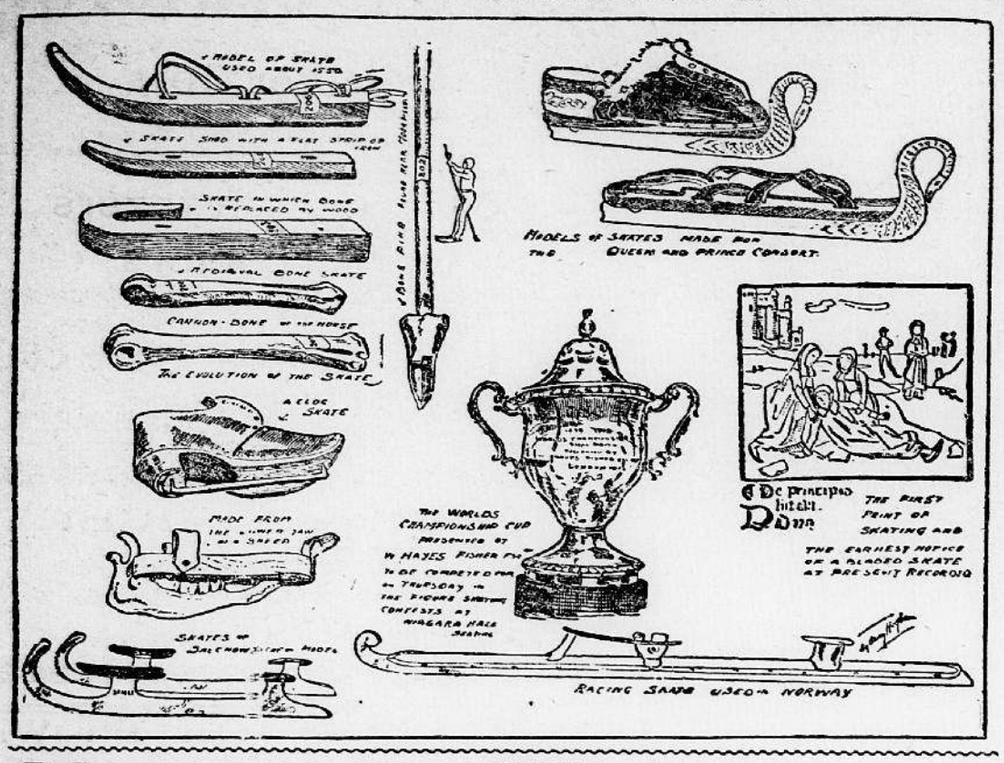
London Exposition Shows Evolution of the Skate.

One of the most interesting sections at the exhibit of the National Skating association in London is that which is devoted to the evolution of the skate itself. To the figure skater of to-day who is accustomed to the fine steel blades ground to an exact radius, the medieval bone skate dug up near Moorfields appears to be of a particularly inefficient design. These skates, of which several are on view, were made from the cannon bone of a horse or cow, and are the earliest skates known. For a skater who wore them to strike out was practically impossible, and pikes with bone heads were used as an aid to progression, and of these, again, examples are exhibited. The bone skate must have had its disadvantages and so wooden skates shod with flat strips of iron came into being, cumbrous enough to our eyes, but still used by children in northern Norway. From these the evolution of the bladed skate was a comparatively simple matter, and with the help of the exhibits their growth to the latest development, such as Herr Salchow's steel skate with a jagged toe for pirouetting, or the long racing skate, may be easily traced.

There are also some good examples of the strange and wonderful inventions of enthusiasts. There is, for instance, a skate with a spring in the heel, used by Mr. Hicks, a fast skater in his day; there is also a wonderful and complicated instrument with springs between the footstock and the blade, apparently for counteracting the jarring experienced while traveling over rough ice.



Monument to Wagner to Be Erected in Berlin.

The successful designer of the Richard Wagner monument in Berlin, in the second competition, was Prof. Gustav Eberlein. But owing to suggestions of the memorial committee, as well as of the emperor himself, who takes a warm interest in the monument scheme, certain changes, aiming at a greater simplicity of the whole composition, have been carried out by the artist. The new model which he has submitted has received the unconditional approval of both emperor and committee, and so this colossal monument is now to be completed in Carrara marble.

The statue of the master will rise from a triangular foundation. Wagner will appear sitting in a broad armchair. The figure itself is draped by a cloak, which has fallen from the shoulders and covers the lower part of the legs. The proudly raised head is turned somewhat toward the left shoulder; the characteristic features are life-like, though enlarged to heroic proportions. The deeply-set eyes, gazing from beneath the broad forehead, seem completely averted from worldly things. The general expression is that of a great composer listening to the notes that are sounding in his brain. The fingers of the left hand rest, with the whole of the forearm, on the arm of the chair, while those of the slightly raised right seem to be in involuntary motion, as if they were striking the notes that are impressing themselves upon the ear of the mind.

Each of the four side walls of the pedestal is ornamented with a Roman arch resting on pillars. On the steps of the foundation, in front, stands the form of a knight and minnesinger, who, harp in hand, is gazing up in homage to the master—it is the form of Wolfram von Eschenbach, whose poetic lineaments Wagner has, both in word and in music, magnificently exword and in music, so magnificently expressed. On the right side we see a second creation of the great composer, Tannhauser, in the dress of a pilgrim. Despairing, burned with a curse, he lies there in a state of collapse, about to die, resting the staff which he holds in his raised right hand upon the uppermost step. It is proposed to chisel, in the surface beneath the arch, the relief figure of Elizabeth.

In front of the left side of the pedestal is seen the group formed of the dead Siegfried and of Brunhilde, who, supporting his head, sorrows for her beloved, shaken as she is by the most poignant grief. The flat slab beneath the arch on this side is to receive the relief figure of Parsival holding the Holy Grail in his hand. In the rear a more vivacious group will have its place—one of the Rhein daughters, who, as if borne onward by the flood, floats toward Alberich, who is making his escape with the stolen Rheingold, and whom she vainly tries to hold by seizing his beard.

The heart and soul of this monument enterprise has been from the beginning Commercial Councillor Leichner, who has always cherished a passionate admiration for the personality and the work of Wagner. He was himself originally an opera singer, and, while changing his life work, he has always remained true to the stage and to music. The greatest lights of the theatrical world, celebrated professors, famous men in science and literature, gather at his hospitable residence. That his love for art and enthusiasm for Wagner are not merely platonic, but genuine, he has shown in practical ways again and again and it is to his generous gift of $10,000 that the retention in Germany of the Wagner Museum at Eisenbach is due.

It is also he to whom Germany is indebted more than to any other for the suitable monument to Wagner in Berlin. Leichner himself gave $15,000 toward the project, besides calling meetings in furtherance of the scheme not only in Germany, but also in many centers of German life abroad. He was president of the monument committee, and not only entertained its members in fine style when they came together in Berlin, but gave eloquent expression to his views and feelings on the occasion. The name of Leichner is thus inseparably associated with the Wagner monument.

Never cease to be lovers. If you cease some one else may begin.

ARE WORSE THAN GOATS.

Two Mouflon in Philadelphia Zoo Are Expert Butters.

Resounding thuds in rapid succession greet the ears of visitors to the zoo's antelope house. Bang! comes a crashing report, and an instant later an equally deafening sound assaults the ear and makes the building hum. New arrivals hasten to a rear inclosure from which the racket issues. This is the mouflon pen.

The mouflon is an animal closely resembling the sheep in appearance, but it has a pair of curved horns of a size and strength that dwarf the headpiece of the biggest of rams. Corsica, the land of vendettas, is the home of the mouflon, and it appears as if two of the species at the zoo are imbued with the warring mania that has made their birthplace famous. From the moment they first saw each other a vendetta was instituted.

To prevent the animals from battering each other to fragments a stout wooden partition separates them. This has only added zest to the feud, and each takes a turn at picking out the exact spot on the fence behind which the enemy is supposed to lurk and precipitates himself against it. It frequently happens that both animals strike the fence head on at the same instant, and the report is awe-inspiring.

As the partition is of stout oak planks and the animals are gifted by nature with an armorplate headpiece, says the Philadelphia Record, the only damage that has resulted so far has been the shattering of Keeper Geiger's nerves.

PIPE NOT ALWAYS CHEAP.

Many Rich Men Prefer It to Cigar and Pay Big Prices for Tobacco.

Some men smoke a pipe for the sake of economy, because they can't afford a good cigar, and other men indulge in the meerschaum and briar because they claim it is the only way to get the full enjoyment out of tobacco. The question of economy doesn't enter into the scheme of the latter class.

A Walnut street manufacturer of Turkish cigarettes sells, at $4.50 a pound, a considerable quantity of importedsmoking tobacco. His customers are connoisseurs and theyare men who can amply afford to pay this exorbitant price and say the goods are worth it. Some of them, to be sure, make it last longer by mixing it with Virginia long cut, for the Turkish tobacco is exceedingly pungent and a little of it will flavor an equal quantity of the cheaper weed.

A novice who was pricing this tobacco the other day, expressed some surprise that it should be so expensive. "That isn't expensive," replied the tobacconist, according to the Philadelphia Record. "There are Turkish tobaccos that, with the duty added, would cost as much as $60 a pound in this country."

Did Not Recognize Mrs. Carnegie.

A good story is now going the rounds in the fashionable circles of Europe anent the recent experience of Mrs. Andrew Carnegie with a leading Parisian modiste. Mrs. Carnegie is noted for the refined simplicity of her gowns. On this occasion she paid a visit to the establishment of one of the greatest of Parisian couturieres, to which one of her titled English friends had recommended her as being the place of all others where she could get the elegant simplicity she so much admires. The quiet lady dressed in brown was not recognized as the wife of America's great iron king as she entered the reception room, and it is far from her nature to announce her prominence. So the great master glanced at her, and with a thousand regrets was sorry that it would be some months before he could find time to attend to madame's wants. This soon reached the ear of Lady —, who at once wrote to monsieur in regard to the incident. Many and humble were the apologies, but the great American lady has been ever since thoroughly convinced that a certain master will never make a gown for her no matter how elegantly simple his designs.

A Miceless Island.

There is a small island named Papa Little that lies in St. Magnus bay, on the west side of Shetland. It gets its name in contradistinction to Papa Stour, or the Big Papa, another island in the same bay. Both names are of Norse origin, and signify Priest Islands, from the fact that they were colonized by the Irish Catholics who first introduced Christianity. There was a solitary croft on this island at one time, but all that now remains is a ruined homestead, for the place is used purely for grazing purposes. A striking feature of the isle is the fact that no mice can live there; and on various occasions to test the truth of this, mice have been caught and slipped on the isle, but so uncongenial did its soil prove to their existence that in a short time they were dead. There are instances of crofters on the mainland, when troubled with mice, going the length of fetching earth from this isle and sprinkling it on the ground before building their stacks. This is said to have had the desired effect in all cases.

Real Name of "Mme. Marchesi."

Mme. Marchesi's real name is Mme. La Marquise Di Castrone. "Marchesi" is simply the Italian word for marquise, but she is so well known by it that few in America at least know her real name. Her husband is a picturesque type of the old school nobleman. He is greatly liked by all who know him, his manners are so affable and pleasing.

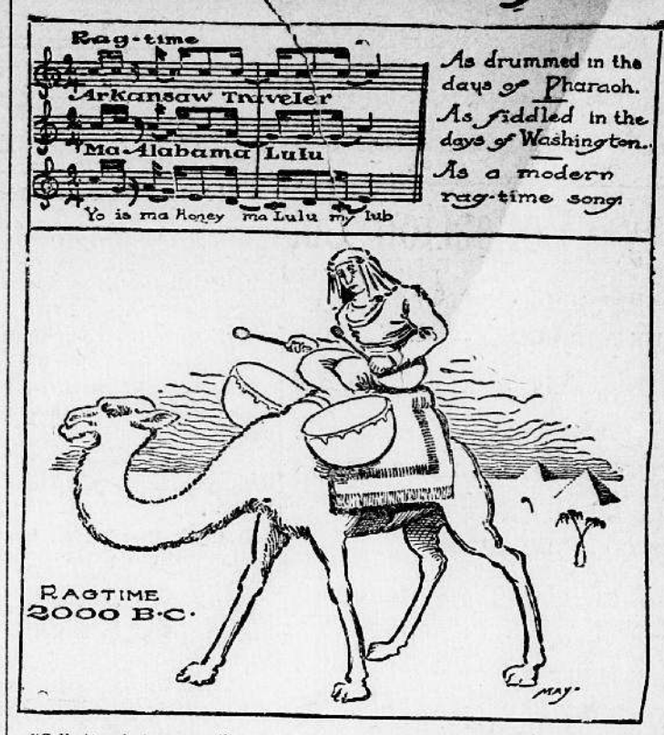
Senator Tillman and Spooner.

Senator Tillman is not as good in a monologue as in debate. He is like a piece of flint that needs the contact with steel to make the sparks fly. In the senate the steel upon which Tillman flashes the most frequently is Senator Spooner. The two men love to clash and yet there are no two senators who like each other better.

May Call Peary a Deserter.

Queeries are coming in as to whether Peary will be classed as a deserter if he fails to return before his leave of absence expires.

"Ragtime" Music Existed Centuries Before Our Time.



"Call it what you will, and 'ragtime' is as good as any other noise," says Thomas Preston Brooke. "This 'ragtime' existed centuries before our time, and it will go on for centuries to come after we have been forgotten."

"Ragtime," its origin, its status, its merits and demerits, and its chances for perpetuation have been worrying musicians with long hair and the public having long purses ever since a popular song writer a few years ago claimed to have "invented" its rhythm.

At Denver last June the American Federation of Musicians at its annual convention passed a resolution condemning ragtime and recommending that its members cease playing it. In like measure the Dancing Teachers' association of America and the National Music Teachers' association are declared against it and pledged to discourage the use of ragtime in every manner possible.

But against all of this, Brooke's Chicago Marine Band at the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens last season gave "ragtime concerts" every Wednesday evening, and in spite of Cincinnati's reputation as a musical city, these concerts drew from 12,000 to 15,000 people to them every evening. At these concerts the best elements of Cincinnati's population were there, doubling the attendance at Wagner and Symphony concerts. At the Buffalo Exposition and in every other city in the United States and Canada where Brooke's band has played, 90 per cent of the requests for music have been for the rag-time selections.

Mr. Brooke's standing as a composer of popular music has given him a voice to be heard on the subject. Especially is his opinion valuable when it is considered that not one bar of ragtime music occurs in his compositions, and that while he does not defend it, he makes it plain that ragtime music is with the people for all time. Mrs. James L. Blair, a society leader of St. Louis, declared in a public address last spring that the Missouri metropolis is a "ragtime" city, and in the following talk the bandmaster agrees with her as to all cities being in the category.

"Ragtime," said Mr. Brooke, "is now the most generally mooted of all themes among musicians, but why such a subject should threaten to disrupt the Chicago Federation of Musicians is rather difficult to understand when considered from an intelligent and unprejudiced standpoint.

"During the last year there have been published countless articles on ragtime, written by prominent musicians, teachers, and critics, many of whom had something to say about who "discovered" or "invented" it. Ragtime was not discovered or invented by anyone. Darwin says 'music was known and understood before words were spoken,' and I believe that ragtime existed in the lower animals long before the advent of man. It is simply rhythm, or intensified rhythm, and I have frequently observed animals keeping time to music having a strong, marked rhythm.

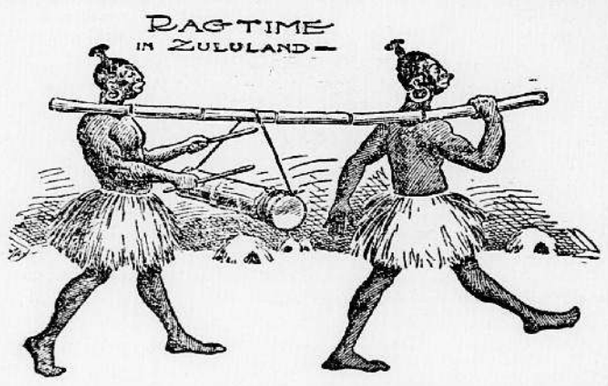
"Rhythm is the skeleton on which all music is hung, and if you will strip the so-called modern ragtime of its melodies you will have the music that has been in vogue since the beginning of time. Still is the only music of many of the heathen races. It is the 'juber,' buck, and wing dance of the old plantation darky, and no more inspiring ragtime was ever played than that which he patted with his hands, shuffled with his feet, or plunked on his rudely constructed banjo.

"All the oldtime 'fiddlers' were ragtime performers. The backwoods player who sat perched on a barrel in a corner at a 'corn-husking bee,' who held his fiddle at his elbow and his bow at half-mast, played the 'Arkansaw Traveler' and 'Up Duck Creek' in a style that would put to shame many of the fellows who claim to have originated what they are pleased to call 'ragtime.'

"Drummers have played nothing but ragtime since the invention of the drum. The bass drum is now used only to punctuate or emphasize the heavy beats or pulse of the music, but in the original 'sheepskin band' that has furnished martial music for our soldiers in times of war for centuries the bass drummer used a stick in each hand and helped out the ragtime rhythm of the snare drum.

"Who has not stood on a curbstone, watching a passing parade, and noticed how wearily the men in line plodded along to the monotonous 1—1—1-2-3 of the bass drum? But when the snare drums broke into their merry ragtime beats of 'tat-t tat-a-tat' how the marchers immediately braced up and walked with a buoyant, elastic step?

"According to good authority the sense of rhythm is greater by 93 per cent than either the sense of harmony or melody. Consequently, any march with a strong rhythmic accent, or a ragtime song with its intensified rhythm, appeals more intensely to greater mankind.



"I have often been asked 'Why do you play so much ragtime at your concerts?' and I always reply that ragtime music is what is most demanded, and that my mission is to please—not to educate—the masses. It is not a crime to acknowledge that you enjoy ragtime. All the old masters wrote ragtime, and that great poet and wizard of harmony, Richard Wagner, was a pastmaster at it. It is a well-known fact that the themes for many of our most popular ragtime songs were taken bodily from his operas.

"I have always delighted in strong contrasts—from the sublime to the ridiculous, if you like—and I invariably follow "Tannhauser" or "Leonore" overtures with some little street song melody or ragtime march. It frequently happens that two persons will sit side by side at one of my concerts, one a lover of 'high-class' music the other with a desire only for the ragtime piece. By bringing the extremes in close contrast the grand old overtures seem grander and the street song sweeter and more entrancing.

"Why should any conductor refuse to play music which causes so much harmless pleasure?

"Ragtime is not a fad, as many have declared, and it will not 'die out.' It pleases the God-given sense of rhythm and will endure as long as the world shall stand. Call it what you will—ragtime is as good as any other name—it existed centuries before our time and it will go on for centuries to come after we have been forgotten."

DESCENDANTS OF CROMWELL.

Among Them Are Two Marquises, Eight Earls and Three Barons.

"With reference to the statement, 'Even families with Cromwell's blood are not likely to resent the omission of Cromwell's portraits from the New gallery,' I was curious," writes a correspondent, "to find out how many descendants of his were of such prominence in the world as to give some value to their resentment, suppose they did resent, at the omission of his portrait from the New gallery. I was surprised to find that there were no less than thirteen peers at present who are descended from the great protector. They all seem to come through his fourth daughter, Frances, who married for her second husband Sir John Russell, by whom she had five children.

"Among these peers descended from Frances Cromwell there are two marquises—Northampton and Ripon; eight earls—the earls of Chichester and Clarendon, Earl Cowper, the Earls of Darnley, Lytton, Morley, Rothes and Skelmersdale; and Barons Ampthill, Avebury (still best known by his thirty years' public life name of Sir John Lubbock), and Lord Walsingham. Although Oliver had five sons, there is not a single surviving Cromwell in the male line, though anyone who consults a peerage under the names of the aforesaid noblemen will find his descendants through the female line, to say nothing of Oliver's untitled posterity, frequent enough.

"In these days of smallpox epidemic in London there is a gloomy interest in noting that the two eldest sons of the protector died of that disease—Robert, the first born, a boy of 17, at Felsted school, and Oliver, his second, a cornet in Earl Bedford's horse, a few days after he came of age, in 1644."—London Chronicle.

When Wine Is Upset.

In Italy there is a curious superstition that there is something lucky about wine that is upset by a guest, and that every one at table should promptly dip his fingers in the flowing liquid. A well-known singer explained this custom the other evening, says the London Chronicle, when he was dining at a ducal table was was so unlucky as to upset a glass of wine on the cloth. He instantly dipped his finger in the wine and made the sign of the cross on his throat, explaining to the company why he did so. Every one present dipped a finger in the wine and made a little cross "for luck," even the duke himself. The singer crossed his throat because his fortune lay in his voice, but his strongest point must surely be his tact.

Iceland's Luck.

Up to the present Iceland has been without telegraphic communication with the outer world, partly owing to the disinclination of the Danish government to provide the necessary funds. The Icelandic Althing has voted a sum of $50,000 for the purpose but as the Northern Telegraphic company refuses to law a cable with subsidies from foreign powers the project has not resulted in anything tangible. The Marconi syndicate has approached the government with a view to the establishment of wireless telegraphy between the Shetlands and the Faroe islands.

SQUAW OF GREAT AGE.

Old Indian Woman Who Can Remember Lewis and Clark.

On the Umatilla Indian reservation lives the oldest woman in the West. Pe-Tow-Yo is her name and she is an Umatilla squaw. Possessed still of considerable vitality, this relic of past generations promises to exist for years yet.

When Capt. Gray in the ship Columbia discovered the mouth of the Columbia river in 1793, Pe-Tow-Yo was three years old. When George Washington's death occurred she was a blushing Indian maiden of nine. When the Louisiana Purchase of 1803 was made from France she was a grown Indian woman of thirteen. The events of the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1805 are still fresh in her memory, for Pe-Tow-Yo was then in the full bloom of fifteen.

When Lewis and Clark, the intrepid wanderers, were in this section ninety-six years ago, Pe-Tow-Yo was with her father, Tom-a-Top-Po, on the shores of the Columbia, in the Walluia district. Here Clark, "the great medicine man," healed Tom-a-Top-Po of some disease, supposed to be smallpox, and the gratitude of the Umatillas was with him until he left. Tom-a-Top-Po was a great chief among the Umatillas. A year or two ago, before the present feebleness came on Pe-Tow-Yo, she would talk quite freely through an interpreter with those who asked for Lewis and Clark reminiscences. Now the visitors are tabooed.

The old squaw's tent is located between the agency school and the reservation agency. It is hung with canvas and cloaks of various kinds to keep in warmth. Pe-Tow-Yo does not often come out now, though when the sun shines warmly she may be seen taking a sun bath in front. At intervals she hobbles with the aid of a stout stick a few yards away to pick up a piece of wood.

He Found the Water Fresh.

"There's no fool like an old fool, except an educated one," said a New England philosopher. With him James S. Porter of San Francisco is ready to agree. He came to tell the story at the Hoffman House because some one else had told of a skilled assayer who came from the East to test a mine for silver, found no silver, and reported back unfavorably to his company. The company sold the mine for a song, and the rough, uneducated individual who bought it made a million working it for copper. "Once another man and I started a woolen mill in a town near the sea," he said, "and, being told that the river which flowed by the mill was so near the bay that it was salt, we bought the big quantity of water needed in the factory from the town plant. Our bill for the first month was enormous. I went to the water board and objected. They informed me that they had me 'on the hip,' and wouldn't come down on their rates. Going back to the mill, I looked sadly at the river. Suddenly a thought struck me. I got a bucket, dipped it into the water, pulled it up and tasted it. It was fresh. I hunted up my partner and told him to kick me. He did."

The Christian who counts on the constant presence and the continuous help of Christ is a person who is hard to discourage.