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The Wave

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

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

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Beach Clothing,

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The Latest, Nobbiest and Best
Tourists' Goods.

Kennebunkport, Me.

MRS. S. H. WHITON,
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prepare to receive her former patrons and
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DEALERS IN
Meats, Vegetables, Canned Goods,
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Bring out the best of goods kept. Please
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Address, Kennebunk Beach.

The oldest summer house at Kennebunk
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JAMES WENTWORTH, Proprietor.

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OF THE

GRANITE STATE HOUSE!

ALVIN STUART, Proprietor.

Office Station, P. O. address, Kennebunk-
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age they have given the house in the past,
and by setting a good table to please the
public and by gentlemanly treatment on the
grounds, to receive a share of patronage.

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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.

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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.

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Books two cents a day.

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Fruit and Confectionery, at the Drug Store of

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Dock Sq., Kennebunkport, Me.

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SIGN PAINTER,

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Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

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W. S. SAWYER & CO., Proprietors.

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

KENNEBUNK, MAINE.

-Rockingham House,-

251 Main St., Biddeford, Me.

W. R. HILL, PROPRIETOR.

Special attention given to catering for private
parties. Ice Cream, Salads, Oysters, and 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.

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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.

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J. ALLIE WELLS, Proprietor.

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Located directly on the Beach.

Everything first-class.

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Portland, Me.,

Is generally acknowledged to be the

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PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER

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MAINE.

Prices Reasonable.



Mrs. John P. Moulton.

Saco, Me. Aug. 29, 1886.

My wife suffered terribly from rheumatism
and neuralgia for 16 years; was prostrated most
of the time; each acute attack being severer.
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 morphia
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; praise God for this wonderful
remedy.

JOHN P. MOULTON,
Freeman Box Factory and Saw Mill, 36 Lincoln
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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 also 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.

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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.

Beach Literature.

It seems to be the general impression that it is necessary to lay in a stock of cheap sensational literature on going to the seaside. No idea or practice could be more erroneous. It is seldom that persons are better than the books they read. It is hard to see why it is harder for one to digest the contents of a good healthy book than it is of one beginning with a kiss and ending with orange blossoms. It would indeed seem that the leisure hours employed in reading the ordinary trashy beach literature might be more profitably used in the studying of better and more sensible works.

Hotel Arrivals.

The hotel arrivals published in THE WAVE are one of its principal features. In many cases friends have become acquainted with the whereabouts of their friends whose arrival they noticed at some other house. It was only recently that a young man arrived in town anxious to find his—well, "particular friend." He was recommended to THE WAVE office and found in a back number the desired information. Thus "two hearts that beat as one" were united and two souls made happy. What if the young man forgot to thank THE WAVE for its kindness! It made no difference. No malice or envy here. He was probably too much in a hurry to find her to stop and thank his informant. Well, "merry hearts will merrily chime," and grow very thoughtless, too.

Hotel Arrivals.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.

Exeter, N H—Mr and Mrs C H Bell. Clinton, Mass—W E Parkhurst and wife.

West Newton, Mass—Mrs Geo L Lovett, Miss Louise W Lovett, Arthur T Lovett.

GRANITE STATE HOUSE.

Boston—Harriet E Whitten, Isabella L Whitten. Franklin Falls, N H—Susie E Page, Mrs S U Sleeper.

Boston—Chas Woodbury, Albert R Whitten jr.

BASS ROCK HOUSE.

South Sudbury, Mass—Mrs A W Rogers, Mr A W Rogers. Hartford, Ct—G L Baker, Mrs G L Baker, Miss Mary Baker.

COVE COTTAGE.

Malden—Mr and Mrs Fred T Hawley. Old Orchard—Miss M A Thatcher. Malden—Mr Thomas Yale. West Newton—T A Esterbrook.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.

Augusta, Me—Samuel Titcomb and grand-daughter. Minneapolis—N G Leighton, Mrs A F Leighton, Miss Jennie P Leighton. New York—Mrs F M Hardy, Miss L H Hardy.

WENTWORTH BEACH HOUSE. Albany, N Y—Mrs C W Ketchum. Brooklyn, N Y—Mrs T S Gladding and wife. Master W S Gladding.

Exeter, N H—Edward C Chickering. Washington—I W Chickering, Miss F E Chickering, Miss Luciana Chickering, J J Chickering. Berkeley, Cal—Mrs W Wilkinson, Miss Mand Wilkinson.

NONANTUM HOUSE.

Boston—Mr and Mrs D L Walker, Mrs Hattie Edgar, Miss Ada E Cary. New York—Mrs Lillie B Marden. Haverhill—N N Spofford, N C Johnson.

HIGHLAND HOUSE.

Norwich, Ct—Miss Gussie English.

CLIFF HOUSE.

Boston—Miss Jennie E Cherry. St Louis—E A Manning jr. Pawtucket, R I—Miss Ida L Eaton. Memphis, Tenn—E C Meachum and wife two children and nurse.

BICKFORD HOUSE.

Washington—Louis H Perley.

GLEN HOUSE.

New York—B Ervin Daseat.

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.

Minnesota—William Windom and wife. Washington—Louis H Perley. Albany, N Y—Mrs Henry M Field. New York—D Ives Mackie. Jersey City—Mrs E C Ogden, J L Ogden jr. New York—Frank Cunningham. Philadelphia—B H Bartol, Mr and Mrs H P Dixon, Master C G Dixon and maid, Miss Pollack. Boston—Miss Lulu Levi.

Lowell—Mrs Wm Nichols. Baltimore—Mrs B J Hopkins. Winona, Minn—Miss Windom. Winona, Minn—Miss Florence B Windom. Philadelphia—Mrs Wm Rowland, Miss Rowland, Miss Moore, Miss K A Austin. New York—Geo Shepard Page. Portland—A Keith and wife, W K Hilton and wife. Brooklyn—E L Gladwin. New York—S L Husted. Albany—Robert W Gibson. New York—Mrs Clas S Campbell, Master C S Campbell. Arlington—S G Damon and wife. Haverhill—Harry C Merrill. Bangor—Mrs Caroline Eddy.

RIVERSIDE HOUSE.

Washington, D C—C W McCormick. Nashville, Tenn—Mrs J L Burham, Miss Jennie Sparks, Miss Alice Sparks. Worcester—Miss Hattie Gates, Miss Julia E Greenwood, Miss Carrie A Smith, Miss Ellen B Prince. Somerville—Frank E Cutler, Miss Ella A Knight. Medford Mass—Mr and Mrs Wm A Smith.

Cape Porpoise.

SHILOH HOUSE.

Detroit, Mich—Mr Chas Fisher and wife.

Hints to Sea Bathers.

Sea bathing has merits no other form possesses. The surroundings are more cheerful; by many it is enjoyed when free from care and absent from accustomed duties. This mental influence is strongly felt, and added to it are others, the low temperature of the water and the gentle shock of the waves. Bathing in the sea should be denied all to whom cold baths are forbidden. The vigorous can safely bathe daily; the less strong not oftener than on alternate days.

An hour before noon is the best time to indulge. The water should not be entered hesitatingly, but a bold plunge taken at once. The more courageous will do well to dive. The average duration of the bath should be from five to 10 minutes for children, 15 minutes for women, and but little longer for men. To delay much beyond these periods is a pernicious practice, inviting debility and injury. As one author says: "How often one sees, in a stroll along a popular sea beach, groups of drenched, miserable objects, with blue lips, chattering teeth and wrinkled, clammy skin, who have been spending half a morning in alternately plunging into the waves and walking about, dripping, in the cool air. All trace of reaction has disappeared in these too enthusiastic bathers, and they return from what should have been an invigorating dip in a condition approaching collapse, and often requiring the use of alcoholic stimulants to restore the system to full vitality. Such abuse of sea bathing is, unfortunately, too common, even among those who have sought the seaside for the improvement of impaired health."

On leaving the water, friction should be employed with a coarse towel, until the skin is heated and reddened, and, after dressing rapidly, a brisk walk for a short distance should be taken to quicken circulation, and insure complete reaction. Those who feel weak and depressed after a bath will do well to take a cup of tea or coffee; rarely will the use of more powerful stimulants be indicated. They should also, if possible, determine the cause of the depression; it may be due to some systemic disturbance which must be overcome before cold bathing will be admissible.

A danger to the hearing power exists in sea bathing, which, however slight, is deserving of mention. After diving or when the head has been submerged and the nasal passages are filled with water, bathers will frequently make violent expulsive efforts to clear them by closing first one nostril and then the other. The danger is that in so doing, they sometimes force water from the back part of the passage up the tube to the middle ear, causing a "crackling sensation," and laying the foundation of catarrhal inflammation. Taking a deep inspiration, suddenly closing the mouth and expelling the air through the nose, will be equally effectual, and the danger referred to obviated.

It will be well for parents to remember, what too many evidently forget, the mortal terror which they first experienced in sea bathing. In the case of young children, derangements both of the mental and physical organization are often induced by fear, and not infrequently they are serious and lasting. The grave consequences which have been known to follow excessive fright are almost numberless, and afford ample testimony of its evil influences on health. As has been aptly said, "children should never be forced into the water, particularly into

the surf, against their will. No worse preparation for a good reaction can be imagined than the condition of fright and depression existing when a terrified, screaming child is dragged, or even thrown, bodily into the water by a criminally foolish parent. Regard for the little sufferer's health, not to speak of the motives of the merest humanity should prevent such cruelty."

—Boston Journal of Health.

List of Unclaimed Letters.

Miss Carrie Amazeen, A K Allen, A N Binney, Miss Annie G Bennet, Mrs W S Blanchard, Ernest Badger, Miss Belle Brockner, C C Baldwin, Miss Nellie L Came, Walter Cutting, James F Coleman, Geo A Carpenter, Fred A Day, Miss Carrie Draper, Miss Nellie Dania, Miss K Darling, Mrs E B Dean, Frances Dana, G B Emmons, Mrs Horace A Fox, Miss Susie Fitzpatrick, Miss Annie M Fellows, George Ferris, Miss M Francis, John B Grant, Miss Jessie Ingle Hogg, Miss Abbie S Hubbard, Miss Florence Hamis, F P Keefe, John D Lovell, John Miller, Miss Sarah E Moore, A A Noble, Mrs Chas C Nichols, Miss L J Newton, Chas Parker, Mrs J T Perkins, Louis M Perkins, Lawrence L Prime, Mrs Silas Reed, Mrs Annie C Smith, Miss Lucy R Shattuck, Mrs Samuel Sloan, Miss Maggie Settle, Mrs Wm J Smith, Mrs Fannie N Taylor, N R Towne, John Thomas, Henry L Towne, Mrs J A Webber, F A Walker, Albert Wells.

THEATRICALS.

An Evening of Enjoyment at Arundel Hall.

An audience that filled Arundel Hall to its utmost capacity assembled last evening to listen to an amateur entertainment by guests of the Bluff and vicinity. The curtain rose to the comedy, "In Honor Bound," with four characters. Mr. Dexter with his earnestness and impetuous fervor made an excellent distracted lover. Mrs. Newlin was the ideal of a happy maiden sought for in marriage. Miss Brazier as Lady Carlyon was perfect in her cold stateliness and dignity. Mr. Newton always does well and on this occasion he sustained the part of Lord Carlyon to perfection. The conclusion of the comedy was greeted with applause. The "magical" "Betsey Baker," concluded the evening's entertainment. Mr. Pearson as "Granny" was a very swell lawyer with his white vest and loud manners. The fact that there isn't naturally anything "loud" about Mr. Pearson, and that it is all "put on" made his acting all the more creditable.

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.

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.

Sewtelle
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.

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.

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 Kennebunk river. Excellent Bathing and Boating. 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.

Complexionists and their Arts.

While searching New York for items of news recently a reporter of the Mail and Express was attracted to a house which had hanging in the window the sign, "Complexionist." A French woman of medium height and marvelous conversational powers was found within. She showed the caller into a small reception-room, the fittings of which at first sight suggested a drug store or a barber's shop. "Complexionist," said the attendant in answer to a query, "is one who makes a study of the human skin and takes charge of the customers' complexion." "But surely there are not many?" "O, yes; there are hundreds of women who come here during the gay season to be made up or to have the skin treated with delicate washes to prevent the bad effects of gas, heat, and late hours. But young ladies are not the only ones treated; men, young and old, often visit me."

"What is your usual mode of treatment?" "That depends upon the complexion. If it is merely to be preserved and give a little careful douching and bathing in elder flower water. Not a particle of fat must be taken, as it injures the polish of the skin. Here is a prescription that will clear the skin in a very short time. A tablespoonful of sulphur taken every other morning for a week, then omitted for three mornings and taken again. A mixture of powdered brimstone or diluted glycerine should be rubbed on the face at night and washed off in the morning with soap and water, in which there is a little ammonia. Washing the face with spirits of camphor, glycerine, and ammonia is also very good."

The Pimas in Arizona have a curious custom, the reason of which we know not, but it is probably an exercise of their peculiar superstitions. Every windy day may be seen as many as a dozen of the noble red men on Tam Butte and down on the gale come to notes of a plaintive, rhythmic song monotonous and weird.

Catching Wild Monkeys.

A gentleman who returned recently from Aspinwall tells the following curious story of the manner in which the natives of the interior of the Island of Panama capture monkeys: "Almost all the monkeys in the country come from Gorgona, a small village half way on the line of the Panama railroad. The inhabitants are mostly native negroes, for a white man could live in the village month unless he drank whisky and took quinine constantly. The surrounding country is swampy and covered with a dense mass of luxuriant vegetation. At nightfall a thick fog rises from the ground and hangs over the forests like a cloud. This place is the monkey's paradise. To travel through the forests in the morning wherever the king monkey leads. When the natives have been apprised of the presence of a troop they wait about warily to capture them. The plan is a simple one. A hole is cut in the shell of a coconut large enough to admit a monkey's paw. The coconut is scooped out and a lump of gar placed in the hollow. A string is then attached to the novel trap and the negroes conceal themselves until the monkeys pass by. Curiosity is one of the chief characteristics of these little creatures, and when they espy the coconut lying upon the ground they come down from the trees and proceed to inspect it carefully. The lump of sugar does not long escape their notice, and one of them thrusts a paw through the aperture to grab it. With the lump of gar clasped in his hand he finds it possible to withdraw it, nor will his greedy nature allow him to abandon his prize. The negroes have no difficulty in drawing him nearer to the ambush, the whole troop scampering madly about him, chattering and chattering as only monkeys can. When they have arrived within easy reach of the trap they throw out and they made prisoners. Twenty or thirty frequently captured at one haul. The natives sell them to the employees of the Panama railroad, who in turn pose of them to the American market."—New York Mail and Express.

A Nervous Deacon.

A good Baptist deacon residing in a certain town in the old Bay State, who is also superintendent of the Sabbath-school, has the misfortune to be exceedingly nervous and excited, which trouble often leads him to remarks to express himself in a manner different from that intended. One occasion, it being the Sabbath evening prayer-meeting, as he was commenting upon the Sunday-school of the day, which had been the faithfulness of God to his promises, he startled the congregation by saying, "Not one tit or jottle of word shall fall," when, noticing a suppressed titter among the audience, especially the younger portion, and conscious of a blunder, attempted to mend the matter by saying, "I meant not one titte or jil."—Harp Magazine.

Striking Fact in Havana.

A most noticeable thing in Havana is the universal and almost constant use of tobacco. Americans in the city are more progress in the weed, the people of Cuba. Except in churches, no places are sacred from the use of tobacco. The Cuban and as he drives you to your hotel, he waiter in the interval between courses; the banker as he cashes your draft; the physician as he times your pulse; the priest the moment he leaves the altar; the sexton as he drives the undertaker as he drives the corpse to the funeral. Ordinarily the corpse does not smoke.—Tobacco.

Professor Asa Gray, of Harvard, has been made a D. C. L. by Oxford.

SATURDAY

Min
Sun rises, 5:3
Sun sets, 7:3
Moon rises 12
Aug. 18.
" 14.
" 15.
" 16.
" 17.
" 18.
" 19.
Low water at every case.
Arrivals
For Boston an
J. M. A. M., 3:4
Eds.
For points this
For Kennebu
For Cape Por
MAI
From the West
From the E
From Kennebu
From Cape Por
STAGE
Ocean
For Boston at 7:30
For Portland at 7:30
For Kennebu at 7:30
For Cape Por at 7:30
When You C
TRAINS LEAV
E 4:45 a. m.
P 8:00 a. m.
W 9:20 a. m.
E 10:40 a. m.
TRAINS ARRIVE
W 7:35 a. m.
W 9:12 a. m.
E 10:30 a. m.
W 11:40 a. m.
E 12:40 a. m.
D. D.
From Cape Por
From Kennebu
From Cape Por
THE WAV
THE DRU
MILLER,
BUFF BOW
THE NORTON
NEWS BO
Wan
Indep
That man a slav
But of his cot
Who, when the
Goes out with
The Glen House
Set of boards
Progressive Whi
State last night.
The annual earl
next Wednesd
Lost—A small
If returned
Mr. Asa Bootl
getting up cla
Der. E. Whittle
arrived s
yesterday.
Mr. F. P. Hall, o
retail merchants
at the beach
Mr. A. L. Walke
Military enjoyed
board ride on
There was a band
Military Band at
Cove Cottage li
A jolly crowd fr
on a picnic u
yesterday. They
Dr. Chase is kep
the wants of h
The Doctor is the o
ment.
The regular Epis
held at the Meth
village, Sunda
block.
The Kennebu
serpent on th
they drew a clam sh
away.
The works raffled
purchased of Mr.
the bookseller of
they were secured
For Sale—A nic
piece of land, pleas
a mile of the
apply to E. Cousen
Sunday service at
Church as
announced at 10:30
session extended.

SATURDAY, AUG. 13, 1887.

Miniature Almanac.

Sun rises, 5:01.
Sun sets, 7:08.
Moon rises 12:04 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.

MAILS CLOSE.

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

For all points East, 10:20, A. M., 6:20, P. M.
For Kennebunk, 9, A. M., 3:45, P. M.
For Cape Porpoise, 12, M.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the West at 10:15, 11:45, A. M., 7:45, P. M.
From the East at 10:15, A. M., 5, P. M.
From Kennebunk, 11:45, A. M., 7:45, P. M.
From Cape Porpoise, 11:45, A. M.

STAGE LEAVES
Ocean Bluff Hotel

For Boston at 7:30, 8:45 a. m., 12:45, 3:00, and 6:15 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.
E 8:30 a. m.	W 3:40 p. m.
W 9:30 a. m.	W 5:45 p. m.
E 10:40 a. m.	E 8:40 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT KENNEBUNKPORT.

W 7:25 a. m.	E 2:00 p. m.
W 9:12 a. m.	B 4:45 p. m.
E 10:00 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 3 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.

Independence.

That man a slave to fashion's not,
But of his courage gives a test,
Who, when the day is very hot,
Goes out without his vest.

The Glen House has a very fashionable set of boarders.

Progressive Whist party at the Granite State last night.

The annual carnival will probably be held next Wednesday evening.

Lost—A small scarf pin. Suitable reward if returned to this office.

Mr. Ansel Boothby is full of business, getting up clam bakes for parties.

Rev. E. Whittlesey and family of Boston, arrived at the Eagle Rock House yesterday.

Mr. F. P. Hall, one of Kennebunk's retired merchants, is occupying his cottage at the beach.

Mr. A. L. Walker and wife and Miss Salisbury enjoyed the pleasure of a buckboard ride on Friday.

There was a band concert by Moore's Military Band at the Sea View House and Cove Cottage last evening.

A jolly crowd from the Granite State went on a picnic up the Mousam river yesterday. They report a royal good time.

Dr. Chase is kept busy attending to the wants of his numerous patients. The Doctor is the only homeopathist in town.

The regular Episcopal services will be held at the Methodist vestry, Kennebunk village, Sunday morning, at 10:30 o'clock.

The Kennebunk Beach warbler saw a sea serpent on the beach Thursday. He threw a clam shell at it and frightened it away.

The works raffled off at the fair were purchased of Mr. James B. Lacroix, the bookseller of the Ocean Bluff. They were secured of him at cost.

For SALE—A nice cottage and two acres of land, pleasantly located within half a mile of the sea. Price \$625. Apply to E. Cousins, Kennebunkport.

Sunday service at the South Congregational Church as usual. Services commence at 10:30 A. M. A cordial invitation extended.

Mr. Macomber of the Granite State, with a party of invited guests, made night hideous Wednesday by an evening party on the beach.

It is wonderful how bewitching a bit of black court plaster on a belle's chin will look. In contrast with a fair complexion it is charming.

Mr. W. S. Blanchard and family of Concord, Mass., left the Eagle Rock for home Wednesday, much to the regret of their fellow guests.

The St. Julian hotel, Portland, whose advertisement and cut appear in this paper, will be found a desirable stopping place while in the Forest City.

Mr. W. H. Pitman has returned to his home at Laconia, N. H. The "Adonis of the beach has gone," mournfully sigh the maidens at the Granite State.

Mr. C. S. Gurney, the well known photographer, was in town Thursday prepared to take some views of this vicinity. The weather prevented him from doing so.

Mr. L. V. Sleeper of Franklin Falls, N. H., is at the Granite State House. Mrs. Sleeper is proprietor of one of the largest millinery stores in that lively and growing town.

Before you go home drop into THE WAVE office and have the paper sent to you at your home. It will keep you posted on all the happenings here and will cost but a trifle.

The Glen House is having its most successful season this year. Under the management of Mr. Bayes and wife this house has earned a reputation that it has reason to be proud of.

An interesting game of ball was played near the Seaside House on Wednesday afternoon. Much zeal was manifested by the players and many spectators watched the game with interest.

Miss Sarah Gooch contributed a beautiful supply of beautiful dahlias and other flowers to the fair to aid in building the new Episcopal chapel. Mrs. Capt. Peabody also contributed flowers.

The donkey party at Cove Cottage, last Tuesday evening, was a huge success. Mrs. Belle Huff succeeded in pinning the caudal extremity nearest to where it ought to be, and so carried off first prize.

It is about this time of year that the hotel keeper begins to grow eloquent over the beauties and glories of September. One cold raw day will freeze all the effect of his words on the unsophisticated guest.

A party from the Seaside House passed a very pleasant day at the Port on Wednesday last. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Olmstead and Mr. Harley of Denver, Col., and Mrs. Baker of Dedham, Mass.

Several parties who have lost small articles recently have recovered them by advertising in THE WAVE. Small advertisements under the head of wants, for sale, to let, found, etc., are inserted among the locals for ten cents per line.

No one more highly appreciates seashore and country life than Miss Kate Ryan who may be seen strolling by the Ocean's side or wending her way through the pleasant village streets, her daily walks averaging from twelve to fifteen miles.

There will be a band concert next Tuesday evening, in the square, by Moore's Military band of Kennebunk. The citizens of Kennebunkport have subscribed quite liberally to pay their expenses here. This band gives a concert at Kennebunk Monday night.

Editor Parkhurst of the "Clinton Courant" is at the Grove Hill House with his bride. The Grove Hill isn't a bad place to go for a wedding trip. THE WAVE likes to see members of "the craft" enjoy themselves and wishes them prosperity through life.

The steam Yacht, Josie M. can be chartered for parties to the Shoals, York Beach, Boon Island, etc. etc., by applying to C. H. Sargent, Newburyport, Mass. This staunch little steamer has been at this place several times this season, and is well spoken of by all who had the pleasure of a sea trip on her.

A Bean Bag party was held at the Seaside House on Thursday evening, which created much enthusiasm among the guests. The chandeliers received many a bean bag thrown from some inexperienced hand. The game however proved quite a success and were awarded as follows: Gentlemen, first prize, Mr. Hasley, second prize, Mr. Henry Dumphrey. Ladies first prize, Miss Salisbury, second prize, Miss Kittie Buel.

After one has left the city and spent four hours on the cars during one of the sultry days we have been having the last few weeks, he is led, upon arriving at this delightful spot, to exclaim with the poet:

"Here I've escaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds and its polluted air."

The first thing which strikes one's eye is the happy little brown faces of the children, who are here in large numbers. * * * It is a veritable "children's paradise." They find some kind of amusement all the time; fishing, bathing, boating, strolling on the beach or picking berries in the woods; but when the dinner bell rings we see their brown faces popping up in all directions. * * * The Cove Cottage, kept by Mrs. Huff, contains many Maltese families. Mrs. Huff is constantly on the alert to make her guests comfortable and happy, and if any little thing should run across the grain, she never gets huffy. * * * —Quis in the Malden (Mass.) Evening Mail.

"AWFULLY SWELL."

Such Proves to be the German at the Granite State House.

Wednesday evening witnessed a very enjoyable and brilliant event at the Granite State House. A private German was the attraction. The hall was tastily decorated with flags, awnings and Japanese lanterns. The floor was waxed until it shown like a mirror. Moore's orchestra were engaged for the affair and discoursed their usual fine music. The orders were of birch bark embroidered and printed with a pen and the favors as well as the prizes were all of the same material. They were very pretty and consisted of napkin rings, cigarette cases, blotters, etc. The costumes were all handsome as may be seen by a reference to them as published below. The Matrons were Mrs. Geo. H. Kingsbury, Mrs. Chas. Martin, Mrs. Irving W. Lyon. Mr. Irving P. Lyon and Mrs. C. B. Appleton lead the cortillon.

Miss Pingree, corn-colored satin, diamonds.

Miss Annie Sawyer, Boston, ecru crepe de china.

Miss Francis Lord, Kennebunk, white silk mull, gold ornaments, natural flowers.

Miss Southard, Boston, cream silk and terra cotta velvet.

Miss Bonall, Grand Rapids, light blue silk.

Miss McComber, Boston, navy blue surah.

Miss Martin, Montreal, black lace dress with scarlet poppies.

Miss Reed, Boston, light blue and pink silk.

Miss Molly Lyon white French crepe and light blue silk.

Miss Wilkins, Manchester, Nile green silk.

Mrs. C. B. Appleton, Boston, Heliotrope surah and velvet.

Miss F. W. Kingsbury, Boston, plush and white surah.

Miss M. Kingsbury, white crepe and white silk.

Miss Peabody, Salem, light blue albatross and valenciennes.

Miss Nellie Peabody, Salem, white albatross.

Miss Slade, New York, cream nun's veiling.

Miss Gracie Weston, Newton, Nile green albatross, pearls, natural flowers.

THE FAIR,

Given in Aid of the Episcopal Chapel.

The fair advertised to be given in aid of the Episcopal chapel was a great success. Arundel hall in which it was given was tastily decorated with flags and evergreens while booths and tables around the sides where fancy articles of every description were displayed added much to the attraction of the scene. Light refreshments were served and a general good time was had. In the evening an elegant set of George Eliot's works, worth \$20 were raffled off. Mr. James Coleman held No. 84 which proved to be the lucky number. "Tales of Blackwood," bound in half morocco were disposed of in like manner. The fair including everything netted the society \$50 which is considerably in excess of last year's amount. This will give the work on the church quite a stimulus.

Clam Bake.

Thursday afternoon about seventy-five guests of the Parker House accepted the hospitality of Col. Spooner and indulged in a clam bake at the "Oaks," Cape Arundel. The party were carried there in barges where they found Mr. Ansel Boothby ready with an elaborate menu of corn, potatoes, clams, lobsters, coffee, hard-tack, etc. After ample justice had been done to the repast the party were photographed and returned home not forgetting to give three cheers for the generous Col. Spooner and those who assisted in getting up the clam bake. The food was cooked to perfection by Mr. Boothby who understands his business to a charm. This is the third clam bake that Col. Spooner has given and was successful as all previous ones have been.

BOON ISLAND.

ITS HISTORY, ITS LIGHTHOUSE AND ITS LEGENDS.

What the Crew of the "Climax" Saw and Heard About It.

Situated off our coast but a few leagues and where warning lights glimmer in the darkness like a lone star is a place of much interest but on account of the difficulty of landing, save on a perfectly calm day has been visited by but comparatively few persons. A party from the Port and Bluff longing to visit it made all necessary arrangements and Monday morning August 1, the yacht "Climax" left Kennebunkport harbor, Capt. Geo. H. Chick, the veteran skipper, commanding. Chas. G. Seavey, first mate, John Casey, second mate, Chas. Hanna cook on board, D. A. Dudley, A. M. Todd, F. H. Cousins, H. L. Lucas, Andrew and John Fennistey, and Ethan Allen "before the mast." After sailing against head winds for ten hours they reached the vicinity of Boon Island where they were boarded by Mr. Burke, one of the lighthouse keepers, who took the helm and safely brought the craft to anchor under the lee of the island. A landing was safely made and under the guidance of Mr. Burke the entire party made the ascension to the top of the lighthouse. From the balustrade surrounding the top of the tower a view of surpassing grandeur can be obtained. On the north east Cape Elizabeth, Wood Island, Old Orchard and all the outlines of the winding coast are distinctly visible. On the east Boon Island ledge rears its saucer shaped crags from among the waves which beating upon it seem to mournfully tell of the many vessels that have found a watery resting place beneath its ragged cliffs. From here a whistling buoy sends out its glowing notes, which can be distinctly heard at Kennebunkport on a stormy night. To the south the twin lights on Cape Ann send out their glimmering rays. The hotels on the Isles of Shoals stand out in miniature relief on a calm day. Toward the setting sun York Harbor, the Nubble, the village of York, Mt. Agamenticus are visible. While far in the distance Mr. Washington rears itself like a column of adamantine pearl until its lofty summit is lost in the emerald sky. The great ever changing ocean surrounds the island and seems ready at any moment to engulf it in its flood. The lighthouse was built in 1852 and is 109 feet high. It is one of the best lighthouses on the coast, its lenses having cost \$28,000. The light itself is reached by 167 iron steps. There are three keepers, Messrs. Lamplsey, Williams and Burke. Two of these keepers have families, there being seven persons all told on the island. They dwell in a double stone house of eight rooms. The reception room is very pretty and fitted up with an organ, easy chairs, etc. There is also a boat house and oil house on the island. The only inhabitants besides the keepers and their families are a Newfoundland dog, some pigeons and chickens. The only earth on the island is a little box in front of the house. It is said that often in a storm wild birds of every species, attracted by the light, when lost, will dash themselves against the gate and fall dead at the tower's base. There are almost three acres of the island at low tide and something over two acres at high. The mighty force of the waves has moved a great rock weighing nearly 80 tons a distance of 20 feet. On another part of the island a rock weighing over two tons has been moved in a groove until worn perfectly smooth by the action of the water. The legends associated with the history of this lone isle are many and some of them of a blood curdling nature. Its name is derived from one of those tales of ship wreck and woe that is as true as it is thrilling. Early in the eighteenth century the bark "Teale" went ashore on the island in a fog. Part of her crew was saved and reached the rocks in safety but without any means of obtaining food or shelter. Their stay for the days that came may be better imagined than described. No pen could tell of the agony, the hunger and thirst, the privations and wants endured by this handful of survivors during their confinement here. At last, made desperate by hunger, they constructed a raft of some drift wood and started for the Nubble. Fortune at first favored them; with paddles and a sail made of their scanty clothing they slowly neared the long-for point of land. At last when the breakers were reached the wind changed. Back over the waters they were driven until at last they reached the island, from which they sought to escape. After that affairs grew worse and worse, one by one the men died or were killed by their famishing comrades until but seven remained. At length a boat from a passing sloop rescued them while in the act of roasting a man named Boon.

From this origin may be traced the island's name. Scores of other equally weird and harrowing stories might be told of this spot. Every rock on it if it could speak could tell wild stories of shipwreck and disaster.

At last after a pleasant visit the crew of the "Climax" were obliged to leave and set sail for home which was safely reached after a voyage of some thirty hours. The boys would not say much about the trip but in a moment of indiscretion one of them admitted that all they had to eat the last day was a hunk of mouldy bread and a chowder made from a fish of some kind supposed to be a sea caterpillar, which Mr. Charles Hanna was fortunate (?) enough to catch. Be that as it may all had a splendid time except those who were compelled to sleep on a coil of rope with the rusty fluke of an anchor for a pillow.

What the "Hotel World" Would Like to See.

The clerk who never smiles.
A guest who prefers the top floor.
A hotel patron who never "kicks".
The chambermaid who never flirts.
The man who couldn't "run" a hotel.
A hotel that does not have to fight rats.
A headwaiter who would not accept a fee.
A colored waiter with a pair of new shoes.
A hotel that doesn't have "distinguished arrivals."
The steward who doesn't buy "the best in market."
The cook who admits that sometimes he gets on a "spree."
A hotel barber that doesn't quiz you as to where you are from.
The traveler or hotel man who likes the Inter-state Commerce law.
The man who comes to the hotel counter without taking a toothpick.
The summer resort that isn't "doing better than at this date last season."
The hotel that some hotel man doesn't think "would pay if it were run right."
The hotel daily newspaper reporter who doesn't draw more on imagination than facts when he talks on hotel topics.
The bell-boy who attends strictly to business, and does not turn around to look down stairs when sent up on an errand.

SAVE MONEY AND TIME!

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

Boston Offices { 25 Merchants Row,
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.

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-hand furnished.
A Buckboard always ready for the accommodation of parties. Parties transported to adjoining towns day or night.

DRESSER,

— THE —

Hatter and Furnisher,

OFFERS

GREAT BARGAINS

IN

STRAW HATS

AND

Light Felt Hats

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

Beach Trade

Remember the place is at

DRESSER'S,

— THE —

HATTER and FURNISHER,

14 Main Street,

Kennebunk, Me.

GLEN HOUSE!

Cape Arundel, Kennebunkport, Me.
Delightful Location, Fine Rooms and Tables.
Everything done for comfort of Guests.

HALL & LITTLEFIELD,

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

MILLINERY!

In large variety at the store of
N. J. HALL & CO.,
Dock Sq., opp. P. O., Kennebunkport, Me.
All Orders Promptly Filled!

When at Old Orchard visit
WHEELER & CLARK'S SHELL EMPORIUM

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

W. H. H. HINDS,

DENTIST!

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

BUY

THE WAVE!

ALL THE

LATEST NEWS

AND

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

(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 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.

BOOK-MAKING.

As Practiced by the Ancients Before the Age of Printing.

Of course the Chinese were ahead of Europe. Their chronicles record printing upon silk or cotton in the century before Christ, paper being attributed to the first century after Christ. It is certain that many hundred years ago they had begun to put writing on transfer paper, lay this face downward on wood or stone, rub off the impression or paste on the transparent paper, cut away the wood or stone, and take an impression in ink which duplicated the original. First, probably, they cut the letters into the block, leaving white letters on black ground, which method, Didot thinks, was known to the Romans and was the process referred to by Pliny; afterward they cut away the block, leaving the letters raised, to print black on white. This last process is attributed to Fong-Taou, Chinese minister of state in the tenth century, who was driven to the invention by the necessity of getting exact copies of his official documents. Indeed, there is a detailed tradition of a Chinese Gutenberg, one Pi-Ching, who in 1041 carved cubes of porcelain paste with Chinese characters, afterward baking them, and literally "setting" the porcelain types by help of parallel wires on a plate of iron in a bed of heated resinous cement. These types he hammered or planed even, and pressed close together, so that when the cement hardened they were practically a solid block, which could be taken to pieces again by melting the cement. But Pi-Ching was born out of time, in the wrong country, and to the wrong language. The Chinese word-alphabet contains at least 80,000, possibly 240,000 characters (the National Printing-office at Paris made types for 43,000), and for the lesser number the Chinese compositor would require a large room to himself, where he could wander among five hundred cases "looking for a sign," while Chinese wood-engravers will cut on pearwood, or on the hard waxen composition used for that oldest of existing dailies, the Peking Gazette, an octavo page of characters for forty or fifty cents—a hundredth part of the cost of coarse work, a thousandth of the cost of the finest work, here. The Chinese printer, without a press, but with a double brush like a canoe paddle, inking the block with one end and pressing the paper laid on the block with the dry brush at the other end, prints two thousand sheets a day, on one side only, which are then bound into a book by making the fold at the front of the sheet, and stitching through the cut edges at the back. A fair-sized book is sold for eight or ten cents, and there is little inducement for improvement. Playing cards, invented probably in Hindostan, as a modification of chess, and then engraved on ivory, were made in China and Hindostan centuries ago, and thence they seem to have made their way into Europe, probably through Saracens or Jews before 1400.

Meanwhile the business of book-making by copying has had a curious development in two directions. The industry so flourishing in Cicero's Rome had dwindled to nothing by the sixth century. The great libraries had been destroyed. It is possible that their names, fever could read. The Irish monks alone preserved the art of illuminating, and from the island of Iona shed such light as they could throughout Europe. Charlemagne himself could not write, but used a curious monogram to picture his name; he was the more ready, it may be, to permit his English adviser, the monk Alcuin, to require that every monastery should maintain a scriptorium, and every convent or bishop should employ a permanent copyist, "using only Roman letters," for the making of books. The Church monopolized this art up to the twelfth century, when the ignorance of the inferior clergy and later the influence of St. Francis & Assisi, who forbade Bible, breviary, and psalter by his order, made way for the lay booksellers who congregated about the great schools of theology like Padua and Paris. But the Church still arrogated superintendence and censorship; the University of Paris required "the stationers, vulgarly called booksellers"—the first name coming from their selling at a station or shop—to tell the truth, without deceit or lying, touching the price of books, which was fixed by four master booksellers appointed by the University, with four deniers profit when sold to teachers or scholars, or six deniers when sold to the public. Even then the bookseller might not buy a book for sale until it had been exposed five days in the hall of the university, and its purchase declined by teachers and scholars; and he was obliged to loan it for copying, at a small fixed price, to any student giving security. Consequently the university was, later on, compelled to fulminate against base booksellers who, naturally desiring to earn a living, did not uphold the dignity of their profession, but mixed it up with "vile trades," such as "fripperies and like haberdashery," as modern booksellers have also been compelled to do. Vellum became scarce, and the rich buyers disdained paper. This fact promoted the differentiation of book-making into two distinct divisions: on the one side the superb missals of the religious orders and the daintily written and bound troubadour books of the courts; on the other, a flood of alphabets, primers, creeds, prayer-books, and crude school-books, wonderfully cheap, from a groschen up, made by unprofessional copyists, demanded as the result of the Church schools, the work of such early reformers as Wycliff and Huss, and the general awakening of Europe. The fraternity of St. Luke, existing in Paris in 1391, the Company of Stationers, in London, 1405, and book-trade guilds in other cities, show the extent of the industry.—R. R. Bowker, in Harper's Magazine.

Sixty Human Skeletons.

There was in Putnam county, before the war for seventy-years, a road within three miles of Cookeville, leading from Louisville, Ky., through this State down into Georgia and South Carolina, and was known as the Kentucky stock road, and was at that time the principal highway for traders between the two sections.

Planters, slave dealers, and stockmen would drive their negroes, mules, etc., down to the Southern market, returning with the money from their sales. Such parties were frequently missing very mysteriously, no trace of them ever being found.

The road ran through a wild, thinly settled, mountainous country, the stopping places or dwellings where a traveler could get shelter frequently being thirty or forty miles apart, and, as recent investigations show, were kept by robbers and murderers of the worst description, who for years followed this business of wholesale robbery and murder.

About thirty years ago a man who is a citizen of Cookeville found a skeleton at the entrance to a cave, but no further investigation was ever made until yesterday, and it was left for a stranger to make discoveries that cast in the shade all stories of like description where the writer finds his terrible characters only in his own brain.

A party was organized under the leadership of Mr. Ferd Kincaid to explore the cave where the skeleton was found thirty years ago. Back on the mountain side, about one-half mile from one of the notorious stopping-places described, is the entrance to the cave.

A hole something like a well, going straight down thirty-five feet, was first passed through, and the cave opens into a large cavern with a downward course under the mountain. At the bottom of the shaft the party found human bones, and with a little digging in the debris that had accumulated at this point unearthed about sixty skeletons of men who had been murdered and thrown down this hole.

Some skulls were found with bullet holes through them, others having been smashed with an ax or instrument of that kind. An old citizen now living in this vicinity says that the keepers of these dens would keep track of travelers when they passed through with stock, and on their return they would be almost certain to disappear.

The robbers were even so bold that they would take the clothing, saddles, and horses of their victims and use them publicly. They would get a man drunk if possible, and as whiskey was plenty and the custom of drinking common, it was no hard matter to do them in their drunken stupor, kill and rob and throw their bodies into this hole.

Without doubt many men, as this fearful disclosure proves, never returned to their homes, and anxious friends waited and watched and wondered why they never returned.

Not far off, by the side of the road still stands a house. The walls of one room are spattered with human blood. Above in the mountains about twenty miles was still a worse place, if possible, than this.

Another cave is there, and would, if investigated, repeat the sickening story of yesterday's investigation. The people are much excited over this discovery, as many descendants of the robber gang are still living all through Putnam County, but "dead men tell no tales," and the history of these fearful crimes will never be known.—Nashville Letter in Memphis Avalanche.

Honduran Washerwomen.

Sometimes a stranger may lounge on the ancient bridge spanning the Rio Grande at Honduras, and watch the washerwomen as they stand in the shallow current below. Each has before her a shallow tray of Spanish cedar, in which is the little pile of clothing she purposes to wash and whip to tatters on the rocks. Bipping a garment into the current in which she stands, she returns it to the tray and rubs it with the pitchy soap of the country. Then she vigorously rubs the cloth with her hands, dipping it from time to time in the suds in the tray resting on the little heap of rocks before her. When the garment has been washed clean, she claps it on the pile of washed clothes at the farther end of the tray until all are clean. Then she thoroughly rinses each in the clear, running river about her feet, and whips it on the smooth surface of some black volcanic rock near by, until the buttons fly off and the edges are frayed. What they whip the clothes for they do not know. They were taught to do it. Is not that reason enough?—E. W. Perry, in Good Housekeeping.

A Lawyer's Shrewd Trick.

The other day a lawyer had just finished a letter on his type-writer with the word "dictated" at the bottom of it. "Why did you add that to it when you wrote it yourself?" asked a friend. A look of pity filled the lawyer's face at the stupidity of the visitor. "My guileless, far-away correspondent," he said, "will believe that I am overrun with business and utterly unable to answer my own letters. If they regard it as a luxury for me to have a private secretary, why should I undeceive them?"—Philadelphia Cassie.

"Sue, dear," said he, "do you think you love me well enough to enter the United States?" "Why, Charley, how impatient you are. I am too young yet; but I will settle in Lapland if you wish." He wished.—St. Paul Herald.

When a woman gets on a street-car and spreads out her skirts so that she occupies two seats you can make up your mind that her husband always sits on the edge of his chair and says "Yes, m'm," "No, m'm" to her.—New Haven News.

AN OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

A Mansion Once Occupied by a Governor.

The homestead was of square, rough-hewn blocks of granite, and had been built before the days of professional architects by a former governor of the state, who was a stone mason in early life, and worked honestly at his trade until the people called him into another sphere of action. The house was at once thoroughly comfortable and extremely inconvenient; additions had been made to the main building at different times, with no idea of general effect. From the broad front porch one entered at once a large, high room, which was parlor, library, and sitting-room all in one; and very attractive it was, with cheerful paper and carpet, comfortable rocking-chairs and sofas, and big open fireplace with great brass knobbed andirons. Opposite the front door, and leading to the back porch, was a hall, from which a door opened directly upon some steps leading to what was called the "big upstairs." This room, which was of necessity entered head-foremost as one ascended the stairs, took in the main body of the house, and held always three double beds, with ample space for as many more when the house was crowded. Two bedrooms opened from the parlor below, and from the back one another flight of stairs ascended to the rooms above, known as the "little upstairs." The characteristic feature of the building was the entire lack of any means of communication between the two parts of the upper floor. In the large room over the parlor one might hear plainly the voices of the occupants of an adjacent room, but to reach them it was necessary to descend one stairway, traverse the whole length of the house, and ascend another flight. Above the "little upstairs" was the attic; here hung festoons of okra, red peppers, onions, and garden herbs for seasoning; in the corners were bags of nuts and bunches of pop-corn, and apples and peaches were spread on deal boards to dry; there were bits of old harness, a ragged side-saddle that was to be recovered some day, a shot gun or two, and some hunting-coats; and in a dark shelving recess were some relics of the day when Uncle Doctor was a medical student and practicing physician—some bones which Mr. Venus would have called as "human various." These were a source of infinite terror to every child and negro on the place, and made a visit to the attic after dusk a perilous expedition, necessitating ample companionship, and subject to sudden panics.

From the front bedroom down-stairs—for it was impossible to go anywhere about the house without passing through somebody's private apartment—three or four steps led down to a large porch, open only on two sides, and these so trellised and covered with vines that it was the most delightful of summer dining-rooms. From this porch opened a spacious storeroom, and just around the corner was the kitchen, large, disorderly, often crowded, but clean in the main, and the source of most toothsome and abundant fare. At one corner of the porch stood an iron-bound hoghead, which caught and stored the rain-water from the roof. We used to listen in a summer storm to the raindrops on the shingles, and hear them gutter along through the tin spout down to this old receptacle; and when the rain was over, when the sweet, earthy odor was abroad, and the sun was hanging glistening jewels on every flower and shrub, we would climb upon the balustrade of the porch and peer eagerly into the depths of the old hoghead, looking for the real diamonds that the negroes said were sometimes brought down by the rain. After breakfast there was always a group of negroes about the porch, each one armed with a tin cup or plate, and waiting for the daily allowance of molasses, sugar, and coffee to be given out from the storeroom, hoping also for some special tidbit from the remains of the meal.

Walks made of flat, irregular stones led from the kitchen door to various points in the yard; to the lot where the milking was done; to the smoke-house, the duck-pond, and poultry-yard, and the line of orderly cabins known as "the quarters;" to the garden with its picturesque mingling of fruit and vegetables and old-fashioned flowers; and to the cisterns, to whose water the limestone rock gave the same tonic quality that it imparts to the blue grass, making this the finest grazing country in the world. Near the garden was the circular ice-house, a most seductive building, whose slanting roof began about two feet above the ground, and was delightfully mossy and slippery. There we would slide by the hour, and many were the rents—not only in our clothes, but in our small persons as well—which were due to its ragged shingles and bent nails. We knew also the delicious coolness and dimness of the interior on a hot summer day, and enjoyed tossing aside the damp straw and sawdust, and dragging out the great crystal blocks, especially if there was ice-cream in prospect.—Atlantic Monthly.

The Prince and the Freemason's Sign.

While at Osborne, Prince Albert, the late husband of the queen, was in the habit of getting up early and walking about his farm. Passing a farmer's house, he stopped to make some inquiries, knocking at the door, and asked the servant if his master was in? The servant replied, "He is in, but not down stairs." "O, very well," was Prince Albert's reply, and he was about to leave. "Would you be kind enough to leave your name, sir?" said the servant, "my master would be angry if I did not tell him who called." "Very well," said his royal highness, "you may say Prince Albert." Upon which the man drew back, looked up significantly, put his thumb to the tip of his nose, extended his fingers, and exclaimed:—"Walker."—The Highlander.

Not the First Steam-Wagon.

"The rich can ride in chaises," and they can ride in a steam-wagon, too, if they will come to Lewiston and say what the teeming brain of a remarkable Lewiston inventor has attained," says the Journal of that city. In the first place, it is a wagon. It is built on the principle of a grocery wagon. Some of the extra heavy grocery teams on the street might have served for the basis of the contrivance, except that the inventor, Edwin F. Field, desired that it be extra strong, and so he had the wheels and axles and cross-bars, etc., built a trifle heavier than on the ordinary grocery wagon. Its shape is the same. Its wheels are the same in size and shape. Its wagon body is exactly the same as that of the ordinary delivery wagon, with iron bands. The boiler, which is upright, sits on the rear axle. Power is applied by cogged wheels to the rear axle, to which the hind wheels are rigidly affixed, so that the movement of the machinery propels the wagon. The front wheels are independent of machinery, and are simply steering gear. The engine is a double-cylinder condensing engine, controlled by the link motion, exactly as in the locomotive.

It can be reversed or stopped from the driver's seat. Water is carried in a small tank under the wagon-bed. The engine exhausts into the boiler—the exhaust being easily controlled from the driver's seat. The boiler is a five horse power, tested to 400 pounds pressure, and capable of carrying 300 pounds without the slightest difficulty. The engines develop four horse power with 100 pounds pressure, or twelve horse power with 300 pounds.

With hard coal the boiler will make no smoke or steam. The design of the builders is to conceal everything, and they expect when finished, that the contrivance will not be very odd in appearance, and that it will not frighten horses any more than a bicycle or street-sprinkler. Every portion of the machinery is made with the view to strength. Various inventions on the boiler make it specially valuable, while every part of the engine has been designed and built expressly for the purpose, and is full of oddities and inventions. The axles are steel and the wheels iron hubbed. The hind wheels are three feet in diameter. The water tank holds half a barrel and would suffice for a run of twenty-five miles.

"Have you ever run it?" was asked of Mr. Field.

"Yes," was the reply. "We have worked the engines and the wheels, but haven't tried it on the ground yet. It was a great success. The hind wheels went in a perfect buzz. We estimated it at eight hundred revolutions a minute; and as the carriage will advance about ten feet at a revolution, we reckon that, making due allowance, the wagon would have been going considerably faster than a two minute clip. I don't practically see any limit to the attainment of speed except the courage of the driver."

Mr. Field has about completed the machine. A description does no sort of credit, and the public should see it to appreciate it. There is no sort of doubt but that the machine will go, and that it can be steered and controlled. From the wayside brook the tank can be filled, and from the coal locker the fires of the boiler. Mr. Field thinks that the machine can go a mile a minute. He will have the hind wheels drilled and corrugated for teeth, provided there is not friction enough; but he says that he has no fear about the friction.

"Somebody were readin' out uv the newspaper whar dey done mek a law stoppin' of free passes on de railroad. Now you reckermembers dat de mule road arter dey done kill my husband' gin me a free pass s' long ez I was a widder. Ef dat de way dey gwine do, taken uv folks passes away, I gwine git married agin ef jest to spite 'em."—Harper's Bazar.

Apprentices.

The apprentice question will not wait much longer for a hearing. The right to earn a living by honest labor is as fundamental as any right can be. But when the trades are hedged about with rules which limit the number of apprentices, when the lists are complete, and when the ranks of the ordinary unskilled labor are full, then the surplus boys are ordered off the earth. There is no place for them, and their only possible chance for existence is in begging or crime. When the trades-unions set up their rules limiting the number of apprentices to be taught their trades in any shop, they did it for the purpose of preventing the market being overstocked with skilled labor, and the consequent reduction of wages from an over supply. But the rule has had no such effects. It has not lessened a whit the number of skilled workmen. What it has done, and all it has done, has been to prevent the sons of Americans—both native and adopted—from learning their fathers' trades; it has had the inevitable result of forcing our men, who might be earning from \$15 to \$30 per week as skilled artisans, to accept salaries of from \$5 to \$10 as clerks or salesmen, or book-keepers, or worse than that, to compel them to live a hand-to-mouth sort of life, doing anything or nothing, as their lack of training to any sort of work rendered imperative. Our workshops have not fewer mechanics in them than if there had never been a rule against apprentices. There was the demand for skilled workmen, and there being not a sufficient supply here our employers readily got it from abroad. They are constantly getting skilled workmen from over the sea, who come here and take the places that the sons of our workmen should be permitted to take, should, indeed, be welcomed to. That our streets are so full of idle, vicious young and middle-aged men is chiefly due to the extinction of the apprentices in our work shops.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Ocean Bluff

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