GET YOUR TOBOGGAN.

How to Have Lots of Enjoyment With a Home-Made Coaster.

A POPULAR AMERICAN SPORT.

Tobogganing on Dry Land, on Snow and on the Water.

A SANDWICH ISLANDER'S INVENTION

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The toboggan may now be fairly ranked as a representative American amusement. It has been claimed by more than one notable writer on sports that it is essentially of Indian origin, and therefore may be classed as a purely American phase of sport. It is a representative sport among the best known nations, although no other civilized nation than our own makes a leading feature of it, or carries it to such perfection.

The earliest mention of the primitive toboggan is found in the history of the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, in the Pacific Ocean. The game as practiced by them was called holua, and was undoubtedly the forerunner of the coaster and toboggan slide. It was participated in by several players, each of whom was furnished with a kind of sleigh called a papa. This was composed of a couple of rather narrow runners, varying from 7 to 18 feet in length, according to the skill and caprice of the player, the runners being made of hard, sound, seasoned wood, about three inches in thickness, and curved up at one end so as not to catch in the ground, and to better enable the sleigh to rise over small obstacles en-

Native of the Sandwich Islands Tobogganing.

countered in the "run," or slide. A curious point of construction, however, was that these runners were not placed in a parallel position like those on a sleigh, but diverged slightly at the rear end, being about seven inches apart and converged at the front where they turned up, until they were within two inches of each other. The idea was to render the sleigh more easy of guidance. These runners are bridged across with pieces of board to render them rigid, and the bridges were covered with a mat of native fiber.

THE FIRST TOBOGGAN SLIDES.

To form a slide the side of a steep mountain was chosen, and a narrow trench cut extending from the summit to the base, and frequently a mile or more upon the flat, the distance varying according to the nature of the surrounding country. This trench was always kept clear of vegetation when not in use, and could be plainly seen from a considerable distance. When the season came for the game the trench was lined with dried grasses so as to make the sleighs run faster. The players assembled at the top of the mountain and one of them, drawing back some little distance from the trench, raised his sleigh in his hands, and, running at full speed, threw himself bodily into the trench with his sleigh underneath him. Falling upon the slippery, dry grass, it shot forward down the incline at a terrific pace. As the angle was frequently as high as 40° to 45°, it is a matter of wonder that scores of riders were not killed in that headlong flight.

The art of balancing upon the converging runners was a delicate one. If a player overbalanced himself or was unable to keep straight in the trench he was lucky to escape serious injury. The frail conveyance was frequently smashed to pieces, the rider thrown several feet in the air and sent rolling down the incline with very few chances of stopping himself and every possible chance of fracturing his skull.

The winner was the man who traveled the fastest. So excited did the players become that they frequently wagered their huts, their lands—everything they possessed, even to their wives and children, on the result of the sport. Cases are recorded where, 60 years ago, men who had lost everything else staked their own bones, to be made into fishhooks and arrow heads after their death.

This pastime had existed for centuries among these people, and the history of its eventful introduction into America and its subsequent development is very interesting. The first use of the toboggan in this country

One Way of Doing It.

is said to have been as a hand-sleigh used by the Indians when on snow-shoes, on which to pack their pelts. These sleighs were used extensively in the early wars between the French, English and Indians, and were found invaluable in transporting camp baggage through the northern wilds.

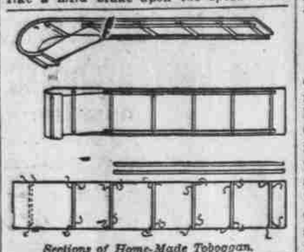
THE INDIAN ODA-BOGGAN.

French writers call them the train sauvage, but the Indian name was oda-boggan. The sleigh was turned up at both ends, while the modern one turns up at one end only. Sixty years ago the British officers at Montreal emulated the Pacific islanders by sliding on these odaboggans down the slopes of Mount Royal, and the pastime, becoming popular, spread until it finally crossed the Canadian line and located at Saratoga, N. Y., which may aptly be termed the "home of the toboggan." Here was erected the first artificial slide, which still ranks as one of the finest in the country, although many others have been erected at greater expense by clubs and private individuals.

Any ingenious person can make a modern toboggan at a trifling cost, and can have considerable fun with it, wherever there is a hill and plenty of snow. To make one, take a piece of white oak, ironwood or hickory, 16 to 20 inches wide, a quarter of an inch thick and one foot longer than the height of the maker. Seven round strips of hard wood, one inch in diameter and of the same length as the width of the main plank, are the next item. Then, two strips of hard wood four feet long and one inch square (or round) and a number of leather thongs (shoe laces will do) complete the inventory. Lay the seven strips of hard wood across the main plank, 12 inches apart, and the first one a few inches from the end. Then, at right angles to form a kind of lee board or rail along the edge of the toboggan, lay the pieces measuring four feet in length.

A SERVICEABLE COASTER.

Select the end to form the tail of your toboggan, and bore two small holes in each of the corners of the main plank and two more near each of the ends of the four-foot rails. Now, with the leather thongs tie the first cross-piece on the main plank and the four-foot piece firmly to the main plank, with the knots on the top, cutting a slight groove for the under loop of the string to run in, so as to prevent it wearing away, and taking care not to cut it too large or too deep, and so form a roughness to act like a mild brake upon the speed when



Sections of Home-Made Toboggan.

finished. Prepare in precisely the same way the pieces at the other end of the four-foot pieces, and then similarly bind in the cross-pieces between the ties now secured. The remaining cross-pieces may now be fastened forward, placing the last one on the under side, so that the curl will bring it on top. If the board is not too thick it may sometimes be bent by simply using leather thongs; but the most satisfactory way is to steam it, by building a fire under a large kettle of water and holding the end desired to be bent in the steam, or even plunging it into the boiling water. Then, if the end be placed upon the ground and the opposite end raised, it will bend little by little to the desired shape, when it can be secured by thongs or wire.

This is the most serviceable form of a toboggan for ordinary rough work down a hill-side, or on an improvised or badly-finished track. For high speed upon a perfectly-laid slide a new idea was evolved last season. This was to build the toboggan of as light wood as was consistent with the weight to be carried, and then to attach to the under side thin runners of hard wood, which decreased the amount of frictional resistance and added considerably to the speed. This principle would prove a disadvantage on any but a perfect slide.

The art of steering a toboggan is one that can only be gained by practice, and had best be learned on a "bob" sled. The principle is to drag the leg at the rear of the conveyance and steer it as one would steer a boat or drive a horse, extending the leg on the side toward which it is desired the head of the toboggan should turn.

A SUMMER TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

So popular has this sport become in winter that a modification of it will be adopted next summer at Fort Hamilton, L. I., and Ocean Grove, N. J. At both of these places a long, solid slide will be built, extending from the land over into the water, the end of it being slightly above the water line, so as to insure the toboggan clearing the slide in its run. Not having the smooth surface of the snow or ice to produce speed and easy transit, the flooring of the slide is to be fitted with a number of small iron wheels four feet abreast, and each row about two feet apart over the entire length of the slide. The toboggan is intended to be of the usual shape and will run rapidly over these rollers to the water, turning over as it reaches it and upsetting the riders in all directions. A trial of this idea this summer proved so successful that a leading feature will be made of it at these two resorts.

Still another form of a water toboggan, to be used next summer on Lake George, is one that will not necessitate the wearing of bathing costumes. The toboggan will be built in the form of a boat, which will run in a slide having a deep groove in it, and with similar wheels to those already de-

Steering the American Home-Made Toboggan.

scribed for the keel to run on and along the sides. The upper part of the slide will have quite an incline to get up the necessary speed, but the lower end will run almost flat for some distance before it reaches the water, so as to reduce the danger of the water running into the bow and wetting the occupants. The projector of this scheme expects to make it unusually popular, and guarantees that when the boat leaves the slide it will shoot forward into the lake to a great distance. To obtain this result the bottom of the boat is built upon a new form, calculated to offer the least possible surface resistance to the water. WILF. P. POND.

The Limited Fast Mail.

The Union Pacific Railway, the Overland route, has just put on a limited fast mail train to carry the United States mail between Council Bluffs and San Francisco and Portland. This daily fast mail train will carry a limited number of passengers, and in addition to the United States mail cars and a baggage car, will be composed of a Pullman Palace sleeper and Pullman dining car for Portland, and a Pullman sleeping car for San Francisco, thus accommodating a limited number of passengers.

The sleepers and the diner will run through from Chicago, via the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. Only first-class tickets will be honored on this train.

This train with its connections, makes the extraordinary time of 107 hours, New York to San Francisco, and 104 hours to Portland.

As accommodations are limited, early application for same should be made to the Union Pacific agents in New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, or to E. L. Lomax, Gen. Pass. Agent, Omaha, Neb.

H. J. Lynch,

438 and 440 Market st., is offering for the holidays special bargains in black silks, surahs, satins, plushes, velvets, black and colored cashmeres, serges, plaids, embroidered robes and combination suits, to which he invites buyers' special attention.

FOR a finely cut, neat-fitting suit leave your order with Walter Anderson, 700 Smithfield street, whose stock of English suitings and Scotch tweeds is the finest in the market; imported exclusively for his trade. Su

AT 15c a yard—100 pieces mohair challis, regular price during the season was 60c, beautiful effects and colorings.
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350 Styles

Of newest patterns and shapes of toilet chamber sets in unique designs and colorings at Reizenstein's, 152, 154, 156 Federal st., Allegheny. TTSSu

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Made comfortable by wearing our felt slippers—for young and old—at low prices. CAIN & VERNER, Fifth ave. and Market st.

WAINWRIGHT'S beer leads in favor. All best dealers keep it. Families supplied direct on short notice. Telephone 5523. WSu

GOLD watches, large assortment, lowest prices, at Hauch's, No. 295 Fifth ave. WFSu

DON'T THROW STONES.

We Should Not Hear or Say Hard Words About Our Neighbors.

MORE GOOD THAN EVIL IN MANKIND

Christ's Unexpected Reply to the Accusers of a Woman.

FEW OF US CAN AFFORD TO BE ACCUSERS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

There is a question which in some shape or other confronts us every day. The millennium is still distant in the future; that kingdom which Christ instructed us to call God's kingdom, and which—whatever else it means—will evidently be the reign of peace and good will and love over the deeds and speech and hearts of men, has not "come" yet; and we are accordingly tempted every day either to say or to hear hard things about people. And we want to know how to behave ourselves when that temptation comes. This is the question which, as I say, enters of necessity into the daily thinking of all people who are attentive to the voice of conscience.

The temptation comes because the offenses come. And the offenses will undoubtedly keep on coming. "It must needs be that offenses come." And when they do come we have in spite of ourselves a strong curiosity to hear about them, and an instinctive impulse to speak about them. Now, what shall we do?

Why, we will do, if we are good Christians, whatever Christ tells us to do. We look to Him.

We have but a slender record of the life of Christ. It is all set down within the compass of a few pages. And yet the record is singularly adequate. This brief recital of the words and works of Christ, so meager as a history, is absolutely complete as a revelation. No man, these 18 centuries back, has been in any place of difficulty so dark but that the light of the life of Christ could show him a way out. And when we look for an answer to this question, which concerns so closely our relation to our fellow men, we find it readily. It is within our reach to know exactly what Christ Himself would do if He were placed, as we are every day, within touch of the temptation to speak and hear hard things about our neighbors.

A PLAIN DUTY.

The hard things which solicit hearing or speech from us are some of them true, but a great many of them are false. And so far as the false reports are concerned, our duty is of the plainest. We do not need to open the pages of the Bible to learn it. There is only one thing to do with lies. And that is to deal with them as they dealt in the middle ages with blasphemers, cut their tongues out first and their heads off afterward. There is no question as to the attitude of a Christian toward a lie.

Now, I will venture to affirm that two-thirds of the evil report which gets a hearing in the world is false. I would not say that it is maliciously false, though, of course, some of it is. But it is, nevertheless, false. It is founded upon mistake, scaffolded with misapprehension, wiped over with ignorance. I suppose that, as a matter of fact, addition and multiplication take up the most pages in the arithmetic of gossip; but division and subtraction will bring us nearer to the truth, and get the right answer oftenest.

Because the evidence upon which we convict people is of necessity circumstantial. The meaning, the motive, which these damaging circumstances cover is almost always covered out of sight. We can only guess at it. The whole signification of the circumstances waits upon the motive. The whole meaning of this suspicious transaction depends for solution upon a factor which we have no absolute knowledge of.

And, as for motive, I know that the world is a pretty bad world, and that the prince of this world—the devil—has an extended empire and a good many loyal subjects, and yet I would fain believe that there is a large proportion of goodness in the world after all, that total depravity has no real existence outside the logic of the theologies, and that the motives of men and women are at least as likely to be good as to be bad. Indeed, my own opinion is that so far as desire, intention and motive go, there is more of good in most people than there is of bad. The kindest judgment, ninety times out of ninety, is the truest.

THE BEST THING TO DO

when we hear an evil report is to decline to believe it. There is some explanation of it, there is some other side to it, there is some other meaning hidden somewhere behind it. Put it away. Do not repeat it; do not let it stay in your mind; do not believe it. It is a lie.

But sometimes it is not a lie. Sometimes the evil report is unfortunately and miserably true. What shall we do then? Here we appeal to Christ. We ask advice from the Master. What would Christ have us do in such a case as that?

One day they brought to Christ an offender caught in the offense. Concerning the offender's guilt there was no possible question. Here, they said, is one whom we have found breaking a commandment of God. What shall be done?

There they stood before the Master, the accused and the accusers. On one side a woman taken in a grievous sin; on the other the upright, the pious, the orthodox, scandalized, whispering among themselves, frowning, making their stern information and asking sentence. Here were men who had a hard thing to say about a neighbor, and the hard thing was no lie; it was plainly and disgracefully true. Thus before the great teacher of God's law, the preacher of immaculate purity, the upholder of absolute righteousness, they bring this miserable fallen woman. Moses, they said, commanded that such as this should be stoned. What sayest thou?

The whole thing was evidently a very cunning trap. It was the case of the tribute money over again. Christ must, they thought, make either a damaging assertion or a damaging denial of the justice of that old law. If He said, "let her be stoned," He put Himself in opposition to the Romans, who alone held in that conquered province the right to inflict capital punishment. If He said, "let her alone," He put a slight upon the legislation of the Hebrews. It was a choice between Cæsar and Moses. Whatever answer He returned, whatever choice He made, would be the furnishing of material for accusation against Him. The men were thinking more about humbling the Master than about punishing the sinner. There can be no question as to

WHAT THESE MEN EXPECTED.

Christ, however, was always saying and doing that which no man expected. He looked at human life from a point of view so different from ours, that His conversation of necessity was full of surprises. Throughout the record of His dealings with men, in every chronicle of what they say and what He answers, there is constantly present this element of unexpectedness.

And so when they bring this shrinking and humiliated woman and ask the judgment of Christ upon her sin. He does not make the answer which they look for. "Let him," He says, "that is without sin among you first cast a stone at her."

The answer was not only unexpected; it was not any escape out of a clever trap; it was so directly true and so universal and eternal in its application that it concerns us here to-day. All that was local in it passes out of sight; accused and accusers have long gone, centuries ago, into the nearer presence of the Judge of all, but the words, however forgotten, have never become obsolete.

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." Set beside this those other words in which Christ spoke of people with beams in their eyes discovering specks of dust in other peoples' eyes. Add that brief and unqualified commandment in the sermon on the Mount, in which Christ said, "Judge not." Remember how He was forever teaching brotherly love, forever by precept and example, urging obedience to the golden rule, and allegiance to the royal law. We can be quite sure of Christ's ideal for a Christian's conversation. We may know very well what He would approve and what He would disapprove in our talk about the failings and the faults of other people. All unnecessary comment, all unpleasant speech, all unkind criticism, all evil report, Christ would have us put away. He forbids us to throw stones.

Christ forbids us to comment unkindly upon our acquaintances, because we have, most of us, all that we can do to look out for our own selves. If we are desirous of any reformation, we can begin at home. The very best criticism into which anybody can venture is the silent criticism of example.

THE PURPOSE OF RELIGION.

The men who brought that accusation had a wrong idea about the purpose of religion. They thought that religion was a capital device for keeping other people in order. There are those to-day to whom that is the chief value of the church. The parson is of use in the community in proportion as he helps the policeman. The trouble with this idea about religion is that it fails to begin at the right place. Christ called the attention of these zealous people to their own selves. He made them think about themselves. This they had not done before, after that fashion. Whatever thought they had given to themselves had been the sort of thinking which the Pharisee bestowed upon himself in the presence of the Publican. It had been of the nature of compliment and congratulation. Christ changed that. Suddenly, within hearing of His voice, within sight of His eyes, a new revelation came into the hearts of these careless accusers, and they saw themselves as they were. And you know that when they saw that sight, they quietly went out, one after another, beginning first with those who were the eldest and most thoughtful, ending with the youngest; out they went, letting their accusation lapse, uttering no hard word more, flinging no stones; not one of them remained.

The Christian religion is above all else intensely personal. Christ was forever insisting upon this application of it. Alone we stand, each man and woman of us, in God's presence, and are held responsible for just our own sins. The very first thing which Christ asks of us is to give him the undivided allegiance of our own hearts. When we begin to question about this one and that of our acquaintance, Christ says, as He said in the old time, "Follow thou Me!" That is what we have to do, to follow Him.

I am afraid that when we come to look into the matter honestly, it will be found that none of us can throw many stones. The people who do the stone-throwing are for the most part people who are quite ignorant about themselves. They have so much time to find fault with their neighbors, because they do not take time to amend themselves. The best help toward kindly judgment of other people is honest and unsparing judgment of our own selves. That will make us charitable. That will make us pitiful and forebearing. That will make us careful, just and gentle in our speech.

WHICH WAS THE WORST?

Christ forbids us to comment unkindly upon our acquaintances, because the spirit which above all others He desires to find in us is the spirit of brotherly love. God loves him who loves his brother. He who judges not will not be judged. Upon this loving spirit Christ insisted more than upon any other virtue whatsoever. Here He stood before two kinds of sinners. On one side was this woman, guilty of grievous transgression; on the other side were these men whose lives were probably righteous for the most part, but who were rejoicing at her humiliation. Which of the two, the accused or the accusers, was the worse, do you think, in the estimation of Him who knew perfectly the will of God and the heart of man? Plainly, He liked the accusers least.

There is no sin which so contradicts the purpose for which Christ came into the world as the sin of unkind speech. He came to bring us all closer together, to obliterate all false distinctions, to break down barriers of ill-will and prejudice, to bind men into brotherhood. All the time, we are defeating that divine intention. We are postponing the coming of that kingdom whose advent waits upon our spiritual readiness for it. We are making other people unhappy and ourselves unhappy. He came to bring peace into this world, and joy unspeakable; and all the time, by our unkindness, one to another, by our careless criticisms, we are keeping bitterness in.

If it did any good, there might be some excuse for it. If unkind speech really reformed anybody, there might be some reason for it. The truth is that it does no good at all. If what we honestly want is the bettering of our fellow-men, we will accomplish that by kindness, not by criticism.

One time in the early history of Australia they wanted to persuade the natives to leave the mainland and live upon a certain island. They tried the plan of arming all the able-bodied men in the colony and going out to hunt the savages like bears to drive them to the seashore. The struggle turned against the colonists. And the natives were more troublesome than ever. At last a man who had some Christain sense, a workingman, a bricklayer, put his trowel down one day and started off alone into the savage country. And in a space of time not very long, that single, unarmed man had done what all the muskets and bludgeons in Australia had failed to do. He had persuaded the native tribes to move.

MAKING THE WORLD BETTER.

I have no faith in violence. I do not believe in reforming people by going after them with sticks; nor in bettering people by abusing them. The only thing which will make good men out of bad men is the genuine brotherliness of good men.

They wanted to throw stones at that poor woman. What good would that have done, do you think, toward making her a better woman? Christ would have none of that. He said a kind word to her. He did a kind deed for her. And then when He told her to go away and sin no more, do you think she disobeyed Him? No!

We have gone along now a good many centuries, trying in one way and another to make the world better. But here is Christ's way really untried, except by a good man and woman here and there; really untried, this way which Christ Himself set down. Would it not be a good plan to try that?

It is quite plain what Christ wants of you and me. He wants us to think a great deal about our own sins and very little about anybody else's sins. He wants us to be considerate of everybody's feelings, and careful of everybody's character. He wants us to be perfectly silent about the faults of other people; to look always on the best side; to put away prejudice, criticism and coldness; to try to bring all the happiness we can into this world, by every kind word we can say, and by every kind work we can do, and to keep out all the bitterness against which we can bar the way. He wants us to be readiest to help those who are most in need of help, and to be the friend of those who have no friends.

He wants us to love one another. He wants us to cast no stones.

GEORGE HODGES.

Look Here, Friend, Are You Sick?

Do you suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, liver complaint, nervousness, lost appetite, biliousness, exhaustion or tired feeling, pains in chest or lungs, dry coughs, nightsweats, or any form of consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren street, New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of Floraplexion, which is a sure cure. Send to-day. EOS

NO Christmas and New Year's table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.

SOMETHING handsome in Peau de Soie colored silk; a 35-piece lot, regular $3 50 quality, at $2 a yard.
TTSSu HUGUS & HACKE.

DIAMOND scarf pins and studs, lowest prices, at Hauch's, No. 295 Fifth ave. WFSu

PATRONIZE home industry and drink Frauenheim & Vilsack's Pittsburg beer.

HOPE GLENN'S STORY.

A Pittsburg Girl Who Has Achieved Fame as a Vocalist.

HER BRILLIANT CAREER ABROAD.

The Trials of a Poor Aspirant for Operatic Honors.

A TRIP WITH CHRISTINE NILSSON

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, November 29.—In spite of the many years of my life which I have spent in Europe, I have never for a moment forgotten that my real home lies across the Atlantic. Had I ever been tempted to do so the splendid welcome which I met with in all parts, when I made my first public appearance in the United States some five years ago, would be in itself a lasting claim on my affection. As it is, I feel encouraged to hope that some of my old friends may still remember me well enough to be interested in the following slight sketch of my professional career in England, which I have been asked to write.

Though I was actually born at Pittsburg, it is to Iowa City that all my childish recollections refer, for there my family lived during all my early years. How I ever managed to possess myself of a voice out in the Wild West, I really cannot say; none of my relations were ever in the musical line, and certainly in those days there were no musical advantages to be enjoyed in the town of Iowa. Even as quite a small child I remember being much in request for my vocal capacities at school-treats and other juvenile festivities, and at the age of 10 my parents were urgently requested to allow me to join our church choir, where I enjoyed the honor of singing the alto part all by myself. Though it had never occurred to me personally, I imagine my voice must have been rather exceptionally strong for a child's, for in a recent work of his on the voice, Sir Morell Mackenzie—that kind and faithful friend to all singers—quotes my case as an example of a voice suffering no injury from constant use in early childhood.

It was a great shock to my people when I first announced my aspirations toward a professional career, and it was only after a prolonged struggle of a year's duration that I won the day so far as to be allowed to settle in Chicago under the care of the well-known teacher, Frederick Root. Encouraged by him I subsequently crossed the ocean and studied for a year under Mme. Viardot-Garcia, in Paris, and then at Milan under Lamperti, where it so happened that I fell in with my two compatriots, Miss Van Zandt and Mme. Gullia Valda. I, too, at that time aspired to the operatic stage, and on the completion of my training I accepted an engagement to sing for a season at the new Opera House in Malta, which was successfully carried out. But it must be remembered that I was literally alone in Europe, without friends or protectors of any sort. I was dismayed at the immense difficulties and dangers which inevitably hamper a young artist on the operatic stage, and, changing my plans, I came to London determined to devote myself to oratorio and concert singing.

A POOR GIRL'S STRUGGLES.

At this point the real struggle of my life began, and if I dwell upon it a little, it is only that I feel American girls should know what they must be prepared for when they hurry over to Europe in the expectation of making an easy and rapid fortune. Unless a girl has a balance at her banker's to draw upon, a professional career is by no means all wine and walnuts, as the saying goes, in its earlier stages, even when success awaits one later on. At the moment of my arrival in London my father was ruined by the treachery of a business colleague, and I was left with barely the traditional half-crown in my pocket. Since that day I have depended on no one but myself. Fortunately, besides a voice, I was lucky enough to possess two essentials to success—good health and kind friends, and with their help I struggled through the first years. My earliest friend in England was the great conductor Sir Julius Benedict, the lamented friend and adviser of so many musicians. After hearing my voice, he strongly advised me to persevere in my career if I could count on remittances from home, warning me that it took three years to make a reputation in England as a concert-singer. Almost the next day I heard of my father's misfortune, but I determined, nevertheless, to stick to my work.

Another piece of encouragement, which I like to look back upon, came to me about that time from America from our great contralto, Annie Louise Carey. She sent me a present and wrote: "Come home and I'll give you my shoes and my blessing."

One of the most powerful as well as one of the kindest of my musical friends has been—and indeed still is—Sir Arthur Sullivan. In recent times I have often had the pleasure of singing in his great dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend," while Sir Arthur himself has conducted. Another old friend is Sir Charles Halle, who, by means of his wonderful orchestra, which he has conducted and managed for so many years, has turned Manchester into one of the most musical centers of England. Here I have had considerable successes, and I am always happy to return there.

The serious musical public in England have a great predilection for oratorios, and I have sung all the well-known ones, the "Elijah," "Messiah," "St. Paul," "Samson," etc., both in London and in all the large provincial towns. But, besides that, I have sung at concerts of all sorts, both public ones, such as the Monday popular concerts at the St. James' Hall, an engagement at which is considered almost a sine qua non of success in the musical world, and also at private houses. On these latter occasions I have sung before various members of

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Among other well-known houses where I have appeared, I may mention those of the Earl of Cadogan, the Rothschilds, Sir Thomas Lucas, the Cavendish Bentincks, Dr. William Playfair, the Blumenthals and at Grosvenor House, the residence of the Duke of Westminster, which contains one of the most sumptuous picture galleries and music rooms in London. Some of the most charming of parties in the select musical and artistic world are given by Mr. Hamilton Aide, the well-known critic and novelist and "man about town," in his delightfully furnished rooms in Queen Anne's mansions.

One of my most delightful professional reminiscences is connected with the visit of the great Abbe Liszt to this country, a visit which unhappily proved to have been beyond his strength. His first reception took place at Sydenham at the really palatial residence of Mr. Lyttleton, of the great music-publishing firm of Novello, and himself an enthusiastic lover of music. The large music hall was closely thronged with members of the nobility and the leading representatives of music and art in the Kingdom eager to do honor to the revered master; and I shall never forget the thrill of enthusiasm which passed through us, as the Abbe appeared in the hall, with his beautiful dignified face and flowing white locks. To me had fallen the honor of singing one of his own beautiful compositions, "Mignon's Song;" and the charming grace with which at its close he pressed my hand and expressed his thanks in a few courteous words made it easy for me to realize the wonderful fascination which all through his life he exercised over the weaker sex. The news of his death, only a few weeks later, came with a terrible shock to all who had enjoyed the privilege of meeting him during his short visit among us.

Although so far I have spoken principally of oratorio singing, I devote myself nearly as much to ballad singing. Indeed, there is nothing I enjoy more than singing a good homely ballad.

While on the subject, I feel tempted to repeat a little anecdote concerning a some-what original compliment I once received, but which I felt to be a very genuine one. On leaving the platform after singing the old Scotch song, "Caller Herrin," at one of the Crystal Palace ballad concerts, I observed signs of laughter among my fellow artists, and it appeared that our conductor, the celebrated August Manns, had just remarked: "Really, Miss Hope Glenn sang that so well that I could smell the fish!"

CHRISTINE NILSSON'S KINDNESS.

I have left for the end all reference to my American tour in 1883, which I made in company with Mme. Christine Nilsson. It is needless to say that under the able management of Mr. Abbey we enjoyed every luxury that special railway cars and the best hotels could provide, and I hope it is needless, too, for me to say what an immense joy it was to me to find myself singing once more to a real American audience, while the warmth of my reception quite surpassed all my expectations. During all these months I found Mme. Nilsson a most pleasant traveling companion. She has always had rather a reputation for sternness; so I should like to give a little instance of her real goodheartedness which came under my observation.

One cold day we heard a small child singing in the street under the hotel windows. The prima donna immediately sent for her, and after talking kindly to her and making her promise to go home and take care of her voice, she presented the astonished and delighted little girl with a sovereign.

I have also been for concert tours through England with both Albani and Patti. The latter, with all her greatness, still manages to retain a charming simplicity and youthfulness of manner, which captivates all hearts.

One of my most recent enterprises took me to Biarritz last spring during the visit of Queen Victoria. On that occasion I had the pleasure of meeting Princess Frederica of Pawel-Rammingen at the house of the English Consul, and at my concert on the following day, Her Royal Highness presented me with an exquisite bouquet.

Altogether, as an American, I like to testify to the kindness and courtesy which I have met with in England, both in the business and social relations of life. There is no section of London society more enjoyable than the artistic and literary circles, which always hold open a hospitable door to talent of every kind.

When my advice is asked—as it constantly is—by young girls who are ambitious to shine in the ranks of prime donne, I feel bound to warn them against the almost insurmountable difficulties to be encountered by a young artist without relatives near at hand, and no balance at the banker's. At the same time I can never for a moment regret that I myself acted contrary to my own theories. Just now, above all others, I feel that fortune is smiling upon me, for it is only a few months ago that I added one more link to my connection with America by my marriage with Mr. Richard Heard, of Boston. On that occasion Sir Arthur Sullivan, in the inevitable absence of all my relations, took my father's place before the altar, while my friend Mme. Nordica took the leading part in the choral service. I have had many offers of engagement in the United States, and before very long we both look forward to crossing the Atlantic together, and renewing acquaintance with all my old friends.

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An elegant assortment of these famous pianos can be seen at W. C. Whitehill's Music Parlor. Also some second-hand instruments. Small grand Kranich & Bach, $325. Mason & Hamlin upright, largest size, $300. Marshall & Mittauer square, $125. Bent organ, $75. Shoninger organ, $50. At W. C. Whitehill's Music Parlor, 152 Third avenue, opposite Government building.

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New York Star.]

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