



VOL. I. NO. 2.

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The Wave

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

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

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

BONSER!

of Kennebunk offers Extraordinary

BARGAINS

— IN —

Beach Clothing,

Hats and

Furnishings.

The Latest, Nobbiest and Best
Tourists' Goods.

Kennebunkport, Me.

MRS. S. H. WHITON,

Formerly of 611 Tremont St., Boston, has
opened a house on Union St., where she will
be pleased to welcome her former patrons and
new friends. 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 St., 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 the coast. It is within five minutes walk
of the 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.

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
the privileges of a pleasant
home. Visitors will take passage by the B. &
M. R. from Boston or Portland to Kenne-
bunk, change to Kennebunkport branch, stop
at five minutes walk from the house.

SEA GROVE COTTAGE,

C. J. RAMSDOLL, Proprietor,

Kennebunk Beach, Me.

EIGHTH SEASON

OF THE

GRANITE STATE HOUSE!

ALVIN STUART, Proprietor.

Office Station, P. O. Address, Kennebunk.

Mr. Stuart, the public for the patronage
here have given the house in the past, I hope by
this time to please the inside, and by
generally treatment on the outside, to receive
a share of patronage.

S. BROWN,

DEALER IN

DRY AND FANCY GOODS!

Hats and Shoes, Hats and Gents' Furnishings.

Largest Stock and Lowest Prices.

Kennebunkport, Me.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY

Books two cents a day.

Best Daily Papers, Periodicals, Choice

Print and Confectionery, at the Drug Store of

C. E. MILLER,

Dock Sq., Kennebunkport, Me.

DEAR OLD CHOPMAN.

The long drought of 187—was broken, there could be no doubt of it. Dust, and grime, and thirst had vanished from pavement, grass, and foliage. Rain had come at last; not in a whimsical, intermittent way, as pleased the idle fancy of every adventurous gust of wind, but in an old-fashioned equatorial down-pour, which filled gutters to overflowing, taxed the capacity of sewers, invaded unprotected cellars, revived youthful speculations touching the father of Japhet and the bow of promise, and ground and polished the cobbles paving-stones, until they outshone the delf-ware, and fairly rivaled the bright eyes of the thrifty Dutch house-wives, who, in the days of Surveysant and Van Twiller, reigned supreme in the red brick, gable-fronted mansions of the lower portion of the island of Manhattan.

So far as the transaction of any business was concerned, the firm of Dappleton & Company, publishers and booksellers, might as well have closed the doors of their extensive and elegant salesroom in Broadway. Gargantuan must have been the literally thirst, and impervious the skin of the wight who, in the teeth of such a storm, would seek a bookstore.

And so the five clerks gathered in a little group and discussed the weather, and its probable effect upon the fall races! The porter dried his wet clothing at the huge stove, in which burned the first fire of the season. The gray head of the chief bookkeeper was bent forward upon his ledger, and his subdued though musical snore, blended harmoniously with the snacking of the small errand-boy, who, seated beneath the high desk, was discounting the noon hour, by commencing a lively skirmish with the cakes, cheese, and outposts, which flanked the main body of his dinner, and even the gas jets, lighted by reason of the heavy weather, seeing by their flickering flames no activity worthy of emulation, burned indolently in the murky atmosphere.

Suddenly the street door turned upon its hinges, and the change which ensued would have done credit to the designer of the transformation scene in a great spectacular play. The porter began mending the fire with all the skill and energy of a born stoker; the small errand-boy bolted into the current part at which he had been economically nibbling, and industriously resumed his occupation of dusting the legs of the tall desk; the gray-haired bookkeeper awoke with a start, and fell to work upon the tail of a final g. over whose delicate curves he had lost consciousness; the gas jets in roused their flames a full inch, lost their yellow hue, and seemed entering into active competition with the electric lights in the cafe across the street; four of the clerks began consulting lists and assorting books, as if business was at its flood tide, while the head salesman adjusted his cravat and hurried forward to greet the first customer of the day.

But the first customer, a tall, angular man of apparently sixty years, seemed in no hurry to be greeted. He leaned a faded and dripping umbrella against a bookcase, unsheathed several yards of worsted comforter from his elongated neck, removed a rusty silk hat, evidently a reminiscence of by-gone days, straightened his frowsy wig, wiped his steaming spectacles, and turned upon the surprised salesman a pair of piercing black eyes that seemed quite capable of looking through him, and reading upon the back of his collar the name of its manufacturer.

"What's your name?"
As the new-comer spoke, he darted towards the breast of the salesman, the long index finger of his right hand, which caused the young man to start as if fearing the concealed point of a dagger.
"My name," answered he, "is Hooker."
"What is your age, and where do you live?"
"I am thirty years of age, and I reside in Harlem," replied the now thoroughly mystified salesman.
"Are you the proprietor of this establishment?"
"No, sir, I am only a clerk. Here comes the senior member of the firm," and Hooker indicated a white-haired old gentleman who was just entering the room from his private office.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the publisher, bowing politely.
"Let me see. What is your name?"
"Dappleton, Chauncey Dappleton, at your service."

The long, bony hand began moving towards the silver spectacle as if contemplating a military salute, but pausing on the journey, unfurnished three of the twelve small buttons, which secured the tight-fitting ministerial coat, and disappeared into the mysterious depths beneath.

After several lunges and gyrations, reproduced in miniature by the contortions of his mobile face, the strange gentleman brought to the surface, and thrust into the hand of Mr. Dappleton, a large card, upon which was printed, in heavy type:

"OLIVER DILLHORN, D.D., LL.D.,
Pres. Union College,
Unionville, Tenn."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Dr. Dillhorn," began Mr. Dappleton, extending his hand, "I think that several visits ago."

"The faculty and board of trustees," interrupted the doctor, in a deep, sepulchral voice, "have ever had in view the greatest possible good for the greatest possible number; and actuated by this noble sentiment, coupled with the growing needs of the country which surrounds us, and especially stimulated thereto by an endowment fund of twenty thousand dollars, by a late friend of the college, bequeathed for the express purpose, have, after careful and I may add, prayerful consideration, decided to enlarge our field of usefulness, by adding to the existing departments of the college, a *delicet* the classical, the scientific, the pharmaceutical, the commercial, and the post graduate, a school of divinity and theology."

"It gives me great pleasure to learn it, doctor. In these days of materialism and infidelity—"

"The board of trustees, supplemented by the faculty," resumed the reverend gentleman, with a preliminary cough, to silence the bookseller, "with a unanimity which I considered highly flattering, have nominated and appointed me, the president of the institution, as a committee of one, to visit New York, and select and purchase for the new department, a theological library, and a supply of text books; the establishment of the curriculum being left entirely with me. Knowing your house by favorable reputation, I have called to examine books and make selections."

"I am pleased beyond expression," replied the publisher, bowing. "When will you commence your work, doctor?"
"At once, if convenient. It will occupy several days, and the trustees and faculty will be anxious."

Half an hour later Dr. Dillhorn was seated in the private office, surrounded by racks and chairs filled with books, deep in a comparison of the merits of Paley and Alexander, Edwards and Dwight.

For over a week he labored industriously, selecting, rejecting, and making notes of doubtful cases, in a crabbed hand, for future reference.

"My labors are almost at an end," said he to Mr. Dappleton on the morning of the eighth day, "and but for one difficulty I could complete my order to-day."

"A difficulty! I'm sorry to hear of it. Can I assist you in any way?"

"That's the point. I trust you can. A correct knowledge of Hebrew lies at the root of a theological education, and a good grammar is the foundation of a knowledge of Hebrew. There is my difficulty; a good Hebrew grammar I cannot find."

"We have several."

"True, but they are all defective. I'd give six prices for the one I used in my student days. Dear old Chopman, no such Hebrew scholar lives to-day, but you shall have it if it's obtainable in New York. Here, Hooker, make a round of the bookstores, and see if you can find Chopman's Hebrew grammar."

Two hours later the young man returned. He had not been successful. All agreed that it must be out of print. In fact no one remembered to have ever seen it.

"I'm greatly disappointed," said the doctor, shaking his head sorrowfully, "but I suppose I must adopt one of the new-fangled, inferior works. I regret it all the more, because only this morning I received a letter from an old friend, a professor of Hebrew, asking me, if possible, to secure a supply of Chopman for his college."

"Hooker," said Mr. Dappleton, "did you call at Haverly's?"

"No, sir, I did not. I thought it hardly best in view of the trouble we had with him last month."

"Oh, that amounts to nothing. He is only a little jealous. Run over to his store; he may have what we want. And Hooker," said the old gentleman, recalling the clerk, and speaking to him aside, "if it comes right, give him a pointer about new southern customers, and the large order he is giving. It will make Haverly sleep well."

"I've found them at last," cried Hooker, as after a few minutes' absence he burst into the office. "Haverly has three hundred of them, and I've brought a copy for your inspection."

"Dear old Chopman," cried Dillhorn, after a critical examination of the book. "How it carries me back to my boyhood. I'm glad you have found it, I must write the faculty and trustees of my success."

"What does Haverly ask for them?" inquired the bookseller.

"That's the trouble, sir," replied the clerk. "He says he can't sell them for a cent less than three dollars per copy."

"Three dollars! and for a book like that! He must be crazy," cried the publisher.

"I feared the price would be high, for you see, I know their value. It is too much; but my heart is set on dear old Chopman, and I'll take them all, and indeed, with two colleagues to supply, they'll not last long."

"Oh, I forgot to mention it," said the salesman, "but Haverly has the plates from which the books were printed, which he will sell for five hundred dollars."

"How I would love to have them," said the doctor, excitedly, "but my commission is to purchase books only, and I have no authority to buy them."

"Make your mind easy on that score, my dear doctor. We will purchase the plates, and print as many editions as you desire."

"Thank you, Mr. Dappleton," cried the reverend gentleman, extending his hand. "You are more than kind, and I trust and believe that the investment will prove a profitable one for your house."

"Go over to Haverly's," said the old gentleman to his clerk, "and tell him we will take the books and plates. Wait, let me make him a check for the fourteen hundred dollars. I don't care to be under obligations to him."

"And now Mr. Dappleton," said the doctor, as the young man left the office. "My work is completed. You have treated me kindly and given me excellent prices, and I thank you, not in my own name alone, but in the name of the trustees and faculty—yes and in the names of all who know and appreciate the value of a higher religious education. When will the books be packed for shipment and my bill prepared?"

"Early tomorrow morning."

"Very well, I will call at 10 o'clock," and the reverend gentleman wound himself up in his comforter, settled his wig, wiped his spectacles, put on his hat, shook hands with the publisher, and left the place.

On the following morning at 10 o'clock, eighteen large boxes of books, each bearing the name and address of Dr. Dillhorn, stood in the packing-room of the establishment, and a formidable itemized bill, with a total footing of more than nine thousand dollars, lay upon the cashier's desk; but the reverend doctor himself did not appear.

"Hooker," said the publisher to his clerk, as the day drew near its close. "I'm worried about this Dillhorn matter. Step over and ask Haverly where he bought those books and plates."

"Certainly, Mr. Hooker. Your house is welcome to any information in my possession," said good natured Mr. Haverly, when asked the history of the plates and books. "About ten days ago a gentleman called, and asked me to purchase a lot of Hebrew grammars, and the plates for producing them. I told him they were of no possible value, except as old metal and waste paper. He seemed greatly disappointed and asked me to store them for a short time, and try to find a purchaser on a commission of ten per cent. He named a price which confirmed my previous belief that he was a crank, and so, to humor him, I told him he might leave them with me. Of course I had not yet heard of your new southern customer, and his extensive order."

"And you have not seen him since?" asked Hooker.

"Oh, yes, he called shortly after you left yesterday, and collected the amount of your check, less my commission."

"And you know nothing further concerning him?"

"Nothing, except that a gentleman who saw him leaving here yesterday, told me that he was a noted sharper, wanted by the police for swindling several unscrupulous people."

"Oh, yes, he called, sir. Good evening," said the young man, rising. "Wait a moment, Hooker. As he was leaving yesterday, he handed me this card. Please give it to my friend Dappleton, with my compliments," and Mr. Haverly took from his desk and handed his visitor a large card, upon which was printed, in heavy type:

"OLIVER DILLHORN, D.D., LL.D.,
Pres. Union College,
Unionville, Tenn."

Mechanically the young man turned the card in his hand, and on its back, in the peculiar crabbed hand of the southern customer, saw the heavily underscored words: "Dear old Chopman."

volous, and she is now only pleasantly sarcastic to them.

Beautiful dresses, rare jewels, and everything that is new and odd this heiress is sure to possess. She wears the most ultra severe and English gowns and hats for the street, the most French and novel toilets for afternoon teas and receptions, and for balls and the opera wonderful combinations of beauty. She has an imported English cob for her own special use, an Austrian saddle, an English coupe, a French maid and a most charming brown and white Russian spaniel that wears a collar set with jewels.

Her portrait, full length and life size, in a Directoire gown of white, banded with white velvet, with a great cluster of pink roses in the corsage, has been painted by a celebrated French artist for the sum of \$10,000, and hangs in one of the drawing-rooms, with a special bar of gas-jets to light it up. She has been presented at the English court, has quitted it for a season in London, at Pau, and at Cowes, spends her summers in one of the most magnificent villas at Newport, and has every pleasure that wealth and an assured social position can give.

It is said that during her last visit abroad Miss Turnure bestowed the promise of her hand and her million upon a young Captain in Her Majesty's Horse Guards, who is extremely blonde and six feet four inches in height. As she has refused a Duke and an Italian Prince, one cannot think that she is marrying for position. No wedding has been set and the Captain has not yet made his appearance on this side of the ocean, so perhaps she may marry an American after all. For the present she seems content to go to balls and parties, to the opera and the theater, and to dance, laugh, and be merry with her friends, to wear pretty dresses, and to have anything "new" that comes from the other side of the ocean.

Miss Adele Grant, the only daughter of Mrs. Beach-Grant, and the heiress to over \$750,000, has become known to many through her engagement to Earl Cairns, or Lord Garmoyne, as he is best known, and the breaking off of the engagement because her mother refused to pay \$250,000 of debts contracted by that young sprig of nobility. Miss Grant has been called "ambitious," and she refused several excellent offers made by Americans. Her success in London society two seasons ago was marked, and when it became known that she was to wed Earl Cairns her friends on this side of the Atlantic said: "Her ambition is at last satisfied." But it seems that she had no desire to marry a man who could be so presumptuous as to ask her mother to pay his debts, and she won admiration by breaking the engagement and returning all the costly jewels he sent her.

Some unwise friends hoped to mend matters. Mrs. Bradley Martin was one of these, and, thinking to play the good fairy last summer, invited Miss Grant and her mother to visit her at her Scotch castle, Bel Macan. Then unknown to them she asked Earl Cairns to come and visit. This was embarrassing enough, but the climax was reached when the good lady arranged one day that the young people should drive alone in a dog cart to visit some ruins near by with a number of other guests who were to go in other vehicles.

It is not fair to suppose that Miss Grant will marry a plain American after having been so near becoming the wife of an Earl, and it is said that there is no need, as she has had many offers from that class of foreigners. Her fortune is most of it invested in American securities.—*New York Journal.*

There is a strong movement among Japanese ladies in favor of the speedy adoption of the European dress. A native journal of Yokohama recently contained a letter from a Japanese woman correspondent, who pitifully expressed the motive for this change. She said: "We dress not for vanity, nor for healthfulness, nor for any other motive, but in order to get our rights as in civilized Christian countries." To enforce the new custom the female students of the Tokio Higher Normal School have been ordered to dress in foreign style, but the use of rich materials has been forbidden. A scheme is also proposed for the erection of a theatre in the foreign style in Tokio, to which only those in European dress will be admitted.

"One of my schoolmates," said an old man, "was a rich man's son. I was a poor boy. He had more pocket money in a week than I ever handled in my life. He is now a conductor on a street-car." "And you?" "I'm the driver of the car."—*Larger's Bazar.*

(Continued on fourth page.)

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 interest and amusement at these growing and attractive summer resorts. Leaving 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 delightful, 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 antiquarian's heart beating with joy.

Right in the center of the village is located the Parker House. This elegant 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 designed 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 unrivalled. Just beyond and past the Bickford House, which was new last season and is finely located so as to command 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 reputation. To those who know anything of the house no words of praise are necessary. 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.

Success Coming.

The warm welcome that greeted THE WAVE's first appearance was a sure omen of its success. "It's very neat," "I think you have done real well," "I enjoyed reading it very much," were the exclamations heard on every hand, when little groups of guests gathered and discussed the paper and its contents. But little attempt was made to sell the paper but something over a thousand copies were distributed gratis among the guests and residents. At this writing subscriptions are coming in rapidly and there is every prospect that the paper will prove a success in every sense of the word. And there is no reason why it should not, for such a paper is just what is needed for the convenience and amusement of the guests and others. The list of hotel arrivals will be found very handy for those who desire to know if any of their friends are stopping at other hotels on the beach. At the fall Dress Hops, Balls and Germans the complete list of costumes will be published. Every effort will be made to gather in every scrap of news and gossip from Cape Arundel to the Mousum river that may prove in any way of interest to our readers. Of course the first issue of a paper cannot be expected to be as good as later ones and those who may have noticed some imperfections in proof reading are reminded that these mistakes will not be allowed to creep in at all henceforth.

The Wave, a New Seaside Paper.

The *Eastern Argus*, the leading paper of the State, contained the following yesterday:

"THE WAVE" is the name of the new paper published every Wednesday and Saturday at Kennebunkport, by Mr. John C. Emmons. We received a copy of the first number yesterday. It is a bright entertaining paper. Mr. Emmons has the true gift, as shown by this sentence in his salutation: "The WAVE will run this season regardless as to whether it pays or not, or is supported as it ought to be." We wish the new paper abundant success and prosperity.

Hotel Arrivals.

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.

BALTIMORE—
T R Matthews and wife
JERSEY CITY—
James L Ogden and wife
PHILADELPHIA—
Jacob P Jones
BALTIMORE—
Gerard Hopkins
BOSTON—
Miss Prescott
PHILADELPHIA—
Miss Bernard
DETROIT—
George H Barbour and wife
Ed S Barbour
Miss Grace Barbour
Miss Stella Barbour
George H Barbour Jr
BOSTON—
James A Leighton
A De W Leighton
HAVERHILL—
D B Vickery
NEW YORK—
W E Marcus and wife
J R Thing and wife
BOSTON—
H O Henderson
H K Barnes
HAVERHILL—
C H Fellows

BICKFORD HOUSE.

WALTHAM MASS—
Mrs G A Warren
BREWSTER MD—
Antonette J Fay
WASHINGTON—
Miss F A Doughly
SOUTH FARMINGHAM—
W H Burr and wife
BROOKLYN—
Miss E A Johnson
Miss Johnson
Miss Lillian M Johnson
Miss Nellie W Johnson
Daisy M Johnson
Master Clinton W Johnson

PARKER HOUSE.

BOSTON—
C F Quincy
Jas G White
John L Little
Dr and Mrs James B Bell
SACO—
J Q Henzey
E K Seaman
PHILADELPHIA—
Henry Longstreet
BOSTON—
George A Russell
SENACA FLA—
Wm A Trafton
S BERWICK—
C T Trafton

GORHAM—
H S Huntington
FITCHBURG—
F H Worlse
CHELSEA—
Alex Phenister
KEENE NH—
J G Lesure
BOSTON—
W B Webber
PORTLAND—
S E Maxey
FARGO DAK—
F H Gooding
BOSTON—
E F Fraser
PORTLAND—
H J Goodwin
HIDE PARK—
L P Howard
SACO—
Quincy Scammon
C F Green
NEW HAVEN—
Robert S Bradley
BOSTON—
Sydney S Chandler
PORTLAND—
H F Gooding
LYNN—
E P Cushman

GRANITE STATE HOUSE.

PITTSFIELD NH—
John Wheeler and wife
HARTFORD CONN—
E S House
GRAFTON NH—
F A Eastman
O B Sargent
Fred Sage
HARTFORD—
Dr I W Lyons and wife
Miss Mary B Lyons
Chas Lyons
Ewing Lyons
DANEUR—
Miss Ret E Edmond
GRAND RAPIDS MICH—
J C Bonnell
Miss Kate L Bonnell
TROY NY—
Eben Halley
MONTREAL—
James Starke

GROVE HILL HOUSE.

BOSTON—
Addie M Steel
SCHUYLER NEB—
H W Nismen
WANEPASHUNET—
Cornelia H Wright
BOSTON—
A Berbank and family
SACO—
D E Owen
BOSTON—
Mrs W H H Richardson
Mrs T D Whitney
Nellie R Whitney and maid
SEA VIEW HOUSE.

SEA VIEW HOUSE.

SACO ME—
Mrs H H Borbank and family
MALDEN—
Geo A Metcalf and family
EVERETT MASS—
Milly M Johnson
Mary O Balbach
PORTLAND—
Harry A Rounds
SEA GROVE COTTAGE.

SEA GROVE COTTAGE.

FRANKS HAM—
Miss Maud Coburn
BOSTON—
G S Cushman
SOUTH FRANKS HAM—
Mrs C A Culler and family
Mrs F F Avery and daughter
COVE COTTAGE.

COVE COTTAGE.

COLUMBUS O—
Mrs H B Bigby
Miss Carrie Bigby
MALDEN—
Wm Chiffin and wife
Miss Lulu Chiffin
LINCOLN—
Lucy Hartwell
NORTON HOUSE.

NORTON HOUSE.

PORTLAND—
Geo L Swett
BOSTON—
H J Wilkins
EXETER NH—
G W Libbey
SEA SIDEHOUSE.

SEA SIDEHOUSE.

BOSTON—
John M Meggett Jr
Louis E Tenney
J Ayers and wife
DUDMAN—
Miss Alice Chase
Miss Fanny Draper
RIVERSIDE HOUSE.

RIVERSIDE HOUSE.

ARLINGTON—
Mrs J T Trowbridge three children and nurse
BOSTON—
Miss M A Lanza
Miss H P Lanza
WORCESTER—
Rev J J Miller
Miss M B Vase
Miss Effie Bennett
BOSTON—
Gertrude N Gordon

NONANTUM HOUSE.

BOSTON—
O O Hayward
Miss Helen Sharp

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.

Highland House,

ORREN WELLS, Proprietor,

Located on a Magnificent Bluff, with
Fine Ocean and Inland Views.

Sea Side House!

Kennebunkport, Me.

I. P. GOOCH, Proprietor.

Location unexcelled. Near mouth of Kennebunk river. Excellent Bathing and Boating. Table first-class.

NONANTUM HOUSE,

H. A. HECKMAN, Proprietor.

Splendid Location. Beautiful View of the
River and Ocean. Excellent Rooms.
KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

This space is taken
by Oren Hooper, Son,
& Leighton, Furniture
Dealers, Congress St.,
Portland, 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.

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.

Reserved for
Wheeler & Bell.
P. O. Kennebunkport.

BICKFORD HOUSE.

Kennebunkport, MAINE.

J. W. BICKFORD, Proprietor.

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

GROCERIES!

AND

PROVISIONS

AT

A. T. WHITAKER'S,

Kennebunk Village, Main St.

THE

Kennebunk Bakery!

is prepared to furnish all kinds of

Cake, Pastry, Ice Cream, Cool
Soda, Choice Confectionery,
etc., etc., etc.,

to the Hotels and Sojourners at
Kennebunkport.

GEORGE P. LOWELL, Manager.

THE PLACE TO BUY

Picnic Goods and First-class Groceries

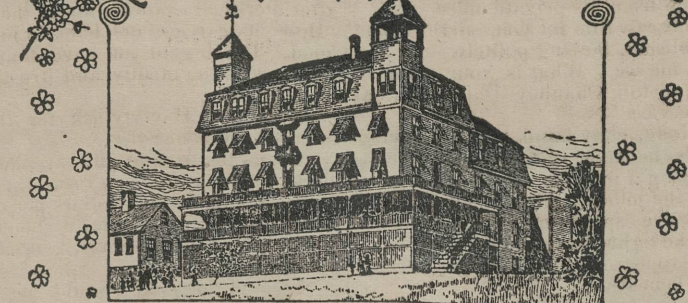
of all descriptions,

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.

GROVE HILL HOUSE



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

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 in 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 manager 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 miner 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 draws us all to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nurture or of 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 mingling. Already at the age of twenty-five we see the professional mannerism settling down on the young commercial traveler, on the young doctor, on the young minister, on the young consular-lawyer. You see the little lines of character 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*.

Why Two Women Rage.

Worth has committed the fault, not to be forgiven by a woman, of duplicating ball-dresses for two leading society women at the capital. It all came out at the British legation ball recently, and the little scene was a funny one. The first of the two to enter the ball-room was a lady from Philadelphia, the daughter of a millionaire in Congress. Her dress elicited general admiration, and the remark, "No doubt of that being a Worth dress," went in a little buzz around the room. A few moments later a New York woman appeared in a dress of the same lovely maize color, the exact color and fashioned as much like the other dress as two peas. They met, and there were looks—it need not be said they were looks of astonishment, disappointment, and polite chagrin. They saw the explanation in the duplicated gowns, and no words were necessary. "I hope—you haven't a pink—one-too," gasped the New York woman, faintly, seized with the horrible foreboding that Worth might be wicked enough to duplicate pink as well as yellow. "O—I have," replied the Philadelphia woman in tones equally faint and despairing. When they had sufficiently recovered to talk it over calmly, the truth was told, and they knew the pink dresses were also duplicates. Fortunately, as a third party said, "they are awfully rich, and can afford to throw away the dresses if they choose." But they are very mad.—*Washington Letter*.

The man who tries to make a two-thousand-dollar salary fit a four-hundred-dollar outlay generally winds up the experiment in a foreign climate.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Wife—You talked in your sleep last night, John, and you mentioned mother's name. Husband—That so? I must have been that mincepie I ate before going to bed.—*Harper's Bazar*.

SATURDAY

MI
Sun rises,
Sun sets, 7
Moon rises
High Water

Full Moon
Last Quart
New Moon
First Quart

Arrivals

Mails close
6:30 p. m.
Mails close
6:30 p. m.
Mails arrive
m., and 7:40 p.
Mails arrive
4:00 p. m.

THE V

AT THE
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AND NOI
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Very low

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Mr. W. H.
Framingham
house July
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Kennebunk

Mr. Robe

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1887.

Miniature Almanac.

Sun rises, 4.19.
Sun sets, 7.20.
Moon rises, 11.55.
High Water, Boston, 4.45 a. m.; 5.15 p. m.
Full Moon July 5.
Last Quarter July 13.
New Moon July 20.
First Quarter July 27.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Mails close for the West at 9 a. m., 3.45 and 6.30 p. m.
Mails close for the East at 10.10 a. m., and 6.20 p. m.
Mails arrive from the East at 10.15, 11.45 a. m., and 7.46 p. m.
Mails arrive from the West at 10.15 a. m. and 6.30 p. 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.

Very low tides to-day so our almanacs say.

The Parker House orchestra will soon arrive.

Mr. Geo. A. Metcalf and family are at the Sea View.

Fourteen guests are expected at the Norton House to-day.

Mr. Herbert Smith is the new baggage master at the R. R. station.

An ice cream festival will be held this evening by the Baptist society.

Mr. Seth E. Bryant is printing some very neat bills of fare for several hotels.

County Attorney H. H. Burbank wife and family are at the Sea View House.

Board at the Parker House is in demand. Telegraphic inquiries for rooms are daily received.

"About this time of year," as the almanac would say, good table girls and cooks are in demand.

Tarbox & Carpenter have taken the Parker House stables and put in a good looking lot of horses.

Mr. Walter Lane of the Old Orchard Sea Shell was in town Monday looking for advertising for that breezy sheet.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam'l H. Jones and Mr. David Ives Mackie left the Bluff for Boston Monday. They will return later.

Mr. Sidney Walker is admitted to be one of the most popular young men at the Bluff. His company is in great demand.

Mr. W. H. Burr and wife of South Framingham arrived at the Bickford House July 7. This is Mr. Burr's fourth season here.

The subject of Prof. L. D. Ventura's lecture to be given in August at Arundel Hall is Peppino. It will be well worth listening to.

The Misses May G. Goodwin and Florence Stimpson, two of Boston's pretty and accomplished young ladies, were at the beach yesterday.

Mr. George H. Barbour, vice president and manager of the well known Michigan Stove Co., is located with his family at the Ocean Bluff Hotel.

Jos. Jeffery the stableman has recently added to his stock of horses a handsome little pony and small dog cart. The pony is very gentle and is in great demand by the children.

The Old Orchard Sea Shell made its first appearance on Monday. Its editorial department is under different control than formerly and it shows a more tasty make up.

Dr. Dudley Brooks of New York is visiting at Capt. Daniel W. Dudley's. The Dr. was formerly a resident of this place and takes great pleasure in visiting the "scenes of his childhood."

Judge James L. Ogden of the Ocean Bluff Hotel is a great whist player. Together with Mr. Daniel D. Walker of the great St. Louis firm of Ely Walker & Co. he can be seen playing for hours in the reading rooms.

Mr. J. H. Wilson and wife are numbered among the guests at the Parker House. Mr. Wilson is connected with a prominent banking house of La Fayette Ind. and both himself and wife have made many friends during their stay here.

You had better subscribe for THE WAVE. It will cost you but 75 cents for the entire season twice a week.

Send a copy to your absent friends and relations and let them know there are such places as Kennebunkport and Kennebunk Beach.

Mr. Robert S. Bradley of Yale '85

is a guest at the Parker House. Mr. Bradley is a young man of uncommon ability, having passed the usual three years' course in a medical college in a little less than two years. He leaves next week to enter the New Haven Hospital.

Berries of nearly all kinds are in the market.

Mr. Henry B. Lamb of Boston is at the Whiton House.

Rev. J. J. Miller of Worcester is at the Riverside.

THE WAVE will try to grow more newsworthy as the season advances.

Dr. I. W. Lyons and family of Hartford Conn. are at the Granite State.

Some sort of a musical entertainment will be given in Arundel Hall next Friday evening.

Jos. Jeffery, the stableman, expects to take over a big crowd to Barnum's Circus at Saco, July 19.

Mr. J. Peakes and daughter, Miss Gertrude, of East Weymouth, are guests at the Whiton House.

Mr. J. Q. Henry, president of the Shoe and Leather Bank, Boston, has arrived at the Parker House.

The management of the Ocean Bluff has kindly consented to give the use of the orchestra for the Arundel Hall Hops.

Hennessy's Minstrels to-night at Temple Hall. The show comes well recommended and ought to be well patronized.

Mrs. J. T. Trowbridge and family are staying for a while at the Riverside preparatory to moving into their new cottage.

The Bass Rock House received a large party of guests last night, too late for their names to be published in this issue of THE WAVE.

The case of minerals sold at auction Monday, belonging to Dr. Rogers, now in the insane asylum, was bought by Mr. Walter L. Dane of Kennebunk for \$29.

Mr. R. W. Norton is doing a thriving business at his store. His fruit, confectionery, ice cream and other good things are appreciated by his patrons.

Mrs. Alvin G. Clark of Cambridgeport, wife of the well known telescope builder, is at the Riverside with her family. Mr. Clark sails for Europe to-day.

A fine display of fireworks was given last night at the Forest Hill House which was much enjoyed by a large crowd of spectators. Mr. Duncan the proprietor is an enterprising young man and richly deserves his prosperity.

Sunday and Monday were two wretched days at the beach. The rain with only slight intermissions poured down continually preventing the guests from going out of doors or sitting on the piazzas. Card playing and other amusements were therefore utilized to pass away the time.

The following persons stopped over Sunday at the Forest Hill House: Mr. Frank A. Sawyer of Andover Mass., Mr. T. E. Decker, wife, two children and nurse of Boston, Mr. A. E. Allen of New York, Mr. Chas. W. French of New York, Mr. Chas. W. Walker and wife of Hartford Conn. Mr. J. E. Allen of New York arrived Monday.

Mr. Joseph Brooks dropped into our sanctum yesterday long enough to pay for a season's subscription and express a hope that the paper would be successful. In the 81 years of his life Mr. Brooks has travelled over pretty much all the civilized and uncivilized world, but finds no place he likes better than Kennebunkport during the summer.

"Joseph, the fiddler," is an important feature in town this season. He roams the streets and frequents hotels playing his violin for a consideration. He claims to earn four dollars some days. He is a fine player and can imitate almost anything. Joseph's ambition to store up "filthy lucre" is not great however and most of his earnings do not go the way political economists advise that it should.

The beautiful Yacht Adelia, of Boston, arrived at Kennebunkport last Friday with her courteous owner, Mr. N. C. Nash and wife on board. In the evening a grand display of fireworks was given which were much admired by the guests at the various hotels.

The Adelia is a staunch craft, fitted up in elegant style, and always attracts attention wherever she goes. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 98 feet; water line, 87 feet; beam, 16 feet; draught, 7 1/2 feet; speed, 13 knots. Her owner is a perfect gentleman in every sense of the word, and although "they do say" he is worth a cool million or more he is the same pleasant, unpretentious fellow that every one likes. The Adelia sails to-day. Bon voyage.

We may look for a very gay season at the Port.

There are many charming young ladies at the Bluff.

It is whispered that Arundel Hall will soon be ready for entertainments which will surpass any hitherto given.

The quaint little church on the point is visited daily by many of the guests of the Port, who are anxious for its completion.

There are many giddy young ladies at the Port who may be seen driving, and rowing on the river, especially on clear days.

It is reported that the celebrated Band of the Ocean Bluff Hotel will be here in a few days and will be considerably enlarged since last year.

This is what people think of this place: "Kennebunkport is said to be running over with summer visitors, and the applications greatly exceed the accommodations."—Dover Daily Republican.

Kennebunkport has a new paper, "THE WAVE;" its first number appeared July 9. It is a lively, wide-awake little sheet and we wish it success in this and many future summers. Kennebunkport is a very pleasant summer resort and is bound to grow. The hotel registers show a large number of guests already there.

—Dover Daily Republican.

The Portland Evening Express is to devote a part of its paper to Kennebunkport and Kennebunk Beach. The Express is a lively sheet and contains all the latest telegraphic news. It will appear every evening before the Boston daily papers and should be read by every one.

The usual Saturday night Hops, which the guests of the various hotels have been in the habit of enjoying in the Ocean Bluff Hall, will be held in Arundel Hall. The first one will be held next Saturday night. On account of the Hall being in debt a small admission fee of ten cents will be charged.

Messrs. Hall & Littlefield, proprietors of the Ocean Bluff stables are already doing a good business with their teams and stage. Everything about the stables is kept scrupulously neat and clean. The carriage robes and harnesses are kept in a separate building so that no scent from the stables can reach them. The hostlers are not allowed to enter the carriage house. One man attends to the harnesses, another to the carriages. All of their teams are first class and some are elegant. They have quite a number of boarding horses at the present time.

Runaway.

A horse and buggy belonging to Mr. Will Mitchell ran away yesterday forenoon. The vehicle tipped over in front of the Norton House and spilled its occupants. The wagon was pretty well smashed up and a little boy in the carriage was badly hurt on the head, but no serious results will probably follow.

Almost a Conflagration.

Early yesterday morning smoke was issuing from the upstairs windows at the Norton House. Mr. Norton began to explore the billiard hall but was well high suffocated by the blinding smoke. It was found that a spittoon had ignited from a cigar and burned entirely through the floor. The blaze was quickly extinguished and what might have proved a serious fire was averted. Had it not been discovered for a few minutes more no one could have saved the building.

ARUNDEL HALL.

Something about this Elegant New Structure.

About a year ago this coming September a few public spirited and enterprising citizens of Cape Arundel conceived the idea of erecting a hall that could be used for dances and entertainments. Although late in the season these pioneer movers pushed their project rapidly to the front and began using various means to raise sufficient funds for the construction of the edifice. A fair was held by the ladies of Ocean Bluff and vicinity, a canvassing committee appointed and other efforts made toward securing the necessary money to complete the undertaking. Finally a stock company was organized with shares at ten dollars each, which were quite freely bought by the guests and others in this vicinity. At last money was borrowed at very low rates from Mr. James H. Carlton, and work commenced. In the dead of winter, when the intense cold actually forced the carpenters to heat the nails, the work began. Mr. Dan'l R. Walker, an enterprising young contractor, superintended the work which has but recently been finished. The lamps and fixtures were put in yesterday and the hall is now ready for occupancy. The stage is large and the dressing rooms are roomy and conveniently arranged.

The exterior is tastefully painted except the gable end, which consists of pebbles stuck in mortar, presenting a very unique appearance. Some sort of an entertainment will doubtless be given this week, after which it is hoped by giving others to pay off the \$1400 still hanging over the society. The total expense will be rather over than under \$3000; but the money was well invested and the building is a decided credit to the place.

The officers of the society are: Pres., F. W. Sprague; Directors, W. F. Biddle, Miss M. Garrard, Mrs. John M. Barker, Miss S. P. Bancroft.

Among those who contributed so generously to aid this enterprise were Mr. Chas. C. Perkins, Mr. Hartley Lord of Kennebunk, Mr. James H. Carlton, Mr. James Taylor and the Bancroft family. It is such enterprises as these that help to make Kennebunkport famous, and were there more such public spirited individuals as these it would not be long ere this place would rank among the leading watering places of New England.

Old Orchard Correspondence.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH, }
July 12, 1887.

The season has not by any means opened as yet at Old Orchard. The rush never begins here until July 15 or later, although at the present time quite a goodly number of guests are summering here. The Ocean House under its new management is rapidly climbing into favor and may yet become what it once was—the leading hotel of Old Orchard. At the grove the usual number of stalls, eating saloons, fortune telling squaws and other humbugs may be found to rob the unwary of his spare change. The beach is in excellent condition and everything points to a busy though short season.

NOTES.

The Old Orchard Sea Shell commenced publication Monday last. Its price has been advanced to five cents.

Wheeler & Clark are doing a good business at their shell store in the P. O. They have several novelties in the way of fish scale jewelry, etc.

Col. E. C. Lewis of the Laconia Democrat is at the Lawrence House.

Mr. T. H. Spence of La Crosse, Wis., is at the Badger Cottage for the season.

Andrew's Orchestra has arrived.

Weather foggy.

More anon.

A. K. S.

JAMES B. LaCROIX,

BOOKSELLER,

Ocean Bluff Hotel, Cape Arundel, Me.

Orders received for books of all descriptions. Views of Ocean Bluff, Cape Arundel and vicinity, on sale.

CLIFF HOUSE and GLEN COTTAGE,

Cape Arundel,

Kennebunkport, Me.

A broad piazza surrounds the house, which is three stories, unadorned roof, with large airy rooms and bath, new furniture and furnishings. Ample accommodations for 24 guests.

MRS. B. F. ELDRIDGE, Proprietor.

ARUNDEL HOUSE,

Kennebunkport, Maine.

Miss Alice Paine, Proprietor.

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

BUY
THE WAVE!

ALL THE
LATEST NEWS
AND
HOTEL ARRIVALS.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

This space is reserved
and paid for by
B. A. Atkinson & Co.,
Furniture Dealers,
Portland, Me.

PARKER HOUSE,



This space has been
taken by Bornton,
the Jeweler, No. 547
Congress St., Port-
land, 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-in-
hand furnished.

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

(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. 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.

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

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

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

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

Riverside House, on Water street at Cape Arundel.

Arundel House, opp. Water street at Cape Arundel.

Cliff House, at Cape Arundel, near the Bluff.

Bickford House, at Cape Arundel, near the Bluff.

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

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

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

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

Sea 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.

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 workmanlike manner. Also, Boats and Canoes to Let. Boat near E. Cousens' Store.

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.

BOATS TO LET!

I have a lot of safe and easy rowing Boats at Reasonable Rates. Apply to

Joseph A. Titecomb,
at the Coal Wharf, next below Bridge,
KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

in latest styles suitable for Beach Wear. All sizes and widths. Satisfaction as to fit guaranteed.

A. T. WHITAKER

Kennebunk Village, Main St.

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.

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.

U you can get your

BOOTS AND SHOES!

FOR
BEACH WEAR
in latest styles at

BROWN'S,

SHOE DEALER,

461 Congress Street,

Sign of the Golden Boot.

Portland, Me.

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.

J. H. OTIS, WATCHMAKER and JEWELER.

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

When at Old Orchard visit

WHEELER & CLARK'S SHELL EMPORIUM

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

GLEN HOUSE!

Cape Arundel, Kennebunkport, Me.

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

Ocean Bluff HOTEL!

CAPE ARUNDEL,

KENNEBUNKPORT,

MAINE.



THE "CARLETON,"

Jacksonville,

Florida.



Stimpson

&

Devnell,

PROPRIETORS.

Grand Clearing Sale!

PREVIOUS TO TAKING STOCK!

— AT —

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

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SACO, Me. Aug. 20, 1884.

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