

**CHAPTER X.**

**F**IVE YEARS have passed. This evening there is a fete in Smyrna at the palace of the consul-general of France. Hundreds of gas jets illumine the beautiful facade of the palace—covered with escutcheons and ornaments—and seem to redden even the starry eastern sky. The long file of carriages advanced slowly through the double line of curious on-lookers, always attracted by a splendid fete. Under the dazzling light the ladies, in superb toilettes and sparkling with diamonds, appeared in open carriages, for this January evening was as balmy as spring and the air was heavy with the perfume of the countless orange trees. The oriental animation, spreading from the sidewalks to the equilles, was mingled in one joyous hum. The multitude, composed of Greeks who have preserved the innate taste, nay, the worship of beauty, constituted itself a tribunal; it judged boldly, awarded prizes, prophesied triumphs and even went so far as to name these divinities of the hour. In the carriages, the loud clapping of hands applauded the choice of the pavement, the bravos of the gilded youth responded to the popular enthusiasm and the fair ladies thus glorified passed on, touched and delighted; prouder, indeed, of this spontaneous admiration than of the more refined incense which awaited them in the diplomatic salons. Each carriage in its turn stopped at the vestibule, which was hung with rich purple draperies, fringed with gold. The guests entered a vast corridor, a veritable fairy land. Before high mirrors, framed in silver, the ladies laid aside their graceful wraps and were attended by young girls clad in the picturesque Greek costume, a tunic of white muslin with the full pantalon of cherry satin, their long dark tresses braided with sequins and falling on their shoulders. At the head of the grand staircase an immense gallery, filled with camellias, led to the four magnificent drawing rooms, furnished in oriental style. In the first the consul welcomed his guests, standing near his wife, who was half reclining on a divan. She was still wonderfully beautiful and covered with jewels fit for an empress. The second salon was the ball room, the orchestra skillfully hidden behind a screen of myrtles and orange trees. There Maritza, the queen of the fete, reigned, for this ball was given in honor of her eighteenth birthday. Draped in white tulle, almost covered with pearls, Maritza de Sorghes attracted all eyes. Small, very small, she was still, but with such perfection of feature, such exquisite grace, the pose of the beautiful head so noble, that she might well have set for a Hebe. Another toilet attracted almost as much attention as that of the petted heiress of the house. It was a graceful gown of pink tulle, over which were strewn pale pink roses. The young girl who wore it was tall, blue-eyed, blonde and as fresh as a rose, as Aurora. It was Tiomane, who had just passed her nineteenth birthday. To a close observer the moral contrast between the two young girls was even greater than the physical contrast. Maritza was still an indolent, spoiled child, whose brain had no other occupation but the thousand and one trifles which make up the life of a frivolous young woman of the world. Tiomane, on the contrary, had expanded like a beautiful flower and every line of her noble face denoted her superiority. Both danced with the zest, the intoxication, of the first ball. "The white" and "the rose," as a young officer had just named the fete, found themselves *à-à-vis* in the same quadrille. Maritza's partner was a very handsome young man, of pure Arab type, with the elegant manners of a refined European. He wore the Egyptian fez and on his black coat shone the grand ordon of the Medjidie. It was Prince Hassan, son of the late Prince Mourad, who, although only twenty-four years old, had already made himself a name by his daring exploits in the terrible war which had so recently devastated Egypt. He had a high diplomatic position in Constantinople but was now visiting his uncle, the governor of the province. Maritza had evidently made a deep impression on her elegant partner. Attentive and expressive, the prince knew how to mingle the most delicate flatteries with the ordinary compliments of the ball room. The quadrille being ended, Maritza, leaning on the arm of the prince, led him to Tiomane and presented him to her with charming grace. The orchestra was just beginning the first strains of a waltz and his royal highness offered his arm to the friend of Mademoiselle de Sorghes. Tiomane had to listen, not unwillingly, to love-like raptures on Maritza's perfections, and then, with the most perfect breeding, and without asking a single question, the prince made Tiomane talk of the family of "the most beautiful little lady in the world." It was a very agreeable subject of conversation for the sincere friend, who had no difficulty in picturing a brilliant future for the daughter of her benefactress. A prince, young, handsome, elegant, already distinguished by his courage! What young girl did not exclaim "Alas! my 'no' to such

a lover? She saw, in imagination, the closed crown of a princess resting on Maritza's golden locks and grey eloquent with her theme. The waltz being ended, the prince led Tiomane to the banquet hall and while they refreshed themselves with a sherbet the conversation so agreeable to both—Maritza's beauty and perfections—was continued. They had been chatting thus some minutes, quite oblivious to the flight of time, when a sharp little voice made both turn quickly.

"What! you two here?"

The sharp little voice came from Maritza's rosebud mouth.

She was leaning on the arm of Mademoiselle Pascale, that lady appearing as thin, as angular and as malevolent as ever, although very richly attired in black velvet and lace, a gift from her petted pupil. From the malicious glance which the governess darted at Tiomane the poor girl feared one of those painful scenes in which she had often been made to suffer in private, never, however, in public, and her rosy face paled at the thought of the humiliation in the presence of the amiable, smiling young prince.

"Do you know, prince," continued Maritza, "that you quite forgot me? Yes, our waltz, in the same sharp, imperious tone, waltz is more than half finished. Oh, do you hear?"

"Indeed, mademoiselle," exclaimed the prince, confused and sincerely concerned, "how can I excuse myself? Only by telling the truth—that I was talking with your friend of yours, and in so charming a subject I quite forgot how time was passing."

"Oh," she interrupted, in an ironical tone, "spare yourself the trouble of defending yourself. And pray do not imagine that I came here to seek you. I was dying of thirst, that was all," and she seized eagerly a glass of orangeade, to which she hardly touched her lips, however.

The prince had approached her and in a charming tone of supplication, which would have appeased the anger of any but a spoiled beauty, begged that she would grant him the favor of the last measures of the waltz which as she had said, was just ending.

"Certainly not," she replied, tossing her proud little head as if she were already a princess refusing the petition of one of her humblest subjects.

"Maritza!" said Tiomane gently.

Even the wily governess, affecting a feeling of generosity, ventured to intercede for the suppliant.

Without deigning any reply to either, the irate little lady turned her back on his royal highness and, taking Mademoiselle Pascale's arm, left the room, not, however, without darting a menacing glance at Tiomane.

A moment of embarrassed silence followed this sudden exit. The prince was the first to speak.

"Really," he said, "my punishment is very severe. Mademoiselle Maritza does not pride herself, it seems, on her amiability to her adorers."

"She is impulsive, certainly," murmured Tiomane, not knowing what to say.

"What imperious manners! What rigour without appeal!" continued the prince.

"She has a good heart," pleaded her friend; "she is only a spoiled child."

"Oh, that is easily seen," his royal highness answered dryly. Pardon was granted, however, for an hour later the prince led the quadrille with Maritza; both were smiling and happy and seemed to have quite forgotten the recent scene.

seated, when Mademoiselle Pascale, approaching the young girl, recalled to his royal highness the accompanist, whose performance, however, was especially remarkable only by the number of false notes.

"My congratulations, ma mignonne," she said, pressing the hand of her favorite; "a portion of this applause is for you; is it not so, prince?"

"Certainly, certainly," Mademoiselle de Sorghes has a great deal of talent. But turning once more to Tiomane the prince begged another air—anything she chose—and he called to his aid Madame de Sorghes, the consul and his uncle—the whole company indeed joining in the entreaty. Thus urged, Tiomane seated herself at the piano.

"Ah! this time we want all the applause," hissed the governess in her ear.

Tiomane had composed variations on a weird oriental air and she sang them with an expression and originality which called forth the most frantic applause. It was a perfect ovation.

Prince Hassan expressed his delight most enthusiastically to Maritza, supposing, very naturally, that she enjoyed her friend's triumph.

"What an artist! I have never been so delighted, so touched," he said.

Burning with anger, envious of an applause in which she had no share, Maritza waved her jeweled fan more rapidly than a Spanish senorita would have deemed graceful, and did not answer the prince.

Mademoiselle Laurin is a relative of yours, I believe," he continued, still looking with undisguised admiration at the beautiful singer.

"A relative of mine?" Maritza replied in a tone of contempt. "She is a girl whom mamma took from a foundling asylum in France."

She raised her voice as she pronounced the last words, evidently with the intention of being heard by Tiomane, who was standing near her. Stung by the insult, Tiomane turned and the eyes of the two young girls met in mute defiance. Then Tiomane bent her head to hide her tears, which, brave and self-controlled as she was, she could not repress.

The prince saw her agitation and sympathized with it.

"Well, no matter," he said in a clear, ringing voice, "I maintain that you are sisters in beauty and grace."

Maritza started at the rebuke, which she considered a grave insult, and, unable to conceal her anger, hardly noticed the least compliments of his royal highness when he bade her a respectful adieu.

**CHAPTER XI.**

**W**HEN ALL THE guests had taken leave, the consul, who was excessively fatigued, went at once to his sleeping room.

Madame de Sorghes, on the contrary, still very animated, accompanied Mademoiselle and the young ladies to their apartments.

It was almost daylight, but the heavy curtains shut out the rosy dawn. Being in a talkative mood, the beautiful Annie, having sent for cigarettes, seated herself in a luxurious easy chair for a chat. The ball had been a great success and she was in a most amiable mood. She repeated all the compliments which she had received—not only for her radiant self, but also for her no less beautiful daughter, Mademoiselle Pascale, too, had her share of praise.

"Yes, indeed, Pascale, I assure you you have made several conquests. Mr. Harly thinks you are very distinguished looking, and he asks me when you are to leave me, that he may secure you for his Aspasia."

"And you answered, dear madam?" questioned the governess, arranging a cushion under her mistress' feet.

"I answered, my dear, that I hope to always keep you with me—always."

Madame de Sorghes replied in her sweetest tones.

While the two elder ladies were engaged in this childish talk, the pent up storm in the hearts of the two young girls only increased in fury. Maritza, who was quite incapable of self control, had seated herself before a mirror, and was taking down her beautiful hair, with many a nervous jerk, which showed only too well what was passing in her undisciplined heart.

**POLLARD SPELLING METHOD.**

The invention of a Kansas City Man. Having a Great Run in New England.

A sudden spurt of inquiries concerning an educational method discarded about six years ago in the public schools of Kansas City has come from New England and Prof. Greenwood, superintendent of schools, has been kept busy dictating replies, says the Star of that city. The system is the "Pollard method" of phonetic spelling. It was invented by a Kansas City man, Prof. J. C. Hisey, principal of the Scarritt school. It was tested in the schools here and while it was thought to be a good thing theoretically, it did not stand the test practically. Prof. Hisey sold the method to Mrs. Pollard, a widow. Mrs. Pollard was told to take the system into Kansas and Iowa, where it would spread like a prairie fire. The method was introduced there and predictions were verified by it having a great run. It also spread into Nebraska. In Chicago Prof. F. W. Parker of the Normal school pronounced it "a machine method for machine teachers," and it did not succeed there any better than in Kansas City. New England was selected for its introduction in the east and the system is now having a great run there. In the last two days Prof. Greenwood has received twelve inquiries from Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire. Pittsburg tried but abandoned the system.

**Rubinstein a Methodical Worker.**

Rubinstein was never idle; he could not remain so half an hour. From the moment he rose till the moment he retired he was doing something. When not traveling he had his day's work mapped out with methodical regularity. From just such an hours till just such a nother he might be found day after day at the same occupation. After this fashion he was able to accomplish in his lifetime what was really the work of three men, and he never tired of preaching this regularity of work to young artists and students.

**NOTES OF THE MODES.**

**CURRENT FASHIONS FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.**

**Leghorn Hats Are in Vogue Very Much This Season—Turning Back Half a Century—A Pretty Home Gown—Up to Date Costume.**

EGHORN hats with a border of lace straw that gives stiffness to the edge are prettily trimmed with a ruffle of lace set to cover the top of the brim. The edge of the lace is wired so the lace stands out crisply. Ribbon starting low on one side is drawn diagonally to the upper edge of the crown on the other side, and there stands upright in a butterfly bow, well wired. Hats composed entirely of fancy braids are twisted and bent into fantastic shapes and then rendered very showy. One of this sort is shown in the accompanying illustration, its brim deeply indented and its low crown trimmed with plumes, velvet bows, and rosettes.

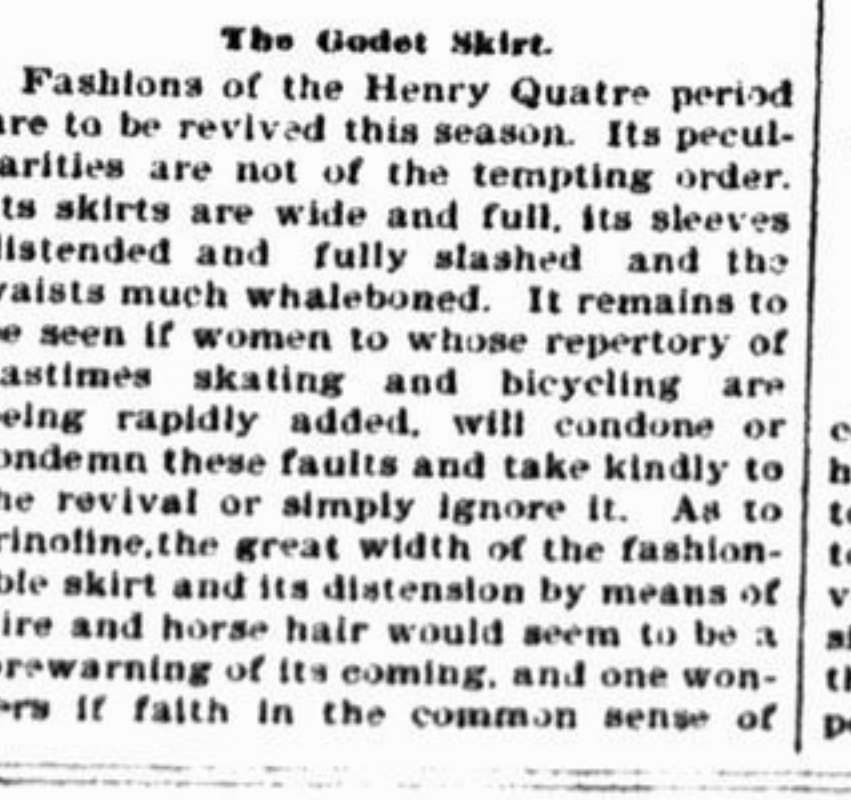
**The Godet Skirt.**

Fashions of the Henry Quatre period are to be revived this season. Its peculiarities are not of the tempting order. Its skirts are wide and full, its sleeves distended and fully slashed and the waists much whalebone. It remains to be seen if women to whose repertory of pastimes skating and bicycling are being rapidly added, will condone or condemn these faults and take kindly to the revival or simply ignore it. As to crinolines, the great width of the fashionable skirt and its distension by means of wire and horse hair would seem to be a forewarning of its coming, and one wonders if faith in the common sense of

coated hunters in English fields. So vividly green is the grass, so impossibly blue the water, so distorted the image of the wounded stag, repeated over and over again on yards and yards of paper, that the beholder wonders alike at the artist's powers of invention and the taste which makes such creations possible. Fashion decrees that with this wall decoration must go old-time English prints of hunting scenes. We know of no wholesale importers who have them, but some of the retailers secured the goods direct from abroad.

**Up to Date.**

A novelty costume has the sleeves covered with braiding, either put on by hand or machine. There is a tendency toward setting in fancy sections at the top of the sleeves. One dress is of silver-gray peau de soie, with pink and silver embroidery in points set in at the sleeve tops. There are similar points falling from the belt. A stylish



A Novelty Costume.



Pretty Home Gown.

women would be misplaced. Surely not. They will not in those enlightened days willingly step into the hideous cage that belonged to an inartistic age and caused many a tragedy when they were worn. Even trained skirts are made with godets, the wedding gown of a recent Parisian bride having immense godets. Of course, the style is an exceedingly stiff one, but our eyes have become so accustomed to it that it now seems attractive.—Ex.

**Fashion Notes.**

To take the place of chiffon is a slightly heavier material called mignon. Perforated muslin, either white or ecru, looks particularly pretty over a cor.

Milliners are making great use of net, tulle, lisse and lace, particularly black and white.

Fancy trimmings and startling contrasts in bathing dresses are avoided by well-bred women.

Some of the new bathing dresses are made with very pale Turkish trousers that fasten just below the knee.

A pink gingham has a bodice with diagonal stripes of white satin ribbon and white gypure insertion.

An unusually pretty button in a fleur-de-lis design framed in a fanciful circle is of rhinestones cut and set like diamond chips.

For summer wear blouses will be cut low and square at the neck, bordered with galon or embroidery and with short sleeves.

Very dainty boating costumes are made of blue and white striped canvas, with two box plaits in the back of the blouse waist and one on either side of the front, where it opens over a lawn shirt striped with Valenciennes lace.

**The Effect of the Hard Times.**

A story was recently told of how a preacher tested the effect of the hard times upon his congregation. At the conclusion of one of his sermons he said: "Let everybody in the house who pay their debts stand up." Instantly every man, woman, and child, with one exception, arose to their feet. He seated the crowd and then said: "Let every man who is not paying his debts stand up." The exception noted, a care-worn, hungry-looking individual, clothed in his last summer's suit, slowly assumed a perpendicular position and leaned upon the back of the seat in front of him. "How is it, my friend," inquired the minister, "that you are the only man in this large congregation who is unable to meet his obligations?" "I publish a newspaper," the meekly replied, "and my brethren here, who have just stood up, are all my subscribers, and—"

"Let us pray," exclaimed the minister.—Independent Herald.



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