



VOL. I. NO. 6.

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE, JULY 27, 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,

Formerly of 611 Tremont St., Boston, has
opened a house on Union St., where she will
be pleased to welcome her former patrons and
give them pleasant rooms and excellent
table board.

HUFF & EATON,
DEALERS IN

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

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

COVE 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.

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 the Office, Station, Beach, Bath houses,
and several hotels. The facilities for
fishing, 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.

BASS ROCK HOUSE,

J. ALLIE WELLS, Proprietor,
Kennebunkport, Me.
Every endeavor will be made to make this
pleasant resort where every one can enjoy
as 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
to house.

EIGHTH SEASON

OF THE

GRANITE STATE HOUSE!

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

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.

IRA F. CLARK

CLARK'S GREAT SALE

— OF —

CLOTHING!

and Gents' Furnishing Goods!

\$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.

IRA F. CLARK

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 Sec-
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 58c.
Opp. Preble House is the place to
go to.

IRA F. CLARK

100 doz. more of 25c. Braces for 10c.
100 doz. 4-ply Linen Collars at 10c. each; 3 for 25c.
Linen Cuffs, 6 pairs for 75c.

These are all bargains.
We have some splendid bargains in
Flannel Shirts, and a fine assortment.
Be sure to visit 482 Congress Street
when in want of Gents' Furnishings.

IRA F. CLARK

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 old 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 surrounded with
beautiful flowers and plants. Tall
trees shed down their grateful shade,
while between their branches steals
the invigorating air heavy with saline
odors from the ocean.

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

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

Passing on we come to the Glen
House. All that has been said of any
other house may well be said of this,
for an inviting summer house it is un-
rivalled. Just beyond and past the
Bickford House, which was new last
season and is finely located so as to com-
mand a magnificent ocean view and
one of the best patronized hotels at
the beach, is the Cliff House and Glen
Cottage which, under the efficient
management of Mr. B. F. Eldridge,
has acquired a justly famous reput-
ation. To those who know anything of
the house no words of praise are nec-
essary. Slightly in rear of this, on
rising ground, is the celebrated Ocean
Bluff Hotel. This is the largest hotel
in Kennebunkport, and for years has
been noted as a famous rendezvous for
Southern and Western people. The
view from the house is indescribably
grand. But a stone's throw away the
waters leap and lash themselves against
the "stern and rock bound coast,"
throwing up a vast cloud of misty
spray. Every room commands an
ocean view. One thing may be said of
the Bluff—it is never hot there. So
near the sea and so elevated is the
location that no matter how torrid the
(Continued on fourth page.)

The Wave.

A Mystery.

[Written for THE WAVE.]
Good father Peter strolled upon the strand
And looked most thoughtfully at the mighty
sea.

As tho' were written there with crystal hand,
The meaning of that wondrous mystery
Which puzzled him and all philosophy.

But there he saw not what he sought in vain.
There only foaming waves were dashing high.
Tossing the vessels on that liquid main
Till they careened almost unto the sky.
Then sank again below the sight of eye.

Just then the father old saw at his side
A golden headed miss of tender years,
Who dug a trench to hold the rushing tide.
Her eyes all joyous—for she had no fears
But that the ocean there would soon abide.

"My little one," the fond old father said,
"What dost thou do?" and she replied in glee.
"I have this trench with care and pleasure
made

So that I may pour into it the sea."
"My child," the father said, "that can never
be."

"For if thou tried till all of time had flown
Thou never couldst hold there the mighty sea."
Then said the maid, "fond father this I own;
And just as hard the task at which I see
Thou laborest—the holy Trinity."

Good father Peter, as tho' in a dream,
Whispered "his true my child," and looked
again.

But fled away the vision, and the beam
Of mingled sun and wave came to his brain.
But satisfied was he that all was plain.

How often in the world our learned pride
Leads us in vain attempts to drain the sea
In a trench; or with grave thought divide
The lessons of the holy Trinity.
Till we are taught by heaven's philosophy.

—HOWSON.

Hotel Arrivals.

RIVERSIDE HOUSE.

BUFFALO N Y—
Rev W S Hubbell
Miss Susie Hubbell
Master Willie Hubbell
ROCHESTER—
Mr and Mrs F A Blake
BOSTON—
Mrs W C Stevens
Mr W L Stevens
Miss E M Stevens
WORCESTER—
Miss S A Cole

GLEN HOUSE.

ANDOVER MASS—
Mrs Albert Abbott
Miss Abbott

NORTON HOUSE.

KITTERY—
J C Smith
PORTLAND—
W F Fisk and wife
HAVERHILL—
E P Towler
BOSTON—
Henry James
Mrs H James
NEWBURYPORT—
Walter B Hopkinson
BOSTON—
A R Dougherty
AUBURN—
J A Haskell
PORTLAND—
W J Weir
Geo L Swett
H S Colby
BIDDEFORD—
B L Goodwin and lady

PAKKE HOUSE.

WESTBORO MASS—
Mrs Elizabeth E Eddy
BOSTON—
Wm Shapleigh
W C Dewson
J Q Henry
PORTLAND—
H F Goding
PORT WATNE—
O G Hill and wife
C W Orr and wife
CAMBRIDGE—
Charles A Spencer

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.

ALABAMA—
Mr Stafford and wife
BOSTON—
Geo Fred Williams
HANOVER N H—
Miss Mildred Crosby
CHICAGO—
Frank I Bennett
NORTH EASTON—
F M Chase
SEASIDE HOUSE.
DEDHAM—
Mr C M Rogers
ANDOVER—
Annie Hincks and Governess
FITZBURG—
Miss Anna J Stevens
WATERVILLE N Y—
Mrs McCamus
ANDOVER—
Prof Woodruff
DENVER—
C A Raymond and family
DEDHAM—
Mr C E Conant
Mr Kingsbury
Miss Kingsbury

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.

SAVANNAH GA—
T D Bentley
HAVERHILL—
Mrs M H Moore
NEW YORK—
A Black
PITTSBURG—
John A Bower and wife
BOSTON—
H F Mandall
QUINCY MASS—
C F Adams
G C Adams
E B Pratt
Miss Pratt
Eddie B Pratt
BOSTON—
Levi L Williams
Frank D Long
CLEVELAND O—
Mrs F N Taylor and daughter
HAVERHILL—
W H Hersey
BOSTON—
Geo T Dody
C W Connery
PORTLAND—
C R Wilkins
BOSTON—
J H McAvory
NEWTON—
Mrs M H Mallow
Katie Mallow
HAVERHILL—
Kate McAvory
J Nolan
PORTLAND—
Haley Myes
Wadsworth Myes
INDIANNA—
C F Brooks
HAVERHILL—
Col Jones Frankle
HAVERHILL—
Edw F Adams
PORTLAND—
Haley Noyes
Yacht "Gratches" Boston—
Arthur Barney
Charlie L Plamer
Winthrop A Harvey
Author C Harvey
PORTLAND—
C H Miliken
Winthrop Jordan
Wadsworth Noyes
PHILADELPHIA—
T S Wood and wife
Lawrence Hattuck
WOODSTOCK VT—
Mrs Horace Hunt
Mrs Collemier
Mary F Collemier
BOSTON—
John C Lee
ALBANY—
Alphes T Buckley
PORTLAND—
Henry S Payson
BROOKLINE—
Mrs W F Hall
Miss Hall
Miss Fegg
PHILADELPHIA—
I M Morris
Mrs Morris
Miss Morris
PORTLAND—
Miss Anna W Miliken
CINCINNATI O—
Henry Hanna
BOSTON—
Frank C Herrieks
BROOKLINE—
Wm F Hall

CLIFF HOUSE.

BOSTON—
Miss Helen H. Perry
Florence A Perry
Edw F Draper
MONTREAL—
Miss EM Crawford
Miss P Gairdner
Miss H S Gairdner
NEW YORK—
Mrs A P Foster
Miss Foster
Philip P Foster

BICKFORD HOUSE.

LOUISVILLE KY—
A C Semple and wife
Miss Semple
QUINCY MASS—
Mr and Mrs E C Stauwood and daughter
BOSTON—
Mr and Mrs W H Badger nurse and child
WESTBORO MASS—
J A Trowbridge and wife
WORCESTER MASS—
W W Johnson and wife
Mary Johnson
Walter T Johnson
Edith C Johnson
Mrs Edward Converse
Miss Ena Converse
HYDE PARK MASS—
Mrs G F Gridley
Mrs E J Smith

GROVE HILL HOUSE.

EXETER N H—
E H Gilman
CAMBRIDGE MASS—
Mrs Mary E Stone
Miss Mary C Stone
Miss Bessie M Stone

BOSTON—
Mrs Geo P Thresher
Miss Maria Thresher
Miss Florence Thresher
NEWMARKET N H—
Miss Grace F Chapman
COVE COTTAGE.
MAPLEWOOD MASS—
C B Campbell
Mrs E M Campbell
Master Harry Campbell
MALDEN—
Grace Grant
Mamie Grant
ITALY—
Geo H Nickerson
GRANITE STATE HOUSE.
MONTREAL—
Mrs Charles Martin
Miss M Martin
Chas F Martin
BOSTON—
H F Ripley and wife
SEA VIEW HOUSE.
MALDEN MASS—
J H Bradley and wife
J E Stevens
CHARLESTOWN—
A J Harris
HARTFORD CT—
James G Crane
Mrs Sam'l G Crane
Miss Francis B Crane
Miss L Anna Chesbrough
WINSTED CONN—
Miss Hattie E Skinner
John M Mix
BRADFORD—
C Peabody
BOSTON—
A M Howe
SPRINGFIELD MASS—
Miss S E Danks
WINDSOR—
Miss F J Wright

This space is taken
by Oren Hooper, Son,
& Latham, Real Estate
Dealers, Congress St.,
Portland, Me.



Mrs. John P. Moulton.

SACO, Me. Aug. 20, 1886.
My wife suffered terribly from rheumatism and neuralgia for 15 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 pain. At first large doses of morphine were given, but this did not help her. 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 housework, and has remained in perfect health since; praise God for this wonderful remedy.

JOHN P. MOULTON,
Fireman Box Factory and Saw Mill, 36 Lincoln St.,
Residence 60 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 hard 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.

GROCERIES !

AND
PROVISIONS
AT

A. T. WHITAKER'S,
Kennebunk Village, Main St.

NONANTUM HOUSE,

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

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.

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.

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.

JAMES B. LaCROIX,

BOOKSELLER,
Ocean Bluff Hotel, Cape Arundel, Me.
Orders received for Books of all descrip-
tions. Views of Ocean Bluff, Cape Arundel
and vicinity, on sale.

JOS. JEFFREY'S

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

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.

C. TROTT,

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

T. F. FOSS & SONS,

wholesale and retail dealers in

FURNITURE !

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

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

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

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

ISAAC C. ATKINSON,

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

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 Parlor Suite for \$40,
down and the balance \$4 per month; a Parlor Suite for \$40, \$10 down and
\$5 per month; a Dinner Set for \$10 Cash, or \$2 down and the balance \$1
per week; Window Shades, all prices; a Prime All Wool Carpet for 60 cents
per yard, \$5 down and the balance \$1 per week; and lastly, to have every-
thing 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 cus-
tomer; 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, Por-
tland, Me., Branch of the GREAT NASSAU HALL HOUSE FUR-
NISHING STORE, 827 Washington Street, Boston.

B. A. Atkinson & CO.,

ISSAC C. ATKINSON, Manager.

Open Every Evening. Electric Lights on Three Floors

Grand Clearing Sale

PREVIOUS TO TAKING STOCK!
— AT —

TURNER BROTHERS.

Cheney Bros.' Jersey Silks, about 30
per cent. less than regular prices.

Black and Colored Silks and Satin
Rhoades, 20 to 30 per cent. less
than regular prices.

52-inch all wool Dress Goods at just
half price.

42-inch French Dress Goods at exactly
half price.

Job lot of Black Goods at half price.

Silk Warp Henriettas at 20 per cent
discount.

Jackets and Wraps to be closed regard-
less of cost.

Remarkable Bargains in Underwear
Hosiery and Gloves.

1 case of \$1.00 Quilts at 81 cents.

1 case of Fruit Loom Cotton at 8 cents.

One more lot Indigo Batiste at 12 1-2 c.

40 pieces 15 c. Seersuckers at 12 1-2 c.
Parasols at a Great Reduction.
488 and 490 Congress St., Portland

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1887.

Miniature Almanac.

Sun rises, 4:41.
Sun sets, 7:31.
Moon rises 6:12 p. m.
High Water 5:28, morn.

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

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.

R 8:30 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 10:00 a. m. E 6:25 p. m.

W 11:40 a. m. W 7:20 p. m.

W 9:21 p. m.

*E East; B Both ways; W West.

Trains leave Grove Station 3 minutes different.

Kennebunk Beach, 5 minutes; Parsons, 8 minutes; Kennebunk, 15 minutes than from Kennebunkport.

THE WAVE IS FOR SALE

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

Wavelets.

The Summer Girl.

Beware! there is danger in her glance As she trips through the mazes of the dance.

She's the summer girl in her dress of lawn Fair as the goddess that rules the dawn.

The lily and rose on a single stem, Of maidens fair she is the gem.

She sighs, she smiles, she pouts—take care Young man of the summer girl, beware!

Ice Cream Soda can only be obtained at Norton's.

Prof. Moore, of Andover, is a guest at the Seaside House.

Mr. William H. Norton, of Livermore, Me., is at his brother's, Mr. R. W. Norton.

Mr. C. A. Raymond, a leading insurance man of Denver, Col., is at the Seaside House.

Messrs. C. H. Omstead and J. P. Harley, prominent real estate brokers of Denver, Col., are at the Seaside House.

The hotel arrivals, as published in THE WAVE, compare very favorably with those in the Old Orchard, Newport and Bar Harbor papers.

Mr. Wm. H. Goodwin, of the firm Sumner & Goodwin, Boston, arrived last Saturday at his cottage, having driven the entire distance in his team.

Mr. James B. LaCroix, the book-seller at the Ocean Bluff, took a business trip to Boston Monday. Mr. Devell says the heat (?) at the Bluff forced him to leave.

Mr. E. P. Fowler, the Haverhill artist, succeeded in getting some excellent negatives of the Hinks-Clark wedding party. He received a generous order for a lot of the pictures.

There will be a dramatic entertainment in Arundel Hall Thursday evening by guests from the Glen House.

On Friday evening an operetta, gotten up by Mr. Francis Noble, will be the attraction.

Apocops of the late wedding at the Port:—One of the grandchildren asked, "Papa what makes these bed posts so high?" "Well my child, they are very old." "And have they been growing ever since?"

The hotels and cottages that receive boarders are fast filling up both at Kennebunkport and Kennebunk Beach, and a profitable season is expected.

The territory lying around the mouth of the Kennebunk River is among the most attractive as a summer resort section that can be found on the coast of Maine, and we expect to note rapid progress in its development from year to year.—Industrial Journal.

Mr. Leonard T. Webber has sold his boat to Western parties.

Mrs. Dr. Gay of Beacon St., Boston, is sojourning for the season at the Bickford House.

Anything in the line of gents' summer furnishings can be obtained at W. M. Dresser's, Kennebunk, at low prices and in large variety.

Successful bean bag and soap bubble parties have been held at the Bickford House the past week. Everyone in the house took part in the amusement.

The *Industrial Journal* of Bangor contains in its last issue a very interesting article on Kennebunkport and Kennebunk Beach. The *Journal* is one of the most interesting papers on our exchange list.

Capt. F. A. Sampson and wife of Boston, and his brother, Capt. A. W. Sampson, are at the Bickford House.

Both are old sea captains who delight to tell tales of their adventures on the "ever rolling deep."

E. C. Miller, the druggist, displays in his show cases an excellent lot of white wood souvenirs with views of the principal places of interest in this vicinity printed on them. At the moderate price he asks for them, they are having a large sale.

"THE WAVE" is the title of a new and breezy little summer journal published at Kennebunkport, one of the rapidly developing coast resorts. It is neatly printed, with an especially attractive and tasteful heading, and will doubtless be well patronized by the many summer guests of that vicinity.—*Industrial Journal*.

The next "Children's Temperance meeting," will be at "Good Templar's Hall," Aug. 17, commencing at 7 p. m. Parents and all interested are invited to be present and lend their influence.

Children supplied with dialogues, pieces to recite, and songs to sing, by calling on Dr. Hinds. There will be speakers from abroad.

Mr. Charles Hanna of Ohio, who is sojourning at the Ocean Bluff Hotel, is considered by experts the best pool and billiard player at that place.

Mr. Hanna in 1868 while playing at Rye Beach marked a cue with his knife. He recently ran across it in the Bluff billiard room still doing good service, apparently as good as new.

The selectmen have appointed Capt. A. M. Welch, as collector of taxes for the current year, and he has begun his duties; his compensation is 55-100 per cent. less than was paid last year and 1-4 per cent. less than the town voted to pay on town meeting day. We trust the Captain will prove as successful as last year's publican, for we learn from the Town Treasurer that Dr. Haley completed his collections and paid the town in full in less than eleven months from the date of his commitment.

The advertisement of Mr. A. B. Houdlette appears in this issue of THE WAVE. Mr. Houdlette is well known, both here and elsewhere, as an excellent photographer and will undoubtedly receive, as he deserves, a share of the public patronage. A landing near his rooms makes it convenient for boating parties to patronize.

The *Penny Post*, of Portsmouth, N. H., showed its appreciation for this resort by the following lines: "THE WAVE" published at Kennebunkport, for the instruction and convenience of summer tourists, has reached the fourth number of its first volume. It is chatty and enterprising and is already reaping a merited reward which, of course, is the orthodox method of showing one's appreciation. It must be acknowledged that Brother Emmons has no difficult task to elaborate the attractions of one of the most beautiful places on the Atlantic coast or to publish the graces and virtues of its habitues. We confess to an ingrained admiration for Kennebunk and its outlying neighbor—the "Port." No longer ago than last week, for the hundredth time we sat nearly a whole day with a merry company, watching the antics of the famous Blowing Cave, and left it with a regret which has become monotonous from frequent expression. Aside from the notabilities of Kennebunkport, to the manor born, there is a large accession of permanent summer residents distinguished in the higher circles of literary and professional life. They have confessed the irresistible charms of Kennebunkport and their beautiful residences dot the hill-sides in tangible token of the attraction; the place has a tone—a presence, if you please—as agreeable as it is positive. Kennebunk Beach and Hart's Beach are properly regarded as companion pictures to the Port and may be included as a part of the harmonious whole. The carrying out of prospective improvements as indicated by the Sea Shore Company will leave little to be desired by the tourists or summer residents. To these efforts THE WAVE can give material assistance. May it grow with its splendid opportunity.

Mr. Geo. H. Nickerson of Italy is at Cove Cottage.

The bad weather does not prevent daily arrivals at the Bluff.

Mr. Henry Hanna, the Cincinnati millionaire, arrived at the Bluff last night.

The first Hop of the season at the Parker House took place Saturday night.

Capt. J. A. Titcomb says he hasn't half boats enough to supply the demand.

The Ocean Bluff base ball nine went to Kennebunk Monday and polished off the local nine of that place to the time of 8 to 6.

Mr. S. S. Chandler of Boston, who has been at the Norton House for the last week, returned home to-day. He will return next week.

A deer has been seen roaming the wilds in the northern part of the town. Here's a chance for some of our sportsmen to try their skill.

The Hop in Arundel Hall, postponed from Saturday night, was held Monday. About two hundred were in attendance and it was a very successful affair.

Fred Goodwin is doing a great business with his boats. Monday was the busiest day he ever had. Fred keeps nothing but first class boats and it is no wonder that they are in demand.

A little son of Mrs. Decker of Boston, who is staying at the Forest Hill House, ate too many toadstools yesterday and had a narrow escape from poisoning. Prompt measures alone saved him.

They do say that Mr. George B. Carl, one of our most prominent citizens and ex-selectman, got an awful wetting on the rocks Monday, by a big wave (not THE WAVE) breaking over him. Lucky it didn't wash him away.

Hereafter THE WAVE will publish in every issue the complete list of unclaimed letters remaining in the Kennebunkport P. O. at the time of going to press. Buy THE WAVE and see if you have any mail in the office.

Rev. J. J. Miller of Worcester preached an exceedingly interesting and helpful sermon at the Baptist church last Sabbath. Mr. Miller is always heard with pleasure by his many friends in this village, who anticipate an annual sermon from him.

The steam yacht "Josie M." returned to Newburyport Thursday of last week, making the trip in four hours. She is a staunch little boat, and her owners think of having her come back to Kennebunkport to take a few parties to Old Orchard, Isles of Shoals, Beau Island, etc., etc.

The cancellation of stamps at the Kennebunkport post office Monday amounted to \$28.52. This is the highest total reached in any single day since the 2-cent postage rate went into effect; exceeding the best showing even in August of previous years. It probably represents about 1500 letters, postal cards and papers dispatched.

Fair for the Episcopal Church. At the meeting held July 21st, the following committee were chosen:

Decorators:—Mr. McMasters, Miss E. O. Robbins, Mrs. J. A. Cummings, Mr. H. P. Clark.

Music:—M. E. D. Greland, Mr. and Mrs. Newlin, Mr. H. P. Clark.

Executive Committee:—Messrs. Titcomb, Noble and Clark.

The tables were arranged for as follows:—The Bluff, Mrs. Jones, Miss Benner and others; Cottagers' Table:—Miss N. A. P. Robbins and others; Villagers' Table:—Mrs. Robinson and others; The Nonantum House:—Miss Reynolds, Mrs. Dexter, Miss Ward and others; Refreshments:—Miss S. P. Bancroft; Tea House:—Miss Gerard; Candy Table:—Miss M. E. D. Greland; Gypsies' Tent:—Miss Hannan; Side Show:—Miss Slade.

The sale will be held on Wednesday, August 10th, beginning at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and continuing through the evening.

Supper will be served from 6 to 8. The admission will be 15 cts. for adults, and 10 cts. for children.

Any sale articles or donations will be received by any of the above table-holders or by the treasurer, Joseph A. Titcomb.

The next meeting of all interested will be held at Miss Robbins' cottage on Aug. 3rd, at 11 o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

H. P. CLARK, Secretary.

A Narrow Escape.

E. C. Miller, the druggist, had a very narrow escape, Sunday, from what might have proved a serious (?) accident. While handing a bottle of lime juice to a customer, who was seated in a carriage outside, the horse pawed in a mud puddle and completely covered one of E. C. M.'s pedal extremities with slush. His "narrow escape" consisted in not getting the other one soaked.

IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

A Glance at Some Rare Physiological Specimens.

It may not be very generally known, yet such are the facts, that we have in our own little village what is probably the finest private collection of skeleton and anatomical specimens to be found north of Boston. We refer to those to be found in Dr. Barrett's office at this place. Upon entering the room one is struck by the almost ghastliness of the sight. Hundreds of mounted specimens are piled on shelves and in cabinets or preserved in glass jars, while crouched under the stove as if to get warm is the skeleton of a seal. A skull lays carelessly on the table near by. The principal collection is to be found in a large polished black walnut case which is as high as the room and some eight feet long by two and a half feet deep, and fitted up with receptacles for its uncanny contents. In one corner stands a life-size skeleton holding in one hand a little child while all around are skeletons of various quadrupeds. None of these are held together by wire but by the natural cartilage. In the adjoining section is almost everything. Skulls showing the divisions of the brain and nerves. The human heart and brain preserved in alcohol. Portions of birds, beasts and snakes dissected during the Doctor's school days, or while serving in the hospital. Complete skeletons of turtles and fish, as well as land animals, are here to be found. A sea caterpillar is one of the rarest specimens. A peculiar looking creature, somewhat resembling a lobster and called a sea spider, is a curiosity by itself. In the same case is a phenomenon in the shape of a three-legged puppy. In another part of the cabinet is a creature known as the "angler." It resembles a gigantic frog, and has a bit of membrane on a long feeler. This creature lies at the bottom of the water and by his motions makes it muddy, at the same time jerking his membrane rapidly through the water just over his open mouth by means of a muscle. The fish seeing the "bait" rush for it when 'tis suddenly whisked away and the prey enters the capturer's mouth. It is interesting to observe the different depths of the convolutions of the human brain in comparison with those of inferior creatures, like the frog and cat for instance. Indeed one might profitably spend hours in looking over this collection of animals and skeletons, representing as they do years of labor in their preparation. They are something that cannot be described. They have to be seen to be understood, and their courteous owner is always ready to display them for the visitors' examination.

List of Unclaimed Letters

Remaining at Kennebunkport Post Office, July 26, 1887.

Alexander, Miss Susie

Baker, Miss A L

Brown, Miss Lily H

Bell, Mrs A F H

Bradley, Robert Seymour

Bradley, Miss L A

Browne, Mrs Charles

Curmei, Jiacobbi

Corbett, Miss Lizzie

Donovan, Miss Hannah

Deshon, Miss Cora L

Dean, Chas A

Foster, Mrs Augusta P

Fourning, George

Hill, Miss Anna

Hall, Miss Alice M

Hawgan, Miss Dora G

Hobson, Mrs

Martin, Mrs

Noyes, Mrs Eva

Ogden, Rev C T

Ordway, Miss Lizzie

Peyton, Miss Eva

Quint, Miss May H

Stutevant, Mrs T L

Stanwood, Mrs E C

Stuart, Miss Alice

Whelan, Miss Jessie

Woodman, Mrs Geo E

Wakefield, B

Whittemore, Edith

York, George H

The Sunday Service

at the So. Cong'l Church, in the absence of Rev. Mr. Emerson, was conducted by Rev. C. H. Merrill of West Brattleboro, Vt. Text, Romans 2:7: "To them who by patient continuance in well doing," etc. The preacher in this discourse illustrated in various ways the truth, beauty and rewards to those who are faithful and also in contrast with the contentions and facious mentioned in the context. The patient and constant man is found when the crowds go out; he remains to see the completeness of the work, and stays till the last bills are paid.

Constant faithfulness comes from the resolution to stay after the feeling is gone. Conversion may be instantaneous, but character is only obtained by a patient continuance. A brief course, or a fourteen weeks' study in physics is a poor substitute for an educational drill.

A good mechanic has to learn his trade; life work only gives proficiency in business or in the professions.—The christian life is like the business life; there must be steadiness of purpose, no looking back after the hand is on the plough; the saying is often true that the maddock does more work than the lightning.

The brilliant christian shines at certain times, on the set days of the year, but at the end of the race shows the man who in trying times and in darker modes has ever been patient in his continuance to be the christian of greatest character.

This great virtue is humble and it can be had by every disciple. The great results in christian life have not come from superhuman efforts, but by human means.

We take comfort and courage in the thought that we follow the patience of Christ who worked with persistence. Work, which was cursed in Adam, was blessed in Christ. Heaven is only work for love.

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(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 further on is Cove Cottage, which for genuine comfort is second to none on the beach. Under its present management it had a very prosperous season last year and will undoubtedly do so this season.

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

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

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

HOTEL DIRECTORY.

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

Norton House, directly across the bridge to the left.

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

Whitton 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.

BEDS OF ALL NATIONS.

Some of the Peculiarities in Former Times.

The beds of the ancients had in general few peculiarities to distinguish them from our own simpler forms. Both the Greeks and the Romans had their beds supported on frames that resembled our modern bedsteads; feather and wool mattresses were common, and the bed-clothing, in the luxurious period of each nation, was richly decorated with elaborate needlework. The Britons, when conquered by Caesar, slept on skins, after the manner of our North American Indians; but at a later period they made use of straw sacks as beds. The ancient Egyptians had a couch of peculiar shape and a profusion of soft cushions and richly embroidered drapery. Most of the beds mentioned in the Bible were probably of the ordinary simple kind.

During the middle ages beds were made of coarse canvas and filled with straw or leaves. These could be opened and the litter re-made daily, as is the custom to-day with the mattresses in the old-fashioned inns of France and Italy. The bedsteads were low-posted and usually had a canopy at the head.

In the Bayeux tapestry Edward the Confessor is represented lying upon a raised seat, his head supported by squared pillows, and the canopy over his head is attached to the wall. Scott, in his romance of "Ivanhoe," describes one of the beds in the mansion of Cedric the Saxon, as consisting of a rude "hutch or bed-frame, stuffed with clean straw and accommodated with two or three sheepskins by way of bedclothes."

The house of the ancient English gentleman was not, as a general thing, provided with bedrooms. A chamber or shed was built against the wall that inclosed the mansion and its dependencies, and in this little cell the lord and his lady slept. Sometimes there was another chamber of the same kind built for the daughter or young ladies of the house. Many allusions to such bedrooms are found in Chaucer. In the "Miller's Tale" there is such a room spoken of in the carpenter's house. The miller in the "Reeve's Tale" had only one bedroom, and his daughter slept in the same room in a bed covered with "sheets and Chalon coverlets fairly spread." As a general thing, the young men of the house and the guests slept on tables and benches in the great hall where woolen coverlets or blankets were provided for warmth. Servants and attendants slept on the floor.

Later on, in the time of the Tudors, the "four-poster" bedstead, an immense piece of furniture, having a canopy supported at each corner by the posts, became the fashionable sleeping-couch. Some of the old wills mention "posted sett work bedsteads." These paneled bedsteads were sometimes of elegant and massive architecture. The columns resembled huge balusters, and rose from square dado bases, and all the frame-pieces were carved with decorative moldings of various patterns. On some of the earlier bedsteads the column terminated with figures representing the four evangelists. In a mediaeval ballad there is mention made of "the four gospellous (gospellers or evangelists) on the four pillons (pillars) and heads of angels, all of one mould." The invocation still in use in some of the English country places is an echo of this old custom.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, Bless the bed that I sleep on, Two angels at my head, Four angels round my bed, Two to watch and two to pray, And two to carry my soul away.

Under these great "sett work" bedsteads were put trundle-beds for the body servants and children. It is related of a Spanish page who went to England with his master in the time of Queen Elizabeth, that one day while

wandering about the spacious mansion, he entered the rooms where the maid's were making the beds, and spying the arrangements of the sliding beds was quite taken with them. In his own country he had slept on straw in the hostler's loft, but in England he had found that rather uncomfortable on account of the cold. So he says to his master: "Sir, there are a sort of little beds" under the great beds in this house, which they say are for servants; I pray you to suffer me to lie in one of them." In the sleeping chamber was usually a "perch," answering to an old-fashioned clothes-horse. On it, says an old writer, "hang your clothes, mantles, frocks, cloaks, doublets, furs, winter clothes, and of summer."

Shakespeare's "second best bed," with "the furniture," which he bequeathed to his wife, Ann Hathaway, was undoubtedly one of those huge Elizabethan bedsteads with canopy, curtains and square pillows. The furniture consisted of the "hanged beds," "harder sheets, of fine flax," "hock beds coverlets," "pillow beers" and "counter points," so named from the fact that the squares were in contrasting colors. The well-to-do gentleman of the late middle ages kept a good supply of bedding. In "The Taming of the Shrew," Gremio glibly names over the furniture of his country house, and is careful to include bed apparel.

In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns, In cyprus chests my arrays, counter points, Costly apparel, tents and canopies, Fine linen, Turkey cushions, boss'd with pearl, Variance of Venice gold and needlework.

The "Great Bed of Ware" mentioned by Shakespeare is probably the largest bed in the world. It is of the Tudor style, twelve feet square, of solid oak, and elaborately carved. For three centuries or more it has been preserved at the inn of the Saracen's Head in the town of Ware, in Hertfordshire. As many as twelve persons are said to have slept in it at one time.—*Cosmopolitan Review.*

Self-Made Chinamen.

In the matter of education the Chinese are very differently off from what Europeans are led to infer, says a writer in the *London Post*. It is a rare thing to find a Chinaman who cannot read and write his own language. Out of more than a hundred that I have employed at different times I have only found two who could not sign their names. This is a very extraordinary thing at first sight, but when one has visited China the fact is easily explained and understood. The truth is that by education it is open for any lad, unless he be the son of an actor or a criminal—both stand in the same light and rank in China—to rise from the lowliest degree to the estate of a mandarin. Take, for instance, the examinations which are periodically held in the great university of Canton. Here is a huge building, or rather congeries of buildings, comprised in a vast oblong space walled in. At one end of the space is the examining hall; the rest of the space is covered over with a multitude of little cells—about 6,000 in number, I believe—which are allotted to the students whenever they have received their papers for examination. Exit from the place is impossible; when the student has got his papers he must remain in the cell and finish the answers. At length the time comes to hand the answers in to the examiners, and this being over, the students go home to await the result. Till such a time as this is announced all are in a state of the greatest possible excitement. It is known that the examination is absolutely fair.

It so chanced when I was at Canton that the result of an examination not long before held was daily expected. One morning the comprador, or Chinese buyer for an English firm of merchants with whom I was acquainted, rushed into the front office of the firm, and in almost an ecstasy of excitement threw himself on the floor. For a moment he was speechless, and then being assisted to rise he gasped out that his son had that morning been declared head of the list, and was going to be sent up as one of the first three students to Peking, there to receive a mandarin's button and a high official appointment. The poor father was so overwhelmed with the honor which his son had thus gained that it was with difficulty he could be calmed, and, indeed, he continued in this state of semi-frenzy all through that day. The honor, indeed, was a great one, but it was one to which any Chinese lad, no matter of what degree—except he belonged, as I have said, to the playing or convicted classes—might aspire, and to this fact I attribute the very general education which prevails all over China.

The Art of Mind-Reading.

Sebastian George, the amateur "mind reader," in a letter to the *Boston Herald*, describing his remarkable gift, gives the following as his theory as to how mind-reading is accomplished: When my subject sees an object it is not the eye that sees, but the brain, using the eye as a conductor. The more vividly anything is pictured before the eye the greater the tremor of the brain, and the more certain the mind of its object. The tremor established in my subject's brain travels throughout the system, and would evidently go out into the atmosphere, or, rather, perhaps to influence things we know nothing of, but here the mind-reader steps in and receives the electric current (for this I believe it is) into his nerves, it travels to his brain, and there again the object is reproduced. With me it is certainly very dim, but the real object is pictured there, and I see with another's eyes. Then, without contact, I receive the tremor through the conducting ether, and when my nerves are in their most susceptible mood, or on a par with my subject's, I would be just as sure of success. There is no supernatural power about it whatever; it is but a plain, common-sense thing, which, however, we can not quite fathom. If a person is not looking at an object, but making a mental picture of it, of course the idea gathered by the thought-revealer is not so distinct as when his eyes are fixed upon it, as a natural consequence. When an object is hidden, there is double work to do if the mind-reader has had no previous knowledge of what the article is to be.

Hard-Wood Floors.

If you have hard-wood floors, or the simply stained and shellacked pine, the whole beauty and freshness of the room will depend on their being kept bright and free from dust; sweeping with a hair broom every morning and washing once a week will secure this, except in long dry spells, or if there is much coal dust in winter, when a damp cloth must follow the broom when the latter is insufficient to remove the dusty appearance, but never in this or any other case allow the damp cloth to replace a broom. Too many servants think they need not sweep floors or oil cloth if they are going to wash it, the result is a cloudy, half-cleaned look. Once in a while, every fourth week perhaps, the water used for washing stained or hard-wood floors should be hot, and have a tablespoonful of turpentine and the same of oil in it, the cloth be wrung out of this and used to wipe the floors. Light-wood floors, ash, etc., are brightened by the use of skimmed milk instead of water.—*Catherine Owen in Good Housekeeping.*

Hiram P. Revels, the first colored man elected to the United States Senate, is now a well-to-do farmer in Mississippi.

Italian Witchcraft.

From such persons you may hear that, if any one takes the eggs out of a raven's nest, boils them so as to render them incapable of incubation, and replaces them, the parent birds will fly out to a brook and fetch thence a white stone of the size and shape of the eggs. This stone, they say, it places carefully among the eggs and then sits on eggs and stone together. The stone restores vitality to the eggs, and, after the brood is fledged and has flown, it is left behind in the nest. It has, however, suffered a great change. It is now semi-transparent, and in every respect, except in weight and hardness, is exactly like an egg. If it be placed near any poisoned food the yolk begins to move violently, and thus warns the fortunate possessor of his danger. The lawing is even more given to sorcery. It always deposits a stone of the size of a pea in its nest. What use it is to the bird or its family no one seems to know, but if any one finds it and places it under the pillow of a sleeping person he will answer every question that does not exceed the limits of human knowledge with perfect truth in the language in which it is asked. The marvelous stories told of serpents are innumerable. There is one about a yard in length and as thick as the upper part of a strong man's arm, which haunts dry wooded places. It is so venomous, especially in May, that not only will the first person it bites in that month die himself, but any one who stands beside or comes to help him will share the same fate. If he falls beneath a tree, that, too, if it be very large, at least one-half of it will be killed. Again, serpents of all kinds are very fond of milk. In the old days, before the railway was built, a coachman, who used to drive on the road between Foggia and Naples, once fell asleep outside a little inn while his horses were baying. His mouth was open and a snake crept down his throat. After this he felt unwell, though he did not know why, and none of the doctors could tell what was the matter with him. At last he consulted the professors of the University of Naples. They hung him up by his feet and placed a great bowl of milk beneath his head. The snake, attracted by the smell, crept out to drink, but still kept a great part of its body in the mouth and throat of the coachman. A young doctor sprang forward, pulled it out, and threw it away, when it was killed. It was about two and a half feet in length. After this the patient was as well as ever.—*Saturday Review.*

A Scot's Device.

It is related of a successful Glasgow merchant that, sight-seeing in Paris once, he lost his way. For a considerable time he wandered about trying to find his way back. It got late. He could speak no French, and his Glasgow-English only brought a smile and a shake of the head. "O for a body wi' a guid Scotch tongue in their head," he sighed. Then came a "happy thought." By signs he bought the basket, measure, and berries of a trim French woman, and, shouldering the stock-in-trade, went along the streets yelling: "Fine grossets, a bawbee the pint; fine grossets, a bawbee the pint." The crowd laughed at the mad Briton, but the familiar cry soon brought some Scotsmen on the scene, and the merchant was able to retire from business, and smoke his pipe in the bosom of his family, thankful that he had found real Scotsmen in his hour of need.

Lincoln's Father's Arithmetic.

Mr. William G. Greene, an early friend of Mr. Lincoln, relates that in 1836 he was going to Kentucky, and "at the request of Abe Lincoln I carried a letter to his father, who lived in Coles county, Illinois, at the head of the 'Ambray' river. When I got to the place the old man's house looked so small and humble that I felt embarrassed until he received me with much heartiness, telling me what a handy house he had and how conveniently it was arranged. It was a log house, and some of the logs stuck out two or three feet from the wall at the corners. He said that he could dress his deer as he killed them, and hang them on the projecting logs, and could tie his horse to them. The old man inquired how his son was getting along. He said Abe was a good boy, but he was afraid he would never amount to much; he had taken a notion to study law, and these men were generally 'oddicated' to do wrong. 'Here now,' he said, 'I cannot read or write a bit; but I can beat any book-keeper I ever saw at making my accounts so easy and simple that anybody can understand them, just by taking my forefinger and rubbing out that black mark.' In the little cabin where he was living, the joists were about seven feet from the floor, and were of course unfinished. The old man had taken a fire-coal and drawn four black marks on the face of a joist, something like the four bars of music. He then explained that he had been 'tending mill' for a man down the river; and when he sold a customer a peck of meal he simply reached up and drew his finger through the lower line. For two pecks he rubbed a hole through two of the lines, for three pecks three lines, and for a bushel four lines were erased. He put a mark to indicate the customer right over his dues. 'The simplest thing in the world,' said he, and added: 'If Abe don't fool away all his time on books he may make something yet.'—*Brown's 'Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln.'*

Relations of Habit to Ethics.

This brings us by a very natural transition to the ethical implications of the law of habit. They are numerous and momentous. Dr. Carpenter, from whose "Mental Physiology" we have quoted, has so prominently enforced the principle that our organs grow to the way in which they have been exercised, and dwell upon its consequences, that his book almost deserves to be called a work of edification, on this account alone. We need make no apology, then, for tracing a few of these consequences ourselves:

"Habit a second nature! Habit is ten times nature," the Duke of Wellington is said to have exclaimed; and the degree to which this is true no one can probably appreciate as well as one who is a veteran soldier himself. The daily drill and the years of discipline end by fashioning a man completely over again, as to most of the possibilities of his conduct. "There is a story, which is credible enough, though it may not be true, of a practical joker, who, seeing a discharged veteran carrying home his dinner, suddenly called out, 'Attention!' whereupon the man instantly brought his hands down, and lost his mutton and potatoes in the gutter. The drill had been thorough, and its effects had become embodied in the man's nervous structure."

Riderless cavalry-horses, at many a battle, have been seen to come together and go through their customary evolutions at the sound of the bugle-call. Most trained domestic animals, dogs, and oxen, and omnibus and car-horses, seem to be machines almost pure and simple, undoubtedly, unhesitatingly doing from minute to minute the duties they have been taught, and giving no sign that the possibility of an alternative ever suggests itself to their mind. Men grown old in prison have asked to be readmitted after being once set free. In a railroad accident to a traveling menagerie in the United States some time in 1884, a tiger, whose cage had broken open, is said to have emerged, but presently crept back again, as if too much bewildered by his new responsibilities, so that he was without difficulty secured.

Habit is thus the enormous fly-wheel of society, its most precious conservative agent. It alone is what keeps us all within the bounds of ordinance, and saves the children of fortune from the envious uprisings of the poor. It alone prevents the hardest and most repulsive walks of life from being deserted by those brought up to tread therein. It keeps the fisherman and the deck-hand at sea through the winter; it holds the minor in his darkness, and nails the countryman to his log-cabin and his lonely farm through all the months of snow; it protects us from invasion by the natives of the desert and the frozen zone. It dooms us all to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nurture or our early choice, and to make the best of a pursuit that disagrees, because there is no other for which we are fitted, and it is too late to begin again. It keeps different social strata from mixing. Already at the age of twenty-five you see the professional mannerism settling down on the young commercial traveler, on the young doctor, on the young minister, on the young counselor-at-law. You see the little lines of cleavage running through the character, the tricks of thought, the prejudices, the ways of the "shop" in a word, from which the man can by and by no more escape than his coat-sleeve can suddenly fall into a new set of folds. On the whole, it is best he should not escape. It is well for the world that in most of us, by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster, and will never soften again.—*Professor William James, in Popular Science Monthly.*

Fooled a Kind-Hearted Wife.

"Where did you get that watch?" said her husband, as she very ostentatiously pulled out a watch and looked at it. "I bought it." "A Christmas present?" "No; I bought it for myself. I couldn't help it. I couldn't see a poor family starve, and I bought the woman's watch." "Just like you," he said. "You're always doing something kind—with my money." "You're not mad, John, are you?" "No; let me look at the watch. What did you give for it?" "Forty dollars." "Forty dollars?" and the husband began examining it. "I'll tell you how it happened. I was passing along the street and there was an auction going on in a store." "An auction? Oh!" "Yes; I was listening and looking, and as I stood there a poor, distressed man came up. He pulled out this watch, and he asked the auctioneer if he'd auction it for him. He said his wife and family were starving, and this was an old family heirloom and he wanted to sell it. Well, the auctioneer, he said he'd sell it, and he put it up, and all they'd bid for it was \$7. The poor fellow began to cry. 'It's worth \$100,' he said. 'Won't somebody give more than \$7? I can't sell it for that. I've had an offer of \$45.' And I got mad and sorry for the poor man, and I bid \$8, and somebody bid \$9, and I bid \$10, and finally they got it up to \$40, and I bought it. Poor fellow! The man went off quite relieved and happy, and I felt so glad that I'd done a good deed at a bargain." "Yes; the poor chap was relieved, I don't doubt it. This watch is worth \$1.75, and that was a mock auction, and that distressed-looking man was a copper for the establishment. He does that twenty times a day." "Oh, John!" "Just like you, my dear. Always doing something stupid—with my money."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Ocean Bluff

HOTEL!

CAPE ARUNDEL,

KENNEBUNKPORT,

MAINE.

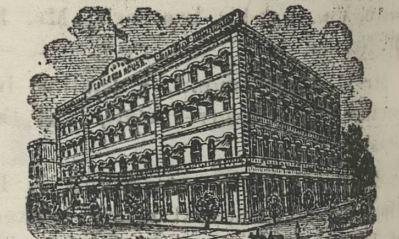


THE

"CARLETON,"

Jacksonville,

Florida.



Stimpson

&

Devnell,

PROPRIETORS.