



A FACE IN THE ROCK.

The Old Man of the Mountain Pictured by the Pen of Julia Dorr.

HOW HE FROWNS AND SMILES.

Delights of a Sojourn at the Flame in the Franconia Mountains.

MANAGING A BOAT AND A HAMMOCK.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE OPERATORS.

FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS, N. H., July 28.—The Old Man of the Mountain has had whole volumes written about and around him by famous authors, including Hawthorne.

No tourist of the White Mountains does his trip to Franconia unless he has come to this big, grim profile of a man's face that appears in the rocky edge of Cannon Mountain.

The first wonder of the spectator is that the stone visage is so impressively clear and strong. You have believed that enthusiastic writers and picture makers would have mixed fancy with fact, and that you will need to use your imagination to see what your eyes are discerning the famous visage.

Therefore, when you see him at first glance, away up there 1,300 feet above you and across a lake, the sight is absolutely thrilling.

"I don't believe he came by chance" is apt to be the gist of your first exclamation.

But nature did carve that face just as it is now. It is phenomenal sculpture only. A party of men made the ascent recently, and the granite is softening slowly, and a fissure threatens the destruction of the profile. The stone is supported by the crumbling base of iron rods, but this was not found feasible. So one of these days the break will occur, though hardly for the reason which I found carved in the back of a woman's head.

Like Adam, I'm tempted oft to fall, And should were I only human; I fear even yet I may be tempted, To come with you to broken pate.

To the feet of some fair woman.

Now, here's a chance for the professional preservers and beautifiers of faces. Who would have thought that the Old Man of the Mountain as it is will reap a fortune, surely.

"But I'd be glad if his nose would drop off," said a pretty maiden an hour ago, and she looked as if she were frisky with that horridly craggy face up there. Come, Ned, led you up the lake.

Ned piloted the oars with lady obedience. As the boat pulled up to the deep, clear water of Profile Lake the Old Man's face changed from severity to benignity, and then withdrew itself from the young couple altogether, leaving them to their friskiness untroubled.

THE FACE CHANGES EXPRESSIONS.

From only a small area of the lake and shore is the celebrated profile visible, for it is formed of three vertically separated protruberances of rock, and the necessary combined action of the wind and the sun's departure from the best point of observation.

The old man of the mountain has no full face, nor even a three-quarter one. To the maiden in the moving boat he showed first a tree as a delicately silhouetted, gazing left off toward Blaine at Bar Harbor or thereabouts; then, as her sweetheart rowed the boat a hundred yards or so, the line of his nose and chin, and the woman's face, and finally, of a sudden, the face had vanished, and in its place was to be seen only masses of granite in a rugged precipice.

However, the two in a boat were not left in solitude. Other folks were afloat, and some of them were fishing for trout. Catching them was not the object of the party.

THE SCENERY THAT HAS FEW EQUALS.

Scenery! Why that is what the Franconia Mountains were made for, and they are full of it. Have you been through the Catskills and tried to become enthusiastic at the prospect of a view that will keep you in a rapt mood for a week?

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TAALKING LIFE EASY.

Shirley Dare Finds a Summer Resort That is Almost Perfect.

ALL IS RIGHT BUT THE TABLE.

Answers to Troubled Correspondents Written on the Piazza.

BIG JOINTS, FRECKLES AND FLESH.

Never in summer let me be more than 50 feet away from the edge of salt water. If I am anywhere near the sea, I am at home.

My immediate ancestors were not Vikings; their immediate descendant is, and loves the shore and the flowers which grow between the sea and the shore.

More fully than ever before, the beauty of California is the one that have seen and mountain scenery and live between yellow sands and blue water, and the dream-ordered distance of eucalyptus and redwood groves, with spiky mountain peaks peering the vapory skyline.

But that is a thought one does not wish to take out too often, considering one's peace of mind.

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WOMEN WHO ARE FAMOUS.

The Irish Girl Who Won the American Tennis Championship.

Working for the Sex in Finland—Mrs. Sheldon's Explorations—Devoted to the Indians.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

A much-talked-of young woman, just at present, is Miss Mabel Esmond Cabell, the champion lady tennis player of America.

The writer is an old friend of Miss Cabell, and has been permitted to say a few words regarding her rather interesting personality.

To begin with, Miss Cabell is about 23 years of age. She is not strictly handsome, in spite of a very fine pair of eyes, a splendid figure and prettily shaped hands and feet. All her movements are lithe and graceful.

Miss Cabell has only been three years in the country. She is the daughter of an Irish country squire, and was born in a quaint, ivy-wound manor house, among the hills of Kilkenny county. Ballycouna is the name of the old homestead, and Miss Cabell's brother, Major John Nugent Cabell, is now lord of the manor. Kilkenny is a noted hunting county, and Miss Cabell was once in the country, and she has been to the hills of Kilkenny county. Ballycouna is the name of the old homestead, and Miss Cabell's brother, Major John Nugent Cabell, is now lord of the manor.

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