

# A Girl's Caprice

OR, THE RESULT OF A FANCY DRESS BALL

## CHAPTER XI.

"At last," says Ker. He comes up to her and holds out his arm. "This is the ninth."

"Is it?" says she, innocently enough. Though, to tell the truth, she has been quaking over the fact during the past five minutes.

"You hate polkas, I think you said," continues Ker. "So do I. We shall therefore have a chance of a nice long tete-a-tete in here!"

He leads her, in relentless fashion, into the conservatory close at hand, and up to the farthest end, where, behind some flowering shrubs, two vacant seats can be seen. He does not sit down, however, or ask her to do so either. He stands looking at her somewhat remorselessly.

"So!" says he, after a minute. "And then: 'Now what have you got to say for yourself?'"

Here they both laugh. Hilary, it must be confessed, rather shamefacedly.

"Oh! I know—I know," says she, with a divine blush. "What you are thinking. And it is true! I am a fraud—a swindle." She covers her face with her hands, still laughing, and presently looks at him through her fingers. "But you mustn't say it."

"Thinking is good enough for me," says Ker, with a shrug. He takes her hands from her face and brings them down. "What on earth made you do it?" asks he.

"I don't know. It was a whim—a prank. It came into my head, and so I had to do it."

"Do you always do everything that comes into your head?"

"Not always. But—" She breaks off. "After all I do know why I did it. You," with charming audacity, "made me."

"I made you?"

"Yes. You. You! If you had not given me that florin, I should never have known that I looked like a real housemaid."

"Oh! come! That's very unfair," says he, coloring. "I didn't even look at you."

"More shame for you," demurely. "However, that won't get you out of it! If you hadn't time to see me when I was giving you a glass of water, you had, at all events, plenty of opportunities of seeing me when I was giving you your luncheon."

"That was far too confusing a scene to admit of calm judgement. How could one fairly class a girl who was called six or seven different names in the space of thirty minutes?"

"Ah! that was too bad of Jim. But even if that opportunity failed you, another was given. I," with a glance at him, "gave it! You must have seen me when—"

She pauses.

"When you told me on the avenue that a glass of water given by you wasn't worth two shillings."

"Yes. You remember, then?"

"Who could forget such a libel?"

"You think it was worth it?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, then, I'll take back that florin," says she, holding out her hand.

He lays it in her pretty palm, holding the palm as he does so.

"I don't see any hole in it," says he, "and yet you promised to make one in it, and hang it round your neck. I am afraid," laughing, "you are faithless."

"Did I promise that?"

"Beyond all doubt. I can see you as you said it."

"Ah! then you did see me that time?" She casts a little, quick glance at him from under her long lashes, and tells herself that she has him at a disadvantage at last.

"I'm glad of that. One doesn't like to be entirely overlooked, even when one is a housemaid."

"And such a housemaid!" returns he. If she had thought to overwhelm him with reproach, she finds herself mistaken. He is calmness itself. He is evidently bent on nothing but the payment of the florin and pretty compliments. This enrages her.

"Still you promised, you know," continues he, "to put a hole in it, and hang it round your neck—forever! Don't you remember that?"

"My memory is a mere rag," says Hilary. "I find it impossible to keep it together. It isn't of the least use to me, yet people insist on saying that I ought to cultivate it."

"You don't remember, then?"

"I'm not sure—I have a mere glimmering. Was it that day when you told me to try and be a good girl?"

"When was that?" asks he, coloring, however.

"Ah!" triumphantly. "Whose memory is defective now?" She stands back, smiling at him in her pretty, irresistible way, yet with a touch of disdain, defying him, as it were, with her soft armory of eyes and lips.

"On the avenue again. You recollect, surely! At the same time you told me my hands were too white, and you entreated me to bear in mind that Diana was a good mis-

tress, and you begged me to—to"—she looks down demurely—"to desist from my fell designs on—poor old Jim."

Ker regards her with mixed feelings. Perhaps anger is the strongest of them, yet there is a touch of fascination about her that makes itself felt, and keeps him beside her.

"And yet you call your memory a mere rag," says he with decided sarcasm.

"Sometimes, sometimes!" airily.

"When you don't want to remember, I presume?"

"Not always. There," pausing and looking down, "is one thing I would rather not remember, and yet I do."

"And that?"

"Was something you said."

"I can quite believe it. You have already reminded me of several things I have said, that certainly under the circumstances you might have managed to forget."

There is distinct reproach in his tone.

"It was none of those. It was worse, far worse. You said it at luncheon."

"To apologize would be worse than folly," says Ker. "I feel already that I have sinned beyond redemption, and yet I confess to a base anxiety to know my worst crime."

"Well," resentfully, "I think you needn't have told Diana that you knew you would find it impossible to like me."

"Look here," says Ker indignantly. "I don't care what I said. To be taken at a disadvantage like that, and then be brought to book afterward,—anything more unfair than that—"

"It is you who were unfair. You had never seen me, or thought you hadn't, and yet you had made up your mind to dislike me."

"I don't believe I made up my mind to anything. I thought of nothing but that confounded will that placed us both in so false a position. Why should I dislike you?"

"Why indeed!" She pulls a little fragrant branch off the shrub nearest to her. "Well—don't you?" says she. She does not look at him.

At this instant a light high laugh resounds through the conservatory. It is coming toward them. It is a laugh once heard never to be forgotten. It is one of Mrs. Dyson-Moore's "properties."

She has turned the corner now, accompanied by a long-legged young man with evidently (and this is a sad reflection) more years than brains. Because the years are few.

"Oh! you here!" says she to Ker. "In this cozy corner! I might have known it!"

Something in her tone is offensive to Hilary. She draws a little aside, and plays carefully with a bit of foliage close to her.

"Your intuitive instincts are so strong, that of course you would," says Ker, smiling pleasantly.

"Such a secluded nook!" goes on Polly in her little click-clack way. "Miss Burroughs, have you got the monopoly of it?"

"For the moment," says Hilary calmly. "My cousin and I are resting for the moment."

"Your cousin! Ah, true!" She turns to Ker. "Fancy! your finding a cousin down here."

"Not in the least more remarkable than finding a cousin down there!" says he, always quite pleasantly.

"Don't you think the dance is going well—is quite a success?" says Mrs. Dyson-Moore, gayly. "Such a crush. One doesn't expect it in the wilds. As a rule country dances go all to smash. But this one is an exception. You enjoying yourself?"

"What a question!" says Ker.

It is a most ordinary answer, yet unfortunately it bears two interpretations—one for each of the women listening. To Hilary it seems a compromise; she had disdained to look at him, but she feels as if he had parried the question with a view to pleasing this detestable little Polly—this silly little Mrs. Dyson-Moore.

To the "silly little woman," it seems in her vanity a direct declaration that he is not enjoying himself at all!—That he could not possibly do so, being separated from the moment from her!

She turns away, looking back at Ker as she goes and smiling coquettishly.

"The next is ours. Don't forget," says she, as she moves away.

(To be Continued.)

## CLEAN SHOOTING.

Russian surgeons say that the Japanese rifle bullets, while possessing a great deal of stopping power, make small, clean holes, which can be treated easily, and give excellent opportunities for the early recovery of the wounded unless some vital organ is pierced. There have been many cases of recovery after the intestines have been penetrated. Interesting contributions to surgical science will follow the ending of hostilities.

## JAPANESE IN DISGUISE

SPIES THAT PENETRATE MANCHURIAN WILDS.

The Experiences of a Japanese Who Had Played Many Roles.

It is no secret that there are Japanese in disguise as Chinese going with impunity among the real Chinese all over the Russian lines, as coolies or navvies, barrack builders, trench diggers, peddlers, hewers of wood and drawers of water, vendors of beer and cigarettes and cheap pocket knives and everything else imaginable. The Russians know it, say the Singapore Straits Budget, but cannot prevent it, for there is absolutely no telling a Japanese from a Chinese if made up alike, and the question cannot be solved by excluding all, for the Russians cannot get along without the Chinese. The British in India without any Hindoos would not be more helpless. Though we hear so much of Russian emigrants and peasant soldiers "pouring" into this part of the world, they seem to have been swallowed up, for when there is work to be done it has to wait till Chinese can be got. Without them the Russians seem unable even to carry on the war. And when Chinese are admitted one never knows which one among them may be a disguised Japanese.

Of course, as long as he is in Manchuria he keeps his secret as closely as the grave, for his life probably depends on it. But having got clear away he likes to be rid of pigtail and dirty garb, and become once more a clean and decent Japanese. Usually the transformation is effected in private, so that none but his intimates know, for at a lodging house used by both nationalities,

## NOBODY KEEPS COUNT

or notices if a Chinaman goes in or a Japanese comes out. So it is rather curious work getting on the track of these men from Manchuria and finding out anything about them.

Of course, they do not reveal their identity and tell all they know to any one; but on the other hand, even the most discreet man can have an acquaintance or two, with whom he may converse about his adventures, so long as he is only telling of things which can be seen and known by all. It is no secret that hawkers go from village to village in Manchuria, selling buttons and tapes, and doing other harmless necessary business, even in reports infested by the Hung-hu-tze, the Red Beard Bandits. It is no secret that a man can join the bandits, raiding towns, stealing whole herds of cattle, cutting telegraph wires and tearing up rails to baffle the pursuing forces and disappearing as swiftly and mysteriously as De Wet in the Transvaal or Aguinaldo in the Philippines. And it is well known how, in the last resort, if hotly pressed, the bandits can either make terms and share the loot with the Cossacks or resume the role of peaceful peasants and appear in the fields working as innocently as any yokel that ever lived on a farm.

The peasantry do not as a rule betray them, for several reasons. First, from the fear of vengeance; secondly, because the Hung-hu-tze rather follow the style of old Robin Hood in posing as friends of the poor (as a matter of policy); and finally, because the Cossacks themselves are worse brigands than the Hung-hu-tze. Soldiers chiefly prey on the poor and helpless, leaving the influential people carefully alone.

The people in this part of the world simply say: "It is all the same whether we have Chinese officials or foreign, for we are robbed in either case. Chinese or foreign soldiers all are ruffians and swashbucklers alike, bully us, take what they will and pay half or nothing, do what they will with women, and who can resist? Heaven wills that heings must suffer certain evils." That is the attitude of

## THE CHINESE AT LARGE.

Of the Japanese who have been in Manchuria in Chinese guise, some find their way back via Shanhaikwan and Tientsin, some via Corea and some by steamer from Newchwang. There have been a dozen steamers leaving Newchwang since the ice broke up, and they took away over 15,000 Chinese, artisans, tradesmen, farmers and so on, all anxious to get away from the war, with its dangers and troubles, and its stopping of business. Out of the 15,000, perhaps there might be five disguised Japanese. I do not know and I merely guess. I really know of only one.

He belonged to Osaka and had been carpenter, coal dealer, bankrupt, railway clerk, school teacher, steward on a steamer, had been in jail—of course not for any fault of his own—and then became a tourist's guide for Europeans and Americans doing the sights of Japan. He was in the Chino-Japanese War in 1894, but would not say in what capacity, though I verified his knowledge of the campaign and of some details that would not be known to a man who was not there. From 1895 his movements must remain his own secret, up to the Boxer time, when he was again in "a certain part of China," which is the current Japanese formula for saying, "Don't ask too much."

Since 1900 this man had been in various parts of Manchuria. Sometimes he went as a Japanese, but at other times "it was convenient for

purposes of trade with the natives to pass as one of them." So it is; there are some hundreds of Europeans and Americans in missionary work who find it best to do the same. Once he kept a medium low class beerhouse for Russian soldiers "at a certain town." Then he was a Manchou expectant sub-prefect, i.e., he had supposedly passed (by bribery) the civil service examinations up to the rank of sub-prefect, but was still in want of a berth, again a matter of bribery; meantime he belonged to the great army of unemployed and impecunious aristocracy of China. Again, he was

## A JAPANESE BARBER.

then a Chinese horse healer in a small way, travelling in remote country districts. He added, laughing, "I had no horses, no customers, never bought or sold an animal." I asked (well knowing): "Then what did you do?" He answered, "Yasumimashita, honto!" "Taking a rest, truly!" And we both laughed at the irony of it.

It was impossible to extract any admission that this man had been a bandit. He had seen the Hung-hu-tze, as every one had who travelled say he had been one of them. He said, however, that there was no real secret about Japanese being among them; it was obviously in the nature of things, and need not be denied.

He said the bandits were quiet at present, for several reasons. The bandits had no concerted plans nor settled policy. Some of the leaders of bands were meeting secretly to discuss whether any combined movement could be organized in the summer and autumn, when farm work would again be slack and recruits robber bands would be plentiful. Probably something could be arranged, but not what the outer world seemed to think; not the formation of a grand army of national liberation, nor any such ambitious thing.

The Hung-hu-tze were chiefly men of no very high motives. They were malcontents ne'er-do-weels or escaped criminals, Chinese, Manchu, Mongol, Ordos, Eleuts, Buriats and even a few Russians, fugitives from the Siberian prisons. Most of them had no aspirations or thoughts beyond mere self-preservation and the need of daily bread. Their motives were almost entirely of the most sordid, and political questions or national issues never entered their heads, except in so far as they might directly affect the bandit business. They took to the business

## FOR A LIVELIHOOD.

The stories about the Hung-hu-tze being in the pay of Japan were absurd; it was plain that there was no way to convey any pay to them, nor any means to guarantee that the pay would be earned.

Any man who might become a member of a band might in time come to influence the other members of that band in any desired direction that was all that could be done, and it could not amount to much. Still, it might be worked up into a force with some cohesion in a few months; and if they could show a few successes every Chinaman in Manchuria would be ready to join the winning side. That sort of thing, however, counted for nothing, because what was wanted was a body of men willing to harass the Russians without waiting for them to be already losing.

Of such men the numbers possible to raise were small, comparatively. But they were good. With a little instruction they made distinctly better soldiers in every way than the Russians, whether Cossacks or others.

My informant, while denying that he ever witnessed an engagement between Hung-hu-tze and Cossacks, stated that on several occasions the bandits had defeated a superior number of Russians. The latter usually allowed themselves to be outwitted and neglected the most ordinary precautions.

## HINT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Importance of Making a Good First Impression.

A pebble at the fountain-head may change the course of a river; so a first unfavorable impression, produced perhaps by a soiled collar, a torn glove, muddy boots, or uncared-for finger-nails, has turned many a boy and girl downward who would otherwise have gone upward. They may not have dreamed that they were judged and condemned solely by their appearance. Perhaps no one ever told them how much depended on their being always neat and well "groomed."

But it makes no difference to an employer whether applicants for positions have been taught that a good appearance is their best testimonial or not. It does not matter how honest or capable they may be, how good their intentions, or how praiseworthy their ambition. He judges them as the world judges them—largely by their appearance.

In nine cases out of ten the employer—the world—is right in judging the qualifications of a worker by the pains he takes in making his person and clothing as attractive as possible. Everything about a man speaks his character. He puts his personality into everything he does, no less than his work. There are exceptions, it is true. Sometimes we see an untidy person who does good work; but these exceptions are rare, and, for all practical purposes, need not be reckoned with.

A man may be as honest as the day is long and still have a bad record at night.

## YOUNG FOLKS

SAM'S THOUGHTS.

Sometimes I wish that I could be As merry as the birds I see, That always fly and sing; But then, when I see mother's cake I suddenly see my mistake, And glad as anything Am I that I am what I am— Just a plain boy by name of Sam— Who is not on the wing, But stands upon the earth on feet And gets things that are good to eat.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON LIONS.

The boy's teacher had taken him to the zoological garden with his classmates. Upon their return the teacher asked that each should write an essay on some of the animals he had seen. Here is a sample from a bright-minded eleven-year-old: "Lions always walk except when they eat and then they growl. Their roar is most terrifying to men and other beasts when heard in the forest, but when they are in cages it sounds like they were sorry about something. Their tails are not so long as the monkey's according to their size, but keep switching all the time, and the seals can make just as loud a noise and have more fun in the water. They are cats, no matter what you think, and their size has nothing to do with it, and they think without talking. Once a donkey stole a lion's skin and went around bragging about it, but the other donkeys got on to him because he talked so much. That showed he was a donkey. Keep still when you are thinking."

## SOME SUMMER CONUNDRUMS.

What does Sweet William carry when he goes out walking? A sugar cane.

What does Black-Eyed Susan use to keep her hair in order? Cockscomb.

What form of entertainment is common among the flowers? Hops.

What disease is common to young flowers? Nettle rash.

On what does the Wandering Jew rest when tired? Toadstools.

Which parent made Johnny-jump-up? His poppy.

What tree always uses the second personal pronoun? Yew.

What tree is formed by two letters of the alphabet? L. M. (elm.)

What tree is the most dapper? Spruce.

What tree is the most melancholy? Weeping Willow.

What tree is proud of being a parent? Papaw.

## GAME OF BOUQUET.

This is a jolly game for a number of children to play. Sit down in a circle around your leader. Let the leader give each one a flower for his name—violet, daisy, sweet william, black-eyed susan, etc. Then let her tell you a story "made up out of her own head," in which she brings in every one of the flower names.

Whenever a child hears his flower name mentioned he must get up, turn around and sit down.

Whenever the leader uses the word "bouquet" all the children must jump up and change places, at which time the leader tries to capture a seat. Whoever gets "left" must then become leader.

## A DOG'S FIDELITY.

A highly respected man, named Francis Weeks, went into the mountains recently with his dog, and when the time for their return had long passed, an alarm was given, and searching parties organized. After the hunt had been continued for four days one of the parties found Mr. Weeks, lying dead, and by his side lay the faithful dog. When the party tried to approach for the purpose of removing the body, the poor dog made such a relentless fight in resistance that they had to abandon the effort and go after the dead master's widow and daughter. When they went, there was no difficulty with Drum, the dog. The man died of heart disease.

## SWALLOWS AND MICROBES.

Swallows and other migratory birds invariably shun those places which are in the slightest degree infected by noxious microbes. Thus they are never to be found in districts where cholera, yellow fever, the plague, and other epidemic diseases prevail. The districts which they select as their temporary homes are in all respects the most healthy that can be found. It is evident from this that persons who are afraid of catching cholera or other infectious diseases ought not to live in places which are shunned by these birds.

## FIGS AND THISTLES.

Delays are never dangerous when we are angry.

The more a man knows himself the less he says about it.

We do not judge our friends by their failures.

Children bring the cheer as well as the tears of a home.

The rich are not always godly; but the godly are always rich.

A woman's favorite writer is a husband who is capable of writing checks.