

berry tangle, crossed here and there by mountain streams.

A DAINTY GOWN.

Traversing this forest highway came a delicate, a delicious blue silk dress, cut to lie with the most graceful sweep, about six inches on the ground. The under-skirt of the summery creation was finished with a deep, accordion-pleated flounce of black lace, above which hung the long, narrow blue silk tunic scalloped at the bottom and edged with a black silk cord laid in fantastic designs. The slightly full bodice, with the same spidery, black decoration showed a yoke of white satin covered with Renaissance lace applique. Above a mass of fluffy, light hair was perched a big hat of burnt straw piled high with giant roses.

As this figure like a bit of French bisque tripped uncertainly from root to root, holding up its draperies over a fragile white lace petticoat, and followed by a maid carrying a dog and a parasol, nothing more theophrastus with the time and place could be imagined. So apparently thought an Adirondack guide as he passed with the long, loping stride that takes a woodsman over the ground at such a wonderful pace, shouldering his huge back basket.

At the larger hotels dinner dress and evening hops are as much the rule as if within a few hundred yards a deer might not be browsing; and yet in spite of the more theophrastus with the time and place could be imagined. So apparently thought an Adirondack guide as he passed with the long, loping stride that takes a woodsman over the ground at such a wonderful pace, shouldering his huge back basket.

Past the Devil's Pulpit, a mass of crags damp with fern and ivy, past Bishop Potter's summer palace in interesting proximity, past woods and islands move the boats, and now one is beached at the opening of the White face trail. There land a guide, a young man in summer tweeds and two girls in short skirts very different from the blue silk lady's.

The taller and slither is wearing the real old-fashioned blue serge, her skirt plainly made with a finish of machine stitching at the bottom, her coat having cherry-colored plique revers spotted with white and her blouse being in cherry-colored in linen. Her soft dark blue felt hat has no trimming but an eagle's quill.

A CLIMBING DRESS.

Picking raspberries at the water's edge, she waits for her shorter and plumper mate, who is gathering the wild white stems of "Indian pipe" from among the pine needles. Of soft gray wool is the second climbing dress, showing as it catches on a bramble or the breeze takes it, a hint of pale blue and white plaid on the reversible underside. The full blouse of narrow, thrackle stripes of silky-looking pink and white gingham, is fastened at waist and throat by a stock and wide, crush belt of soft, bright red silk, a scarf of the same color decking the grey felt hat. Both girls wear broad-soled, flexible climbing shoes.

"They'll do very well till they get to the side," says the guide of a fishing party, whose boat, with trolling spoons astern drifts slowly by. He points as he speaks to the white gear just before the summit that marks the path of a landslide, up the bare rock worn smooth by whose descent every ascent must be made.

"I've known a girl, though," he adds, "to climb Whiteface twice in a day and dance as lively as anybody in the evening. She started at 4 o'clock in the morning, got down by 12, and started up again, with another party at half after. Five feet tall she was and weighed eighty-four pounds. Takes your little ones to be lively."

There are girls who fish with some seriousness. Over at Lake Meacham they tell a tale of a girl who, with her father and brother, fished the trout streams industriously the last week in June and the first in July, wading with her high rubber boots in the cold water the fish love, wet at times almost to the waist, cutting love of dress, everything but love of fish overboard. With her party left the woods every male member of it shouldered a reel of trout weighing forty pounds, but at the mid-day halt it was found that all the fish had soured.

FAIR ANGLERS.

But this is not the mountain maid's

with all the world, herself in a snowy white linen.

Linen is a favorite material with these non-athletic girls, sheer, semi-transparent white linen; an excellent example now before me having the plain shirt buttoned all the way down the front with large covered buttons, while the blouse has pretty tabs filled with Valenciennes and a small waistcoat of white muslin. The collar is kept clear of the white linen by a Windsor tie of pale pink, green and white plaid, narrow waist



A WOOL GOWN FOR HALF COLD DAYS.

band matching. The hat belonging with this dress is an open-work, basket straw trimmed with roses.

Sometimes the girl who rests strolls to the lakeside, arrayed in white embroidered Swiss muslin. This perhaps she will drape as a tunic over tucked, clear-white muslin, adding pale blue or pale green touches at throat and waist, and a picturesque hat garlanded with green leaves. So attired she will appear

MANY BEAUTIFUL OUTING DRESSES

Fine House Dresses in the Outfit of the Woman of Fashion.

GOWNS THAT ARE FOR NEWPORT

Miss Julia Dent Grant's Trousseau the Most Talked About Thing in Paris To-Day—Some of Her Lovely Silk Gowns and Their Styles.

PARIS, July 12.—They do things better in the old world. In summer there is a softer, cooler regard for the sun, a way of dressing that, while fashionable is comfortable, a certain nattiness—to use an Americanism, which seems lacking elsewhere. Yet, even while writing the words, visions of the loveliness of Newport arise and blot them out!

I have in mind a certain frock of the simplest goods, a dotted chaille, I think, or possibly a thicker grade of mull with tiny silk figures in it. It is literally a daisy dress, designed for a dear friend of the Comtesse de Castellane, who is to visit the Countess this summer at her wonderful villa to which all Paris seeks an invitation.

This dotted dress which is for feeding the ducks and doing the homey garden maid tasks which the French think it so smart to copy for a few months in the summer, is lined with a thin wash silk of pale pink which shines through the white mull. The waist is the same with a broad band of plain white silk down the middle of the front. A very coarse flounce of lace is set upon a belt of arbutus pink velvet; and, at the neck, there is a small bow stock of the same velvet. Certainly a very neat dress for the country maid.

The plainness of the shirt waist is much relieved by the stock with stole ends which is become more popular. The most becoming of these are of wide white lawn, double and stitched along the entire outside edge, even the points being stitched. The lawn is tied in a bow with short loops, leaving ends that hang to the waist line. This same becoming stole is made from lawn of all colors and, as it can be fastened, is decidedly a popular feature of the summer wardrobe. In making this style care should be taken to narrow the neck strip to a width of not over two inches; the ends are four or five inches wide. The new color has ends that pass each other and button on their respective buttons which are set at each side of



C. H. Goodwin



SOMETIMES SHE WALKS IN WHITE ARRAYED.

Ellen Osborn's Fashion Letter.

Miss Osborn Tells Women Readers What to Wear the Two Weeks They Live as Mountain Maids.

LAKE PLACID, N. Y., July 21.—The Alpenstock of the mountain maid is an article that at first blush you might take for a long-handled tennis racket or a new fangled carpet beater. When the gulleuses Adirondack youth wishes to turn an honest penny, he cuts a sapling of the proper height and thickness to make a good stick, and laces and interlaces its twigs about the upper half in the most intricate patterns. Sometimes the stick is reeled, sometimes the bark is left on. Sometimes ribbons are added for decoration, sometimes the rule is benty unadorned. In any event the result is unique and inspires in the breast of the mountain maid an instant longing to have it as a souvenir. When she adventures Mt. Marcy or Whiteface, a neatly rolled umbrella is quite as apt to be the only Alpenstock for which she has occasion. The mountain maid of this season is not as of other years. The multiplication



THE FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH A BARREL

ordinary mode of fishing. Lying in a boat pulled by a guide who conscientiously takes her where the fish are not, she trails a trolling line in luxurious idleness, sunning herself and her itching little frock of blue or white linen.

I saw a girl fishing yesterday in a white plique dress scattered with printed rosebuds; on her head was a white lawn sunbonnet tied with ribbons of the color of the flowers. Wholly by accident, that same girl caught a pickerel that weighed three pounds and eleven ounces; in the pride of her heart she carried it by the gills up from the boat landing, past the hotel veranda, waded with its full crew of piazza ladies, and around to the kitchen.

The days are not yet come when the mountain maid floats for deer. "Beef-steak" as venison out of season is euphemistically called, is not plenty this summer but in August, if the contents of various trunks are truth-tellers, some very pretty shooting suits will see daylight. One that has been aired once or twice on woods expeditions has a skirt of golf length of green and brown plaids, a smart scarlet waistcoat and a double-breasted green jacket, all with gilt buttons and decked with plaid cuffs, turn-down collar and revers. The brown felt hat—few straw hats are worn with athletic dress in the woods—is brightened by a plaid scarf and the inevitable quill.

Golf, golf luncheons and golf dances are as plenty in the woods as elsewhere. Girls will play golf when the midges are so thick that the links ought to be punctuated with smudge fies. But the girl who does not golf, does not fish, does not climb, does not do anything at all is more in evidence than in other seasons. She says she has come to the woods to "rest," but the truth is she would much prefer to do all the things done by other girls, but thinks that her best opportunity lies in cultivating the decorative. Until within a year or two the Adirondacks have been the one eastern resort where men were more numerous than women. Of late women have rushed in to restore the balance, though men are still a full half probably. The athletic girl, however, has been the rule, and here comes in the chance of the girl who does not wear tweeds and soft cloths, and who is never caught looking bedraggled, weary and overheated.

LYING IN A HAMMOCK. The girl who is "resting" does not saunter forth with the young man on his morning expedition, but when the fish have refused to bite or he has lost the trail up the mountain and come back weary and disgusted, she is lying in a hammock in a filmy fluff of a dress, or she brings him cool drink, looking cool and at peace

with a very dainty wood nymph to a weary home comer.

If a cool-day comes or there be mist about the mountain tops, still the girl who rests is to the fore. A soft, white serge dress had its hour this morning; its under-skirt stitched with lotus-green silk; its white tunic scalloped and piped with green. The soft gracefully draped bodice had vest and sleeves of green silk lined with white gingham; the lace being carried up to the throat, where it was kept from the face by a fold of green chiffon. The hat of white lace straw, had a giant rose raising the brim at one side, a huge black rosette directly in front adding a touch of richness.

Green and white are the pet colors of the girl who rests, and assuredly the woods are under a certain debt to her. ELLEN OSBORN.

A Sympathetic Princess.

The following story about the Archduchess Valerie of Austria is told by the Vienna correspondent of the London Morning Post: A short time ago a thirteen-year-old schoolboy was summoned home from his boarding school at Linz to attend his father's funeral in Vienna. The lad was without traveling companions, and while waiting on the platform at Linz, began to cry bitterly. His distress was noticed by a lady in a first-class compartment, who summoned the guard and had the boy brought to her. She paid his excess fare for travelling first-class, and devoted herself to the task of comforting him and relieving the tedium of the long journey to Vienna, telling him that she, too, had suffered much from the loss of a parent, who had died suddenly and unexpectedly in a foreign land. The schoolboy was not a little astonished at the end of the journey to learn that the kind-hearted lady was the Archduchess Valerie, daughter of the Emperor.

Fruits Replace Flowers.

Very pretty is the new fashion of fruit dinners, which replace purely flower dinners during the hot months. It soothes the heart and opens the appetite, for nothing gives an appetite like a clean, graceful and well laid table. Fruits for this purpose are not fruit bought by the pound, but fruit on its branches. These branches are entwined in the hanging lamps, forming a sort of cradle whence hang fresh currants, shining cherries, plums with the bloom on them, golden apricots, etc. On the table, in little flat glass dishes shaped like leaves, are arranged cherries, currants and other fruit in season. Mode Francaise.

fabrics, but are fine sheer goods that show the lining like a haze.

White shirt waists now display style but still becomingly. Many of Miss Grant's trousseau dresses which are now being made in Paris are so thin as to require the most elegant corset cover. One of these waists had a corset cover which was made for it. The cover or underwaist is of Mechlin lace as fine as a cobweb. The waist itself is "ginge apple" not so thin that it is a mere web.

SHIRT WAISTS.

Shirt waists are of all colors, preferably white. A great wave of popularity has befallen the all white waist and you see whole summer wardrobes with not a colored shirt waist. The white waist comes in white wash silk, in white embroidery and lace, in the cheaper white wash goods and in all the grades of plique from heavy to light. One of the most elegant ladies tailoring establishments advised the making of three dozen white waists of all fabrics to be worn with many skirts.

So many skirts are required this season that the couturiers have graciously provided for the emergency. They supply a skirt, seamless and ready to be sewed upon the band. It comes all in one piece and the seamstress has only to sew it up in the back, open the sides to form a flap placket and to put it on the band, when it will be found ready to wear. These can be purchased in the shops and you see women of fashion purchasing a dozen or so skirts to be quickly made at home by the seamstress who can make six or eight in a day. There is only one seam up the back and a hand-no binding, no fitting, no anxiety about the hanging.

Notwithstanding the rage for all things American there is a tremendous

perity season in the United States has brought prosperity season to Paris. The trousseau of Miss Grant is the most talked about thing in Paris just now; and the order which the Prince has sent to a Bond street jeweler is the gossip of the American colony.

It is for a tiara of pearls and diamonds, such a wonderful thing as was never seen in the Cantacuzene family before. Miss Grant, it is rumored, is to bring an immense dowry to her Prince. Surely he will not have to buy silk dresses for her for many a day to come, for the trousseau order that has been placed with one house alone includes twelve beautiful silk gowns, all tight-fitting, with sheath skirt and elaborately trimmed bodices, many of them with the tunic. They are in all the delicate new shades with pearl of the old ones, namely a navy blue, an olive brown and an old-fashioned three grey.

Not In It.

Mrs. Jackson—Is Mrs. Whyte in good spirits? Mrs. Johnson—Merely, no! Why, she said she had her hired girl—Somerville Journal.

Cheap Gas.

The gas war in New York profoundly affects many relations of life. For instance, the conventional farmer of the humorous prints, upon entering his room at a New York hotel, starts violently. "I see no don't blow-out-the-gas sign!" he faltered, betraying much uneasiness. The bell boy says: "No, gas has got so cheap in New York that we don't care any more."—Detroit Journal.



W. C. C.