

## MODES OF THE MOUNTAINS

Kate Clyde in the Adirondacks

THE sighing of the wind among the tall pines, the brilliant sunlight sparkling on deep blue waters, the breath of the forest laden with fragrance—that is the Adirondacks. To many Saranac lake is one of the loveliest spots in this beautiful region. From the windows of our camp we have a fine view of the lower Saranac, with its many little islands and inlets, and at the northern end of the lake a range of mountains clad in purple mists. We are about half way up the lake, with no neighbors for some distance, which pleases me, for I like to imagine that I am cut off from civilization. At night I am awake and listen to that indescribable soft murmur—the voice of the forest. Now and then the quiet is broken by the cry of a night-flying bird, and on moonless nights one often hears the strange call of some wild thing prowling in the distance, for the woods are full of life. At this season many of the smaller pools are dried up, and the deer come to the edge of the lake to drink. I have not seen one so far, but I shall never forget an experience of mine two years ago.

It was in September, at the time of the big forest fires. For days Saranac was surrounded by a wall of stifling smoke, from the midst of which gleamed a blood red sun. At night an equally bright moon glimmered through the thick smoke laden atmosphere. On the evening in question the fire had reached to within a few miles of the Amherst, and nervous old ladies were already leaving. Even the guides were becoming uneasy and predicted disaster if rain did not fall within the next two days. After dinner, without saying a word to any one, Sands Kendall and I slipped away to investigate for ourselves. Sands was a jolly college fellow as fond of a lark as I am, which is saying a great deal. We took the Forest Home road and walked straight in the direction of the fire. It was what the Scotch would call an eerie scene, the lonely forest road, with its



Flower trimmed hat and summer boa.

### FOR FAIR FEMINITY.

Everything is good in leather, says a leather man. Get everything in the way of a purse in any leather that you prefer, and you will find that you cannot be "out of style." There are wallets, purses, handbags, and the horn-back alligator is particularly good for some stylish bags. The carved leather is much new in the way of purses, but there is one change that perhaps the smart will like. There is a bill fold now in some of their purses, with the flap finished with regular pocket flaps, and they are more ac-

curated than tucked into a pocket in a little way, to be pulled out the first time the purse is opened with a sample of ribbon or dress goods.

A strikingly pretty costume of white tulle recently seen was trimmed with upright lines of black velvet ribbon on both skirt and waist. Elbow sleeves were worn with this gown, with two narrow bands of velvet ending in little bows just above the short scalloped flounce. The girl was white, and a lace collar and tucked stock and vest completed the toilet.

Some of the most stylish of light leather belts are narrow, but keep their

majority of camps. Of course, it is outwardly built of rough hewn logs, with projecting corners, and there is a wide rustic piazza overhanging the lake and having for posts young trees with the branches left on. The inside, however, is anything but roughly finished. In the first place, there is the huge dining room, with its polished hard wood floor, fairly covered with beautiful skins. The walls are stained a deep red and are hung with deer's heads, guns, fishing tackle, etc. The most stunning thing in the whole room is the big cobblestone hearth, which is built out into the semblance of a Venetian fireplace and which will hold a log of medieval proportions. There are few pictures on the walls, but they are by prominent animal painters and represent hunting scenes. There are any number of artistic chairs, settees and divans with gorgeous Indian pillows. A snarling lynx so artistically mounted that it seems alive crouches in one corner and a little black bear Cousin Bob shot graces the entrance.

The dining room will seat 20 people, and the walls are fairly covered with antlers, silver disks, horns and golf and canoeing prizes. The winding staircase is heavily ornamented with Indian carving, and the large bedrooms up stairs are as daintily furnished as those in our town house. Everything is lighted by electricity. We have a fine cellar, with a furnace which gives us hot water all over the house, and a well filled wine vault and provision closet.

You should see this provision closet. It contains everything from little birds to aspic jelly and omelette de foie gras. No more slabs of greasy pork for the modern Nimrod! Even if we should run out of things we should not have to go farther than Saranac village, for the natives understand so well the tastes of the "New York crowd" that you can buy Camembert cheese and champagne in at least two of the tiny shops.

The girls here wear the most coquettish mountain costumes imaginable. I never thought short skirts could look so dainty. One Philadelphia dandy who is staying at one of the camps looks perfectly bewitching in a suit of hunter's green. The skirt is the very latest thing. Instead of the usual straight band of stitching, the lower part is cut in deep points and then stitched down flat. Below this comes a scant, circular, ruffled skirt in the usual manner. This gives a very smart flare while the upper part of the skirt fits snugly to the hips. The small jacket is boned and fastens a little to the left side with a line of stitched points. These pointed effects are also seen on the cuffs and collar. By the way, I no-

place, for there is a strong hook at the back to hold them to the skirt. The belt is made in two pieces, with a brass slide at the back to match the variations of harness buckles used in the front, and the hook is a part of this. These belts are very smart for certain uses.

A dainty shirt waist suit of black and white striped lawn worn recently by a young woman was most attractively set off by a stitched red satin belt and a white stock and tie edged with red of the same color as the belt.

The long, low back combs worn in the hair show best when selected with special reference to the color of the hair. Blondes usually prefer the lighter shell

inset with a row of turquoises, while the rhinestones on dark hair are more effective against dark hair.

Bathing suits of black silk, preferably tulle or satin, are considered becoming by many women. They retain their shape and are less draggy when one leaves the water and besides this dry easily.

Mohair in gray or tan is much chosen for summer traveling suits. A simple round skirt with trimmings of white or self color is usually worn. The suit may have a blouse bodice or a semi-fitting jacket opening in front over a chemise.

White lace hose form one of the striking novelties of the summer. Some-

times a touch of color in a clock or an embroidered flower is preferred to plain white.

It is said that lace mitts are again coming to the fore with the advent of the short sleeve and low neck. They are found in both wrist and elbow lengths.

Goblets after the time of Louis XIII have a very attractive antique pattern, highly gilt, and may be used separately, or there are complete services to be had to match.

The chances of getting or not getting married have been made the subject of very odd superstitions, which vary according to the portion of the world from which they come. Norwegian

girls used to weave a wonderful net of finest hair, working ten minutes an evening by moonlight, believing that those of their number who tolled thus successfully for 30 moonlight nights would infallibly get married ere three years had passed. The girls who broke the hairs given them to work with or made holes in the net were, of course, destined to be "hopeless old maids."

It is said that the Erza of Simbirsk call the day before the wedding the weeping day, and the bride and her girl friends weep as much as possible, with the idea of getting the mourning of life over so that only what is joyful may remain. In some countries this result is attained by sousing the bride with wa-



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

### THE LATEST TAILOR MADE SKIRT.

ter that there is a marked tendency to introduce fancy effects into short skirt costumes.

Speaking of the Martin hotel reminds me of a ridiculous incident which happened the other day. There is nothing left of the old hotel except a pile of stones and a rickety wharf, which looks much stronger than it is. The other day Muriel and I were in the rowboat passing by when we noticed a dandified old sportsman standing upon this wharf "rubbering" at us with all his might. Remembering how old the planks were, I looked up at him with some anxiety, but he mistook my glance utterly, and, drawing himself up with a fatuous smirk, he advanced to the edge of the wharf. Suddenly there was a crash. Muriel gave a scream of alarm, and I turned to see our ancient boat foundering wildly, with one leg in a hole up to the thigh. With a very red face, he managed to extricate himself. Then, with a dignified and reassuring bow in our direction, he stepped bravely forward, only to go crash! through again, this time with the other leg. Muriel buried her face in her handkerchief and gave vent to a series of choking sounds. I seized the oars and pulled away from the illomened spot. As I turned the bend I ventured to look back, and I saw the aged gallant painfully crawling along a stout log on his hands and knees until he reached a clump of bushes, where he disappeared.



There was a crash.

KATE CLYDE.  
Saranac Lake, N. Y.

## WOMAN'S ODD LITTLE WAYS.

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPES.

Girls' feuds are as violent as girls' friendships. Together they constitute the minor tragedy and comedy of the fair young creatures existence. The major tragedy and comedy are provided by young men.

Ivie Rose and Girty Down had been bosom friends for an eternity, a girl's eternity, which sometimes extends over ten years. Then came the first quarrel, which parted them, and thenceforward they stood upon opposite sides of it and made faces at each other. To add to the bitterness in the soul of Ivie Rose, Girty Down suddenly, without a moment's warning, appeared before the world's eye in a ravishing new late summer costume. The particulars of it women, but certainly no man, could describe. It gave the effect of a shimmering, flaming, flickering, ever changing something of the faint, faraway, fashionable azure tint, the color of white garments overtinted in the bluish. Near the top of it a girl's comely face peeped out, radiant in the consciousness that beneath the face swayed and swished the most fetching gown that had appeared thereabouts this season. She looked like an exquisite dish of colored blancmange

or something. I can't tell you what Ivie followed her with their eyes, and after she passed drew a long breath and murmured, "That's a stunner!"

Women, too, followed the incomparable creation with their eyes and mentally, after the fashion of their sex, dissected it into its parts to understand how it was made. Not a ribbon, not a bias, not a shirr escaped them. They could have told every curl of the floating pale blue plume that lay lovingly around the brim of the ivory white hat.

Ivie Rose studied the details of the dress more closely than any of the others, but she alone made no audible comment. A mighty resolve welled up in her soul. She could not hope to rival Girty Down's robes of foaming blue, but one thing she could do, and that she did. What it was she imparted to Sadie Sweet, who was naturally now her next friend because Sadie had been somewhat at odds with Girty when Ivie and Girty were comrades.

"Sadie," said Ivie, "you've seen the blue girl that Girty Down has topped herself out in?"

Sadie said yes.

"Well," continued Ivie, "I just had a curiosity to see how much it cost."

I went along Shopping street and looked in at the windows till I found some lawn like that slazy blue stuff. I saw some exactly like it, and I went and priced it, and how much do you think it was? Eight cents a yard, that's all, and it took only ten yards, ruffles and shirring and all, to make it. Girty Down's poor mother sat up nights sewing on it when she needed her rest, so they didn't pay out anything for the making. The lace on it is the cheapest kind, and she got it at a sale at 5 cents a yard. I saw some hats just like hers on a bargain counter at Yardstick's, and I went in and priced 'em for fun. I thought I'd just like to see, you know, and how much do you think they were? Thirty cents. That feather she wears on the hat she's had for three years. One season she colors it blue or lavender, the next she has it bleached out white. Now, how much did the whole thing cost? Eighty cents for the goods, 90 cents for the lace, 30 cents for the hat, and there that creature has the impudence to splurge out and show herself off in a suit that cost \$2. I wouldn't be caught dead with such a lot of old cheap trash on, and I'm telling everybody about it."

And thus Ivie Rose got even.

## THE CASE OF MOLLIE FANCHER

A Psychological Marvel

JUNE 8, 1865, a beautiful girl 16 years old was passing up Fulton street, Brooklyn, in a car. Near her destination she signaled the conductor to stop the car. He did so. The young lady stepped to the street, the conductor rang the bell, the car whirled on. But the girl had on one of the hoop-skirts so generally worn by women in those days. It caught upon the car step, the lady was dragged almost a block, adding one more to the tragic list of accidents caused by feminine long clothes.

The girl, Mollie Fancher, was awfully hurt, her spine being permanently injured. Violent spasms began Feb. 7, 1866, alternating with trances and cataplectic attacks, which at length made her case the puzzle of medical science.

It is now the thirty-sixth year that Miss Fancher has lain in the same room, upon the same side of the same bed and upon the same side of her body. The present generation was not born when she lay down upon that couch of suffering. Pain is in her head or heart or some part of that tortured body always except during the strange trance state which with her takes the place of sleep. We are all spirits imprisoned in bodies, but Mollie Fancher is half released, so that her chains gall and tug mercilessly at her consciousness in this life.

The worst trouble seems to lie at the base of the brain. There is a spot at the back of her head which if it be touched ever so tenderly will make her unconscious. In the years she has lain upon her bed her father, brother and sister and the beloved aunt to whose care her dying mother left her in childhood have all passed away one by one, yet for some strange reason she, the tortured one, who has prayed and longed to go all these years, remains. The terrible spasms from which she has suffered have drawn her lower limbs backward and twisted them in what her physician has called a "three twist."

And yet in the appearance of the invalid there is no sign of suffering. She looks like a beautiful spirit imprisoned here to show mortals that there really are beautiful spirits. No one would guess her to be more than 25 years old, though she is 53. Her skin is like an infant's, fair and rosy, and light blond hair curls softly about her face. Her hands and arms are of perfect beauty, fit for a sculptor's model.

Miss Fancher affords to the psychologist a case unparalleled on the earth today. The one most like her was the seeress of Prevorst, who was chained in the body in much the same way and who said to her physician: "I am as one detained at the moment of dissolution between life and death. I seem out of myself, to hover above my body and think of it as something apart from myself."

Mollie Fancher, prisoned upon her bed, yet travels. She never sleeps as we understand the term, but passes into a state different from ordinary unconsciousness. Then she seems to fly over the earth at will, to follow her friends to their homes in various places and watch their movements as if they were present with her. Time and again her report of what they were doing when she has thus visited them has been exactly verified. She seems to herself to glide or float upon the air from place to place, noting objects and persons. It is easiest for her to follow the movements of those she loves best. Persons, and of these are not a few, who have in sleep experienced the sensation of flying hither and thither to different localities will understand. The impression of floating through the air is even more vivid than the ordinary consciousness one has of walking. And yet, while Mollie Fancher is conscious of moving through the air in visiting different spots, her poor body lies upon its bed, seeing, knowing nothing, her face deathlike.

Which is Mollie Fancher—that which is conscious of traveling through space or that which lies in her home, absolutely knowing nothing?

The strangest episode of this strange life came in the nine years beginning the latter part of May, 1868. At that time Miss Fancher went into a trance from which she awakened normally. Then followed another. In trances alternating with terrible spasms she lived nine years. The convulsions were so terrible that sometimes for hours her body would be doubled around like a hoop. After the muscular rigidity passed she would seem to be taken possession of by some other entity. Five different beings seemed to manifest through her. During all these nine years her right arm remained drawn up behind her head. Her left arm she could move, but her hands were tight clinched except the thumb and forefinger of each. After a time she became wholly blind so far as eyesight was concerned, and her physicians proved it.

The things here set down are faithful



Photo by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

### TUCKED COSTUME OF BLACK MOUSSELINE.

yet with hands at the back of her head, with the two uncontracted thumbs and fingers she did exquisite embroidery and needlework, made wax flowers and wrote in the nine years 6,500 letters in a beautiful hand. Her eyes remained tight shut and could only be opened by

force. She told those around her that she saw out of the top of her head.

I would not dare to write this except that it is as well authenticated as any fact ever was.

At the end of the nine years Miss Fancher came to herself one day, looked up at her faithful nurse and said: "Why, aunt, what has become of your red cheeks?" You look so old and changed!" And to this day Mollie Fancher remembers nothing of those nine years when she seemed to be five persons in one.

With a friend of my own, I visited Miss Fancher, whom she had never seen before. After talking to the lady awhile the invalid looked at her and said: "You have some trouble with your head yourself, haven't you? Congestion and heat at the base of the brain?" The lady confirmed that she had and was taking treatment for it. Now, how could Mollie Fancher discover that when I myself did not know it?

She sees the things other people do, yet not as others do. The darker her room is the more distinct objects in it appear to her. Like the cat and the owl, she sees in the dark, but not with her eyes. Bright light gives her pain. In the little nourishment she takes Miss Fancher is more spiritlike than earthlike. There have been periods of months when the natural processes of her physical body have been almost suspended. At present she does not swallow in a month as much food as many persons eat at one meal. A morsel of homemade bread is all. But she drinks quantities of water—sometimes two gallons a day.

The things here set down are faithful

force. She told those around her that she saw out of the top of her head.

I would not dare to write this except that it is as well authenticated as any fact ever was.

At the end of the nine years Miss Fancher came to herself one day, looked up at her faithful nurse and said: "Why, aunt, what has become of your red cheeks?" You look so old and changed!" And to this day Mollie Fancher remembers nothing of those nine years when she seemed to be five persons in one.

With a friend of my own, I visited Miss Fancher, whom she had never seen before. After talking to the lady awhile the invalid looked at her and said: "You have some trouble with your head yourself, haven't you? Congestion and heat at the base of the brain?" The lady confirmed that she had and was taking treatment for it. Now, how could Mollie Fancher discover that when I myself did not know it?

She sees the things other people do, yet not as others do. The darker her room is the more distinct objects in it appear to her. Like the cat and the owl, she sees in the dark, but not with her eyes. Bright light gives her pain. In the little nourishment she takes Miss Fancher is more spiritlike than earthlike. There have been periods of months when the natural processes of her physical body have been almost suspended. At present she does not swallow in a month as much food as many persons eat at one meal. A morsel of homemade bread is all. But she drinks quantities of water—sometimes two gallons a day.

The things here set down are faithful

force. She told those around her that she saw out of the top of her head.

I would not dare to write this except that it is as well authenticated as any fact ever was.

At the end of the nine years Miss Fancher came to herself one day, looked up at her faithful nurse and said: "Why, aunt, what has become of your red cheeks?" You look so old and changed!" And to this day Mollie Fancher remembers nothing of those nine years when she seemed to be five persons in one.

With a friend of my own, I visited Miss Fancher, whom she had never seen before. After talking to the lady awhile the invalid looked at her and said: "You have some trouble with your head yourself, haven't you? Congestion and heat at the base of the brain?" The lady confirmed that she had and was taking treatment for it. Now, how could Mollie Fancher discover that when I myself did not know it?

She sees the things other people do, yet not as others do. The darker her room is the more distinct objects in it appear to her. Like the cat and the owl, she sees in the dark, but not with her eyes. Bright light gives her pain. In the little nourishment she takes Miss Fancher is more spiritlike than earthlike. There have been periods of months when the natural processes of her physical body have been almost suspended. At present she does not swallow in a month as much food as many persons eat at one meal. A morsel of homemade bread is all. But she drinks quantities of water—sometimes two gallons a day.

The things here set down are faithful

force. She told those around her that she saw out of the top of her head.

I would not dare to write this except that it is as well authenticated as any fact ever was.

At the end of the nine years Miss Fancher came to herself one day, looked up at her faithful nurse and said: "Why, aunt, what has become of your red cheeks?" You look so old and changed!" And to this day Mollie Fancher remembers nothing of those nine years when she seemed to be five persons in one.

With a friend of my own, I visited Miss Fancher, whom she had never seen before. After talking to the lady awhile the invalid looked at her and said: "You have some trouble with your head yourself, haven't you? Congestion and heat at the base of the brain?" The lady confirmed that she had and was taking treatment for it. Now, how could Mollie Fancher discover that when I myself did not know it?

She sees the things other people do, yet not as others do. The darker her room is the more distinct objects in it appear to her. Like the cat and the owl, she sees in the dark, but not with her eyes. Bright light gives her pain. In the little nourishment she takes Miss Fancher is more spiritlike than earthlike. There have been periods of months when the natural processes of her physical body have been almost suspended. At present she does not swallow in a month as much food as many persons eat at one meal. A morsel of homemade bread is all. But she drinks quantities of water—sometimes two gallons a day.

The things here set down are faithful

force. She told those around her that she saw out of the top of her head.

I would not dare to write this except that it is as well authenticated as any fact ever was.

At the end of the nine years Miss Fancher came to herself one day, looked up at her faithful nurse and said: "Why, aunt, what has become of your red cheeks?" You look so old and changed!" And to this day Mollie Fancher remembers nothing of those nine years when she seemed to be five persons in one.

With a friend of my own, I visited Miss Fancher, whom she had never seen before. After talking to the lady awhile the invalid looked at her and said: "You have some trouble with your head yourself, haven't you? Congestion and heat at the base of the brain?" The lady confirmed that she had and was taking treatment for it. Now, how could Mollie Fancher discover that when I myself did not know it?

She sees the things other people do, yet not as others do. The darker her room is the more distinct objects in it appear to her. Like the cat and the owl, she sees in the dark, but not with her eyes. Bright light gives her pain. In the little nourishment she takes Miss Fancher is more spiritlike than earthlike. There have been periods of months when the natural processes of her physical body have been almost suspended. At present she does not swallow in a month as much food as many persons eat at one meal. A morsel of homemade bread is all. But she drinks quantities of water—sometimes two gallons a day.

The things here set down are faithful

force. She told those around her that she saw out of the top of her head.

I would not dare to write this except that it is as well authenticated as any fact ever was.

At the end of the nine years Miss Fancher came to herself one day, looked up at her faithful nurse and said: "Why, aunt, what has become of your red cheeks?" You look so old and changed!" And to this day Mollie Fancher remembers nothing of those nine years when she seemed to be five persons in one.

With a friend of my own, I visited Miss Fancher, whom she had never seen before. After talking to the lady awhile the invalid looked at her and said: "You have some trouble with your head yourself, haven't you? Congestion and heat at the base of the brain?" The lady confirmed that she had and was taking treatment for it. Now, how could Mollie Fancher discover that when I myself did not know it?

She sees the things other people do, yet not as others do. The darker her room is the more distinct objects in it appear to her. Like the cat and the owl, she sees in the dark, but not with her eyes. Bright light gives her pain. In the little nourishment she takes Miss Fancher is more spiritlike than earthlike. There have been periods of months when the natural processes of her physical body have been almost suspended. At present she does not swallow in a month as much food as many persons eat at one meal. A morsel of homemade bread is all. But she drinks quantities of water—sometimes two gallons a day.

The things here set down are faithful

force. She told those around her that she saw out of the top of her head.

I would not dare to write this except that it is as well authenticated as any fact ever was.

At the end of the nine years Miss Fancher came to herself one day, looked up at her faithful nurse and said: "Why, aunt, what has become of your red cheeks?" You look so old and changed!" And to this day Mollie Fancher remembers nothing of those nine years when she seemed to be five persons in one.

With a friend of my own, I visited Miss Fancher, whom she had never seen before. After talking to the lady awhile the invalid looked at her and said: "You have some trouble with your head yourself, haven't you? Congestion and heat at the base of the brain?" The lady confirmed that she had and was taking treatment for it. Now, how could Mollie Fancher discover that when I myself did not know it?

She sees the things other people do, yet not as others do. The darker her room is the more distinct objects in it appear to her. Like the cat and the owl, she sees in the dark, but not with her eyes. Bright light gives her pain. In the little nourishment she takes Miss Fancher is more spiritlike than earthlike. There have been periods of months when the natural processes of her physical body have been almost suspended. At present she does not swallow in a month as much food as many persons eat at one meal. A morsel of homemade bread is all. But she drinks quantities of water—sometimes two gallons a day.

The things here set down are faithful

force. She told those around her that she saw out of the top of her head.

I would not dare to write this except that it is as well authenticated as any fact ever was.

At the end of the nine years Miss Fancher came to herself one day, looked up at her faithful nurse and said: "Why, aunt, what has become of your red cheeks?" You look so old and changed!" And to this day Mollie Fancher remembers nothing of those nine years when she seemed to be five persons in one.

With a friend of my own, I visited Miss Fancher, whom she had never seen before. After talking to the lady awhile the invalid looked at her and said: "You have some trouble with your head yourself, haven't you? Congestion and heat at the base of the brain?" The lady confirmed that she had and was taking treatment for it. Now, how could Mollie Fancher discover that when I myself did not know it?

She sees the things other people do, yet not as others do. The darker her room is the more distinct objects in it appear to her. Like the cat and the owl, she sees in the dark, but not with her eyes. Bright light gives her pain. In the little nourishment she takes Miss Fancher is more spiritlike than earthlike. There have been periods of months when the natural processes of her physical body have been almost suspended. At present she does not swallow in a month as much food as many persons eat at one meal. A morsel of homemade bread is all. But she drinks quantities of water—sometimes two gallons a day.