
ly studded with precious stones and
valued at \$50,000. It was presented
by an Armenian Patriarch. The Presi-
dent of the French Republic sent two
magnificent vases of Sèvres with a
cordial letter of congratulation. His
Holiness has received \$100,000 from
the monks of the Chartreuse, a dia-
mond rose valued at \$125,000 from
Ecuador, and a huge golden staff filled
with gold dollars from San Francisco.

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.

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.

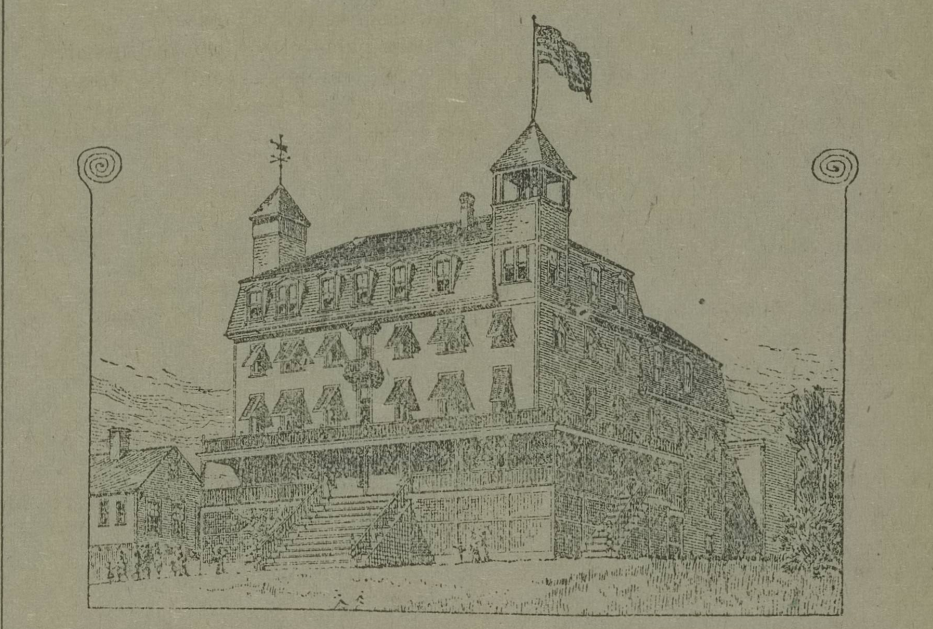
ALSO

Cool Soda, Fruit, Confectionery, and
Best Cigars.

Fishing Tackle and Bathing Suits to Let.

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.

Reserved for
Lamson, Photographer,
Portland.

Reserved for
Hall & Littlefield.

Reserved for
Sawtelle, Photographer,
Biddeford.

Reserved for
W. H. H. HINDS,
DENTIST,
Kennebunkport, Maine.
Pure Gas and Ether constantly on hand.
All work warranted.

able 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 rounds he has by no means seen all there is to be seen at Kennebunkport and Kennebunk Beach.

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

HOTEL DIRECTORY.

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

Norton House, directly across the bridge to the left.

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

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.

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

Bass Rock house, directly across the road from the Granite State.

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.

Reserved for
Maine Central
R. R.

S. BROWN,
DEALER IN
DRY AND FANCY GOODS!
Boots and Shoes, Hats and Gents' Furnishings. Largest Stock and Lowest Prices.
Kennebunkport, Me.

AUNTY LOIS TRITTON.

Connecticut's Last Slave Still Alive in New Haven.

There is living on Shelton avenue, in this city, a colored woman who was the last slave sold at public auction on the "old green." Her name is Lois Tritton, and she says she is ninety-one years of age. She is for the most part supported by charity. Her only relative known to be living is a son, who is at home on rare occasions only, and her companion is a black-and-tan dog answering to the name of "Sankey."

Aunty Lois, as she is usually called, was born in Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, her parents having been brought to America from the coast of Africa by slave pirates. She derives the name of Tritton from the family of General Tritton, who was the owner of her father and mother when she was born. The Trittons were a wealthy English family, influential in society, and whose custom it was to spend the summer in New Haven. The sons of the Trittons were educated at Yale.

In 1821 Mrs. Tritton spent the summer in New Haven, but her husband went on a pleasure voyage to the West Indies. The vessel in which he and a slave were passengers was wrecked, and Mr. Tritton was drowned. Mrs. Tritton desired to return to Nova Scotia, but, having no ready cash, her slaves, Aunty Lois and her mother, were given as a pledge for a loan from John Nicoll. Until 1825 Aunty Lois and her mother lived in the family of Mr. Nicoll, supposing that Mrs. Tritton had given them their freedom. Their former mistress having failed to redeem her pledge, Mr. Nicoll decided to sell them.

The news was circulated through the town that two slaves were to be sold on the green. Elihu Thunson, at that time high sheriff, had charge of the sale, and in accordance with the statute of Connecticut governing the sale of slaves, he beat three taps on the drum, and the slaves were paraded through the streets. The sale took place not far from the site now occupied by Trinity Episcopal Church, and within a few paces of the whipping-post. Anthony P. Sanford purchased Aunty Lois and her mother for about six hundred dollars, and gave them to understand that their freedom could be purchased. This they did in time, though the exact date Aunty Lois does not remember. Her mother died the day Fort Sumter was fired upon.

In the kitchen of her humble home stands a rocking-chair, which was presented to Aunty Lois by ex-Governor English when he was a lad and hard at work at his trade as a cabinet-maker. The chair she firmly declines to sell or give away, though many of the prominent society ladies whom Aunty Lois nursed in their infancy have tried repeatedly to purchase it. While the property of the Trittons, Aunty became acquainted with ex-Governor Waller, now United States Consul General to England. He was then a newsboy in New York, and also blacked boots for the head of the Mortimer family, with whom the Trittons visited. The newsboy and the slave met at the Mortimers'. Aunty Lois lost track of her foot-black friend until several years ago. Mrs. Thomas R. Trowbridge, who takes a great interest in the old slave, told her that Governor Waller was to be at the New Haven House. At first Aunty Lois could not believe that her newsboy friend and the Governor of the State were one and the same person. On the night of his reception Aunty Tritton hobbled down to the hotel, and, trembling with excitement, walked up to Governor Waller, who was surrounded by his friends, and said: "Well, Governor, don't you recall me?"

He did recognize her, and, after shaking her hand, conversed about the old times and the Mortimers and Trittons, to the latter of whom the Governor owes his start in life. Aunty Tritton is still a well-preserved woman, and apparently has good cause to believe that she will live for many years to come. Kind friends provide for her few wants, and with her dog Sankey she leads a quiet life, seldom disturbed except by the friendly visit of some one of the ladies whom she once cared for in their infancy.—*New Haven (Conn.) Letter.*

Pretty Daisy Garland.

There is one member of the Attorney-General's family, however, who does not believe in dress coats, and has a decided penchant for the wearers of them. This is his pretty daughter, Daisy Garland, who last winter made her formal debut in Washington society. In a soft lavender gown, trimmed with bands of black velvet, and displaying a pretty pair of arms and an equally pretty neck, with a sweet, interesting face, she made a pleasing picture as she stood one of the receiving party at a tea given by a fair friend of mine the other day. She was decidedly one of the most popular girls present, and was surrounded, when opportunity offered, by a bevy of men, with whom she kept up a constant flow of bright, small talk. Perhaps Miss Garland may have something to do with enlarging her august parent's ideas on dress, as the effect a pretty daughter sometimes has upon a parent is wonderful.—*Washington Cor. Boston Herald.*

Under the laws of Maine you can borrow a man's horse, keep him for a year and a day, and then settle for twenty cents per day for every day the animal was used.

FOUR GREAT MEN.

The Miserable Way in Which They Ended Their Earthly Careers.

It is a remarkable fact that the career of four of the most renowned characters that ever lived closed with some violent or mournful death.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another one for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps; after having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her very foundation quake, died from his native country, and died at last by poison, administered by his own hands, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his hands in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate Kings and Emperors obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, deluged it with tears and blood, and clothed the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which could not or would not bring him aid.

Thus four men, who seemed to stand as the representatives of those whom the world called great—those four who, each in turn, made the earth tremble to its very center by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or, as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his old friends—and one in lonely exile.

—*N. Y. Ledger.*

SILAGING SIMPLIFIED.

The Agreeable Experience of a Massachusetts Agriculturist.

A Belchertown (Mass.) farmer "planned for a silo" last season, thinking he "must have one," but circumstances prevented, and so, the fall and fodder-corn harvesting on, he tried, with some misgivings, a sort of substitute, of which he says:

"We cut our fodder, bound it up the same as corn. It was very green when cut, so I let it stand out about one week, and then carted it to the barn and packed it in one end of the bay I had saved to make a silo; packed it down as close as possible and got all the boys I could to tread it down. When I hushed my corn, put the fodder top and packed it down the same way. I now have fodder that cows and sheep will eat much better than the best hay. I am satisfied cows give more milk fed on this. Some of my neighbors saw me putting in my fodder last fall and said it would all spoil, etc. If they will just call some day I will show them fodder that is nearly as green as when put in the barn, and no mold. I believe it pays to raise fodder to feed any kind of stock, if put in so it will keep, and I am sure this way has proved a success with me. Think cattle like the whole fodder much the best if kept well."

In the light of this agreeable experience, he declares he "would not have a silo if any one would build it for nothing and be to all the expense of filling every year," and he adds: "Many a farmer has built a silo and filled it for one or two seasons, and then given it up because it was so much work and expense to fill it in the fall, when there is so much work to do on the farm."—*Mirror.*

A MODEST DOCTOR.

The Chaste Piece of Literary Work Produced by Him.

A physician who had put his professional card into a country paper requested the editor to give him a notice.

"Just sit down there at the desk, Doc, and write out what you want," said the editor.

"Oh, dear, no; I can't write about myself."

"I think you can. Just give me the points, if you are too modest to say what you want, and I will throw in the necessary strength."

The doctor sat down, and, after much spluttering, produced the following modest piece of work:

"Dr. Abe Collier, whose card we print to-day, is without doubt the finest physician in our city. He is a perfect gentleman, and is one of the best surgeons in our city, if not the best. His charges are reasonable for a man who never loses a case, and we are glad to know that he has refused a lucrative practice in another town in order to remain in our city, where he is so highly esteemed for his skill and gentlemanly qualities. He is not an old man, but he is thoroughly experienced and rarely loses a case. We congratulate the people of our enterprising and beautiful city that he will remain in our city. His office hours are from morning till night when not engaged, and this of itself is an accommodation to the people of our city."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

BEAUTIFUL CHURCHES.

Why They Can Not Be Considered a Waste of Capital.

Are beautiful churches a waste? Perhaps so, from a strictly economic view-point, though of that I am not sure. I am willing to grant that there is no return in hard money for these enormous outlays, if admitting this will give our utilitarian friends any satisfaction. But it is useless to attempt to strike a money balance in these matters. There is a value in the massive mountain that no book of real-estate valuation can recognize.

There is a value in the mighty cataract that has nothing to do with water-power. So there is a value in the cathedral spire that is not computable in coin. A spiritual value inherent in the sublimely beautiful. I pass St. Patrick's very day, and there is always some one gazing up at those towers that take the thoughts as well as the eyes away from the rattling pavement, and hundreds, yes thousands, owe to those "useless" towers some moments of self-forgetfulness and some moments of that conscious spiritual uplifting, which is, in proportion to its power, a mount of transfiguration. The most beautiful church I ever saw—or ever expect to see, until I worship in the "house not made with hands"—is not a full-grown church; it is only a chapel—a small, low building, put up at an expense of about a thousand dollars. It is beautiful, because the cellar wall is a free-will offering from poor farmers who had a right to claim a winter's rest after the busy harvest season; because each timber of the frame-work represents hours of toil in making aprons and holders, by the sale of which to raise a few dollars—hours needed for rest of some mother's weary head and tired hands; because every claspboard tells of a pipeful of tobacco less for the father; every shingle, a cup of tea less for the mother and the daughter; and every nail, a stick of candy less for the child. It is beautiful in containing an organ, while there are no organs in the homes of the givers; in having pictures on its walls, though theirs are blank; in its carpeted isles, while the floors of the donors are bare. But would this same chapel be beautiful if it were taken up and set down on Fifth avenue? There, instead of a temple of self-sacrifice, it would appear an ugly, wooden box of niggardliness. The church architecture of Fifth avenue represents a certain amount of self-sacrifice, though very far, I fear, from attaining unto that of the people who built the little Dwight's chapel. * * * If into the beauty of form and of color of our larger city churches could be injected the spirit of self-denial that built the chapel in the little hill-town of Massachusetts, we should have temples every way worthy of the Most High God.—*Alvan F. Sanborn, in American Magazine.*

Some of the Western cities pension their public school teachers after certain years of service. In Wisconsin twenty-one years of faithful work entitles a teacher to a pension; and Cleveland is considering a proposition toward the same end.

In a recent religious canvass of Buffalo, N. Y., in which eight denominations participated, only forty persons were found in a total of 6,095 who reported themselves unbelievers in Christianity, and only three who claimed to be infidels.

A German has taken out a patent for using bone slate pencils for writing. They do not wear quick, and do not require to be sharpened. It is also to be supposed that young ladies will not acquire any morbid appetite for them, as is commonly supposed some of them do for slate pencils.

The greatest trouble experienced by the young ladies who teach in Chinese Sunday-schools in this city is to keep the Chinamen from thinking they are in love with them. They are intensely vain as a rule, and the ugliest Mongolian will imagine he is admired on the slightest provocation.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Rev. Dr. Francis L. Patton, president-elect of Princeton College, has frequently declared himself heartily in favor of all sorts of athletic sports practiced by college men, provided that the games are placed under the proper restrictions. He gave a practical instance of this last week, when he presented four tennis courts, which had been prepared under his own instructions, to the students of the Theological Seminary.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

A Bishop's chair has been placed in the chancel of St. Stephen's Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa., in memory of the late Bishop Stevens.

There are signs of a growing determination in the West to abandon the German language in the common schools, following the example of the city of St. Louis.

John Wesley's Bible, printed in 1671, is in use by the Methodist Conference in New York. It is a small octavo volume, and the Book of Common Prayer is bound with it.

Fifteen years ago the Methodists had but one conference in the State of Kansas, with only 18,000 members. To-day they have four conferences and 70,000 church members, and 63,000 scholars in their Sunday-schools.

The annual public expense for education in Italy has reached the sum of \$6,704,218. The number of public primary day-schools is 42,397, in which are about 1,873,723 pupils. There are also 7,129 primary private schools, with 163,102 pupils.

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FRAIL HUMAN NATURE.

How It Displayed Itself in a Crowded Detroit Street Car.

You can cram a good deal of human nature into a street car about six o'clock in the evening. There was a heap of it in a Grand River avenue car an evening or two since, when half a dozen people saw a man take a twenty-dollar-gold piece from his vest pocket, fondle it for a moment, and then drop it into his left-hand pants pocket. Into about three minutes he felt in his vest pocket for that money, and it was gone. Then he felt in the other pocket and suddenly rose up.

"Lost any thing?" queried a passenger.

"I don't know—let's see—yes, I have!"

He felt in several other pockets, drew forth a bunch of keys, a lump of rosin, a pocket knife, some traches and a half dollar, and then exclaimed:

"I've had my pocket picked of \$20!"

Five passengers betrayed excitement. Six others were only casually interested. Four were skeptical, and seven winked at each other and whispered that it was a dead fake.

"Lost it in the car?" asked a second passenger.

"Of course I did! I had it less'n five minutes ago!"

"And your pocket has been picked?"

"Sure enough! Is there an officer on this car?"

"Do you mean to say you suspect me?" demanded the man on the right.

"Or me!" demanded the one on the left.

"But it's gone!" shouted the loser.

"Some one has certainly robbed me."

Five passengers whispered "Rats!" softly to themselves, and four others gazed serenely at the ceiling.

"Conductor, stop the car!" shouted the loser, as he seized the cord and rang up five fares on the register.

"What is it?" demanded the conductor as he came in.

"Some one has robbed me!"

"Feel in your left hand pants pocket, you numb skull!" shouted an old man on the opposite seat.

His advice was complied with, and lo! the lost was found.

"Twenty-five cents, sir!" said the conductor.

"What for?"

"Those five fares!"

It was paid, and the victim offered to lick anybody in the car before he got off. Then he got off, shook his fist at the conductor, and darkness settled down upon the city and sent the sparrows to their nests under the eaves.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"DEVIL'S LAKE."

Why the Name of This Beautiful Sheet of Water Should Be Changed.

There is rather a peculiar history connected with the origin of the name, "Devil's Lake." "Minne Wakan" was the Indian name for this lake. "Minne" signifies water, and "wakan" means spirit, hence the translation into English is "spirit lake." After an electric storm, the most beautiful mirages, as wonderful as any of those on the Sahara Desert, are seen over the region of this lake. The pretty landscapes and scenery surrounding the lake are reproduced with vivid effect in the air, but the trees and other parts of the landscape are inverted. With the constant changing of the relative positions of the clouds and sun over the water, there follows a shifting panorama of the aerial scenes floating above, and it is at times really an awe-inspiring exhibition of the mysterious phenomena of nature. The Indians could not solve this problem, and to their untutored minds the strange scenes were the manifestations of spirits. Therefore they called the body of water the "Spirit Lake." Years afterward the whites began to visit this lake, and when they would attempt to drink the water the Indians would say, in their own language, "Minne Wakan seche," the translation of which is, "Spirit Lake is bad water to drink." The salt in the water prevented it from being used for drinking. The whites misinterpreted the Indian phrase and thought it signified "bad spirit, or devil in the lake," which made the water unfit for drinking. The whites are so much given to such names as Hell's Half Acre and Hell's Gate that they immediately called this water the "Devil's Lake." The Indian name is more misical and mellifluous by far, and it should be the established geographical name of the lake.—*Heber M. Creck, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

She Couldn't Evade Him.

A sheriff was searching a house, where it was supposed that a thief had concealed a valuable harness. As he peered into a dark closet the wife of the thief remarked: "That closet, sir, contains absolutely nothing except my own wearing apparel!"

"Then, what's this?" exclaimed the sheriff, clutching at the stolen property.

"My wife don't wear any such tremendous lookin' riggin' as this?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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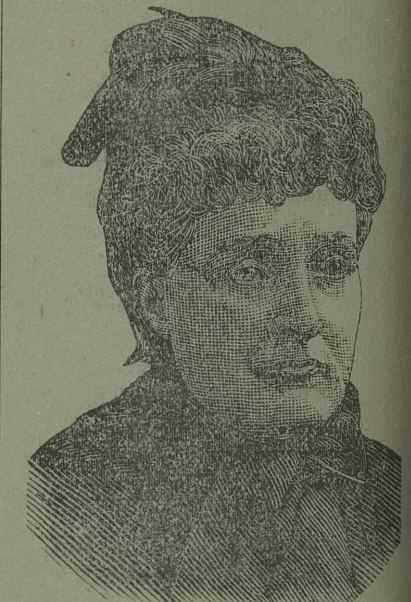
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PROPRIETOR.



Mrs. John P. Moulton.

Saco, Me., Aug. 26, 1888.

My wife suffered terribly from rheumatism and neuralgia for 16 years; was prostrated most of the time; each acute attack being severe. At last, 15 months ago, she took to her bed remaining there for over a year. Suffering tortures not describable. For months I did not sleep more than a few hours at a time. I tried every remedy known to me, but to no avail. At first large doses of morphia seemed to relieve her some, but at last even that became useless. She had no effect whatever. Finally a doctor commenced to take Dr. Cobb's Rheumatic Cure, and in twenty-four hours her pain left her. She was able to walk, and in ten days she was able to walk a mile without inconvenience and in a fortnight was entirely well and able to do her housework, and has remained in perfect health since; praise God for this wonderful remedy.

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