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KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE, AUGUST 24, 1887.

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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.

BONSER!

of Kennebunk offers Extraordinary

BARCAINS

Beach Clothing,
Hats and
Furnishings.

The Latest, Nobbiest and Best
Tourists' Goods.

Kennebunkport, Me.

MRS. S. H. WHITON,
Formerly of 611 Tremont St., Boston, has
opened a house on Union St., where she will
be pleased to welcome her former patrons and
these wishing pleasant rooms and excellent
table board.

HUFF & EATON,
DEALERS IN
Meats, Vegetables, Canned Goods,
etc., etc., etc.

Nothing but the best of goods kept. Please
give a call. Dock Sq., Kennebunkport, Me.

ST. JULIAN HOTEL,



R. W. UNDERWOOD, Proprietor,
Cor. Middle and Plum Sts.,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

One of the best and most centrally located
houses in the city; next block to Post Office.

ARUNDEL HOUSE,
Kennebunkport, Maine.
Miss Alice Paine, Proprietor.

A beautiful location. Excellent rooms.
Excellent table board. Modern conveniences.

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 coast. It is within five minutes walk
of Post Office, Station, Beach, Bath Houses,
Cove and several Hotels. The facilities for
bathing, 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.

EIGHTH SEASON

OF THE
GRANITE STATE HOUSE!
ALVIN STUART, Proprietor.

Grove Station. P.O. address, Kennebunk-
port, Me. Thanking the public for the pa-
trage 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.

PARKER HOUSE,



KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE.
W. C. PARKER, Manager.

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.



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

**ICE CREAM, FRUIT,
CONFECTIONERY,**
in large quantities and of best quality.
Everything warranted fresh and
pure, at

WHITAKER'S,
Kennebunk Village,
Main Street, Blue Store.

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

BOOTS AND SHOES!

In latest styles suitable for Beach Wear. All
Sizes and Widths. Satisfaction as to
Fit Guaranteed.

A. T. WHITAKER
Kennebunk Village, Main St.

COVE COTTAGE,
MRS. C. O. HUFF, Proprietor,
Kennebunk Beach, Maine.
No house offers a pleasanter home for the
Summer at more reasonable rates than this.
Table first-class. Special rates after Sept. 1.

CROUL TING LIBRY
Books two cents a day.
Boston Daily Papers, Periodicals, Choice
Fruit and Confectionery, at the Drug Store of

C. E. MILLER,
Dock Sq., Kennebunkport, Me.

M. T. MULHALL,
SIGN PAINTER,
29 Temple St., Portland.

Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

MOUSAM HOUSE,
W. S. SAWYER & CO., Proprietors.

Special attention shown to Summer Visitors.
Dinners served to traveling parties. Shady
Lawns. Commanding a good view of the
Town.

KENNEBUNK, MAINE.

-Rockingham House,-

251 Main St., Biddeford, Me.
W. R. HILL, PROPRIETOR.
Special attention given to catering for private
parties. Ice Cream, Salads, Oysters, and S. per
furnished to order. Everything first-class and
supplied at short notice.

This space has been
taken by Boynton,
the Jeweler, No. 547
Congress St., Port-
land, Me.

RIVERSIDE HOUSE!

A pleasant house for the Summer, close to
the Ocean and River. Rooms high and large,
broad piazzas, and shade trees.

GEORGE GOOCH, Proprietor.
KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

GROCERIES! AND PROVISIONS

AT
A. T. WHITAKER'S,
Kennebunk Village, Main St.

Kennebunk Bakery!

is prepared to furnish all kinds of
Cake, Pastry, Ice Cream, Cool
Soda, Choice Confectionery,
etc., etc., etc.,
to the Hotels and Sojourners at
Kennebunkport.

GEORGE P. LOWELL, Manager.

BASS ROCK HOUSE,

J. ALLIE WELLS, Proprietor.
P.O. Address, Kennebunkport, Me.
Located directly on the Beach.
Everything first-class.

HEARN!

— OF —

514 Congress St.,

Portland, Me.,

Is generally acknowledged to be the

LEADING

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER

OF

MAINE.

Prices Reasonable.



Mrs. John P. Moulton.

SACO, Me. Aug. 20, 1886.
My wife suffered terribly from rheumatism
and neuralgia for 15 years; was prostrated most
of the time; each acute attack being severe.
At last, 15 months ago, she took to her bed re-
maining there for over a year. Suffering tor-
tured indescribably. For months I did not sleep
much but stood over her trying to relieve her
terrible pains. At first large doses of morphine
seemed to relieve her some, but at last even that
enormous doses had no effect whatever.
Finally she commenced to take Dr. Cobb's Rheu-
matic Cure, and in twenty-four hours her pain
left her never to return, and she was able to
walk about the room. Next day she walked to
the gate, next day she walked 100 rods, and in
ten days she walked a mile without inconvenience
and in a fortnight was entirely well and able to
do her household work, and has remained in perfect
health since; praise God for this wonderful
remedy.

JOHN P. MOULTON,
Foreman Box Factory and saw Mill, 36 Lincoln
St. Residence 69 Lincoln St., Saco.
From all over the country come thousands of
statements of the wonderful cures made by this
remedy. This medicine is not a stimulant.
You cannot cure these bad diseases by applica-
tion to the skin. This remedy destroys the
impurities from the blood and is a sure cure
for rheumatism and neuralgia. It is a so one of
the best tonics in the world, and strengthens the
stomach, nerves and kidneys. Send for cir-
culars containing the statements of persons cured
in your own town. Prepared only by

A. E. COBB, M. D.
And for sale at office, Exchange Block, 119 Main
street, Biddeford, Me., and by Druggists.
Price \$1.00 per bottle.

U you can get your

BOOTS AND SHOES!

FOR

BEACH WEAR

in latest styles at

BROWN'S,

— THE —

SHOE DEALER,

461 Congress Street,

Sign of the Golden Boot.

Portland, Me.

C. TROTT,

BOATS TO LET!

Safe, Easy-Rowing, Light and also Steady
Boats. Also Canoes to Let.
Wharf near E. Cousens' Store.

WHERE TO GO!

Places of Interest at Kennebunkport and
Kennebunk Beach.

With a Complete Hotel Directory and other
information added.

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 inter-
est and amusement at these growing
and attractive summer resorts. Leav-
ing 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
thoroughly 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, which was new last
season and is finely located so as to com-
mand 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 nec-
essary. 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

(Continued on fourth page.)

The Wave.

Our Circulation.

It may be of interest to some of the readers of THE WAVE (and they are many) to know the number of copies disposed of at each issue. While of course the number varied according to the season, and the matter it contains, yet the average circulation will exceed 700. The largest number disposed of in a single day was last week when two years, 960 copies, were sold. Another year we confidently expect it to reach 1500.

We don't see many editorials in some of our exchanges. Seems as though a couple of columns, or so per week might be of interest. Another thing we should like to see is more articles in the paper written by the people themselves. We should like to know what "our readers" themselves think about matters and things. We, as editors, are all the time expressing our opinion as to how and what should be done. The people know as well as we, and no doubt think very differently often times, so let us hear more from "our readers" of the local papers in the future.—*Lake Grove News.*

We can't agree with you Editor Heath in regard to more editorials. The public prefer the news not what the editor, often bigoted or prejudiced, thinks about things in general. The sentiments in regard to hearing from "our readers" hit the right spot. We wish every reader of THE WAVE would send us a communication.

"Love is but Love."

The fisher was brave, and bold, and strong,
The maiden was young and fair,
But he had burdens the whole day long,
While she had never a care.

He rose ere the sun peeped on the sea
To tend to his boat and line;
She slept on the dreams of last night's glee,
The song and the dance and wine.

And strong as the fancies fled away
The fisher upon the sea
Came in her dreams, and upon the bay
Amid wild storms was he.

Affrighted awoke the maiden fair,
And out of her window pane
She gazed and saw calm anchored there
The fisher upon the main.

In the eventide she went to the cot
Her debt of gold to pay.
The meeting and parting is never forgot
By the maiden till this day.

Her market trade, her lips of scorn
Were met with a calm reply,
For he was than she more nobly born,
Which his dress hid from the eye.

And they learned in time that the fisher had
Was a man of high degree
Who had sold his rank, and glad
Was most on the faithful sea.

And the maiden so proud, so young, so fair,
Wept many a bitter tear,
And her heart was filled with many a care,
And her mind was sad and drear.

And she sighed and said "Love is but love,
However it may be dressed,
But alas! 'tis the clothes we ever approve,
When the heart should be the test."

As she dressed herself and hummed a song,
And looked in the crystal glass,
She could but think of the fisher strong
Who had saved her life, Alas!

The maiden sighed, "were he rich and bold,
And strong, and brave, and brown,
There is none to my heart so dear to hold,
In the city or the town.

Good-by! I have on a romance fair;
He has saved my life, 'tis true,
He tells and tells to ease his care,
For the gold that is his due.

I shall visit the fisher's cot to-day
And thank him from my heart,
And he shall have gold, and when I pay
My debt, I'll then depart.

For why should I give to him my love,
Tho' he is young and strong,
Tho' all the village maids approve
Him with their sweetest songs?"

And is it not so in life of to-day,
That we mortals ever opine
That the man is the bob-tail of fashion are they
Whom the woman think most divine.

And the maidens in ribbon and rouge are the ones
Whom our sons love to loiter around,
And sip and praise in the tenderest tones,
As the angel—the only one found.

And my moral is this, young people have care,
Do not judge how your object is dressed,
Or you'll find that the girl of the outside is there
To hide all within—the true test.

Hotel Arrivals.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.
Boston—Mrs R A Banet.
Great Falls, N H—Miss Stickney.
Cleveland—Isaac Bugham.
Pittsburg, Pa—Will S Dellzell, Jas N Anderson.
Exeter, N H—C G Conner.
Topeka, Kan—Miss L M Stone.

SEA VIEW HOUSE.
Charlestown District, Boston—A J Hine and wife, Gracie H Hine, Geo H Hine.
Boston—W E Jones.

COVE COTTAGE.
Marlboro, Mass—Mrs I E Hazelton, H M Hazelton.

BASS ROCK HOUSE.
Longwood, Mass—J T Webber.
Southbridge, Mass—C C Bradford
M D, Edgar M Phillips, John McGregary and wife.
Fosho, Mass—Josephina Hills.
Waterville—Edw Ware.

GRANITE STATE HOUSE.
Longwood, Mass—J P Webber.
Brooklyn—Mrs C A Watson.
Canaan, N H—Miss Bertha Flanders.
Boston—Wm Macomber and wife,
Lennie Macomber, Agnes Macomber.
Biddeford—Mrs Jessie Gould.
Kennebunk—Mrs Collins Emmons.

GLEN HOUSE.
Brooklyn—E B Torrey.
Flushing, N H—Miss Brigham.

CLIFF HOUSE.
Chelsea, Mass—Mrs Chas De Bacon,
Miss M Louise De Bacon, Miss Carrie G De Bacon, Miss Gussie F De Bacon.
Medford, Mass—Chas B Dunham,
Chas H Morson.
Bradford, Mass—Miss Jennie W Libbey, Miss F A Williams.
Malden—Mrs L P Whipple, Miss Helen Whipple.

BICKFORD HOUSE.
Boston—W F Werthem and wife,
Fred N Worthem.
Cambridgeport—Georgie M Tupper.
Boston—Mrs Thomas Mack.
New York—Mrs Leighton, Miss Leighton.
Rochester, N Y—Misses Wilder.
Arlington, Mass—John I Peatfield.
Brooklyn—Mrs Geo H Atkinson.
Newbury, Ct—Mrs James B Lewis.
Malden—Miss Amy Smith.
Boston—M Lincoln.
Framingham—F H Ellis.
Brookline—Mrs A L Reed.

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.
Boston—C M Ryder.
Lowell—Mrs W A Burke.
Boston—H Harmon.
Portland—Spencer Rogers.
Plymouth, Mass—H W Loring and wife, O Robinson and wife.
Worcester—R F Taylor, Miss A L Taylor, Miss E S Taylor.
Lowell—V S Cumnick, M Nichols.
South Manchester, Ct—Mrs C S Cheney.
Hazlet—C H Fellows.
St Louis—Frank Lawrence, Russell Blossom.
New York—Geo A Wasson.
Portland—Miss M Sparrow.
Worcester—Dr W L Pitts.
Enfield, N H—J H Patten.
Boston—E Harrington and mother.
Lowell—Mrs E H Lovejoy.
Brookline—W D Searle.
Portland—Rt Rev H A Neely D D,
Philadelphia—Rev Theodore L Runnery D D.
Saco—Rev A W Snyder.
Boston—F W Bacon.
Boston—L D Ventura.
Lawrence—Chas E Clark.
New Haven Ct—Miss D C Clarke.
Rochester—Mr Edward Smith, Miss Julia Griffith.
Bar Harbor—H J Height wife and two children, A H Abbott.

PARKER HOUSE.
Brooklyn—Geo W Palmer.
New York—Frank Cunningham.
Boston—W D McGifford.
South New Market—Miss H B Randlett, Miss H A Pond.
Worcester—Geo S Clough and wife,
Master John Clough, Cora B Clough.
Steep Falls—Tobias Lord.
Boston—Wm Trauer.
Brunswick—A C Otis and wife.
New York—Miss White, Miss V M White.
Boston—H D Hutchinson.
Lowell—Walter U Sawyer.
Hollis—C A Crocker, W H Snow.
Boston—C G Marsh wife and son.
Worcester—W H Spaulding wife and son.
Brooklyn—C W Linesmore.
Boston—J W Chatman.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.
Biddeford—H K Liland.
Portland—W F Brady and wife, Jos P Thompson.
Cambridge—Miss Mary L Bright.
Boston—F G Patten.
Saco—D E Owen.
Portland—Fred W Adams.
Boston—Chas H Cobb, Mrs H A Wilcox, Gertrude W Linesmore, Master Chas Bills.
Watertown—May Shephard.
Boston—M Grace Jones, Mr Wm Macomber and wife.
Franklin Falls, N H—Mrs Sanders.
New York—Mrs Slade and daughter.
Boston—Miss Cushing.

Cape Porpoise.
GRANT HOUSE.
Linden, Mass—Mr Joseph Clapp and wife, Walter Clapp, Mr Elwell, Mr John Hawkrigge and wife, Mr Walter Milken and wife.
Chelsea, Mass—Miss Susie Richardson, Mary Richardson.
Medford, Mass—Mr Edward Towle and wife, Miss Emmie Jacobs.

Religion—What Is It?
Is it to go to church to-day
And look devout and seem to pray,
And ere to-morrow's sun goes down
Be dealing slander through the town?

Does every sanctimonious face
Denote the certain reign of grace?
Does not a phiz that scowls at sin
Off veil hypocrisy within?

Is it to make our daily walk
And of our own good deeds to talk,
Yet often practice secret crime
And thus misspud our precious time?

Is it for sect and creed to fight,
To call our zeal the rule of right,
When what we wish is at the best
To see our church excel the rest?

Is it to wear the Christian dress,
And love to all mankind profess,
To treat with scorn the humble poor,
And bar against them every door?

Oh! no, Religion means not this,
Its fruits more sweet and fairer is;
Its precepts this to others do,
As you would have them do by you.

It grieves to hear an ill report,
And seems with human woes to sport;
Of others' deeds it speaks no ill,
But tells of good or else keeps still.

T. F. FOSS & SONS,

wholesale and retail dealers in

FURNITURE!

Carpets, Crockery, Refrigerators,
Ice Cream Freezers, Monitor
Oil Stoves, Window
Shades, and
Complete House Furnishings.

Salesrooms, Nos. 111 and 113
Exchange St., Cor. Federal and
Market streets.
Factory, No. 374 Congress St.

PORTLAND, ME.

T. Frank Foss, Walter T. Foss, John S. Foss.

CLIFF HOUSE and GLEN COTTAGE
Cape Arundel,
Kennebunkport, Me.

A broad piazza surrounds the house, which is three stories, mansard roof, with large airy rooms and halls, new furniture and furnishings. Ample accommodations for 80 guests.
MRS. B. F. ELDREDGE, Proprietor.

It is now more than THREE MONTHS!

Since I sold out my stock in trade, and many of those whom I have accommodated and who are now owing me on account, have failed to appear for payment or adjustment. This notice is to advise ALL SUCH that they can settle with me FOR A LESS AMOUNT than with a Deputy Sheriff, through the office of a Lawyer.
Kennebunkport, Aug. 9th, 1887.
W. F. MOODY.

SEA VIEW HOUSE!

Kennebunk Beach,
Maine.

Sewtells

99 Main St., Biddeford,
**THE LEADING
PHOTOGRAPHER!**
Will, during the month of August,
make Cabinet Photographs for
\$3.00 per Dozen.
Finished in the Best Manner.

**A. LUQUES,
GENERAL STORE.**
Hardware a Specialty.
KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE.

You can get a nice team at
JOS. JEFFREY'S

Livery, Sale and Boarding Stable,
Kennebunkport, Me., near Parker House.

Everything from a single team to a six-in-hand furnished.
A Buckboard always ready for the accommodation of parties. Parties transported to adjoining towns day or night.

- ISAAC C. ATKINSON, -

The Manager of the Largest, Lightest, Biggest Stocked and Lowest Price Furniture, Carpet, Stove and Range Store East of Boston, respectfully submits for the consideration of all lovers of home comforts the following suggestions:—

FIRST—You can keep house cheaper than you can board and lodge.

SECOND—That there is more truth to the square inch contained in those old familiar lines—"Be it ever so humble there's no place like home"—than any other volume extant.

THIRD—That you cannot have a home without Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, Stoves, Crockery, Knives and Forks, and a wife.

FOURTH—That B. A. ATKINSON & CO. will sell a Chamber Set for \$20 and under or upward for Cash, or \$5 down and \$5 per month; a Range for \$15, \$4 down and the balance \$1 per month; a Parlor Suite for \$40, \$10 down and \$5 per month; a Dinner Set for \$10 Cash, or \$2 down and the balance \$1 per week; Window Shades, all prices; a Prime All Wool Carpet for 60 cents per yard, \$5 down and the balance \$1 per week; and lastly, to have everything pleasant and some music in the house, a New Home Sewing Machine for \$25, \$5 down and \$5 per month; or add all the articles together and pay Cash, or a quarter down and the balance by easy weekly or monthly payments.

FIFTH—That square, honest treatment shall and will be accorded every customer; that no misrepresentation or unfair dealing is or will be tolerated toward any person buying goods in our establishment.

SIXTH—That we record no documents at City Hall.

SEVENTH—That we have the Finest Assortment of all grades of goods to be found in the country and that it pays you every time to visit our Mammoth Establishment; Elevator to every floor.

Come to Donnell Building, corner Pearl and Middle Streets, Portland, Me., Branch of the GREAT NASSAU HALL HOUSE FURNISHING STORE, 827 Washington Street, Boston.

B. A. Atkinson & CO.,

ISSAC C. ATKINSON, Manager.

Open Every Evening.

Electric Lights on Three Floors.

Falmouth Hotel!

THE ONLY
FIRST-CLASS HOTEL

in the City. The favorite
rendezvous for

TOURISTS

while stopping in the City.

- J. K. MARTIN, -
PROPRIETOR.

Whitewood Souvenirs. Portland, Maine.

A full line of
TOILET ARTICLES.

ALSO
Confectionery, Cigars,
Cool Soda, &c., at
E. C. Miller's,
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,
Brown's Block, Kennebunkport, Me.

NONANTUM HOUSE,

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

AT
NORTON'S
You will find fine Confectionery, Ice Cream, Soda and Variety. Fancy Articles, Toys, Cigars, Tobacco, &c., Choice Teas and Coffee, Sunday Papers.
R. W. NORTON,
Kennebunkport, Me.

BICKFORD HOUSE.
KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE.

J. W. BICKFORD, Proprietor.
A new house, elegantly furnished and supplied with all Modern Conveniences, and unequaled table.

Bill Nye and the Mormons.

The great summer attraction at the museum seems to be a Mormon aggregation under the auspices of Elder Josiah Baker. Elder Baker is accompanied by three wives and a pianist. Joshua Baker was born in Kentucky and afterward moved to Alabama. In the latter State he was for some years a Methodist preacher, but at the age of 45 light suddenly broke in on his dark-end understanding, and he embraced the blessed promises and teachings of promises incident to Mormonism. He then went to Utah, where one country, one flag, and one wife at a time is not the motto. He then entered into polygamous relations with several additional wives, until he had acquired enough to maintain him in comfort.

Elder Baker sits calmly in a Bovey museum during these long, hot days, and by the sweat of his brow tries to earn an honest livelihood by advertising his assortment of infamy. He may be found there on a raised platform, also on bail. Under the Edmunds law he was arrested on the charge of polygamy and served three months, so that he now comes to us rested and refreshed from the ninety days of quiet in the Z on pen.

As a proof that a large head is not always a guarantee of success in life, I may here state that Elder Baker's head is not large. His ears are powerful and well balanced, but it would take three or four brains like his to attract the attention of a hungry mackerel. Apparently Elder Baker only uses his head to keep his ears from falling apart.

I attended the morning services at the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City five years ago, but do not remember having seen Josh at that time. Something about him, however, called up a memory of the occasion. Probably it was a certain air of repose and miasma that seemed to lurk around him.

The Baker family, according to the programme, consists of twenty-four children, four wives, and one husband, but under the new law the elder has made an assignment of all his wives but one. She can readily be distinguished by the look of deep gloom she wears. The others are neither maids, wives, nor widows to any marked degree, but pose as matrimonial nags, wumps and look upon their herd of thin, walling children with apparent regret.

Josh wears a full beard, cropped close, but a long and searching look up his coat sleeve did not reveal any evidence of a shirt. He is rather tall and wiry in build, with feet that must have materially retarded the growth of grass in Utah while he was there.

The old man occupies one end of the exhibition hall, surrounded by his wives and his feet. His children fill up the intervening space between the end of the room and the Railway girl, who still dumbly appeals to the spectators to come forward and identify her so that she can go away.

The courts of Utah assigned to Elder Baker as wife a large, powerful woman about eighteen hands high, whose hair insists upon unwinding itself and sticking out like the tail of a disabled steer in flytime. The two wives, who have been retired on half pay, are not forming a part of the elder's family circle at present, but assist at the exhibition for old acquaintance sake. They are not strikingly beautiful and probably will not marry again unless there should be a great mortality among all the other women of the world. In that case some man who doesn't care much for beautiful scenery might, between incident intervals, marry the more attractive one of the two. The other one will probably remain in statu quo, rounding up the thriving young founding asylum bestowed upon her by Joshua as a slight testimonial of regard.

A photograph of Elder Baker and his family looks like the picture of a prosperous reform school in its senior year. I could hardly refrain from wishing that the old man had kept house this summer down by the rip-roaring sea, where I could have gone and boarded with him and felt the refining influences of home life. Twenty-four children and ten mavericks who would be willing to leave their bread and molasses in fine chairs would make a man with a new pair of light, sensitive trousers stick to simple diet all summer.—*Bill Nye in New York World.*

A Cure for Alcoholism.

I was one of those unfortunate given to strong drink. It reduced me to degradation. I vowed and swore long and hard, but I seldom held victory over liquor long. I hated drunkenness, but still I drank. When I left it off I felt a horrid want of something I must have or go distracted. I could neither eat, work nor sleep. I entered a reformatory and prayed for strength; still I must drink. I lived so for over twenty years; in that time I never abstained over three months hand-running. At length I was sent to the House of Correction as a vagrant. If my family had been provided for I would have preferred to remain there, out of liquor and temptation.

Explaining my affliction to a fellow-prisoner—a man of much education and experience—he advised me to make a vinegar of ground quassa, a half ounce steeped in a pint of vinegar, and to put about a small teaspoonful of it in a little water and drink it down every time the liquor thirst came upon me violently. I found it satisfied the cravings and sufficed a feeling of stimulation and strength. When I was discharged I continued this cure, and persevered till the thirst was conquered. For two years I have not tasted liquor, and I have no desire for it. Late, to try my strength, I have handled and smelt whisky, but I have no temptation to take it. I give this for the consideration of the unfortunate, several of whom I know have recovered by the same means which I no longer require to use.—*Connecticut Home.*

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WEDNESDAY, AUG. 24, 1887

Miniature Almanac.

Sun rises, 5:13.
Sun sets, 6:51.
Moon rises 4:10 a. m.

Tide Table.

	HIGH WATER.	MORN.	EVE.
Aug. 20.	11:45	11:45	
" 21.	12:00	12:30	
" 22.	12:45	1:15	
" 23.	1:45	2:15	
" 24.	2:30	3:00	
" 25.	3:30	4:00	
" 26.	4:30	5:00	

Low water six hours later than high, in every case.

Arrival and Departure of Mail.

MAILS CLOSE.

For Boston and points West and South, 9, 10:10, A. M., 3:45, 6:20, P. M.

For points this side of Boston, 9, A. M., 3:45.

For all points East, 10:20, A. M., 6:20, P. M.

For Kennebunk, 9, A. M., 3:45, P. M.

For Cape Porpoise, 12, M.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the West at 10:15, 11:45, A. M., 7:45, P. M.

From the East at 10:15, A. M., 5, P. M.

From Kennebunk, 11:45, A. M., 7:45, P. M.

From Cape Porpoise, 11:45, A. M.

STAGE LEAVES

Ocean Bluff Hotel

for Boston at 7:30, 8:45 a. m., 12:45, 3:00, and 5:15 p. m.

For Portland at 6:15, 7:30, 10:00 a. m., 3:00 and 5:15 p. m.

HALL & LITTLEFIELD, Proprietors.

When You Can Catch the Train!

TRAINS LEAVE KENNEBUNKPORT.

E 6:45 a. m.	W 1:10 p. m.
B 8:00 a. m.	B 3:40 p. m.
W 9:20 a. m.	W 5:45 p. m.
E 10:40 a. m.	E 6:35 p. m.
	E 8:40 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT KENNEBUNKPORT.

W 7:25 a. m.	E 2:00 p. m.
W 9:12 a. m.	B 4:45 p. m.
E 10:30 a. m.	E 6:25 p. m.
W 11:40 a. m.	W 7:20 p. m.
	W 9:21 p. m.

E East; B Both ways; W West.

Trains leave Grove Station 3 minutes different; Kennebunk Beach, 5 minutes; Parsons, 6 minutes; Kennebunk, 15 minutes than from Kennebunkport.

THE WAVE IS FOR SALE

AT THE DRUG STORE OF C. E. MILLER, THE OCEAN BLUFF BOWLING ALLEYS, THE NORTON HOUSE, AND BY NEWS BOYS.

Wavelets.

We pity, yes, earnestly pity,
The man who so stylish appears,
Close wrapped in a Bunker Hill collar
That sinks in the flesh to his ears.

'Tis a popular thing to be stylish,
But had we the slightest dollar,
We haven't the courage to be so
By wearing a Bunker Hill collar.

—Old Orchard Sea Shell.

The season is on the wane.

Next week will be Mr. F. P. Fowler's last here.

The Nonantum House has had a rattling good season.

This week of rainy weather has been a bad one for the lively stables.

"She starts, she moves, she tips, she dances!" all on a Sunday evening.

Prof. L. D. Ventura gave one of his readings at Arundel Hall last night.

They arrange the napkins every day differently at the Forest Hill House.

The Wave owes its thanks to Mr. Frank Maling for a boat ride last week.

It was great days for the bowling alleys and pool rooms on Monday and Tuesday.

Rev. Mr. Sykes, of the Eagle Rock, returned to his home in Little Falls, N. Y., Friday.

Dr. Brand lectured in Temple Hall last Sunday evening, on the "Battle of Gettysburg."

Remember you can always get back numbers of THE WAVE at the office in Brown's Block.

Miss Johnson gave a reading in Arundel Hall last Monday evening. The proceeds go to the hall.

Mrs. R. A. Barnett of Boston and Miss Stickney of Great Falls, N. H., dined at the Eagle Rock Friday.

Mr. Leighton and family, of the Eagle Rock, enjoyed a ride to the Spouting Rock Friday afternoon.

The Josie M. has not made her advertised trips to York and the Isles of Shoals on account of the weather.

"When are you going home?" or "How much longer are you going to stay?" are the questions now most asked among the guests.

There was an illumination at Mr. Barleigh Thompson's house last Saturday evening. Fireworks and colored lights added to the display.

Miss Kitty Conner, a guest of Cove Cottage, presented Mrs. C. O. Huff, the landlady, with a beautiful present on departing for her home.

C. J. Rich and family of the Eagle Rock House started for Boston Monday morning. They go to New York soon.

Next Saturday's issue will be the last of the season. If you have anything you want to go in, now is the time for it.

Editor Parkhurst and wife of Clinton, Mass., for two weeks at the Grove Hill House, left for Old Orchard on Tuesday.

Three teams loaded with merry guests from the Bass Rock House took a ride to "Old Falls" last Friday. A great good time was had.

In a clear day the White Mountains can plainly be seen from the piazza of the Eagle Rock House. Can any house at Kennebunk Beach beat that?

Consumptive men are glad to-day, Departed are the cold and cough; Old Sol looks down with burning ray, Folks take their thinnest flannels off.

—Boston Courier.

Mr. Ogden and wife, and Mrs. Geo. Stevens sailed for their homes in Albany, N. Y., Aug. 19. They were some of the first guests of the Eagle Rock.

Persons who may be owing THE WAVE for advertising or for subscription are requested to be prepared to pay the bills when presented for collection.

Things have come to a pretty pass when a pretty young lady is so visibly affected as to murmur in her sleep, "I can't get that WAVE! I can't get into THE WAVE office!"

On Friday, Mr. Coddington and family visited, for the first time, the birthplace of Mrs. C.'s father. The place is now known as Wells poor farm. Their trip extended to Bald Head Cliff.

Miss May Willis of Boston, a very pretty and accomplished young lady, is one of the most delightful guests at the Grove Hill House. She does much to keep life at this hotel bright and gay.

There was a very interesting donkey party at the Grove Hill, Saturday evening. Miss M. B. Mendum captured first prize, Madame Twiss, second. The booby fell to Miss Lizzie Lord.

The residence of Mrs. Hannah Cleaves on the "King's highway," is a resort of considerable interest to visitors on Sunday. Everyone is welcome and there is always a crowd on hand all day Sunday.

Mr. Fred W. Adams of Old Orchard was in town over Sunday. Mr. Adams is principal of the Portland school of Elocution and Expression, and last summer edited the *Old Orchard Summer Rambler*.

The Highland House is deservedly a favorite with many of the summer guests that frequent this place. Its high location and the delightful views to be obtained from its windows and piazzas make it such.

In spite of the wet and disagreeable weather the Parker House continues full. There is every prospect of a long season for this hotel. Nothing like having a popular proprietor who knows how to entertain his guests.

Mr. Joseph H. Jeffrey, the well known stable keeper, has a pair of black horses that "take the cake" for speed and work. He keeps them for use on the buckboard and there isn't money enough to hire them for private use.

The guests of the Granite State say that the food was first-class when they came, but grows better every day. Squire Stuart don't intend that anybody's table shall beat his, not if he knows it, and he rather guesses he does.

Mrs. Lizzie Tripp, the handsome and accomplished daughter of the proprietor of the Bickford House, is a great favorite with the guests of that favorite house on account of her obliging manners and efforts to amuse the guests.

To her in no small degree is the success of the house due.

Next Saturday's edition of THE WAVE will be the last of the season. The crowd will by that time have thinned out so much that it would not be advisable to continue it longer. Everyone should buy this last issue to take home with them to remind them of their summer outing.

Lilian Evaline Stronach, an eleven months old child of Mr. Eben Stronach, the engineer on the branch road, died Friday. The funeral occurred Sunday at 3:30 p. m., when appropriate services were held. The body was interred at Andover, Mass. Mr. Stronach has the sincere sympathy of everyone in his loss.

On Monday David M. Twiss of Cleveland, Ohio, completed his sojourn at the Grove Hill House and departed. As he left a poetic effusion was placed in his hands, compiled for the occasion, and expressive of the sorrowful regrets and profound regards of the ladies of Lord's Point and of friends at the Grove Hill House.

Rev. John M. Greene, D.D., of Lowell, Mass., preached at the Eagle Rock House Sunday A. M. There were about 100 persons present. Guests from Cove Cottage, Sea View and Beach House. Rev. Mr. Rogers of Albany, N. Y., preached to about 125 people in the evening at the same place. Good singing was enjoyed.

THE WAVE is under many obligations to Mr. Vernon Burgess, the baggage smasher on the K. & K. branch. He has carried several hundred packages and performed 9999 errands for us up to August 21, and expects them to amount to 11000 before the season ends. We thank you, "Vern," yes, several hundred times.

The editor owes his thanks to Mr. A. Walker Otis, the well known New York lawyer, for a pen-holder with a view of Kennebunk Beach and the piers on it. Such gifts are very welcome to the weary scribe who has done nothing but grind out articles for a sin cursed world to read last summer. Mr. Otis has set a laudable example and we are looking for others to follow in his footsteps.

It is "laffable" to hear Mr. Joe Jeffery point out historical objects and landmarks to a crowd of buckboard riders, amid their surprised exclamations of astonishment. Nothing delights the tourist more than to listen to stories of Indian battles and bear hunts that took place here in primeval days. "Joe" knows every point of interest in York county and takes delight in pointing them out.

The cuisine of the Grove Hill Hotel is unsurpassed by any on the beach. The courses are not only elaborate but everything is cooked to perfection. Whatever should be hot, is smoking; whatever ought to be cold, is iced. The dining hall presents a very tasty appearance with its decorations of golden-rod and flowers. One very pleasant custom at this popular house is the presentation to each guest of a beautiful little buttonaire on entering the room.

An *Argus* representative, who has been doing the Maine resorts, was a guest at Kennebunkport Sunday and expressed himself as better pleased with the natural charms of Kennebunk and Kennebunkport than of any resort in the state. He was especially warm in admiration of the view from Grove Hill House, and as well of the appointments of the house itself. As a popular cottage resort for the best class of people, Kennebunkport has superior advantages which are rapidly being appreciated.

Harper's Weekly of August 20 contains some very fine sketches of Kennebunkport and vicinity, drawn by Mr. Harry Fenn. Altho' they hardly do the place justice yet they are a fairly good representation of the beautiful and unique scenery in which the place abounds. It is a significant fact that but two views of Old Orchard are given against six of this place. *Harper's Weekly* evidently don't think it worth while to sketch Old Orchard. Indeed, there isn't anything to sketch there but sand.

Mr. Charles E. Bryant goes to Kennebunk every morning on the early train. Some weeks ago, one rainy morning, he took with him a new umbrella. When the train pulled into Kennebunk he missed his umbrella. All search for it proved of no avail and it was given up as lost. The other night he dreamed that it was hidden over the door in one end of the baggage car, and that "Capt." Walker, the expressman, who hates anything that isn't fun as the devil hates holy water, had put it there with "Vern" Burgess as an accomplice after the fact. The next morning he looked for it and found it in the very place he had dreamed it was. Moral and comments unnecessary.

Says town topics, perhaps the most influential persons of the summer colony at Kennebunkport are the Misses Bancroft, two wealthy Boston women, who have decided genius for managing. Through their efforts, Arundel Hall has just been built, with a seating capacity of three hundred, and a perfectly appointed stage and large dressing rooms; and there is now in process of erection a handsome Protestant Episcopal chapel. The chapel is on a grassy knoll overlooking the sea, and on the rocks below the waves dash unceasing. It is of rough stone, and will be a very picturesque addition to the place when it is completed next season. Arundel Hall is named from Cape Arundel, on which the summer settlement is situated.

The Bancrofts own a very handsome residence at Kennebunkport, with pretty lawns, gravelled drives, and commodious tennis courts. Another of the prominent cottagers is Miss Gardner, of Morristown, N. J., whose handsome cottage is near the Glen House, with a fine view of the sea. Professor John Bach McMaster, of the

University of Pennsylvania, the author of the "History of the People of the United States," has built the most unique residence in the place. It is on a little eminence facing the sea, and commands a grand view of the ocean. Here the successor of George Bancroft, as his friends are pleased to term him, is engaged in working on his book. He is a very young man to be famous in a grave walk of literature, and on the river in his canoe, Town Topics thinks, he appears almost boyish. Among the old retired sea captains of Kennebunkport he is very popular. W. D. Howells was at Kennebunkport last season with Mrs. Howells and his daughters. They rented a pretty little cottage and enjoyed the life very much. The novelist gave three hours a day to his work and would not give it up for any inducement of pleasure. He and Professor McMaster are very warm friends, and together they got up a burlesque Greek play that was acted in the dancing hall of the Ocean Bluff Hotel with great success.—*Boston Courier*.

A Remarkable Cat Story.

Some time ago Mr. T. L. Tuman was given a kitten which in due course of time grew to be a perfect pet of a cat and much attached to members of the family. About a month ago a small dog was brought into the family. Her catship evidently thought this new arrival a rival in the family's affection, for from the first she showed marked hostility to the new comer. In order to restore harmony in the family the dog was kept for several weeks in a chamber. The other day he was brought down, however, and another circus ensued. The cat indignantly flew at her enemy and peace was only restored by whipping the cat with a small switch. Then comes the peculiar part of the story. After being whipped the cat went out and going to the river deliberately drowned herself. The above facts are true and can be substantiated.

Fun at the Bass Rock.

(Deferred from last week.)

The storm of Thursday could not for an instant check the stream of gaiety for which the Bass Rock House is noted. The older and more sedate guests whiled away the morning in rubbers of whist, but nothing less than a torrent of uproarious song would content the younger element. The latter again found vent in a candy-pull during the afternoon in which the skill of the trained confectioner was united with the purities of a home kitchen to produce dainties to satisfy the most enervated palate. Meanwhile mysterious meetings of the ladies had resulted in combinations of ribbons, cologne, fir-balsam cones and sketches of local scenery, to say nothing of cabbage and pop-corn, which were announced to be prizes for a "donkey party" to be held in the evening, under the supervision of Miss Sadie Vinal. None but those that were there can realize the amount of fun and jollity which this innocent animal—which like the fox in the fable had lost his tail—created for the entire party. First prizes were borne off by Miss Cady and Mr. Roberts; second prizes by Miss Leslie Vinal and Mr. Harold Bolton, while the thanks of all are due Miss Locke and Mr. Rogers for carrying off the "boobies." A song with encore from Miss Stone, and a trip to the rocks where the surf was at its grandest and all said good-night.

Entertainment at the Granite State.

The guests of the Granite State enjoyed a rare treat Monday evening. Some of the best musical and elocutionary talent in New England are guests at this house and the entertainment was gotten up by them. Miss Minnie Sanders whose voice has thrilled the hearts of thousands in some of the country's largest theatres gave several songs in a manner that captivated the audience and won her repeated encores. Miss Macomber has a fine voice and sang to perfection. Little Charlotte Pitman "spoke up loud" in a way that brought down the house. As for Mrs. Brockway, those of the guests from New Hampshire (and the Granite State is full of them) are well aware of the high reputation she has attained as a public reader and no word of comment or praise is necessary to be written in commendation of her talent, indeed, New Hampshire journals have pretty thoroughly exhausted that subject, but suffice it to say that no one present ever had the pleasure of listening to better reading than on this occasion. The parlor was filled with guests and visitors from the neighboring hotels and the occasion was enjoyed by all.

Cheer Him.

[Written for THE WAVE.]

At a fire in a large city, while the upper stories of a lofty dwelling were wrapped in smoke, and the lower stories

all aglow with flame, a piercing shriek told the startled firemen that there was some one still in the building in peril. A ladder was quickly reared, until it touched the heated walls, and driving through the flames and smoke a brave young fireman rushed up the rungs on his errand of mercy. Stified by the smoke, he stopped, and seemed about to descend. The crowd was in agony, as a life seemed lost, for every moment seemed an age. While this shivering fear seized every beholder, a voice from the crowd cried out, "Cheer him! cheer him!" and a wild "hurrah" burst from the excited spectators. As the cheer reached the fireman he started upward through the curling smoke, and in a few moments was seen coming down with a child in his arms. The cheer did its work. How much we can do to help the brave ones who are struggling with temptation, or almost fainting in their efforts to do good to others. Don't find fault with your brother in his trial, but cheer him.

Give him a word that shall urge him on his way, and if you can't help him in any other way, give him a cheer. Perhaps it would do no harm to give the editor one now and then.

C. E.

List of Unclaimed Letters in the Kennebunkport Post Office.

Miss Carrie Amazeen, Mrs Albert Brackett, Earnest Badger, Miss Miriam Brown, James F. Cheney, Miss Maggie Casio, Mrs Mary M. Clark, Mrs Frederick W. Crocker, Mrs S. F. Campbell, Mrs C. B. Crane, Mrs Dr. Joseph Cushing, Mrs J. L. Cook, Mrs Henry P. Dixon, Miss Lizzie A. Daly, Harry Day, N. B. Farrar, Dr. W. H. Gilbut, Mrs Louis Harris, Miss B. J. Hopkins, Miss Cora Harrigan, Mrs Emma Hartwell, E. Pratt Hyde, Miss M. M. Hawes, Miss Laura Johnson, H. A. Kempton, Miss Caroline Keating, Miss M. Louise Kan, Miss A. M. Kitterage, Miss Marian Lewis, Mrs H. L. Littlefield, Miss Maggie Morgan, Miss A. A. Mitchell, Miss M. C. Morton, Mrs M. H. Moore, Mrs Chas. A. Nichols, Mrs W. Prentiss Parker, John I. Peatfield, Robert Ware, Miss Ida Stein, W. F. Worthen, Mrs Lucy Woods.

An Interesting Place.

One of the most interesting places in this vicinity to visit is the residence of Capt. Joseph Brooks. The house, built over a hundred years ago, and the grounds all in a condition that betokens care, abound in objects of interest. The Captain himself is hale and rugged at 82 and a most entertaining host. He has in the four score years of his existence had an eventful career. Beginning life without friends or even a home at 10 years of age, he has become one of the wealthy and respected citizens of this town. He is well known as the originator of the storm signal system now used by the government. In company with John B. Coyle of Portland, he started the Portland Packet Company, and still owns much of the stock. The house is filled with relics, bric-a-brac, pictures by the old masters, quaint old furniture and a thousand other things, the accumulations of his life time. A man cannot travel over the whole civilized world, as Capt. Brooks has done, without obtaining much valuable information but it is very few of them that can impart this information to a listener in the entertaining manner that the Captain can. THE WAVE representative came away after an hour's sojourn in the old house with a feeling that he fain would linger for days there examining the treasures and in listening to their owner's stories.

DRESSER,

— THE —

Hatter and Furnisher,

OFFERS

GREAT BARGAINS

IN

STRAW HATS

AND

Light Felt Hats

The remainder of the Season to Close. Special attention paid to

Beach Trade

Remember the place is at

DRESSER'S,

— THE —

HATTER and FURNISHER,

14 Main Street,

Kennebunk, Me.

GLEN HOUSE!

Cape Arundel, Kennebunkport, Me.

Delightful Location, Fine Rooms and Tables. Everything done for comfort of Guests.

HALL & LITTLEFIELD, Proprietors of

Ocean Bluff Stables!

Kennebunkport, Me., are prepared to furnish first-class teams of all kinds at all hours, and at reasonable rates. Picnic and Excursion parties a specialty.

MILLINERY!

In large variety at the store of

N. J. HALL & CO.,

Dock Sq., opp. P. O., Kennebunkport, Me.

All Orders Promptly Filled!

When at Old Orchard visit

WHEELER & CLARK'S

SHELL EMPORIUM

In P. O., directly back of Depot. Fish Scale Jewelry, Bangles, Buffalo Horns, Shells and Curiosities of all kinds.

W. H. H. HINDS,

DENTIST!

Kennebunkport. Maine.

Pure Gas and Ether constantly on hand. All Work Warranted.

SAVE MONEY AND TIME!

By having your goods sent by the

Kennebunk and Boston

EXPRESS.

(25 Merchants Row, Boston Offices, 32 Court Square, 76 Kingston Street.

Goods delivered daily at Kennebunkport and Kennebunk Beach. Goods delivered same day they leave Boston. Orders attended to by special messenger, making the round trip each day.

