



VOL. I. NO. 12

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE, AUGUST 17, 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.

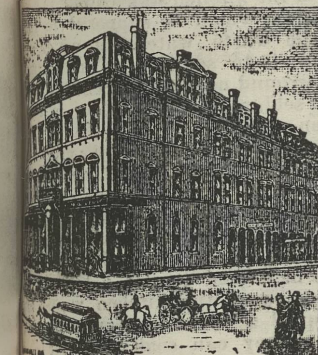
Kennebunkport, Me.

MRS. S. H. WHITON,
Formerly of 111 Tremont St., Boston, has
opened a home 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.

JULIAN HOTEL,



W. UNDERWOOD, Proprietor,

Cor. Middle and Plum Sts.,

PORTLAND, MAINE.

One of the best and most centrally located
hotels 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.

CLIFF ROCK HOUSE,

Open Wentworth & Co., Proprietors,

Kennebunk Beach, Maine.

A new and attractive house is situated on
a commanding one of the finest views of
seas and surrounding country to be found
on the coast. It is within five minutes walk
of the Office, Station, Beach, Bath Houses,
and several Hotels. The facilities for
dining, fishing and bathing are unsurpassed.
JOSEPH D. WELLS, Manager.

BEACH HOUSE!

Kennebunk, Me.

Address, Kennebunk Beach.

The oldest summer house at Kennebunk
Beach.

JOHN WENTWORTH, Proprietor.

EIGHTH SEASON

OF THE

GRANITE STATE HOUSE!

Corner Station. P. O. address, Kennebunk-
port, Me. Thinking the public for the past
season they have given the house in the past,
by setting a good table to please the
public, and by gentlemanly treatment on the
part, 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.
Diners served to traveling parties. Study
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 Sapper
furnished to order. Everything first-class and
supplied at short notice.

This space has been
taken by Bowton,
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.

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.

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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 interest
and amusement at these growing
and attractive summer resorts. Leaving
the R. R. station and crossing the
bridge one enters at once into the heart
of Kennebunkport village with its
wide streets, broad, spreading trees
and its large, old-fashioned houses
built by sea captains and ship owners
in the palmy days of the West India
trade. The tourist can well afford to
spend a day in looking over the many
 quaint articles of interest in this de-
lightful, old-fashioned sort of a place.
They will notice the front yard fences
of antique design, doubtless copied
from foreign patterns that the builders
may have seen in some trans-Atlantic
town. The weathercocks of odd design,
the old-fashioned knockers that have
done duty since the days when great
ships sailed out of this, then busy,
seaport town. All these will come
in for their share of his attention,
and should he enter these quaint but
comfortable abodes he would see queer
old articles such as would set the anti-
quarian's heart beating with joy.

Right in the center of the village is
located the Parker House. This ele-
gant house, combining convenient and
sumptuously furnished rooms with
great architectural beauty make it a
most desirable summer house for those
needing rest and recreation from the
busy mill of life. The grounds are
finely laid out and ornamented with
beautiful flowers and plants. Tall
trees shed down their grateful shade,
while between their branches steals
the invigorating air heavy with saline
odors from the ocean.

Leaving the Port village and moving
toward Cape Arundel we come first,
after passing the Nonantum House,
which is one of the most comfortable
and best managed houses at the beach,
to the Highland House. This place is
very appropriately named, the house
being situated on a cliff overlooking
the river and ocean and commanding a
fine view inland. The house is de-
signed for the comfort of the guests, as
well as their amusement, as a glance
at its broad piazzas and green lawns
will show.

Moving on past the boat houses and
Indian tents we come to the Riverside
House and the Arundel. The former
is located close to the river bank and
on a spot of much beauty. The
grounds are well kept and shady, and
all in all, the house is a most attractive
one. The Arundel is a mansion of
imposing appearance and beauty.
While sufficiently retired, it yet gives
its guests a magnificent view of the
sea, calm in repose or terrific in storm
as the case may be.

Passing on we come to the Glen
House. All that has been said of any
other house may well be said of this,
for an inviting summer house it is un-
rivalled. Just beyond and past the
Bickford House, 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
he 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,"
hrowing up a vast cloud of misty
pray. Every room commands an
ocean view. One thing may be said of
he 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.)



Mrs. John P. Moulton.

Saco, Me. Aug. 20, 1886.
My wife suffered terribly from rheumatism
and neuralgia for 10 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 household work, and has remained in perfect
health since; praise God for this wonderful
remedy.

JOHN P. MOULTON,
Froman 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
medicine. This medicine is not a liniment.
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 circulars
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. Conson's Store.

The Wave.

Beach Acquaintances.

It is hard to believe that in a couple of short weeks the season will be practically over. The merry throngs that now frequent the beach, all intent on pleasure seeking, will have departed. The hotel piazzas and parlors will look deserted, and the sound of festivities will no longer be heard. To be sure some will linger to enjoy the glorious weather of September, and a few even will remain until October shall have come and gone, but the great mass will depart when August is drawing to a close. There can be but a feeling of sadness in bidding these good-bys. One meets while sojourning at the beach for a few weeks, many pleasant people, and naturally become interested with some and grow to like them. Suddenly, in the midst of this acquaintance, the time for departure comes. A hasty good-by, a shake of the hand, and perhaps a promise to write or see them again soon, and they drift out of our lives as abruptly as they came in. The most of these summer acquaintances one never sees again. It is hard to think that the score of friends we meet at these summer hotels will so quickly fade out of our vision, never more to be seen again, but then "there is no meeting here of hearts that has not here its end."

Lengthening Vacations.

When September draws at hand parents prepare to pack up for their departure from the beach. The children's school begins then and so the ties of pleasure that hold them to the beach must be broken and they must again endure the dust, the noise and the heat of city that the little ones may be stilled with the contents of the spelling book. It is certainly to be hoped that the time will come when children will be emancipated from the short vacation they are now compelled to endure. How much better it would be to let the little ones have a couple of weeks of September that they might grow rugged in its bracing air? This is by all odds the best month at the beach and many would delight in lingering to enjoy its gorgeous sunsets and watch nature change her garb of green for one of russet hue. But the children must get back to school, so they are compelled to forego the pleasure of a longer stay at the beach and reluctantly depart for the city.

Our Carnival.

For several years Kennebunkport has drawn an immense crowd of sight-seers to view the Annual Carnival. Every year until this there has been warm interest manifested in it and everyone by taking hold with a will have helped make it a grand success. This year there seems to be a lack of enthusiasm. A new class of people to a certain extent are here, many of whom seem to manifest but little interest in anything that will benefit the place. Therefore the entries to the carnival have come in slowly and are far from satisfactory. It is hoped that the project will not be abandoned, but that its supporters will push the affair forward and make the carnival, what it always has been, a success. Meanwhile everyone ought to enter their boat and do what they can to help it along in the way of illumination.

Hotel Arrivals.

HIGHLAND HOUSE.

Junata Plains, Mass.—Will M Chaso.
Taunton, Mass.—H F Fenns.
Newton—Miss Salton Hall.

GLEN HOUSE.

New York—B Irving Dasent.
Haverhill—Mrs Henry Merrill, Louis Merrill, Geo H Merrill.
Franklin Park, Mass.—Miss M J Parsons.
New York—Alexis Slade.
East Orange, N Y—Miss L E Carrington, Miss A M Carrington.

CLIFF HOUSE.

Haverhill—Chas L Basquet and wife.

BICKFORD HOUSE.

Cambridge—Miss Eaton.
Boston—Miss N F Jones, S A B Skinner.
Arlington, Mass.—Geo G Allen and wife.
Lowell, Mass.—Mrs R D Halbrook, Miss Minnie Howard.

PARKER HOUSE.

Newton—W Henry Brackett.
Boston—Mrs Waldo Harrison Stearns, Master Ralph Waldo Stearns, Geo A Russell, W B Cummings.
Alfred—Mr J B Vance.
Cambridge—Arthur L Greene.
Boston—Newton Hall and wife.
Biddeford Pool—Mr and Mrs J W

Smith, Joseph W Smith Jr., William D Smith, John Duke Smith, Agnes G Smith, Miss Abby C Homes, Miss Jessie G Donald.

Boston—H D Hutchingson.
Newton—John A Kenrich.
Elizabeth, N Y—Mrs M W Halsey.
New York—Mrs J M Van Dyke.
New York—A W Halsey.
Boston—Miss Louise J Drake.
Boston—Hiram B Robinson, Frederick W Bliss, Dr Geo D Bliss, J W Chatman.
Chicago—Geo C Chapman.
Worcester—Dr and Mrs A A Howland.

Boston—W R Hoyd, F W Hunt, J Q Henry.
Fall River—S Borden.
Brooklyn—W M Safford and wife.
Biddeford—J M Harrington and party.
Boston—C F Cullis.

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.

Brookline, Mass.—William F Hall.
Altoona, Pa.—J B Hutchingson and wife, J B Hutchingson Jr.
Bristol, Pa.—Miss Laura Hutchingson.
Jekesol, Pa.—F W Ames, E H Ames.
Philadelphia—A H Tetteuf and wife.
Brooklyn—Mrs Win D Morgan, Miss Sarah Morgan.
Norwich—Mrs Chas Farnsworth, Chas Farnsworth.

Albany—Miss Haud, F B Butman, H C Butman.
Haverhill—Miss T T Bennett.
Massachusetts—O E Chapman, L A Chase.
Boston—Walter Jackson, L D Skinner, Philip Dexter, W O Chapman and wife.

Lawrence—John H Morse.
Boston—H W Moutagne, C B Lowell.
Saco—W S Mitchell, Miss Lulu Stearns.
Fitchburg, Mass.—H A Blood and wife, Miss E F Blood, Chas H Blood.
Canton, Mass.—W O Chapman and wife.

Haverhill—C H Fellows.
Lowell—F P Putman.
Brooklyn—Wm Howard and wife.
Chicago—Mrs J O Pearly.
Brooklyn—Mr and Mrs F C Lewis, Miss Lewis, Master Lewis.
Fifty transients.

NORTON HOUSE.

Boston—William H Cheshole.
Portland—Ralph H Jordan.
New York—Julia Mitchell.
Portland—Tom C Foster and wife.
Twenty-five transients.

COVE COTTAGE.

Baltimore—Geo Ward.
Portland—Mrs N E Gardner.

SEA VIEW HOUSE.

Farmington, N H—Helen Carlton, C W Amazeen.
Rochester, N H—Harrie Serega.
Newton—C L Russell.
Brocton—W E Porter, Susie M Danks, Ada L Danks.
Auburndale—Gertrude Briggs, W P Briggs.
Newton—W C Overmasi.
Hobbs—Henry N Clark and wife, Annie Maud Clark, Elsie Bailey Clark.

WENTWORTH BEACH HOUSE.
Thompson, Ct.—Mrs M H Hadley, Miss S Nichols.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.

Minneapolis—N G Leighton and wife, Miss Jennie P Leighton.
New York—Mrs F M Hardy, Miss L H Hardy.
Buffalo—Dr J T Cook.
Washington—E Whittlesey, Miss Whittlesey, J T Whittlesey.
Newton—Miss Mirie Pope.
West Newton—Miss C R Dennen.
Augusta—Mrs Fendall Titcomb, two children and nurse.
Boston—Chas J Rich.
Great Falls—Mrs New and daughter.
Marblehead—Mrs Smith and daughter.

BASS ROCK HOUSE.

Hartford, Ct—G L Baker and wife.
Lima Ohio—Miss E P Wells.
Great Falls, N H—Dr J A Hayes and wife and child, Master John E R Hayes.
Auburndale, Mass.—Miss Jennie Loker, Miss Clara E Loker, M A Marcy, Rhoda Marcy, Hattie L Phillips.
Somerville, Mass.—Sadie A Vinal, Leslie T Vinal.

GRANITE STATE HOUSE.

Laconia, N H—J W Pitman and wife, Grace A Pitman, Miss Clara M Pitman, Miss Annie L Pitman, Miss Charlotte Pitman.
Boston—A J Quinn.
Manchester, N H—W W Wilkins.
Boston—Chas B Appleton.
Melrose—Oscar F Frost and wife.
Exeter, N H—Eliza U Bell.
Lawrence—Jessie White, Alice L Bell, Mary W Bell.
Dover, N H—Mrs C W Griffin, Mrs David Lawrence, Mrs G W Jenkins, Blanche and Grace Jenkins.

SEASIDE HOUSE.

Andover—Miss Nellie G Ellis, Mrs Maria H Stark, Amy L Stark.
North Attleboro, Mass.—Fred B Byram, Mrs Fred B Byram, Bertha S Byram.

Cape Porpoise.

LANGSFORD HOUSE.

Boston—Mr E A Studley.
Melrose, Mass.—Miss Minnie, Miss Gracie Kimes, Miss Isabel Paul.
Weston, Mass.—Miss A E Cushman.
Roxbury—Mrs Trainor, Mrs Baxter.

List of Unclaimed Letters

at Kennebunkport P. O., Aug. 16, '87:
A K Allen, Miss Idelle Ameen, Miss Carrie Amazeen, James F Coleman, Mrs W H Chisholm, Capt H B Chick, Walter Cutting, Mrs Y B Davis, Miss A K Darling, Mrs Wm Howard, Miss Caroline Keating, Miss Grace Lord, Mrs Edwin Lang, Miss Emily B Lathrop, Mary E Lombard, Mrs Chas A Nichols, Miss Mantie Nutter, Lewis M Perkins, Fred Pressy, Lawrence L Prime, Mrs B F Strade, Miss Lucy R Shattuck, Mrs Henry Sargent, Stewart Stone, Miss Ella C Scott, Miss Maggie Settle, Dr E C Thompson, Minnie E Walker, Mrs Hugh Wright, B Wakefield.

Cruise of the Climax.

Capt. Geo. H. Chick, Chas. G. Seavey, Robert E. Smith, Frank W. Maling, Chas. Hanna, Geo. M. Grant, Herbert L. Luques, Frank A. Luques, Fred Kimball, F. H. Cousens and John C. Emmons, were the eleven individuals who, reclining on the deck of the "Climax," lazily watched her sail out of the harbor Monday forenoon, bound for Portland. In the midst of a blood-curdling narrative of shipwreck which Capt. Chick was spinning for the benefit of his hearers, while the craft was off Cape Porpoise, Mr. Herbert Luques suddenly sighted a sun-fish. The scene that ensued for a few moments reminded one very forcibly of a whaling expedition in the Pacific Ocean. Capt. Chick and mate Seavey sprang into the dory and gave chase to the "critter," who seemed in no particular hurry to get out of the way. At length he was overtaken and harpooned. The sloop was bro't about and the great creature hauled on board. It was estimated to weigh 600 pounds. He was cut open, his liver removed and the carcass thrown overboard. The liver yielded three gallons of oil, which Capt. Chick says is "mighty handy" to have in the house. The cook insisted on frying what he called a "marine steak" from the animal but none of the passengers "hankered" after that kind of poison, so his intention was abandoned. The Climax reached Portland Harbor at 3 o'clock. The alacrity with which the crew (THE WAVE scribe excepted) started for the Forest City steamboat landing and embarked for Peak's Island to taste the dissipations of that giddy resort, would have been surprising to one who was not acquainted with their natures. During the voyage those on board were entertained with reminiscences of one of the Captain's hair-breadth escapes in the berry-fields of Cape Elizabeth, with a black haired assassin (?) The return trip was uneventful and safely made. A resolution of thanks was passed to the cook, Mr. Charles Hanna, for his zeal in keeping the flies out of the coffee, as well as for the Soup de Bullion prepared by him from a defunct looking haddock bought on the wharf in Portland. (The fish would have been valuable as a relic, and it was a great mistake to spoil his color (green) by cooking.) So ended another successful "cruise of the Climax."

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.

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.

- 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 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.

Portland, Maine.

Whitewood Souvenirs.

A full line of
TOILET ARTICLES.
ALSO
Confectionery, Cigars,
Cool Soda, &c., at

E. C. Miller's,
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,
Brown's Block, Kennebunkport, Me.

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 unequalled table.

Infant Prodigious.

Willie Gordon, the 10-year-old son of a Maudan, wholesale clothing dealer, his father's bookkeeper and identical clerk. He shows a surprising aptitude for business and always takes entire charge of the store when his father comes east to buy goods.

Eddie Race, a 5-year-old youngster of Glen's Falls, is the best drummer boy for miles around. He performs the most difficult beats without a flaw, and never seems to get tired, although the drum he carries is nearly as big as his body. Eddie has never had a tuition, but gets the beats right instinctively.

Little Stuch, the 14-year-old daughter of the state librarian of Pennsylvania recently composed a cradle song difficult that her music teacher advised her to modify it. She said that she had made it difficult so that she might see it to death, which was the able to sing it. This she did, and it was sung the diva with great success in the west.

Miss Fanny Block, of Jackson, Miss., is said by the *State Ledger* to be one of the most precocious children in the state. Though only nine years of age she reads, writes, and speaks English, German, and French fluently and reads Hebrew with ease. She is now beginning to master Greek. It took her only two months to learn German and she acquired the other languages with equal readiness.

A little negro lad, about 7 years of age living near Uniontown, Ga., is said to possess a wonderful talent for sculpture. He can take a lump of mud from the roadside and with his hands form any animal he ever saw, the proportions being perfect. He recently made out of clay a life-size statue of a dog that astonished everybody who saw it because of its extraordinary fidelity to life.

Paul Williams, the 12-year-old son of G. B. Williams, of Mendon, Mass., has neither arms or legs—only stumps two inches long from his shoulders and similar stumps, eight inches in length in place of legs. Yet he is an accomplished penman and a very good artist. He holds the pen or brush between his chin and one shoulder stump and moves it with his head. Besides all this, he is a pupil of high standing in the Mendon high school.

A New York professional bootblack says: Now you see I employ a dozen boys, and they are always busy. What do I attribute my success? Good, cleanly manners and a good shining. When it was found that at courtesy was the rule in my place my business increased. I pay my shiners, who are worthy colored men and boys, \$1 a day. Many, however, who make themselves agreeable to customers, and do good work, often earn nearly double that sum. The work performed is pleasant.

Looking Out the Back Door.

A friend of ours wanted to hire a farmer for a wealthy neighbor, and was mentioned one who was wanting an engagement. Knowing that our friend had been to see this farmer, we asked the result. His reply was, in substance: "Yes, I went there. I went around to the back door and came away, knowing that he would not suit." The front doors of many farm houses are rarely opened. The back door is in constant use. One need not go far in any locality, to find the outlet of the kitchen sink ending in a sort of ditch, which is supposed to carry off the waste water, but which only allows it to soak away and saturate the ground near the back of the house. The seldom-used front door is opened when a small coffin is to be taken out. The minister speaks of the mysterious dispensations of Providence. The drains at the back of the house are sure to bring typhoid fever and other sickness. Let the back door surround things be looked to. If nothing can be done, carry the kitchen wastes to a cesspool a distance from the house, where they can soak away far below the surface. Prohibit all throwing out of slops at the back door. The ground, where pigs are kept, and that includes every farm, there should be a pail to receive all animal and vegetable matters, and daily emptied. Nothing of the kind should be thrown out at the back of the house. Where there is such a disease-breeding sink spout as we have mentioned, let provision be at once made to carry off the water to a cesspool, and cover up the saturated ground with dry earth. Let the back yard to the house always be kept scrupulously neat.—*American Agriculturist*.

The New York *Mail and Express* says that the carpets of a first-class hotel are purchased by the acre, while the furniture oftentimes exceeds that owned by the inhabitants of many a country town. The time once when a man could keep a hotel so long as he knew how to keep a bar, but the man who runs a modern hotel must be a Napoleon. The value of the first-class hotels in New York is estimated at \$10,000,000. More than 500,000 people are annually entertained therein, who pay on an average of \$2,000 a day for their accommodation. An army of men and women, equal to five regiments in number, are employed in these hotels, while an amount of work is indirectly connected with their management sufficient to give employment to as many more.

A citizen of New Brighton, Pa., in order to vent his spite against a neighbor with whom he had quarreled, went to the local cemetery and, after destroying the flowers on the grave of a little child of the same neighbor's dug up the ground and so thoroughly salted it that nothing will ever grow upon it again.

WEDNES

Mir
Sun rises, 5
Sun sets, 7
Moon rises

Aug. 13,
" 14,
" 15,
" 16,
" 17,
" 18,
" 19,
Low water
every case.

Arrival
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Boston ad
Capt. William
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E. C. Miller's
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Kennebunkpor
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Kennebunk. Inc
Main street,
If you want
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you can buy of
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WEDNESDAY, AUG. 17, 1887.

Miniature Almanac.

Sun rises, 5:05.
Sun sets, 7:02.
Moon rises 3:03 a. m.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Tide Table.
HIGH WATER.

	MORN.	EVE.
Aug. 13.	5:30	5:45
" 14.	6:30	6:45
" 15.	7:30	7:45
" 16.	8:30	8:45
" 17.	9:15	9:30
" 18.	10:00	10:30
" 19.	11:00	11:15

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

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

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 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.
B 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 3:45 p. m.
E 10:00 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 5 minutes different; Kennebunk Beach, 5 minutes; Parsons, 8 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.

U. S. Marshal Howson of Brooklyn is at the Bluff.
Mr. Geo. Walker of Jacksonville, Fla., is at the Bluff.
Business is booming at the Ocean Bluff Bowling Alleys.
The Misses Carrington of E. Orange, N. J., are at the Bluff.
There was a meeting of the Arundel Hall trustees Tuesday.
Jos. Jeffery is doing a great business with his huckboard.
Col. N. E. Thomas, U. S. A., took dinner at the Bluff Monday.
Mr. F. C. Lewis, one of New York's great merchants, is at the Bluff.
Mr. F. W. Ames, a big iron manufacturer of Penn., is registered at the Bluff.
The enterprising F. R. Butman and brother Harry of Salem are at the Bluff.
Dr. A. B. Howland and wife of Worcester, Mass., are at the Parker House.
The autograph of Dr. Geo. B. Bliss of Boston adorns the Parker House register.
Capt. William F. Biddle of Philadelphia was at the Ocean Bluff Hotel August 15.
E. C. Miller's whitewood souvenirs are growing scarce under the popular demand for them.
The dwelling house of Arthur Nunan of Cape Porpoise was slightly damaged by fire Monday.
Hall & Littlefield could daily let twice as many teams as they have if they only had them.
One two-story house on Union St., Kennebunkport, for sale cheap. Inquire of W. H. H. Hinds.
Mr. John F. Cronan of Boston a leader of the county democracy is summing at Capt. Brown's.
Rev. H. Morton Reed, pastor of one of the Methodist churches of New York, was at the Bluff Monday.
For SALE.—Two parlor beds and one wardrobe. Inquire at Mrs. Whiton's, 95 Main street, Kennebunkport.
If you want a watch or any jewelry visit Boynton, the Portland jeweler. You can buy of him cheaper than elsewhere.

The Misses Peabody who have made the Granite State so gay for the last few weeks returned to their home Monday.

Col. John R. Fellows, one of the counsel for the prosecution in the Boodle Aldermen cases was at the Bluff Monday.

A large party from Wentworth's and the Eagle Rock visited the Bluff Monday and returned conscious of having had a delightful time.

The Boston Traveller of Aug. 10 says: "Five vessels arrived at Gloucester from the Grand Banks with 1,000 lbs. of cod fish."

Mr. Horace Clayton, a well known Suffolk county politician and a native of this place, has returned home after a brief sojourn at the Norton House.

Lost.—A small embroidered white India shawl—left on a bench at Arundel hall on the day of the fair. Reward will be paid at office of Ocean Bluff Hotel.

The guests at the Sea View manage to take more solid comfort than at almost any other house on the beach. They don't stand on formalities but go in for a good time.

Mr. T. E. Gladding a distinguished chemist and a guest at the Beach House has been analyzing the water in some of the neighboring wells and springs. He finds it remarkably pure.

Mrs. C. B. Appleton and the Misses Kingsbury left the Granite State Monday to go on the Raymond excursion to Montreal. They will be much missed by their large circle of friends.

Thrat-a-to-thrat, to-thrat, to-thrat; thrat-a-to-thrat, to-thrat, to-thrat; tor-ro-to-lex-to-lex, to-lix, kick-ba-ba, kick-a-ba-ba, Kennebunk Beach, is the yell the guests indulge in at that place.

The cancellation of stamps at the Kennebunkport post office for the week ending Aug. 13 amounted to \$104.37. Reduced to letters this would mean about 5000 mailed at the post office during the week.

Moore's Military Band gave a concert at the Norton House last night. There was a large attendance which would have enjoyed the music much better had the band been placed where it could have been heard more distinctly.

Messrs. Cutter, Kenrick, Robertson and Leverand, guests of the Parker House, took a fishing cruise in the "Freeman", Capt. Seavey, yesterday, and captured about 160 pounds. The same party one week ago on a similar expedition took over 400 pounds.

Buy Saturday's WAVE for a full account of the Carnival. You can get it at noon at C. E. Miller's, the Ocean Bluff Bowling Alleys, the Norton House, THE WAVE Office, and from Newsboys. THE WAVE is the only paper publishing a full account.

The town farm cow brought from "down east" some weeks since, got loose from her tether, and after various meanderings was seen in the pasture of Mr. Hill at North Kennebunkport and by him was advertised. The animal appears entirely wild and will not "come up" with the other cows. Mr. Hill in attempting to circumvent her was attacked and knocked down but without serious injury.

Young gentlemen kissing their lady friends "good by" at the train, have set a bad example, as many of the young gentlemen at the Beach now imagine, whenever they see a pretty young lady acquaintance on a piazza, that they are bidding her farewell.—Old Orchard Sea Shell. Well, why not, Brother Barleigh? If the lady is willing to bid him "farewell" on the piazza it is certainly as good a place as anywhere.

The Carnival occurs to-morrow night. THE WAVE of Saturday will be the ONLY paper publishing a full and reliable account of the event. The names, descriptions, crews, etc., of every boat in line will be given. No pains will be spared to make the account accurate and complete. Everyone should buy Saturday's WAVE. Buy it and send it away to your friends. Remember the WAVE is the only paper publishing a full account.

The great firm of B. A. Atkinson & Co., whose advertisement appears in THE WAVE, have furnished almost every hotel at Kennebunkport and Kennebunk Beach. The Cliff, Eagle Rock, Glen, Bickford and part of several other houses have been furnished with furniture throughout by this enterprising firm. There is probably not a dozen towns in New England but this great establishment sends goods into. Owing to the enormous sales they can afford to sell for the lowest possible margin profit. It is owing to their ability to sell cheaper than their competitors and their warranty of

everything, that their phenomenal success is due. The great store on the corner of Pearl and Middle streets, Portland, (branch of the great Nassau Hall furniture house Boston) is a wonder and no reader of THE WAVE should ever visit Portland without going over it.

The Mousam River association, authorized by the last legislature to open a new channel from some point below Clay Hill bridge in Mousam river to the Cove, organized Saturday at Kennebunk Beach, by the choice of S. T. Fuller, president; W. L. Dane, secretary and treasurer; S. T. Fuller, Hartley Lord, R. W. Lord, Owen Wentworth and Emery Andrews, executive committee. Arrangements will be made at once for starting subscriptions to defray expenses, and the work will probably be commenced in September. The new channel will be of great advantage to Kennebunk Beach, as boating is one of the most popular pastimes at all summer resorts, to say nothing of the advantage to our traders which a direct river route will be. We trust the subscriptions will be liberal. The one thing that more than all others has helped to build up Kennebunkport as a summer resort has been its superb boating on the river. Kennebunk Beach has always been crippled by this disadvantage, but now if the proposed project goes through it will open a direct water passage from the beach to Kennebunk Village. It will be worth thousands of dollars to the beach, and if the hotel keeps know a good thing when they see it they will be sure that this work is completed.

Harper's Weekly thus speaks of that deadly danger that makes bathing at some places so dangerous. It is very fortunate that there is little or no undertow at this place and that the bathing is free from danger. "Undertows are like vice in that they are confined to no particular locality, but make their appearance at all times and places, and in as many forms as vice itself, graduating from the harmless eddy that makes the sand sink beneath your feet on the sandy beach to the fierce maelstrom that hurls stout ships to irretrievable destruction. Every wave that rolls up from the sea and breaks on the gently sloping beach has in it the elements of an undertow. As soon as the wave has expended its force the waters begin to recede. For a moment it would seem as if the sand was all running away from beneath your feet and no sound foothold could be obtained. Every bather has experienced this sensation, and the timid ones invariably grasp the safety ropes with a little gasp of terror. It seized suddenly by a strong undertow they would have about the same feeling, only in the latter case the sand would all wash away under their feet, or, more accurately, their feet would be carried away from the sand. The sudden unbalancing of the body would be fatal to the bather, unless a strong rope was in reaching distance; for it does not require a very strong current to carry a floating body out to sea. The unfortunate frequencies of undertows near our beaches makes it dangerous for bathers to enter the waters unless they are well acquainted with the tides and currents in the neighborhood. The undertows are not so marvelously strong as is frequently quoted, but that they will often carry bathers off their feet and pull them quite a distance seaward quite evident. When one ventures into salt-water up to his waist he is very light on his feet, and an undertow suddenly striking him and washing the sand along with it is liable to upset him in an unceremonious manner. Entangled in the treacherous current, he would be carried hundreds of yards from the shore before he could recover himself, even though he be a good swimmer."

At the First Congregational church Prof. J. W. Chickering of Washington conducted the service, reading for the morning lesson, which he used for text, the parable of the prodigal son; which text caused a smile to many who remembered his sermon on a previous year from this same text, and was expecting a repeat, but to their delight this was a different view of things, and did not as before reason on the wrath and disgrace of the younger son, or the ill-judged benevolence of the father and the jealousy of the older brother, but was a bringing out of the lessons connected with the decision of purpose upon which depend not only what a young man should and may be, but also what he should not be. The parable illustrated more than simply how the spendthrift went astray, and that his course led to a radical wrong. Altho' home is a safe place for a young man, all cannot remain under the roof-tree; some must leave; thus our colonies were founded and thus the great West is so rapidly settled; so to those who cannot stay, seek a place and do something; the young man who wishes to leave home from a good motive

pleases his parents and they are proud at his enterprise and rejoice in his success. * * * Many friends influence all are vain without leading to an end of usefulness. Love God and our fellows and He will give us help. * *

* So first make a deliberate choice; saddest of all is for a young man to see no need in view but to drift; what more perilous than a drifting ship. Let God and humanity be your purpose in life. Seek not simply what you can get, but what you can do. * * * This is sound common sense and is the wisdom of passing poets and philosophers, and they are not mistaken. You all have the ability to do something; so choose wisely what you best may do. At the time of the Directory war a prominent advertisement was "get the best," which may well be our motto in all books as also in our clothes and our food. Our life force is centripetal or centrifugal. 2d—Having chosen your good purpose make it your pride, delight and enthusiasm. Your riches and reputation come from the management of your daily business; * * * the governing purpose is your inspiration, the faithful performance of duty in your place is the key to success. 3d—Don't be afraid of hard work as this is one of the conditions of success in the U. S. There is real enjoyment in working out hard things and in being able to overcome obstacles. Our physical and mental energies are only satisfied and strengthened by the accomplishment of difficult feats. To the young this great opportunity is offered. Your best endeavors can do no harm and may accomplish much. * * * Lastly—Believe in God. Christ and prayer are your spiritual strength. * * * This is God's world and we must believe in and support God.—Keep near Him, and not like the prodigal, wander.

"Rover" in the Haverhill Bulletin thus writes of this region:

The beaches along the Atlantic coast throughout the entire length of Massachusetts New Hampshire and Maine, possess attractions not exceeded by similar resorts in any other section of this continent, if in the world. This is generally acknowledged; but to our mind the quaint old town of Kennebunkport, with its tidal river, its lovely drives and walks and its pine forests is by far the most beautiful of them all. If one prefers a popular resort with great crowds, nightly hops, professional beauties, and all the other concomitants which go to make up a so called fashionable resort, why Old Orchard is far preferable to that of this place. Rye, York, Wells, Hampton, all have, and deservedly, their advocates, but to us Kennebunkport possesses a charm that none of the other localities can claim, namely, its river. At high tide the Kennebunk river is a beautiful sheet of water, about an eight of a mile wide and navigable for the row boat of the vicinity for some five miles; at low tide it is a narrow ribbon of water lying between banks of alluvial mud. Ocean Bluff Hotel, which is managed by Messrs. Stimpson & Devnell of Haverhill, is situated on a high bluff, known as Cape Arundel, which projects out into the blue Atlantic at the mouth of this river, and on the bluff and the road leading to it are numerous other smaller hotels, all of which are in the summer season liberally patronized. Across the river is a beach, which, although somewhat small, is unrivalled for bathing purposes, while filling up the background are forests of the balsamic fir, and other trees, the whole forming a rare combination of sea, river, and country scenery. If one enjoys sea-bathing, watching the surf as it breaks on the rocks, digging for clams and the one hundred and one employments which go to make up pleasures of a seaside resort, they can be obtained here in perfection. If one enjoys the pleasure, in the cool of the morning, of a row through picturesque scenery over the surface of a blue and glassy river, picnics in shady groves, still water bathing, etc., Kennebunkport is the resort of all others. Does the calm quiet of the country, blueberries, whortleberries, raspberries, fresh milk and eggs, the smell of new mown hay, the fresh air of heaven and the varied attractions which made the poet long years ago declare that "God made the country; man the cities," attract another, he can find all this at Kennebunkport, improved and added to by cool and delicious ocean breeze.

At the Ocean Bluff, which is always crowded, there are hops, gaiety and life, a fine table and agreeable guests. At the small hotels, some of which are hardly pretentious enough to rank higher than private boarding houses, the man who goes for rest and quiet can sit around in his shirt sleeves, lie on the grass and smoke his cigar, without being afraid of violating the decrees of society, or shocking the tender sensibilities of hypercritical ladies. "You pays your money, and you takes your choice," having the proud satisfaction of knowing that at the enter-

tainments given in Arundel Hall, in the races on the river, or in the social life of the watering place, the cottager or the resident at the smaller hotels is as much thought of as at the more pretentious "Ocean Bluff."

The Seaside Improvement Company of which Hon. W. E. Blunt of Haverhill is President, early recognized the unsurpassed attractions offered by the place, but beyond building the hotel itself, and selling off building sites to those, who having once visited it, were sure to come again, have done little to bring the place prominently before the public mind. There are no long letters naming the guests and the attractions of the week in the Sunday papers; there are no excursions. No attempt is or has been made to draw the crowds, and it is this, as has been said before, which renders Kennebunkport especially attractive to one who goes to the seashore to rest and know the pleasures of dolce far niente. The old village of Kennebunkport itself is but little altered since the advent of the summer tourist, the same quaint old stores and houses, the same old trees and moss grown streets are there to-day which were long before the place became so widely and favorably known, and the entire neighborhood has that air of sleepy content which is so prevalent in our sea-port towns and cities since the decadence of our shipping interests.

Hop at the Parker House.
Saturday evening witnessed a very enjoyable hop at the popular Parker House. The ladies wore some very elegant costumes which were much admired. The lady guests of the house are noted for their exquisite toilets and on this occasion displayed them to their best advantage.

CARNIVAL.

The Annual Event to take place to-morrow night.

The great annual carnival of the Ocean Bluff Navy will take place Thursday (to-morrow) evening on the river. The boats will form on the river just above the bridge, near Norton's, and as the name is called will cross the line. They will keep within two or three lengths of each other.—Entries must be made before 2 p. m., August 18. This will be the event of the season and an immense crowd will undoubtedly be in attendance. Boats will be illuminated and fireworks will add to the display. We venture to say that no one within a radius of 10 miles will miss this grand display.

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 30 guests.
MRS. B. F. ELDRIDGE, Proprietor.

SAVE MONEY AND TIME!

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

25 Merchants Row, Boston Offices
32 Court Square, Kennebunk
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.

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.

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.

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.

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Factory, No. 374 Congress St. PORTLAND, ME.

WHEELER & CLARK'S SHELL EMPORIUM

In P. O., directly back of Depot. Fish Scales 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 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 BAG WITH HOLES.

Aunt Pratt sat in the south window of the kitchen, knitting. She had a right to sit there, for she paid her board punctually, having "means," as the neighbors said.

What the Potters would have done without her board to help them they could not think—now they had it. Yet before Mrs. Potter's Uncle Ebenezer died they had lived just as many other poor people live. Uncle Ebenezer had never helped his niece at all since he gave her a modest outfit and a hundred dollars in cash when she married Rowley Potter, a young fellow who was getting good wages in the great rifle factory at H.

Louisa was a pretty, capable, bright girl then; but that was twenty years ago. Now she was a thin, sorrowful woman. Potter still worked in the "rifle shop," as they called it, but he had only \$1 a day more wages than when he was married, and there were four children. Lotty, 18 years old, pretty, pert and vain, worked in a hosiery. Tom, 16, was in a nut and bolt "shop." Idalla, a girl of 14, was a "cash girl" in Holmes & Harper's great dry-goods store. Tom and Lotty said their board, "Idy" clothed herself, she could get bargains and remnants so cheap; when she should be promoted into a "sales lady," she, too, would pay like the others. The fourth child, little Davy, was only 10; he went to a public school.

When Aunt Pratt was left a widow, she made up her mind to sell the farm and board somewhere; she had no children, but she did have rheumatism enough to tire her with its aches and stiffness more than a family of the noisiest boys and girls could have tired her. The farm was a good one, well improved, the house and barns in thorough repair, and there were six cows and two horses, as well as plenty of farming implements. She got \$4,500 for the whole. The neighbors said it was worth more; the buyer said it was worth less; so shrewd Aunt Pratt considered the price fair.

Then there was \$1,500 in the Dalton Bank, the slow accumulation of butter money, egg money, the sale of poultry and calves; \$6,000 in all, and every cent of it her own. Squire Hart, of Dalton, who was executor of the will, invested the money in safe ways at 6 per cent, and Mrs. Pratt began to look about her for a home. She knew that Louisa Potter had felt hurt about her Uncle Pratt's will; he only left to her her grandmother's mahogany furniture and the savings bank book in which he had deposited the profits made out of the Friesland hens and the white geese calf she had left in his hands when she married—a sum amounting to \$100 now.

But Louisa and her husband had expected more, and Mrs. Pratt was a just woman, capable of understanding other people's feelings; so she did not wonder. After much thought, and without any suggestion from them, she proposed to come into H. and board with Louisa. So they gave up to her Lotty's front bed room, and put Lotty in with Ida; and as they cooked and ate in the same room where they sat at evening, Aunt Pratt's rocker, her foot-stool, her small round table and her work-basket were established in the sunny south window, where she could look down into the street and up into the sky; for this tenement was on a corner, and the Potters had the third story flat.

It was a great change for Aunt Pratt, but she was a woman brought up in the old New England fashion, to do what she perceived to be a duty, however unpleasant and painful, without shrinking or complaint; and she had made up her mind that it was her duty to help the Potters.

She missed the fresh air of the farm, the quiet of her own house, the new milk, the sweet butter, the good bread; but she said nothing as she sat, day after day, in her window knitting or mending, her big bible open on the stand, and her thoughts very busy with the things around her, as well as with the things that are above. For Aunt Pratt had made a resolution to leave her money in the way it would do her relatives the most good, and she must study them and their customs before she could discover what that way was.

She soon found out that they were always in debt. Potter had good wages. Lotty and Tom were off his hands, Ida had only her board given her, and Davy was inheritor to Tom's old clothes and his father's, too. It seemed to Aunt Pratt that there must be a leak somewhere that she did not discover at once.

She was reading her bible of course, and one day came upon a verse in the prophecy of Haggai that seemed to explain the situation to her, and opened her eyes. The next day Lotty came in shivering; she had caught a severe cold and huddled over the cook-stove wrapped in an old shawl, coughed and sighed and scolded all day, till she was too hoarse to speak.

"Have you got on your winter flannels?" asked Aunt Pratt, for it was now November.

"Flannels? I guess not. I haven't got any."

"Why, Lotty!"

"Well, poor folks can't have everything. I'd got to have a winter suit, and there was such a lovely one at the Boston store; a satin petticoat, with drapery of camel's hair—imitation, I mean, but awfully pretty—and a real splendid basque, with satin vest and gilt buttons; only \$20. I tell you, Aunt Pratt, it was a swell and no mistake; but I couldn't afford soft flannels after that."

"Is it a thick dress?" queried Aunt Pratt.

"No, not so very; not so thick as this shop dress; but I don't mind that. I ain't cold-blooded."

"And your shoes, are they thick?"

"Oh, they're just cheap boots; thick soles do cost so. My best ones are French kid with lovely high heels. They can't have thick soles."

"And have you got a warm petticoat?"

"Mebbe! I don't want to be all humped up with things. I've got an

old felt skirt and a striped cambric for every day, and four white ones, trimmed with edging."

Aunt Pratt shook her head.

"A hole in the bag! A hole in the bag!" she said sadly.

"Why, what upon—but a fit of coughing stopped the words and left Lotty's chest so sore she did not finish her question."

She was so ill that night a doctor was sent for—a young man round the corner, just beginning practice, therefore cheaper than a man of experience. He at once proceeded to blister his patient and give her antimony. Low delirium set in, and for six weeks Lotty was unable to leave her bed, and for a month more she could not go to work. Bills came in to twice the amount of the blue dress's price, and could not be paid.

"Oh, what a hole in the bag!" sighed Aunt Pratt.

When Lotty was a little better, her father came in one noon with a hand-bill given to him in the street—a flaming advertisement of the "Black Crook" performance.

"Say, Lou, don't you want to go to this to-night? It's a month of Sundays since we've had a lark; let's go," he said, tossing the play bill into his wife's lap.

"Oh, pa," screamed Idalla. "take me. Oh, do! Now won't you?"

"N'ne too," screamed Davy, who had a hoarse cold.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Potter. "I don't want two babies taggin' at my heels. Somebody's got to stay with Lotty."

"Why, there's Aunt Pratt," said Ida.

"Maybe she'd like to go; would you Aunty?" asked Potter, blandly. He had a mind to keep the right side of a woman with "means."

"Me!" said the old lady, with a stern reproof in her voice and face. "Me go to such a place? No, indeed!"

"Well, well! everybody to their mind. I like a bit of fun first rate, now and then. We go quite considerable, first and last; a body must be amused."

"Oh, father!" put in Mrs. Potter, urged by the whispered teasing and cross faces of Ida and Davy, "do take them children along! Ida hasn't been nowhere since Lott was took sick; and Davy's only a boy. Let him have a good time while he can; his troubles will come fast enough before long. Now, do let 'em go."

"Well, I guess they can. Lott won't want 'em if Aunt Pratt's here."

So at night he came home with four tickets to the performance, a bag of peanuts and a paper of candy, and they set out to enjoy themselves. Tom had announced at noon that he was "going to take his girl."

Aunt Pratt groaned in spirit. "Another hole in the bag, and a big one!" she said to herself.

When would the doctor's bill and the debts at the drug store and the grocer's ever be paid?

Aunt Pratt had always lived in the country and been honest. She had no experience of the class who crowd our theaters, minstrel show halls and circuses, who buy cheap finery and expensive, poor beer and bad butter, but never pay their rent or lay up one penny in all their lives.

As spring came on Aunt Pratt noticed one day that Potter looked disgruntled with his dinner, and Lotty left hers untasted. No wonder! Aunt Pratt could not eat it herself. The potatoes were poor and boiled to a watery insipid mass; the calves' liver fried to a black, leathery substance; the bread old and dry, and the turnips rank and unsavory.

"I say, pa!" exclaimed Tom, "we're all gettin' spring poor. I don't care a hang for my vittles. Let's have a dozen of lager, that'll set us all up."

So the lager came, was used up, and another dozen ordered, and then another; but the appetites did not improve—nor the cooking. At last the beer seller refused to fetch more, unless what he had brought them was paid for.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sighed Aunt Pratt. "What a hole in the bag!"

Next day she said to her niece: "Lowisy, will you let me buy and cook the dinner to-morrow? I'll make you a present of all the vittles I get, if you will."

Louisa consented, much astonished, and Aunt Pratt came back from market with two pounds of solid beef—a coarse piece, it is true, but cheap and fresh. She bought a few onions, a carrot and one small stalk of celery, the whole cost 36 cents. Then she prepared a stew, and paring the potatoes put them in cold water till it was time to add the celery; two onions, half a carrot sliced thin, was put in with the beef, which she had cut into pieces of perhaps two inches square. Salt and pepper were sprinkled in liberally, and as she put her stew on before breakfast and let it simmer all morning, adding the sliced potato at 11 o'clock, it was well done by noon.

"Georgel! how good the dinner smells!" ejaculated Tom.

"Got roast turkey, Lou?" inquired Potter, sniffing and smelling.

Even listless Lou wanted some dinner that day; the rest recovered their appetites—without any more lager!

"I wish the land you learn cookin' of Aunt Pratt!" said Potter.

"I wonder if I've sewed up that hole?" thought Aunt Pratt.

But she had not. Louisa was too old to learn new tricks, as we say about dogs; she continued to buy the best meat and cook in the worst way, and still the money leaked from that hole in the bag.

"Hullo, Tom!" said Potter one Sunday morning, as Tom sauntered into the room with a half-smoked cigar in his mouth. "Ain't you toney? Why, that cigar smells like a rose!"

Aunt Pratt went preet what sort of rose had an odor like tobacco.

"It had ought to," sententiously remarked Tom. "Them fellows cost me 3 cents apiece by the hundred."

"Well, I kin put up with my pipe so far; but you young fellers have got to have your fling. I reckon. By-and-by

you'll fall back on brier wood and nigger head."

"Another hole in the bag," murmured Aunt Pratt, who had patiently darned Tom's threadbare socks and patched his worn shirts for him every week for months.

"Well, here I be!" shouted Potter as he came in one Monday morning about 10 o'clock.

"Why, what has fetched you home?" inquired his wife.

"Oh, our fellows have struck; we're goin' to have less work and more pay; them darned capitalists has overrode us long enough; we're bound to have our share of the dollars we make, now I tell you!"

"For the mercy's sake!" ejaculated Louisa.

"Where are you going to work now?" dryly asked Aunt Pratt.

"Why, back again as soon as the bosses come to terms."

"But supposin' they shouldn't."

"Oh, they've got to, can't lose their contracts, no way; we've got 'em where the hair's short."

"But supposin' they hold out for a month's time or six weeks?"

"Oh, we get a'lowance out of the assessments; we ain't goin' to starve."

"Who's paying them assessments?"

"The fellers that have got money laid away; they're taxed for the general good; so much a week till the strike's over."

"Be you assessed?"

"Lord! do you think I've got a cent in the bank? Four children and starvin' family. What's \$3 a day with four in the family, an' clothes, an' rent, an' vittles, an' light, an' fuel, an' doctors, an' Lott knows what all?"

"A bag with holes!" ran through Aunt Pratt's mind as she looked back on the past six months.

Weeks passed on; the "bosses" were not only firm but hired other men in the strikers' places and went on with the contracts. Potter sulked, and lounged and swore, and made his pipe and himself a daily nuisance in the house. Before long Aunt Pratt discovered that the assessments were decreasing, and alarmed lest Potter should insist on sharing her small property among his brood, on communistic principles, she quietly withdrew herself one day to an Old Ladies' Home, where the payment of a small sum insured her a peaceful and pleasant home for life; and from her retreat she gave much aid and comfort to the women of the Potter family, but refused any to the two men.

"I can't waste my pittance on beer and tobacco!" she said sharply; and she meant what she said. When she lied, her money was all left to the home where she lived, to endow two ree admissions, the three women of the Potters to have the preference.

"I have lived," said the document, after the terms of the bequest, "to see what the bible meant where it says in Haggai, 1. 6. 'Ye eat, but ye have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe you, but there is none warm; and he that earneth wages earneth wages to put in a bag with holes; and I will not leave behind me any dollars to go into that bag.'"

"Old crank!" said the disappointed Potter, when the lawyer finished reading.

"Who? Haggai?" politely inquired that gentleman.—Rose Terry Cooke.

Without a Nation.

In "de souf," especially in the country regions where ante-war notions still to a large extent prevail, there is much jealousy and ill-feeling between the full-blooded negroes and the half-breed negroes—between the "black niggers" and the "yaller niggers," as the white corner-grocery loungers of those parts call them. Curiously enough, the black negroes confess to consider themselves greatly superior to the mulattoes, notwithstanding the latter's admixture of white blood. They declare that when that gathering together of the nations of the earth spoken of in the bible takes place there will be no place for the mulattoes and negroes of mixed blood, because being neither white nor black these "an't got no nashun," and consequently can't be gathered in.

This notion has some hold even "up north," as was shown by a scene beheld the other day by a reporter in Bleeker street, says the New York Tribune. There occurred a "fracas" between a mulatto woman and a negro woman whose skin was of Egyptian darkness. As is the case with most such quarrels, the origin of the dispute was of a trifling nature. But the combat was none the less fierce for that while it lasted. They fought with native weapons, and the woman of pure African blood was worsted. But she still had a Parthian arrow left.

"I've done whup yer," said the mulatto, triumphantly.

"Well, ef yer has whup me I've gwain to ax yer somfin, an' ef yer answers dat yer can whup me agin."

"G'lang, yer can't ax me nuffin! dat I can't answer."

"Jes you wait, yaller niggah; don't be so brash. Don't yer know dat de bible say dat de nashuns ob de earf's gwine to be gathered together in de last day?"

"In course I does."

"Well, den, jes tell me wer you's gwine to be den when Gabriel blows his trumpet? Yer an't black an' yer an't white, an' yer an't got no nashun nowhow has yer?"

The mulatto woman was at a loss for an answer, and the black woman took advantage of the opportunity to beat a triumphant retreat, occasionally yelling back at her antagonist, "Gwoin yer ole yaller niggah, yer an't got no nashun, nowhow, yer an't."

A man who tries to make a two-thousand-dollar salary fit a four-thousand-dollar outlay generally winds up the experiment in a foreign clime.—Philadelphia Call.

Wife—You talked in your sleep last night, John, and you mentioned mother's name. Husband—That so? It must have been that mincepie I ate before going to bed.—Harper's Bazar.

PROFITABLE BEGGING.

A Professional Charity Solicitor Who Has an Income of \$10,000 a Year.

In one of the handsomest flats in New York resides a man who is a professional beggar. By following this occupation he has an income of \$10,000 per year. He goes into good society, and is one of the greatest wits and practical jokers in town so that his company is much sought after. He does not go prowling about the streets, however, begging, a quarter or whatever he can get. He would disdain to accept less than \$100, still he manages to collect \$50,000 every year. He used to be a drummer for one of the largest dry-goods houses here, and an excellent one he was, too, but he found he could make more money begging. He never asks money from any one but rich people, and I believe if any other kind of people were to offer him money he would refuse it. He does not, however, beg directly for himself, but for the New York Children's home. The head of the dry-goods firm with which he was formerly engaged is president of this institution; and, knowing that his salesman was noted for his cheek, he asked him one day during a dull season if he would circulate among the millionaires and get up subscriptions for the maintenance of the institution. He agreed, and the first day he started out he collected more than it was expected he could do in a week. The result was that he was offered a certain percentage of what he collected, and he found that it would pay him to keep at it all the time.

He says at first it was very trying work, but now he has it so systematized that on the whole he rather likes the business, aside from what money there is in it. "My experience," he said, "shows that an average New York millionaire is a much more liberal man than the public supposes. The only difficulty is in seeing these men and presenting your claims. I worked six months before I was able to see Jay Gould. During that time I went to his office on an average of twice a day, and my efforts were in vain.

"Finally I caught him on an elevated train, and seating myself beside him he was obliged to listen to me. I asked for \$500. He told me to call on him the next day and he would give me his check for the amount. I went to his office, but, notwithstanding I stated what had passed between the millionaire and myself, I was refused admittance to his private room. I then made up my mind that Mr. Gould had thrown me off, but I was determined to watch him again. I found out where he kept his private bank account and got a check on that institution, which I filled out for \$500. A month afterward I ran across Mr. Gould again in the Windsor hotel. He did not remember me, but I recalled our conversation, and he again told me to call at his office, but I replied by presenting him the check and telling him it would not take him a moment to put his signature to it, and he did. Since then Mr. Gould has every year renewed his subscription without any difficulty, and I really believe it gives him pleasure to do so. Since then I have got to know him, and the public would be surprised if it knew the amount he gives away each year in charity in this unostentatious manner.

"I had still greater difficulty in securing a subscription from the late William H. Vanderbilt. I knew very well that if I could talk with Mr. Vanderbilt there would be no trouble about getting him to give me a subscription, and, after innumerable calls upon him without success, I discovered that he was in the habit of having his tailor send a man to measure him at his house for a suit of clothes. I went one night to his mansion and represented myself as a tailor, and in this way was ushered into Mr. Vanderbilt's presence. After exchanging greetings I said:

"Mr. Vanderbilt, in order to get to see you I have lied; but I have done it in behalf of charity. Instead of coming and measuring you for a suit of clothes I have come to measure your generosity in behalf of a most worthy institution."

"The millionaire was very angry at first and started to call his valet and show me the door, but I impeded his exit and kept on talking, and before I got through I had Mr. Vanderbilt's check for a neat sum, besides taking a glass of wine and a cigar with him. Up to the time of his death he always renewed his subscription, and his sons do it now for him.

"The easiest of the millionaires to get money from up to a year or so ago was R. P. Flower, but his warm-hearted generosity became so well known that the man was actually persecuted. He is so democratic in his manners that anyone who desires can get an audience with him, and there is always a lot of beggars about his office, hence he was compelled to make a rule only to subscribe to organized charity. Now, if you would see the subscription books of the various charitable institutions you would see that New York's rich men are pretty well represented upon them."—Savannah News.

How Lincoln Took Defeat.

The Century life of Lincoln, gives the following unpublished letter of Lincoln, to Dr. Henry, on his defeat for the Senate, by Douglas, in 1858: "You doubtless have seen ere this the result of the election here. Of course I wished, but I did not much expect, a better result. . . . I am glad I made the late race. It gave me hearing on the great and durable question of the age, which I could have had in no other way; and though I now sink out of view, and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks which will tell for the cause of liberty long after I am gone."

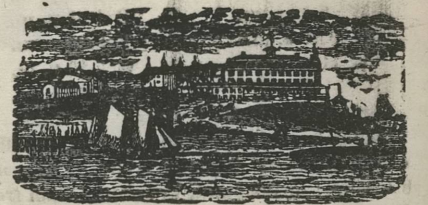
The vigorous Saxon name, Hell's Bend, applied to a spot in Illinois, has been changed to the seductive title, Pleasant Grove.

Ocean Bluff HOTEL!

CAPE ARUNDEL,

KENNEBUNKPORT,

MAINE.



THE "CARLETON,"

Jacksonville,

Florida.

Stimpson

&

Devnell,

PROPRIETORS.