BOUND TO GET RICH.

Henry Clews Gives a Dead Sure Tip to All Those Who Like to Dabble in Stocks and Bonds.

LAY FOR SLUMPS IN THE MARKET

Then Buy Only Gilt-Edge Securities and Hold Them Till Prices Get Back to the Normal Point.

STUFF THE SPECULATION IS MADE OF.

The Banker Has Some Very Pointed Opinions Regarding Women and Finances.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Speculation possesses a powerful fascination for the whole human family. The desire to gain money, to accumulate wealth, and to do so rapidly by some royal road is inherent in the breast of every man. Charles James Fox, the famous English statesman, has said that the greatest pleasure in life is to win money at cards, and that the next greatest pleasure is to lose it in the same way. This sentiment may be generalized and made more applicable to mankind at large by saying that the greatest pleasure in life is making money, and the next greatest pleasure is spending it. The desire to make and to spend is the underlying philosophy of the universal craze for speculation.

The rapid multiplication, within the past 30 years, of railway and telegraph lines and other business enterprises carried on by stock companies has increased the facilities for speculation to an extent undreamed of in this country prior to our late Civil War, and it is to the consequent great increase in the amount of personal property in this country that the accumulation of so many colossal fortunes within a comparatively few years past is largely due. How to follow in the footsteps of the men who have become millionaires through stock speculation, how to speculate successfully, how to buy and sell stocks always at a profit are questions whose answers are now being eagerly sought by a multitude of men whose number is far greater than that of all those who have toilsomely labored to find the fabulous philosopher's stone in the ages that are past.

WE ARE NOT ALL SPECULATORS.

Just as every man born into this world firmly believes that he can drive a horse and poke a fire a little better than any other man, so he also believes that he can speculate successfully, and even years of continual failure are inadequate to convince him of his error. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that any man can be a successful speculator. "All blacksmiths," says Rev. Robert Collyer, formerly a worker in that useful trade, "cannot become preachers, and it would be bad for the world if they did." There is a good deal of philosophy in the remark of this popular clergyman, and it is quite to the point on the subject of which I am writing.

A thoroughly equipped speculator must possess extraordinary parts and attainments. He must be an unceasing and intelligent observer of events at large, and a sagacious interpreter of symptoms on the stock exchange. His judgment must be sound, not only as to existing conditions but as to coming tendencies, and he must possess the calmness and nerve to face unflinchingly whatever emergencies may arise. Comparatively few possess these qualities in even a moderate degree.

It will thus be seen readily how little chance of success most men must have as speculators.

LOVELY WOMAN CAN'T SUCCEED.

But the speculative craze is by no means wholly confined to men. Not a few women in different ages and countries have fallen victims to it. From her peculiar natural organization, lovely woman stands even less chance of winning success in the speculative field than do those of the sterner sex. Women lack the mental qualities required to take in the varied points and features of the situation upon which successful speculation must ever depend. Nature has decreed that women must be dependent upon men. In speculation as in other things, they are parasites, and become utterly helpless when thrown upon their own resources. The male sex are ruled by them to a great extent it is true, but women effect this through craft and subtlety, and if left to paddle their own canoe they are like a ship without a rudder, compass and anchor, when beset by a heavy gale.

Many people, and especially woman suffragists and strong-minded females of every class, will, I am aware, strongly dispute this statement, and will cite against it such women as Joan of Arc, Queen Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, George Elliott, George Sand, Ouida and a host of other female adventurers, politicians, revolutionists, reformers and novelists. I should answer that all such women are but the exceptions which prove the rule and sustain my theory.

A MAN IN IT SOMEWHERE.

Moreover, none of the fair ones above named, with the exception of Ouida, George Sand—possibly—and Elizabeth Cady Stanton to some extent, ever tried their luck at speculation. In their particular vocation each of these women have excelled, but when all their secret history is known it will be found that some man was the source of their inspiration. To alter the present condition of affairs and give woman the first place instead of the secondary one she now occupies in all her relations with men would necessitate a complete revolution in the physical, mental and moral nature of both sexes—something that no convention of strong-minded women will ever be able to accomplish.

To speculate successfully there are certain things that a man must do and certain others that he must carefully avoid. First of all the speculator must be as calm and impartial as a judge, both as regards the risks he incurs and the integrity of his own judgment. When a man stakes his money against prospective changes in financial values he can more illy afford to indulge in whims or prejudices or pet theories than in any other pursuit in which he can possibly engage. The speculator must not be too ignorant nor too wise, too timid nor too bold, too pessimistic nor too sanguine, too slow nor too hasty, too diffident nor too conceited, too confiding nor too incredulous. These are constitutional defects, anyone of which may cost a speculator a fortune.

JUDGMENT AND CREDULITY.

I should therefore lay it down as the first rule requisite to success that the operator's judgment be not warped by any natural idiosyncracies; this being secured, a speculator may succeed in spite of his constitutional defects. The operator must be particularly cautious about accepting information—technically called points—from unreliable sources. He must beware of those individuals—about as numerous in and around Wall street as shells upon the seashore—who, according to their own story, are deep in the secret councils and innermost thoughts of all the great money kings identified with speculative enterprises, and who are constantly boiling over with the most valuable tips—just received from their intimate friends, Jay Gould or the Vanderbilts or some other noted wizards of finance—to buy or sell this or that particular stock. If you hope to ever make a dollar in Wall street speculation turn an absolutely deaf ear to the silly chatter of all such irresponsible human magpies, and shun them and their advice as you would shun the smallpox. A very large number of the financial wrecks with which the street is so liberally strewn have been crazed by the delusive points furnished by these harpies.

The absurdity and folly of taking advice from such people may be best illustrated by a simile. Suppose you had an important case at law. Would you proceed with it in accordance with the advice of some barroom bummer who professed to be on terms of intimacy with William M. Evarts or Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll and to have received from those eminent legal lights all the law points bearing on the case? A man who would do so would justly be regarded as a madman or a fool, yet many men have risked a fortune upon the equally irresponsible and foolish counsel of some worthless hanger-on of the street.

ONLY ONE WAY TO GET TIPS.

If you want to know anything about any particular speculative enterprise make inquiry of some established and responsible broker bearing the general reputation of being a thoroughly posted as well as a thoroughly upright and honorable man. If men try to speculate in Wall street and lose all they possess through taking the advice of rumor-mongers and canard-makers, no more blame can be attached to reputable brokers than there could be to the eminent lawyers I have named above for the failure of a suit at law carried on in accordance with the directions of some barroom shyster.

I have said that the would-be successful speculator must not be too sanguine nor too pessimistic. Many men fail because they take too bright a view of everything. When the whole financial sky is heavily overcast with darkly lowering clouds, which portend the speedy bursting of a storm, from whose threatening fury all prudent operators hasten to take shelter, these too sanguine men think and loudly declare that everything is booming, and that the threatening clouds are but capfuls of wind which will soon pass harmlessly away. They act accordingly, and the result is that they are soon numbered among the disappointed, ruined men who so thickly strew the sands of time.

THE PESSIMIST JUST AS BAD.

Then, on the other hand, who of us has not often seen and pitied the lugubrious individual with sallow complexion and listless, lagging gait, so suggestive of blue pill, who, when everything is booming at the very height of prosperity, persists in declaring that the country is going to the dogs, and sells stocks when everybody else is buying them.

Many a man fails through operating too persistently on the same side of the market. He is a bull or he is a bear in season or out of season. Such a course is pretty sure to result unfortunately sooner or later. The successful speculator must be like the wise and thoroughly skilled navigator. He must be ever watching the winds and tides, and he must trim his sails and steer his bark accordingly. He must be a bull or bear as circumstances indicate, never changing to any pet fancy nor adhering to any cause when the handwriting on the wall directs the abandonment of it. I have said that the successful speculator must not be too wise nor too ignorant. If too wise he may be like the learned physician or surgeon, whose knowledge of the human body is so complete that he fears to run or jump or wrestle or indulge in any trials of athletic skill lest by so doing he should displace some of the delicate arrangements of his internal economy. Too much wisdom may make a financial operator too cautious or too confident, either of which conditions may ruin him. The too ignorant speculator—like an ignorant man in any other vocation—is entirely too much in the power and at the mercy of others.

A DEAD SURE THING.

But despite the jungle of difficulties and dangers through which the unwary must pass to reach the fair haven of success through speculation, there is one safe and sure road. Our Creator has mercifully provided a way by which explorers and travelers in foreign, hitherto-unknown countries can tell whether or not they may safely eat of any fruit or other vegetable growth that presents itself to their notice. If they see it eaten by birds or animals they know that it is not poisonous, and can be eaten by themselves with impunity.

Just so there is a way by which the inexperienced explorer in the field of speculation may tell with certainty how always to speculate to win. There is in New York a class of rich old fellows who by long experience have acquired the art of successful speculation. During a great part of the year they are inactive; but two or three times in nearly every twelvemonth there are brief periods of marked decline in the values of stocks.

THE FELLOWS TO WATCH FOR.

Then these old fellows are seen limping down to their brokers' offices. They buy gilt-edged stocks for cash, and then wait till the market has recovered, and their newly-acquired securities have advanced to where they were before the decline. Then these sly old dogs quickly sell out, invest their profits in choice real estate that is increasing in value, and retire to their splendid homes to await another heavy decline.

If young men desiring to speculate would follow the example of these cunning, foxy old operators, and only buy gilt-edged stocks when depressed through sympathy with a general panicky feeling, and would keep out of the bucket shops as well as the sample rooms, and only visit Delmonico's for light lunch during business hours, they will be certain to realize at least a moderate profit on their ventures, and to make more money than if they operated all the year round.

HENRY CLEWS.

THE FIGHTING BULBUL.

How the Bird is Petted in India Only to Die in the Prize Ring.

Harper's Magazine.]

Throughout India people will make pets of any animals which can be induced to contribute to their entertainment. We noticed in Delhi that the average small boy, as well as children of a larger growth, exhibited a particular fondness for a certain little bird of ashen plumage and black crest. This was the famous bulbul of which Hafiz has much to say, and some Western poets also who have sentimentalized about the Vale of Cashmere without even having seen it. He is usually tethered by a string attached to his leg, and sits upon his owner's finger, or hops about on his arm; sometimes, too, he adorns a tall perch in front of the doorway. A lady at the hotel remarked that "it was touching to see how fond these poor people were of their little birds."

The mystery was soon solved. Returning from a drive one afternoon, we passed the colossal gateway of the great mosque, and saw that the broad and towering flight of steps before the principal entrance was covered with scattered groups of people, all intent on some occupation of absorbing interest. So vast and imposing was the architectural background that the crowd of little figures suggested one of Martin's weird pictures of the Judgment Day. Some great religious ceremony was evidently going on. So we got out, deeply impressed, to obtain a nearer view, when, behold, in the center of each little group was a pair of these birds in mortal combat; and they fought as pluckily as the bravest of game fowl, and breathless was the interest shown by every spectator, whether street urchin or shawled and turbaned merchant.

A MOSQUITO EXTERMINATOR.

Arrangements by Which the Insect is to be Electrocuted.

An electric insect trap has been patented by an American resident of Paris. It consists of a cage, the bars of which are arranged alternately to form the positive and negative wires of an electrical circuit. Inside the cage is placed an incandescent lamp which attracts the mosquitoes, and they fly against the metal network only to be killed by the electrical current. Thus, they are not only killed, but are also lured to another part of the room, away from where the occupant is sleeping.

Not His Better Half.

Customer (handing back a mutilated coin)—I want a better half.

Salesgirl (abstractedly)—Oh, sir, I thank you, but I'm engaged to George Robbins.

REST FOR THE WEARY,

Food for the Hungry, Joy for the Sad, All in a Little Leaf.

THE WONDERFUL COCA PLANT.

How it is Cultivated in South America and Used by Natives.

ITS HABITUAL USE DOESN'T INJURE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

LA PAZ, BOLIVIA, June 30.—One of the most important industries of Bolivia, as well as of Peru and Ecuador, is the cultivation of the plant known to science as erythroxylon coca. For many years past Bolivia's crop of dried coca leaves has averaged a trifle over 7,500,000 pounds. Of this vast amount, fully 55 per cent is consumed at home by the native Indians. About 30 per cent of the remainder is divided equally between Chili and the Argentine Republic. Peru gets 10 per cent of it; Europe 5 per cent; and the United States none at all.

Since alkaloid cocaine has lately come into general use for producing local anæsthesia the demand for the coca leaves from which it is made has greatly increased, though without sensibly affecting the markets of South America. Soon as the application of cocaine to surgical uses became common, the British Government sent out a commission to collect the plants and transfer them to India, and already the plantations of those far-off colonies are yielding so profusely that they furnish plenty of leaves for the German manufacturer who supplies the world with most of the cocaine that is used.

NATURE OF THE COCA PLANT.

It must be remembered that the cocoa palm, the seeds of which furnish the chocolate of commerce, and the coca plant from which cocaine is made, are not related to one another in any way, but belong to different branches of the vegetable family. Erythroxylon coca is not a tree, but a small shrub, growing from two to five feet high. It flourishes best at an altitude between 3,000 and 6,000 feet above the sea, in sheltered places where the climate is warm and moist without excessive heat. In this country it attains its greatest perfection in the Province of Yungas, where the mountain ridges, crossing in every direction, leave deep hollows and narrow valleys between, giving all varieties of climate with the productions peculiar to each. That section not only produces the best coca in the world, but vanilla and chocolate beans, sarsaparilla, coffee, quinine, oranges, figs, bananas, grapes, apples, pears, peaches, plums, strawberries, quinces, cherries, chirimayas, mangoes, apricots, sugar cane, corn, wheat and barley are gathered from the cooler heights, the sunny hillsides and the lower villages.

A good deal of coca is also grown in Peru in the neighborhood of Cuzio; but it is of inferior quality, as the hot, dry atmosphere thickens the leaves and destroys their delicate flavor.

HOW IT IS CULTIVATED.

The lower mountain sides of the Yungas and other valleys are laid out in terraces, each terrace about a yard wide and well supported by a wall of stones, in which the little coca bushes, closely resembling tea plants, are set at regular distances. The seeds are first sown in beds, and when the plants are a few inches high, they are transferred to the terraces. No fertilizers are used, but great care is taken that no grasses or other growths are allowed to spring up with the coca.

Each bush yields three generous crops of leaves in a year, and sometimes four, where the conditions of soil and climate are peculiarly favorable. Each crop is called a mita. The first, known as the "Marzo mita" (March crop), is generally picked in January; the second, or "St. John's mita," is gathered in May; and the third, or "All Saints' mita," in October. The harvest time, however, is by no means uniform, depending greatly on the weather, the rain and other accidents.

The crop is gathered by Indian women, who pick it, leaf by leaf, squatted upon the ground in front of a bush. It is slow work, because the tiny leaves must not be broken or the central fibre torn; and it is believed that if the apex of the plant is touched, or if any animal brushes against it, all the leaves will instantly wither.

DRYING AND PACKING.

Following the women come men with large sacks, who collect the gathered leaves and carry them to the cachi, or coca-yard, to be dried. The cachi is enclosed by a wall, and paved with flat stones that are kept perfectly clean. The morning sun striking down on these stones, heats them so that when the leaves are spread smoothly over the surface they become perfectly dry in a few hours. Then they are re-collected, more carefully than ever, having now become somewhat brittle; and carried to the press, the latter being a primitive machine, with a crossbeam made of the hard wood of the country. When completely dry the leaves still retain their bright green color, even after having been packed for months.

The press has a box which holds precisely 25 pounds. A lining of dried banana leaves, soft as silk yet strong as leather, is put into the box before the coca is poured in. When turned out of the press the package is called a certa; and two certas, 50 pounds, when lashed together form a tambo, or "drum." The latter is wrapped in coarse sacking and more banana leaves, and makes a bundle which measures about three cubic feet. In this shape it is toted over the mountains to La Paz, on mule or llama back, to be deposited in the Adriano de coca, or coca custom house.

GOVERNMENT GETS THE LION'S SHARE.

The average price of coca to the producer is 22 cents (gold) per pound; but out of this he has to pay a tax of 24 centavos (about 13 cents gold) on every pound. Think of cultivating, picking, drying and packing the tiny leaves for that small profit, to say nothing of carrying them several days' journey over the mountains!

The Government derives no small share of its revenue from the coca business. The right to collect the tax is "farmed out," or sold to the highest bidder, sealed proposals being received for the privilege. The manner of tax collecting in Yungas is a fair sample of the mode throughout the country. Tanacachi, a village near the western terminus of the valley, lies in a narrow canyon between impassable mountains, through which there is but one road. All the streets of the town except that one leading into the canyon road are securely walled up just outside the suburbs; so that all cargo must pass by way of the Custom House, which stands at the head of the canyon. Whenever an Indian passes with a pack on his back or a load on his mule, if he does not stop and show what he carries, or pay the tax if it be cocoa, he quickly finds himself in trouble. Out rushes a customs official, armed with a long iron poker which has a screw-like apparatus at one end and a heavy rawhide whip attached to the other. The screw point he thrusts deep into the middle of the cargo to determine if any cocoa may be hidden within it; and should the Indian resist he does not hesitate to use the whip on his back ad libitum.

THE EFFECT OF THE DRUG.

The principal consumers of coca in Peru and Bolivia are the Quichua and Aymara Indians. In the tombs of the ancient Peruvians there may always be found buried with the mummy a small quantity of coca leaves, together with an earthen vase or jar that once held lime or potash. To this day potash is eaten with the cocoa. The whites and cholos (half-breeds) seldom use coca at all, except sometimes as an infusion in cases of debility. The infusion is made in the same manner as tea, except that the first water is thrown away, being too strong and bitter. The second steeping is not disagreeable to the taste and is extremely exhilarating. A species of wine is also being made for medicinal purposes—comparatively a new invention, whose beneficial effects remain to be proved.

The increase of one's powers of endurance by the use of coca leaves, especially in the higher altitudes, is something marvelous. Aside from relieving sirroche, the distressing difficulty of breathing incident to exercise in the thin air of the Andes, it is said to completely abolish all sense of hunger or fatigue. It is an undoubted fact that an Indian, when well supplied with coca, will travel from 50 to 75 miles a day, carrying on his back the load of a llama, almost without food for days together. Indeed he considers food as of secondary importance, or rather as third on his list of necessities, diluted alcohol coming next to coca.

HOW THE LABORERS USE IT.

The laborers of this country are universally Indians, and all employers must furnish a certain amount of coca to each man, or he will not work at all. In the mines, the least allowance per diem is five ounces for every man, and eight ounces is sometimes given. Thus supplied, an Indian will work willingly and well from 4 o'clock in the morning until 7 P. M., taking nothing to eat in the meantime. He generally has food of some sort before beginning his labors, and after 7 in the evening he eats whatever he can get.

His first cud is accumulated in about two hours, from 4 to 6 o'clock, taking it leaf by leaf, stripping the central stem between his teeth, and from time to time adding a few grains of potash. This alkali causes a burning sensation on the lips, but is soon incorporated with the cud, serving to neutralize the acidity of the leaves and at the same time aiding digestion by provoking an increased flow of saliva. At 10 o'clock A. M. the employer gives him half an hour of rest. He then throws away the morning's chew, rinses his mouth with alcohol, and industriously begins the accumulation of a second cud. Again, at 1:30 o'clock, another rest is given, which he employs in making a third chew. At 3:30 the same performance is repeated.

Strange to say, the most inordinate use of coca is not followed by delirium tremens, nervousness or any other effect that may be noticeable on an Indian, even after he has lived on it for two or three days, taking little or no food and enduring excessive fatigue. Whenever opportunity offers he will eat the back numbers of omitted meals in one gigantic heap, thus showing that no serious disturbance of the stomach has arisen from his coca intoxication.

THEY REACH A RIPE OLD AGE.

Neither does its habitual use seem to affect longevity, unless it may be to prolong it. One never meets a toothless or bald-headed Indian, though one hundred years is here considered their average span of life. There is a cheerful Methuselah in Chuquibambilla, who claims to have just turned his one hundred and forty-second year, and the parish priest supports his statement by the church record of births. This aged Indian does not look any older than his great-grandchildren, and declares that for more than ninety years he has not tasted water or any liquid whatsoever but chicha, the native intoxicant made from fermented corn; that he has eaten coca three times a day ever since he was ten years old, and has seldom had animal food except on Sundays, sometimes having no meat at all for months together, but subsisting entirely on corn, barley and *quinua*. Instances are not rare of Indians who attain 130 or even more years of age, yet retain full possession of their bodily and mental powers.

No doubt the aperient qualities of coca tend to prevent disease, and are most useful in counteracting the obstructions caused by a diet of farinaceous food alone. One cannot find an Indian anywhere in Bolivia or Peru who has not his *hualiqui*, or pouch, of coca. The leaves are retailed in every little tienda in quantities to suit the purse of the purchaser, and on "beggars' day" (Saturday), a handful of coca is more gratefully received by the poorest mendicant than if every leaf were silver coin.

FANNIE B. WARD.

HUNTING THE WOODCOCK.

An Inkling of the Sport That Can be Had in New Jersey.

Philadelphia Press.]

I have tried various sections for woodcock shooting, and am satisfied that there's no ground east of the Ohio or north of Virginia can be more confidently relied on for good sport than Middle Jersey, embracing the counties of Hunterdon, Somerset and Essex. In company with two friends I was on woodcock ground bright and early in the morning. I had with me a slow but very steady pointer. Another member of the party had a fine-looking cocker spaniel, of which he was very proud, and the third was accompanied by a rough terrier, a veritable board yard in appearance. What on earth is the man going to do with such a brute as that in the field? we asked. "Now, gentlemen, take time and see my dog perform, and then you can criticise him with judgment."

We were now on the edge of a swamp about five acres in area. I knew it well and had never failed to get birds there. We separated, I keeping along the edge to give my dog a chance. My English friend's cocker jumped into the thicket, making a great noise. Clearly a case of limited performance, I thought, and so it proved, for the dog was in a great measure useless, and half his master's time was taken up in thrashing the brute. The Marylander, with his board yard, got the first bird. As they had not been hunted, they lay close and I shot my first at a clean point and not ten yards from the muzzle of my gun. In the meantime it was evident that the terrier knew his business. I got a sight of him now and then stealing quietly through the dense brush, flushing his bird with one quick, sharp bark, and he did his retrieving beautifully, carrying the cock by the wing tip, and then going back to work. In fact, I never saw a finer performance of the kind. The swamp was fairly alive with birds, and we bagged all we could carry.

FIRST AMERICAN WHIPPINGS.

New-Amsterdam School Boys and Quakeress Mary Clark Were the Victims.

New York Times.]

The first whipping in school on this side of the Atlantic was done by the old schoolmasters of New-Amsterdam. Dutch youngsters used to cut frequent hookies, and it was customary for the parents to turn their children over to the "schul-meister" for discipline. Flogging in colonial days was not common in the schools, though with other English customs came that of using the "birch." The first person publicly whipped in America was a Quakeress named Mary Clark, who was given 20 stripes for preaching in Boston in 1657. The next to suffer in this manner were Christopher Holder and John Copeland, both flogged on account of their religious belief by the Puritans in Boston, and within the next year 12 persons were publicly whipped because they were Quakers.

After the whipping of Copeland many left Massachusetts and settled on Long Island and in the Dutch colonies, but they were treated there in the same way. One Robert Hodshone was accused of holding a meeting at Hempstead. He was brought over to New-Amsterdam, dragged through town at the tail of a cart, and then taken before the Town Council. He was whipped inside the fort and fined 600 guilders, and because he could not pay the fine he was unmercifully flogged a second time.

PIANOS IN THE SCHOOLS.

The London School Board Likes Them and Talks of Swimming Baths.

London Illustrated News.]

The question of supplying pianofortes in schools was again under discussion at the weekly meeting of the London School Board, on a motion by Mr. Helby to rescind a previous resolution in favor of such provision. By 22 votes to 18 it was determined to adhere to the former decision, the number of pianos being limited to 150. The School Management Committee were directed to bring up a scheme with reference to the institution of swimming in the schools.

SCORES THE AGENTS.

A Soubrette Throws a Little Light on Tricks of the Trade.

MANAGERS DECEIVE AND TRIFLE.

No Matter How Capable the Artist She Must Hustle for a Place.

STORY OF A PENNSYLVANIA GIRL

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, July 26.—She was a Pennsylvania girl. She was petite, rosy-cheeked, short-haired, blue-eyed and lithe of limb. Her retrousse nose, set at a convenient angle, sniffed at the rest of the world, while her solid chin meant business. Her costume of black and white was prononce and displayed her trim figure to advantage. She had a swinging gait, a sort of a boyish swagger. As far as you could see her on crowded upper Broadway you would instinctively put her down for an actress. The swagger is the result of long playing boys' parts.

"I played boys' parts when I was 4 years of age," said she, snapping her fan out with a quick, nervous gesture. She was all snap, touch-and-go. "When I look back to that time," she continued, "and think of the ups and downs of travel, of stock and combination, of one night stands, of jumps across the continent, or over the sea, of nights of singing and dancing, of counterfeit and real grief—why, I think I might be grey and wrinkled."

The shapely head was for a moment laid half seriously against a slender hand, which enabled me to note that her short hair was dark and soft and glossy and kicked up its heels on a fair neck yet untouched by time.

AN AMBITION THAT NEVER DIES.

"I was born to the stage, as was my father before me. We always hate what we are condemned to do, don't we? Yet, I could not live any other life and be happy or satisfied. Even now, after a short vacation, I long for the road with its life of constant change and activity. I could pack in two hours for Australia or San Francisco, or anywhere else, and the short notice would be an inspiration! My father went on the stage when he was 9 years of age. His name was J. A. Coleman. He died six years ago, aged 46, after an eventful life on the boards. He was a low comedian and character acter and theatrical manager.

"There were three of us girls; Alice, Louie and myself—Clara. We were widely known in our early days, ten years ago, as the Coleman sisters. We were born all around the country, I in Philapelphia, my sister Alice in Lancaster, Pa., and Louie in Baltimore. So, you see, we were not only born to the profession but born on the road. Our home, if people connected with the modernized dramatic profession can be truthfully said to have a home, is at Carlisle, Pa. My earliest recollection of the stage is associated with an Iowa town where my father was playing. I did some fairy business, being put forward at four years of age. Imagine what a little tot I was! My sisters were in the same piece. It was an amateur performance, but we attracted so much attention that father was advised by his friends to bring us out.

ALWAYS LIKED BOYS' PARTS.

"My stage life dates from that period. I played boys' parts even then. I remember I wore little trousers and was called a chubby little boy. I couldn't read or write, of course. They had to teach me my parts just as you'd teach a child his A B C's. Dear me! How sleepy I used to get those nights! As soon as I went off I would sit down in the wings and fall fast asleep. They'd get so scared for fear I would lose my cue. If they woke me up I'd be sure to do it. When they let me sleep I would be all right. I would jump up and rub my eyes and go on with my lines just as if I had been running them over in my childish slumber.

We had a manager who used to come over every night to see me sitting there asleep, just as a child would at home. It was home to me. I was very proud of my performance. They used to say to me: "Well, little one, what can you do?" Whereupon I'd flare up and answer that I could do my business as well as any of them. It used to make me angry, and they often did it to plague me, I suppose. We made a hit, playing thus together, and were great favorites, drawing the best people—family people, you know. There were very few children on the stage then, none but us starring. "Well, we just kept at it from that day to this."

The fan now played about the soubrette's face with a lively motion.

NOT A BED OF ROSES.

"During the earlier time our schooling was such as we could snatch on the road from our governess, and more connectedly in the summer vacations. If any stage-struck young girl could look ahead and see what we had to go through it wouldn't require the intervention of her friends to prevent her going on the stage. For several seasons we traveled under Harry Miner's management. My father went with us. I was then 10 years of age. Under Miner we had great success. My business then was little soubrette parts. I introduced my singing and dancing—little Irish jigs and reels—danced in wooden shoes and played on the banjo. I used to do the juggling act on the banjo—you've seen that—twisting the instrument in the air while playing. They called me 'the baby with a banjo.' I had a little banjo just big enough to handle. Sometimes it was charged that my banjo was a dummy, and that the playing was done behind the scenes, and they used to watch me sharply.

From Miner's we went back under father's management in California, and then contracted to visit Australia. But just at that time sister Louie died, when the contracts were annulled, and we retired to our home in Carlisle, Pa., for a couple of years. When Alice and I returned to the profession we went with the Berger family, and they took us all over the country, and from New Orleans we sailed with them for Cuba. Our Cuban experiences were the most interesting of my stage life, though in some respects most disagreeable.

"After our return from Cuba we made a similar tour of Texas under father's management—his last. It was also the last trip Alice and I made together. Since then we have been in separate companies playing soubrette parts. I went last season with 'Ivy Leaf.' In the latter I played an Irish part. You ought to hear my rich brogue!"

Here she laughed as she gave me a specimen of County Mayo.

OBJECTS TO THE MANAGER'S STORY.

"Now, I've been reading a recent interview of yours," said she, snapping the expressive fan and eyes at once, "in THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH. That thing on soubrettes, you know. Why don't you print the soubrette's side of the case?"

"And what is the soubrette's story?" I inquired.

The dramatic managers and dramatic agents are the most vexatious set to deal with of any other people on earth. This manager says the best soubrettes do not have to hunt engagements—that managers are after them. Most of those he mentioned as particularly clever are members of his own companies for the coming season. Every one of them probably sought engagements of half a dozen managers before he got them, and there are plenty of others in New York unengaged at present who could doubtless play the parts equally well. A good many of those have played better ones. The questions of salary, of particular roles, of the strength of a piece, or its financial backing, all enter into the matter of an engagement. No actress likes to go out in a new piece, and, everything else being equal, she will not do it. No one wants to risk her reputation by going with an untried play. No one likes a part in which she is conscious she cannot appear to the best advantage to herself, regardless of the demands of the play. No one likes to go out with a company that may get stranded before it is out six weeks. And no one likes to go out with any company with bad people. Many married women do not wish to go with any company unless their husbands are also engaged, and vice versa. All of these things are considerations. This is why professionals begin at once and work diligently to secure a suitable engagement."

THEY'RE FULL OF DECEPTION.

"And now for this system of engaging and engagements. It is probably the worst that could be divised. I go into an agency and have my name, references, salary expected, etc., entered. If he gets me the engagement desired I pay him so much money. This agent will get just as many on his string as he possibly can. While I am waiting I go to such managers as I know and apply directly.

"'Good morning' says he. 'I want just that sort of a soubrette. I'll take your address and let you know in a few days.'

"'Sure?' says I. But he don't. He don't expect to see me again and I know it.

"'Come in and see me, let's see—Friday at 12 sharp,' says another.

"'Well, I call at 12 sharp on that day.

"'Come in to-morrow at 10,' says he.

"'Do you think it worth while?' I inquire.

"'Well, I—you see, I'm negotiating with a certain lady and if—

"'Now, why don't they tell people the truth? It would be just as easy and would settle matters to say, 'I have filled the place,' or 'I have the proper party in view,' or 'you will not do.' But a manager will give ont that he wants a soubrette. That gets out, as he intends it shall get out, and he gets 20 to 50 applications. He is like a woman who goes shopping with an undecided mind and little money—paws over the goods.

AND TOMFOOLERY BESIDES.

If a professional puts any faith in what they tell her or in their acts she would sit down and do nothing that season, for she would decline good offers in the hope of securing some particular better one. And of all the tomfoolery—why, yesterday I received a postal from an agent asking me to call at a certain hour. I did so.

"'We wanted to say that the 'His Royal Nibs' is being fitted for the road. How would you like it?'

"'I am charmed. You know my salary and—'

"'Yes; but they are thinking of writing in a soubrette part. If—'

"'Why, good gracious, man! haven't they written the part? And you bring me down here through the hot sun to tell me that? Mad? Well, I should say.' But he sent me over to the manager of 'His Royal Nibs.'

"'We haven't decided yet whether to write in a soubrette part or not,' says he.

"'Then why don't you?' says I.

"'The author of the piece must be consulted. He is the man who—'

"'Good morning,' says I. 'Better write your play before sending for your soubrette,' and off I waltzed, hot, mad and yet very much amused."

The lively little lady laughed merrily as she recounted her experience with various agents and managers. She could afford to laugh, as she has several flattering offers for the coming season, "only," says she, "not one of them is just exactly what I want—a boy's part."

CHARLES T. MURRAY.

A MONKEY-RIDDEN CITY.

The Frisky Animals Make Life a Burden, but They Can't be Killed.

Harper's Magazine.]

The head center of all monkeydom is the holy city of Muttra, or Mathura, a sort of supplementary Benares, on the river Jumna. Here we find another species, the same, I think, from which the organ grinder generally selects his partner. The principal care in life of the citizens is to protect themselves and their property from the depredations of this privileged class, for, as they are sacred—and what animal is not in Hindooland?—they cannot be killed or molested in any manner.

Every window in the town is barred with lattices, as not even the highest is out of their reach, for they could give points to the best gymnast that ever swung on a trapeze. Along the underside of the highest balconies they follow one another in single file, leaping past intervening brackets, or with one bound they clear the street, and swinging from the pendant branches of a banyan tree, in they go at some small opening left for a moment unguarded, lured by the sight of a bowl of milk on the sill; and when they are chased out again at the point of the broomstick, they go and console themselves among the stalls of the fruit sellers in the bazaar.

IN AN ORIENTAL CITY.

People Make Their Toilets in Public and Cows Occupy Houses.

Harper's Magazine.]

Here is a scene in oriental Ahmedabad: As the sun is just up, the people are opening their doors and windows, and standing up their beds against the walls; some are performing their toilet operations in full view of the street, and gossiping with their neighbors as they squat in their doorways. A whole row of them are brushing their teeth with wood sticks in unison over the gutter. Brown babies of all sizes are playing in the doorways among the chickens and kids.

Here is a house carved like a jewel-box, the heavy door is sumptuously wrought with cross-beams ornamented with projecting metallic bosses. While we are lost in admiration it suddenly opens, and a couple of cows rush madly out and clatter down the steps of the portico; cows in this country do not object to going up and down stairs. We are not to suppose, however, that this is a barn; it only happens that the cows, in coming from their quarters behind, are obliged to traverse the lower floor of the family mansion.

BIG NUGGETS OF GOLD.

One Six Inches in Diameter Recently Found Out West.

According to the Spokane Falls *Review* a mysterious prospector returned very quietly a day or two ago from the Cœur d'Alene Reservation with an odd shaped bag of bacon, which, however, broke while being moved around and disclosed a nugget of gold, extremely heavy and nearly six inches in diameter. It was calculated to be worth about $750. Compared with some of the nuggets found in California in the early days, however, these nuggets are but as pebbles to a bowlder.

According to a writer in the Virginia (Nev.) *Chronicle*, the largest piece of gold ever found in this State was taken out of Carson Hill, Calaveras county, in November, 1854. It weighed 195 pounds troy, or 2,340 ounces. Several other nuggets, weighing from six to seven pounds—that is from 72 to 84 ounces—were found in the same locality.

GLOVES WHILE YOU WAIT.

In London You Can Get a Pair of Kids to Order in 75 Minutes.

Drygoods Economist.]

Jugla, of London, will deliver a pair of kid gloves an hour and a quarter after they are ordered, provided he has a skin of the correct shade in the house. The nearest approach to this is done here by a firm who make gloves to order, and will always give them in two days, unless they have to dye the skin to match some particular color. They can deliver a pair for the evening if ordered early in the morning, though they do not like such hurried orders. They charge 50 cents more for an ordered than for a ready-made pair.

Learning a Dangerous Thing.

Weary Wiggins—I hear Muggsy has learned to write.

Lazy Leary—Yes, signed a bank check to-day.

Weary Wiggins—Is that so? How much did he get?

Lazy Leary—A little over three years, I think.

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS

That Men Have Chased Throughout the Ages and Never Caught.

IS HAPPINESS TO BE FOUND?

How Ancients and Moderns Would Entrap the Fleeing Phantom.

THEORY BY PHILOSOPHER AND FOOL

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Voltaire says somewhere: "Happiness is but a dream, and only pain is real. I have thought so for 84 years, and I know of no better plan than to resign myself to the inevitable and reflect that flies were born to be destroyed by spiders and man to be consumed by care."

It would, therefore, follow that to avoid all pain, whether mental or physical, is, according to his philosophy, the best method of pursuing happiness, and of securing such portion of it as the world with all its phantom joys and vain delusions can give. Another profound philosopher puts it that if pain could be eliminated from man's life, and he were delivered from bores, he would be as nearly upon the pinnacle of bliss as it is ever possible to get in this world of woe.

But the unorthodox philosophers were not the first to propound the pessimistic fact that life is a system of misery. They were not the first to proclaim "All is vanity and vexation of spirit," that "Man is of few days and full of trouble," that "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." Job and Jeremiah and David and other holy men of old have told of the miseries of life in their day. "Even a good man findeth always sufficient cause for mourning and weeping, and he knoweth that none can live in the world without tribulations," says Thomas a' Kempis, of holy memory.

A QUESTION OF THE AGES.

Is life a blessing or a curse? This has been a question in all ages. The thinkers of all times have deeply concerned themselves as to what was the object of life. It has been shown in thousands of sermons that this world life is a harsh apprenticeship to fit souls for the joys of heaven—it is a term of probation. But long before the days of Christianity and Calvinism Sophocles, who has been called "the high priest of humanity," said that "not to be born at all is the greatest of all possible benefits, but inasmuch as man has appeared on earth the very best thing he can do is to hurry back where he came from." This was not strange doctrine for the days when a birth was hailed with lamentations, and death was celebrated with songs of rejoicing and festivals of welcome. Suicide was considered an act of wisdom when for any reason of poverty and misery, happiness was not to be secured. When men grew discontented and disheartened over the hardships of the world, or when they were afflicted with the rheumatism, hay fever or other chronic diseases they agreed with Pliny that "Nature's most pleasing invention was brevity of life." It was in the times of such teaching that the old saying so frequently duoted "Whom the gods love die young" originated. Epicurus held and taught in his school of philosophy that when life was no longer a delight, death became a benefit and suicide was to be commended.

How widely different are the