

TRANSLATION

From "Frau Holde"—Baumbach.

[KATHARINE MELICK.]

For The Courier.

Not far from here, in the forest lay
In olden times a tavern,
Where sparkling ale, day after day,
Ran from its cool, sweet cavern:
Yet was the host a stingy knave;
Never the thirsty guest he gave
Full measure.

There came, one day, in pilgrim dress,
Long years ago, a stranger;
A man of thirst and holiness
From far Judea's manger:
"Sir host!" he cried, "a mug of beer!
And for thy weal I bid thee here
Full measure!"

The stingy host below has gone
And—scarce one trusts the story—
Three fingers beer and seven foam
He pours the pilgrim hoary,
And smilingly he bears it, now,
And says in cunning tones and low,
"Full measure."

With darkening frown the pilgrim's eyes
Behold the quick foam starting:
He drank, arose, asked not the price,
But murmured in departing,
'For this thy beer of foam-spray fine
Shall punishment one day be thine
Full measure."

The host, when death
had mowed him down,
Pale heard his stern judge speaking;
At midnight, now, he stalks the ground,
And blows a trumpet shrieking,
Stiff stands the wanderer's frozen hair,
He hears the wail that thrills the air,
"Full measure."

This mournful tale was told to me,
From that sad spot I bring it:
And unto every host I see
For his behoof I sing it.
Sir host, look not so sour and grim.
Here, take the glass and pour me in
Full measure.

FASHION LETTER.

Lady Modish in Town Topics.

Lady Modish and the Shirt Waist.

One sees nothing but shirt waists these sweltering days. Even the most particular and fashionable dame can not resist their comfort. They are worn at breakfast and luncheon, and even at dinner. A very stout woman, of more than usual good taste in dressing, wears a pale blue mull blouse elaborately trimmed with white lace insertions set in squares over the front and back. The whole is unlined, and the mull is of the thinnest quality imaginable. The sleeves are bishop, quite full at the wrist, and a double row of insertion and edging form a pretty and comfortable cuff. The collar is of the insertion, and unlined. Its crushing is prevented by a tiny silk featherbone, which serves to hold it in place and yet is not warm. With this blouse is worn a semi-outing hat. The under brim is of fine black straw, while the rest of the hat is white. Two pale blue breasts are placed well toward the front of the brim, with a fold of palest canary silk between them. The silk stands rather high, somewhat like a pompon, and gives the desired height to the whole. A wide meshed veil is worn with the hat.

A word about the skirt worn with this exceedingly attractive and at the same time sensible costume. It is of silk grass linen, not too flimsy in quality, and is made over a pale blue taffeta slip, with a deep, side pleated flounce at the foot. The yoke of the skirt fits perfectly about the hips and back, and is cut in points. Between these the fullness which forms the rest of the skirt begins in very small tucks, which widen out toward the bottom in flounce effect. It is very airy and summery, and with the blue blouse and white hat makes a charming midsummer toilet.

The woman with a pretty throat leaves the featherbone out of her un-

lined collars and lets them droop over and crush at will. The effect is odd enough to attract much attention. White is having everything its own way just now, and white duck or linen skirts with white blouses are seen everywhere. The very sheer white mulls, extremely transparent and open in the back, are the most popular with the modish. I have written of these before, and of how exquisite their workmanship must be. For the "all-overs," embroidery continues to be more popular than lace. It is perhaps less cool, but not materially so, than lace, and is distinctly a fad of the season. There is a tendency among very large women to wear tight sleeves. These are imagined to be becoming and to decrease in appearance the size of the arm, but in reality they make the arm look larger, because they call attention to its girth. A model for a mull blouse shows alternating rows of fine lace and tucking in the round yoke, and beneath this the fullness is of very sheer embroidered mull. The combination of lace and embroidery thus effected is singularly pretty. The blouse opens in the back and is fastened by a row of tiny pearl buttons very close together.

One requires a maid to get into these elaborate button-back blouses, for even the sleeves are difficult to fasten at the tight-fitting cuff, where the tiny buttons, not unlike seed-pearls, connect with almost invisible thread loops set in the lace. A lace-trimmed organdie with a tucked flounce is almost indispensable during the hot weather. Mull embroidered in dots, large or small, is also popular. One of white, embroidered in black dots the size of a pea, attracted unlimited attention at the Westchester Country club a few evenings ago. The wearer of the simple frock was a young mother who has retained her remarkable beauty. A black ribbon sash reaching to the bottom of the skirt and a black-and-white tulle confection about the neck completed the costume.

Another costume of dotted Swiss had a plain skirt with only a foot flounce and a button-back waist elaborately made up with rows of black Chantilly. This had a belted-in blouse, and was worn over an exquisite cache corset. A white neck ruff was an accessory, and a large black plumed Gainsborough hat completed the outfit.

THE DOCTORS EXTEND THEIR TIME

Owing to the Large Number Who Have Been Unable to See the British Doctors, These Eminent Gentlemen Have Extended the Time for Giving Their Services Free, to All Who Call Before August 14th.

Owing to the large number of invalids who have called upon the British doctors at their office, corner of 11th and N streets, Sheldon Block, and have been unable to see them, these eminent gentlemen have, by request, consented to continue giving their services free for three months to all invalids who call upon them before Aug. 14. These services consist not only of consultation, examination and advice, but also of all minor surgical operations.

The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and personally acquainted with the sick and afflicted, and under no condition will any charge whatever be made for any services rendered for three months to all who call before August 14th.

The doctors treat all forms of disease and deformities, and guarantee a cure in every case they undertake. At the first interview a thorough examination is made; and, if incurable, you are frankly and kindly told so; also advised against spending your money for useless treatment.

Male and female weakness, catarrh and catarrhal deafness, also rupture, goitre, cancer, all skin diseases and all diseases of the rectum are positively cured by their new treatment.

The chief associate surgeon of the Institute, assisted by one or more of his staff associates, is in personal charge.

Office hours from 9 a. m. till 8 p. m. No Sunday hours.

Special Notice—If you cannot call send stamp for question blank for home treatment.



GODDESS OF LIGHT
PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

TRANSLATION

From "Frau Holde"—Baumbach.

KATHARINE MELICK.

(For The Courier.)

Thuringia, whence I have flown,
To thee my song, and thee alone,
Beside the distant ocean;
Far as the earth's wide valleys run,
No land like thee, beneath the sun,
Can claim my heart's devotion.

So dear, so true as none beside
My mother and my bride,
Oh, queen from ages olden:
The fir-wood is thy mantle good,
The dark blue heaven is thy hood,
Thy foot stool, meadows golden.

And winter presses on thy hair,
Thy coronet of diamonds fair,
And folds thy vesture over thee,—
The ermine of the silver snow:
Then down before thy footstool low
I bow, my queen, before thee.

Within me rings a children's rhyme,
"Daheim, daheim ist doch daheim,"
It sounds in lane and alley,
A thousand times I sang the air,
In my green Verra valley fair,
Yet I have left that valley.

Alas! self exiled now, afar,
My own the hand that drew the bar,
And sent me on my going;
Yet every night in dreams I see
The home-land with each crag and tree,
As in a mirror showing.

Bring to my home this song, I pray,
Ye swift winged birds that soar away,
Unto her forests flying,
To all your friends in Verra swell,
The greeting of the pilgrim tell,
The wanderer's home sighing.

A War Relic.

In a clothing store in Ypsilanti, Michigan, is a small looking-glass which is made from a piece of glass taken from Jeff Davis' house in Mississippi during the civil war. The union soldiers went into this house and asked for food, which was refused them. They also found that the water in the well had been poisoned, and was nothing less than a weak solution of dead cats and dogs. This infuriated the soldiers, who took their revenge in going through the house and demolishing the contents. One entire side of the parlor was covered with an immense mirror, the like of which was not to be found in that part of the country. This mirror came in for its share of the general smash-up, and a good-sized piece of the glass was brought away by Captain Wortley, and is now framed and on exhibition at his store.

FOR A SUMMER OUTING.

The Rocky Mountain regions of Colorado reached best via the Union Pacific provide lavishly for the health of the invalid and the pleasure of the tourist. Amid these rugged steeples are to be found some of the most charming and restful spots on earth. Fairy lakes nestled amid sunny peaks, and climate that cheers and exhilarates. The

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put in effect by the Union Pacific enable you to reach these favored localities without unnecessary expenditure of time or money.

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