



VOL. I. NO. 13

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE, AUGUST 20, 1887.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## The Wave

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

TERMS:—75 cents for the Season, 5 cents a copy.

Advertisements inserted at Low Rates.

JOHN C. EMMONS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

## BONSER!

at Kennebunk offers Extraordinary

## BARGAINS

Beach Clothing,

Hats and

Furnishings.

The Latest, Nobbiest and Best  
Tourists' Goods.

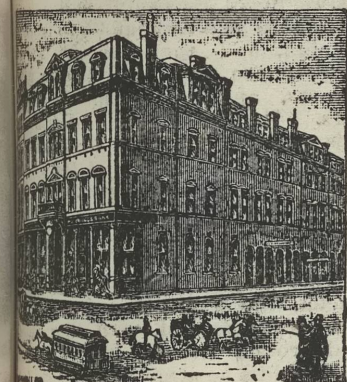
Kennebunkport, Me.

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  
those 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  
call. Dock Sq., Kennebunkport, Me.

ST. JULIAN HOTEL,



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  
the beach, 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 the Office, Station, Beach, Bath Houses,  
and several Hotels. The facilities for  
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.

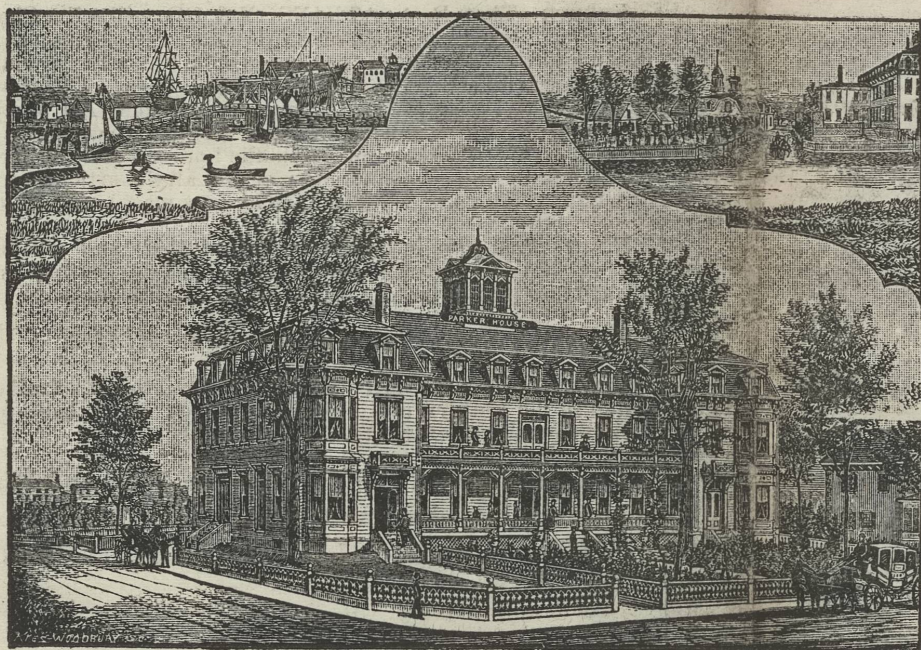
EIGHTH SEASON  
OF THE

GRANITE STATE HOUSE!

ALVIN STUART, Proprietor.

Office Station. P. O. address, Kennebunk-  
port, Me. Thanking the public for the past  
season they have given the house in the past  
a highly setting a good table to please the  
guests, and by gentlemanly treatment on the  
table, 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.

## CIRCULATING LIBRARY

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 entering for private  
parties. Ice Cream, Salads, Oysters, and Sapper  
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.

## THE

## 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 16 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-  
tures indescribable. 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  
in 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 housework, and has remained in perfect  
health since. I praise God for this wonderful  
remedy.

JOHN P. MOULTON,  
Foreman Box Factory and Saw Mill, 38 Lincoln  
St., Residence 69 Lincoln St., Saco.

From all over the country come thousands of  
statements of the wonderful cures made by this  
medicine. This medicine is not a liniment.  
You cannot cure these blood diseases by appli-  
cation to the skin. This remedy destroys the  
impurities from the blood and is a SURE CURE  
for rheumatism and neuralgia. It is also one of  
the best tonics in the world, and strengthens the  
stomach, nerves and kidneys. Send for circu-  
lars 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  
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, 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.

### Give Us Boat Races.

Can't we have some boat races on the river? If not, why not? The little difficulty last year over the awarding of the prizes ought not to prevent a repetition of the sport this season. Some one ought to go ahead in the matter. Don't stand idly by and say "Ain't we going to have any boat races this year?" but talk the matter up and have one.

### A Fizzle.

The carnival of the Kennebecport navy, announced in last Wednesday's WAVE to take place on Thursday evening, did not prove a success. In preceding years these annual carnivals have been a source of much enjoyment not only to the people here but to the inhabitants for miles around. This year, from some cause, the same interest and enthusiasm has not been felt. Whether it was too much work to get up the illumination, or whether the different class of people who are here this year did not understand or appreciate the benefits to be derived from it, we know not. Perhaps if a little longer notice had been given in order that time might have been given for preparation it might have been a success. As it was, up to Wednesday afternoon only about a dozen entries had been obtained, and finally, a few hours after THE WAVE with its announcement that the event would occur Thursday night, had gone to press and been distributed, the notices of the event were withdrawn and the carnival of '87 ended in a failure. Many who had worked hard for the success of the enterprise felt deep chagrin that it should not have proved a success, as it deserved. As it proved, "every cloud has a silver lining," and in this case this was our consolation. Thursday night was rainy and totally unfit for the occasion, which would have had to be postponed. The tide would not have come right for a week or more and then it would have been rather late for it. THE WAVE hopes and trusts that another year due preparations may be made earlier in the season and that it may then witness a carnival that will light up the river as in days of yore.

My name wasn't in the paper right is sometimes the cry that comes to the ears of THE WAVE. Well Mr. Complainer we don't wonder at it. Whether people are tired or careless, we know not, but the fact remains that the majority of people do not write a decently legible hand on the hotel register. When a man signs his name so that it looks as much like a hungry tramp fishing by the river bank, as it does like the coils of a sea serpent, and more like either than it does like the autograph of any distinguished person, how then can they expect it to appear correctly in print?

### At the Beach.

This letter was found last Thursday after the storm, in front of the Ocean Bluff Hotel. I saw her take the missive white And open it with whiter hand. Ah, how she trembled! Was't delight That did her very heart command? Her face grew pale, her lips of red Lost all the color of the rose; Then sad upon her hand her head Was rested—with it all her woes. And she who lately filled the room With merriment, now silent gazed As tho' before a wall of gloom By grievous news were darkly raised. Some friend was dead, or love untrue; A disappointment unconcerned Had come to her. But yet I knew Not why she wept or why she grieved. Ah! sad was I to see so fair And gay a lady in distress. My heart was heavy with her care, And yet no word of mine could bless. Her brooding sorrow—fain I would Have soothed her—wild grief is dear And so I gazed, but understood Not why her sweet eyes wept a tear. Then came a lady friend and said, "Why Laura, how is it, I pray That you who late was all arrayed In mirth, now sadly o'er the way Look with red eyes. Speak, Laura, speak." The red blue eyes looked up and light She moaned as tho' her heart would break, "My husband's coming back to-night."

Her husband! why I did not know that pretty, red tipped, rosy cheeked, merry, sad little mix was married. For if I had I would not have jumped on the postie mule to ride with her on the sweets of sorrow. I don't care to become acquainted with her now and I hope her husband will hang close to her side till they leave the hotel by lightning express for home, and bon voyage to Laura and her husband.

## Hotel Arrivals.

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.  
St Louis, Mo.—Mrs W J Smith.  
Arlington, Mass.—J M S Peatfield.  
Cambridge—G M Tupper.  
Brookline—J E Hambley.  
Memphis—C F Farnsworth and wife.  
New York—Rev Dr Van Ness.

Albany—Mrs Cook, Miss Cook, Miss TenEyck.  
Lowell—A Coswell wife and child, Arthur J Comstock.  
St Louis—W J Smith.  
Philadelphia—Miss M B Smith, Margaret R Smith.  
Framingham, Me.—Robert W Hogg.  
Cincinnati—Mrs H M Peabody.  
Portland—A F Gerrish and wife.  
Cincinnati—Orland Smith and wife.  
Gorham—Mrs Emily Robee.  
Portland—Miss C M Gerrish.  
Gorham—Miss Sarah Robie.  
New York—F S Gerrish, J F Prescott.  
Laconia, N H—P C Boyle.  
New York—Nath Bishop Parrar.  
Boston—Mrs C B Hayward.  
Chelsea—L A Emery, Francis Noble, E A Manny jr.  
Chicago—W F Forest wife and child.  
Salem—Miss A R Batman.  
Philadelphia—Mrs Fuller child and maid.  
Pittsburg—Mrs Bradley, Miss Bradley.  
Philadelphia—Thos Elminton and wife.  
New York—J H Kimball.  
Brooklyn—James J Healey, T L Thompson, W H Gardiner.  
New Hampshire—Elmer M Stewart, Miss Etella Dreese, Miss Martha Brigham, H C Cummings.  
Boston—J F Jones, W H Butcher.  
Laconia, N H—James H Tilton, T M Lloyd.  
Cincinnati—J H Bates and wife.

SEASIDE HOUSE.  
Brookline—Miss Sampson, Mr Gooding and family.

NONANTUM HOUSE.  
New York—Francis Marden.  
Jamaica Plains—Mrs M H David.  
Boston—Mrs Chas De Bacon, Miss Louise De Bacon, Miss Carrie De Bacon, Miss Gussie De Bacon.

HIGHLAND HOUSE.  
Cambridge—Mr and Mrs Harneston Parker, Harneston Parker jr.  
Jamaica Plains—Will M Chase.  
Canton—H L Fenn.  
Newton—Miss Saltonstall.  
Haverhill—N C Johnson, N N Spofford.

PARKER HOUSE.  
Cleveland—Miss Marshall.  
Brooklyn—Miss Felice Safford and maid.  
Worcester—Wm A Howland.  
Portland—H J Libby U S A, W E Thomas.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.  
Exeter—Mr and Mrs C H Bell.  
Clinton, Mass—W E Parkhurst.  
West Newton—Mrs Geo L Lovett, Miss Louise W Lovett, Arthur Lovett.  
Reading, Mass—Chas J Staples, Bertha Roberts.

West Newton—Geo L Lovett.  
Exeter—E H Gilman.  
Holyoke, Mass—W H Snow, C A Crocker.

Boston—M L Swain, H J Swain.  
Stillwater, Minn—Mrs Jacob, Miss Stella Bean, Annie E Bean, Eugene E Bean, Ella Bean.  
Meadville, Pa—Miss Annie Barbour, Miss Alice Barbour.  
Kennebunk—Miss Elizabeth Lord, Miss Fannie Lord.  
Boston—Albert Lord.  
Portsmouth, N H—Miss M B Mendum.

Cambridge—Ralph H Sawyer.  
BASS ROCK HOUSE.  
Lawrence—Geo H Carlisle.  
Waltham—Susie C Peabody.  
Somerville—Sophia H Moore.

SEA VIEW HOUSE.  
McIndore Falls, Vt—Miss J B Gilchrist, Miss C M Gilchrist, Miss M J Gleason.

GRANITE STATE HOUSE.  
Franklin Falls, N H—Miss Minnie E Sanders.  
Sutfolk, Conn—Mr and Mrs B W Lockhart.

Hartford, Ct—Irving W Lyons.  
WENTWORTH BEACH HOUSE.  
Winchester, Mass—Robert C Boone.  
Belmont, Mass—N H Goodridge.  
New York—Charles Fuller.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.  
Waltham, Mass—Mrs P Smith, Miss Smith.  
Great Falls, N H—Mrs L M Nute, Fannie E Nute.

Philadelphia—Mrs I Pemberton, Miss Pemberton, Miss Jardine, C J Bidd.  
New York—Chas C Tuttle.

CLIFF HOUSE.  
Haverhill—Chas Le Bosque and wife.  
Dover, N H—G H Donferth.  
Exeter, N H—F H Scammon and wife, J C Damon.

GLEN HOUSE.  
Framingham, Mass—Mrs M F Brown.  
Boston—Henry E Wood, Miss Endicott, Mr Newell.

NORTON HOUSE.  
Boston—Wm H Chisholm.  
Taunton—G T Fisher.  
Portland—G A Doten.

Cape Porpoise.  
GRANT HOUSE.

Boston—Mr Nelson Cortis, Miss Marion Cortis, Miss Alice Batcheller, Mr Jenks, Mr Conant.  
Waltham, Mass—Mrs Dr Worcester, Mr Fred Moore, Mr George Frost.  
West Roxbury, Mass—Mr Wilcott and wife, Mr Walter Kingman.  
Norton, Mass—Mr Sidney Harwood.  
Watertown, Mass—Miss Charlotte Bailey.

### Crushed Bostonians.

As the listener sat on the deck of a Nantasket boat the other day, he noticed a party consisting of three Boston people who were on pleasure bent and were entertaining a New York friend—which is not always pleasure. After the manner of Bostonians, they called the visitor's attention to the beauties of Boston harbor.

"Very pretty," admitted the New Yorker, "but not up to New York, you know; for I miss the beautiful Long Island shore and 'Liberty Enlightening the World.'"

Silence fell upon the crushed Bostonians, who concentrated their attention upon the majestic transatlantic just getting into the stream.

"I suppose you would like to be on board that steamer Mr. Van Ingham-heisen?" remarked one of the Bostonians in a propitiatory tone.

"No," answered Mr. Van Ingham-heisen, pleasantly, "not on a Boston boat; they are slower than the steamers that go from New York."

The Boston party were crushed again, but they rallied.

"How nobly Bunker Hill monument rises, doesn't it, Mr. Van Ingham-heisen?" asked one of the rallying Bostonians.

"It does," responded Mr. Van Ingham-heisen, "but the Grant monument at Verdale will be much taller when it is done."

The rest was silence.—Boston Transcript.

### Putting on Frills.

Inadvertently, says a writer in the New York Tribune, I have aroused the indignation of a great army of young women who earn their living by selling goods from behind counters by alluding to them as shop girls. Thereby I have learned some lessons about the social structure behind the counters. I had supposed that the good old generic English term "shop girl" might properly be applied to every woman who sold goods to a shopper. It seems, however, that the young women of New York who correspond in position to the male counter-jumper deem themselves entitled to be called "sales ladies," and are even offended at the term "sales woman." In their private vocabulary a shop girl is one who works in the factories. The term shop girl, however, will probably still satisfy the great majority of the people who believe in plain Anglo-Saxon.

If you are troubled with weak eyes never sit ashore white facing the wind. Get your wife to do it, or wait till the wind shifts to another quarter.—Tid-bits.

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. ELDRIDGE, Proprietor.

### 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.

## 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 \$4 per month; a Plush 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.

## Palmouth 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.

LYMAN CHASE, M. D.,

Homœopathic Physician,

KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

Office hours:—9 to 11; 4 to 6.

Highland House,

ORREN WELLS, Proprietor,

Located on a Magnificent Bluff, with

Fine Ocean and Inland Views.

Sea Side House!

KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

I. P. GOOCH, Proprietor.

Location unexcelled. Near mouth of Kenne-

bunk river. Excellent Bathing and Boat-

ing. Table first-class.

### 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.

A. LUQUES,

GENERAL STORE.

Hardware a Specialty.

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE.

### Disciplining a Coachman.

All luxuries have their attendant drawbacks. Even that of a carriage is accompanied by the infliction of a coachman, who, if he has a high opinion of his own capability, is only likely to become a martinet.

A Russian lady living in Paris said that she was once invited to breakfast in an unfashionable quarter of the city across the Seine. She accepted the invitation, delivered in person, but her prospective hostess said, "I believe, 'You will be wise to stay in time to hire a cab.'"

"And why?"

"Oh, that magnificent coachman! you will never take his fine legs and gorgeous harness to my humble door."

"Nonsense," replied the other, "does what I tell him, though he sometimes rebellious."

Resolved to prepare for dinner, she gave the coachman his orders, and he might before and boldly specified his route.

"Very well, madame," he answered, imperiously.

Assured of victory, she was ready at the appointed hour, but the carriage did not appear. After a time arrived the coachman, overcome with regret. He was so sorry, he was inconsolable; but one of the horses was indisposed and could not be taken out. It was too late to investigate, and the madame contented herself with sending a telegram word of this:

"I cannot be with you. My coachman absolutely forbids it."

It was an American lady who, asking her coachman to drive to a certain street, was told, by the functionary that it was "getting late" and the horses might take cold if dark.

"Ah, is that so," was the calm reply. "Well, suppose you drive to the street instead."

"It's twice as far," objected the man, emboldened by her tolerance of his first remark.

"Indeed? Then to Willow street. Do you object to that distance?"

"Well, mum, it's farther, by a good deal."

"Very well; we'll say Spring street. By this time it began to dawn upon the man that the distance was being regularly and purposely lengthened, and he said no more after giving rather a sulky assent to her caution to drive slowly.

When they reached home after a hour's drive, the mistress examined the horses with solicitude.

"Quite wet and muddy, are they?" she said. "Well, rub them down thoroughly. If you do it well you won't be through before 10. A. remember, that objections are among your duties."—Yonk's Companion.

### How Gordon Was Betrayed.

The general court-martial on Bimbashi Hassam-Effendi Benhassawy, who commanded the 5th regiment (Egyptians) at Khartoum, is now fixed, says a Cairo correspondent of the London Daily News. The Egyptian military authorities refuse to give information on the subject—in imitation, it would seem, of the Turkish authorities, who always frantically endeavor to conceal political or military news, and who always fail in their efforts to do so. The whole affair of Bimbashi Benhassawy and court-martial is an open secret, and simply this:

For some months dribbles of the 5th regiment, escaped from Khartoum, have been arriving at Cairo from Soudan, and they have at private reached the number of 150 private officers, and non-commissioned officers. It will be remembered that this was the regiment that was supposed to be on guard at the western (Messallia) and southwestern "gate" or entrance to Khartoum. Gradual evidence has been collected which, it is alleged, will prove that Bimbashi Benhassawy, in collusion with Fati Pacha, who held the position of general, corresponded with the mahdi, and wrote a letter to him to the effect that unless he attacked by Monday would be too late, as the "English were close at hand." The letter, of course cannot be produced, but will be sworn to that it was written. It will be proved, it is also alleged, that on the night that Khartoum was taken, the 5th regiment, who had charge of the southwest and south entrances, never fired a shot, and in turn they escaped the massacre, as though they were kept prisoners, and are now gradually escaping. The whole affair came to notice thus: Palmer, director-general "de la Colonie," patablite d'Etat, directed, with the approbation of the sirdar (commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army), the Valiant, director-general of finance department of the Soudan, to pay these escaped officers and soldiers of the 5th regiment their arrears of pay—amounting to some considerable sum. But M. Valiant, who had his eye pretty well on the whole affair, and who is without doubt one of the best men in the government service, replied: "What! I pay the murderers of Gordon! Never! I distinctly refuse to put my seal to any document of the sort." (For an order of payment had been brought to him to receive his stamp or seal.) "If you English wish to pay these men you must do it on your own responsibility. I will have none of it. The little difference led up to the present investigation and ended in the office who commanded the 5th being placed under arrest.

Teacher (giving directions for standing)—"Stand with your heels together, toes turned out, making an angle of forty degrees." This was followed by a look of bewilderment on one boy's face. Teacher—"Well, Tim, do you know what I mean? Do you know what a degree is?" Pupil—"Yes, sir, Teacher—"What?" Pupil—"Sixty-nine and one-fourth miles."—Boston Journal of Education.



SATURDAY, AUG. 20, 1887.

Miniature Almanac.

Sun rises, 5:19.  
Sun sets, 6:57.  
Moon rises 4:10 a. m.

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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 Mails.

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, P. M.  
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 3:40 p. m.  
E 10:00 a. m. E 6:25 p. m.  
W 11:40 a. m. W 7:30 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.

The Summer Belle.  
There is a maiden by the sea  
Most sweet and fair,  
Her violet eyes glance tenderly,  
A loving pair,  
And yet good friend I caution thee,  
Beware! Beware!  
Like sunshine on the lilies white  
Floats her soft hair  
About her snowy brow, and light  
Unfurrows in air.  
And yet of this all lovely spirit  
Good friend, Beware!  
Her form as lithe as willow is  
Beyond compare.  
Her fairy limbs—her motions bless  
Her voice, doth share  
Angelic notes, yet most of this,  
Good friend, Beware!  
Her dresses all were made at Worth's  
With special care.  
Her name is worked on all her girths,  
That are a snare  
For Folly's sons, and she has mirths,  
But friend, Beware!  
At every German she is seen  
With toilet care,  
And circled by the younglings green;  
The queen is there.  
And fools make love to her I ween.  
But friend, Beware!  
She dances till the night has gone—  
Till morning's glare—  
And sleeps while radiant is the sun  
On flowers fair;  
And dreams of him, the last fool won.  
Oh, friend, Beware!  
Oh, yes! my friend, Beware the Belle  
Whose only care  
Is but to say, "I have him well  
Within my snare;  
The twenty-fifth"—so she doth tell.  
Her loves, Beware!  
There, there she goes in evening dress.  
How sweet, how fair!  
But oh! the Butterfly can't bless  
A true heart there.  
The woman is a Lydia, Yes,  
Of her Beware!

W. F. Thomas, U. S. A., is at the Parker House.  
Dr. and Mrs. T. M. Lloyd of Brooklyn are at the Bluff.  
There was a dance at the Seaside House Thursday night.  
Miss Grace Pittman of Laconia, N. H., is at the Granite State.  
There is to be a French euehre party at the Grove Hill to-night.  
Chas. C. Fuller of New York dined at the Eagle Rock, Thursday.

Mr. Winthrop Scudder of Boston arrived at the Arundel last night.

Miss Dr. Mary L. Swain and sister of Boston are at the Grove Hill.

One of Mr. John B. Maling's boats was capsized in the recent storm.

Miss Georgie and Clara Marriner, of Boston, are guests of Mr. Charles Hubbard.

New billiard and pool tables are talked of in the Ocean Bluff Bowling Alleys.

The Veste, Bangor, which has been discharging coal for Capt. Titcomb, has sailed.

Congressman Dellzell of Pittsburg, Pa., is staying for a few days at the Whiton House.

Services at the South Congregational church Sunday morning at 10:30. A cordial invitation extended.

Granite Lodge, No. 14, I. O. O. F., of Biddeford, have a picnic at Cape Arundel next Wednesday.

Mr. C. H. Olmsted and wife, and Mr. J. P. Harley and wife, spent Friday at Wells and adjoining beaches.

J. T. Cook, of Buffalo, N. Y., started for his home Aug. 15, after a very enjoyable visit at the Eagle Rock.

A party from Cove Cottage drove to Kennebunk, Monday morning, to receive the G. A. R. post of Malden.

Mr. A. Walker Otis, a well known lawyer of New York, is enjoying the sea breezes of Kennebunkport for a short time.

Miss Bessie, daughter of Capt. J. A. Titcomb, fell Wednesday afternoon and broke her arm. Dr. Barrett set the fracture.

Died in St. Johnsbury, Aug. 15, Mrs. W. W. Sprague, formerly of Kennebunk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wentworth.

The family of Mr. Jacob Bean of Stillwater, Minn., are at the Grove Hill. Mr. Bean is a great lumber man, and is at present in Alaska.

Mrs. Edwin O. Child of Newton, Mass., one of the guests of the Sea View for a number of weeks has as yet been unable to take his meals in the dining hall.

Scene on river bank. Young lady looking through a camera (to the owner excitedly)—"Oh George what a lovely picture, come here quick—Oh don't move!"

The corner stone of the new Episcopal chapel will be laid Monday next at 11 o'clock. The Bishop of the diocese will be present and appropriate ceremonies will be held.

Masten & Wells of Boston sent down an immense supply of fireworks to sell at the carnival. When it was given up they were reshipped back. Guess the round trip must have cost about \$20. They will probably be remunerated for this trouble however.

"The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock bound coast." This was fully realized Thursday, during the heavy rain by some of the people on the Point. S. T. Fuller's cellar kitchen was flooded and Robert Lord's windows seeming to be of no protection of them on the inside.

FOR SALE.—In Kennebunk, one half of a mile from Kennebunkport depot, house, barn, wood house, four acres of land, 100 fruit trees, apples, pears and plums, in bearing. Three-quarters of a mile from the sea, on the road to Wells.—A. A. WELLS.

Mr. Devnell, one of the proprietors of the Ocean Bluff, came near meeting with a fatal accident last Wednesday. While pawing over some rubbish he accidentally slipped and fell, his neck striking on the edge of a barrel. His necktie alone saved him from breaking his neck. As it was it used him up pretty badly.

You can get back numbers of THE WAVE at the office in Brown's block, up stairs. Before you go away come in and get a complete file of the paper from July 9 to carry away as a souvenir of your visit here. It won't cost you much and will be something to peruse in the winter and remind you of your summer's outing.

We have received a copy of an excellent picture taken by Mr. E. P. Fowler, representing a group from Col. Spooner's picnic who were seated on the rocks at Blowing Cave. The picturesque positions, the leaping spray and the cold gray stones in the background make a happy combination which Mr. Fowler with his genius has made an excellent likeness of.

"Wish I could wear a Coney Island bathing suit," said a young man to his cousin last evening as they sat on the piazza and perspired. "What does a Coney Island bathing suit consist of, George?" demurely asked the maiden.

"Oh," he replied, "a little cotton to put in your ears." Then they looked at the pale moon until it was time to change the subject.

Excited fishermen to summer hotel man—"There isn't a bit of fishing

around here. Every brook a sign warning people off. What do you mean by luring anglers here with the promise of fine fishing?" Hotel man—"I didn't say anything about fine fishing. If you will read my advertisement carefully you will see that what I said was, 'Fishing unapproachable.'"

There was a very enjoyable entertainment given at Cove Cottage, Thursday evening. It consisted of music, recitations, charades and tableaux. The features of the evening were the dramatic actions of Miss Agnes Yale and Miss Mabel Hawley. Little Miss Davis rendered a song with fine effect. The instrumental music was given by Mrs. Davis and Miss Shepherd. The entertainment closed with a vote of thanks to Miss Jenkins, who worked so hard in getting it up.

The Grant House, or Stone's Look-out, as it was formerly called, on the hill at Cape Porpoise, has been crowded beyond its capacity throughout the season. Guests have been compelled to room out all along the road and the party that has enjoyed its broad piazzas and its breezy hill slope has been a very merry one. The fleet of row boats moored to the dock are constantly on the go among the numerous islands that make Cape Porpoise harbor so attractive and the social enjoyments of the house have been as varied as they have been unconventional. All the available rooms have been re-engaged for next season and applications for accommodations have been declined sufficient to fill the house over again. All this is proof of the growing attraction of the Cape as a delightful seaside resort.

Next Spring look out for a big boom all along the shores of Maine. There is more ozone to the square inch along our coast during the hot season than anywhere else within the limits of the United States. As pants the hart for the water brooks so pants the inland dweller for the cool and breezy shores of Maine. And as the years roll by the pilgrimages to these shores will increase in numbers until every nook and corner will become a place of rest, recuperation and recreation to the multitude who will learn that summer life by the Maine sea is better than doctors' treatment, or mineral waters, or patent medicines, or "science" in its many phases. Capitalists are beginning to realize that Bar Harbor is not the only place where investments yield handsome returns.—Portland Evening Express.

Happiness reigned supreme under the roof of the "Liliputian" cottage on Thursday evening, at Wentworth's beach, owned by Mr. S. T. Fuller, of Kennebunk, now occupied by his daughter Lillie who is entertaining a party of her friends for a short stay. The evening was passed by singing, banjo playing, games of whist, "Jack's Alive," "Lotto" "Camp," etc. A beautiful collation was served which was of no small comment. Artistic souvenir were awarded to all present. The rooms were beautifully decorated by Japanese fans, lanterns, etc. It was with a feeling of regret when the young gentlemen took their departure for Kennebunk singing the favorite song "Good night ladies." It was unanimously declared that this was the pleasantest gathering of the season. We hope for a repetition in '88.

The following persons and estates in Kennebunkport who contribute to the public expenses of State, Town and County, and are assessed over \$50 tax for the present year are as follows:  
Over \$50, and less than \$100—Mrs. J. J. Bourne, John W. Bickford, Sylvester Brown, Enoch Consens, Jotham L. Cleaves, David Clark, D. D. Crombie's Heir, Wm. Durrell's Heirs, B. F. Eldridge, Seth Grant, Anthony Luques, Jason Lunt, D. McIntire, J. B. Maling, J. A. Merrill, Chas. E. Miller, George Miller, W. F. Moody, Albert Perkins, F. H. Towne, B. Thompson, Wm. Walker, C. H. Walker.  
Over \$100, and less than \$200—Jos. Brooks, John Curtis, S. H. Gould, Asaph Moody's Heirs, C. E. Perkins, John L. Perkins.  
Over \$200 and less than \$300—Chas. C. Perkins, Sea Shore Co.  
Non-resident over \$50 and less than \$100—R. Jordan, H. J. Libby.  
Four per cent. discount if paid on or before Sept. 15th.

The Waiters' Ball.

The waiters of the Parker House gave a ball to their friends last evening that was one of the largest and most enjoyable events of the season. There was quite a large attendance from outside towns and a genuine good time was had. Excellent music was furnished and ice cream melted like frost in the sun. The dancing was kept up till a late hour and all regretted that they could not stay longer. Mr. Parker likes to see the girls have a good time and helped them in every way in his power to make the event a success.

UNRIVALLED OCEAN BLUFF, With Its Picturesque, Varied and Unequalled Natural Scenery.

Twelve miles west of Old Orchard, connected by the Boston & Maine railroad, is the summer resort of Cape Arundel, familiarly known as the Ocean Bluff, and situated in the town of Kennebunkport, which village itself is a popular place for summer travellers. There is something peculiar and unequalled about Ocean Bluff. It is not a great resort in the same sense of the word as is Bar Harbor or Old Orchard. The people perhaps have not found out its delightful charms or perhaps they prefer the gay ball-room and society life at the crowded resorts to any charms nature has, but there is no place on the Atlantic coast that combines so many natural advantages with so good variety and beauty of scenery. Here we have the grand primitive attractions of forest and shore, the beauty of native wilderness, with an excellence of scenery made up of crescent and irregular beaches, islands, rivers, inlets, bold headlands, rifts, chasms and volcanic beds, villages, fields and mountains. Those who spend the summer here can fish, bathe or hunt, ride over the smooth beaches, through two of Maine's handsome villages, Kennebunk and Kennebunkport, or ramble round on the rocky coast. They can roam through broad fields or enjoy boating on a winding stream. Can more attractions be offered by nature, all within the space of a half dozen miles? And this is not all. There are some peculiar natural attractions here including the Spouting Rock and Blowing Cave. The Spouting Rock is nothing more than a natural fountain. Here the ocean waves rushing in through a crevice in a rock, resound against a flat surface, and spurt upwards through a small crevice between two high rocks to twenty, thirty and sometimes to even fifty feet, spouting upward like an immense fountain throwing its spray for many feet beyond. This is to be seen only in an angry sea. Another sublime scene from the workmanship of nature is the Blowing Cave, a natural crevice in a huge rock large enough for a man to enter and walk round in, decreasing the farther in you go, until it comes to an end not many feet from its mouth. The water rushing in here, resounds in thunder tones and comes bounding out in wild fury, throwing an angry spray high above and the sunlight shining through the spray forms a perfect rainbow. There are many fine coves, coves and a number of small hotels. In the most prominent place, on high grounds close to the water's edge, stands the large Ocean Bluff Hotel. Though accommodating 300 guests it still is not large enough to accommodate the increasing numbers that flock to this delightful spot. Standing on the broad verandas can be seen an inland view of the villages, the Kennebunk river filled with boats gliding back and forth, and far beyond, the Maine and New Hampshire hills, including a view of the White Mountains, with an entire ocean view, taking Crescent, Hart's, Wentworth, York and Wells Beaches.—FRED W. ADAMS in The (Boston) Beacon.

Life's Voyage.  
Whichever way the wind doth blow  
Some heart is glad to have it so;  
Then blow it east, or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.  
My little craft sails not alone;  
A thousand fleets from every zone  
Are out upon a thousand seas;  
What blows for one a favoring breeze  
Might dash another, with the shock  
Of doom upon some hidden rock.  
And so I do not care to pray  
For winds to wait me on my way,  
But leave it to a Higher Will  
To stay or speed me, trusting still  
That all is well and sure that He  
Who launched my bark will sail with me  
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,  
Whatever breezes may prevail,  
To land me, every peril past,  
Within His sheltering port at last.  
Then whatsoever wind doth blow,  
We should be glad to have it so;  
And blow it east, or blow it west,  
The wind that blows that wind is best.

The Storm.

The storm of Thursday was "short and sweet." While it lasted it was one of the most violent known for years. The water in the river was dashed into quite high waves by the gale while outside the breakers rolled in with great force. In spite of the storm quite a party visited Blowing Cave and Spouting Rock and were well repaid for their trouble.

Improvements at the Bluff.

The ten years' lease of the Ocean Bluff Hotel to Messrs. Stimpson and Devnell expires at the end of this season. Although the papers for the renewal have not as yet been signed it is more than probable, indeed it is well nigh certain, that another lease for ten years will be entered into. The Sea

Shore Co. desire them to have it and the gentlemen themselves have had such good success in the past as to warrant their retaining control of the house. It would certainly be a misfortune to the guests who yearly come here to have the house go under a different management. Everyone who has ever stopped at this house went away with the impression that no one could run it quite equal to Messrs. Stimpson and Devnell. Should the lease be renewed it is intended to have the hotel greatly enlarged and improved. Two wings will be built, one on each side, a broader piazza put around the house, fire escapes put in, new furniture added throughout and every modern convenience supplied which will go to make the Bluff one of the largest and most popular summer hotels on the Maine coast.

Memphis People at Kennebunkport.

Memphis, Tenn., is a long way off (1500 miles) but as behooves a city whose population has doubled since 1880, and whose system of sanitation (suggested by Col. Waring of Newport) has served as a model for other cities. It has sent its representatives far and wide in search of health giving breezes and so we have some of them here despite the long distance. Those now with us comprise Mrs. W. D. Beard, Mrs. C. B. Church, Miss Fannie Church, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farnsworth and children, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Meacham and children, Mrs. M. S. Buckingham and children, and Mr. W. W. Bowles. Mr. and Mrs. A. Walker Otis and children late of Memphis, but now of New York, are also here.

A number of other Memphians have visited this place in former years and all bear witness to its many advantages as a summer resort.

May Memphis and Kennebunkport flourish together in the future, and may each know the other better to the mutual advantage of both.

SEA VIEW HOUSE! Kennebunk Beach, Maine.

THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER!

Will, during the month of August, make Cabinet Photographs for \$3.00 per Dozen. Finished in the Best Manner.

SAVE MONEY AND TIME!

By having your goods sent by the Kennebunk and Boston EXPRESS.

25 Merchants Row, Boston Office, 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.

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.

BUY THE WAVE!

ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND HOTEL ARRIVALS.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

DRESSER,

THE Hatter and Furnisher, OFFERS GREAT BARGAINS

STRAW HATS

Light Felt Hats

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

Beach Trade

Remember the place is at

DRESSER'S,

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!

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.



(Continued from first page.)

day may be it is always cold here. Crossing the river is a ferry, the only house that at first presents itself is the Seaside, kept by Mr. I. P. Gooch, one of the pioneer hotel keepers of this vicinity. The beach for a mile in length is owned by the proprietor of the Seaside House and affords excellent bathing facilities.

Following the beach we near the Bass Rock House, a fine large hotel which in the fourth year of its existence can look back with pride to its record and to the number of guests that have patronized it. Half a gun shot away is the Granite State House, well known as a favorite resort for many others than New Hampshire people. Located as it is directly on the beach, the location is a most desirable one for those wishing to be near the water. Still farther on is Cove Cottage, which for genuine comfort is second to none on the beach. Under its present management it had a very prosperous season last year and will undoubtedly do so this season.

Up the beach a little is the well known Sea View House. This house always has a long season beginning early in June and not ending until far into September. Up the Kennebunk road from the beach is the new Eagle Rock House which is admitted to be one of the strongest built and most desirably located houses at the beach. Although this is its first year 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.

Sea Side 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.

#### A Patient Cured.

People who have to do with the hospitals and many who do not, even in the way of charity, are aware that a great many characters apply to treatment when little or nothing is the matter with them, in order to get free board for a time. A man appeared at the city hospital a few days ago with a slight scratch on his cheek, near one of his eyes. The doctor in the accident ward on the left hand side examined the case, and saw there was nothing the matter with the applicant. He directed a nurse to bandage the scratch; however, the man was put to bed and given a good night's rest. Next morning the doctor looked at the scratch again.

"There's nothing the matter with you my man," said he; "I think you'd better get on your clothes and go."

"Oh, doctor," moaned the pseudo-sufferer, "You wouldn't send a man in my condition away? I'm not fit to leave."

The doctor passed on. When the head doctor came he was told of the case.

"Come," said he, "we will take care of him." Together the two men went to the bed. The nurse removed the bandages and the head doctor gravely examined the scratch near the eye.

"Ah," said he, "this is very serious. There is only one way to get this man up."

"It is serious," assented the younger doctor. He had found it serious.

"I tell you what we will do," said the head doctor. "In order to save this eye we will do well to cut off the ear nearest."

"True," said the other; "true. It would be a very wise thing to do. We must perform the operation when we return. It would be better to cut off the ear than to sacrifice the eye."

They went to the next ward.

"The ear! the eye!" cried the patient excitedly, as they passed out of hearing. "I'll let those fellows know it's my ear and my eye, and I ain't going to stay here to be butchered by them. Here, nurse, give me my clothes!"—*Boston Advertiser.*

#### The Sportsman's Muslo.

Under the above title W. J. Henderson contributes to the *Century* an article on the calls of the various game birds with their musical notation. We quote as follows: "Unfortunately for the goose, it can be imitated to perfection, and the unhappy birds frequently meet their end by paying too much heed to its deceptive notes. One instance of peculiar interest has come to the writer's knowledge. The destroyers in this case were Captain Walter S. Green, of Life Saving Station No. 5, Long Branch, and Mr. Bright. These two shooters live on opposite sides of a large pond, and are on the constant watch for birds of any kind that may come in from the sea to rest. Early one morning Mr. Bright heard a distant but vigorous honking. He soon saw a flock of seven geese flying in toward the pond. Quickly getting his gun and some heavy cartridges, he hastened down to the edge of the pond, keeping himself hidden behind a heavy hedge. As soon as he had selected his position, he uttered a vigorous honk, to which the leader of the incoming flock responded. Flying low, they sailed majestically in over the opposite shore, a hundred and fifty yards away from Mr. Bright. They were evidently weary, and anxious to settle down in the smooth waters of the pond. Suddenly out of the tall marsh grass on the shore opposite Mr. Bright, two puffs of blue smoke and two booming reports rolled out. The leader of the flock folded his wings and fell to the ground dead. Mr. Bright then knew for the first time that Captain Green was at hand. The birds swerved from their course and flew toward Mr. Bright, who easily killed the second bird. Both he and Captain Green did not cease honking, and the birds, after going away to a considerable distance, sailed back again, passing over Mr. Bright's head at some height. With his heavy gun he killed two of them, when they circled and swept across the pond, where Captain Green killed two more. The remaining bird, which had been wounded by scattering shot, made a hard struggle to rise to a safe height. Captain Green hastily slipped in a cartridge and took a long shot. A few feathers fell from the bird, and he flew across the pond. Mr. Bright then got a long shot at him, breaking his wing and bringing him down."

#### Dakota Piety.

A Sioux Falls minister recently went out to another Dakota town to help organize a church. On his return his wife said to him:

"I trust you were successful and laid the foundation for a prosperous church society."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't say that I was."

"Why, I don't see what could have prevented?"

"I'll tell you; I got those together who appeared to be interested and we talked the matter over some little time."

"Well, why don't you go on?"

"Why, they didn't appear to be very enthusiastic, and to test the matter I said: 'Gentlemen, I move that we proceed to organize a Presbyterian church.' Just then a prominent business man arose and said: 'I move to amend the gentleman's motion so that instead of a Presbyterian church we organize a board of trade and get up a boom.' Those in favor of the amendment," said I, "will please rise."

You ought to have seen them get up! Every man stood up except one lame man, and he was feeling on the floor for his crutch. Some got up on the chairs and one man tried to crawl on top of the stove. When I came away they were talking about moving the cemetery to make room for a street-car line."—*Winnipeg Siftings.*

One more whack at railroad legislation and the conductor will have to pay his fare like the passengers.—*San Francisco Alta.*

#### Practical Jokes.

The conversation had turned upon the perniciousness of practical joking, says the *Arkansas Traveler*, when a well-known business man said: "Don't speak of practical joking—don't make the merest reference to anything of the kind—for it makes me shudder. You all know Beasley, the commercial traveler. He is an exceedingly good-natured and prankish fellow, so much given to mild joking that on one occasion, only a few weeks ago, a party of us decided to play a joke on him that he would not be likely to forget. We didn't know exactly how to proceed, and were tangled up in those perplexing intricacies which come of numerous suggestions, when a plan suddenly presented itself. Beasley, having remained in Chicago several days, decided to go to St. Louis, where his wife and little boy lived, stopping for a day at Bloomington to attend to several customers whom he had at that place. My plans were laid as soon as he made known his intentions, but I pretended that I did not want him to go."

"I must," said he, "I wrote to my wife several days ago, telling her to address me at Bloomington, and, besides, I have business there that must be attended to at once."

"That night we went to the railway station with him, and when the train had gone we hurried up-town and set our plans in working order, which were—diabolical, I admit—to have Beasley arrested in Bloomington and brought back on the morning train."

When the clock struck eleven the officer assured us that the arrest should be made, and how we gloated over the fact that we would at last get even with our friend."

"He won't know what in the world to think of it," said Sam Mayfield. "I'd like to see his expression of countenance when the officers nab him, and hear his indignant protestations."

"He'll howl like a wounded animal," remarked Joe Summers.

"And do considerable squealing, too," I replied.

"Early the next morning we hurried to the station. Shortly after the train rushed in. Mayfield exclaimed: 'They've got him! See, yonder they come!'"

"When the officers came up with the prisoner we rushed forward and roared with laughter, explaining that it was all a joke. I should have mentioned before that we had brought along a man authorized to release Beasley. Our friend, even after finding out that it was all a joke, did not smile, or in the least seem to be relieved. Indeed, his face was deathly pale, and bore such traces of intense suffering that we were deeply stricken with remorse. He sat down with a despairing drop and covered his face with his hands."

"Beasley," said I, approaching him, "you must forgive us, old fellow. Remember that you have played many a joke on us."

"Not such an awful joke as this," he replied. "Just as the officers arrested me the following telegram from my wife was handed me."

"She gave me the telegram, and, with a feeling of horror creeping over me, I turned to the boys and read as follows:

"Our little boy is dead. Hurry home."—"MARRY."

"No," continued the narrator, "you must never ask me to go into a practical joke."

An Altoona (Pa.) dentist was assisting in a tooth-filling operation, holding a punch to press in the filling. There was a vivid flash of lightning, followed immediately with a loud crash of thunder. Instantly the assistant dropped the implement he was holding in his hand and began to expostulate vigorously. It seems that he was in line with the electric current, and that is the way it acted on him. Telegraph operators, we are told, frequently have the same experience during an electrical storm.

#### Gate Bells in New Orleans.

One curious custom that attracted our attention upon our arrival in New Orleans, says a recent letter, was the locked gates of private grounds, and the gate-bells and gate night-latches of even small yards. We had scarcely entered the city before we saw a group of ladies, prettily attired in thin fabrics and brilliant colors that belong through all generations to this land of the sun. They were standing on the street sidewalk, or "banquet," as it is called in the local vernacular, waiting for the opening of the gate. A second pull brought a servant tripping down the rose-shaded walk to admit the guests. The fence was a tall iron one, as they nearly all are. Soon we noticed at another residence the postman waiting at the gate for the coming of a slow and shuffling maid. The yards are never open to the street, without fence or curb, as ours often are, and grounds through whose private drives one can go at will are unknown.

A Fish Story by Gen. Rosecrans.

Gen. Rosecrans tells a wonderful story about a curiosity in the possession of the Society of California Pioneers. It is a section of timber taken from the side of the Powhatan, including a portion of the skin, which is four inches thick, and a piece of the abutting knee, which is nine inches thick. Transversely through the whole a swordfish has dashed his sword, and the portion broken off is still embedded in the timber. The sword pierced through fourteen inches of solid oak, and the fish was going in the same direction as the vessel, which was under a good head of steam. An idea of the strength which must have been exerted can be obtained from the fact that a rifled six-pounder could have not done more than pierce that thickness of wood. People on the vessel state that they felt the shock caused by the blow, and thought that they had struck something floating beneath the surface. The sword is over six inches wide at the broadest point, where it is broken off.

#### Wild Tribes of the Bombay Forests.

The report of the Bombay Forest Commission contains some interesting information about the wild tribes of the Konkan, the strip of land in Bombay that lies between the Western Ghats and the Arabian Sea. The wild tribes are a great number of persons of different aboriginal races, who lead an unsettled life and who subsist for the greater part of the year on the wages they earn as carriers and distributors of forest produce among the local residents.

There are three distinct wild tribes left—the Katkaris, 30,000 strong; the Thakurs, 50,000 and the Varlis, 20,000 in strength—individuals who lead a savage life altogether, and eke out a precarious living by a sporadic hill cultivation, by collecting forest produce for barter or sale at the nearest markets, and also to a certain extent by killing and eating various sorts of wild animals. They live in miserable hovels in or near the forests. The Thakurs are an unsettled tribe, ready to change their hamlet if a child sickens or a cow dies. They wear scarcely any clothes, eat the coarsest food, love indolence and dissipation, have no thought for the future, and spend all they can in drink. Still, as a rule, they are quiet and peaceable and live altogether by themselves. They neither borrow nor steal. They are truthful, honest, teachable, and harmless. They are hardworking, the women doing quite as much work as the men, and they are much more thrifty and more sober than either the Varlis or Katkaris. Some of their villages are very orderly and clean, the people showing much respect to the headman, who belongs to their own caste. Thakur means "a chief," and in days very remote they probably had a position of some standing.

The Katkaris, or makers of Kat—that is, catechu—are the poorest and least hopeful of the three tribes—drunken, given to thieving, and unwilling to work. In 1825, according to Bishop Heber, they were charcoal burners, but so wild and scared that they would have no direct dealings with the people of the plain. They brought head loads of charcoal to particular spots, whence it was carried away by the villagers, who left in its place a customary payment of rice, clothing, and iron tools. Eleven years later Major Mackintosh described them as great thieves, stealing corn from fields and farmyards, committing robberies in the villages at night, and plundering lonely travellers during the day. Their women work hard, acting as laborers, and bring into market the head loads of wood their husbands have gathered in the forests. They are very poor, generally in rags, and often without any wholesome food. As soon as they get together a few pence they spend it in drink and tobacco.

A small body of them, however, will not eat cow's meat, and are allowed to draw water at the village wells and to enter Kumbi houses.

The third tribe, the Varlis, are considerably better off. They are very innocent and harmless, but immoderately fond of liquor. They commit crimes of violence only when they are drunk, and they join in thefts and gang robberies only when they are starving. Among themselves they are extremely fond of fun, and very sociable. With strangers they are timid at first, but with Europeans whom they know they are frank and very truthful.

Nothing will induce them to leave the forests. They are passionately fond of sport, and will take their guns into the forest and stay there for days together shooting sambhur, bhenkri, peacocks, and jungle and spur fowls over the forest pools and springs. These types of savage life are to be found within an hour, or even half an hour's journey of Bombay.

The Spanish Passion for Dancing.

I presume that those who have traveled in Spain hardly realize how thoroughly that country is given to the worship of St. Vitus. Says a recent writer: "The dance demon seizes on Spaniards at all times and under all circumstances—in the streets, on the public squares, under the porches of stately mansions. A peripatetic musician comes along, strumming his guitar, and in an instant the maid servants throw aside their brooms, the workwomen set down the pitchers they are carrying to the fountain, the muleteers leave their mules, the innkeeper forgets your dinner, and all spring forward, arms akimbo and eyes sparkling. Their feet just touch the ground, they balance in unison with the music, and dance with their souls as well as with their bodies."

"Let a tourist visit Toledo and put up at the ancient hostelry De Lino, and let a guitar-player station himself under the great sombre archway that Don Quixote himself would not have passed without a foreboding of evil. He will see with his own eyes how the natural order of things will be disarranged and everything thrown into confusion. A fandango will begin in the court, the kitchen, and the street, and amid such a hubbub that he will think he has taken leave of his senses."

"One day at St. Sebastian the regiment passed by with a band at its head. A fandango was played."

"Even the children who had been industriously engaged in making dirt pucks pricked up their ears, caught each other by the waist, and tried to go through the steps. Their nurses joined in snapping their fingers. The passers by came to the assistance of the nurses. The soldiers themselves couldn't stand the temptation, but fell out of the ranks and mingled in the dance."

At the library—Lady—"I'm getting tired of modern fiction; can't you recommend me a good, exciting standard work?" Librarian—"Have you read 'The Last Days of Pompeii'?" Lady—"No, I believe not. Can you tell me what he died of?" Librarian—"Eruption, I believe."—*New Haven News.*

#### The Late Unpleasantness.

In discussing the rebellion with a northern journal, the *Montgomery Advertiser* says:

The war came because it was obliged to come. It was the product of causes which had been at work ever since the early days of the formation of our government. Both north and south erred, but it was almost impossible, humanly speaking, to keep them from erring. The breach grew wider and wider, suspicion increased, animosity was fanned to the blazing point, and then for the first time in the history of the country a party entirely sectional elected a president, and the explosion came.

It is not claimed that the war "came of its own accord" by Southern writers. It is claimed, though, and claimed justly, that the north had as much to do with bringing it on as the south. No one can read the political history of the country and deny that at one time there was a strong feeling in favor of emancipation in the south. Jefferson looked upon slavery as an evil; John Randolph of Roanoke manumitted his 318 slaves. This sentiment was growing in the south when the rise of the abolition movement among the people who had once found slavery profitable, but who gave it up when they found it no longer so, changed the aspect of affairs. Then came a long and exciting struggle, then came Missouri compromise, squatter sovereignty, Lecompton constitution, Sharp's rifles, bleeding Kansas, John Brown, war.

Was either section blameless in this long contention? No. Now that it is all over it is far better that both sections should recognize that each in the war represented a principle right in itself, which principles the force of circumstances brought into conflict. The north represented devotion to the union; the south the right of self-government. When the north undertook to coerce the south she undertook an experiment dangerous to the perpetuity of our institutions. At the close of the struggle it was doubtful at first whether we ever again should see a really restored union, one that would move with harmony and in which the rights of the people would be respected. But fortunately our institutions stood the strain, and the danger that threatened us has long since passed. It can never more come to this country, for whereas before the war the constitution was susceptible of two interpretations as regards the perpetuity of the union, to-day it is susceptible of only one.

#### The Pagan Idea of Death.

Death was the beautiful genius, twin-brother of sleep, who extinguished the torch as gently as the moon steals out when the sun has set. He was no grisly King of Terror, with his scythe in his fleshless hand grinning in mockery as he mows down the laughing crowds chasing that phantom, Pleasure, over the steep edge into the unfathomable abyss. He was the fair-faced soft-fleshed, poppy-crowned, who came with noiseless steps, and led the wearied soul to rest with a tender hand. Though Hades was dim and dark, and the fields of asphodel were but sorrowful playgrounds for the strengthless heads of those who had won the prizes at Olympia and tamed horses at Elis, still the idea of death was more beneficent than malevolent, and his form was as beautiful as the fate he heralded was at least free from pain and torture. Before that inevitable should have come when the last farewells must needs be said and the fair things of earth abandoned, the Greek filled up his rose-crowned cup to the brim and drank the wine of happiness to the last clear drop. Wherever he went and whatever he did he surrounded himself with beauty as with a garment; and the rhythmic harmonies of his early education penetrated his mature existence and made his whole world melodious.—*Fortnightly Review.*

#### He Called the King "Aleck."

Capt. Stephen Taylor of Boston spent a good deal of time at Honolulu between one voyage and another, and was always treated as a person to whom a great deal of consideration was due. He visited the royal family quite often, and was there received by his Majesty King Kamehameha, who was known as "King Aleck" by the American and English residents on terms of absolute equality.

One day there was a state procession in the streets of Honolulu, and the natives had gathered from all over the kingdom to do honor to royalty. Among the crowd and leaning nonchalantly against a tree with a quid in his mouth and his big Panama hat on his head, was Capt. Stephen Taylor. Presently there was a blare of horns down the street, and the head of the royal procession came to view. Off went the headgear of such of the natives as had any headgear, but Capt. Taylor remained covered, making no other movement than to roll his quid to the other cheek.

"Why don't you take off your hat, Captain?" asked a native who spoke English.

The captain vouchsafed no reply. But presently as the royal party drew near, an Englishman said to him:

"Hadm't you better uncover, Captain?"

"No!" said he. "I never took off my hat to a nigger yet, and never will."

It was a rude speech, but not meant to be insulting, quite evidently, for the next moment the royal party came quite abreast, and Capt. Stephen Taylor still with his Panama set nonchalantly on the back of his head called out cheerily to the King:

"Hello, Aleck!"

The King looked an instant at the Captain, and then called out in quite as cheery a tone:

"Hello, Steve!"

And the cortege moved on amid the applause of the crowd, convincing one Englishman that a Boston sea captain was at least as great a man as a King of Hawaii.—*Boston Transcript.*

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