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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
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 visiting pleasant rooms and excellent
table food.

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

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

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE,
Owen Wentworth & Co., Proprietors,
Kennebunk Beach, Maine.
This new and attractive house is situated on
a hill, commanding one of the finest views of
the ocean and surrounding country to be found
on this coast. It is within five minutes walk
of Post Office, Station, Beach, Bath houses,
Cove and several hotels. The facilities for
boating, fishing and bathing are unsurpassed.
JOSEPH D. WELLS, Manager.

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

OWEN WENTWORTH, Proprietor.

BASS ROCK HOUSE,
J. ALLIE WELLS, Proprietor.
P. O. Address, 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 table, and by
gentlemanly treatment on the outside, to receive
a share of patronage.

S. BROWN,
DEALER IN
DRY AND FANCY GOODS!
Boots and Shoes, Hats and Gent's 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.

A REGISTERED LETTER.

"There's a registered letter for Katy
Mulvaney!"

The letter-carrier shouted it on the
steps of Brady's big tenement, near
Tompkins Square. The tenants of the
house caught up the cry and passed it
up toward the roof. The children in the
street echoed it:
"Katy Mulvaney!"

There was nearly a million children
on the block, at a rough under-esti-
mate, and from among them came six
Katy Mulvaney's, three of them with
younger Mulvaney's in their arms. But
the postman waved them away. Not one
of them was old enough for a registered
letter.

Mrs. Mulvaney dwelt on the top
floor; but at the moment she was in the
basement getting water for the week's
wash. Thence she emerged,
wiping her rosy arms, molded and
tinted like twin Westphalia hams, on
her broad apron.

"Fwat's to the fore?" she inquired,
as she caught the reverberations of her
daughter's name.

"There's a registered letter for Katy
Mulvaney," said the good-natured car-
rier.

"Fwat's that?" asked Mrs. Mul-
vaney.

"A registered letter," repeated the
carrier, wearily.

"'Tis offish it becs, Mrs. Mulvaney,"
volunteered Mr. Maguire, the superan-
nated licensed vendor, who was smok-
ing his clay pipe in the hall-way. "'Tis
the government, an' the police, an' the ju-
disheary, an' the police, an' the judi-
sary offishies as sen's them things; sure,
I had wan' when I forgot to pay me lease."

"O, millia murther!" wailed Mrs.
Mulvaney, with startling suddenness;
"an' fwat have I done to have dissenden
t'rown upon me, an' me the mother of
eleven?" Her apron went over her
head, by way of sackcloth, and her
choked lamentations came from under it.
"O, Katy, the mother I've been to
ye, an' ye to bring shame on the name
of Mulvaney! Sure, no wan would
never have thought it, ne'er a time!
'Tis all along o' them pencies, an' the
foreign Dutchin from Italy infestin'
the ward, so it is! Fwat have ye done—
fwat have ye done! An' ye'er a
Mulvaney was ever in court, forbye
th'ould mon, and him only whin he
clared out the saloon on the Square,
whin 'twas bilin' he was, an' of a
New-Year's, like a gentleman should,
and the boss came down himself an'
bailed him out, and give s'curity! An'
a daughter of mine to be brought to
the likes of this—a register letter—
O, Mary, save us!"

By this time there was a crowd of
sympathizing women about Mrs. Mul-
vaney, trying to console her in seven-
teen different brogues. Mrs. McGarra-
han, who was a trifle under 100 years
old, and who keened at all the old-
time wakes in the ward, took the lead.
"Sure she do not understand it,
dear soul, she do not. 'Tis an ather
the government does ye, dear. 'Tis no
supper—'tis a diploma, more like.
Cheer up, there's a darlin'! Sure,"
she explained to the postman, "Katy's
the good girl, so she is, an' 'tis into
the fact'ry in Broome street she works,
an' becs home her wages regular,
an' niver the wurd said agin her, bar-
rin' the young min is ahl after her,
an' proud her mother should be of
that same, for she bein' a dacent—"
"Say," interrupted the carrier, "who's
going to sign for that letter? I can't
wait here all day. Here's the receipt.
Now, Mrs. Mulvaney, you sign this.
Got a pen ink ink?"
"Hould!" interjected Mr. Maguire:
"I've got a pindle. I allways carry a
pindle. 'Tis the way of a mon of busi-
ness."
"Pencil won't do," said the carrier:
"the rules of the office say this has to
be signed in ink."
"An' fware will I get the ink?" de-
manded Mrs. Mulvaney, drying the
unnecessary tears from her eyes with
her apron rolled over her arm. "Mul-
vaney's no poet, wid an inkstand un-
der his arm."
"Dunno," said the postman; "hasn't
one of these ladies got a bottle of ink?"
"Sorra a bottle of ink in the house,"
said Mr. Maguire solemnly, gazing out
upon the audience of children in the
street, "barrin' my own."
"Well, fetch that then!"—the post-
man was growing impatient.
"I had it whin I had me business, in
siventy-eight," said Mr. Maguire, with
undiminished solemnity; "an' I sold it
out wid me chattels the mortgage was
on."
The postman glared at Mr. Maguire
for half a minute.
"But I kep' me pindle," Mr. Maguire
added, as he drew hard on his pipe and
leaned against the wall and looked back
into the glorious past.
"Pencil won't do!" said the carrier;
"now you've got to rustle around and
get some ink. I can't stay here all

A Mountain Mystery.

Parties returning from hunting trips
to the mountains often tell strange
tales of their experience when miles
away from human habitation, of con-
flicts with grizzly bears, mountain
lions, etc., but by far the most weird
story we have heard is told by two
well-known young men of this place,
who were on a prospecting tour some
time since near Cobblestone Mountain,
at the northern boundary of this county.
The story they tell—and they are will-
ing to take their oath on the truth of
the statement—is about as follows:

One cold night they were simulta-
neously awakened about 2 o'clock by
the noise of crackling brush that had
been thrown on the fire. They arose
to a sitting posture and saw the figure
of an Indian woman standing by the
fire. She was dressed in a robe of gay-
ly-colored material that almost reached
to her feet. A glistening necklace,
evidently of gold and silver, encircled
her neck, and hanging pendant from
this were a number of bears' claws.
Her black hair reached below her
waist. In her ears were large hoop
earrings of gold.

Upon seeing the form, one of the
young men instinctively reached for his
rifle by his side, while the other started
in amazement at seeing such a sight in
the dead of the night and thirty miles
from any house. When the figure saw
the motion made to reach the rifle she
motioned for them not to fire and
moved down the trail, beckoning to
them. Before disappearing from view
she again beckoned to them, but they
were too dumfounded to follow.

The next morning they followed the
trail, and after much difficulty traced
the foot-prints to the base of a high
cliff about a mile from their camp.
The rest of the story is told to this
effect: "When I awoke," said one of
the young men, "I was horrified. I
couldn't move to save my life. I was
frozen with astonishment. The next
morning we discussed the matter, and
determined to investigate. So the next
night we took our blankets and went to
the base of the cliff. At about midnight,
the same hour the figure appeared to
us, we saw a bright phosphorescent
light on the brow of the cliff, and I am
sure we heard a voice calling 'Meeneah!
Meeneah!' several times. This is the
strangest experience I ever
passed through. I never have believed
in ghosts, but I would like to know
what this was. If it was a woman
how did she come there at that time
thirty miles from civilization?"

An old Indian tradition is to the
effect that many, many years ago an
Indian maiden—Meeneah, the only
daughter of a chief—was lost in this
region and starved to death near the
place called Squaw Flat. It is said that
different camping parties have seen the
phosphorescent light spoken of in the
vicinity where these young men were
camped. Can this be a parallel case
with that of the Indian woman aban-
doned on San Nicholas Island for
eighteen years?—*Ventura (Cal.) Free
Press.*

The Marmoset.

A correspondent of the Washington
Star, writing of Mrs. Cleveland's mar-
moset, says: I hope that the fair mis-
tress of this new pet will derive as
much pleasure from it as a friend of
mine in Brooklyn, N. Y., did from one
of these amusing little creatures. It
had the freedom of the drawing-room
and library, being never caged or in
any way debarr'd of its liberty. Its
coziest retreat was just inside the brass
fender, where it would lie for hours in
winter before the blazing fire. It was
wonderfully curious, peeping into
every new thing and turning over the
contents of its mistress's work-basket, to
perch on her shoulder with her warm
cheek close to his head, or her caress-
ing hand upon its back, was its great
delight. It loved bits of figs, raisins,
nuts, and apples, but the sight of a fly
set it wild with desire, and even the
semblance, a tiny scrap of black rag
held between the fingers, would excite
great eagerness for the possession. A
fried sent a little wicker cradle, with
miniature blankets, pillows, and cover-
let, for its use, and at night, as well as
when disposed to take a nap, it crept
under the soft wool and cuddled down,
as contented as a child with its resting
place. It recognized the voices of the
members of the household, and seemed
to love above all the tender endear-
ments of its mistress, who paid it spe-
cial attention. Accustomed to a tropi-
cal climate, it is very difficult to pre-
serve these delicate creatures in our
variable temperature. They feel every
change, and need to be watched care-
fully if one would keep them alive and
healthy.

First Kentuckian—I hear your broth-
ers' dead. Second Kentuckian—Yes,
he passed away very peacefully. First
Kentuckian—Natural death? Second
Kentuckian—Yes. First Kentuckian
—I thought he was going to have 'em.
—*New Haven News.*

WATTERSON'S JOKES.

**Murat Halstead the Victim—Interesting
Reportorial Experience.**

"I don't know that I can say any-
thing that will be of interest," said
Henry Watterson to a reporter as he
and John Russell, Young did penance
for the Clover Club's dinner over a bot-
tle of ginger ale in the Union League
cafe to-day. "I have about worked
myself dry in the columns of the *Cour-
ier-Journal* since I returned from Eu-
rope, and I have taken a week's holiday
to give its readers a rest. I think in-
terviewing a newspaper man is like
carrying coals to Newcastle. Once in
a while, however, I think a good inter-
view quite healthy, and I always was
of an accommodating disposition."

"A few years ago Murat Halstead,
Horace White, and myself went to Bos-
ton to hear Carl Schurz deliver his or-
ation on Charles Sumner. It was right
after Sumner's death, and Mr. Schurz
was one of our party. On our way
back to New York we picked up Sam
Bowles at Springfield, Mass., and he
accompanied us to New York, where we
had a little dinner party at the Bro-
ok House. While the dinner was
in progress and the most intricate
problems of National Government were
being solved, word was brought in that
a representative of the New York
World desired to see Mr. Watterson."

"I went down into the hotel office
and there found a little baldheaded
man, who said his name was Oxford.
He asked me if my name was Watter-
son, and I promptly told him it was
not. I politely informed him that Mr.
Watterson was engaged, and could not
be disturbed. I told him my name was
Halstead and expressed my willingness
to accommodate him if I could. Mr.
Halstead was at that time agitating the
coinage of silver and—well, I inter-
viewed Mr. Oxford. I denounced the
Silver bill in unmeasured terms. I
spoke vigorously in favor of increased
gold coinage, and expressed the opin-
ion that a greenback currency was the
backbone of financial prosperity. I
declined against centralization, and
declared in favor of State rights. There
was not an expressed opinion of Mr.
Halstead's I did not reverse, and when
the reporter left me he was full up to
the neck with facts. The next day the
World had a two-column interview with
Murat Halstead that just made Mr.
Halstead wish he had never been born.
He wrote to the editor denying that he
had seen or spoken to a *World* reporter
or any other reporter, and that the
whole interview was a fabrication. The
World published his denial with the fol-
lowing editorial comment: 'When the
World reporter interviewed Mr. Hal-
stead yesterday Mr. Halstead had just
been dining with Mr. Watterson.' For
a long time I expected Halstead to call
me out, but he finally forgave me."

"The first piece of reporting I did
was for *Forney's Press*," said Mr.
Young. "It was an account of the re-
ception of John Brown's body at the
old Philadelphia, Wilmington & Balti-
more station. George Alfred Town-
send and I used to be Select and Com-
mon Council for the Press along in 1860
and 1861. I got \$7 a week and Town-
send got \$8. Watterson was Washing-
ton correspondent of the *Press* at the
time and got about \$20 a week."

"Yes, that's about the figure," said
Mr. Watterson, "and I used to write
some pretty good letters, too—letters
that were pretty extensively copied all
over the country."

"Now, the first editorial work I ever
did," added Mr. Watterson, "was on
the *Ciceronian*, the official journal of
the old Episcopal Academy, at Juniper
and Locust streets. Old Dr. Hare was
Principal of the academy, and a charm-
ing man he was, too. I had for asso-
ciate Editors Ed. N. Benson, now
President of the Union League, and
George C. Thomas of the firm of Drexel
& Co. Frank McLaughlin printed the
paper in his printing-office in Third
street, between Chestnut and Walnut
streets. That was in 1855 and 1856."

Mr. Watterson changed his drink
and resumed his reminiscences: "The
hardest work I ever did," said he, "was
two months for \$10 a week and two
months for \$15 a week. That four
months' work, however, ultimately net-
ted me \$15,000. It was right after the
War, and I was employed as editorial
writer for the *Nashville Banner*, which
had been completely prostrated by the
War. I put in the hardest work I ever
did in those four months and built the
paper up. In recognition of my ser-
vices I was presented with a one-fourth
interest in the paper, which I afterward
sold for \$15,000."—*Philadelphia Des-
patch.*

Mr. Heron Allen charges \$20 to look
at a hand, and is accused of being
exorbitant. We wish to say that if the
average reader will polish up his think-
ing he will readily recall several oc-
casions on which he has paid a great deal
more than this for the privilege of see-
ing one.—*Puck.*

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 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 de-
signed for the comfort of the guests, as
well as their amusement, as a glance
at its broad piazzas and green lawns
will show.

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

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

The Wave.

Miniature Almanac.

Sun rises, 4:37.
Sun sets, 7:31.
Moon rises, 10:19.
High Water, Boston, 2:27.

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

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1887.

SALUTATORY.

With this issue of THE WAVE commences the first paper ever published in this vicinity. All along the American coast at every sea-side resort of any prominence newspapers have sprung up devoted to the interests of their respective localities. In years gone by various parties have contemplated starting a paper at this now large and growing summer resort, but from one cause and another these efforts have always ended in a failure. The present effort is not going however to end in a fizzle. THE WAVE will run this season regardless as to whether it pays or not, or is supported as it ought to be. It is now a well established fact that nothing so well advertises a summer resort as a live, breezy, summer paper. Guests send it away to their friends all over the country thus advertising the place and bringing increased travel every year. To those who have so long wished for a newspaper devoted to the interests of Kennebunkport and Kennebunk beaches we very respectfully suggest that now is the time to stand up and be counted. No paper can live without the co-operative support of its constituents and we trust that we shall not have occasion to complain of the lack of support that we receive here this season. We shall do our very best to make THE WAVE a success in every way, giving all the latest news and hotel arrivals, and descriptions of the various hotels, beaches and other points of interest in the vicinity, making it not only a vehicle of news but a sojourner and guide book combined. To those who intend to support us we would say that a dollar's worth of support when we are beginning is worth five dollars after the paper is firmly established, and in a spirit of patriotism and public spirit we trust and expect to receive a warm and generous support that will assist THE WAVE to become one of the first papers on the great Atlantic Coast.

The Future of Kennebunkport.

It is now but a few years since Kennebunkport was a sleepy, straggling village; its inhabitants moving about as listlessly as the waters of the river that winds its way through the town, and pours its waters into the sea beyond. The ship building industry had died out and the crash of the ax and buzz of the saw that in time gone by had made the place a scene of busy industry were still. The ship yards were deserted, the rotten timbers showing where once perhaps some monarch of the deep had been reared. Everything wore a look of mild decay. All this is now no longer. Hotels, elegant and luxuriously furnished have been erected, private residences have been remodelled into boarding houses for the accommodation of the summer guests who come here in the multitude of the year to obtain a much needed rest from the cares of life. Cottages have also been built, many of them costly and expensively furnished. Every year witnesses an increased number of guests, both here and at its near neighbor Kennebunk beach, where growth has in the past few years been almost phenomenal. Old Orchard has seen its best days. Bar Harbor is in the zenith of its glory and will soon begin to decline. None of these places possess the advantages of Kennebunkport and Kennebunk beaches. The boating here is unsurpassed; the scenery grand; the bathing free from danger. Nothing is lacking to make these adjoining summer resorts the leading rendezvous for tourists and summer guests on the New England coast. All it needs is to be rightly managed and advertised so that its superior attractions may be known to become one of the leading if not the leading summer resort on the Maine coast. When that time comes, as many believe it will, and the name of Kennebunkport becomes famous all over the United States, then those who have used their efforts to make the place a success will receive their merited reward. Let us hope this time is not far distant.

The Ocean Bluff.

The Ocean Bluff Hotel opened its hospitable doors June 28, and is already doing a thriving business. This popular and profitable hostelry remains under the management of Stimpson and Devnell, Esqs., who have built up for it such an enviable reputation. It will

remain open until the 15th of September. Since its enlargement, the Ocean Bluff Hotel ranks one of the best along the coast in the number of its guest rooms—every window of which has an ocean view—and its location, situated as it is on a high bluff overlooking the broad Atlantic, and commanding extensive views of Mount Agamenticus, York Nubble, the Maine and New Hampshire hills, with the towering White mountains in the distance, the situation of the Ocean Bluff Hotel is incomparable and grand. To the left of the hotel an immense grove of shade trees is very bright with verdancy, and the beautiful lawns reaching almost to the water's edge, are littered with carpets of velvet turf. A promenade over the broad piazzas, which surround the Ocean Bluff Hotel, is quite a bit of a walk, and a pretty fair constitutional may be taken before breakfast by a few turns back and forth under the protecting balconies. It is not venturing too far to assert that few Eastern sea coast hotels of entertainment are so well fitted in all the adjuncts which go to make up a perfect hotel as the Ocean Bluff, together with its capable management by Messrs. Edwin C. Stimpson and Geo. A. Devnell of Haverhill, Mass., who are also proprietors of the Carleton House at Jacksonville, Fla., and who have made the Ocean Bluff Hotel very popular, especially as a family hotel.

Damon & Cummings' orchestra from Nashua, N. H., which gave so much satisfaction to the guests last season, has been re-engaged, and will furnish the piazza concerts, and play for the balls and hops at this charming resort this summer.

Our Aim.

In order that its readers may know what to expect and that none may be disappointed, it may be well to briefly state the aims and objects of THE WAVE. It is proposed to devote this paper solely to the interest of Kennebunkport and Kennebunk Beach. No outside news or objectionable plate matter will be run. The guests who come to our shores get that in their home paper. The Southerner, the Westerner, the New Yorker, the Bostonian and the Canadian all want their home newspapers and receive them daily by mail. In them they obtain all the happenings of the outside world. THE WAVE therefore will confine itself to local happenings, and some occasional correspondence from Old Orchard, Bar Harbor, the Islands in Portland harbor, etc. No effort or expense will be spared to make this paper a success, and we trust the guests will help to make it such.

Hotel Arrivals.

PARKER HOUSE.

BOSTON—
Mrs Elizabeth T Daw
ANDOVER—
Leonard F Cutter and wife
Lillie A Cutter
Masters Chas and Irving Cutter
LAFAYETTE IND—
Mr and Mrs J H Wilson
BALTIMORE—
Mrs L M Bird
Miss K Hyde
Rev John S Jones
NORWOOD MASS—
C T Huse
Mrs W A Mudge
FARMINGTON MASS—
Rev Geo H Reed
PHILADELPHIA—
Col William Spooner and wife

EAGLE ROCK HOUSE.

BOSTON—
Mrs H B Winsor
Hamilton A Hill wife and children
Mrs J W Carpenter
John L Whiting
Susan B Whiting
100 transients since June 1 '87.
NEW YORK—
Mrs E F Stevenson
Mrs M S Plagg

NORTON HOUSE.

BOSTON—
Walter B Hopkinson
PORTLAND—
C P Graves
GARDNER—
Chas Stackpole

GROVE HILL HOUSE.

KENNEBUNK—
John C Emmons "THE WAVE"
BIDDEFORD—
Arthur Murphy and lady

GRANITE STATE HOUSE.

WEST NEWTON—
Miss Emily Webster
BOSTON—
Antheine Stolle
St JOHN'SBURY VT—
Alvin T Fairbanks

BOSTON—
A J Quin wife and daughter
DOVER—
Wm L Boston
Dora Sargent
MELROSE MASS—
E S Jack M D
Wm Fernald

SEA VIEW HOUSE.

MALDEN—
J H Bradley
DORCHESTER MASS—
Miss A F Nichols
Miss Margaret MacBride
SACO—
A B Seavy
BOSTON—
J H Driscoll
Bertram Lord
NEWTON—
Otis Childs
MARIETTA GEORGIA—
Albert T Lord
Otis Childs
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS—
Helen T Brockway
CRESENT HILL N H—
Mary Sheehan
Margaret Sheehan
Lizzie A Sheehan
MALDEN—
Mary E Poore
BRADFORD—
Carrie A Peabody
BOSTON—
A Whitrop Pope
KENNEBUNK—
Miss Kate Lord
Miss Mary Vinal
Miss Carrie Perkins
Miss Lillie Fuller
Miss Margaret Thompson
Walter Dane

SEA GROVE COTTAGE.

SOUTH FARMINGHAM—
Mrs C A Cuttles and family
BOSTON—
Mrs Avery and family

WENTWORTH BEACH HOUSE.

GREAT FALLS—
H S Chase and wife
NEW YORK—
Miss Laura Wheeler
BOSTON—
Miss Catherine K Wheeler
COLUMBUS O—
Mrs A K Pearce
ALBANY N Y—
Mrs H D Green
Miss Mary D Green
BOSTON—
Miss A P Andrews
Miss E L Andrews
COHASSET MASS—
Mr and Mrs Tolson
BOSTON—
Miss M J Thayer
Miss Grace Thayer
Mrs J G Boyden
Miss L L Boyden
Miss A E Leland
NEWTON MASS—
Mr and Mrs Chas J Brown
Miss Bessie May Brown
BOSTON MASS—
Mr Harry Green
CAMBRIDGEPORT—
Judge J A Hammond

OCEAN BLUFF HOTEL.

W H Walker
Bert Walker
BOSTON—
Prof L D Ventura
ORANGE N J—
Mrs Horace W Fowler
Miss Kirtland
Miss Fowler
Kenneth Fowler
BOSTON—
Mr and Mrs L C Hollander
BOSTON—
H Gardiner and family
BROOKLYN—
E B Wildes and wife
Miss Willets
Mrs Willets
E B Willets Jr
PORTLAND ME—
D W Clark and wife
BOSTON—
Miss S E May
ANDOVER—
Miss C H Poor
Blanche S Poor
PHILADELPHIA—
B K Ludwig
NEW MARKET N H—
C H Bailey
CHILSEA—
Geo W Sylvester
HAVERHILL—
Mr and Mrs Chas Butler
FLORIDA—
L Warrack
BOSTON—
Mrs A B Bancroft
Miss M A Bancroft
Miss Ella Shipley
O P Bancroft
WORCESTER—
Mrs John M Barker
PHILADELPHIA—
Mrs M G Grosholy
Miss Grosholy
C Gibson Grosholy

CINCINNATI—
Mr Henry Danna
Miss May Danna
Chas Danna
NEW YORK—
Mr and Mrs Edward Trenchard
and child
BALTIMORE—
Mr and Mrs T R Matthews
JERSEY CITY—
Judge James L Ogden and wife
PHILADELPHIA—
Mrs Jacob P Jones
BALTIMORE—
Mrs Girard Hopkins
BOSTON—
James B Bel and wife
Miss Bell
James H Bell
Sam'l R Bell
Mrs Frederick E Herricks
Miss Carolyn Herricks
Miss A Herricks
Mrs Martha Herricks
NEW YORK—
E W Sandon
PHILADELPHIA—
Thomas J Curtis and wife
Miss W L Smith
Miss Annetta Smith
PHILADELPHIA—
J H Brazier and wife
Miss E L Brazier
H Bartal
Mrs Florence Register two nurses and children
HAVERHILL—
E F Adams
MONT CLAIRE—
Paul Babcock
Mrs Babcock
Miss Babcock
MALDEN—
E S Cousins and wife
Chas H Sprague and wife
C C Conners and wife
BOSTON—
Henry G Clark
BROOKLYN MASS—
T Cunningham
ORANGE N J—
R W Hawkworth
Horace W Fowler
Mrs E G Kirtland
SANFORD—
J P Moulton
KENNEBUNK—
Miss Carrie E Kimball
ST LOUIS—
D D Walker and wife
Miss M Walker
J Shilney Walker
BOSTON—
Miss Prescott
PHILADELPHIA—
Miss Denard
BOSTON—
John E Sylvester and wife
F E Holgkins
C A Cody
Kennebunk—
Chas A Murphy
BOSTON—
Mrs W H Lincoln
PHILADELPHIA—
Sam'l H Jones and wife
T Jones
Mrs Thos S Wood
Miss L C Wood
BOSTON—
N M Brooks and wife
BROOKLYN—
Mrs W Mcnaughton
Wm Mcnaughton

CLIFF HOUSE.

WORCESTER—
Mrs J W Barker
BOSTON—
Mrs S P Bancroft
Ray Bancroft.
LOWELL—
Miss Robbins
BOSTON—
W R Emerson
PHILADELPHIA—
Samuel H Jones
HOLYOKE MASS—
Mr and Mrs R H Seymour
BOSTON—
Egbert W Simmons
PHILADELPHIA—
Mr and Mrs S H Jones and family
BRATTLEBORO—
Henry Denens
Henry Denens jr
BOSTON—
George B Dexter
Mrs A B Bancroft
Miss Bancroft
Miss Shipley
Miss F P Bancroft
NEW YORK—
Mrs P V Du Flinn
Miss S Du Flinn
Miss L Du Flinn
BROOKLYN—
Miss D Buflum
Mrs Willard Bartlett
SPRINGFIELD ILL—
Mrs G W Swasey
Mrs F R Hayes
Miss Nellie C Swasey
BOSTON—
Dr Philip Coombs Knapp
Mrs Henry W Watson
GORHAM ME—
Henry S Huntington

PHILADELPHIA—
Mrs Thomas S Wood
Miss Wood
BROOKLYN—
Mrs D A Holbrook
WASHINGTON—
Mrs F Cairns
MEDFORD—
Mrs F C Williams
BRATTLEBORO—
Mrs H Denen
BOSTON—
Mr and Mrs C F Tufts
Mrs D A Sawyer
Mrs F W Sawyer
Mrs E A Ross
Mrs J A Cummings
NEW YORK—
Mrs F F Fuller
PHILADELPHIA—
John Tenney
ORANGE—
Mrs H W Fowler
Miss Fowler
Mrs E Kirtland
BROOKLYN—
Miss E F Rodget
NEW YORK—
Mr A M Comstock
HYDE PARK—
S P Howard
BOSTON—
Miss M Howe
Mrs M L Mason
Miss E S Mason
Mrs N L Kingman
Mrs M E Hartwell
LOWELL—
Miss Annie Reed
BROOKLYN—
Herbert Cockshaw
BRATTLEBORO VT—
W B Goodrich
SPRINGFIELD—
A G Bixby
H C Bixby
B C Bixby
CAMBRIDGE—
John H Appleton
Mrs Ethel Appleton
BOSTON—
T B Lindsay
H G Pratt
Chas L Pearson and wife
Horace B Pearson
Horace Loring
NEW YORK—
S W Spratt and family
GLEN RIDGE N Y—
Miss S B Kenney
B W Kenney
John Kenney
LOWELL—
Miss E Robbins
Miss N P Robbins
MINNEAPOLIS—
S C Gale wife and daughters
Alice Emma and Marion
SALMON FALLS—
E S Brown and friend
NASHVILLE—
Mrs C W Tarbox
J W Tarbox
ROCHESTER—
J S Daniels M D
Chas E Quimby

NONANTUM HOUSE.

BOSTON—
Miss C E Ward
Miss M De C Ward
Mrs D V Ward
Mrs M E Adams
Miss Anita S Ward
Mrs S E Homans
Miss Caroline Homans
CAMBRIDGE—
R De C Ward
LOWELL—
George S Motley
Geo R Richardson
Jos A Nesmith
Henry F Eastman
BROOKLYN MASS—
Grace H Dana
CAMBRIDGE—
Miss Edith Codman
MILTON MASS—
Miss N S Whitnell
BOSTON—
Miss E D Reynolds
Miss A T Reynolds
LONGWOOD MASS—
George B Dexter and wife
Miss E G Dexter
G Stillman Dexter
BOSTON—
H Whittemore and wife
Miss Whittemore
PHILADELPHIA—
Harold P Newlan and wife
LOWELL—
Miss Josie D Wesmeot
Miss A Swett
LEXINGTON—
Mrs C L Bartlett
Miss H L Bartlett
MANCHESTER N H—
Chas H Manning U S N and wife
masters Robert L Charles B and H J Manning and nurse

GLEN HOUSE.

MORRISTOWN N Y—
Miss M H Gerrard
PHILADELPHIA—
Mrs E T Randolph
Miss Randolph

NEW YORK—
Miss A Sprague
BOSTON—
Mrs L F Brigham
Miss Helen F Foster
PHILADELPHIA—
J B McMaster and wife
C M Walsh
FLUSHING L I—
D B Brigham and wife
Dana Brigham jr
Miss Ellenor S Brigham
Miss Sally Brigham
Francis Brigham and wife
BOSTON—
Jno D Howarth and wife
Miss Lucy B Foster
John Chandler
Mrs Nathan Anthony
Mrs Lila Bird
Miss A B Anthony
Miss H B Anthony
Mrs Henry T Woods
Mary Woods
DEDHAM—
Miss A L Raker
TORONTO—
E A Roberts
BOSTON—
H M Kimball
Herbert Woods
Arthur L Woods
MORRISTOWN N J—
Mrs Henry Taylor
K L Taylor

RIVERSIDE HOUSE.

ARLINGTON MASS—
J T Trowbridge and family
CAMBRIDGEPORT—
Mrs A G Clark
Miss Lizzie W Clark
Miss Dora Clark
BOSTON—
Geo H Smith
WORCESTER MASS—
Mrs E L Whitney
CHICAGO ILL—
Mrs W S Forrest

BICKFORD HOUSE.

BOSTON HIGHLANDS—
Mrs F H Willis
Miss Mary J Willis
CHICAGO—
Mrs F J Howe
Miss L Howe
S McKellip
BOSTON—
F C Sampson and wife
A Davidson and wife
Miss M E Phillips
C A Shaw

SEA SIDE HOUSE.

DENVER COL—
C H Olmstead and wife
WATERVILLE N Y—
Mrs E W Buel
BOSTON—
Mrs C E Conant and family
NEW YORK—
Henry Dumphy and daughter
Miss Kate Ryan
Julian Ayers

HALL & LITTLEFIELD,

Proprietors of

Ocean Bluff Stables!

Kennebunkport, Me., are prepared to furnish the best 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. Raft near E. Cousins' 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. Titcomb,
at the Coal Wharf, next below Bridge, KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Mails close for the West at 9 a. m., 3.45 and 7.45 p. m.
 Mails close for the East at 10.10 a. m., and 7.45 p. m.
 Mails arrive from the East at 10.15, 11.45 a. m., and 7.45 p. m.
 Mails arrive from the West at 10.15 a. m. and 7.45 p. m.

Wavelets.

How the grey old ocean,
 With the depths of his heart rejoices,
 With a gentle motion,
 He hears our restful voices;
 How he sings in an undertone,
 With our melody;
 Where the smooth, wet pebbles lie,
 The waves gurgle laughingly
 They faintly seek the shore,
 At rest from the ceaseless roar,
 At rest for ever more.

—J. R. LOWELL, The Syren.

How do you like our heading?

THE WAVE office is located in
 the block, up stairs, where the
 editor would be pleased to meet his
 friends and others at any time.

Mr. Fred R. Fay, the well known
 brilliant writer of the *New York*
World and *Boston Globe* has been en-
 gaged as correspondent for THE WAVE
 in Portland and the islands in that
 vicinity.

News and gossip from the beach and
 the city is solicited. Such items should
 be brief, crisp, and contain nothing
 untrue. Such matter may be left at
 the office or sent through the mail.

Guests should not fail to send THE
 WAVE to their absent friends.

Subscribe for THE WAVE. It will
 cost only 75 cents through the season.
 Order by carrier or by mail. You
 will be glad to patronize your home paper.

Mr. Brown, the genial store keeper,
 opened as usual this year. All the
 habitants of the beach know the
 place, and in the early part of the
 season he always enjoys quite a recep-
 tion, shaking hands with the new
 arrivals who drop in to see him.

Mr. W. C. Parker, the popular pro-
 prietor of the Parker House, has opened
 his house again under favorable
 auspices. This well known hotel
 always has a good season and this year
 will be no exception.

The Ocean Bluff Hotel and surround-
 ings never looked better than they do
 at the present time. The visitors are
 well acquainted, and they can scarcely
 believe that nature has been so lav-
 ish in her favors. It would be difficult
 to find a more attractive and delightful
 place.

Messrs. Simpson & Devnell, the pop-
 ular proprietors of the Ocean Bluff
 Hotel for the past ten years, have never
 before opened so early, and they
 have a season of unusual gaiety and
 pleasure. From the numerous applica-
 tions received they read the signs of
 a season and predict a bright and live-
 ly one.

Seaside Lake, located about ten
 miles from Kennebunkport, has this
 year been fitted up with a new road,
 and seats, swings etc., for the benefit
 of the accommodation of picnic parties
 at this place. Messrs. Hall and Lit-
 tle will make arrangements to run
 a road there during the coming
 season. No one should fail to visit
 this pretty place upon retiring.

The Ocean Bluff Hotel never had so
 many guests as this season.

The Parker House grounds are look-
 ing splendidly. The entire work on
 the new credit on Mr. Parker, the
 proprietor, under whose supervision
 the work was done.

Many old friends are appearing at
 the beach.

Seaside Cottage and the Bass Rock
 are expecting numerous guests
 at the end of next week.

Mr. William Spooner and wife are
 at the Parker House. Col. Spooner
 has an elegant villa at Atlantic City,
 N. J., and comes here yearly when it
 is not too hot there for comfort.

Porties at the beach wanting anything
 the agents' furnishing line will find
 that they are after at W. M. Dresser's,
 Kennebunk village.

Turner Bros. Portland, have a mam-
 moth adv. in this issue of THE WAVE.
 Guests while in the Forest City will
 be well to look over their immense
 stock.

Mr. Henry Matthews of Portland is
 at the Parker House. Mr.
 Matthews is a very agreeable young
 man and is sure to be very popular
 with the guests.

Judge J. W. Hammond of Cam-
 bridgeport, Mass., is a guest at Went-
 worth's. E. S. Jack, M. D. and Mr.
 W. Fernald of Melrose are registered
 at the Granite State House.

Mrs. Bancroft and family of Ban-
 croft Cottage are at the Ocean Bluff.

Mr. Stimpson, one of the proprietors
 of the Ocean Bluff Hotel, is confined to
 his room by a severe attack of rheu-
 matism.

Prof. S. D. Ventura of Boston is
 located at the Ocean Bluff. The Prof.
 is well known as a famous writer and
 reader, and will give a reading at
 Arundel Hall the coming season.

Mr. Fred Goodwin is running the
 Ferry across the river from the Bluff
 to Gooch's Beach. Mr. Goodwin also
 has charge of the Ocean Bluff boats,
 and all in all is a very busy man during
 the summer season.

Mr. David Ives Mackie of New York
 City, who is a great admirer of the
 Ocean Bluff, arrived at that place last
 week.

Among the papers to have represen-
 tatives at Kennebunkport this season
 are: Boston Herald, Globe and Record;
 Among the Clouds, Mt. Washington;
 Portland Express, Old Orchard Sea
 Shell, and others.

Mr. James B. La Croix has charge of
 the news-stand at the Ocean Bluff
 Hotel this year as formerly. Mr. La
 Croix is a very capable and pleasant
 young man, and a great favorite with
 the guests. At his stand can always
 be found all the latest papers
 including THE WAVE, and works of
 fiction.

About fifty guests from Biddeford
 were banqueted at the Grove Hill
 House last night. Thanks to the efforts
 of Landlord Paul a royal good time
 was had.

Mr. Alonzo Messer, of Franklin, N.
 H., has arrived at the beach with his
 family. They are occupying their
 pretty little cottage at Kennebunk
 Beach, near the Granite State House.

The cottages are filling up.

This first issue of THE WAVE we
 have been obliged to print on a poorer
 kind of paper than we wished, the
 kind ordered did not arrive in time for
 use therefore compelling the use of a
 inferior kind.

A large batch of wavelets are crossed
 out of this issue but will appear in
 next Wednesday's paper.

If you have an item that you want to
 see in cold type, just either write it out
 and send it to THE WAVE, or speak to
 the Editor about it.

Mr. John E. Pember of the Calais
 Times was at the Beach yesterday.

Rev. L. B. Schwarz and family of
 Boston are guests at the Highland
 House.

Rooms at the various hotels are being
 rapidly engaged. The prospect now is
 that August will see the greatest rush
 of visitors here ever known.

The season here has begun early.
 There are but few guests at Old Or-
 chard. Bar Harbor has not begun to
 fill up yet. The mountains are said to
 be almost deserted; but in spite of
 this Kennebunk Hotels are half filled,
 at least, while at Kennebunkport the
 season is much earlier than usual.

Mr. V. L. Sennet of Philadelphia, the
 well known photographer, is about to
 open his studio on Water street. Mr.
 Sennet is staying at the Highland
 House.

Sea Side House!

Kennebunkport, Me.

I. P. GOOCH, Proprietor.

Location unexcelled. Near mouth of Ken-
 nebunk river. Excellent Bathing and Boat-
 ing. Table first-class.

NONANTUM HOUSE,

H. A. HECKMAN, Proprietor.

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

-Rockingham House,-

251 Main St., Biddeford, Me.

W. R. HILL, PROPRIETOR.

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

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.

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

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.

BICKFORD HOUSE.

Kennebunkport, MAINE.

J. W. BICKFORD, Proprietor.

A new house, elegantly furnished and sup-
 plied with all Modern Conveniences, and
 unequalled table.

CLIFF HOUSE and GLEN COTTAGE,

Cape Arundel,

Kennebunkport, Me.

A broad piazza surrounds the house, which is
 three stories, mansard roof, with large airy
 rooms and halls, new furniture and furnishings.
 Ample accommodations for 30 guests.
 MRS. B. F. ELDRIDGE, Proprietor.

ARUNDEL HOUSE,

Kennebunkport, Maine.

Mrs. Alice Paine, Proprietor.
 A beautiful location. Excellent rooms.
 Excellent table board. Modern conveniences.

U

you can get your

BOOTS AND SHOES!

FOR

BEACH WEAR

in latest styles at

BROWN'S, PARKER HOUSE,

— THE —

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.

GROVE HILL HOUSE

Kennebunk Beach, Me.

W. F. FAY, PROP.



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

Palmouth Hotel!

THE ONLY

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL

in the City. The favorite
 rendezvous for

TOURISTS

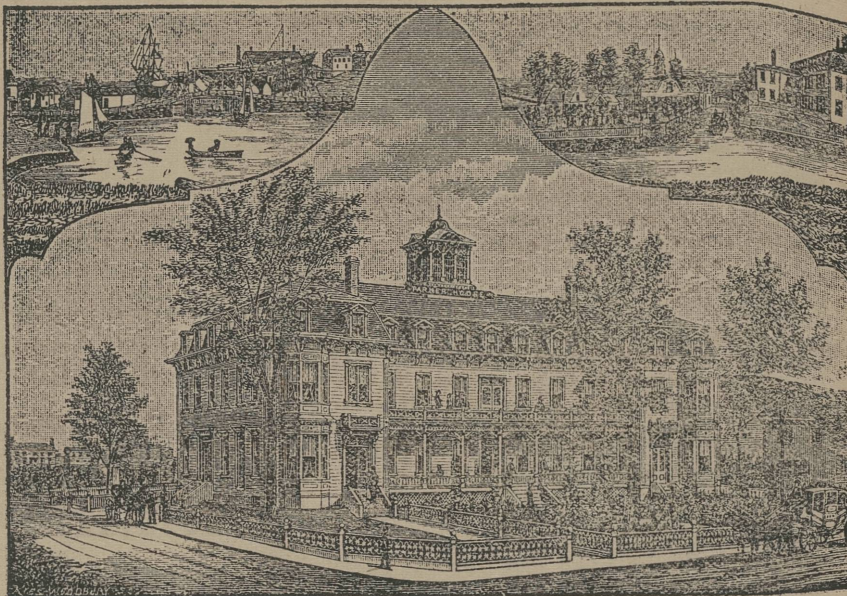
while stopping in the City.

- J. K. MARTIN, -

PROPRIETOR.

Portland, Maine.

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



KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.,

W. C. Parker, Manager.

THE Kennebunk Bakery! GROCERIES!

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.

AND
 PROVISIONS

AT

A. T. WHITAKER'S,

Kennebunk Village, Main St.

(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 Westworth. Mr. Westworth 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 spots 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.

ONE OF OUR ADVERTISERS.

What the Portland Sunday Telegram says of a Great Concern.

Two years ago the name of the man who is to-day the leading business man of this city, in his line, and one of the most prominent business men of the state was scarcely known here. We refer to Isaac C. Atkinson, general manager of the Boston house of B. A. Atkinson & Co., and of the Maine branches. The headquarters for Maine being on the corner of Middle and Pearl streets, a great building packed from basement to roof with goods.

Mr. Atkinson opened his store here as an experiment, occupying at first but a small part of his present store, to say nothing of the annex, in itself a great establishment. He had an idea that while an ordinary furniture establishment might be reasonably successful, what was needed was a store not for Portland, but for the State of Maine, a store to which orders might be sent from all parts of the state, and which would draw trade to itself from the remotest hamlet. He tried a bold experiment and his success is the result. It may be added that no one believed that he would or could succeed, or that a stock of goods in his line valued at \$138,000 could be carried with profit in a city like Portland.

A Telegram reporter called at the store this week and had a talk with Mr. Atkinson, having two objects in view, the first to look over the largest establishment of the kind in Maine, and the second to obtain Mr. Atkinson's views as to the business outlook.

Every inch of the great building has been utilized by Mr. Atkinson except the roof.

"This is the make up room," said Mr. Atkinson. "We make up carpets and curtains here and also store odds and ends."

"What do you keep in those barrels, Mr. Atkinson?"

"Dinner sets already packed for shipment. In a place like this where so much must be done in a day, any little device for saving time counts. By having sets ready packed we can send them off at a moment's notice."

"The second floor is devoted to dining room furniture and barbers' supplies."

"Do you have many customers among the barbers, Mr. Atkinson?"

"Yes. They are more progressive here than in Boston."

"Baby carriages here also," said Mr. Atkinson after he had dictated a Bulletin and Ohio dispatch to the home store directing a special set to be sent down. "We also keep the Perfection Refrigerator here."

"What about your dining chairs, Mr. Atkinson?"

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Ocean Bluff HOTEL!

CAPE ARUNDEL,

KENNEBUNKPORT,

MAINE.



THE

"CARLETON,"

Jacksonville,

Florida.



Stimpson

&

Devnell,

PROPRIETORS.

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.

STAGE LEAVES Ocean Bluff Hotel

for Boston at 7.50, 8.15 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.

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 regardless 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.

AT THE GREAT

Furniture Establishment

OF

J. F. STEARNS,

119 Main Street, Saco, Maine,

can be found the largest stock of

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

ever displayed in this part of the State.

Hotels and Boarding Houses Furnished at the most Reasonable Prices.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

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.

A. LUQUES,
GENERAL STORE
Hardware a Specialty.
KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

DRESSER

— THE —

Hatter and Furnisher

OFFERS

GREAT BARGAINS

IN

STRAW HATS

AND

Light Felt Hats

The remainder of the Season Close. Special attention paid to

Beach Trade

Remember the place is at

DRESSER'S

— THE —

HATTER and FURNISHER

14 Main Street,

Kennebunk, ME.

Ice Cream, Fruit CONFECTIONERY

in large quantities and of best quality. Everything warranted fresh and pure, at

WHITAKER'S

Kennebunk Village, Main Street,



Mrs. John P. Moulton

My wife suffered terribly from rheumatism and neuralgia for 16 years; was prostrated of the time, each acute attack being 10 to 15 months ago, she took to her bed, and for over a year, suffering from indescribable pain. For months I did much but stood over her trying to relieve her pain. At first large doses of medicine seemed to relieve her some, but at last we were in a serious case. I was had no effect. Finally she commenced to take Dr. Cole's Little Blue Pills, and in twenty-four hours she was able to get up. Next day she walked the gate, next day she walked 100 rods, ten days she walked a mile without stopping, and in a fortnight was entirely well and doing her household work, and has remained in health since. Give her this remedy.

JOHN P. MOULTON, Foreman Box Factory and saw mill, 26 Elm St., Residence 69 Lincoln St., Saco.

From all over the country come the statements of the wonderful cures made by this medicine. This medicine is not a narcotic. You cannot cure these bad diseases by attention to the skin. This remedy drives impurities from the blood and is a sure cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and cures the stomach, nerves and kidneys. Send for the testimonials and the statements of persons in your own town. Prepared only by

A. E. COBB, M.D., 119 Exchange St., Biddeford, Me., and by Druggists. Price \$1.00 per bottle.