



VOL. I. NO. 7.

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE, JULY 30, 1887.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

The Wave

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

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

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

BONSER!

of Kennebunk offers Extraordinary

BARGAINS

IN
Beach Clothing,
Hats and
Furnishings.

The Latest, Nobbiest and Best
Tourists' Goods.

Kennebunkport, Me.

MRS. S. H. WHITON,
Proprietress of 611 Tremont St., Boston, has
opened a house on Union St., where she will
be pleased to welcome her former patrons and
new 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
call. Dock Sq., Kennebunkport, Me.

ROVE COTTAGE,

Mrs. C. O. Huff, Proprietor,
Kennebunk Beach, Maine.
This house offers a pleasant home for the
summer at more reasonable rates than this
first-class. Special rates after Sept. 1.

CLIFF ROCK HOUSE,

Owen Wentworth & Co., Proprietors,
Kennebunk Beach, Maine.
This new and attractive house is situated on
the beach, commanding one of the finest views of
the ocean and surrounding country to be found
in the state. It is within five minutes walk
of Post Office, Station, Beach, Bath houses,
and several hotels. The facilities for
bathing, sailing and bathing are unsurpassed.
JOSEPH D. WELLS, Manager.

BEACH HOUSE!

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

OWEN WENTWORTH, Proprietor.

CLIFF ROCK HOUSE,

J. ALLIE WELLS, Proprietor,
Kennebunkport, Me.
Every endeavor will be made to make this
pleasant resort where every one can enjoy,
if possible, the privileges of a pleasant
home. Visitors will take passage by the B. &
M. E. from Boston or Portland to Kenne-
bunk, change to Kennebunkport branch, stop
at the station which is five minutes' walk
from the house.

EIGHTH SEASON

OF THE

GRANITE STATE HOUSE!

ALVIN STUART, Proprietor.
Post Office, P. O. Address, Kennebunk-
port, Me. Thanking the public for the patronage
they have given the house in the past, I hope by
offering a good table to please the inside, and by
promptly treatment on the outside, to receive
a share of patronage.

S. BROWN,

DEALER IN

DRY AND FANCY GOODS!

Hats 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.

PARKER HOUSE,



KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.,
W. C. Parker, Manager.

VISIT THE

Bowling Alleys and Billiard Room

OF THE

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL!

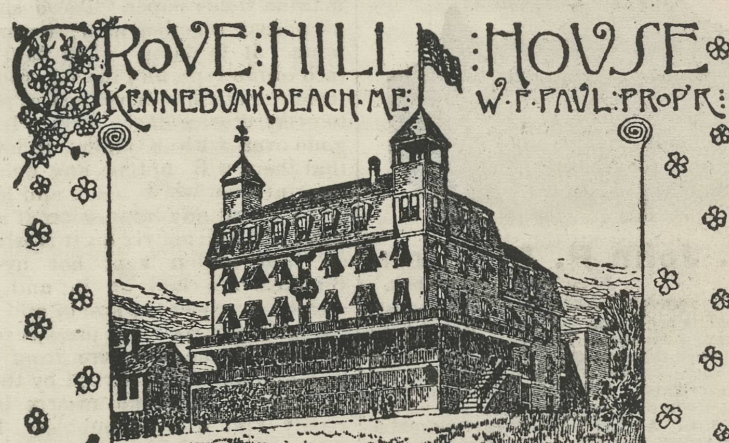
where you can find a

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.

AT THE GREAT

Furniture Establishment

OF

J. F. STEARNS,

119 Main Street,

Saco, Maine,

can be found the largest stock of

Carpets, Chamber Sets,
Roll Top Desks,
Mirrors, Chairs, &c.,

ever displayed in this part of the State.

Hotels and Boarding Houses Furnished at the most
Reasonable Prices.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

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.

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.

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 an-
tiquarian'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 Nohantum 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.)

CLARK'S GREAT SALE

—OF—

CLOTHING!

and Gents' Furnishing Goods!

100 doz. 20c. Seamless Hose at 11c.
10c. Handkerchiefs for 5c.
Zylonite Collars only 15 cents to close.
Celluloid Collars and Cuffs always in
stock.
We have closed out a manufacturer's
stock of Black Alpaca Coats, which
we shall sell very low; also 200 Seer-
sucker 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 85c.
Opp. Preble House is the place to
go to.

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

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1887.

Miniature Almanac.

Sun rises, 4:45.
Sun sets, 7:28.
Moon rises 5:52 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
" 31,	9:00	9:00
Aug. 1,	9:45	9:45
" 2,	10:30	10:45
" 3,	11:15	11:30
" 4,	12:00	12:15
" 5,	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, 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 5:15 p. m. For Portland at 6:15, 7:30, 10:00 a. m., 3:00 and 5:15 p. m.

HALL & LITTLEFIELD,
Proprietors.

When You Can Catch the Train

TRAINS LEAVE KENNEBUNKPORT.

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

TRAINS ARRIVE AT KENNEBUNKPORT.

W 7:25 a. m.	E 2:00 p. m.
W 9:12 a. m.	B 4:45 p. m.
E 10:30 a. m.	E 6:25 p. m.
W 11:40 a. m.	W 7:20 p. m.
	W 9:21 p. m.

*E East; B Both ways; W West.
Trains leave Grove Station 3 minutes different; Kennebunk Beach, 5 minutes; Parsons, 8 minutes; Kennebunk, 15 minutes than from Kennebunkport.

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

Wavelets.

That Summer Girl.

"Beware! there is danger in her glance,
As she trips thro' the mazes of the dance."
THE WAVE, July 27.

[Written for THE WAVE.]

The summer girl is modest and shy;
She minds her "biz" as she passes by.
'Tis the summer boy so cunning and sly
That needs the care of a watchful eye.
The summer girl is tidy and neat;
And she has a look so gentle and sweet
It makes the summer boy's heart to beat
Clear down to the bottom of his feet.

Mr. John B. Maling lost a valuable horse Monday.

Dr. J. C. Irish of Lowell is at the Grove Hill House.

The guests at the coffee at Cove Cottage is something delicious.

Some visiting cleryman will preach at the Congregational church to-morrow.

Mr. W. H. Savory of Haverhill, well known for his connection with Florida election matters, is at the Bluff.

There will probably be a musicale at Arundel Hall next Wednesday.—There will probably also be an entertainment on Friday evening.

Rev. Mr. T. Thayer preaches at the Methodist church to-morrow forenoon. Rev. W. E. Morse will conduct the services in the afternoon. All invited.

Baptist church:—Preaching Sabbath morning at 10:30. Sunday School after the morning service. Evening service of praise and prayer at 7:30, P. M. Weekly prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:45, P. M. I. B. Mower.

The Forest Hill House is expecting a big crowd in August. This cozy little place is becoming very popular with its guests who enjoy home comforts, large cool rooms and an excellent table. Mr. Duncan knows how to run a house of this kind to perfection.

Three giddy young ladies from Kennebunk came to the beach yesterday. They brought with them an elaborate lunch which after having satisfied their hunger they consigned to the briny deep, forgetting three nice napkins that were in the bag. Then they were photographed, during which operation one contrived to sprain her ankle

in trying to look pleasant. Then, they invaded THE WAVE office and begged the editor to "keep dark" about their misdoings, promising him a picture if he would. He promised. Finally at the station one discovered she had lost her purse containing two hairpins, a lozenge and a punched quarter with which she had intended to buy her ticket.

Mr. Trott's boats are in demand.

Hon. E. M. Boynton of Massachusetts, is at the Ocean Bluff.

"Joseph" continues to hold forth on pleasant evenings.

Norton says business never was better. Ice Cream Soda you know.

The telegraph office in the Depot handles about fifty messages a day.

The bad weather for the last few days make the arrivals few and far between.

A party from the Granite State took a buckboard ride to Cape Porpoise Monday.

Messrs. Hall & Littlefield, say they can't begin to accommodate the buckboard parties.

Rev. D. L. D. Thayer, a well known Bostonian, is visiting at the residence of George W. Wells.

Mr. William Bowles Sr. of Memphis, Tenn., and Miss S. Bailey of Boston are guests at Capt. Brown's.

Joe Jeffrey has got a buckboard that his patrons say is a wful easy riding in. Joe always intends to have the best.

The Sea Breeze of Northport, Me., blow into our office this week. It is a dainty little sheet and deserves a cordial support.

Mr. T. A. Decker, a prominent Boston Broker, arrives to-day to pass the Sabbath with his family now guests at the Forest Hill House.

Mr. F. J. Nowell of Boston was at the Parker House yesterday. Mr. Nowell ran out the course of the K & K. branch R. R. four years ago.

Mr. Henry Matthews, clerk at the Parker House, is making many friends among the guests who appreciate his uniform courtesy and obliging manners.

It is said that one of the table girls at the Parker House is so pretty that there are not seats enough at her table to accommodate those who wish to sit there.

Our readers will notice, beginning in this issue of THE WAVE, a complete tide table for a week ahead. Boating and bathing parties will readily appreciate the convenience of this.

Capt. Brown's store is a wonder to the summer visitors. The Captain keeps everything from millinery to boats and stoves and on a pinch can fit you out with summer furnishings.

The Weirs Times has come to our table. It is brim full of interesting matter relating to that beautiful region in which it has its being and its map of Lake Winnepesaukee is worth 1001 ordinary guide books.

THE WAVE is the title of a new seaside paper. It is published at Kennebunkport, by John C. Emmons * * * It is tidy in appearance and should receive liberal patronage.—Watson's Illuminator.

It is as Artemus Ward would say "Amosin" to see Vernon Briggs the handsome baggage smasher on the K. & K. branch, handle some of those mammoth Saretoga trunks. But he knows how to handle them just the same.

County Commissioner Andrews, wife, children and sister from Biddeford, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Foss from Saco with other family friends to the amount of a large load had a fine ride and a sea shore picnic near the Bluff on Wednesday.

The following young ladies are stopping at the "Elmwood," the guests of Mrs. Charles M. Smith:—Miss H. L. Briggs, Misses Lena and Nellie Briggs of Somerville, Misses Rydie S. Grieres, Jennie E. Cummings, Laura Emmel and Norma L. Sulyr of Cambridge.

The "down East Latch String" a new guide book recently issued by the B. & M. R. R. and written by I. rest Ingersoll, says of this place: "Of all the many charming summering places along this Noble coast none excel Kennebunkport in artistic value or in the opportunity for healthful and varied pleasures."

The Granite State House has got a brand new cellar kitchen that is the pride and joy of its proprietor, Mr. Alvin Stuart. It has a cemented floor, a cooking range of the latest style, running water, and everything else that is handy, not excepting a first class cook. A buckboard built to order has just been added to the stable which when Mr. Stuart's black ponies are hitched to it with Johnny Maginins holding the ribbons makes a very neat turnout. "Jack" knows a thing or two about "hosses" and has taught the ponies all sorts of tricks.

The yacht Alice, Wm. Lockhart owner, Boston, is in port.

A. P. Fowler, the artist, is in Haverhill. He will return Tuesday.

Mr. J. H. Bradley, a guest of the Sea View, sprained his knee badly one day this week while playing ball.

A lively party composed of eight ladies took a ride on the Grove Hill buckboard to Bald Head Cliff Thursday. They were Mrs. W. E. Paul, Mrs. E. H. Gilman, Mrs. F. H. Willis and Misses Mary Willis, M. A. Bray, M. L. Stevenson, Etta Burbank, and Millicent Frye.

At Arundel Hall.

Last Thursday evening witnessed an enjoyable entertainment at Arundel Hall before a good sized audience. It opened with the comedy "A bad Case," with the following characters:

Arthur Chisholm, M. D., aged 30, Mr. Pearson
Miss Letitia Dalrymple, aged 50, Miss Nevers
Miss Sylvia Dalrymple, her niece, aged 19, Miss Slade
Mary, a servant, Miss Anthony

All did well for amateurs, Miss Nevers particularly distinguishing herself by her clever acting. Miss Anthony did not have much to do but did that little finely. The second was a commedietta in one act, entitled "Sugar and Cream." The cast was as follows:

Mr. Wentworth, Mr. Pearson
Frank, (his son) Mr. Howe
Mrs. Mirfield, (a young widow) Miss Nevers
Spruce, (her maid) Miss Slade

Mr. Pearson as "Mr. Wentworth" did finely, as for that matter did all. Miss Slade was a most obliging "maid," while Miss Nevers made a charming widow. Mr. Howe took his part very creditably. All in all the entire affair was a perfect success in every sense of the word.

List of Unclaimed Letters

At P. O. Kennebunkport, Me., July 29, 1887:

Adams, Mrs M E
Alexander, Miss Susie
Baker, Miss A L
Brown, Miss Dora L
Brown, Miss Lily H
Brown, Mrs Charles
Bradley, Miss L A
Brown, Warren
Brackett, Mrs Albert
Clough, Mrs Mavinda
Cook, Mrs R R
Curran, Jacobbi
Coddington, Rev I P
Dean, Ches
Desbon, Miss Cora L
Donovan, Miss Hannah
Fournier, George
Harris, Col F H
Houston, Mrs Jessie
Havlan, Miss Katie
How, Georgianna
Hall, Miss Alice M
Hobson, Miss
Hamgan, Miss Dora
Jones, Miss Annie M
Jay, Eugene E
Mills, Miss C A
McLaughlin, Mrs Abby I
McLaughlin, James
Noyes, Evaie
Phillips, Wennoll
Quint, Miss May H
Poyton, Miss Eva
Reed, Mrs Henrietta M
Stevens, Capt Chas E
Stuart, Miss Alice
Shaw, Miss Grace A
Stevens, Warren L
Sturtevant, Mrs T L
Sage, Mrs Geo E
Senith, J F
Taft, Hattie G
Woodman, Mrs Geo E
Wakefield, B
Whelan, Jessie
Young, Miss W A
York, George H

"The Old Falls,"

Near the west corner of Kennebunk and the town lines of Alfred and Lyman, have been very often visited by pleasure parties from the Bluff and other seashore houses, and we are sure of doing a favor to those summer boarders who are here for their first season by calling attention to the present abundance and beauty of the water now plunging at that delightful spot. The heavy rains of last week have made the river unusually full for July, and have also laid the dust in the sandy roads leading in that direction so that about this time the approach is desirable, and the view of the Falls more attractive than may be again at this time of the year for many seasons. The well worn road through the woods indicates a large amount of travel, and every pleasant day carriages are seen heading that way. On Thursday a gentleman from this town counted some twenty-five teams, with over one hundred persons from Alfred, who passed the day on this lovely spot. "Ham" or "Jo" have the desirable horses, and drivers who know the way.

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.

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.

GROCERIES!

AND

PROVISIONS

AT

A. T. WHITAKER'S,

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 Suppers furnished to order. Everything first-class and supplied at short notice.

You can get a nice team at

JOS. JEFFREY'S

Livery, Sale and Boarding Stable, Kennebunkport, Me., near Parker House. Everything from a single team to a six-in-hand furnished.

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.

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.

T. F. FOSS & SONS,

wholesale and retail dealers in

FURNITURE!

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

Salesrooms, Nos. 111 and 113 Exchange St., Cor. Federal and Market streets.

Factory, No. 374 Congress St.

PORTLAND, ME.

T. Frank Foss, Walter T. Foss, John S. Foss.

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 supplied with all Modern Conveniences, and unequalled 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. Titecomb, 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 80 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, Periodicals, 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.

(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.

Bass Rock House, at terminus of road from Grove Station to Beach.

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

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.

Opprobrious Epithets.

Strikes bring out the technical slang of the trades, and particularly the opprobrious epithets by which the different classes of workman distinguish the unskilled men who labor at the same trades. In most cases it will be found that these slang terms originate in some technicality of the trade. Thus the telegraphers call a poor operator a 'plug,' after the little metal plug or pin in the switchboard, good only to open and close the circuit. They are also called 'chair-warmers,' the meaning of which is apparent to everybody.

Printers designate an unskilled typesetter as a 'shoemaker' or a 'blacksmith.' The derivation of the former appellation is from the fact that a compositor who makes errors is obliged to correct them after the type is set up by taking out the misplaced letters and 'pegging' the proper ones into their places. Tailors also use the word 'shoemaker' to distinguish a poor hand, as an unskilled workman makes his stitches too far apart, and is therefore better adapted to sew leather, where he can punch the holes with an awl before pulling his needle through. The appellation 'blacksmith' is applied to a printer whose fingers are clumsy, and a jeweler also terms an unskilled worker at his trade a 'blacksmith' for the same reason.

A term of opprobrium which was used by old New York printers to denote an unskilled compositor was the word 'boarder,' from the fact that a poor hand was generally a drinking man and spent his time loafing or 'boarding' in liquor saloons. All striking workmen in common use the generic word 'scab' to distinguish those who take the place of strikers. The derivation of this word is obviously from the fact that the scab is a morbid growth, and lives only at the expense of the general well-being of the rest of the body.

Shakespeare uses the word scab as a term of opprobrium, and Webster defines scab as a 'mean, paltry fellow' which may have suggested the application of the word to its present use. Different occupations have, however, special names to particularize the scabs of their respective callings. Thus compositors call a scab a 'rat,' in contemptuous allusion to the rodents that infest printing-offices.

The telegraphers have only recently invented a term for scab operators. They call them 'contaminists,' though the term is not of technical derivation, but is probably an attempt to manufacture a word from the Latin *contaminare*, the root of contamination, to describe a stubborn and obstinate person. There is, however, a strong current among some of the operators that there was a noted scab in the big strike in 1883 by the name of Con Toomey, and hence one who follows in his footsteps is called a 'contaminist,' which is certainly a more humorous derivation than the former.

The iron-workers, especially the nailers, term a scab a 'black sheep,' while the hatters say he is 'foul.' This custom of designating those who work contrary to the rules and wishes of their fellows by some uncomplimentary name is not confined to those who are wage-workers. The lawyers term the one who works contrary to the ethics of the profession a shyster, while the doctors expressively call one who pretends to be a healer, without belonging to their medical society or union a quack. The same idea runs through all classes of society.

The Sassafras Man.

"It's twelve years now since I began to supply the Chicago market with sassafras," said Thomas Sapp, yesterday. Mr. Sapp is a tall and portly gentleman from Indiana; his hair is gray and he wears on his chin a tuft of whiskers of the same shade. "Yes, sir, I've been in this line twelve years and I have some customers now that I had at the first. When I started out I didn't have much of a trade, but I have built it up until now I get rid of about \$900 worth a year. Oh, yes, it's a pretty fair business. You see the sassafras that I sell and that which is sold in the stores are two different things. I cut mine when the sap is in the root. The stores get theirs when the sap is in the boughs making leaves. I calculate that sassafras is good for everybody. The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash is kept alive sniffing sassafras. Indiana couldn't get along without it. Sassafras and demerol are the standard crops down there and they are both good. Now I come from the Terre Haute region and I know what I am talking about. Sassafras has different effects upon different people. The best way to take it is to eat a little of it every day. Some folks will take a whole bunch and chew it down at once. That's no way. Some others will boil it down, get the strength out of it and drink it all at once. That's no way, neither. The way to do is to eat it a little at a time. It relaxes the system and opens the pores, letting the impurities pass out in that way. Now there's one man in this town that I have sold to for twelve years, and from the fact that during all that time he has been in one place and at one desk I suspect that he's a pretty steady man. He says it does him good and I guess it does. What does the sassafras tree look like? Well, well, now, the sassafras tree looks like—it looks like—I should say that it resembles—well, it looks more like the black gum than anything else that I know of. It's a great tree, Indiana is full of it—and demerol. I've got to go out to the Northwestern shops with this here basket and I'll see you again. There's a heap of things that I can tell you about sassafras when I have time."—Chicago Herald's Omnibus.

A Snake-Bite Healer.

Not long since a man known as Baptiste Ricquar, of creole-French descent, died on his farm near Kaskaskia, Ill., writes a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. For nearly a half century previous to his death he was credited with the remarkable gift of healing snake-bites, and of being on familiar terms with the most venomous reptiles the country afforded. It was said this power had been given him by a Canadian on his death-bed in return for some important service, as an act of friendship. The conditions or circumstances attending the transfer of this curious knowledge never were learned with certainty, as its possessor was extremely jealous of it, guarding it with the greatest care, and revealed it to no one until the hour of his death, when he imparted the gift to his eldest son, who can not be induced to speak of it in the presence of strangers.

There is, however, an abundance of living evidence of Ricquar's power to cure the bite of snakes without the use of any kind of medicine, and of his apparent love or fellowship with and control over all kinds of snakes. He would never consent to their being killed or injured, and it is said that he kept the largest and most venomous specimens about his place, and that they would approach him to be caressed or disappear into their hiding places at his will.

Whenever a person within reach of old Baptiste was bitten, he was usually sent for to relieve the pains and render the poison innocuous. In this he was never known to fail. He simply placed his hands upon the wound and cautioned the sufferer not to take any medicine offered by others. It would insult him highly if asked how much he charged for his services, and would only accept something, whatever it might be, if offered as a present upon some other occasion.

Being a devout Catholic, his gift brought him into bad repute with the parish priest, who, as the story goes, forbade him partaking of the holy sacrament unless he forewore the exercise of his black art. The bishop, however, during one of his periodical visits to the parish, is said to have had an interview with his offending parishioner. He inquired of Ricquar how he came by the gift, and why he did not, at the command of the priest, abjure such uncanonical practices. Ricquar responded that he had no compact with the evil one, nor was there anything wicked about it. How could there be any harm, he argued, in saving the life of a fellow-creature when it was so easily done. He had resolved many times to give up the use of it, but when an excited neighbor came begging him to come and save a little child, or the wife who had been bitten, he could not refuse, even at the risk of losing favor in the church. He was granted a dispensation by the bishop to participate in the comforts of the communion without revealing his art at confession, and when he died he was honored with a perpetual resting-place in St. Mary of Help cemetery.

Carpet Sweeping.

In all carpet sweeping great care must be taken to brush well round the skirting board. This is the favorite spot for the moths to breed. Should you suspect their existence, lay a wet cloth, folded about three inches wide, on the carpet round the skirting board, and on this press a very hot iron. The steam caused by this process will kill both moth and eggs, and there need be no fear of injuring the carpet. I have said a wet cloth, because I mean more than merely damp, but it must not be dripping wet. A cloth wrung out of water as dry as you can will be right.

Smaller rugs can, of course, be taken up and shaken every week. The Wilton, felt, or ingrain "fillings" often used add to the work very much, as they show every speck, being of solid color and in a dusty street, seem to require sweeping every day to be really bright. Wilton filling should not be swept at the same time as the rug it surrounds, which has usually some lighter colors, and the flue from these will attach itself to the darker pile. Sweep the rug first and take up the dust, then go round the room to sweep the filling, or border.—Catherine Owen, in Good Housekeeping.

Superstitions of Sneezing.

Most people sneeze in the course of their lifetime, and even in this country there are many communities among whom bystanders, upon such an occasion, will exclaim, "God bless you!" This is designed to avert the evil omen. The superstition was brought here from England and from most of the northern nations of Europe.

Many of our readers will recall what Longfellow wrote of the custom in Sweden, "You sneeze, and the peasants cry, 'God bless you!'"

A writer at the beginning of the century, remarking upon the customs of Italy, says that when you sneeze, "even in the theaters, men rise and wish you 'Felicita!'" The purport of this is the same as the hearty Swedish and English "God bless you!"

The origin of this custom in the different countries of Europe was the same, just as its meaning is the same. It has been traced to those veneration of fearful pestilence known as the Black Death. One will read of it in England in the time of Edward III. In 1350 this plague swept over Sweden and Denmark. Its ravages in those countries were so great that the disease gained the name of the tiger death.

The earliest symptoms of an attack by so dread a pest was a sneeze. Thereupon the pitying bystanders, with sorrowing glance, would turn to the newly marked victim and exclaim, "May God be with you!"

Why He Reformed.

"On our Nebraska line, near Sutton, Clay county," said a railroader who for many years had owned allegiance to the C. B. & Q. R. R., "there used to live a man named Potter—a rather old man who had seen better days, but who was then living in a dug-out, about two miles from town, and close by the railroad track. He was a fearful old drunkard, too, and used to go to town about every other day and fill up at Pat Curran's saloon, starting home late in the evening, and always taking the railroad track. Being an old man, and not able to stand such big and bad doses of liquor as Pat gave him, he often fell down on the track and went to sleep. Time and again our boys stopped their trains on discovering old Potter ahead, and, of course, saved his life every time they did it. It got to be so that it was a rule of the road along by Sutton to 'look out for old Potter.' After a time the boys got tired of it, and got the local agent to notify the old man that he'd got to keep off the track or get hurt. This had no effect, and Potter used our ties for a bed quite as often as before. One winter's night in 1874 Dave Thompson—he's now superintendent at Lincoln, but he was then a freight conductor—one night Dave was running an extra cattle train from Lowell, and as they reached the top of the hill going down to Sutton, Dave was in the engine cab and he said:

"Keep a sharp lookout for old Potter. If he's on let's give him a scare." "Pretty soon the engineer sighted a dilapidated form ahead on the track, and declared that it was the old man. 'Whistle for brakes,' said Thompson, 'but let her run pretty free, and we'll shake the old man up a bit.'

"The boys all entered into the spirit of the thing. Their purpose was to run the locomotive's nose right into the old man and rouse him without hurting him, with the idea of giving him a good scare. But the weight of the train and the grade proved pretty bad things to calculate to such a fine point, and when the locomotive reached the old man the boys all had their hearts in their throats and a feeling that they were little better than murderers. They jumped down, expecting to find Potter all mashed to pieces, but there he was under the engine, snug up against the fire-box, where he had been rolled and pushed along on the snow for two or three rods. He was evidently warm on the side next the fire-box and cold on the other, for just as the boys got to him they heard him mutter:

"I shay, ole 'oman—shay—yor pullin' all 'er cover off'n me."

"Well, the boys got him out, and were delighted to find that he wasn't much hurt. As soon as they got him thoroughly roused he was the most frightened man that ever was. That scare proved his salvation, for he braided up and reformed, and now owns one of the finest, best stocked farms in Clay county. I got this story from one of our Nebraska men, and know it to be true.—Chicago Herald.

A Plea for the Livery Horse.

If you hire a horse at the livery stable, you ought to treat him as if he were your own. If you drive out ten miles, you ought not to attend to your own wants until you see him properly cared for. If an honest man, you will remember that you are under a two-fold obligation to that animal—an obligation to its owner and an obligation to the animal. You are the debtor of both, and though you pay the price of the horse, yet no money can release you from the duty and moral claim involved in the bargain between yourself and the owner. To neglect the poor speechless beast, that can not appeal in your tongue to the commiseration of a passer-by, is simply unpardonable, and the man who is guilty of such neglect is worse than a man. The ardent infidelity of Balaam and his sordid love of money, are secondary crimes compared with his brutal abuse of the ass which he rode, and the Lord wrought a miracle to secure allowed remembrance. We have but one instance in the whole bible of a dumb animal speaking, and the miracle was wrought to condemn the sin of cruelty to animals.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Festive Bummer.

The festive bumner is still around. I fancy Noah must have taken a bumner into the ark among the other animals and perpetuated the race. A man has come pretty low down when he can live by begging, not for the necessities of life, but for liquor. You're never safe in trusting to appearances, but you're liable to be seriously mistaken, however much experience you may have with bummers. A man in the liquor business, one would imagine, would be the very last to be taken in; but even that happened a few days ago. He was on Kearny street, and a fellow, looking very respectable and evidently genuinely in want, came up to him.

"I beg your pardon; but could you assist me with a trifle of money? I've got a job on a schooner in Oakland, but I haven't the money to get over there. If you'll let me have 15 cents I can make a good day's wages."

The liquor man took pity on him and gave him the money. He walked away and went around the corner. The liquor man strolled along and reached the crossing just in time to see somebody who looked like the bumner disappear into a saloon. It was bad enough to give a man 15 cents, but to be spent in an opposition place added insult to injury. He walked down the street and looked in. There was his friend engaged on his job on a schooner—but it was of beer. He saw him pay his 5 cents for it. Then he went up and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Say! Give me back that other 10 cents." The bumner looked at him a moment, then calmly fished out the dime and handed it back without a word.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Liberty's Torch.

The noble Bartholdi statue in New York harbor, says a writer in Science, suffers a great injustice, so far as the idea of its conception goes and the requisites for its most complete artistic presentation are concerned, in being made to hold a star in its hand poorly represents the lambent and rolling stalks of fire which the thought of a torch suggests, and fails to accentuate the statue with any dramatic or spectacular force.

The attempt should be made to burn a large volume of gas properly distributed over the present surface of the torch, and this would seem altogether feasible. A consumption of from a thousand to two thousand cubic feet of gas per hour might be required, but the result would be incomparably more striking and noteworthy. A series of one-inch pipes passing up into the torch, emerging at various points so as to completely invest it with the confluent flames issuing from their openings, would probably serve the purpose, the gas being permitted to burn under a pressure but slightly in excess of its own ascensional power. Two objections might be urged against this proposition—first, the smokiness of the flame, producing an ugly and dirty appearance; second, the probability of its extinction in high gales. The first objection has not much weight, as the tail of drifting smoke would hardly detract from the splendor of the pillar of flame, and in any case could be considerably overcome by an efficient tube with a perforated circular cap feeding air to the summit of the torch, somewhat on the plan of the central air channel in the popular climax oil lamp. The second objection is valid, but only in extreme cases; and, as the gas should be lit by electricity, the highest gales would only alter the constancy of the light, its extinction being succeeded by the renewed flame. Again by curving the extremities of the pipe, even these exceptional cases might be yet further reduced in number. The gas might be supplied from the mainland, or if that appears too expensive or itself impracticable, naphtha or gas (enriched air) could be safely used, the precaution being taken of substituting for the large tubes bundles of smaller pipes.

Secretary Lamar on War.

"I used to think," Mr. Lamar went on to say, "before I saw much fighting, that the slaughter must be frightful. I could not see how, where so many bullets were flying, there was any chance at all for men to escape being hit. But I soon wondered how anybody was hit at all. My men that day at Williamsburg shot themselves all out of ammunition twice. When we went into bivouac at night I went about asking the boys how they felt. I met one big Mississippian from my home town:

"John did you fire off all your powder?"

"No," he said. "I tried hard all day, colonel, to do my best, and I didn't fire but twice. All day long I didn't draw bead on a Yankee but twice. I've got my ammunition here, and he tapped his cartridge box.

"You fired twice? I said. 'Did you hit 'em those times?'

"Well, colonel, to tell the truth, I missed one Yank, and I'm in doubt about the other."

"That illustrates war," said the secretary. "A lot of men march out and proceed to create a lot of accidents. The side that can produce the most accidents for the greatest number of consecutive hours wins the day."—N. Y. Sun.

It is predicted by a Texas clergyman that the world will come to an end in ten years.

The movement against the wearing of hats and bonnets at the opera has been so successful that it is now noticed that only those ladies who live in the suburbs or are from the country wear their street head coverings.—Boston Post.

The jury that recently tried two saloonkeepers, of Woodland, Cal., for grand larceny returned this verdict: "We, the jury, find the defendants not guilty, with the recommendation that they leave the town within forty-eight hours."

"Is he a young man of brains?" inquired an old gentleman respecting a swell youth. "Well, really," replied his daughter, "I have had no opportunity of judging. I never met him anywhere else except in society."—Washington Critic.

There are rumors of trouble between Lord Randolph Churchill and his American wife. It probably began when he resigned a \$25,000 office right in the middle of the gay season, when new dresses were most necessary.—Boston Herald.

We see it chronicled that a girl in New York was 'stabbed by a man whom she had never seen before.' That was simply atrocious. It is bad enough to be stabbed by a bosom friend, but a total stranger—how rude!—Philadelphia Call.

A Rapid City, D. T., man has married his mother-in-law.

Jasmin, the waiter, is over head and ears in love with Lisette, the cook, and he is heard calling out his orders through the speaking-tube to the kitchen below something in this wise: "Sweet angel! Two rump stakes with fried potatoes! Kisses to my only love!" "My own true love! Are the pork chops not ready yet? A kiss from yours truly!" "Darling dear, you have stolen my heart! When are you going to send up the sheep's head and vinegar? Ever of thee I am fondly dreaming!"—Actualities.

Ocean Bluff HOTEL! CAPE ARUNDEL,

KENNEBUNKPORT,

MAINE.



THE "CARLETON,"

Jacksonville,
Florida.

Stimpson & Devnell,

PROPRIETORS.