

Old Molly always wore a blanket and a tall hat with a silver band around it. She usually wore a horse sacking and silver brooch beneath the blanket; always moccasins and leggings. At one time she had a long camelot cloak lined with green baize. When she had her picture taken she had on a skirt, presumably long, and a horse sacking of plaided grade hanging some to the knee, and pinned with ~~a row~~ ^{two} of small brooches in front and a tall hat with a silver band.

In figure she was rather stout and short; not fat so much as thick set and chunky. She always went bent and lame and used a cane. She had a very sharp, keen eye, and a peculiar way of blackening like a thunder cloud when displeased. Her face would change its color entirely and her eye look thunder and lightning. Her temper was not the best unless things went right. She would swear on occasions fluently; "What, devole?" was her favorite inquiry. "What devole his name?"