

A THEORY.

Why do the violins shudder so When across them drawn the bow, Sob for anguish and wild despair? Human souls are imprisoned there.

Souls are shut in the violins, They are the souls of Philistines, But the Philistines, row on row, Soulless sit, and do not know.

But they brandish their eyesglasses, Stare at each other's evening dress, Scrutinize form or brilliant hue, Say, "Is it rouge, or is it true?"

"Some one was that a semitone, And how stout the soprano's grown! Isn't the bass a trifle low, Oh, Do look at Mrs. So-and-so?"

Still the musicians play serene, As though Philistines had not been, But their souls in the violins Mourn on bitterly for their sins.

Call them wildly and call in pain, Call them with hissing deep and vain, And with infinite tenderness, Since they can give them no redress,

Since not one of them is aware Here he is, and his soul is there In the music's divinest chord, Making melody to the word.

So how often in life and art, Soul and body must dwell apart, Great is the Master's soul, no doubt, Twenty Philistines go without.

Are we body, or are we soul? Little matter upon the whole, Human soul in the violin, Save me at last, a Philistine! —Sings from Dreamland, May Kendall.

THE QUESTIONING VOICE.

BY ISABEL J. ROBERTS.

It was generally conceded that it was pretty hard on Anna Alden, and that she had borne it remarkably well. It was a year since she had first become engaged to Page Chittick. In that short space she had broken with him half a dozen times. At the first rupture Anna had promptly returned the ring, and Page as promptly had thrown it into the fire. Anna did not approve of such costly exhibitions of feeling, and foreseeing that there would be many such scenes before she had succeeded in properly training her fiance, she wisely retained the ring which marked the renewal of the engagement, however final the quarrel might seem to be. The last disagreement had arisen from Anna's sitting out a dance with Dick Van de Veer under the stairway at Mrs. Arnold's. Chittick was more stubborn than usual in admitting that he was in the wrong. Anna made it a point that he should always figure as culprit, whosoever the fault—and three months had gone by since Anna had taken off her ring and laid it away for future use.

She was on the point of making it easy for him to say that he was sorry, when the catastrophe occurred. She was at a luncheon given in honor of Miss Woodward, from Charleston. A little tide of laughing comment started at one end of the table, and passed on until it seemed to break in a flood over Anna. Miss Woodward was being congratulated. The hostess had announced the engagement of her distinguished guest to some one whom they all knew very well—Mr. Chittick—Page Chittick.

The twenty young women seated round the prettily decorated table turned brightly toward the bride-elect, and then covertly toward Anna Alden. But Anna had had a moment to recover herself, and smiled as if she was in the secret and enjoyed the general surprise.

The dainty courses followed each other, ingeniously carrying out a certain scheme of color, delighting the eye as well as the palate. While Anna ate and talked gayly she kept up a running fire of mental comment. "It was brutal. I shall make Page sorry for this. Not a bad-looking girl, fine eyes and hair, but slow, dead slow for Page. Foolish fellow, to convert a mere lover's quarrel into a tragedy."

Dinners, dances, receptions, were announced in honor of Miss Woodward. Chittick was a general favorite, and his fiancée, tried by the social standard, was above question. The invitations came to Anna Alden with untiring regularity, for, following her example, no one took her past relations with Mr. Chittick seriously. She was seen everywhere—calm, beautiful, surrounded with admirers.

Chittick would have given much to have gotten out of the round of congratulatory functions. He saw that Anna regarded the whole thing as a farce, and that she was especially amused by the role he was playing. He felt that he had made himself ridiculous. His fiancee alone was in earnest, and the air of good faith with which she went through her part made her seem pitiable as he looked at her through Anna's eyes.

He had first met Florence Woodward at Old Point, whereas he had been spending the Lenten season. Her earnestness and well-bred quietness were a relief to him after Anna's hypocrisy and dash of conscious charm. In Florence he found a woman absolutely with no history, and a nature so simple that he could see to its depths as plainly as if it were a glass of clear water held between his eyes and the light. After carefully observing all the contrasts she presented to Anna, he asked Florence to marry him. Florence was so taken by surprise that she unhesitatingly said "no." He was not in the least disconcerted. He helped her to understand why she had refused him; she had merely not thought of such a thing. She had no thought that he was thinking of such a thing.

"But now that you know that I am thinking about it, I want you to think about it too," said, gently. When he asked her again at the end of another week, she said "yes" very shyly.

Chittick was glad when the brief post-Lenten season was over. Miss Woodward and her aunt, Mrs. Armstrong, went to the mountains, and Page accompanied them. He hoped for better things both from Florence

and himself away from Anna's blighting influence. He was so used to accepting Anna's opinion on everything that insensibly he had adopted it about Florence—for he divined her thoughts concerning his hasty choice. He was disappointed in Florence. The ability to see to the depths of her clear soul had not afforded him the pleasure that he had anticipated. He was forced to admit that a class of water, however crystalline its character, has its limitations, and he longed for the strength, the vastness, the mystery, of the oceanic nature which had so buffeted, so overwhelmed, and almost wrecked his poor soul.

Florence looked particularly pretty and happy as she sat opposite to him at the hotel table on the first evening of her arrival. A faint but sweet hope that he would yet find in her all that he desired made Mrs. Armstrong glance up from her paper and said: "One never gets very far from one's friends. I see that Mrs. Alden and her daughter are at the Claymore. That is one of the hotels on the same side of the lake as we are. You remember we passed it in the stage."

"In that case we shall probably see as much of the Aldens as if we were in the city," Chittick said, in a tone of vexation. "It is such a confoundingly small lake that you cannot escape meeting every one here."

Knowing as she did their past relations, Florence was not surprised that Chittick should be annoyed by the proximity of his arch-enemy. "If Anna Alden favors me with a call, I shall not return it," she said, decisively. "For Heaven's sake, don't make a mistake of that kind," Chittick said, impatiently. "Treat her as an ordinary acquaintance. If you show any feeling, she will think you are jealous of her."

Florence looked at him in surprise. She did not understand how such a misconception of her real feelings could be possible. Anna duly paid the objectionable call, and after the proper interval Florence returned it. Under the influence of a foregone conclusion their misunderstanding concerning each other's true character only increased with these opportunities of getting better acquainted.

After the discovery of Anna's proximity, the motive which actuated Chittick, and necessarily governed the disposition of his and Florence's time, was the avoidance of his quondam love. He knew that Dick Van de Veer was always at her side, and that the few men who found their way to the almost inaccessible mountain resort were making her still more marked by their attentions. He would not afford her the satisfaction of having him as a spectator of her triumphs—in fact, he did not feel equal to being such on his account. He was so absorbed in carrying out his defensive methods that Florence became only a secondary consideration, and he entirely lost sight of his intention to give her a fair trial to win his heart.

Anna spent most of the beautiful days on the water, rowing or sailing. It was a small lake bounded by wooded shores, not more than three or four miles apart at the widest. It was to avoid the sight of the perfect head, with its smooth, thick, light brown braids, and the fair face which neither sun nor wind could tan or roughen, that kept Chittick so much of his time inland.

Anna took her boat out on a calm August afternoon. She pulled herself far out on the lake, and making fast her oars, seated herself on the cushions in the bottom of the boat. It was a nice bit of balancing before she was seated. The air was clear and warm, the lake covered with tiny ripples and the broken shadows of passing clouds. The soothing wash of the water against the boat lulled Anna into drowsiness. A distant whistle attracted her attention to the small steamboat making its rounds to and from the hotel landings. She lazily watched its passage from place to place. It began to make its noisy way toward her. Soon the obstacle in its course was sighted, and the shrill whistle blew peremptorily.

"The Starling is getting excited," Anna commented, readjusting the cushion at her back. "I suppose it thinks it is frightening me to death. Fancy my crawling back to my seat before all the passengers! Since I have my choice, I prefer to be drowned."

The Starling was now blowing her whistle continuously, and headed straight for the row boat in its path. The small craft steadily kept its place, making no sign of being aware of the proximity of the self-important little vessel. The splash of the paddle-wheel was almost at Anna's ear; she seemed on the point of being run down, when the Starling, recognizing that all its feints were in vain, yielded to the audacity of the trim row-boat, and with a parting shriek of the shrill whistle abruptly turned out of its course. The wash of the waves rocked the boat roughly as the Starling passed on. Anna laughed and raised her eyes. Among those that had crowded to the near side to see the intrepid boat-woman Anna recognized several acquaintances. They gave her a cheer, and she waved her hand in return. Chittick was among the number who had pressed forward, and was included in her general smile of recognition. He got out at the next landing. By that time the boat had disappeared. He rightly guessed that Anna had pulled into shore somewhere under the low-growing trees. Acting under the spell of a sudden impulse, he hastily forced his way through the thick growing laurel and mountain-ash which grew close to the water's edge. He came upon the boat moored to a low-bending branch. Anna was lying among the cushions with her book, her lovely face shining like a lily in the green shadow.

"Anna!" he said. It was the first time he had so addressed her since their last estrangement. "Oh, is it you, Page?" she said, quickly, looking at him without surprise. "May I have a seat in your boat?" "Yes, if you don't capsize me."

"Anna, do you love me or do you hate me, that you act as you do?" "I love you, Page. Why should I deny it? You are a silly boy, making all this row about nothing. You have gotten yourself into a pretty fix. What puzzles me is how you are to get out of it."

"If you love me I don't see that there will be much difficulty." "Oh, you don't! What about Florence! She may not take a broken engagement as easily as we do. Some women don't, you know. Does she love you, Page?" "I don't know—I never asked her," he said, bluntly.

"Of course that proves nothing. She may be one of those patient women who wait like a ghost that is speechless, till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence." That's Longfellow for you," she said, apparently intent upon securing a cluster of scarlet berries as it floated by. Anna had a puzzling way of saying wise things with an inconsequential air, as if she were merely babbling the last thought that happened to come into her head.

"Certainly it was want of judgment, Florence said, 'but it was the mistake of a generous nature.' Then she added: 'I have not much of an opinion of a woman who would take a man on these terms. I would rather be in your aunt's place.' "Oh, she knew nothing about it."

"It seems to me that it would have been more fair to her to have consulted her in the matter. She might have had a strong objection to marrying a man who loved someone else, and your aunt might have had the man of her choice without opposition."

When Anna herself had prescribed for her a definite line of action. She got into her boat, and pulled out vigorously. It was quite plain that Florence would not want Chittick under the circumstances. But no elation came with the thought. She did not particularly admire Florence—these earnest, one-ideaed women were never attractive to her—but she was sorry for her. The further out she rowed, the more distinctly sorry she became, until at last she said, as if she had made yet an important discovery: "I am very unhappy. How funny if I should be regarded as the most sentimental of women! These things may run in the blood."

She seemed to be shut up with the thought of Florence's pain when she should know the cruel truth, and, row as hard as she might, she could not get away from it. Her arms dropped to her sides from sheer exhaustion. She felt incapable of another effort. She wondered how she should get across the shining expanse of water that stretched between her and the distant shore. She grew impatient of inaction. She felt the fury of a caged animal. The sky barred with yellow clouds, and the water that reflected the golden bars, seemed to hold her captive.

It was almost night when at last she got her boat in to shore. She wasn't surprised to find Chittick waiting for her at the landing. He helped her out and made her boat secure. They seated themselves on a rustic bench, and gazed silently out on the lake, fast enveloping itself in twilight haze.

"Page," she said, in a voice that surprised him in its gentleness, "does Florence love you—really love you?" He hesitated, and then said: "I saw her after you left. I asked her a simple question—but one I had not thought of before. I asked her if she loved me." He paused, and then continued, in a tone of exquisitely gratified vanity: "She does—that is all. You and I don't know anything about a love like that. I am sorry for her. It will be very hard for her to know the truth."

"You have been a fool, Page," Anna said, and rose abruptly. "How did I know that I was going to be so confoundingly attractive?" he said, flippantly. "I never seemed to make much impression on you."

She compressed her lips, and went up to the house, Chittick keeping at her side in sullen silence. The next morning Chittick found a note at his plate. It was from Florence. She apologized for having been so slow to grasp his meaning yesterday. She appreciated, though tardily, the delicacy with which he and Miss Alden had acted in breaking to her the difficult matter that Page wished to be released from his engagement. Fortunately, however, she could remember that she had made it quite plain to Miss Alden that she had a positive opinion in favor of marrying a man who loved her and not somebody else. Now that they had taken the trouble to make themselves acquainted with her ideas on the subject, and the true state of her feelings, she hoped that they would feel free to follow the dictates of their own hearts.

Chittick would have been glad to take Florence at her words, but under their smooth surface he saw her heart. She rose before him as he had seen her last—her soft dark eyes fastened upon him, her lips trembling with her answer to his question, which had come to him as mere afterthought. It made him uncomfortable to feel that he had hurt her. Though he was determined to accept his freedom at her hands, he wished to soften the blow. He hastily scribbled a line asking Florence to see him, and sent it to her room. It was returned to him with the information that Miss Woodward and Mrs. Armstrong had gone away by the early morning stage. Chittick was undoubtedly free, and yet he hesitated to go to Anna. Florence's note made him ashamed of himself. He seemed a poor sort of fellow for any woman to wish to marry. Fortunately Anna had never made him feel any particularly high estimation of his virtues. He hung about the house all day, smoking one cigar after another. He hoped that Anna would send for him, and thus make it easier, but no message came. After dinner he felt in better spirits. Anna would simply have to take him now. The rising moon threw a yellow mist over lake and shore. What a jolly moon it was, he thought, as he tramped through the narrow woodland path leading to her hotel. He would ask Anna to go on the water. She liked nothing better than a moonlight sail. Not finding Anna on the broad veranda, where she usually held court, he sent up his name. In another moment there would be the sound of Anna's silken skirts on the stairway. The man returned with Chittick's card and a small package. Miss Alden and her mother had gone away by the afternoon stage. The package was to be delivered to Mr. Chittick when he called.

Chittick found himself in possession of a scented note and a tiny box. The note, written in Anna's usual hasty angular hand, read: "MY DEAR PAGE—I don't know what you are going to do about Florence. I am tired of thinking what is

the proper thing to do. In my inability to cope with the subject I have forsaken the field to give you a chance to think for yourself. I don't know whether it will simplify matters or not if Florence should know that I am engaged to Dick Van de Veer. You may tell her if you like. "Yours faithfully, ANNA ALDEN."

The box contained the ring, which Anna had retained so long for the possible future use. The rush of angry blood through his veins made Chittick tremble. He went out under the trees. All the occasions when Anna had caused him pain grouped themselves before him, distinct, vital, still possessing the power to hurt and humble him. He ground his teeth when he thought of her fertility in expedients to wound and anger him. The same impulse which had made him turn to Florence impelled him toward her again. Her repose, her sympathy, her tenderness, came to him like a breath of fresh, pure air in the heated atmosphere into which thought of Anna had plunged him.

And Florence loved him. He went back to his hotel and asked for a telegraph blank. He wrote, "It is all a mistake. Will start for Charleston to-morrow," and addressed it to "Miss Florence Woodward, Charleston, South Carolina."—Harper's Bazar.

Gubernatorial Terms.

[Pittsburg Post.]

The first three governors of Pennsylvania under the constitution of 1790—Thomas Mifflin, Thomas McKean and Simon Snyder—were each elected for three terms, and served the state three terms. Mifflin took office in December, 1790, and Snyder gave way to William Findlay in December, 1817. The other governors, under the first constitution, were Heister, Schultze, Wolf and Ritten. Their names indicate they were of good old Pennsylvania German stock. Governors Schultze and Wolf served two terms, and the others one. Simon Snyder was a candidate for governor four times. His first contest, in 1805, as a regular Democrat resulted in the election of Thomas McKean, an independent Democrat, but Snyder was elected for the three ensuing terms.

Under the constitution of 1838, the first governor was David R. Porter, who defeated his predecessor, Joseph Ritner, the last of the "Pennsylvania Dutchmen." He was succeeded by Shank, Johnston, Bigler, Pollock, Packer, Curtin, Geary and Hartranft. The constitution of 1873 found Governor Hartranft in office. He held the office for two terms of three years. Then the new constitution became operative, and the governor was elected for four years, being ineligible to successive re-election. The governors under this new term have been Hoyt, Pattison, Beaver, then Pattison again, and now Hastings.

With the exception of the first three governors—Mifflin, McKean and Snyder, who held office for nine successive years—Governor Pattison has served, by two years, a longer term in the executive office than any of his predecessors. He has held the office for eight years.

Of the 20 persons who have been elected governor of the commonwealth in the last 115 years, 10 have been Democrats, commencing with Mifflin and ending with Pattison; one was a Federalist, one an anti-Republican, the latter commencing with Curtin and ending with Hastings. The Democrats have controlled the executive department 65 years in the period from 1790, 1895. "There is promise in this for the future."

Queer Things in Poland.

Superstition Plays a Leading Role With Young Men and Maidens.

It is customary in Polish villages to strew straw over the Christmas eve supper tables, and for the young people, blindfolded or in the dark, to pick out each a straw therefrom. Should the straw be green the lucky maiden expects to wear a blushing bride to the youth to lead a blushing bride to the altar during the approaching year, but a dried straw foretells to either long waiting, possibly even until death.

In other rural Polish districts on the "Christ's eve" wine, beer and water are placed by a girl between two candles on a table. She then retires into a corner or an adjoining room to watch the result reflected in a mirror hung for this purpose. If as the clock strikes midnight a man enters and drinks the wine, she is happy, for her wooer will be rich. Should he drink the beer, she will be content, for the wooer will be well to do. If the water be chosen, her husband will be very poor. But if as the clock strikes no man comes to her table the anxious maiden shivers with more than midnight terror, believing that she is doomed to be early the bride of death.

Poland is peculiarly rich in these observances, spreading themselves throughout the year, both sexes being equally superstitious in this respect. On New Year's eve the young unmarried men place themselves before a fire, and bending down look beneath their legs. Should a woman appear in the background it is the one they will marry, but if they see a shape as of a coffin it forebodes for their death during the year close at hand.

"I never told a fib but once," said Little Madge, "and that was yesterday." "What? You told a fib?" "Yes; my teacher asked me what c-a-t spelled, and I said 'dorg.'"—Harper's Young People.

An Italian 22 years of age is a student in a primary room of the Jersey Shore schools. The Herald says he is determined to learn, and by persistent work is making rapid progress.

"Valentine's are coming to the front."

For and About Women.

Miss Frances E. Willard is the third woman to have the right to write doctor of laws after her name. Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, and Amelia B. Edwards, the Egyptologist, were the others.

Outdoor capes cannot be worn full enough. They are much shorter than they were and in many cases adorned with three equidistant rows of fur. A showy and attractive coat that can be worn by persons little and large alike is of cloth with bear fur and some embroidered elaboration of yoke sleeves and pockets. The smaller the person the finer and finer should be the design of the embroidery; and if the shoulders be narrow I do not advocate too wide a fur at the neck. Diminutive girls and colossal ones affect a box of equal puffiness. Naturally the pocket venus thus makes herself look like a dwarf among chin, sans neck, sans shoulders, sans everything but box.

No CRINOLINE AS YET.—In spite of all predictions, we are still very far from the crinoline. A few steel circles timidly introduced have been decidedly rejected by ladies of taste, and even stiff muslin is only allowed round the foot of the skirt. Dresses of light material are worn over stiff silk petticoats, or else lined throughout with silk and hollow plaits, are made to stand out by an ingenious system of ribbons sewed on the inside.

The short jacket is still in favor, but renovated by a trimming of jet or guipure, rounded off under the arm in the shape of bolero fronts. Thus we have noticed a black ribbed silk jacket, trimmed with ochre guipure, the effect of which was extremely pretty; it was worn over a blouse vest of mandarin surah. It is surprising how much in favor cream and ochre guipures remain, even with winter toilettes. It is very prettily combined with narrow bands of fur in the trimming of waved berthes, fleeces, epaulettes and draperies for the sleeves and bodies. Something more novel, however, than the combination of lace and fur is that of fur with flowers. The last bit of elegance is to wear a wreath of flowers over a fur collar, thus with one of the fashionable sable collars which come up to the ears, and are finished in waved bands falling over the shoulders, a full wreath of pansies and wood violets is placed just under the standing-up collar, and over the waved collar of fur. The contrast between the fresh coloring of the blossoms and the dark sable is very effective.

Velvet shoulder-pieces are a special fad of the moment. They are in every imaginable shape, some of them resting flat over the shoulders and looking like the tire of a wide wheel; others are curved and others are made full and trimmed in every conceivable fashion.

SHE'S AN INDICATOR.—Every girl and woman is a walking indicator.

If she wants to know what she says to other people read this, and then look in the glass;

Sloping shoulders indicate insensibility, weakness and prostration. The elbow, thrust out from the side, while the wrist is toward the body, indicates coarseness, boldness audacity and love of self.

When the forearm goes out with the elbow it signifies love for the object toward which it moves, and over the elbow pressed against the sides indicate humility, timidity and self-suppression.

The wrist, when straight, expresses vital energy in reserve; when nearly straight, a normal state—a condition of calm.

A street toilet has a blouse of dark blue velvet above a plain skirt of blue serge. The velvet is all in side plait, turning toward the centre, and falls over the belt behind as well as in front, with square effect that is a part of the style. Sable epaulettes are over the shoulders, and the tippet and muff are sable. The whole is shadowed with an enormous black hat, trimmed with plumes.

Mrs. Harriet Duterte, a colored woman, is one of the most successful undertakers in Philadelphia. She has carried on the business for about fifteen years. She furnishes hearses, carriages and all requisites for funerals.

Women are so keen, as a rule, to accept any foreign fashion, says a writer in the illustrated American. I could never understand why they have always set their faces so obdurately against going hatless to the play. Especially when it is so much more becoming and so vastly economical—for it means reducing one's millinery at least half. Every man advocates it. Comfort clamors for it, and yet woman—that erratic creature—turns a deaf ear and a blind eye to its advantages.

Advices from Paris say that crushed collars, with ear loops, are fast coming to the end of their tether.

Short coats, with the ripple back, are fast becoming the fashion, and pushing the long coats into the shade, but we may give thanks to Madame de Mode that this cannot happen in a day; it must take time. It is very likely, though, that next spring we shall be regarding any one wearing long coats with a sort of superior smile wondering how she likes to wear such an old time garment.

Mrs. Lucretia M. B. Mitchell has prepared a statement showing that the women of Philadelphia County, Pa., are assessed on real estate \$1,597,575.00, and personal estate and money at "inter-est" at \$25,734,133.65. This covers thirty-seven wards, and is an average of twenty per cent. She points to this as an argument for equal suffrage.

For the theatre a blouse of red mouseline de soie, all accordeon plaited, the front covered with black lace and sewed in the front of each armhole a black lace tab, that falls out over the sleeves and gives a wide effect to the front.