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KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE, AUGUST 10, 1887.

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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!

of Kennebunk offers Extraordinary

BARAINS

— IN —
Beach Clothing,
Hats and
Furnishings.

The Latest, Nobbiest and Best
Tourists' Goods.

Kennebunkport, Me.

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

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

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

ST. JULIAN HOTEL,



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

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

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

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

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

BEACH HOUSE!

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

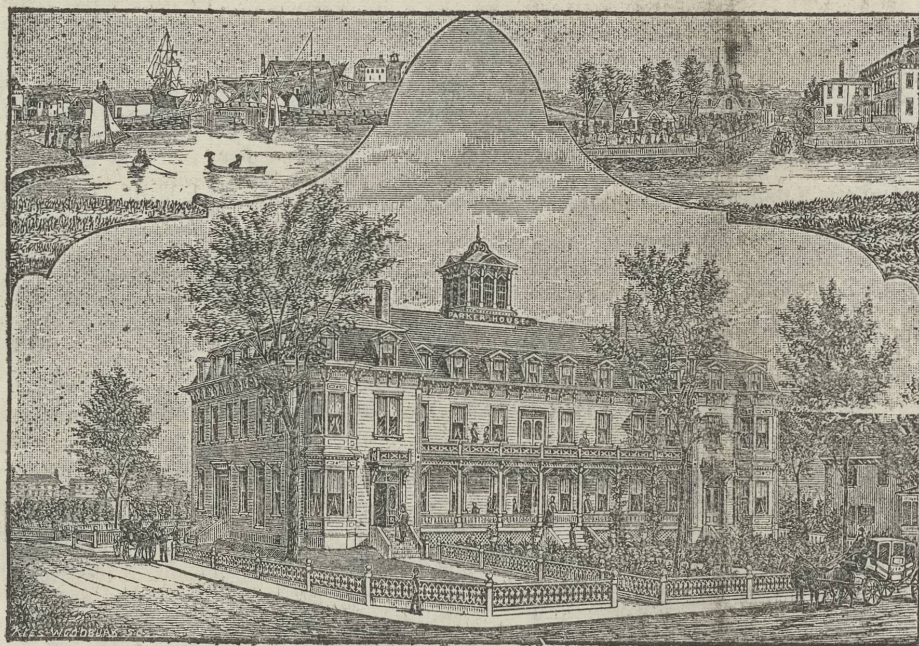
OWEN WENTWORTH, Proprietor.

EIGHTH SEASON

OF THE
GRANITE STATE HOUSE!
ALVIN STUART, Proprietor.

Grove Station. P. O. address, Kennebunk-
port, Me. Thanking the public for the pat-
ronage they have given the house in the past,
I hope by setting a good table to please the
taste, and by gentlemanly treatment on the
outside, to receive a share of patronage.

PARKER HOUSE,



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

VISIT THE

Bowling Alleys and Billiard Room

OF THE

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL!

where you can find a

First-Class Barber Shop!

ALSO

Cool Soda, Fruit, Confectionery and
Best Cigars.

Fishing Tackle and Bathing Suits to Let.



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

ICE CREAM, FRUIT,
CONFECTIONERY,
in large quantities and of best quality.
Everything warranted fresh and
pure, at
WHITAKER'S,
Kennebunk Village,
Main Street, Blue Store.

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

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

A. T. WHITAKER
Kennebunk Village, Main St.

-Rockingham House,-

251 Main St., Biddeford, Me.
W. R. HILL, PROPRIETOR.
Special attention given to catering for private
parties. Ice Cream, Salads, Oysters, and \$5. per
invited to order. Everything first-class and
supplied at short notice.

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

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

GEORGE GOOCH, Proprietor.
KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

GROCERIES!
AND
PROVISIONS
AT
A. T. WHITAKER'S,
Kennebunk Village, Main St.

THE
Kennebunk Bakery!
is prepared to furnish all kinds of
Cake, Pastry, Ice Cream, Cool
Soda, Choice Confectionery,
etc., etc., etc.,
to the Hotels and Sojourners at
Kennebunkport.
GEORGE P. LOWELL, Manager.

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

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.

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

M. T. MULHALL,
SIGN PAINTER,
29 Temple St., Portland.
Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

MOUSAM HOUSE,
W. S. SAWYER & CO., Proprietors.
Special attention shown to Summer Visitors.
Dinners served to traveling parties. Shady
Lawns. Commanding a good view of the
Town.
KENNEBUNK, MAINE.

HEARN!

— OF —

514 Congress St.,

Portland, Me.,

Is generally acknowledged to be the

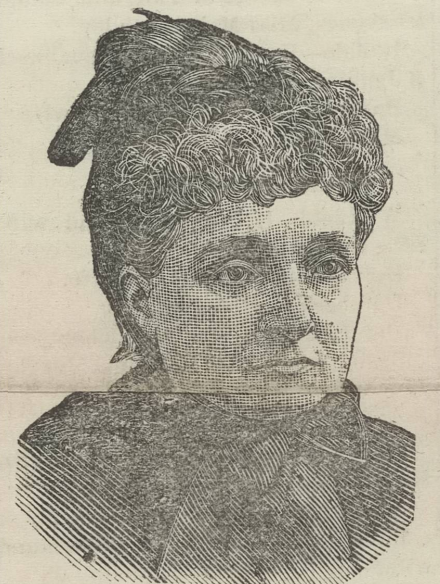
LEADING

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER

OF

MAINE.

Prices Reasonable.



Mrs. John P. Moulton.

SACO, Me. Aug. 20, 1886.
My wife suffered terribly from rheumatism
and neuralgia for 13 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 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 household work, and has remained in perfect
health since; praise God for this wonderful
remedy.

JOHN P. MOULTON,
Foreman Box Factory and saw Mill, 36 Lincoln
St., Residence 69 Lincoln St., Saco.

From all over the country come thousands of
statements of the wonderful cures made by this
medicine. This medicine is not a liniment.
You cannot cure these blood diseases by appli-
cation to the skin. This remedy destroys the
impurities from the blood and is a sure cure
for rheumatism and neuralgia. It is 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.

GROceries!
AND
PROVISIONS
AT
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Kennebunk Village, Main St.

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KENNEBUNK, MAINE.

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

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 Flirtation.

It is almost sickening to see some of the couples that promenade the hotel piazzas and beach, or glide together over the polished floor of the dance hall. She beautiful, fascinating, accomplished, wealthy, indeed the almost ideal woman; he the very personification of ugliness and disagreeable coarseness. At her home in the city she would scorn him; here she allows him to pay unrebuked attention to her. Why is this? Because of the absence of eligible young men at the summer hotels. So scarce are the representatives of the masculine sex that it is a common expression "A girl at the beach will go with anything that is male." The summer hotel that could secure an agreeable and talented set of young men as guests would have a fortune in their grasp. As it is now there are almost six ladies to one gentleman, which is hardly a desirable proportion.

The latest watering place that the fashionable set has made discovery of is Kennebunkport, Me. It is a delightful place, this side of Bar Harbor, and not only has the sea as an attraction, but is situated on a river. An interesting party of New York, Brooklyn, Morristown and Philadelphia people have been living quietly there for the past four or five seasons, and hoping against all past experience, says Town Topics, that the ultra-fashionables would not find out the beauties and attractions of the little sea coast colony. There is consternation among them this season for society has discovered Kennebunkport, and has swooped down and evidently come to stay, for it has commenced to build its habitations.—*Boston Courier.*

You are right Mr. *Courier*. Kennebunkport is a "delightful place" and the people have "come to stay." One of these days it is going to be the resort on the New England coast.

Hotel Arrivals.

PARKER HOUSE.

St Louis, Mo.—H A Siegrist and wife.
Minneapolis—W L Barrett wife and nurse.
Cleveland—E S Ison and wife, Mrs W J Denton.
Boston—H B Hobbs.
Cambridge—R F Redmond.

Quincy, Mass—Nellie B Rice, Miss Kittie F Faxon, Miss May Rice, M L Rice.
Boston—Frank W Hunt, Chas L Burrell, W B Hayward, M L Lord.
Saco—E Lane and wife.
Boston—Mrs L Battles.
New York—Philip Foster, L S Campbell.
Newton—A L Brackett.
Germantown—J P Hsley, Miss Hsley, J P Hsley jr.
South Framingham—S E Coleman.
Portland—H J Libby.
Framingham—N H T Shapleigh.
Memphis, Tenn—E E Meacham and wife two children and nurse.
Boston—Mrs Stephen Collins, Miss May Collins.

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.

Brookline—William F Hall.
Boston—Miss Ison, Miss Gible.
Philadelphia—R A Whitney.
Sandy Creek—Mrs Wm T Tift.
Rochester—Mrs H M Nott.
Salem—F R Butman, H C Butman.
Brooklyn—S R Harlow, Mrs S R Harlow, Henry E Ide.
Albany, N Y—Mr W Kidd and wife.
Philadelphia—Allen D Wilson, Miss L Higgins, W M Safford, Master Safford.
Roxbury—Miss Grace E Morse.
Washington D C—John Bailey.
Massachusetts—G H Denforth.
Boston—Geo W Reatas, H G Lucas.
Haverhill—C H Fellows.
New York—S E Allen.
Boston—S F Summer, J E Jacobs, Henry G Lerd, W B Dause, Geo Fred Williams.
Detroit—N P M Jacobs.
Brooklyn—G T Hayes.
Hanover—Miss and Mrs A M Crosby.
St Louis, Mo—H A Segnit and wife.
R R Hayes and wife child and nurse.
Quincy, Mass—Mrs W B Rice, Miss Kittie Faxon, Miss May Rice.
Lowell, Mass—Mrs F P Putnam, Miss Talbot, Miss Gertrude Talbot.
Greenfield—Chas C Hoyt and wife, Chas R Lowell.
Boston—Mrs F N Leacy.
Milton—Mrs D O Stahl.
Peabody, Mass—James B Dhomber M D.
Columbia, Pa—Geo W Halderman.
Philadelphia—Mrs G L Newbold, Miss Alice Newbold, Master Newbold.
Detroit—James A Renick and wife, Jerome H Renick.
Brookline—Miss A Fogg.

CLIFF HOUSE.

Newton, Mass—John Leavitt.
Worcester—Miss Elsie Francis.
New York—Samuel Frothingham, New York—J H Oberlander.

BICKFORD HOUSE.

Boston—W Noble and wife.
Brooklyn—Theodore B Brown.
Haverhill—W A McChrill.

WENTWORTH BEACH HOUSE.

Cambridge—Miss R G Saunders.
Buffalo N Y—Mary C Clark.
Brooklyn—Rosa Belle Holt, Elizabeth D Holt, Elizabeth B Shepard.
Albany, N Y—Mrs J Edwards.
Rochester, N Y—Sam'l Sloan.
Washington—Mary T G Gordon.
Albany, N Y—H A Edward.
Worcester—Henry F Harris and wife.

Framingham, Mass—Charles A Humphrey, Sarah D Humphrey, Catherine C Humphrey, Mrs S A Matton, Miss Lewis, Miss Eua Lewis, Miss Annie Gregory, Miss Euelyn Gregory.

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.

Mrs M S Lamson, H G Lamson.
Buffalo—N K Hopkins, Miss Hopkins, Miss Warren.
Leicester, Mass—E O Murdock.
Albany, N Y—Edward Odgen and wife.
Boston—Jeanette Duryes, Katherine B Child.
New York—Mrs C G Ingraham.

GRANITE STATE HOUSE.

Boston—Miss Helen A Reed, J L Blaisdell.
Concord, N H—Mrs C B Crane, Mary R Crane, Russell D Crane.
Melrose, Mass—Mrs J O Norris, Mamie L Norris.
Franklin Falls, N H—Mr E A Brockway and wife, Mr Warren Saunders and wife.

COVE COTTAGE.

Reading—Geo E Abbott and wife, Miss Grace Abbott, Miss Ruby Abbott, Nettie E Morriss.
Malden—Mrs K M Yale and daughter Agnes, Miss Mabel Hawley.
Buffalo—Emma L Smith, Eueline L B Jenkins.
Boston—Stephen Gilman and wife.
Malden—R M Yale.

SEA VIEW HOUSE.

Westfield—H O Sprague and wife, Edie G Sprague.
Holyoke—C S Axtell and wife.
Dorchester—G A Dennett.
Hartford, Ct—Miss M N Thompson.
Springfield—Miss Marion C Murphy.

BASS ROCK HOUSE.

Southbridge, Mass—Geo W Wells, Kate L Edwards, Wm G Edwards.
Alfred, Me—F E Jones and wife.
Philadelphia—Arthur W Roberts and wife.
Norwich, Ct—A W Clark, Mrs W E Clark, Master J Clark, Susie English.
Southbridge, Mass—Carrie K Stone, Mrs E E Sabin, Mr Frank Cady and wife, Minnie E Cady.
Winsted, Ct—Mrs J M Mix, Miss H Skinner.

HIGHLAND HOUSE.

Boston—Miss Gertrude Bayley, Miss Mamie O'Neil.
Randolph, Mass—Miss Burrell, Miss Blair, Mr and Mrs Comfort, Master Comfort.

GLEN HOUSE.

Providence—Rufus Waterman.
New York—Jue B Grant.
Boston—J Allen Taylor.
Philadelphia—E E Watson.
Brooklyn—Miss Marion J Terry, Edmund B Terry.

RIVERSIDE HOUSE.

Milford, N H—Chas T Emerson.
Boston—A B Robinson, C K T Lincoln.

GROVE HILL HOUSE.

Reading—Mrs Emma E Fullington, Mrs D L Hunt.
Malden—E A Stevens and wife, Mrs C O Wilkins.
Boston Highlands—Mrs S W Keene.
Stoneham Mass—A W Rice.

NONANTUM HOUSE.

Malden—Arthur L Green.
Haverhill—Sara H Whitten.
Portsmouth—Asa Walker, K B Upham.

Cape Porpoise.

HUFF COTTAGE.

West Roxbury—Mrs M N Todd.
Roxbury—Mrs S H Gavett, Mrs S E Gavett, Mrs C S Blake, Miss Fannie Blake, Miss Mamie Blake.
Boston—Miss Addie Colleigh.

WHEELER & CLARK'S SHELL EMPORIUM

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

ISAAC C. ATKINSON,

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

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

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

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

FOURTH—That B. A. ATKINSON & CO. will sell a Chamber Set for \$20 and under or upward for Cash, or \$5 down and \$5 per month; a Range for \$15, \$4 down and the balance \$1 per month; a Parlor Suite for \$10, \$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.

LYMAN CHASE, M. D.,

Homoeopathic 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.

BICKFORD HOUSE.

Kennebunkport, MAINE.

J. W. BICKFORD, Proprietor.

A new house, elegantly furnished and supplied with all Modern Conveniences, and unequalled table.

Farragut in the Rigging.

Writing to the New York Tribune.

John A. Ehninger says: I have been much amused by observing in this morning's issue of the *Tribune* that the irrepressible question concerning the rigging of Admiral Farragut, to the rigging of the Hartford has again arisen. Phoenix like from its ashes. It would seem as if the testimony already adduced were amply sufficient to set at rest forever all doubts as to the authenticity of the tradition. And I am at a loss to explain why I yield to the impulse, which I have successfully resisted on previous occasions, "to put in my oar." Be that as it may, I have Admiral Farragut's own authority for the statement that on the occasion referred to he was lashed to the rigging. He did me the honor to give me several sittings for a picture of himself, which I have successfully resisted on previous occasions, "to put in my oar." Be that as it may, I have Admiral Farragut's own authority for the statement that on the occasion referred to he was lashed to the rigging. 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WEDNESDAY, AUG. 10, 1887.

Miniature Almanac.

Sun rises, 4:57.
Sun sets, 7:13.
Moon rises 10:38 p. m.

Tide Table.
HIGH WATER.

	MORN.	EVE.
Aug. 6.	12:15	1:15
" 7.	1:15	1:30
" 8.	1:45	2:00
" 9.	2:15	2:45
" 10.	3:00	3:15
" 11.	3:30	4:00
" 12.	4:30	5:00

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

Arrival and Departure of Mails.
MAILS CLOSE.

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

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

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.

B 8:00 a. m. B 3:45 p. m.

W 9:20 a. m. W 5:45 p. m.

E 10:40 a. m. E 6:30 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.

* East; B Both ways; W West.

Trains leave Grove Station 3 minutes different.

Kennebunk Beach, 3 minutes; Parsons, 5 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.

[Written for THE WAVE.]

I would not care if in the heat

Of life I passed away,

Dying as a wild-wood rose

From a summer day;

If I had hoped that from my life

Thus burst there would arise

A phoenix of myself that would

Soar fairly to the skies,

Then as my petals one by one

Fell off—to ashes turned—

To laugh and say, "Oh, child! for you

I've labored and I've learned;

I've for your worth, my worth refused,

Ambitions I have fled,

So that a phoenix dear might rise

More worthy than the dead.

—A. X.

Parties daily visit the "Old Falls" in

large numbers.

Senator Windham arrived at the

Bluff late last night.

Mr. Houdlette is sending out some

very fine group pictures.

The Forest Hill House has the jolliest

set of boarders at the beach.

Capt. Chick took a crowd of fifteen

out to York in the "Climax."

Nearly 100 messages a day are being

handled at the telegraph office.

The boarders of the Granite State

took a hay rack ride last night.

Prof Goodwin says Monday was the

best day he ever had with his boats.

The Parker House has a mail table

that is quite an exhibition of genius.

At the party last Saturday night at

Ore cottage, Miss Belle Huff took first

prize.

Mr. H. A. Siegrist, secretary of the

Bio Chemical Co., St. Louis, is at the

Bluff.

The children of Wentworth Beach

House took a trip to the "Old Falls"

Monday.

Hon. Geo. Fred Williams, the well

known Boston lawyer, is registered at

the Bluff.

Miss Lillie Fuller is entertaining a

party of her young friends at her cot-

tage at Kennebunk Beach. They are

composed of Miss Lucy Thompson,

Miss Kate Lord, Miss Carrie Webb,

Miss Carrie Perkins and Miss Mary

Thompson.

A small party of guests from Went-

worth's took a trip to the Isle of Shoals

and surrounding regions via. rail to

Portsmouth Monday. It was composed

Hon. William E. Blunt, postmaster of Haverhill and president of the Sea Shore Company, is in town.

The prospect is that there will be a large number of cottages built during the winter at Cape Arundel.

The bon fire in front of the Granite State Monday night came near causing that house to go up in smoke.

There are more people here than ever before in the history of the place—so say those who ought to know.

There will be a dramatic entertainment at Arundel Hall Friday evening. Tickets for sale at the Ocean Bluff.

There was a meeting of the trustees of the Episcopal chapel yesterday. Nothing of importance was transacted.

There was a dance at the Seaside House Saturday evening. The dining hall was cleared and a jolly good time had.

The errands "Ham" Littlefield does gratuitously for people in the course of a day are enough to drive a less cooler man crazy.

There was a social gathering at the Shiloh House, Cape Porpoise, last Saturday evening. Music, dancing, etc., filled the program.

Mr. E. A. Stevens and family of Malden, Mass., are at the Grove Hill. Mr. Stevens is connected with the Boston Stone Company.

The German intended for Monday night at the Granite State House has been postponed until to-night when a grand time may be expected.

It will be noticed that there has been a noticeable lack of arrivals at most of the houses for the last week. The reason is that everything is full.

Lost—On bathing beach a small diamond ring, of very little value except to the owner. Finder will be suitably rewarded by returning the same to this office.

There was a social gathering at the Parker House last Sunday evening. Miss Jessie Manning and others delighted the assembly by some superb music.

Miss Annie Peabody of Kennebunk Beach is one of the finest swimmers that enters the water. Her display of aquatic skill is daily watched by a great crowd.

Mr. Ralph Sawyer arrived at Kennebunk Beach Sunday for the month. The family are staying at the Stevens' cottage. Mr. Sawyer drove from Boston with his team.

Don't go home without looking at those white-wed souvenirs in E. C. Miller's show case. If you look at them you will be sure to buy, so take your pocket book with you.

Mr. Frank N. Perkins, long connected with the well known firm of Charles E. Moody & Co., Boston, is spending a two weeks' vacation at his cottage on North Main street.

Mr. C. I. Davis, of the firm L. Upham & Co., Pawtucket, R. I., is in town on a visit to his brother. His daughters, Miss Florence C. and Alice J. Davis, are accompanying him.

Mr. W. H. Pitman, the well known manufacturer of Laconia, N. H., and his horses are the center of attraction at the Granite State. Mr. Pitman is "one of the best fellows in the world."

The directors of the K. & K. branch held their annual meeting yesterday. Edward P. Burnham of Boston was elected president; M. C. Maling of Kennebunk, treasurer; E. E. Bourne, clerk.

Messrs. Hall & Littlefield can't begin to supply their patrons with teams. This firm keeps nothing but first class horses and carriages and are rewarded for so doing by having a wealthy class of customers.

The boot and shoe dealers of Biddeford and Saco took a trip to the Bluff Monday on their annual picnic. They had a regular sneezing good time and expressed many a regret on being compelled to return.

Mr. E. P. Fowler has a horse that it is safe to say cannot be excelled by any in this vicinity. He can speed a 2:50 clip right out on the road and brought Mr. Fowler and wife from Haverhill, 62 miles, in one day easy.

The following parties from Cambridge, Mass., are at Geo. W. Maling's house: C. P. Buckman, Miss Patience McFarland, Miss E. Costigan, Mrs. Mary H. Couch, Mrs. Emma Houlton, Miss Frankie Houlton, Miss Gracie W. Hall.

Miss Lillie Fuller is entertaining a party of her young friends at her cottage at Kennebunk Beach. They are composed of Miss Lucy Thompson, Miss Kate Lord, Miss Carrie Webb, Miss Carrie Perkins and Miss Mary Thompson.

A small party of guests from Wentworth's took a trip to the Isle of Shoals and surrounding regions via. rail to Portsmouth Monday. It was composed

of Mrs. S. N. Bell, Lottie James, Mary A. Blair, Mrs. A. C. Fongue and Mrs. Ketchuno.

If you want to get your express packages without unnecessary delay and paying thrice what you ought, patronize the Kennebunk, Kennebunkport & Boston Express. All their business is attended to by a special messenger making the round trip each day.

The tennis tournament is ended. In addition to the prize winners published last week the following took premiums: lady's single, Miss Annie Sawyer, one prize; Miss Pingree, two prizes; lady's double, the Misses Sawyer. Gentleman's double, Albert Lord and Charlie Lyon.

Mr. J. G. Roberts of Reading, Mass., wife and two children, are spending their vacation with Mr. George Emmons. Mr. Roberts is a brother of Mrs. Emmons. Mrs. Wm. Carter and young son, Frank Clifford Carter, are with them. Mrs. Carter is the wife of the well known conductor of that name.

The fine herd of Jerseys on the Grove Hill farm supply that popular hotel with milk, cream and butter in abundance and of the finest quality. It is rather comforting to the guests to know that they are eating the genuine article and not the product of swill-fed kine, as one is liable to get at the beach.

Mr. Harry Fenn, who is stepping at the Parker House sketching for *Harper's Weekly*, has obtained some very fine pictures of this vicinity. They will appear in an illustrated article on Kennebunkport, to be published in *Harper's Weekly* in about three weeks. It will be worth thousands of dollars to Kennebunkport.

The fair in aid of the chapel will be held at three o'clock this afternoon in Arundel Hall, as previously announced in THE WAVE. There will be a sale of fancy articles, ice cream, cake, lunch, etc. No one who has at heart the success of the work should fail to attend and contribute their mite toward making it a success.

The guests of the Ocean Bluff regret very much the departure of Miss Barbour, the charming little daughter of Mr. Geo. H. Barbour of Detroit, Mich., who while here was the constant partner of Judge Ogden, the well known card player. The Judge was in tears over her departure and has not yet regained his usual jolly mood. He still plays cards, however.

Mr. James Byron Lacroix, the popular news dealer of the Bluff, took a horse back ride yesterday for the benefit of his health. The beast didn't relish the idea of going by the stable without stopping for a bite of oats. James B. insisted that he should. Result, a little confusion. Mr. Lacroix is at present undecided whether he received any benefit from the ride or not.

There was a very enjoyable and highly successful band concert at the Eagle Rock House Monday evening. Moore's Military Band of Kennebunk, 25 pieces, furnished the music. This band is a very talented one and its players possess musical ability of a high order. Monday evening's concert was attended by a great crowd of people who were much pleased with the rendering of some of the most difficult selections.

Some people advertise in queer ways. Perhaps the most unique way is that adopted by Oren Hooper Son & Leighton, the great furniture dealers of Portland. They pay for a space in THE WAVE and only put in it "Reserved for Oren Hooper Son & Leighton, etc." The very name of the firm is a guarantee of square dealing. They are so well known as not to require any enumeration of their bargains as the public know very well that this firm always sell at the lowest price and warrant everything.

"Agency of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. Losses paid, over \$20,000,000." is the legend displayed over the store door of E. Cousens, esq. Mr. Cousens offers cottagers desirable opportunities to insure their property, representing as he does several of the strongest companies in the country; among which may be mentioned the Hartford, Quincy and Connecticut. The Quincy pays to policy holders a dividend of 60 per cent. on five year policies, 40 per cent. on three year policies and 20 per cent. on all others.

Mr. A. W. Rice, a well known periodical dealer of Stoneham, Mass., arrived at the Grove Hill with his team. He came near never reaching this place, getting lost as he did in the woods on the road from Wells here, and wandering for hours in the forest without finding an exit. He finally arrived about midnight. Mr. Rice attempted to follow the electric light on the tower which shone like a beacon light, but it went out at 10:30, leaving him lost again. We understand he

came down on the railroad track as far as the trestle work with his horse.

The first Progressive Euchre Party of the season was given last night by some of the young ladies of the Bickford House and sustained the well known reputation of that house for jollity by being a most decided success. The usual First prizes and Booby prizes for ladies and gentlemen were made by the young ladies getting up the affair and were unusually pretty and elaborate. The first prizes were won by Miss Carrie Howe and Mr. Brown and the booby prizes (not to be sneezed at) by Miss Mary Howe and Mr. Lucas. The following comprised the twenty ladies and gentlemen taking part: the Misses Mary and Carrie Howe, Stevens, Lily, Alice and Nellie Johnson, Simple of Louisville, Phipps and Brown of the Bickford House and Mrs. Lucas of Show Cliff Cottage, and the gentlemen were Messrs. Merrill, Gay, Brown of the Bickford House, Messrs. Gordon, Howe, Chas. Howe, Evans and Bacon of the Ocean Bluff, Alphens Stevens, Lucas and brother, of Show Cliff Cottage. After the distribution of prizes a very pretty supper was served by Mr. Bickford and the party was concluded by dancing. The tasty card, which was drawn by lot for partners, was kept as a souvenir. The decorations of the rooms in all the native flowers was quite a feature and reflected great credit on the committee having it in charge.

Winning a Wife in Singapore.

The damsel in Singapore is given a canoe and a double-bladed paddle and allowed a start of some distance. The sailor, similarly equipped, starts off in chase. If he succeeds in overtaking her she becomes his wife; if not, the match is broken off. It is seldom that objection is offered at the last moment and the race is generally a short one. The maiden's arms are strong, but her heart is soft and her nature is warm and she soon becomes a willing captive. If the marriage takes place where no stream is near, a round circle of a certain size is formed, the damsel is stripped of all but a waistband and given half the circle's start, and if she succeeds in running three times around before her sailor comes up with her she is entitled to remain a virgin; if not, she must consent to the bonds of matrimony. As in the other cases, but few outstrip their lovers—All the Year Round.

John E. Withers, George Bailey, and George Brunson of Henderson, Kentucky, are confident that they have discovered perpetual motion. They have invented an engine which they say will run until the machinery wears out, and they claim to have been offered \$50,000 for it.

Dom Pedro, of Brazil, has introduced a Semite professor in the Rio de Janeiro university, and he now proposes to have chairs established ranging over the languages, from the Cop- tie to the Bengalee.

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Furious Fight with a Mad Wolf.

Our Odessa correspondent writes: I saw this morning at the Odessa Bacteriological hospital five peasants just arrived from the district of Ismail, all of whom had been bitten by a mad wolf. Among them was one apparently possessed of considerable bodily strength. He told me that a few days ago, in the gray of the early morning, he was in his little farmyard, when something sprang on his back and off again. He turned instantly to find himself face to face with a large and angry-looking wolf, crouching to spring again. The animal's head and jaws were bespattered with foam. It was evidently rabid, and, although instantly apprehending this, the brave old man rushed upon his assailant, thrust his left hand into the animal's mouth and seized its tongue, while with his right hand he endeavored to strangle the brute. A terrible struggle followed. The wolf's fangs met through the man's hand and held it like a vise. After nearly ten minutes' struggle the chances were going against the old man, who was suffering excruciating torture from the mangled tendons of his left hand. He now threw himself bodily upon the wolf, still struggling desperately, and for the first time called for assistance. Several neighbors hurried to the spot and dispatched the wolf, whose jaws never relaxed, even in death. A file was brought and the wolf's lower jaw removed. The old man's left hand is in a dreadfully lacerated condition, but he is more or less torn all over the body. He informed me, with a smile, that it was the first time a sneaking dog of a wolf had proved a match for him, but he was not so young as he used to be, and had somehow lost his grip.—London Daily News.

Winning a Wife in Singapore.

The damsel in Singapore is given a canoe and a double-bladed paddle and allowed a start of some distance. The sailor, similarly equipped, starts off in chase. If he succeeds in overtaking her she becomes his wife; if not, the match is broken off. It is seldom that objection is offered at the last moment and the race is generally a short one. The maiden's arms are strong, but her heart is soft and her nature is warm and she soon becomes a willing captive. If the marriage takes place where no stream is near, a round circle of a certain size is formed, the damsel is stripped of all but a waistband and given half the circle's start, and if she succeeds in running three times around before her sailor comes up with her she is entitled to remain a virgin; if not, she must consent to

(Continued from first page.)

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

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

Up the beach a little is the well known Sea View House. This house always has a long season beginning early in June and not ending until far into September. Up the Kennebunk road from the beach is the new Eagle Rock House which is admitted to be one of the strongest built and most desirably located houses at the beach. Although this is its first year it is rapidly filling up and bids fair to have a most successful season. On up the road and situated about five minutes walk from the beach is the Beach House of Owen Wentworth. Mr. Wentworth began taking boarders in 1865 and his success since then speaks well for the care he must have given them.

But in this journey the tourist has skipped the finest fitted up hotel at the beach and one whose location is second to none. We refer to the Grove Hill House. Located about one eighth of a mile from the beach, on a high elevation, with beautiful sloping lawns and green terraces, the house stands out in bold relief. Steam elevator, electric lights, a mineral spring and every modern convenience for the comfort of the guests is destined to make the Grove Hill House stand second to none on the coast. When the visitor has been these rounds he has by no means seen all there is to be seen at Kennebunkport and Kennebunk beach.

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

HOTEL DIRECTORY.

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

Norton House, directly across the bridge to the left.

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

Whiton House, cross bridge, first street to right, then first to left, on Union street.

Nonantum House, first street (Water) to right after crossing bridge.

Highland House, on Water street, nearly opposite Nonantum House.

Glen House, near end of Water street at Cape Arundel.

Riverside House, on Water street at Cape Arundel.

Arundel House, opp. Water street at Cape Arundel.

Cliff House, at Cape Arundel, near the Bluff.

Bickford House, at Cape Arundel, near the Bluff.

Ocean Bluff Hotel, at Cape Arundel, i. e. over bridge, down Water street.

Sea Side House, on Gooch's Beach, across the river from the Bluff.

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

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

Sea View House, on the road running along Kennebunk Beach where it begins to run inland.

Eagle Rock House, up the Kennebunk road from the Beach.

Wentworth's Beach House, just past the Eagle Rock House toward Kennebunk Beach R. R. Station.

Grove Hill House, to the left from Grove Station.

Forest Hill House, on the road to Gooch's Beach.

HIS WIFE'S PRESENT.

I was just setting out on my daily round of professional visits, when a note was handed to me from my friend, Dr. Ware.

He was to be unavoidably absent for two days, during which time I had agreed to look after his patients, in addition to my own.

This note, hastily written in the moment of departure, requested me to call and see the person mentioned in the second note which he enclosed.

This last was signed "A Lady," and was written in a remarkably neat and elegant hand, on cream-tinted paper.

It was simply a request that Dr. Ware would be kind enough to call and see a poor woman, Mrs. Gorse, living at the cottage, No. 12, on the left of the school-house on Grove-road.

And as my way this morning lay in that direction, I concluded to at once comply with the doctor's request. He and I had been fellow-students and close friends, and made a point of accommodating each other in professional matters of this kind.

I found No. 12, a neat little cottage, smothered in woodbine and morning-glory, and with a garden in the rear, well supplied with common vegetables and flowers. Certainly, though humble, there was no sign of poverty about it.

On knocking and obeying the request to "Come in" I found the owner of the place—a sharp-eyed little old woman of perhaps sixty—seated alone beside a small fire and suffering with rheumatism.

She had been "taken," she said, since her daughter had been called away, about a week ago, on some business matter.

She was now every day expecting her return, but meanwhile had no help or attendance, except when a neighbor would occasionally drop in. She had never applied to a physician, considering that she could not afford it, but depended on "herbs and such like," though having no objection to receiving doctors' attendance gratis.

A young lady had come to her house the day before for shelter from the rain, and had promised to send a doctor, and she supposed that I was he.

So, after making some inquiries, writing a prescription, and informing her where she could obtain the medicine "free," I rose to leave, when my attention was attracted by a curious-looking object on a table near the window.

It was a dark and very dirty metal bowl, or vase, of peculiar shape and design, supported on a sort of tripod formed of three griffins, whose fore-claws formed the feet of the tripod.

On examination I discovered the metal to be bronze, and that the vessel, whatever it had been intended for, was apparently very old, and had seen rough usage, though still in a good state of preservation.

At once I was aroused into interest; for, as it known that I had what my wife called a "mania" for old and curious objects, and had already a good cabinet collection at home.

In answer to my inquiries, Mrs. Gorse said that the "bowl," as she called it, had belonged to her mother, who left it with "other rubbish" in a closet, until she herself brought it out, thinking it would do to hold water for the chickens.

On my inquiring what she would take for it, she hesitated.

"There's a young lady as wants to buy it," she said, "and I sort of greed to let her have it."

Then looking shrewdly at me from out of her sharp, black eyes she added: "How much 'ud you give for it?"

"If you have promised to let the lady have it," I replied, "you can hardly feel yourself at liberty to dispose of it to another person."

"Well, you see, it ain't a downright bargain. The thing ain't sold yet, because she didn't have the money along with her. She said she'd come back and get it, but she ain't kep' her word. I calculate I kin sell it to anybody I like. What'll yer give for it?"

"Was this the same lady who came here yesterday?"

She evidently did not relish the close questioning, and replied reluctantly: "Yes, 'twas her. I don't hardly ever expect to see her ag'in. She said she'd give me a good price. What will you give now?"

Somewhat disgusted with her ingratitude and unwilling to take advantage of the lady in depriving her of her bargain, I declined to purchase.

So, promising to call again, I left the cottage, though not without a wistful backward glance at the bronze vase.

Two days after this, Dr. Ware returned, and immediately called at my office. I gave him a favorable account of his patients, and mentioned the case of Mrs. Gorse, when he said:

"By the way, Stanton, have you any idea who the lady was who left that note for me? I happened to be at the office window when she stopped in passing, and dropped the note in my letter-box. Her face has haunted me ever since—a pale, high-bred face, remarkably sweet and spiritual. And she had lovely auburn hair—real auburn—and a perfect figure. I'd give something to know who she is."

"So your time has come at last, has it? Well, for your sake, I shall make it my business to find out who your unknown beauty is. Mrs. Gorse may know, though I did not think of inquiring of her."

On the following day I paid a visit to Mrs. Gorse, and took occasion to make some inquiry concerning the lady; but she knew nothing about her—not even her name.

"She was here an hour ago," she added—"she and another lady—and paid for that chicken-trough—so it's hers, now. She gave a good price for it, but you might 'a' had it cheaper, seein' you're the doctor. Sarah's scrubbin' it up now," nodding toward the open door, outside of which a stout young woman was vigorously rubbing away at something.

This was Mrs. Gorse's daughter, whom I was glad to find had returned home.

"So the lady has not yet taken away her purchase?" I ventured.

"Not yet, but it's paid for, all the same. She was in a hurry, as she was a-goin' funder up the road, but she said she'd call for it in an hour, coming back. And I declare, there's the kerriage now, stoppin' at the gate! Run, Sarah—run, and give the thing to the lady."

Sarah went, wrapping the bronze in a newspaper as she went.

I rose from my chair with assumed deliberation, to take my hat and whip from the table, but was only barely in time to see a lovely face, crowned with golden auburn hair, as its owner leaned forward to receive the parcel.

Then the light carriage drove on, and I felt myself baffled, for the face was entirely unknown to me.

Ware was just entering the office as I passed, and I told him of my ill-success regarding the lady.

Then we spoke of some professional matters, and, at my request, he promised to come round to my office, after tea, for a further discussion and a game of chess.

At home my little wife was awaiting me, looking as sweet and as fresh as a rose, and a light lawn-vest and pale blue ribbons. Her eyes were brighter than usual, and she seemed a little excited.

"Tea isn't ready yet," she said radiantly. "I'm expecting some friends to spend the evening. But," linking her arm in mine, and leading me off to the parlor, "I want to show you something before they come—something that I have got as a present for you."

Then she carefully removed an embroidered tidy from a small stand, and there I saw, lying before my astonished eyes, the very identical bronze vase that I had so much admired and coveted.

"My dear, where did you get this vase?"

"There! I know you would be delighted!"

And straightway she proceeded to give me a minute account of how she had one day been caught in the rain, and sought shelter in the cottage of a poor sick woman, where she found this treasure of bric-a-brac art, which, the moment she beheld, she resolved to obtain for me.

"But I thought the old woman sold it to a young lady—"

"Well, you do not call me old, do you, at twenty-one?" said my wife, in an injured tone.

"Certainly not; but this lady had auburn hair."

"Oh, you mean Nellie Vaden. But," opening her eyes, "how in the world came you to know anything about it?"

"Why, this lady, it appears—this lady with the auburn hair—wrote to Dr. Ware to go out and see the old woman at No. 12, Grove-road, and he sent me in his place."

"He did, did he?" said my wife, indignantly. "Just like a man, to go and do the very thing he wasn't wanted to do. Why, I would have sent you there myself, only I didn't wish you to see the treasure, intending it as a surprise. So I got Nellie to write to the Doctor. You see, he knows my handwriting, and might have mentioned it to you. And this evening Nellie and I rode out to see the Alameda, and on the way stopped and got the bronze dish, or vase, or whatever it is."

"Oh, I said, feeling enlightened as I realized that it was only by a chance that I had missed seeing my wife's face in the phaeton. And so it was you, after all, who were the purchaser of this valuable bronze—and you bought it for me?"

And then there was a little tableau which would not interest the reader.

"But," I said presently, "I should like to meet this old school-friend of yours—Miss Nellie Vaden."

"Well, you'll see her presently. It is she and her sister, Mrs. Yates, that I'm expecting to tea. You know she has only been in town one week, and so busy shopping! I've helped her to get all her things, and when you see her in them you'll admire her so!"

"How is it that she has not married? You say she is your own age."

"Oh, she declares that she is waiting for the right man! And, Gus—with a shrewd eager look—"do you know what I've been thinking that she and Dr. Ware would suit each other? I pointed him out to her yesterday, and she thought him so handsome and manly-looking! Of course we will introduce them!"

"Of course! And, by-the-by, he will be here this evening."

"How lucky! Won't they make a splendid couple?"

"I think they will."

All this was six months ago. And now, as we see Dr. Ware and his bride walk past, my wife says enthusiastically:

"Don't they make a splendid couple? And to think that that bronze incense vase was the means of bringing them together!"

For I have made the interesting discovery that Mrs. Gorse's "chicken-trough" was originally a tripod-dish, such as was used in England centuries ago for perfuming the houses of the nobility. But how it came to be an heirloom in her family remains a mystery.

Mrs. Cleveland gets almost as many letters as the President. Most of them are from persons of her own sex, and contain advice and suggestions on every subject under the sun. Mrs. Cleveland does not reply to letters any more. She did, in the early days of her marriage, answer several, but they were immediately given to the press, and so she stopped. She says many of her letters just now are from temperance women, containing warnings against the use of wine, but as she seldom tastes anything but water, she scarcely considers that advice necessary. She says she ought to make a good housekeeper, as a large proportion of her volunteer correspondents tell her how the White House should be managed.

MORELIA.

A Description of the Capital of Michoacan.

Morelia, the present capital of the State of Michoacan, is a city of 150,000 inhabitants, bright, cheerful, well built, surrounded by a lovely hilly country, and at an elevation of about fifty-five hundred feet. I am conscious that I am open to the charge of enthusiasm in general expressions of admiration for this charming and interesting city, and I have hardly space in this paper for details to make good my partiality. It is unnecessary to go elsewhere for a more delicious climate than we found there in the month of March. The charm of the air is indescribable—so fresh, so balmy, so full of life—days of strong, genial sun, nights of mild serenity, so dry and temperate that we sat in the public square at midnight without need of a wrap. . . .

I shall speak of some of the peculiar features of the place without any attempt at exhaustive or systematic description. The hotel accommodation is inadequate, and the restaurant frequented by strangers in third class.

The new hotel, slowly rising room by room, on the plaza, promises to change all this. The cathedral, the towers and great domes, and although of the Spanish composite order of architecture, is a noble building, the finest in Mexico. In full moonlight, or in the rosy light of sunset, it is wonderfully beautiful. In the large tower hangs the monster bell, which is rarely sounded, but there are many others of moderate size which are continually chiming. All these bells, and indeed nearly all the bells in the republic, are remarkable for sweetness and softness of tone. It is very rarely that one hears a harsh bell. They are exceedingly melodious and pleasing. It is sometimes explained that is due to the mixture of silver in the bell-metal, and that the new bells are cast from old metal. I believe that the chief reason why the Mexican bells are so much more musical than ours is that the Mexican bells are artistically made, shaped with reference to tone, thin at the edge, each one a work of art intelligently manipulated, not mechanically cast without reference to the sound it shall produce. The great bell is struck with a clapper, and not swung. There would be much less objection to the use of church bells in the United States—the harsh and barbarous jangle which shocks the Sunday stillness—if our bells had any of the musical quality of the Mexican. The houses of Morelia are generally plain and mostly of one story, but in the principal streets and about the plaza are many buildings of fine proportions and simple, noble facades, with elegant carvings in low relief. Even the new buildings in light cream-colored stone preserve the old elegance, the architects being as yet untouched by the modern craze for monstrous roofs, oddity, and over-ornamentation.

At the end of the main street begins the Calzada—literally, the "shade-place." Here, on and near an open square, are the bath-houses—cheap swimming tanks for the populace—and the decorated courts and apartments for the more wealthy. Not far off is a most humane institution—a hospital for the poor, where the sick are entered by an inclined plane, where the horses are taken and enjoy a refreshing swim. The Calzada is half a mile of large ash-trees arched over a wide, paved trottoir, with a continuous row of high-backed stone benches on each side. It is a famous place for promenading in the late afternoon. The drive runs on each side, flanked by a row of low, plain residences with pretty courts and flower-gardens. Upon some of the walls we saw the gorgeous paintings (or Bourguilla) vine, the terminal leaf like a flower—some red and others purple.

The stroller, who is detained by the pleasantness of this shaded Calzada, is surprised to find at the end of it new wonders—an open, tree-planted space; in front of him a picturesque old convent church with quaint towers and to the right the great arches of aqueducts and entrancing vistas of forest and mountains. As he advances step by step and the view opens his wonder increases. The place is unique, bewildering. The charm of the party-colored church is increased by rows of ancient cedars in front, which all lean slanting across its facade, as if swept by a strong wind. Some say that an earthquake gave these venerable trees this cant. To the right, paths lead under the arches of the aqueduct to the Alameda. The aqueduct, reminding one of the noble structures that stride across the Roman Campagna, comes in from the mountains, and skirts the Alameda, while a branch at a sharp angle runs toward the town. Thus a series of noble interlacing arches is presented to the eye as one approaches from the Calzada, and the view through these is so novel and beautiful that the spectator is literally spell-bound with delight. The glimpse of forests and purple hills through the arches is lovely, and the perspective of the giant aqueduct across the plain to the mountains is noble.

Passing under the arches, we enter the Alameda, which is unlike any other in the world. It is at once a forest and a tangled garden, once trim and well kept, now more beautiful than ever in its neglected luxuriance and reminiscence of former order. It has the charm of some old garden of a once magnificent estate. The grounds are a couple of miles in circumference, circled by a charming drive. The original plan seems to have been paths like the spokes of a wheel from a "round" in the center, but outside this round there are other centres, and intersecting walks, offering in every direction a most charming vistas, through arching trees and vines and allees of flowers and tropical foliage. Although this park is public ground, individuals have obtained the privilege of living here and cultivating vegetable gardens and flowers, and here

and there the wanderer comes across a half-ruined cottage hidden in the rampant vegetation, surrounded by hedges of roses, acres of sweet-peas, acres of carnations, a wilderness of scent and bloom—crumbling monuments, circular seats of stone about the ruins of a fountain pretty arbors, grass-grown paths—all formality lost in the neglect of man and the kindly luxuriance of nature. Such glorious foliage, such an inspiring, sparkling air, such a tender blue in the sky! I thought at the time that I had seen nothing of the kind lovelier in the world. And the whole scene is touched with the pathos of neglect and decay.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine.

Boxing the Ears.

Boxing the ears is a too common form of punishment practised by irritable and ignorant persons, and it is almost always done in fits of sudden anger. I say done by irritable and ignorant persons because it seems to me that no person of any information on the subject would allow their passion to get the better of their judgment in such a matter. The drum of the ear is of paper-like thinness; it may and has been in numbers of cases, ruptured by a single slap on the side of the head, incurable deafness resulting. Says an eminent physician: "All strokes on the head of children with an angry hand are brutal and criminal." In the same connection he adds that "a generous, wise, and humane parent should allow a night to intervene between the commission of the fault on the part of a child and any decided punishment. The wisest thief should be allowed time, lest the law should be vindictive and wrathful. And shall a man or woman punish an unresisting child with angry inconsideration, with unreasoning wrath in the heart? It is monstrous.—Toronto Triak.

John Adams at Home.

The venerable historian George Bancroft contributes to the *Century* some personal reminiscences which are accompanied by full-page portraits of John Adams and Oliver Ellsworth. We quote as follows concerning his visit in 1810 to the second President of the United States: "We arrived early in the afternoon. The venerable ex-President received us cordially in the parlor of his homestead at Quincy; and so did the wife of his youth, the accomplished woman now known to the world by the publication of two volumes of her own letters, and two more of letters which she received from her husband. Several younger persons, seemingly their grandchildren, came in and went out as occasion served, and it was plain that the aged man was thoroughly well ministered to by youthful attendants whose whole demeanor was marked by reverence and affection. A more respectable or a more lovely family group, of which the head is an octogenarian, can hardly be conceived of.

"Presently the tea-table was spread in the middle of the room, and my friend and I sat down with the family. It was indeed a great privilege for one just out of college to sit at table with the venerated man, and whose colossal courage and inspiring eloquence the men of the Congress of 1776, who had not the gift of speaking in public, confidently sheltered themselves. He did not look younger than the record of his birth indicated, but he was hale and vigorous; and as I sat near him I could not but notice that he carried his full cup of tea to his lips as safely as anyone around him, without spilling a drop from tremor. The table was spread with the neatness and simplicity that prevailed at that day in New England homes. Could a foreigner have looked in and seen the second President of the United States at his sufficient but simple and unostentatious meal, the central figure in the group of his own family, it must have been confessed that his manner of life presented a perfect pattern for a republican chief magistrate in retirement.

Cut off the Widow's Nose.

This story is from the current *Murray's Magazine*. There was a very beautiful Mohammedan widow at Tangier who led a dissolute life. Fatmah, the pasha's son, was a constant visitor at her house. Benaboo had repeatedly warned his son to discontinue his visits. He summoned also the widow, and after censuring her misconduct, he told her that if she again admitted his son into her house he would mar her beauty, which was the cause of his son's disgraceful conduct. Some weeks afterward Benaboo was informed that Fatmah had again visited the house of the widow. He was arrested and imprisoned, and the widow was brought before the pasha. "You have not," said the pasha, "kept your promise to me or heeded my warning. Your beauty has brought disgrace upon my son and myself." Turning to the guards who attended in the "meshwa," or hall of judgment, he said: "Bring me a barber." The barber was brought. "Cut off," said Benaboo, "below the cartilage the tip of this woman's nose." The barber trembled, begging that the operation might not be performed by him. "It shall be as you wish," replied the pasha, "but then your nose shall be taken off also for disobedience." The barber obeyed, and the tip of the nose of the pretty widow was cut off. "Go," said the pasha to her, "you will now be able to live a better life. May Allah forgive you, as I do, your past sins!"

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.

Ocean Bluff

HOTEL!

CAPE ARUNDEL,

KENNEBUNKPORT,

MAINE.



THE

"CARLETON,"

Jacksonville,

Florida.

Stimpson

&

Devnell,

PROPRIETORS.