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KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE. AUGUST 3, 1887.

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The Wave

Is 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

BARGAINS

— IN —

Beach Clothing,
Hats and
Furnishings.

The Latest, Nobbiest and Best
Tourists' Goods.

Kennebunkport, Me.

MRS. S. H. WHITON,
Formerly of 411 Tremont St., Boston, has
opened a house on Union St., where she will
be pleased to welcome her former patrons and
those wishing pleasant rooms and excellent
table board.

HUFF & EATON,
DEALERS IN

Meats, Vegetables, Canned Goods,
etc., etc., etc.

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

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.

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 patronage
they have given the house in the past, I hope
by setting a good table to please the inside, and by
gentlemanly treatment on the outside, to receive
a share of patronage.

S. BROWN,

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

CIRCULATING LIBRARY

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

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

**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.

PARKER HOUSE,



KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.,

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.



\$20 Light Colored Overcoats for \$15.00
Nice All Wool Light Colored
Homespun Suits for 10.00
\$16.50 Genuine Sawyer Suits for 12.50
Boys' \$2.50 Blouses for 2.00
200 \$15 All Wool Suits for 10.00

I have just put in stock 100 doz. 65c.
Unlaundered Shirts, which will be sold
for 36c., and 50 doz. \$1.00 Laundered
Shirts for 50 cents. These are without
doubt the BEST bargains ever offered
in Portland. Call and examine.

\$15.00 All Wool Double Breasted
Indigo Blue Suits with detach-
able Buttons for \$9.00
Single Breasted. 8.50
A genuine bargain.
200 pairs of \$4.00 and \$4.50 All
Wool Sawyer pants at 3.25

If you purchase Clothing or Gents'
Furnishing Goods without first visiting
our store, you will make a mistake.
We are bound to lead in low prices.

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

RIVERSIDE HOUSE!

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

GEORGE GOOCH, Proprietor,
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.

GROCERIES!

AND

PROVISIONS

AT

A. T. WHITAKER'S,

Kennebunk Village, Main St.

ST. JULIAN HOTEL, WHERE TO GO!



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.

M. T. MULHALL,

SIGN PAINTER,

29 Temple St., Portland

Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

HEARN!

— OF —

514 Congress St.,

Portland, Me.,

Is generally acknowledged to be the

LEADING

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER

OF

MAINE.

Prices Reasonable.

MOUSAM HOUSE!

W. S. SAWYER & CO., Proprietors

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

KENNEBUNK, MAINE.

-Rockingham House,-

251 Main St., Biddeford, Me.

W. R. HILL, PROPRIETOR.

Special attention given to catering for private
parties. Ice Cream, Salads, Oysters, and Supper.
Turned out to order. Everything first-class and
supplied at short notice.

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
own. 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
in 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
Sickford 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.)

CLARK'S GREAT SALE

— OF —

CLOTHING!

and Gents' Furnishing Goods!

100 doz. 20c. Seamless Hose at 11c.	100 doz. more of 25c. Braces for 10c.
10c. Handkerchiefs for 6c.	100 doz. 4-ply Linen Collars at 10c. each; 3 for 25c.
Zylonite Collars only 15 cents to close.	Linen Cuffs, 6 pairs for 75c.
Celluloid Collars and Cuffs always in stock.	These are all bargains.
We have closed out a manufacturer's stock of Black Alpaca Coats, which we shall sell very low; also 200 Sec- sacker Coats and Vests usually sold for \$2.25, our price \$1.50 for Coat and Vest. \$1.00 Petersburg Shirts for 75c. \$1.25 Hathaway Shirts for 95c.	We have some splendid bargains in Flannel Shirts, and a fine assortment.
Opp. Preble House is the place to go to.	Be sure to visit 482 Congress Street when in want of Gents' Furnishings.

IRA F. CLARK IRA F. CLARK IRA F. CLARK IRA F. CLARK

The Wave.

A Prosperous Season.

The season here was never better than this year. Every Hotel on both sides the Kennebunk river are filled to overflowing with a few exceptions. Those exceptions are few indeed and will fill up early next week. We may look for a very gay month in the August that is coming, in fact already here. With the many attractions that this vicinity possesses cannot fail to make the guests stay enjoyable and at their departure they will only regret that they cannot stay longer.

Why We Don't!

We have been asked why THE WAVE did not publish the particulars regarding the unfortunate abortion case that some of the Biddeford papers devote so much space to and which so directly concerns several Kennebunkport parties. In reply all we can say is that THE WAVE intends to be decent.

It does not propose to cater to those of morbid and degrading tastes, nor does it intend to publish anything that the hundreds of intelligent and cultivated ladies, who weekly read it, cannot look upon without blushing. The publication of the ghastly details of this affair, beginning in sin and ending in death, can benefit no one save those to whom scandal is food and drink, yes, even literature, and we have therefore decided not to disgrace the fair name of this paper by publishing these.

Hotel Arrivals.

PARKER HOUSE.

NEWTON MASS—
Wm J Clark
NEW YORK—
J E Wooster
ELIZABETH N Y—
Henry Kiggins and wife
Fannie J Kiggins
L S Kiggins
Bessie W Kiggins
Willie P Kiggins
WASHINGTON D C—
Mrs J P Pearson
BOSTON—
Frank W Hunt and wife
Master Merrill Hunt and maid
WESTBORO MASS—
W E Fobes
PORTLAND—
Harris B Coe
BOSTON—
W E Tamara
G Douglass
Mrs L A Smith
Miss Carrie E Walker
E C Candall
NEWTON MASS—
H H Cutler
ROXBURY—
Edward P Burnham
QUINCY—
Henry M Faxon
BALTIMORE—
E Pratt Hyde
PORTLAND—
H F Goding
BOSTON—
J W Austin and wife
Master Howard Austin
H Waterman Jr
PORTLAND—
H J Libby and daughter
NEW YORK—
Harry Fenn
CAMBRIDGE—
Charles H Spencer and wife
Miss Mabel L Spencer
BOSTON—
M B Thomson
M T Lloyd
N A Lloyd
N M Lloyd
NEW YORK—
A Walker Otis and family

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.

BOSTON—
Mrs Jones
T Morris
SWANTON PA—
Geo H Batlin and wife
BROOKLYN—
Miss S M Glover
Miss F Starr
HAVERHILL—
Miss L M Moore
GERMANTOWN PA—
Bradford Ritter
WILMINGTON DEL—
H M Grant
RANDOLPH MASS—
J W Pratt and wife
Miss Mary E Pratt
WHITFORD PA—
Wm L Bull
BOSTON—
H W Savage
C L Perrin and servant
W B McClellan
HAVERHILL MASS—
D B Vickery and wife
PHILADELPHIA—
E Dumbler Lockwood
HAVERHILL—
W H Floyd

CH H Fellows
C W Morse and wife
CHICAGO—
A H H Perkins
MANCHESTER—
Fred H Page and wife
YORK—
Hugh Whitney
C B Denny
BOSTON—
W B H Dower
BROOKLYN—
Jos R Taylor
Mrs I L Taylor
Miss A M Fellows
Mrs H E Ide
Mrs E W Gladwin
SALEM—
L C Butnam
BOSTON—
Mrs L F Morse
Miss Annie Morse
Miss Nellie Came
WATERBURY CONN—
H M Acherson
PHILADELPHIA—
Mrs W H Larnad
Bessie Hasford
Miss Hasford
NEW YORK—
I E Gay
LONGWOOD—
Mrs C E Hamblin
Miss Nellie Hamblin
NEW YORK—
W B Aldre
SCRANTON PA—
J P Hosie and wife
Mrs S B Price
NEW YORK—
Mrs C T Dillingham
Master Lee Dillingham
BROOKLYN—
Mrs K A Donaldson
BOSTON—
B F Smith
WENTWORTH BEACH HOUSE.
BOSTON—
A Talbot
N B Goodnow
LIOLE N Y—
Miss Fanny O Jones
BELMONT MASS—
Mrs W H Goodridge
Geo A Goodridge
Lillie R Goodridge
CHESUT HILL MASS—
Mrs Donaldson
Mrs H G Tucker
Donald Tucker
WORCESTER MASS—
C W Chamberlin
Mrs C W Chamberlin
Anna E Thayer
Nellie K Richards
SEA VIEW HOUSE.
MALDEN MASS—
J H Bradley and wife
J E Stevens
CHARLESTOWN MASS—
A J Harris
HARTFORD CT—
Sam'l L Crane and wife
Francis B Crane
Miss L Anna Chesbrough
Mrs L D Smith
WINSTED CONN—
Hattie E Skinner
John M Mix
BRADFORD MASS—
C Arthur Peabody
BOSTON—
A N Howe
WINDSOR CT—
Miss F J Wright
SPRINGFIELD MASS—
Miss S E Danks
DANVERS MASS—
BS Andrews and wife
MALDEN MASS—
D H Bradley
MEREDITH N H—
Sam'l Hodgkin and wife
BOSTON—
Theodore A Gore and family
Henry Clark and family
GROVE HILL HOUSE.
BOSTON—
E F Draper
C W Ower
Miss May Danforth
DES MOINES IA—
D M Twiss
Mrs R B Twiss
CLEVELAND O—
Mrs W F Johnson
Miss Nellie L Holt
BIDDEFORD—
Geo H Piper and lady
C H Stuart
EXETER N H—
Albion Burbank and wife
Harry T Burbank
STONHAM—
Mrs W Beard
Lizzie W Clark
M Theodore Clark
J L Stone
BOSTON—
Carrie N Draper
CAMBRIDGE—
Miss C J Southard
BOSTON—
Mrs E A Southard
Miss L M Southard

BASS ROCK HOUSE.

BOSTON—
Wm J Pingree
Mrs Wm Pingree
Miss Lillian Pingree
Miss Augusta G Farnsworth
SOUTHBRIDGE—
Henry G Cady
Nettie L Cady
DES MOINES IA—
D M Twiss
Mrs R B Twiss and child
CLEVELAND O—
Mrs W F Johnson
SEASIDE HOUSE.
WATERVILLE N Y—
Miss Ida Hubbard
Miss Hattie Hubbard
NEWTON—
Mr and Mrs Holmes
Miss May Holmes
WALTHAM—
Mr Alcott
BIDDEFORD—
Mr Joseph Gooch and wife
BROOKLYN—
Mr A L Walker and family
DOVER N H—
Rev F A Dillingham and family
BICKFORD HOUSE.
BOSTON—
C W Shaw
HYDE PARK MASS—
G Fred Gridley
BOSTON—
Arther G Noble
GLEN HOUSE.
FLUSHING N Y—
Miss Gilman
ARUNDEL HOUSE.
BROOKLYN MASS—
Mr Chas Scudder and wife
Miss Scudder
WEST NEWTON—
Mr Henry D Sizer and family
WEST ROXBURY—
Miss Elizabeth Brown
NEW BEDFORD—
Miss Cummings
CLIFF HOUSE.
BOSTON—
Miss Minnie Johnson
METHUEN MASS—
Miss Bessie Homes
CAMBRIDGE MASS—
Mrs J H Henshaw
Miss Henshaw
BOSTON—
Jas A Cummings
PHILADELPHIA—
Rev Stuart Stone and family
SAUGERTIE N Y—
Mr Sheffield and family
NEW YORK—
Mrs Chas W Griswald and three nieces
NONANTUM HOUSE.
HAVERHILL—
W E Horr
RIVERSIDE HOUSE.
BOSTON—
Mr Geo E Tebbetts
Mr Geo A Sprague
BROOKLYN, N Y—
Mr J A Whetmore
EAST SOMERVILLE—
Mr and Mrs Alfred Wessells
Mr and Mrs Andrew Wessells and child
Mr Wm A Wessells
Misses Nettie and Eva Wessells
Master Benj Wessells
MILFORD, N H—
Mr Wm A Emerson
COVE COTTAGE.
HAVERHILL—
Willard P Webster
S W Johnson and wife
WEST NEWTON—
T A Easterbrook
MALDEN MASS—
Mrs R M Sale and daughter Agnes
Mrs Mabel Hawley
BUFFALO N Y—
Emma L Smith
Emeline B Jenkins
FOREST HILL HOUSE.
STONEHAM, MASS—
Mrs May E Perry
Miss Edith Perry
ANDOVER MASS—
Mr Frank A Sawyer
Mrs Jennie Sawyer
Master Albert E Sawyer
BOSTON—
Mr TADecker wife and two children
LAWRENCE—
Mr Henry W Emmons wife and son
EAST BOSTON—
Miss Alice S Berry
PORTSMOUTH—
Mr J C Coulon
GRANITE STATE HOUSE.
BOSTON—
W S Macomber
DOVER N H—
D W Littlefield and wife
CAMBRIDGE MASS—
Mrs J L Fand and son
MANCHESTER N H—
D A Plummer and wife
John A Plummer

SALEM MASS—
Anna T Peabody
Nettie Atherton Peabody
BOSTON—
Mrs C B Appleton
Miss F W Kingsbury
Miss M L Kingsbury
NORTON HOUSE.
PROVIDENCE—
C D Tracy
BOSTON—
W B Messenger
Twenty transients.
EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.
JERSEY CITY—
Jule Deck Littlefield
BOSTON—
I P Coddington
OMAHA—
A P Tucker and two children
WINDHAM—
Abby L Tukey and Nephew
PORTLAND ORE—
O S Tukey

Newmarket Party.
The guests of Grove Hill Hotel and those of neighboring houses sat down last night to a very pleasant game of cards. It was a genuine old-fashioned newmarket party.

Arrangements had been made to publish the lot of prize winners in this issue of THE WAVE but owing to some mistake they were not furnished in time but will appear next Saturday.

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.

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.

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 accomodation of parties. Parties transported to adjoining towns day or night.

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.

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

C. TROTT,
BOATS TO LET!
Safe, Easy-Rowing, Light and also Steady Boats. Also Canoes to Let.
Wharf near E. Cousens' Store.

- 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.

JAMES B. LaCROIX, BOOKSELLER,

Ocean Bluff Hotel, Cape Arundel, Me.
Orders received for Books of all descriptions. Views of Ocean Bluff, Cape Arundel and Vicinity, on sale.



Mrs. John P. Moulton.

SACO, Me. Aug. 20, 1888.
My wife suffered terribly from rheumatism and neuralgia for 16 years; was prostrated most of the time; each acute attack being severe. At last, 15 months ago, she took to her bed remaining there for over a year. Suffering tortures 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 enormous doses had no effect whatever. Finally she commenced to take Dr. Cobb's Rheumatic 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 application 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.

Whitewood Souvenirs.

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

E. C. Miller's, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,

Brown's Block, Kennebunkport, Me.

NONANTUM HOUSE,

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

AT NORTON'S

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

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.

WEDNE

Mi
Sun rises, 4
Sun sets, 7:
Moon rises

Full Moon J
Last Quarter
New Moon
First Quarter

July 30,
" 31,
Aug. 1,
" 2,
" 3,
" 4,
" 5,
Low water s
very case.

Arrival and

M
For Boston at
10:30 A. M., 3:
For points th
For all points
For Kennebun
For Cape Por
MA
From the West
From the l
From Kennebun
From Cape Por

STAGI Ocean

For Boston at 7:30 p. m. For Pt
at 1:00 and 5:15 p
BALL &

When You C
TRAINS LEAV
E 6:45 a. m.
B 8:00 a. m.
W 9:20 a. m.
E 10:30 a. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE
W 7:55 a. m.
W 9:12 a. m.
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WEDNESDAY, AUG. 3, 1887.

Miniature Almanac.

Sun rises, 4:49.
Sun sets, 7:22.
Moon rises 7:23 p. m.

Full Moon July 5.
Last Quarter July 13.
New Moon July 20.
First Quarter July 27.

Tide Table.

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

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, 11, A. M., 3:45, 6:20, P. M.
For points this side of Boston, 9, A. M., 1:30.
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 10:15 p. m.
For Portland at 6:15, 7:30, 10:00, A. M., and 5:15 p. m.
HALL & LITTLEFIELD, Proprietors.

When You Can Catch the Train!

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

TRAINS ARRIVE AT KENNEBUNKPORT.
W 7:35 a. m. E 2:00 p. m.
W 9:15 a. m. B 4:45 p. m.
E 10:35 a. m. E 6:25 p. m.
W 11:40 a. m. W 7:20 p. m.
E 9:21 p. m.

At East; B Both ways; W West.
Trains leave Grove Station 3 minutes different; Kennebunk Beach, 5 minutes; Parsons, 10 minutes; Kennebunk, 15 minutes than from Kennebunkport.

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

Wavelets.

The Bass Rock will be full this week.
Judge Tapley of Saco was in town today.

Day-rack ride was enjoyed by the
Cove Cottage last night.

Arundel House is obliged to
the annex so crowded is it with
guests.

The wife and son of Chas. T. Dill-
man, the well known publisher, are
in the bluff.

Whitaker, Kennebunk village, has
stock of boots and shoes suitable for
cold wear.

There was quite an exciting game of
ball played at Riverside last
Monday afternoon.

Mr. M. E. Hill, ex-postmaster at
Orland, Me., is in town the guest
of Mr. W. E. Morse.

The steam yacht Josie M. takes the
mailing clerks of Newburyport on an
excursion to Kennebunkport some day
this week.

Clothes, the clothier and furnisher
Kennebunk, is prepared to fit you
with the latest thing in the way of
goods.

A party of twenty-five from Grove
took a buckboard ride Monday
evening to the beach and enjoyed a
delightful bath.

The yacht "Gretchen," Boston,
left Monday. Messrs. Harvey,
and Plummer, her passengers,
were much missed here.

Mr. E. A. Stevens of Boston has left
Kennebunk for home. Mr. Sawyer of
Boston is now occupying it.

Mr. E. O. Childs of Boston is at the
View House. His yacht, the
"Lily," is anchored off shore. Mr.
Childs is en route for Bar Harbor.

Mr. Harry Fenn of the staff of Har-
vard Magazine is at the Parker House.
He will sketch the principal points of
interest in the vicinity for his paper.

Mr. E. H. Clark and family of Har-
vard, is at the Sea View House.
Clark is well known as the secre-
tary of the Williamette Linen Co. of
Portland.

E. P. Burnham, Hartley Lord, M.
C. Maling, John G. Consens, Harrison
J. Little, Charles E. Perkins, Jos. A.
Titcomb. The directors hold their
meeting next week.

The advertisement of the Mousam
House, Kennebunk, appears in this
issue. The house is first class in every
respect having been recently renovated,
refurnished and placed under entirely
new management.

A party from Cape Arundel took a
ride up the river Sunday. They did
not think the tide went out so quick-
ly, but it did all the same, and they
got stuck in the mud and were obliged
to wait till night to return. Moral:
Read the tide table in THE WAVE.

The stockholders of the K. & K.
Branch held their annual meeting at
the Parker House Tuesday. The meet-
ing was merely a nominal one as the
entire management of the read is in
the hand of the B & M. The Direc-
tors elected were as follows:

THE WAVE is a suggestive name of a
new paper published at Kennebunk-
port by John C. Emmons of last sea-
son's Old Orchard Rambler. Judg-
ing from its columns, there is room for
the paper, and evidences of grit and
enterprise abound in its pages.—Weirs
Times.

The yacht "Vanitas," Capt. L. E.
Stevens, Boston, is in port. Messrs.
C. B. Morrill, G. E. Pearl and C. H.
Johnson are on board as guests. The
"Vanitas" is a neat little craft and her
passengers contrive to enjoy them-
selves. She sails again Thursday.

W. L. Dane, Esq. of Kennebunk was
in town one day this week looking up
a French Spoliation case. It is said
that he discovered papers worth in the
aggregate some twenty thousand
dollars, that is if the government ever
pays their claims, as they probably
will.

The Falmouth Hotel of Portland
will be found a very desirable stopping
place for tourists and others on visit-
ing the Forest City. It is first class in
every respect. Crowds of Kennebunk-
port people visit Portland on their way
to the mountains and islands and, if
they want first class accommodations,
they will stop at the Falmouth.

Mr. Edward F. Draper of the Bos-
ton Herald paid us a pleasant call
Monday morning. Mr. Draper and
some friends are staying for awhile at
the Cliff House. We expected Mr.
Draper to say that THE WAVE office
was fitted up in better style than those
in the Herald building, but he didn't,
probably because he feared to flatter
us.

The "reading" in French and English
by Prof. L. S. Ventura will be given
at Arundel Hall, Cape Arundel, on
the evening of the 23d. of August.—
Prof. L. S. Ventura's versatility and
dramatic talent make him always an
interesting reader and one who not
only gives the lines of the parts, but
suggests the personality of character
as well.

The Ocean Bluff dining room pre-
sented a beautiful spectacle Sunday.
Oak leaf curtains hung from the win-
dows. Cornices of golden-red set off
with ferns added much to the display.
In the end of the room was an imita-
tion palm tree that looked wonder-
fully natural; over the door were
arranged the figures 1887 on a green
background. It is claimed that the
bad weather prevented the securing of
some of the decorations, but it is hard
to see how it could have been improved,
so nearly perfect was last Sunday's
display.

"Island Lonesome."

A good sized audience gathered Sat-
urday evening to witness the produc-
tion of the operetta "Island Lonesome,
or Pillicopp's Doom." The parts were
all well sustained and the spectators
were amply repaid for their time and
money spent in attending. The interest
in the play never lagged from the ap-
pearance of the camp of the "Aristo-
cratic Pirates" to the time that the
"Earl yielded," and at the conclusion
the audience did "applaud wildly."

Almost Drowned.

What came very near being a fatal
drowning accident occurred last Sun-
day evening at Emmons' wharf. Mr.
and Mrs. T. A. Decker of Boston,
guests at the Forest Hill House, left
about seven o'clock for a row on the
river. As Mrs. Decker attempted to
enter the boat it tipped throwing her
into the water with an infant child.
In falling she caught desperately at the
wharf and hung on with one hand
while Mr. Decker tried to pull her into
the boat, which tipped in such a way
that he found it impossible to do so.
A gentleman came to his assistance
and with his help Mrs. Decker was
lifted unconscious into the boat. A
moment later it tipped the other way
pitching her into the water again.
She was again rescued, resuscitated
and finally removed to her home.—

Some ladies near by stood indolently
listening to Mrs. Decker's screams and
watching her husband's desperate at-
tempts to rescue her, without offering
to render any assistance or to assist
her after being rescued from the water.
We are glad that most of our guests
are not made of that kind of stuff.

Building at Kennebunk Beach.

The prospect now is that there will
be something of a change at Kenne-
bunk Beach before the coming season.
Mr. Freeman Wentworth is to erect a
building close to the depot to be fitted
up with pool tables and stocked with
groceries, confectionery, fruit, cigars,
etc. This will prove a great conven-
ience to those who have been obliged
to go to the Port for such things. A
hall is also expected to be put up near
the beach. Several parties have sub-
scribed \$100 each and there seems as if
little difficulty ought to be experienced
in raising the necessary sum to com-
plete the work. This place has had a
wonderful growth in the last ten years
and it would not be surprising if with
the improvements now under way its
growth in the future should surpass
that of the past.

List of Unclaimed Letters

at Kennebunkport P. O., Aug. 2, 1887:

Alexander, Miss Susie
Bradley, Miss L A
Baker, A L
Brown, Horace R
Blood, Miss E F
Clough, Miss Marinda
Crane, Dr S L G
Cheney, Frederick J
Cheney, Mrs Emma
Day, Effie E
Devens, Mrs C F
Dean, Chas A
Franklin, Mrs Wm
Fanning, George
Gerry, Sam'l L
Howe, Miss Carrie
Hartlan, Miss Katie
Hall, Miss Alice M
Hobson, Mrs
Hawgun, Miss Dora G
Harris, Col F H
Leighton, Mrs N G
Lowell, John D
Moore, Miss Sarah E
McLaughlin, James
Mills, Mrs C A
Mitchell, Miss Emily
McLaughlin, Mrs Abby S
Morrill, J N
Merrill, Frank A
Moorain, Mr
Perkins, Mrs J T
Parsons, J E
Powers, Miss Abbie
Peyton, Eva
Smith, J F
Sage, Mrs Geo E
Stutavant, Mrs T L
Tracey, Miss Mary
Wakefield, B
Whelan, Jessie
York, Geo H
Young, Mrs W A

OLD ORCHARD.

Happenings at Maine's once "Favorite
Summer Resort."

OLD ORCHARD BEACH, Aug. 2, 1887.
The hot weather of the last few days
has caused a rush of guests to this
place. Sunday the hotels were well
filled. On the previous day 412 pieces
of baggage were handled, which indi-
cated that some of them had come to
stay. The campmeetings are running
in full blast and draw large crowds.
The Ocean House has more guests than
at any time last year. Under its pres-
ent management it is doing well and
bids fair to receive deserving patron-
age. It is claimed the Old Orchard
House had but five empty rooms on
Sunday. The Sea Shore and Fisk are
well patronized. The beach is in ex-
cellent condition and is thronged with
sight-seers on pleasant days.

ZEPPHERS.

H B Miliken had a very interesting
letter in the Sunday Herald on Old
Orchard.

Wheeler & Clark, the Shell men, in
their store back of the depot have a
regular rush of trade all the time.
They keep lots of novelties in the way
of fish scale jewelry, turkish goods,
etc.

Harry Wayne has opened a boot
blackening establishment in this Depot.
Harry knows how to shine 'em and
has all he can attend too.

Base Ball is all the rage here. We
have four teams all struggling for su-
premaccy among themselves and clubs
from neighboring towns. Why can't
we play Kennebunkport?

Our new theater in the old skating
rink opens Thursday.

The Beach R. R. is well patronized.
Mails are enormous. A. K. S.

T. F. FOSS & SONS,
FURNITURE!

wholesale and retail dealers in

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

Salesrooms, Nos. III 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.

PHOTOGRAPHY

In all its Branches.
Views and Groups a Specialty.
Near the old stand by Hall & Littlefield's
Upper Stable, on Water Street.

A. B. HOUDLETTE.

W. H. H. HINDS,
DENTIST!

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

BICKFORD HOUSE.

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE.

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

A. LUQUES,
GENERAL STORE.

Hardware a Specialty.
KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE.

U
you can get your

BOOTS AND SHOES!
FOR
BEACH WEAR

in latest styles at

BROWN'S,
— THE —
SHOE DEALER,

461 Congress Street,
Sign of the Golden Boot.

Portland, Me.

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.

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

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.

J. H. OTIS,
WATCHMAKER and JEWELER.

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Newspapers, Pe-
riodicals, and Stationery.
Sargent-Ross Block, Kennebunk, Me.

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.

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.

BUY
THE WAVE!

ALL THE

LATEST NEWS

AND

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Napoleon, Von Moltke, and Grant.

I never knew a man who could tell
what he knew any better than Gen. W.
T. Sherman can, writes a correspondent
of the New York Tribune. When I was
in Washington I never failed to be pre-
sent at a public hearing on military mat-
ters if Gen. Sherman was to make a
statement or be examined. That which
in the mouth of almost any other officer
of the army would be bald details, and
confusing figures became in his as in-
teresting as a popular lecture. And in
private conversation he is equally enter-
taining, especially when the topic is the
army or the military heroes of this and
other lands.

I find in my note-book an entry made
in the spring of 1880, which was recoll-
ected by reading the recent speech of Count
von Moltke in favor of increasing the
already enormous army of Germany,
and the comments of the American and
foreign press upon it. I spent an hour
one evening in a small company of
which Gen. Sherman was one, and
when by general consent he had been
allowed to do most of the talking. He
began by comparing the military abili-
ties of Napoleon, Von Moltke and Grant,
and said in substance:

"Napoleon's prominent characteris-
tic was his intellect. As a soldier his
strength lay in his power of convergence
and concentration. He knew his gen-
erals and his men thoroughly. He knew
just what they could accomplish and
what he had a right to expect of them.
He knew just how long it would take a
body of troops to go from one point to
another, and he would order them from
widely different stations and would plan
their arrival at a given place so accu-
rately as to make his combinations ir-
resistible. He was like a lens which
brings the rays of light together at one
point.

"Napoleon ought to have won the
battle of Waterloo, and would have
done so if it had been fought on an
open field and if the allies had not been
on the defensive. If it had been an
equal contest, or one in which the allies
had made the attack upon Napoleon, he
would have got upon their flank, cut
their lines of communication, and whip-
pled Wellington. Napoleon did not un-
derstand the English character; he did
not know how stolid and silently stub-
born the English soldiers could be. The
Germans and others whom he had
fought generally became panic-stricken
before him. He did not suppose that
anything could resist the Old Guard
when they made a charge.

"Von Moltke is a man of entirely dif-
ferent genius. He has an infinite
knowledge of details. He knows how
many people there are in every part of
Europe; how many horses, mules, cattle,
pigs, and chickens they have; where all
the roads are and their conditions at
different seasons of the year; all the
rivers and the best places to ford them;
where all the bridges are, and whether
they are of stone, iron, or wood. He
knows his army as thoroughly as he
does the country, and it is to his ability
to put this knowledge to use that he
owes his success."

Someone in the company asked Gen.
Sherman if he thought if Napoleon was
alive to-day—1880—he could org. niz. a
French army that could whip Prussia.
He replied: "I think he could, but he
would need three or four years to do it
in. An effective army of about 350,000
men would be required, and to com-
mand it Napoleon would have to create
thirteen first-class generals."
Of Gen. Grant, Gen. Sherman said:
"His distinguishing characteristic is his
unbounded faith in his own ultimate
success. I never saw anything like it.
If Grant was to have an arm and a leg
shot off and a bullet through his body,
and should be lying helpless on the bat-
tle-field he would still fully expect to
get up, mount his horse, and win the
day. And such absolute belief in ulti-
mate success insures it."

A prominent republican statesman
who was present said that, as much as
he admired Gen. Grant's military genius,
he believed that history would not re-
cord unqualified approval of that gen-
eral's campaign from the Rappahannock
to the James. It was beyond all
precedent a bloody campaign—need-
lessly so. The battles of the Wilder-
ness and Cold Harbor were terrible af-
fairs. The losses in that campaign, he
believed, were greater than those of
Napoleon in his disastrous winter re-
treat from Moscow. With Norfolk and
Fortress Monroe and Newport News in
our undisputed possession, on the south,
and with such a navy as we had, Gen.
Grant ought to have accomplished what
he did without the enormous losses that
he sustained.

Gen. Sherman defended Gen. Grant
and said: "The slaughter was great
but necessary. Most of it ought to have
taken place during the two previous
years. Gen. Grant was unfortunate in
falling heir to the blunders of his prede-
cessors, and in having to pay the pen-
alty of those blunders."

Absent-Mindedness.

A man isn't to blame if he is young.
And "that reminds me," apropos, that
two artists say that Mr. Chase, the artist
whose exhibition made an impression
here, was betrothed in his early youth.
He is very absent-minded now, egre-
giously so, though he is far from old.
One day two or three ladies visited his
studio in New York and looked at
his new pictures. When they had gone
he said to a brother artist who was in
the room:

"It seems to me I have seen one of
those ladies somewhere before; the small
one; rather pretty."

"Why, don't you remember?" return-
ed his friend; "that's the girl you were
engaged to before you went to Hol-
land."—Boston Record.

An Oregon woman recently adver-
tised for a cook, and soon after received
the following letter from a Chinaman:
"Mrs. Lady—Friend Sue: You when
at there told me want to buy cook-
ing. I had have a boy is good man
and honest man he neat and clean and
loving nicely that this one best one
never you have before like he does. I
wish could take him to stay with you
and Leong Gitt recommend to him
come to see."

(Continued from first page.)

AFTER MANY YEARS.

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 there 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.

"I don't say that he stole it," said Mr. Harrington, dubiously shaking his head. "I wouldn't like to make any assertion of that sort respecting any one of my fellow-beings. But I do say that matters look very suspicious. He was the only one who knew where I kept my pocket-book, and that pocket-book has disappeared!"

"Shall you go to law about it?" asked Dr. Dornfield.

"N—no; I don't care to go to any such extreme measures as that," said Dr. Harrington. "His father and I were old friends, and I should have supposed Edward Arkwright to be the very last person in the world to commit such an action as this. No, I shall not go to law."

"Of course, then, you will dismiss him from your services as copy-clerk?"

"Certainly I shall."

"Then his prospects in life will be as utterly ruined as if you put him in jail."

"Probably so," said Mr. Harrington, shrugging his shoulders. "But that is his father's look out. He has made his bed to suit himself; so let him lie on it."

"He is very young," said Dr. Dornfield pityingly.

And then he chirruped to Selim, his horse, and drove on to the house of the next patient, thinking no more of the human life whose interests were trembling in the balance.

Dolly Dornfield was paring peaches in the shadow of the kitchen door, where the well-sweep made a pencilled line of shade across the short green turf, and tiger-lilies nodded their imperial heads like so many turbaned Turks.

She was a tall handsome girl, more like Juno than zephyr-like Titania in her style and shape, with an abundance of hair so dark that but for the bronze lights reflected from it here and there, you would almost have been inclined to call it black, and eyes of the deepest, softest brown, while her cheeks rivalled the blooming crimson of the peaches in her lap.

"Dolly!"

She started, and stopped in the song she was murmuring softly as she worked. Edward Arkwright had stepped from the shadow of the stone wall beyond into the green area at her side.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Miss Dolly, stooping to recover the knife she had just dropped, and beginning afresh upon the velvety side of a great sun-flecked peach.

"I did not know whether you would speak to me or not," said young Arkwright bitterly.

"Why shouldn't I speak to you?" said Dolly.

"Because people call me a thief."

"Do they?" said Dolly. "Well, you see, I am in the habit of thinking for myself."

A sudden light flashed into the dark Castilian face of Edward Arkwright.

"Dolly!" he cried breathlessly; "tell me that you don't believe it!"

"Not one word of it," said Dolly emphatically, nodding her head. "I should as soon believe that Mr. Harrington stole his own pocket-book—the cross-grained, odious old wretch!"

"Thank you for that, Dolly," gasped the young man, advancing hurriedly to her, and pressing his lips to the dimpled back of one white peach-stained little hand.

Dolly snatched it away with reddening cheeks and an ominous sparkle in her eye.

"Mr. Arkwright!"

"Forgive me, Dolly; but I am going abroad to-morrow."

"Is that any reason that you should kiss my hand?"

"Dolly, I love you!" he faltered.

"You have carried my heart dangle in that same little hand these many weeks."

"Oh," said the maiden, looking intently down at her peaches, "that's quite another affair. How can I help that?"

"Won't you say that you love me a little, he pursued, growing red and white in the intensity of his emotion."

"Won't you give me a morsel—the morsel of hope to live on while I am gone?"

"No, I won't," said Dolly, tossing her pretty head. "How ridiculous all this is!"

"Do you think it ridiculous, Dolly?"

"Of course I do."

He turned away with a deep sigh.

"At all events, Dolly, you cannot prevent my loving you. I shall carry that love in my heart wherever I go, until I hear that you have given yourself to some other man."

"You will do nothing of that kind!" flashed out Dolly Dornfield indignantly.

"I will not allow it!"

"There are some things, Dolly, that even you have no power to alter," said young Arkwright sadly. "Good-bye!"

She heard his footsteps crushing down the honey-sweet blossoms of the white clover. She heard him scale the mossy stone wall through the tumultuous beating of her own heart. And then she sprang up, scattering the red freight of peaches right and left into the grass.

"Edward—Mr. Arkwright!"

But it was too late—he was gone.

"No matter," thought Dolly, trying to still the rebellious quivering of her upper lip; "I shall see him at church this evening. Only—only I wish I hadn't spoken quite so crossly to him. Of course it was very wrong of him to dare to kiss my hand; but then, if he really is going abroad—"

And the chances are, at that reluctant moment, that if Mr. Edward Arkwright had returned to the shadow of the old apple-tree, he might have kissed Dolly's pretty coral red lips, and not been chided so severely for it.

But Dolly Dornfield had let the fast-rushing tide of opportunity slip by. She went duly to church, but she saw nothing more of Edward Arkwright. And the next she heard, he had gone to that Utopia of the young and hopeful in this overcrowded sunrise side of the world—out West.

"Well, papa, is there any news?" said Dolly, her usual nightly question, as she sat down opposite the doctor to pour out the tea. For Dr. Dornfield was a philosopher after the order of Dr. Johnson, and much liked the draught which cheers but not inebriates.

"Yes," said the doctor, taking a mighty swallow. "At least, I suppose you gossip."

"Papa!"

"Would call it news," went on the old gentleman. "Harrington has found his pocket-book."

Dolly fairly jumped to her feet.

"Found it, papa?"

"Or rather it has been returned to him. It was in the pocket of an office-coat he had sent to the tailor's to have re-lined and vamped over generally."

The tailor had a great many other orders on hand, and somehow mislaid the coat until yesterday, when he commenced to rip it up. And there was the pocket-book, unopened."

"It was a lucky thing that the tailor was an honest man," said Dolly breathlessly.

"Why, yes, rather so—for young Arkwright. Poor boy! and we all suspected him wrongfully!"

"I never did, papa," sparkled out Dolly.

"Didn't you, my dear? Well, then suppose you give me another cup of tea, with a little less sugar in this time to suit my taste."

Ten years had passed over the peaceful little village since the tongue of general rumor was rife with the story of Edward Arkwright and Lawyer Harrington's missing pocket-book before Edward Arkwright came back again.

No longer the slender boyish-looking young fellow, struggling against the intangible shadow of a great suspicion, but a portly, bearded, handsome man, with the prestige of wealth, and the title of "Judge" before his name. He had prospered greatly in the far-off Utopia, and the world of his boyhood bowed down and worshipped him accordingly.

"I saw him myself, Dolly," said Mrs. Jenkinson, talking to Miss Dornfield about the all-engrossing topic. For the doctor's daughter had not married, much to the astonishment of all the village, and remained Miss Dornfield still. "And the Prince Royal couldn't look more the gentleman. And there is a party of gay folks with him at the hotel from New York and Chicago, as I've heard tell, and one of 'em—Miss Ingoldsby, from New York—is the lady he's married to."

"How do you know?" Dolly asked rather faintly.

"They say so," answered Mrs. Jenkinson satisfied that she had rendered the best possible authority.

Dolly cried quietly up in her own room that afternoon, just as the twilight was deepening into dark.

"I know I have been a fool," she sobbed to herself; "but I did think I would remember the old days a little. It was my fault, and I must bear it; but I hope he will be happy with Miss Ingoldsby."

And Dolly wiped the wet drops from her long eyelashes, and went down stairs to sit in the starlight, under the old apple-tree, where she had pared peaches ten long years ago.

Back she went, along the echoing corridors of memory, to that self-same afternoon. She could smell the purple phlox; she could see the orange turbans of the tiger-lilies, and hear the dreamy singing of the insects in the summer air.

So long since; yet such a brief time! Like a dream, yet so real!

"Dolly!"

Just as it had sounded then, his voice broke the silence, and once again she started and colored, and asked herself if this were indeed reality.

"Edward—I beg pardon, Judge Arkwright."

"Never 'Judge Arkwright' to you, Dolly, only 'Edward.' Do you remember the last time we were here together?"

"Yes," she faltered.

"Do you remember the question I asked you then? Dear Dolly, I have come to ask it again. Will you be my wife, Dolly?"

And Dolly, forgetting all about Miss Ingoldsby, answered:

"Yes."

"Isn't it a cute little thing?" said Mrs. Gushy to her husband as she held the baby up to him. "Yes, it is, and doesn't it look like me? It's got some of my ways already. I'll wager that it'll grow up just like me. By the way, we haven't named it yet. What would you suggest?"

"Well, if you're anything of a prophet I'd take chances right now on naming it Ananias."

Washington Critic.

Seal-Skin Caps.

"Seal-skin caps are becoming more popular yearly," said a Fulton street furrier to a Brooklyn Eagle reporter.

"Formerly they were only worn while out driving, but now everybody, or at least everybody who can afford it, wears a cap made of some kind of fur. Warm? Well, I guess they are. Seal-skin caps are expensive, some selling as high as \$25, but then a good cap will last a lifetime. The most popular style just now is the roll-band turban. This is out in the shape of a turban and has a band three-quarters the height of the cap. The driving cap with sliding single band is about as warm a thing as any man would wish to wear on his head. One of the most stylish caps is tall and cone-shaped, and makes a good show. I have sold ten seal-skin caps this year to one last winter. Seal-skin overcoats? Well, no; I can't say that they are much affected by Brooklynites. They are both expensive and showy, and one to wear one must be either a man of great prominence, an actor, or a minstrel performer. Some two weeks ago I sold a seal-skin overcoat to a variety performer, who acknowledged that he didn't wear it for warmth, but for show. Nothing in my opinion can keep a man warmer than a heavy fur collar and cuffs. They are more widely worn than ever this winter."

Girls Who Went to War.

I knew a girl who at the beginning of the war was so filled with patriotism, and so weighed down by a sense of duty, so carried away by an adventurous impulse that she followed the squad of boys who had enlisted in her neighborhood, and dressing as a boy enlisted in the company that was forming in the country town. Her friends, discovering the long hair she had thrown off in her father's barn, gave immediate pursuit.

As they were driving in the city they saw walking along the sidewalk smoking a cigar a young fellow who had the same sort of face as the girl they were in pursuit of. They stopped and accosted the young fellow, and were treated to such a shower of epithets and such an exhibition of bravado that they admitted their mistake and apologized for it. An hour later one of the party found the same young fellow dead in a hospital-nurse. In the last year of the war he died again in men's clothing, crying as only a broken-hearted woman can cry, over a light-haired man, shot dead in the charge at Rosca. She cared nothing then for exposure, and afterward entered the service as a hospital-nurse.

Another girl, I remember had a pleasant experience. I was the examining surgeon at one of the recruiting camps early in the war, and on one occasion as I passed down the line of a company formed in open order for muster and inspection, I noticed as the hands were held out one set that to my peculiar eye belonged to a woman.

Said nothing at the time, but after consultation with the colonel had the recruit with the feminine hands brought to headquarters. The bright-looking soldier admitted in two minutes that she was a woman, and in two days she was at home. A year after that I was at a ball in Washington. As I stood a little aside from the main party, wishing that I was in front with the army, a young lady came toward me, bowed with exaggerated stiffness, and as she straightened up went through the motions of obeying the order: "Eyes right."

She offered me her hand and thanked me for something that she supposed that I had done and walked away. She was pretty enough to be the belle of the occasion, and I saw that she took considerable delight in my confusion of mind, all of which I understood later when I learned that she was my recruit with the lady-like hands. She afterward told me that she owed me a debt of gratitude for stepping in at the right time to break down her romantic notions. —Chicago Ledger.

Colonel and M. J. Jr.

Chase and Wiggin, both of them famous stutters, belonged to the militia in the old days when everybody in New Hampshire was in the militia and the organization was mainly fictitious. Chase and Wiggin happened to be ranking captains in one of these paper regiments at a time when the colonel of the regiment died and the major moved out of the state. In due course of official red tape Wiggin received his commission as colonel of the regiment and Chase as major. Both men were considerably "set up" by their new titles, and naturally felt like appraising the whole village of the promotion; but they were dignified men, and of course didn't care to go around telling everybody, so Chase started out and went from one store to another, poking his head just far enough into each door to say:

"H-h-h-h-h, you seen C-c-c-c-colonel J-j-j-j-jack Wiggin?"

Nobody saw him, but everybody caught the new title. And promptly Wiggin started on a similar pilgrimage through the town. Thrusting his head into the first grocery store he came to he stuttered out:

"H-h-h-h-h-a-a-a-a-a, you seen M-m-m-major Jim Ch-ch-ch-ch-a-a-a-a-a?"

Of course they had seen Maj. Jim Chase, and so informed him, and by the time he overtook the major at the end of the village and congratulated him warmly, the appointment had been, so to speak, officially gazetted through the town of Exeter. —Boston Record.

Intelligent Flash.

Flash, the fine pointer dog belonging to Dr. C. A. Packard, of Bath, in following his master's carriage through a crowded street, had the toe of his fore-foot caught under a wheel. The claw after this began to grow out, and the wound became exceedingly painful.

One day the doctor examined the wound, and said to the dog in a business-like way:

"Well, Flash, I think you'll be obliged to have that claw cut off."

Flash looked up knowingly and wagged his tail. A day or two later the wound had become worse, when Flash came limping into his master's office, laid his paw upon the doctor's lap, and submitted to a painful operation without a twinge.

Not long afterward Dr. Packard was surprised to see Flash come into his office with a small, black cur following behind. Flash quickly went to the doctor and back to the cur, and kept up these gyrations for some time; until, indeed, the doctor examined the strange dog and found that he had been wounded and was still bleeding. The doctor dressed the wound and the dog went away.

In some way, which human beings would find it hard to understand, Flash had induced the wounded dog to come to the doctor's office and have his hurt attended to. —Waltham (N. H.) Budget.

The Linen-Room Woman.

One of the pleasantest and best of the minor places among the employees of a big hotel is the linen-room woman's. She is a subordinate of the housekeeper, but her pay—which ranges from \$16 to \$20 a month—is reasonably good; her duties are clearly defined and not enormous, her responsibility is small, and her work is done under rather pleasant conditions.

All the soiled sheets, towels, pillow-cases, bed-spreads, and other articles that must go to the laundry are first carried to the housekeeper, who takes accurate count of them. When they come back clean they are counted again, and then such of them as need repairing pass into the hands of the assistant housekeeper or linen-room woman, who with thread and needle or sewing machine fixes them up as neatly as possible. There is a great deal of this work in a hotel that has been running for any length of time, especially if it is a house doing mainly a transient business.

Washing destroys the linen much more than wearing does, and the destruction of linen in a house like the Buckingham or Langham—where the guests belong almost entirely to the permanent class, or boarders, and the beds are not changed often—than twice a week—is very much less than in the Astor, where the changes are made as often as the rooms are vacated, which in a transient business may occur every day. On an average the destruction of bed linen amounts to about 20 per cent per annum. The loss on napkins amounts to 30 or 40 per cent, as many of them are stolen, or mysteriously disappear. The wear and tear on blankets which are supposed to be washed only once a year—is small, and they last a long time. Shaking, airing, and sunning them presumably keeps them clean and wears them little. Then they are only in use a few months, while the sheets, pillow-cases, and spreads are in service all the time. Primarily, in the selection of blankets hotel men are exceedingly careful to practice the true economy of getting articles that will wear even if their first cost is rather heavy. The blankets as well as the linen are in charge of the linen room woman.

The dealing out of clean linen, etc., to the chambermaids for rooms is nominally done by the housekeeper, but in practice it is the linen-room woman who takes the articles from their places on the long shelves on which they are piled after coming from the laundry, and keeps count of what are given out.

Napkins pass through other hands. The head waiters in the dining-room, restaurant, and luncheon—where the latter exists—are required to keep count of them when they go to the laundry, and again to take stock of them when they are returned. In good hotels napkins are seldom mended, but when they have holes worn in them by washing, or become frayed and torn, they are discarded from public service and pass to other uses. Hence they rarely get into the linen-room woman's hands.

The qualities that are required to make a woman useful in the linen-room—order, cleanliness, neatness, honesty, and strict attention to business—are such as are likely to make her occupancy of the place a permanency dependent upon her own choice, and chances in this department are rarer than in any other. The housekeeper gets from \$40 to \$55 a month, but her responsibility is much greater than that of the linen-room woman. Greater executive ability is demanded of her, and the probabilities of her more active and ambitious mind leading her to seek changes to better herself are much greater than in the case of the linen-room woman, who is generally a staid, middle-aged widow, of easy, contented disposition. It is very seldom that the latter rises to the place of the former, even when a vacancy occurs. One of the leading up-town hotels has a linen-room woman who has placidly held her place and seen housekeepers come and go, and even proprietorship change, during twenty years. —New York Sun.

A Bum's Hard Luck.

"I suppose I vvas shwindled some more," sorrowfully remarked Mr. Dunder, as he paid a visit to Sergeant Benda all the other day.

"Not a doubt of it. What's your story?"

"Do you believe dot a man can read somebody's mind?"

"Well, I've heard of mind-readers."

"So has Shake, and he goes crazy about it. He vvas going to be a mind-reader if it takes all winter. He practice a leedle on me, and I vvas astonished."

"But about the swindle?"

"Vhell, two mans come in my place last night when I vvas all alone. Vvas I Carl Dunder? I vvas. All right, one of dot pair vvas a mind-reader, and he like to gif me some points. He doan' do it by everybody, but I vvas such a friend of der poor dot he like to oblige me. Vhell, sergeant, dot seems all right, and we lock der door and sot down. I vvas blindfolded mit a handkerchief, and der mind-reader says:

"Now, Mr. Dunder, you fix your mind on some subject shust so hard as you can, and keep awful still. If you take dot pandage off or shumps around dot preaks me all oop."

"Vhell, sergeant, I fix my mind on dot time I falls off my barn on Hastings street, and maype two minutes goes by and nobody speak to me. Den der oldt woman comes down-shairs and I take off der pandage. Dose mans vvas gone."

"And what else?"

"Two boxes of cigars and fife bottles of whisky. Vvas it a shwindle on me?"

"I should smile! Mr. Dunder, you are very soft."

"Sergeant, look in my eye! I vvas going home. To-night some-body vhill drop in. Vvas I Carl Dunder? I vvas. All right, Mr. Dunder, I like to read

"Yes."

"Dot vvas all, sergeant! If some inquest vvas held, you remember dot I vvas a shwindled man, and dot I kildt him in self-defense!" —Detroit Free Press.

Ocean Bluff

HOTEL!

CAPE ARUNDEL

KENNEBUNKPORT,

MAINE.



THE

"CARLETON,"

Jacksonville,

Florida.

Stimpson

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