

# Rush Travers' Caprice.

BY BELL BLOSSOM.

"Thirty years of age, possessor of a handsome fortune and a handsome face, and already become cynical! Seriously, Rush, I would advise you to become a hermit. I think a few months so spent would raise you to the appreciation of your blessings. Take it into consideration, old fellow. Au revoir!"

And Harry Withers, touching his hat, hurried off at the corner of the street the two friends had approached together.

Rush Travers walked on alone. The words to which he had just listened had been lightly, jestingly spoken, but somehow they had hurt. Was it true that he was ungrateful? Did the heart never cry out, in its emptiness, even when filled with the favor of fortune, the good will of men, the caressing smiles of women? Did not the two latter hang upon the former? What man, what woman cared for the man and not the outward surroundings which he owed to chance? The one true heart on which he might have leaned was stilled forever.

Ten years before, in the first flush of his young manhood he had lost his mother. There now remained for him but a cherished, idolized memory. His father had died in his infancy. He had neither brother nor sister.

At 25 he had fallen in love with a woman whose falseness he had discovered in time to save the wreck of his life, though scarcely of his happiness.

He stood alone in the world—alone on his richly-freighted bark. Could all its treasures atone for the realizing sense of desolation the world imparted?

"Will you buy my violets, please, sir? Only a dime, sir."

It was a sweet, pitiful, pleading voice—a sweet, little pitiful face, looking at him from beneath the brim of a tattered hat, thrust on to a mass of bright, chestnut curls.

Children were Rush Travers' weakness. At any time he could take into his arms a crying child and hush its sorrow.

He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew therefrom a piece of silver, which he placed in the tiny, outstretched palm; then, from very idleness, he walked on, questioning the little girl, who ran beside him.

"Poor little waif. How singularly pretty she is," he thought.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Pansy, sir," she answered. "Mamma used to say it was the color of my eyes."

He looked down with a smile at the purple depths, half shaded by the long lashes, upraised from the brown cheeks.

"Where is your mother?" he asked.

"In heaven, sir."

"And your father?"

"He is dead, too."

"With whom do you live?"

"With a woman who is kind to me, and whom I pay by selling my flowers. I am all alone in the world."

Alone in the world! Who can realize as he, the pathetic eloquence held in the simple avowal? But if to him the word meant so much—to him in the pride and strength of manhood, and position, and wealth—what new meaning did it gather when it included dependence, and poverty, and womanhood?

A sudden thought came to him. It was almost an inspiration. He looked once more, earnestly, searchingly, into the little, upturned face.

The child was beautiful; the eyes were large and truthful; the mouth showed character, which might be molded for good or evil.

"Pansy," he said, scarcely conscious of his own intention until the words had escaped him, "you say that you are alone in the world. So am I. Suppose I make you my little girl? Do you think that you would be happier?"

"Do you mean that I am to live with you, and bring you the money for my flowers? Oh, I should like that very, very much."

"I mean that you should live with me, yes; but you will not sell flowers; then, though you shall have all that you want."

The child looked up in wondering amazement. She could not comprehend the words, but Rush Travers had not uttered them lightly.

What he should make of the little waif's future he had not determined. It should greatly depend upon herself; but while he lived she should never again be friendless.

It was an easy matter to gain the consent of the woman with whom she lodged. The sum he put into her hands would more than requite her for any loss she might suffer through Pansy's flower selling. From the woman, too, he learned something more about the child's history. Her parents were artists; the mother had eked out a scanty living by painting flower pictures on wood, after her husband's death, which had occurred before Pansy's birth. Then, when the little girl was about six years of age, two short years before, she, too, had laid down the weary burden of life, and the child was left alone.

Of his new whim Rush Travers said nothing. It leaked out, however, among his fashionable acquaintances that he was interested in a little child, but all supposed it some relative, and looked upon it as a passing caprice. He wished that it should be so. He

did not want curious eyes prying into the past of one whose future he intended to make his care.

The world saw little of him in these days. It almost seemed to him like coming home, now that he knew little feet would run to welcome him, little arms clasp themselves about his neck; or later, a little curly head rest on his shoulder, while the lids drooped over the pansy eyes, in happy, careless slumber.

The old housekeeper alone shared his secret. She had abused him roundly at first, as was her privilege. Was he not to her as her own boy? Pansy had crept into the kind old heart; and in the night she had risen from her own bed, and stolen into the room adjoining hers, to see that the clothes were carefully tucked about the little form.

It was a new thing to the child, this watchful care, but she grew and expanded under it like some beautiful flower.

No one detected her in an untruth. She avowed her faults boldly. She laughed, she sang, she cried, as other children; yet about her was a singular charm, a half-sadness, strangely unlike the carelessness of childhood.

Thus two years rolled away, and again Rush Travers determined to go abroad. Pansy must be educated, too; but he knew now what he meant to do with her future. The child was dear to him as his own, and his own she should be. He would give her such an education as his own daughter should have had, had he possessed one. He would make her a brilliant woman. She should be worthy of some man whom he would choose for her husband. She would never know loneliness more, and in the fullness of her life's promise he would forget the emptiness of his own.

"Uncle Rush," she called him. The past was already to her like a dream. She parted from him in bitter tears when he left her at her new home, the school at which she was to be educated.

Little did Mme. Arnaud dream that she was receiving among her select and fashionable pupils a street flower girl. Was this girl not the niece and ward of the aristocrat? She had never welcomed a pupil with greater pride, nor did the years, as they came and went, lead her for one moment to suspect the truth.

Among all this fair bevy of girls none so fair as she who owed the smooth outer current of her life to Rush Travers' passing caprice. The deep blue eyes had borrowed even more of the pansy's purple tint; the bright rose flush of health was on her cheeks; the rich carmine nature's brush alone can paint was upon her lips. In the sunny waves of the chestnut hair played gleams of rippling gold. Her hands and feet were small and dainty. Her figure had developed into exquisite grace.

The eight years of study had marked themselves upon the lovely face in its bright expression and sparkling intelligence. Rush Travers might well be proud of her to whom he had given his proud old name. In all this time he had seen her but once—but once he had returned to his native land.

In the twilight he stood awaiting her in Mme. Arnaud's private room; but, when the door opened he started at the radiant vision which entered.

She threw herself upon his breast, with a glad sob, then started back.

"Uncle Rush," she said questioningly, "you are not glad to see me?"

He had recovered himself by then, and welcomed her warmly; but something had arisen between them her womanly perception was first to recognize. Already this meeting, to which she had looked forward with such gladness, was marred.

From all sides, that night, Mr. Travers was met with congratulations on the beauty and brilliance of his ward, who had received the first honors of her class. Was the old cynicism growing on him, that he turned from it all as though weary?

For the first time, glancing casually in a mirror, he discovered that the thick, brown hair was streaked with gray, and the sight hurt him. Why? He never asked the question nor answered it.

There was no doubt now of Pansy's future, he told himself, as, having thrown open his hospitable doors, the world flocked there to welcome this new aspirant to its honors; but, almost to his surprise, he found that he could not remain quietly in the background, a spectator. Women still smiled upon him, still murmured sweet nothings in his ear, or uttered gentle reproaches at his obduracy.

Was he never to be lured from his solitude? Some one soon would steal from him the bright new star which now lighted him home. Would he be content to leave it in darkness? Thus they whispered in his ear.

Why should he resent it, rather than welcome it? Had he not planned for her a brilliant marriage? Already it was assured to her if she would accept it. Why, then, did he rejoice as one and another retired, heavy-hearted, from the lists?

He grew to hate the world anew. Now and then would come a quiet evening, when, sitting alone in his library, she would steal softly in, as she had done so often in the old, childish

days, and sitting on a stool at his feet, lay her soft, velvet cheek upon his hand.

Would she come to him thus, one day, and tell him that at last she had given away her heart? And would he be strong enough to give her his blessing?

Ah, he had learned his own secret now.

One evening they went together to a brilliant gathering. A murmur of admiration ran through the room as she entered it, but something in it all wearied her tonight.

She refused the many eager claimants for the dance, and stood watching the gay scene, surrounded by a little court, when, looking up, she saw Rush Travers' eyes fixed on her face. With a sudden impulse she moved swiftly to his side.

"I am tired, Uncle Rush," she said. "The garden is thrown open. Will you take me there with you for a little while?"

He drew the little gloved hand in his arm and together they passed through the French window into the lantern-lighted space beyond. Neither spoke, when, as they were in the shadow, voices reached them.

"A beautiful girl—yes," Rush Travers' caprice they call her. There is some mystery about her. For my part, I don't believe she's any relation, and I think the man's in love with her. You know the old story about him?"

But they heard no more. Pansy felt the strong quiver which ran through him as he drew her away.

"Oh, Uncle Rush," she murmured, "I am so, so sorry."

"Sorry for what?" he answered, almost harshly. "For keeping my secret so poorly that it is a football for the world? For selfishly gloating when other men were unsuccessful in gaining the treasure I so madly covet for my own? It is true what they say, Pansy—true; but it shall be so no longer!"

"True, Uncle Rush! You mean that you love me?"

"Yes, my darling. But do not let it frighten you. I have not forgotten that I am almost an old man, while you are on the threshold of your young life. You shall marry some good, noble man, Pansy, and I shall be happy in your happiness."

"I shall never marry," the girl answered, softly, "unless—unless—oh, Uncle Rush! I never guessed my own secret, but I know it now. Whom could I love but you? When other men have wooed me, I have thought of you; and beside you they seem so powerless to win one beat of my heart. How could they, when already I belonged to you? Was the gift so small that you would not claim it?"

But he sealed the sweet, questioning lips with the first lover's kiss which had ever rested there.

"Rush Travers' caprice," they called it, darling! he whispered. "But they were wrong—it was Rush Travers' inspiration!"—Saturday Night.

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A curious criminal law exists in Greece. A man who is there sentenced to death waits two years before the execution of the sentence.

Saddles, in some form, are of the greatest antiquity. Under Tiglath-Pileser III., the Assyrian cavalry was provided with them and the early Romans used a cloth, hide or skin, which was, no doubt, very similar.

The largest tree in the state of New Jersey is a white oak situated three miles north of Mickleton, Gloucester county. Its dimensions are: Height, 95 feet; diameter of trunk three feet above the ground, 7 feet 10 inches; spread of branches, 118 feet. This tree antedates the settlement of the colony.

A monster lathe has just been made in Philadelphia. It is 86 feet long, and its total weight is 135 tons. It has been constructed for preparing the 32 huge granite pillars to be used in building a new cathedral, each pillar weighing 160 tons. It has eight cutters, and the granite block is reduced 24 inches in diameter at one pass over its length.

A new hotel which is to be built in New York City will have many interesting electrical features, among which will be a system of electric service elevators, or movable pantries, fitted with electric heating tables. They will be run through every apartment, thereby insuring rapid service and hot food to guests taking their meals in their rooms.

A remarkable contrast to the map in precious stones which lately astonished Paris is the railway map on tiles put up at York station by the Northwestern company. It is made of white tiles, the lines being marked in black and burnt sienna. It is about six feet square, and each tile is eight inches square. The company intends to have similar maps at all important stations on its own system.

A curious instance of the way in which two or three long lives can bridge over the chasm of several centuries is given by Muller himself in his lately published autobiography. He there relates that he met at Oxford the centenarian scholar, Dr. Routh of Magdalen college, who had known a lady who had seen Charles I. walking in the "Parks," which derive their name from the disposition of the royal artillery during the civil war of 1640. Three lives thus served to connect two periods separated by some 200 years.

# NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—The fancy blouse with accessories of lace and the like is essential to correct formal dress and fills an important place in the well-



WOMAN'S FANCY BLOUSE.

kept wardrobe. This charming and stylish May Manton model has the merit of suiting both the entire costume and the odd bodice. As shown, it is of white batiste with cream Cluny lace and black velvet ribbon held by small jeweled buttons, but the design lends itself to silk and soft wool fabrics as well as to all the dainty cottons and linens with equal success.

The foundation is a fitted lining that closes at the centre front. On it are arranged the round yoke, the full under proportion and the graceful berth. The yoke closing at the left shoulder extends to form a narrow



GIRL'S DRESS.

vest that closes under the left front. The sleeves are in elbow length, terminating with flaring cuffs, but can be extended to the hands, as shown in the small sketch.

To cut this blouse for a woman of medium size one and a half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, one and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide, one and a quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, will be required, with three and seven-eighths yards of all-over lace and ten yards of velvet ribbon to trim as illustrated.

## Dress For a Girl.

Dainty frocks with many tucks are as much in style for little girls as for their elders. The charming little May Manton model illustrated in the large drawing is suited to many materials, and has the merit of being childish and simple at the same time that it is effective in the extreme. The original is of fine, sheer mull with Valenciennes lace threaded with narrow black velvet ribbon; but lawn, batiste and all the long list of white and colored washable fabrics might be substituted or any one of the simple silks and wools.

The waist is tucked to yoke depth and falls in soft folds below, and the novel sleeves show tucked caps that harmonize to a nicety. The skirt is simply straight gathered at the waist, and can be made with the flounce or plain as preferred. The trimming of lace insertion is applied to form Van Dyke points and to cross the yoke in becoming fashion.

To cut this dress for a girl eight years of age, eight and a quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, five and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, four and a half yards thirty-two inches wide, or three and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, will be required, with seventeen yards of insertion and two pieces of velvet ribbon to trim as illustrated.

## Millinery Novelties.

For veiling floral trails a very fine gossamerlike chantilly is employed and is undeniably effective, the while it hints at an importance somewhat lacking in tulle. An all white tulle illusion toque is sweet veiled in this same fine black chantilly, worn well tilted over the eyes with a great jet butterfly serving as a specific of cache peigne at the back. This is the very ariest, fairest piece of millinery conceivable and eminently before the hat decked with many feathers in the affections of the smart woman. Bizarre wings, when found, should be made an immediate possession. That these mostly figure on the best and most exclusive French models accounts for the long price asked for such creations. But now and again—the fates alone know how or why—out of a boxful of mediocrity there may be turned up something out of the ordinary happily passed over by hundreds of unseeing eyes.

## Exquisite Hair Ornaments.

Butterflies of Chantilly lace studded with sapphires and brilliants are included among the costly and exquisite hair ornaments.

## Stocks and Belts.

No woman ever yet possessed a sufficient number of stocks, ties and belts. No matter how large her collection, there is always room, and even need, for the additional one that is novel and takes her fancy. The very complete assortment here given includes the soft bow, four-in-hand and butterfly ties, plain, draped and bodice belts, and will enable any deft needlewoman to make half a dozen for the cost of one ready made. The materials for



GIRL'S DRESS.

the originals are dotted silk, louisiane silk, white mull, and white pique, but almost anything and everything is used, and there is ample opportunity offered for individuality in the choice both of materials and color.

The foundation for all the stocks is the same. The plain one in the centre is shown with the butterfly tie that appears separately just below. The four-in-hand model is trimmed with stitched bands and has the tie joined to the back edges, where it crosses and passes round to the front. The bow includes turn-over portions, but is the same familiar friend. The belts are well fitted and curve to the figure to give a graceful outline. The plain and the draped ones are eminently simple, but are stylish and fashionable as well. The laced bodice is cut in sections, and fits to a nicety, and can be closed at back or front as preferred, made pointed or cutaway as illustrated.

To cut the stocks with ties in the



STOCKS AND BELTS.

different styles, seven-eighth yard of material thirty-two inches wide will be required. To cut the belts, one yard twenty-one inches wide will be required.

## HE MOUNTED HIS AUTOMOBILE.

He was always a slow-going chap  
Till he mounted his automobile;  
He never had ginger nor snap  
Till he mounted an automobile;  
But his nature was changed and he cast  
Off his easy old ways of the past  
And became undeniably fast  
When he mounted his automobile.

He shied at the things in his way  
Till he mounted an automobile;  
He would loiter and dawdle all day  
Till he mounted an automobile;  
But he went with a whiz and a whir  
Over child, over chicken and cur,  
As if urged by some sharp, cruel spur,  
When he mounted his automobile.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

## HUMOROUS.

First Athlete—Well, did you break a record. Second Athlete—No; only a rib.

Sillicus—Do you think woman was created from a rib? Cynicus—That is a bone of contention.

Wigg—There isn't much work connected with the average political job, is there? Wagg—Not after you get it.

Muggins—Bones has a very indulgent wife. Buggins—Yes; she even allows him to sit in the cozy corner.

Nell—Maude and Chollie are to be married. What do you think of the match? Belle—It won't set the world on fire.

Blobbs—Our minister's wife suffers from insomnia. Slobbs—Why doesn't she listen to some of her husband's sermons?

Tommy—Pop, what are the seeds of discontent? Tommy's Pop—The seeds of discontent, my son, are what the apple of discord grows from.

Hoax—Did you ask Miss Gotrox if I might be presented to her? Joax—Yes; she said she wouldn't take you if you were presented with a prize package.

Mrs. Chatter—Do you believe all the disagreeable things you read in the papers about people? Mrs. Tattle—Oh, dear, no; only those about people I know.

Muggins—He plays execrably; the worst possible. And yet you told me he was a finished musician. Buggins—I said a Finnish musician. He comes from Finland.

"Even in our poverty," exclaimed the married man, "life is one grand, sweet song." "Ragtime, I suppose," remarked the bachelor, taking note of the other's frayed attire.

Returned Traveler—I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease, and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her hair. Did she ever get even with him? Old Friend—Long ago. She married him.

Widowed Father (to his 10-year-old daughter)—Do you know, Minnie, that your governess is going to get married? Minnie—I am so glad to get rid of the hateful thing. I was afraid she was never going to leave us. Who is she going to marry? Widowed Father—Me.

## THE VALUE OF FLAVORS.

We Could Not Get Along Without Their Presence in Our Food.

Chemists tell us that cheese is one of the most nutritious and at the same time one of the cheapest foods. Its nutritious value is greater than meat, while its cost is much less. But this chemical aspect of the matter does not express the real value of the cheese as food. Cheese is eaten, not because of its nutritious value as expressed by the amount of proteids, fats and carbohydrates that it contains, but always because of its flavor. Now physiologists do not find that flavor has any food value. They teach over and over again that our foodstuffs are proteids, fats and carbohydrates, and that food flavor plays absolutely no part. But, at the same time, they tell us that the body would be unable to live upon these foodstuffs were it not for the flavors.

If one were compelled to eat pure food without flavor, like the pure white of an egg, it is doubtful whether one could, for a week at a time, consume a sufficiency of food to supply his bodily needs. Flavor is as necessary as nutriment. It gives a zest to the food and thus enables us to consume it properly, and, secondly, it stimulates the glands to secrete, so that the foods may be satisfactorily digested and assimilated. The whole art of cooking, the great development of flavoring products, the high prices paid for special foods like lobsters and oysters—these and numerous other factors connected with the food supply and production are based solely upon demand for flavor. Flavor is a necessity, but it is not particularly important what the flavor may be. This is shown by the fact that different people have such different tastes in this respect. The garlic of the Italian and the red pepper of the Mexican serve the same purpose as the vanilla which we put in our ice cream; and all play the part of giving relish to the food and stimulating the digestive organs to proper activity.—Popular Science Monthly.

## The Art of Skipping.

When I meet a paragraph which begins—

"It is now necessary to retrace our steps somewhat to explain"—Or,

"The crimson sun by this time neared the horizon. Far over the hills stretched a vault of heavy cloud, its strange purple tints fading and dissolving into"—Or,

"But the contents of this room—his sanctus—sanctorum—deserve more detailed description"—Or,

"O strange, unfathomable mystery of existence, compelling our purblind race"—when, I say, I meet a passage in a novel which begins thus, I skip like anything.—The Pilot.