



VOL. I. NO. 3.

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE, JULY 16, 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

## BARCAINS

— 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  
those wishing pleasant rooms and excellent  
table board.

**HUFF & EATON,**  
DEALERS IN  
Meats, Vegetables, Canned Goods,  
etc., etc., etc.  
Nothing but the best of goods kept. Please  
give us a call. Dock Sq., Kennebunkport, Me.

**COVE COTTAGE,**  
Mrs. C. O. Huff, Proprietor,  
Kennebunk Beach, Maine.  
No house offers a pleasanter home for the  
summer at more reasonable rates than this.  
Table first-class. Special rates after Sept. 1.

**EAGLE ROCK HOUSE,**  
Owen Wentworth & Co., Proprietors,  
Kennebunk Beach, Maine.  
This new and attractive house is situated on  
a hill, commanding one of the finest views of  
the ocean and surrounding country to be found  
on this coast. It is within five minutes walk  
of Post Office, Station, Beach, Bath houses,  
and several hotels. The facilities for  
bathing, 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  
a pleasant resort where every one can enjoy,  
so far as possible, the privileges of a pleasant  
home. Visitors will take passage by the B. &  
M. R. R. from Boston or Portland to Kenne-  
bunk, change to Kennebunkport branch, stop  
at Grove station which is five minutes' walk  
from house.

**SEA GROVE COTTAGE,**  
C. J. RAMSDALL, Proprietor,  
Kennebunk Beach, Me.

**EIGHTH SEASON  
OF THE  
GRANITE STATE HOUSE!**  
ALVIN STUART, Proprietor.  
Grove Station, P. O. Address, Kennebunk-  
port, Me. Thanking the public for the patronage  
they have given the house in the past, I hope by  
setting a good table to please the inside, and by  
reasonably treatment on the outside, to receive  
a share of patronage.

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

**CIRCULATING LIBRARY**  
Books two cents a day.  
Boston Daily Papers, Periodicals, Choice  
Fruit and Confectionery, at the Drug Store of  
**C. E. MILLER,**  
Dock Sq., Kennebunkport, Me.

## CLARK'S GREAT SALE

— OF —

# CLOTHING!

## and Gents' Furnishing Goods!



\$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

\$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

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.

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.

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 Seers-  
ucker Coats and Vests usually sold for  
\$2.25, our price \$1.50 for Coat and  
Vest. \$1.00 Petersburg Shirts for 75c.  
\$1.25 Harlaway Shirts for 88c.  
Opp. Preble House is the place to  
go to.

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

## 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  
Rhadames, 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 1-2c.

40 pieces 15 c. Seersuckers at 12 1-2 c.  
Parasols at a Great Reduction.

**488 and 490 Congress St., Portland.**

**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.

**C. TROTT,  
BOAT BUILDER,**  
Kennebunkport, Maine.

Ships, Row, Seine, and Sail Boats built to  
order, of the best materials and in a workman-  
like manner. Also, Boats and Canoes to Let.  
Raft near E. Cousens' Store.

**LYMAN CHASE, M. D.,**  
Homeopathic Physician,  
KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.  
Office hours:—9 to 11; 4 to 6.

**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.



**Mrs. John P. Moulton.**  
Saco, Me. Aug. 20, 1886.  
My wife suffered terribly from rheumatism  
and neuralgia for 16 years; was prostrated most  
of the time; each acute attack being severe.  
At last, 15 months ago, she took to her bed re-  
maining there for over a year. Suffering tor-  
tures indescribable. For months I did not sleep  
much but stood over her trying to relieve her  
terrible pains. At first large doses of morphia  
seemed to relieve her some, but at last even that  
in enormous doses had no effect whatever.  
Finally she commenced to take Dr. Cobb's Rheu-  
matic Cure, and in twenty-four hours her pain  
left her never to return, and she was able to  
walk about the room. Next day she walked to  
the gate, next day she walked 100 rods, and in  
ten days she walked a mile without inconvenience  
and in a fortnight was entirely well and able to  
do her household work, and has remained in perfect  
health since; praise God for this wonderful  
remedy.

**JOHN P. MOULTON,**  
Foreman Box Factory and saw Mill, 36 Lincoln  
St. Residence 69 Lincoln St., Saco.  
I can cure these bad diseases by applica-  
tion to the skin. This remedy destroys the  
impurities from the blood and is a sure cure  
for rheumatism and neuralgia. It is so one of  
the best tonics in the world, and strengthens the  
stomach, nerves and kidneys. Send for circu-  
lars 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.

## Palmouth Hotel!

**THE ONLY  
FIRST-CLASS HOTEL**

in the City. The favorite  
rendezvous for

## TOURISTS

while stopping in the City.

**- J. K. MARTIN, -  
PROPRIETOR.**

**Portland, Maine.**

**J. H. OTIS,  
WATCHMAKER and JEWELER.**

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

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

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

## GLEN HOUSE!

Cape Arundel, Kennebunkport, Me.

Delightful Location, Fine Rooms and Tables,  
Everything done for comfort of Guests.

## WHERE TO GO!

Places of Interest at Kennebunkport and  
Kennebunk Beach.

With a Complete Hotel Directory and other  
information added.

For the benefit of those who come to  
our shores for the season, as well as  
for the sojourners for a few days, it  
has been deemed advisable to mention  
a few of the principal places of inter-  
est and amusement at these growing  
and attractive summer resorts. Leav-  
ing the R. R. station and crossing the  
bridge one enters at once into the heart  
of Kennebunkport village with its  
wide streets, broad, spreading trees  
and its large, old-fashioned houses  
built by sea captains and ship owners  
in the palmy days of the West India  
trade. The tourist can well afford to  
spend a day in looking over the many  
quaint articles of interest in this de-  
lightful, old-fashioned sort of a place.  
They will notice the front yard fences  
of antique design, doubtless copied  
from foreign patterns that the builders  
may have seen in some trans-Atlantic  
town. The weathercocks of odd design,  
the old-fashioned knockers that have  
done duty since the days when great  
ships sailed out of this, then busy,  
seaport town. All these will come  
in for their share of his attention,  
and should he enter these quaint but  
comfortable abodes he would see queer  
old articles such as would set the anti-  
quarian's heart beating with joy.

Right in the center of the village is  
located the Parker House. This ele-  
gant house, combining convenient and  
sumptuously furnished rooms with  
great architectural beauty make it a  
most desirable summer house for those  
needing rest and recreation from the  
busy mill of life. The grounds are  
finely laid out and ornamented with  
beautiful flowers and plants. Tall  
trees shed down their grateful shade,  
while between their branches steals  
the invigorating air heavy with saline  
odors from the ocean.

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

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

Passing on we come to the Glen  
House. All that has been said of any  
other house may well be said of this,  
for an inviting summer house it is un-  
rivalled. Just beyond and past the  
Bickford House, which was new last  
season and is finely located so as to com-  
mand a magnificent ocean view and  
one of the best patronized hotels at  
the beach, is the Cliff House and Glen  
Cottage which, under the efficient  
management of Mr. B. F. Eldridge,  
has acquired a justly famous reputa-  
tion. To those who know anything of  
the house no words of praise are neces-  
sary. 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.

Changes from Long Ago.

"The times change and we change with them" is an adage older than the hills, but still as true as when first written. In no walk of life is the change more apparent than when viewing the rise and changes of the summer hotel business as seen on the New England coast. Twenty, fifteen, yes, ten years ago people came to some quiet, hidden nook along the coast intent on enjoying the scenery, careless alike as to the surroundings and luxuries so long as they were fortunate enough to obtain board, for in those days it was looked upon as almost degrading to take summer boarders and but few could be found to open their homes to entertain them. All this is now changed. Everyone on the coast of Maine, from "Quoddy head to Kittery point," is after summer guests. City papers are over-run with attractively worded advertisements, designed to draw the attention of tourists. Picturesquely contrived names, for what were once ordinary farm houses, have been invented. Scenery, which once was thought unpretentious, under the eloquent tongue of the summer hotel keeper becomes "grand;" land once worthless brings fabulous prices. Competition brings out all there is of push and ability in a person and where so many hotels have been built and such an army of persons are interested in the one object of summer guests, it is natural that every inducement should be extended to prospective guests. As a result more elaborate bills of fare are required than in the old days when the "chilled girls" brought on a dish of clam chowder and some boiled dinner. Electric bells, elevators, gas, obliging servants, a polite clerk and a hundred and one things never thought of a half score years since, now go to make up a first class hotel. With these improvements necessarily the price of accommodations went up until now almost fabulous prices are asked for board. It will be interesting to see what the result will be; whether or not the moderate priced hotels will ruin the larger ones by drawing patronage from those who wish for comfortable accommodations at a low price. Of course wealth and fashion will always congregate at large and fashionable hotels but whether or not this wealth will be sufficient to maintain them is a question.

There is every prospect that the Grove Hill House will have a busy season in August. Too much can not be said in praise of this delightful location. Just far enough from the sea to avoid the dampness, just high enough to always get a cool, refreshing breeze, and yet so near the beach that it can be reached in a few moments by a pleasant walk. Surrounded by magnificent grounds and fitted up with everything conducive to comfort, with a landlord who personally looks out for the comfort of his guests, why indeed should it not be a popular and favorite resort for those who seek a home for the summer. Mr. Paul built this hotel for the accommodation of a class of people who seek a place midway between the expensive hotels and cheap boarding houses, and his success is but a question of time. As soon as the house becomes known, and it takes some few years for such a one to get advertised, board at the Grove Hill will be at a premium. See if it isn't.

## Hotel Arrivals.

### GROVE HILL HOUSE.

BOSTON HIGHLANDS—  
Mrs F H Willis  
Miss M J Willis  
NEW YORK—  
Mrs C Rich and child  
BOSTON—  
Miss M A Eaton  
BROOKLYN—  
Jesse Gould and wife  
Miss Abbie H Fairfield  
HOLYOKE MASS—  
C A Crocker and family

### OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.

NEW YORK—  
V B Day  
HAVERHILL—  
Miss Abbey C Haw  
PLAISTON—  
Miss Ellen E Clark  
CINCINNATI—  
Chas H Baldwin  
PHILADELPHIA—  
Henry B Benners and wife  
Mrs Phoebe H Ashbridge  
Miss Virginia Harbert  
NEW YORK—  
C F Greene and wife  
R W Buchanan  
BOSTON—  
C B Cady

PHILADELPHIA—  
Geo Miller  
CHICAGO—  
Mrs S C Flagg  
Miss Alice Flagg  
DORCHESTER—  
C W Smith  
SARATOGA SPRINGS—  
G W Davidson Jr  
ROCHESTER N Y—  
Ira C Goodridge  
COLUMBIA PENN—  
Mr and Mrs Geo W Halderman  
Miss Wentz Halderman  
CHICAGO—  
Albert Dow and wife  
BOSTON—  
J W Fellows  
NEW YORK—  
F A Bower  
HAVERHILL—  
W D Patch  
DENVER COL—  
J D Harley and wife  
BOSTON—  
Mrs Hancock  
Frank Hancock  
Belle Reed  
Belle Huse  
Ella Huse  
NEW YORK—  
Mr and Mrs Geo P Dupree  
Master Charles Dupree  
Master Geo Dupree  
Sophie Kober  
CINCINNATI—  
C W Woolley  
L A Harris  
BOSTON—  
Mrs N W Jordan  
Miss Mabel Jordan  
PHILADELPHIA—  
Mrs Sarah R Ball  
Miss Ball  
Win L Ball  
WHITFORD PENN—  
W L Ball  
Tea transients

### GLEN HOUSE.

FLUISING I I—  
Mrs E W Slade  
Miss A W Slade  
Miss Nellie Slade  
Miss Lila Slade  
BOSTON—  
Mrs A S Foster  
Miss G S Varney  
J Allen Taylor  
NEWTON MASS—  
W D Lowell  
Miss Mary E Lowell  
Miss Florence H Lowell  
NEWTON MASS—  
Miss Mary E Lowell  
Miss Florence H Lowell  
BOSTON—  
R B Callender  
ROXBURY—  
Miss C F Everett  
Miss H T Nevers

### CLIFF HOUSE.

Mrs D Y Comstock  
Ethel Comstock  
LONGWOOD—  
Mrs C E Hamblen  
Miss H Hamblen  
BOSTON—  
Maud Abbott Cummings  
NEW YORK—  
Henry A Short  
HARTFORD CONN—  
Lucius Curtis  
Mrs E C Curtis  
NEW YORK—  
R W Buchanan  
ANDOVER—  
Samuel Phillips  
Miss Sarah Phillips  
BOSTON—  
Miss M C Gerry  
Samuel Gerry  
NEW YORK—  
Mrs H A Taylor  
UTICA N Y—  
Mrs H C Wood  
BOSTON—  
Alice E Stevens  
SPRINGFIELD MASS—  
Mrs G W Swazy  
Miss Helen C Swazy  
NEW YORK—  
Mrs P V du Plan  
Miss L du Plan  
Miss du Plan

### HIGHLAND HOUSE.

PORTLAND—  
Jos Danbury and son  
BOSTON—  
Miss Daisy Clark

### BICKFORD HOUSE.

BOSTON—  
Miss L H Gay  
Miss A F Douce  
Warren F Gay  
Ernest L Gay  
A W Sampson  
CAMBRIDGE—  
Miss G R Tripp  
BROOKLYN—  
Mrs W K Brown  
Miss E H Brown  
Miss M B Brown  
O B Brown  
NEW YORK—  
C E Goodwin  
WORCESTER—  
Mrs W N Little  
Miss Gertrude Little

ALBANY N Y—  
J H Ecob  
Frances G Ecob  
NEW YORK—  
A L Kip  
LOWELL—  
Mrs J M G Parker  
Miss Sadie M Parker  
Miss Sarah A Bradley  
Mrs L W Pearson  
PARKER HOUSE.

PORTLAND—  
H F Goding  
LAWRENCE—  
T A Emmons  
LOWELL—  
L J Benson  
ANDOVER—  
Donald Churchill  
John Dow  
NEWTON MASS—  
Mrs J Q Henry  
Miss Maud Henry  
Miss Hatie H Henry  
Waldo S Henry  
BOSTON—  
Crew of yacht Ineta  
NEW YORK—  
L A Emerson  
WESTWORTH BEACH HOUSE.

ROCHESTER N Y—  
Mrs A S Mann  
Mrs Samuel Sloan  
Marion Emily Jones  
Frank L Jones  
CAMBRIDGEPORT—  
B F Tweed  
Mrs Judge J W Hammond and family  
COHASSET—  
Henry Tolman and wife  
RICHMOND VA—  
Mrs L N Bell  
F M Bell  
Nellie Bell  
Lottie James  
Mary A Blair  
DENVER COL—  
Mrs A E Fouque  
Archer Fouque  
NORTON HOUSE.

EXETER—  
G W Libbey  
PORTLAND—  
R H Jordan  
BOSTON—  
A B Houdlette  
Hennessy Bros. Ideal minstrels  
PORTLAND—  
T C Foster  
GRANITE STATE HOUSE.

DANBURY—  
Edith Norriss  
HARTFORD—  
Irving P Lyon  
Charles Lyon  
Miss Mary Lyon  
Mrs Lyon  
WEST BRADFORD—  
C H Merritt  
DANBURY N H—  
Rette E Emmons  
SANDFORD—  
M C W Poindexter  
BOSTON—  
D F Harbaugh  
CHELSEA—  
Mrs L C Flagg  
Miss Alice J Flagg  
LACONIA N H—  
Mrs Lewis F Busiel  
Miss Jessie L Phelps  
Miss Alice Busiel  
Miss Marie Busiel  
KENNEBUNK—  
Mr J H Ricker

### BASS ROCK HOUSE.

SOUTHERIDGE MASS—  
L S Ammidown and wife  
Hartwell Hobbs and wife  
L P Cordington  
LAWRENCE—  
Mrs Rufina L Castle and son  
Edith Castle  
DEDHAM—  
Henry S Baker

### EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.

BOSTON—  
Miss M Watts  
Charles J Rich  
NEW YORK—  
Mrs C J Rich and child  
BROOKLINE MASS—  
B K Hays  
PORTLAND—  
H M Bailey  
Miss Annie F Bailey  
Miss Alice E Bailey  
WATERTOWN—  
Mrs V P Kimball  
Miss S H Kimball  
CLEVELAND O—  
Jno G Hall

### SEA VIEW HOUSE.

MALDEN—  
Chas L Eaton wife and child  
E H Stevens wife and servant  
Alice R Stevens  
Frank D Stevens  
Dexter Stevens  
Edith L Stevens  
BOSTON—  
E A Fay  
O E Brickett  
MALDEN—  
Henry D Corbett and wife  
Chas A Corbett

DORCHESTER MASS—  
Mary E Hagar  
Sadie E Culler  
NEW YORK—  
Clinton Roosevelt  
SOMERVILLE MASS—  
Mr and Mrs F E Hodgkins and family  
COVE COTTAGE.  
COLUMBUS O—  
Mrs M A Bigby  
Miss Cora Bigby  
MALDEN—  
Geo A Chaffin

### "Downed" by a Dado.

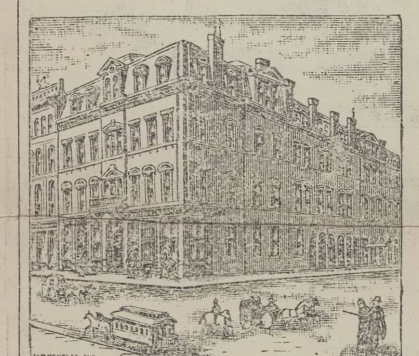
A few days ago the *Evening Reporter*, of Burlington, N. J., published the following paragraph:

"Amusing incidents are not uncommon on our streets, and the other evening we were very much pleased to see one of our young bloods, who will measure fully six feet in height, more than half of which is lower extremities, whose chest might possibly use up twenty-four inches of a tape-line, and dressed in a close-fitting Prince Albert coat, narrow pants, a high silk hat, and yellow kid gloves. He carried a light-colored bamboo cane, and was fastened to the end of a cigar nearly as thick as himself. We do not wish to say who it was, but we are compelled to think it a fit subject for *Puck* to use as the young man of the period."

Benjamin Taylor, a local dude, believed the paragraph was an anonymous caricature of himself. He went to the office of the newspaper and declared that he would pulverize the editor, D. W. P. Murphy. The editor begged off and said U. G. Lippencott, a reporter, had written the article. Taylor started in search of Lippencott, and found him in Main street. He asked him what he meant by the article, and Lippencott replied: "If the article be libelous you can sue the paper, or hit the writer in the face and be sued for."

He got a stinging blow in the face that sent him to the sidewalk. The publisher was reported until a crowd interfered. Lippencott will have Taylor arrested. Taylor is the hero of the hour, and his friends propose to give him a dinner at the Onida Boat Club house. —*New York Herald.*

## ST. JULIAN HOTEL,



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

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

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

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.

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 Kennebec river. Excellent Bathing and Boating. Table first-class.

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

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

You can get a nice team at  
JOS. JEFFREY'S  
Livery, Sale and Boarding Stable,  
Kennebunkport, Me., near Parker House. Everything from a single team to a six-hand furnished.

-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 turned out to order. Everything first-class and supplied at short notice.

## ISAAC C. ATKINSON,

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

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

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

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

FOURTH—That B. A. ATKINSON & CO. will sell a Chamber Set for \$20 and under or upward for Cash, or \$5 down and \$5 per month; a Range for \$15, \$1 down and the balance \$4 per month; a Plush Parlor Suite for \$10, \$10 down and \$5 per month; a Dinner Set for \$10 Cash, or \$2 down and the balance \$1 per week; Window Shades, all prices; a Prime All Wool Carpet for 60 cents per yard, \$5 down and the balance \$1 per week; and lastly, to have everything pleasant and some music in the house, a New Home Sewing Machine for \$25, \$5 down and \$5 per month; or add all the articles together and pay Cash, or a quarter down and the balance by easy weekly or monthly payments.

FIFTH—That square, honest treatment shall and will be accorded every customer; that no misrepresentation or unfair dealing is or will be tolerated toward any person buying goods in our establishment.

SIXTH—That we record no documents at City Hall.

SEVENTH—That we have the Finest Assortment of all grades of goods to be found in the country and that it pays you every time to visit our Mammoth Establishment; Elevator to every floor.

Come to Donnell Building, corner Pearl and Middle Streets, Portland, Me., Branch of the GREAT NASSAU HALL HOUSE FURNISHING STORE, 827 Washington Street, Boston.

## B. A. Atkinson & CO.,

ISSAC C. ATKINSON, Manager.

Open Every Evening. Electric Lights on Three Floors.

### THE PLACE TO BUY

## Picnic Goods and First-class Groceries

of all descriptions,  
P. & C. Sardines, Queen Olives, Pickled Limes, Devilled Ham and Tongue, Fancy Cakes, etc., is at

## FAIRFIELD & LITTLEFIELD'S

Warren Block, Summer St., Kennebunk, Me.



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

## BUY THE WAVE!

ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND HOTEL ARRIVALS.

PRICE 5 CENTS.



SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1887.

Miniature Almanac.

Sun rises, 4:31.  
Sun sets, 7:21.  
Moon rises, 1:20, moon.  
High Water 8:01, eve.

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.

THE WAVE IS FOR SALE  
AT THE DRUG STORE OF C.  
E. MILLER, AT THE NEWS-  
STAND OF THE OCEAN  
BLUFF, AT THE PARKER  
AND NORTON HOUSES, AND  
BY NEWS BOYS.

Wavelets.

The man who's on the ocean,  
And seeks in his berth,  
Amidst the storm's commotion,  
Is the man who wants the earth.

Mr. G. W. Taylor is at "The Dory."  
The Wave is having a Sign printed.  
Capt. J. A. Titcomb spent Thurs-  
day in Boston.

Whist playing is a favorite pastime  
at the Ocean Bluff.

The guests that come to the Cliff  
House are a nice class.

Mr. Samuel Gerry and daughter, a  
well known Boston artist, is at the  
Cliff.

Col. C. W. Wooley, one of Ohio's  
great men, arrived at the Ocean Bluff  
Hotel.

Mr. A. D. Patch, a prominent shoe  
man from Haverhill, is at the Ocean  
Bluff.

Mr. Robert Lord and family are oc-  
cupying their pretty cottage at Kenne-  
bunk Beach.

Miss W. A. Eaton, a teacher of long  
standing in the Barker Hill School,  
Boston, is at the Grove Hill House.

Mr. G. W. Libby has opened a  
library at the Norton House. The  
books are well adapted for summer  
reading.

Mr. C. A. Crocker of Holyoke,  
treasurer of the Crocker Paper Manu-  
facturing Co., is at the Grove Hill with  
his family.

Rev. C. H. Merrill of Burlington,  
Vt., and Mr. James Starke of Montreal,  
guests of the Granite State House,  
went fishing yesterday and captured  
187 1-2 lbs. of fish.

Mr. A. N. Burbank and family are  
at the Grove Hill House. They bring  
with them two elegant turnouts, one  
a Victoria and the other a pony and  
Village Cart. Mr. Burbank is treas-  
urer of the Wampisago Paper Co.,  
of Franklin Falls, N. H., and of the  
Bellevue Falls Co., Vt.

Mr. Charles P. Clark, president of  
the New York and New Haven R. R.,  
arrives at his residence here to-day, to  
attend the wedding of his daughter  
which takes place Wednesday.

Mr. F. W. Sprague, of Sands,  
Sprague & Taylor, produce dealers,  
Boston, arrived at his elegant cottage  
yesterday from Bar Harbor. Mr.  
Sprague, when asked his opinion of  
Kennebunkport in comparison to Bar  
Harbor, said: "Bar Harbor is a city—  
well I have been there once, I don't  
want to go again, but I like Kenne-  
bunkport. It suits me."

Mr. Albert Dow and wife are at the  
Bluff. Mr. Dow is vice president and  
manager of the Chicago White lead and  
oil company.

Mr. Geo. W. Halderman and family  
of Columbia, Penn., are at the Bluff.  
His charming daughter, Miss Wentz,  
has many admirers here.

Mr. C. R. Milliken and family are  
expected at the Ocean Bluff Hotel at an  
early date. Mr. Milliken is treasurer  
of the Poland Paper Co.

Mr. Geo. P. Dupree and family are at  
the Ocean Bluff. Mr. Dupree is of the  
firm of Tenney & Dupree, dealers in  
straw goods, 610 to 614 Broadway,  
New York.

Mr. O. Hayward of Brocton, Mass.,  
connected with the great carpet house  
of John H. Pray, Sons & Co., is spend-  
ing his second season at the Nonantum.  
Hennessy Bros. gave a good show

in Temple hall Wednesday evening.  
The boys worked hard all day to work  
up a crowd by parading the streets  
and giving band concerts in front of  
the hotel. Their efforts were rewarded  
by a good crowd in attendance who  
liked the entertainment very much.

Mr. H. B. Houdlette is to open a  
photographic saloon on Water street.  
Mr. Houdlette is well known here,  
having spent several seasons at this  
place before.

Tourists while visiting in Portland  
will find the St. Julian Hotel a desira-  
ble place to stop. The house is new,  
fitted with all modern improvements,  
while the prices are very moderate.

Persons of literary tastes who desire  
to make THE WAVE interesting are  
invited to write something for it. All  
prose or poetical contributions will be  
welcomed as their merit deserves.

Mr. C. Trott, the boatman, has  
about forty boats on hand all of which  
are in great demand on account of their  
extreme lightness. Mr. Trott knows  
how to build and take care of a boat  
and during the summer scarcely has  
time to breath so rushed is he with  
work.

Mrs. George Baker and daughter of  
Andover, Mass., and Miss Gracie B. Ab-  
bott of Lawrence are visiting at the  
residence of Mr. Eben W. Stronach,  
the engineer on the branch road. Mr.  
Stronach is the most hospitable of men  
and their visit can but prove enjoyable.

People of Cape Arundel and vicinity  
will find THE WAVE for sale at the  
Bowling Alley. Mr. Damon, the prop-  
rietor, will also send them around by  
a boy both at Cape Arundel and at  
Kennebunk Beach.

Mr. C. E. Miller has his hands full  
these days attending to the wants of  
his customers. His circulating library  
is having an extensive patronage. Mr.  
Miller is one of the pleasant gentle-  
men with whom it is a pleasure to  
trade.

Quite a crowd gathered at the station  
Wednesday evening to see Mr.  
Strout, the Station Agent, now the  
grass back of the Depot and many  
were the criticisms passed upon his  
handling of the scythe. After an  
hour's exercise Mr. Strout concluded  
he wanted no mower.

The Portland Evening Express is for  
sale every evening after 6:30 o'clock.  
A portion of the Express is devoted to  
Kennebunkport and vicinity. C. E.  
Miller and Mr. Damon of the Ocean  
Bluff Bowling Alley sell it.

Mr. C. M. Priest has opened Wavelet  
cottage for the accommodation of guests.  
The Wavelet is a pretty little place and  
ought to be well patronized. Its prop-  
rietor knows more about hotel busi-  
ness to the square inch than almost  
any one at the beach and we shall be  
surprised if he don't make it a success.

Mr. Harry Rand's horse backed  
over a bank near Arundel Hall yester-  
day and injured himself considerably.

Rev. J. H. Esob and family of Albu-  
any, N. Y., are at the Bickford House.

Mr. G. W. Swazey, and daughter,  
Miss Helen Clark Swazey of Springfield  
Mass., are at the Cliff House. They  
go to the Mountains a little later in the  
season.

Hall & Littlefield are to add a new  
Concord coach to their stable. These  
Concord coaches are at the present  
time in great demand for beach use  
and it was with difficulty that Mr. Hall,  
after scanning Boston and vicinity,  
could secure one. Guests prefer to  
ride in Coaches instead of barges and  
as on that account, with a desire to  
please their patrons, the proprietors of  
the Ocean Bluff stables have made  
arrangements to purchase this one. A  
few years ago a second hand one could  
be bought for a mere song but now  
they command fancy prices.

The post office is a busy place on the  
arrival of the mails. People will grum-  
ble of course at having to wait a few  
minutes for their mail but the prompt-  
ness with which Mr. Wheeler and his  
assistants sort the great mass of letters  
and papers prevent much fault finding  
in this respect. Mr. Wheeler is the  
right man in the right place.

Our readers will notice a new and  
complete table of the mails in this  
issue of THE WAVE. We wait to see  
if this is stolen by a certain "special  
edition" paper as our old one was.

Advertisements under the head of  
wanted, lost, found, for sale, to let,  
etc., will be inserted in THE WAVE at  
a very low rate. Everyone reads the  
paper and such an advertisement will  
be likely to be heard from. Try it and  
see.

An advantage Kennebunkport and  
Kennebunk Beach possess over almost  
every other summer resort, is its bath-  
ing. Many places have good surf  
bathing, but these beaches have not  
only that, but fine smooth water bath-  
ing. The river as it flows into the  
ocean offers excellent bathing for those  
who do not care to breast the raging  
surf.

It is said this is the worst season Old  
Orchard ever had. That once queen of  
New England resort is rapidly going  
down hill and will soon reach the low  
level of Peak Island unless something  
is done to revive it.

Sunday Services:—South Congrega-  
tional Church, 7 Temple st., opposite  
Parker House, Rev. John D. Emerson  
pastor. Sunday Services, at 10:30  
o'clock, Sabbath school immediately  
after the Public Services. Evening  
services in Temple Hall at 7 o'clock  
and on Thursday evening at the ves-  
try on Main st. at 7:30. Prominent  
ministers from other parts of the coun-  
try will be invited to occupy the pul-  
pit during the warm season as occasion  
may favor. All are cordially invited.

Readers of THE WAVE will notice  
that this issue is printed on much nicer  
paper than former ones, and also that  
the paper is "made up" differently.

Some of the Kennebunk Beach hotels  
are to have an orchestra part of the  
season, on special occasions.

The Sea View is well filled.

It is nearly time for stories of big  
catches to be reported.

It is a very sociable crowd that is  
staying at Wentworth's.

By a mistake the arrivals, and  
they are numerous, of the Seaside  
House are omitted from this issue.  
They will appear next Wednesday.

Cove Cottage is to have lots of guests  
right away. It well deserves them.

The Glen House has lots of guests.

Mr. N. B. Weston of Worcester,  
Mass., who has been spending his  
vacation at the Norton House, returned  
home to-day.

Opening Hop of the season at Arun-  
del Hall this evening.

Kind reader, we suppose your name  
is reader, just glance over Ira F.  
Clark's mammoth advertisement in  
this issue of THE WAVE to read the  
bargains he is offering.

The Cottages are nearly all occupied.  
Remember that THE WAVE office is  
in Brown's Block, up stairs.

Mr. Clinton Roosevelt, a prominent  
Gotham lawyer, is at the Sea View.

Judge Chase's family is at the Sea  
View.

Band Concert.

Moore's Military Band of Kenne-  
bunk, F. M. Collins, Conductor, will  
give their second concert at the band  
stand, Kennebunk Village, on Tuesday  
evening, July 19th, 1887.

PROGRAM.

- |                                      |              |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|
| 1. March—Good Fellows,               | Bennett      |
| 2. Overture—Banditenstreich,         | Suppe        |
| 3. Air Valse, for Cornet,            | Dagnelies    |
| Mr. E. L. French.                    |              |
| 4. Selection—Faint,                  | Gounod       |
| 5. Fantasia, for Baritone,           | Harris       |
| Mr. O. A. Mitchell.                  |              |
| 6. Selection—Il Polka,               | Donizetti    |
| 7. Two Friends—Cornet Duet,          | Lottet       |
| Messrs. C. H. Cole and E. L. French. |              |
| 8. The Mill in the Forest,           | R. Ellenberg |
| 9. Romance—Day Dreams,               | Rollins      |
| 10. Selection—Tannhauser,            | R. Wagner    |

ARUNDEL HALL.

Opening Entertainment at this Elegant New  
Structure.

Last night a fashionable and culti-  
vated audience gathered in Arundel  
Hall to listen to the opening exercises,  
consisting of musical and dramatic  
talent. While the whole affair was to  
a certain extent impromptu, it yet re-  
flected great credit on those having the  
matter in charge. Mrs. H. P. Newlin  
of Boston was the Star of the evening.  
Mrs. Newlin has a superb contralto  
voice and her singing was much ad-  
mired by all. Mrs. Newlin is a favorite  
amateur singer at the "Hub of the uni-  
verse" and last night's audience en-  
joyed a rare treat in hearing her. Miss  
Carolyn Herrick of New York favored  
the audience with a few selections.  
Miss Herrick has a very flexible voice  
and many admiring comments on her  
singing were heard. Miss Rongett  
and Miss Sprague of New York pre-  
sided at the piano to the satisfaction of  
all. There were several tableaux, all  
of which were good, but "Night and  
Morning" was especially fine. The  
participants numbered seven young  
ladies. Mr. Newlin delivered a hu-  
morous stump speech which provoked  
roars of laughter, and also imperson-  
ated Lord Danderry to the amusement  
of all. Those in attendance were much  
pleased with the entertainment. The  
stage was arranged in a tasty manner  
that reflected credit on the manager,  
who is a modest gentleman and claims  
no credit for the success of the affair.

BICKFORD HOUSE.

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

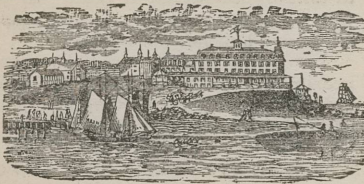
Ocean Bluff

HOTEL!

CAPE ARUNDEL,

KENNEBUNKPORT,

MAINE.



THE

"CARLETON,"

Jacksonville,

Florida.



Stimpson

&

Devnell,

PROPRIETORS.

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.

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 upholstery.  
Ample accommodations for 80 guests.  
MRS. E. F. ELDRIDGE, Proprietor.

ARUNDEL HOUSE,

Kennebunkport, Maine.  
Miss Alice Paine, Proprietor.  
A beautiful location. Excellent room.  
Excellent table board. Modern conveniences.

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,

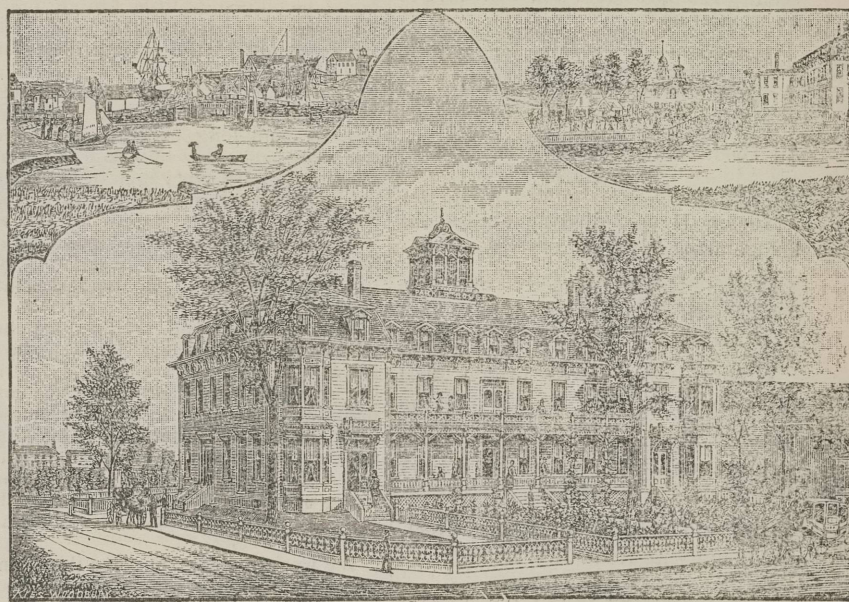
— THE —

HATTER and FURNISHER,

14 Main Street,

Kennebunk, Me.

PARKER HOUSE,



KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.,

W. C. Parker, Manager.

VISIT THE

Bowling Allies 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.



(Continued from first page.)  
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. Up a long lane on a hill is Sea Grove Cottage, a pretty sheltered little place with pure air and nice grounds. 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.

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 Grove Cottage, to the right from the road running along the shore from the Granite State to Wentworth's.

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.

#### A RACE FOR LIFE.

The cinnamon bear is the most formidable of all the wild animals of the North American continent. He belongs to the family of grizzly bears, but is found only in the southwestern and Pacific States, not ranging so far north as his brother, the black grizzly. Some years ago I had an encounter with cinnamon grizzlies which I am not likely to forget, as I bear a vivid reminder of it about with me in the shape of a scar on my right arm, just below the shoulder.

At that time I was about seventeen, and lived with my father at Grand Gulch, a small settlement among the Crater mountains, about fifty miles, in a straight line, west of Denver. My mother was dead, and I was left a good deal, perhaps too much, to my own devices.

Though not an idle or uneducated boy, I was not very fond of school, and preferred to spend my time in working or hunting, rather than in studying the Latin grammar or decimal fractions. Many a time I have shouldered a pick, and gone off to work in the mines along with the men—for Grand Gulch was a mining community; and they said that I did as good a day's work as almost any of the experienced miners. At other times I would spend days together in ranging over the desolate valleys and barren mountains that lay around our little settlement. There was wild game of all sorts to be found there, and I had long cherished a desire of obtaining a deposit of silver that would yield us a fortune, and set my father on his feet again. For he had possessed considerable wealth a few years before that time, having been a merchant in Boston; but he had lost nearly all he owned in an unfortunate speculation, and had moved to Colorado in the hope of retrieving the disaster. That State was then at the height of its "boom" as a field for emigration; settlers were arriving very fast, mines were being opened on all sides, and some large fortunes were being made by the lucky ones.

My father had brought with him from the east a black saddle horse, a strong, serviceable animal, which he had kept, when he sold off his finer carriage horses, as being more suitable for the rough country where he intended to locate. This horse he frequently allowed me to take with me in my long mountain rambles, and of course it was valuable help to me. With it I frequently wandered forty or fifty miles away from Grand Gulch—a long distance over such rough country, where twenty miles make an average day's journey for a mounted traveler.

On the occasion when I met with the adventure which I am about to relate, I had gone about a dozen miles up Roaring Fork, the stream that ran through Grand Gulch, and turned the big wheel of its newly erected stamping mill. Then I had turned off into a narrow side valley, round whose head were bare crags towering up tier above tier, and bearing in the cliffs of their highest peaks, patches of eternal snow.

I was not alone; with me was an old hunter and mountaineer, named Pete Ridenor, who had known the valleys and hills of Colorado when few white men had penetrated them, before the great army of settlers arrived to colonize the Centennial State. Both of us were mounted, I on my father's black horse, he on a stout little Indian pony; and both of us carried good rifles. But we were not hunting that day; Pete had been commissioned by a gentleman in Denver to gather specimens of Rocky Mountain minerals, and for this purpose he made long expeditions among the great peaks that now rose above us. He knew almost every inch of the country for many miles around; and he had made a camp in the valley which we were entering, in an old cabin which had belonged to a pioneer who had lived and died alone in that desolate spot.

It was a lonely and unattractive but substantially built log house; above it a few tall pines swayed and sighed in the breeze that blew chill from the cold mountain tops. We tethered our horses near it, and climbed for some time among the rocks, within a short distance of the cabin. Pete had a dog along with him, just for company, he said, as he was of little use for a hunting dog. We worked along for some time, and made one or two finds of minerals worth preserving. When Pete's hammer had been busy for an hour or two, he uttered a sudden exclamation which drew me to his side. He pointed to the ground, where the reason of his excitement was evident.

There were numerous bear tracks crossing and recrossing each other, and the animal had worn a beaten path through the scanty grasses and brush that clung to the steep, rocky slope.

Pete was a trained and skillful hunter. As soon as he saw the tracks of an animal he could tell all about it—its kind, size and age. "Show me a bear's tracks," he once said, "and I'll tell you all about him and his antics and uncles, and most all of his relations."

This was of course an exaggeration, but the hunter quickly pronounced from his tracks before us that we were on the trail of two grizzlies, and not far from their headquarters.

"That's Ephraim, sure 'nough," he said—Ephraim is the Rocky Mountain nickname for the grizzly—"and more'n likely he an' Mrs. E. have got a little family among these yer rocks some'ers. Maybe we'll find 'em home."

This made me somewhat nervous, as I had never yet encountered a genuine grizzly, but I was not devoid of pluck, and I followed close behind Pete, who rapidly took up the bear's trail.

It led us, in a very few minutes, to a place where an overhanging rock, and the roots of a huge pine, made a shelter over a good-sized crevice or shallow cave in the mountain side, and here the bears had evidently made their camp. There was a cub in this den, about the size of a young lamb or of a fat poodle; Pete drew it out, although it scratched and cried vigorously.

"Whatever are you going to do with that little brute?" I asked; hadn't we

better kill it, and quit before the old bears come back?"

"Be you crazy, Jeff Harrison?" he replied; "why Bill Monks offered twenty dollars, only the other day, for a grizzly cub to keep chained up in his saloon to amuse the boys. Now I mean to take this yer little cuss right down there, an' if you'll help me we'll divvy on the twenty."

We soon had the youthful grizzly down in the cabin. It was near sunset, and we could not get down to Grand Gulch before night, so we determined to stay in the log house till morning. It was stoutly built, and had a fireplace; there was no danger from Indians, and of wild animals we were not afraid, with two rifles and a good supply of ammunition. The grizzlies might track us, but we expected to repel them without much difficulty. We were, perhaps, a little imprudent in our action, but it would be still more risky to attempt to reach Grand Gulch in the dark.

The bears did not leave us long in doubt. We had rolled ourselves in our blankets on a big pile of pine needles, which was the only bed in the cabin, and gone off into the land of nod, when we were aroused by queer noises on the outside. From the growls and snarls we heard, Pete Ridenor had no doubt that the two grizzlies had tracked us to the cabin. The cub seemed to know it too, for he whined and cried, and vainly endeavored to tear away from the rope with which he was secured; while Pete's dog set up a loud barking.

It was well for us that the log house was substantially built, for the two bears actually shook the whole structure as they tried to force their way in. There were several loopholes in the door and walls, and as they were sniffing and scratching at one of these, Pete got up and reached for his rifle. Thrusting his muzzle through the loop hole, he fired; and the bullet must have struck one of the bears, to judge by the roaring that we heard. The wounded creature seemed to fly into a terrible rage, and made frantic efforts to climb upon the roof; had he succeeded he could easily have torn a passage, and we should indeed have been in a perilous position.

We passed the night in this situation, and of course they were not much changed by sleep. We had to be on watch in case the bears should succeed in making an entrance, and we were very anxious about the two horses, which we had left loose outside.

As soon as it grew light, we began peering through the widest of the loopholes to reconnoiter the enemy's forces. There were two large grizzly bears of the cinnamon variety; one of them was a monster, and stood as high as a two-year-old steer. Which of them had received Pete's bullet we could not tell, for neither of them showed any signs of being wounded.

We tried to put some more bullets in to the besiegers. The big bear was extraordinarily cunning; he was evidently an old inhabitant, and showed wonderful cleverness in avoiding the rifles which we poked through the loopholes in hope of getting a shot. But I succeeded in hitting his mate, and then Pete did the same twice in rapid succession, the second bullet striking her forehead.

She fell over with a terrible howl, and the big cinnamon came up and licked her wounds, from which the blood was pouring in torrents. He only stayed there a moment, for before we could reload and fire, he trotted off and disappeared among the pines, leaving his mate dead upon the ground.

The next moment Pete and I came out to look for our horses. It took us two hours' search before we found them, nearly a mile off, as the bears had forced the cub away from the cabin. We brought them back and got ready to start for Grand Gulch. Pete strapped the sack of minerals to his saddle, while I took up the bear cub, and followed him down towards Roaring Fork.

We made all the haste we could, but I soon fell some way behind Pete; the cub was a troublesome load, as he struggled energetically to escape, and cried and whined like a whipped puppy. When we were about a mile from the cabin, we managed to slip out of my grasp, rolled over and over on the ground; then he picked himself up and scrambled off as quickly as he could.

I sprang from my horse and was after him like a shot, and soon caught him and brought him back in triumph. I was jumping upon my horse, when I heard a growling among the trees, and, looking behind me, I saw an alarming sight. The big cinnamon grizzly had heard the cub's cries, and was coming after him like a race horse.

I mounted hastily and started off after Pete, hoping to distance my pursuer. But the rough ground suited the bear better than my black horse, and to my dismay I found I could not shake him off. I thought I would try to drive him off with a bullet, and reached back for my rifle, but was horrified to discover that it was not there. It had dropped from the saddle, probably when I dismounted to recapture the cub.

I frantically urged the black horse to his best speed, and we raced madly along, sadly hindered by rocks and fallen trees. I shouted to Pete at the top of my voice, and at last I heard him shout in answer. He halted, to allow me to overtake him; and when I came in sight, and he saw my danger, he turned and rode back to help me.

He was about fifty yards away, when my horse put his foot into a hole, and stumbled so heavily that I was thrown to the ground.

Before I could rise, the cinnamon grizzly was upon me, hugging me in his deadly grasp, and seizing my right shoulder in his great jaws.

Luckily for me, Pete Ridenor was only a few yards away. With his usual coolness he raised his rifle, glanced along the shining barrels, and crack! crack! a couple of bullets crashed through the bear's skull, and rolled him over for the last time in his history.

Pete picked me up and put me on my horse; and though my arm was badly hurt, we got down to Grand Gulch before noon. But the cinnamon cub had

scrambled off in the meantime, and we did not go after him.—*Henry M. Hamilton, in the Golden Argosy.*

#### Cheeryble Brothers.

Readers of "Nicholas Nickleby" need not be reminded of the "Cheeryble Brothers," says a writer in *Temple Bar*. The originals were the Messrs. Grant, whose extensive, if somewhat eccentric, benevolence was well known; to whom Dickens was introduced, in company with Mr. John Morley, by Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth, at a dinner given by Mr. Gilbert Winter in 1838. The survivors of the brothers used always to put a sum of money in his pocket to give away in the course of the day. A clergyman asked him for a subscription.

"Put your hand in my side pocket and you shall have all you can find in it." The person did so, and fished up a sovereign. "You are welcome to it," said Mr. Grant, "only mind it is the only coin I have left."

He once asked the same clergyman at dinner what his education cost him.

"A matter of £2,000," was his answer.

"I'm afraid," said the questioner, "education is not a good investment. Here you spent £2,000 on your education, and, as you tell me, your curacy is only £150 a year. My education cost me nothing, and I am making a good many thousands a year. But I dare say you will get some interest somewhere else?"—looking upward—"and as I believe you are doing good, whenever you are in want of a couple of hundred pounds or so, comes to my warehouse and I'll oblige you."

But they were shrewd men, their benevolence notwithstanding. A master one day wanted some work done which could only be managed by a certain skilled workman. Unfortunately the man was given to drink. So a bargain was struck, that, besides his wages, he should have gin and water ad libitum.

"Now mind," said the master, "you promise to drink up what I first give you before you touch a drop more."

As the work went on the man asked for his gin.

"How much will you start with?"

"Sixpenn'orth."

"Now gin and water, mind you; and you must drink it all before you drink again. Hot or cold?"

"Cold."

"All right. Here goes. Bring me a pail of water."

It was brought, and into that the gin was poured. The man was dumfounded, but he was held to his bargain, and the work got done. As he went away—sober, of course, and with his wages in his pocket—he turned round and faced his employer.

"Master," said he, "there's no one can get the better of thee but one, and that's the 'ould chap himself."

#### After they Found Out.

A Detroit man was driving out on the Holden road the other day came to a spot where the snow had badly drifted on each side of the track just as a woman driving a horse and "pony" entered the other end of the cut. As both held to the road their horses soon came head on and stopped.

"Why didn't you turn out?" shouted the man.

"Why didn't you?" replied the woman.

"I've got seven miles to drive, but I'll stay here all winter before I'll turn out."

"And I've got five dozen eggs here, and I'll let 'em freeze as hard as rocks before I'll give an inch."

The husband dropped the lines, lighted a cigar, and leaned back on his seat. The woman dropped her lines, lighted her pipe, and wrapped the old buffalo robe around her feet. Thus they sat for eight minutes, when the man grew impatient and called:

"What's the price of hogs out your way?"

"Oh, you've got all the pork you want in your sleigh!" she answered.

"I'm glad I'm a widower!"

"And I'm glad I'm a widder!"

"En? Are you a widow?"

"Sartin, and I own 225 acres of the best land in Greenfield. So you are a widower?"

"Yes'm. Madam, pray excuse me. I'll cheerfully turn out."

"Oh, don't mention it. I'm perfectly willing to haul into the snowbank."

"Ah! madam, allow me to hope that you will overlook my—"

"Oh, certainly. Fine weather, but rather cold. Good-by."

"Good-by, madam. Hope you a safe journey."—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### Edwin Booth's Aged Caller.

Edwin Booth is one of the most retiring actors that ever stopped at a hotel. Actors as a rule generally let everybody in the hotel know that they are actors in a very short time, but Booth makes no hotel acquaintances and holds aloof from all the guests. Recently he paced up and down the corridor of the Lafayette for a quarter of an hour, waiting for his manager. Then he went to his parlors, A and B, where he breakfasts at 10 every morning. He buys a great many books, and spends most of his time reading. Although he has received many invitations to go out to dine since he arrived last Monday, he has accepted none of them and very few of the many callers have been received. The other afternoon recently a stately old man sent his card up to the tragedian. It was the veteran actor, Edmon S. Conner, who has played "Richard III," 1,010 times. Booth welcomed him warmly, and when the old tragedian came down stairs and butted his little Jersey home, he said: "I really put Edwin Booth on the stage. I watched him carefully when he was a novice almost in the business, and to-day he's the greatest actor living."—*Philadelphia Press.*

If you want to make a fortune you must produce something that appeals to the millions, not to the millionaires.—*Jacksonville Times-Union.*

#### A Queer Revelation.

The other day an innocent man walked into a popular shop in this city, where bric-a-brac is sold, and costly china, and all the glittering crystals and glasses of foreign and domestic make that the heart of the insatiable housekeeper could sigh for.

The innocent man, who was in search of a holiday present for the best wife in the world, was quite dazzled, when suddenly he saw something so odd that he forgot all about being dazzled and began to grow curious. It was a number of exquisite vases and plates, which were broken into fragments, yet carefully laid by themselves as if for preservation.

"Can you mend them?" asked the innocent man.

"No," said the shopkeeper.

"What do you keep them for then?"

"For sale."

"Ah! yes. To put into colored window arrangements, I suppose. I was reading about that in an art magazine the other day."

"No." The shopkeeper was still reticent.

"They use them for mosaics in floors, they tell me, and they work up beautifully. It needs an artist to do it, though, for, of course, unless it is a success it is a most abject failure. Even Whistler is not above designing a mosaic out of scraps of rich colored ware, I've read."

"So?" remarked the shopkeeper.

"Yes," replied the innocent man, a little embarrassed. "Besides, I hear that some clever esthetes have used them in dados instead of tiles, and that if they are set in gray plastering they give a most striking effect with a wall in distemper above. Or they can be put together with cement."

"Yes?"

"Good Lord, man, what are those scraps of decorated imbecility being saved for anyway. Do you own a private insane asylum and are you trying to fill it?"

"O," said the shopkeeper, just discovering that his customer "wanted to know, you know," "we sell those. There's a vase we imported straight from Persia. It was marked \$60. See what a combination of colors! I'll sell it to you now for \$5. Or, here's a plate from Calais. It came out of a curious old collection. You can have it for 50 cents. It cost us \$6."

"But what earthly good—"

"Ah! you buying holiday presents?"

"Well, then! Are you going to pack them—that is, are you going to send them out of the city by express?"

"No, I'm not."

"You can't manage it, then. If you were you can see how easy it makes it. You buy an elegant vase worth \$50 for a few cents, have it carefully packed, send it to a dear friend, who goes to his grave believing that you are the most generous of men and he the most unfortunate."

"Do you actually do that?"

"People come in here and ask for broken or cracked things to send away—people with plenty of money, too, for, naturally enough, it's only the people with money who know about all these delicate and rare wares, or who could be expected to send them."

"Do they look as if they hated themselves?" queried the innocent man, with a sigh.

"O, no," returned the other; "they look as if they thought themselves remarkably smart."

"Do you love your fellow-man?" asked the innocent man, growing curious again and still lingering.

"Well, not so much as I did before I went into the glass business."

The Man Who Leaps From a Moving Train.

Railroads have been in operation in this country for fifty years, and yet the man who cannot wait until the train reaches the depot before he jumps off is still at it. He doesn't seem to have learned anything in all this time. He rarely waits for the train to slack up, even, before he takes his leap. It is more exciting that way. He generally selects a spot where the embankment is very high, unless there is a lofty trestle from which he can go plunging down into a ravine or river.

He generally jumps off to save time. He lives a few streets that side of the depot, perhaps, and in order to save walking back he is ready to take the chances of being carried home in an undertaker's wagon, as he frequently is. Yet it is remarkable how often he escapes serious injury. He has been known to take the most frightful leaps from railroad bridges in a dark night, and come off with hardly a scratch.

There are often men who leap from moving trains, but they are more excusable than the fellow above treated of. There is the prisoner who makes a leap for liberty. Handcuffs don't stop him, and he generally prefers to go flying, head first, through a window, regardless of where he may strike. If he survives and isn't too badly crippled, he strikes for the woods, followed sometimes by the deputy sheriff who had him in charge and who leaps after him.

Then there is the somnambulist who jumps in his sleep. He dreams that a collision is imminent, and running to the platform, he makes a leap for life before the conductor can take up his ticket.—*Texas Siftings.*

The mania for collecting postage stamps seems to be gaining more ground than ever in France, writes the *Paris correspondent* of the *London Daily Telegraph*. Among the most famous collectors in France is a man who has over a million postage stamps preserved in thirteen richly bound volumes, and another who keeps two clerks employed in classifying and arranging his enormous collection. Added to this, there are in Paris about one hundred and fifty wholesale firms employed in the trade, and one of the best-known of these has lately offered from £20 to £40 for certain stamps.

French postage stamps dated before 1850 will be paid for at the rate of £6 each, while stamps from Mauritius for the year 1847 fetch £80. The French stamps of 1849 are quoted at £1 each.

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