

HELD CAPTIVE.

Never shall I forget the day We rode in the car together...

Whether, as she looked down at me And smiled and bowed so cheery...

I see her face—'twas a pretty face— And the smile that slowly faded...

But what could I do for her who held A place in my memory tender?

Outlier and Furnisher.

THE STORY OF DOROTHY.

"The sins of the parents are visited upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation." As I write the words unbidden tears spring to my eyes...

Dorothy was a singularly lovely girl of nineteen, with a slight figure of medium height, beautifully moulded.

It was little wonder that Herod Rodman loved the girl, proud and selfish though he was.

Rich, handsome, highly educated, at thirty-two, after traveling extensively, he returned to America and drifted by mere chance to the little Southern town where Dorothy Fowler lived with her half-brother and his wife.

It was possible to love any woman. Dorothy, whose life had been very narrow and restricted, Herod was a revelation.

As the summer came on it seemed to Dorothy that her life grew happier, more full and rounded out with each summer day.

His voice died lingeringly away, and he crossed over to the window by which Dorothy was standing.

Both were silent, but silence was more expressive than words. As if with one thought, they stepped through the long window to the wide gallery.

"See," she said, "the poor rose. It was so lovely this morning, and now it is dead. This is a beautiful world, but things are always changing; nothing seems to last."

"Dorothy do you think my love for you will endure? Can you trust me?" "That was all; no impassioned wooing, no protestations of undying affection; but Dorothy wanted none.

"I can never forgive her," she thought, "never! Even if when dying she implored my pardon, I could not grant it. She has robbed me of everything, my name, and now my love. I am so young, and life is so long!"

"The next instant she was in his arms. There was for neither of them a past or future—only a bewilderingly happy present. Presently Dorothy shrank a little away from him.

who know so much? I wonder why you do."

"Sweetheart, love you because you are your dear little self. You know what George Meredith says: 'To him she was purity, chastity, the keeper of the keys of whatsoever is held precious by men.' My darling, I want you to be the keeper of the keys of my heart and life through all the coming years.

"Nothing shall part us!" The words rang in Dorothy's ears when, after many loving words, she had bidden her lover good-night and gone to her room.

The weeks that followed were full of a happiness that "spread out thin would have lasted a lifetime."

Then the blow fell, and cruel Fate, intent on breaking hearts, could not have chosen a more propitious moment.

"Herod," said Dorothy, sinking in to the deeply cushioned window seat, "read something. It is completely beyond me to sustain a conversation this morning, and if you could be persuaded to lend to the rhyme of the poet the beauty of your voice, I should be charmed."

"You would be, no doubt," Herod replied, disregarding the murmured "vanity!" from Dorothy.

But he obediently went to the book-case and selected a copy of Penzance, in crossing the room a photograph fell from the volume, and he picked it up—the picture of an exceedingly handsome woman attired in evening dress.

Herod stood staring at this apparently innocent object like one dumfounded. When he spoke his voice sounded almost hoarse.

"How did this come here? What is this woman to you?" Dorothy looked at his agitated face in surprise.

"My mother," was the answer. "Your mother! Good God!" Herod dropped into a chair and looked at her with an expression that brought tears to Dorothy's heart.

"Know her!" he repeated. "Why, the whole world knows her! She is a noted adventuress. You were in ignorance of this?" he sternly questioned, looking at the girl's sweet face from which the color had fled.

"Oh, yes, yes! She deserted us soon after my father's death, but I have never known the full extent of her disgrace and mine until now. If Paul knew he did not tell me 'Dearest,' she went on pleadingly, 'you are not angry? I am still the same Dorothy whom you love. Oh, Herod,' her breath coming in quick, sharp sobs, 'speak to me! Tell me that her sins can not touch our happiness.'"

But Herod was silent. He had laid his head on his folded arms, which rested on a table. His brain was whirling around, and he felt that he must before speaking. This discovery had shocked him greatly.

Not one doubt of Dorothy's innate purity crossed his mind. Even though that creature's blood was in her veins there was no taint of it in her heart. Of that he was certain. To give her up was torture; but the pride of name and position had been fostered in him, and now his love could not overbalance it.

"Oh, Dorothy, my darling, my sweetheart!" he murmured. "I love you dearly, but we must part. Heaven has been very hard to us both. Try to forgive me. Goodbye, my love—goodbye forever."

Fearing to trust himself longer in her presence, he pressed a last long kiss on her cold lips, and quickly left the room.

Dorothy stood looking after him. A sickening sense of what might have been, a despairing realization of what never could be, seized her. She felt passionate anger against her mother. But for her sins, Herod and happiness unbounded would have been hers. She did not claim him.

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"The next instant she was in his arms. There was for neither of them a past or future—only a bewilderingly happy present. Presently Dorothy shrank a little away from him.

"It seems strange," she shyly said, "that you should care for me—you,

the nurse who ministered to her in her dying hour. The fresh spring wind drifted through the open window, laden with the promise of summer; but to the dying woman it brought memories of the past, of the days when she was young and pure, and her future as full of promises as the breeze. Repentance came too late now; the sands of her life were run, and its strife and passions over.

"Dorothy," she gasped, "I am so sorry! Won't you kiss me and say 'Mother, I forgive you?'"

"Mother, I forgive you as freely as I hope to be forgiven."

Four Women Killed.

Hunting a Mysterious Murderer With Fierce Bloodhounds.

Tuesday night was a night of horror in Denison, Tex. Between the hours of 11 p. m. and 3.30 a. m. an unknown assassin shot and killed four women, two of them the leading ladies of the city and two inmates of respectable houses.

The first victim was Mrs. Haynes, the wife of Dr. Henry F. Haynes, one of Denison's most respectable citizens and a gentleman prominent in business and social life.

About five hours later, in the very heart of the city, a beautiful young lady, Miss Florentine Hawley, was killed by some unknown person. Miss Hawley was killed almost without a word of warning in the privacy of her room, in her mother's cottage home.

The assassin then directed his step to the banyo of Madam Rivers, where he fired from the front porch, killed Maude Kramer. After this he crossed to the next street, where he mortally wounded Rose Stewart, firing the shot from the sidewalk.

The four foul murders have created a tremendous sensation. Business was at a standstill. Several hundred armed men patrolled the city and suburbs in pursuit of the murderer. Bloodhounds had been brought into requisition, but without success. Several arrests have been made, but it is believed that the murderer is still at large.

Half Rates to Gettysburg via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On Thursday, June 2nd, 1892, the "High Water Mark" Monument will be dedicated on the field of Gettysburg. This monument marks the highest point within the Union lines reached by Pickett's troops in the memorable charge of July 3d, 1863.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, on June 1st and 2d, sell excursion tickets from all principal stations on the lines to Gettysburg at a single fare for the round trip.

An Old Favor Repaid.

PITTSBURG, May 22.—A favor granted by John Lyttle, now of McKees Rocks, in 1846, has become a comfort to him in old age and necessity. During the war Mr. Lyttle endorsed a note for \$1,100 for John Faulkner, a young man of Weston, W. Va., merchant.

To-day Mr. Lyttle received notice from a Los Angeles bank that \$3,000 had been deposited to his credit, being the original \$1,100 with interest.

A LEADER.—Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys.—It will cure Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 20c. per bottle. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Not Eluded by the Glare.

American Girl (after a proposal)—If I should marry you would I wear a crown?

"Foreign Nobleman"—Oh no. "Ven. I don't mean a crown exactly, but a coronet or a scepter or something like that."

"Think of a palace you could live in and the horses and—"

"I have all that at home."

"Then there is the society—Dukes and Princes and—presentation at the court you know?"

"I'd like that. But you'd always be with me, wouldn't you?" "Oh, yes."

The Making of Perfume.

Why American Flowers Are Not Used and Why a Triple Extract is Called—Greece the EX-tractive—Cologne Waters.

"It does not follow nowadays," said a prominent New York druggist, "that a perfume is made in France. It is superior in quality to one of American preparation. Such was formerly the case, but the art of making fine perfumes has been carried to such perfection of late years in our own country that not more than one-eighth as much of the French preparation is sold in the United States to-day as was sold a few years ago. Nearly \$5,000,000 worth of home-distilled perfumes are made in New York alone every year. Chicago manufacturers put one-half as much on the market, and there are extensive perfumery manufactories in Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, St. Louis and other large places.

The American-made perfumes are exactly as good in quality as the French. The popular impression that many of our best extracts for the handkerchief and toilet bearing the names of sweet flowers are simply chemical imitations of the genuine odors is entirely wrong. The fact is that the genuine odors of flowers, of which all pure American perfumes are made, are imported, principally from France, and genuine musk and ambergris, the two most important and valued bases for fine perfumes, must be obtained in other countries. While the best American made perfumes are equal in quality to the finest French preparations, such could not be the fact if we had not that country to depend upon for our essential oils.

The reason for this is that no enterprising effort has yet been made here to raise flowers of sufficient richness and density of perfume to supply essential oils in sufficient quantities to make it profitable to extract them, although it is held that the odoriferous flowers of the South, especially Florida and other Gulf States, have the same bouquet of the same flowers grown in Southern France, that great garden of commercial odors. The flowers that lead as providers of popular perfumes for the handkerchief and toilet are the jasmine, violet, tuberose, rose, bitter orange flowers and cassia.

These flowers, or most of them, are indigenous to the South of France, Cassia which is the blossom of the cinnamon tree, comes from the East Indies, as does the tuberose. Bitter orange is from Northern Italy. The oils of violet, jasmine and tuberose, and other delicate flowers, being highly volatile, must be extracted in a peculiar manner, in order that they may be retained for any length of time for use.

The essential oil of violets is the most volatile of all flower extracts, and as the flower itself is the most difficult to cultivate of all the perfume flowers, violet extract is of double the value of any other essential oil of perishable odor.

Cassia is used as a substitute for violet when the latter is scarce. The oils of these flowers are extracted and held by what is known technically as grease absorption, but which the French give the pleasant name of enfleurage. I do not know who discovered the process, but it is one of the simplest, and at the same time the most effective, known to chemical science.

A layer of refined fat is spread upon a large wire sieve with small meshes. Upon this bed of grease the delicate petals of the odor bearing flowers are scattered loosely. Then a layer of fat is placed upon the flowers, then more petals upon that, and so on until the sieve is filled.

The mass is then covered tightly and subjected for ten or twelve hours to a temperature just below the point at which the fat would melt. Then the heat is increased until the fat becomes liquid and runs through the meshes of the sieve into a vat arranged to receive it charged with the perfume of the flowers. The leaves apparently odorless, remain in the sieve, but one distillation does not rob them of all their sweetness. Some of the same fat, when cold, is mixed with them again, and the same process is repeated.

In turn some of the second distillation is run through the sieve with the flowers, which are then, indeed, robbed of all their fragrance. The last two processes make the double and triple extracts known to the trade. The grease holding the rare oils of the flowers, is sealed in cans and ready for market, which it finds all over Europe and in this country. The commercial name of the grease is pomade extract.

In preparing the perfumes for use the manufacturer treats the pomade with odorless alcohol—that made from corn being the best, although spirits made from potatoes and grapes are also used. These are never perfectly odorless, though, and therefore the finest perfumes cannot be prepared from them.

The alcohol at once becomes the ally of the oil held by the grease, and the oil readily leaves the latter and joins the spirits. The grease is still there, however. To remove it from the affluated perfume and alcohol, the compound is subjected to a gradually lowering temperature, until the grease congeals. It is then an easy and simple matter to run the liquid off, and all that is left to do is to bottle it, cork it, label, and it is ready for my lady's handkerchief and toilet.

Bitter orange flowers, rose leaves, cassia and other perfume flowers have fixed essential oils which are extracted by distillation. The neroli oil of commerce is obtained from bitter orange blossoms. These flowers are abundant in Florida, and most of the other choice perfumery flowers grow there and along the Gulf in profusion, but the bases of the millions of dollars' worth of toilet extracts used annually in the United States are nearly all imported. The question, then, would be pertinent, "Why does not some one utilize the growth of our own fragrant flowers and provide these materials?"

The fact is that, in spite of the assertion that the blooms of Florida are as rich in fragrant oils as the French flowers, experimental distillation has not made the assertion good, except in the case of bitter orange flowers. That extract is produced in New Orleans as a quality as fine as the French oil, and has been for years, but manufacturers do not seem to encourage its production to any great extent by using it instead of the foreign article. As to roses, in

France 100 pounds of rose leaves yield a dessert spoonful of essential oil. In America it requires a ton of leaves to produce the same quantity. Then, again, flowers can't be picked by machinery, and it is not at all likely that floriculturists in this country could secure hands to gather their fragrant blossom harvest for two cents a day, as they can in France.

There is one flower indigenous to our Southern soil which yields a delightful extract, and which, singularly enough, has not been utilized much in the preparation of perfumes. That is the magnolia. A well known perfumer after making very satisfactory experiments with the magnolia as a perfume flower, was preparing to cultivate it on a large scale, but he died before the arrangements were perfected, and the scheme was never taken up by any one else.

Musk—that is the genuine grain from the musk deer—is now worth its weight in gold, so rare has it become, the wild-eyed little animal from which it is obtained having been very nearly exterminated from its Asiatic haunts. A full grown musk deer will yield about an ounce of the grains, which are found in a sac in the skin of its abdomen. The grains are no larger than a pea, and some of them are as small as a pin's head. The musk is sold in the market in the pods or sacs in which it is found, but it is frequently adulterated. So many of the deer have been killed before reaching maturity that the average musk bag imported, either Chinese or Russian, will not exceed half an ounce in weight.

The adulteration of musk is made possible by the use of a seed known as the musk seed. It grows in India. The Chinese musk is prized the most, but it is more open to suspicion than the Russian, which is seldom found with the sac broken. There are many artificial musks, and our common muskrat yields a pod that is the only approach to the genuine imported musk.

Ambergris is a valuable and costly adjunct to the perfumers' art. It is believed to be the result of a disease which is common in the spermaceti whale. In the head of which is found a secretion although it is frequently cast up by the sea in Oriental climes, and is gathered along the shore of Coramandel, Madagascar and Japan.

It is an aromatic gray substance, and as much as 150 pounds of it has been taken from a single whale. A lump of ambergris of that size to-day would be worth about \$5,000 to any whaler who might have the great fortune to find it. Ambergris is worth here something like \$20 an ounce, and there is no import duty on it at that. It is of incalculable homogeneity to the fragrance of combined extracts and oils in a remarkable manner, and strongly develops the delicate and evanescent odors of volatile oils. Ambergris, when genuine, for it is easily counterfeited, is full of small black spots when cut. It is used also in improving the flavor of wine.

Cologne and toilet waters of all kinds have been so successfully prepared in this country during the past few years that a large export trade in them has developed. As cologne is simply refined, odorless alcohol, perfumed with some essential oil of flowers, there is no reason why it would not be made as well here as elsewhere. All first class toilet waters, with the exception of bay rum, are nothing more or less than perfumed corn spirits, which have received medicinal quality by the introduction of balsamic or tonic properties. Genuine bay rum is always imported.

Nine-tenths of the stuff used as bay rum in New York, and other places was not bay rum at all, but a mixture of the essential oil of bay with common rum or alcohol.

There are few barber shops here the genuine article is used. Genuine bay rum is made only in the West Indies. It is the distillation of the green leaves and berries of the bayberry tree mixed with absolutely pure rum, St. Croix being used in the very best quality of the preparation.

There is but one pure bayberry, but there are many varieties of it in the West Indies, and so closely do they resemble the primæria oeris, or true bay, that great care is necessary in gathering the leaves, for the presence of a small quantity of any other variety is sufficient to destroy the entire product of a still. Ripe berries are mixed in the still with the leaves. The best bay is distilled by steam in copper pipes, but the ordinary commercial spirit, such as bay rum is made from here, is distilled over an open fire.

The genuine steam distilled bay spirit is not only many times stronger than the other, but the refreshing odor that characterizes it is ten times as lasting. The West Indians find the true bay rum so necessary to their comfort among the numerous discomforts attending a life in the climate of their country that they use about all that is made, and hence its scarcity in this and other countries.

Farmers After Heavy Damages.

SUNBURY, Pa., May 23.—To-day the arbitrators in the case of the farmers living along Shamokin creek, Northumberland county, against the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron company, the Pennsylvania Railroad company and others, handed down awards in ten cases, that, if entertained, may mean a loss of millions of dollars to the companies. For years the coal dirt from the mines has been washed by each recurring freshet on the lands of the farmers along the creek. In 1889 the land was rendered barren. Ten cases were prosecuted and now after taking testimony for three years damages are awarded to the plaintiffs. Other suits will follow. The defendants will appeal to the courts.

Hon. W. V. Lucas, Ex-State Auditor of Iowa, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family and have no hesitation in saying it is an excellent remedy. I believe all that is claimed for it. Persons afflicted by a cough or cold will find it a friend." There is no danger from whooping cough when this remedy is freely given. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Frank P. Green.

The World of Women.

Mrs. Mary Russell Day has become Kentucky's State Librarian.

Don Isadora Cousing, of Chile, is reported to be worth \$200,000,000, and, of course, is the richest woman in the world.

Many rows of machine stitching finish the bottom of tailor-built suits, the stitching being reproduced upon the edge of the bodice, the collar and cuffs.

The thistle is a favorite flower as a garniture for hats and bonnets. A novelty is a double thistle of jet and lace one rising above the other in cigarette form.

Fawn, gray and beaver are included in the new spring shades for gloves, and there is a demand for black chervette sewn with a color, such as red, yellow or white.

Mrs. Custer has it as a proud boast that she was the first woman in this country to shoot a buffalo. She'd need to travel a long way now to get a shot at one in its wild state.

Pasant girdles of every description fancy suspenders, sashes and hats of ribbon are seen on almost every gown. The girdle has gradually crept up to the chin, the long sharp points finishing just below the collar and narrowing to a belt between the arms.

Ladder-like panels, striped with velvet or ribbon, are noticeable; sometimes bands run about the foot of the skirt in front and are brought up on each side in graduated lengths, each one finished with an ornament or a small rosette. Jabots, slashed sides and plated panels are introduced on many of the dresses.

The fashionable style of coiffure is a low and loose chignon. The hair is drawn back from the temples and coiled at the back; it is fastened with a high and narrow comb, which is useful for holding up the small capote. In front, the hair is either rolled up from the forehead, or a small cluster of frizzles falls over the brow.

A lovely street dress is of gray broadcloth and bengaline to match. It is made with a yoke, and the seamless waist has a Russian skirt which is detached. Rather wide gold braid outlines the yoke and forms a girdle. The skirt part of the body is unlined and unfinished as the dress mentioned above, and the sleeves are also full and low.

Wyoming women are to vote for President at the next national election, and are seriously endeavoring to fit themselves for a trust which they believe to be important. The women of Cheyenne have organized a league club and propose to study, talk, and listen to addresses and discussions bearing on topics of national interest which may help them to vote honestly and intelligently.

The princess form of skirt, the elegance of which depends upon its simplicity and cut, has brought into favor the small vest, which is short round like the Spanish jacket of velvet, trimmed with passementerie, garnished with little balls, or square of blue cloth, finished with black braid, or bordered with a flat galloon, like the elegant Turkish braid, a military fantasy, appreciated for its originality.

A handsome toilet for an elderly woman is of black and salmon p. au de soie. Down the back of the body is a box plait which looks as though it were put on, but in reality is formed by cutting the middle breadth large enough to admit of its being folded over. Joints outline the seams and a girdle of the same reaches almost to the knees in front. The sleeves are shirred on the outside, not sewed in as most sleeves are. As will be seen from the description of this gown the tendency at present is to cut the waists of dresses with as few seams as possible.

The girl who wears a blouse this summer often complicates it somewhat with ribbon straps over the shoulders. Sometimes she fixes them bretelle-wise, and sometimes she crosses them back and front. Sometimes she starts them from a point at the waist in front, under a silver horseshoe, and lets them fetch up or down at a point in the waist behind. Whatever their arrangement, they are quite as apt to contrast in color with the blouse as to agree with it, and to make a piquant, sometimes a startling bit of decoration. Wise girls consider the effect of black velvet ribbon before they experiment with anything less safe and sure.

Suggestions for cotton gowns are plentiful and the woman who cannot get an idea from one of the following descriptions is certainly hard to please: One was a gingham, white and pale lavender in stripes, about a quarter of an inch wide. The skirt was made in three pieces. The waist was the bell skirt, with a narrow ruffle about the bottom. Over this there were two deep flounces, reaching from the waist to the middle of the skirt and from the middle to the foot respectively. The upper flounce was rather scant and did not give the balloon appearance so much dreaded. It was scarcely more full than the skirt itself would have been. Both flounces were trimmed with white imitation guipure lace. The waist was lined with soft, white steen. In the back it was laid in folds half an inch wide from the shoulders to the waist line. The front was full in the middle, gathered at the neck, and at the waist line. Guipure lace outlined a zouave jacket on the sides. A black velvet girdle trimmed the lower edge of the bodice and formed loops and bows in the back. The very full sleeves had bows of black velvet perched on the shoulders.

Next came a plain, rather dull blue chambray, made in a very simple style. There is a deep, round yoke of white with dull blue figures. Two ruffles of the same material outlines this yoke and the blue chambray is laid beneath it in overlapping folds. The skirt is made in the prevailing style with a ruffle of figured goods about the foot.

Another simple summer gown. It is of brown gingham with a plain skirt. There is a deep, round yoke of white with dull blue figures. Two ruffles of the same material outlines this yoke and the blue chambray is laid beneath it in overlapping folds. The skirt is made in the prevailing style with a ruffle of figured goods about the foot.

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