BEADS FOR ALL THE WORLD.

MADE IN VENICE FOR MORE THAN A THOUSAND YEARS.

Curious Facts and an Interesting Description—Styles for Civilized and Uncivilized Vanities—Some Fine Work from Paris.

"What can I say about beads?" replied a large, pleasant German gentleman, who carries on in Howard street a large business in the importation of those little articles of adornment. "Oh, I could tell you much more on that subject than you would find space to print, and still would not exhaust the curious and interesting things that may be said about beads. How many texts do you think I could find in those old sample books? They were made up in Venice more than a hundred years ago. No such collections are made now. See! There are thousands of varieties, and yet these do not comprise all, even of the Venetian glass beads. Those very large cylindrical beads, like pieces of red sealing wax, were once in great demand for the African trade. Vessels going out from Boston and Baltimore used to take great quantities of them, and the natives of Africa had such a penchant for them that they would exchange their neighbors for them. The Africans are doubtless as fond of big red beads now as they were then, but are no longer supplied from Boston and Baltimore. Those red-brown beads, almost as large as pigeons' eggs, are in demand among certain tribes of North American Indians, who wear them in long strings dangling on their hips, to rattle when they dance, and they call them 'bin beads.' Here are certain others, flat disks of chalky white and turquoise blue, of various sizes, that are made only for one Indian tribe, and they bear their name—the Nez Percés. The South Sea Islanders have a liking for those square and oblong and flattened cylinder beads, often for the very large ones and those which are curiously decorated with colors. Observe in what an almost endless variety the colors are combined, in what might almost be termed a riotous outburst of barbaric taste, for the delight of two very widely divided orders of beings, the South Sea savages and refined, civilized ladies who at times, in obedience to the dictates of fashion, demand the most outré, bizarre, and ugly things imaginable. This is a specimen of Indian wampum—white, black, and with shell marbling. The latter is a very good imitation of the genuine wampum, but it cannot deceive the Indians. They have been swindled so long and so often, in so many ways, that they have become quite sharp, and it is very hard to trick them now. But enough of the old books. We can do no more than dip into them now, just enough to show that beads may lead us a long way in many directions, and, having seen so much, let us take a little thought upon beads come from, how they are made, and so on.

"Beads are made of many different materials, such as glass, stone, wood, metals, coral, bone, ivory, amber, &c. The coral and amber should properly be classified as jewelry, and may be left out of our study of beads. The amber beads, by the way, are the only ones on which no duty has to be paid. All others bear a duty of 50 per centum ad valorem. The bone and ivory ones are in little demand for anything else than rosaries. The wooden ones are not used for anything else but a low, except to make beads for ladies' bonnet pins. Stone beads may as well be put among the woods and left there, for there are not many of them. Metal beads come from Paris, and are generally made of steel, either brightly polished or finegilt with gold or silver. Sometimes, however, they are made of the precious metals, and then they are passed over to the jewelry classification.

"We have left, then, as our main resource for ornamentation of wearing apparel and the person by means of beads—other than those valuable enough to be classed as jewelry—the material glass. The greatest production of glass beads is in Venice, where this manufacture has been a staple industry for a thousand years. It has been attempted in many other places, in all parts of the world, but never successfully—wherever else than there, where living is so cheap that an artisan can exist on five cents a day, where labor is proportionately low, and where secrets for the coloring and treatment of glass are possessed that are known nowhere else, and are invaluable for their work. The Venetians make many thousands of different kinds of beads, and I can show you sample cards of plain single colored beads in more than two hundred different tints. When you come to the combinations of colors, the varieties are almost endless, reducing are only limited by the possibilities of human fancy. As an illustration of their cheapness of production, a bunch of eighty strings of small beads, each string six or seven inches long, is sold in Venice for a sum equivalent to two cents and a half of our money. It would cost much more than that simply to string them in this country, to say nothing of material and labor in manufacture.

"The smallest beads made are those most in demand among the Indians of North America, who are the greatest consumers of Venice's beads. Beads so small that the wooden needle cannot be passed through them are what the redskins value most, and for sewing them on deer sinew thread is employed, a material stiff enough to be poked through the beads, yet strong enough to last forever. Few persons have adequate idea of the quantity of beads the Indians take. The few of them here in New York city use up about 200 pounds a month in making bead-worked moccasins and such things. The Indians haunting the vicinity of Niagara Falls also find employment for a great many, and the quantities used by the wild Indians in the far West are simply enormous. Traders take them out and sometimes the Government, through the Indian agents, supplies them. With white people, beads come into fashion and go out again, sometimes remaining out for long periods of years, but with the Indians they are always in fashion. An importer may do a business of $100,000 in fine dress-trimming beads, for white people's use, in one year, and the next year do not more than one-fifth as much in them. But those that the Indians take are always in equal demand. I have in some years imported as high as 300 cases, weighing 450 to 500 pounds each, of beads, 200 of which would go to the Indians. Unluckily, the beads that suit the Indian taste are never in demand among white people. Their preferences are directly opposed. We like beads that sparkle and are brilliant. The Indian will have opaque colors. Chalk white, dull greens, dead black, orange, and lemon are his favorite tints. If he has a red, it must be an earthy dull red, not a bright one, and transparent beads, or even the finest Bohemian cut beads, with facets shining like those of gems, have no attraction for him. Quite the orthodox æsthete he is in his choice of beads.

"I have seen them make beads in Venice, and a very interesting work it is. A man takes a cylinder of glass, say two inches thick by seven or eight inches long, so hot that it is soft, rolls it smoothly round on a table and punches a hole through it lengthwise with an iron rod. Then two boys seize the ends with pincers and run away rapidly in opposite directions. The faster they run and the further they go, before the glass cools so that it will no longer draw, the finer will be the rod they will pull it out to, and thin as it may be, that rod will be hollow all the way through. But it will not all be of the same thickness. In the middle it will be very thin, and toward the ends will be less so. Therefore the workman breaks it up into short rods and carefully sorts them to get together those of like diameter. Then the beads are cut from the ends of those rods, a handful of them at a time, as you would cut off bits from a bunch of grass. How they do that I never quite understood. There is something in it I did not learn, for the rods are cold. The beads are cut off without smashing even the most delicate, and with the greatest accuracy in length. All I can say is, they do it, and for the proof there are the beads. Now, to smooth the ends of those little bits, which have sharp edges, quantities of them are put in big drums with ashes, and at a pretty high temperature are revolved there until they are round and smooth. Then they are to be sold simply as round seed' beads they are at this point finished, and are put upon strings by children. The rapidity with which that is done is astonishing. Each child has before it a great pile of the beads, and in each hand holds fifty or sixty long threaded needles, which are rapidly thrust into the beads the moment the needle is full, when the beads are pushed back on the threads. An attempt has been made to introduce unstrung beads, but consumers would not have them. The stringing is the practical evidence that each bead is perfect, and that is understanded.

"There is still another way in which beads are made in Venice, and that is over a lamp that keeps a glass rod hot while the artisan moulds other colored glasses on it, or shapes it into the strange forms you have seen among the old samples. In that branch of manufacture, however, the skilled glass workers of Bohemia, Thuringia, and Paris come into direct competition, especially in the production of the beautiful rather than the quaint in bead work. To revert to the great staple product, the round seed beads, if it is desired to still further increase their beauty and value, they are sent to Bohemia, where, around Gablonz and Liebenau mainly, they are cut. That work I have never seen done, and how it is done I don't know. I only know that the workmen there are capable of taking round seed beads, as small as the very smallest pin heads, and accurately grinding on them from three to five smooth polished faces, as may be required. The more they are cut the more valuable they are. Here, for instance, are some ruby-colored ones, cut five times—mere specks, you see—which are worth to import about $12.50 a pound. They are sold in bunches. Each bunch consists of 100 strings, upon each of which are ten dozens of beads, and the bunch is worth $1.25 wholesale. Retailers generally make from 8 to 100 per cent. profit on them. Those fine-cut beads are used in making those fine dress trimmings that sometimes sell as high as $20 a yard. Difference in color of seed beads makes no difference in price, and size does not very greatly affect value, but the cutting does, enormously. The cheapest kinds are only worth 12 cents a pound.

"Of the fine and high-priced hollow ball beads—Roman pearls, mirror beads, &c.—which are much used for necklaces for ball, opera, and wedding dresses, the best come from Paris. Each bead is made separately, blown at the end of a tube of soft glass, and shaped as required, either by hand or in a mould. If it is to imitate a pearl, its interior is coated with a preparation made from the scales of a certain kind of fish taken in the Mediterranean, and that is protected by wax. In the cheap kinds only one or two coatings of wax will be given, but the best are filled up solid, which gives them much greater strength. Colors are given to them by tinting the wax. For the mirror beads a quicksilvering like that used to make looking glasses must be laid on as a coating inside. The workmen have to suck it up into the little bulbs—a very unhealthy occupation. These pearl beads range in price from $4 a gross of strings ten inches long up to $5 or $6 a dozen for strings of the same length. Size affects their value, but not a great deal. They are in all possible tints, and it is an interesting fact that if you should have a hundred kinds of them some woman would be certain to come in and demand one kind you had not.

"The attempt has been made to manufacture beads in this country, but, except for the immediate supply of a particular demand at a cost five times above that of the imported article, the endeavor has been a failure. The seed beads and bugles—elongated beads—for dress trimmings, made in Venice, amount in value to some 2,000,000 francs per annum, and the United States is the sixth largest consumer of that supply."

TRACES OF MANY PICKPOCKETS.

The Empty Wallets Found in Newburgh After the Recent Centennial.

NEWBURGH, Jan. 5.—"How many people do I think were robbed in Newburgh at the Centennial?" The speaker was a Newburgh official. "Well, I should estimate the number to be not one less than five hundred. Probably there were more. There were scores and scores of them that were ashamed to let the fact be known, and as many others who knew it was useless to report their losses. We have had telegrams and letters from almost every section of the country inquiring whether we have received information concerning lost wallets. Those relieved of their money and watches comprise ladies as well as gentlemen, and the sums vary from $10 to $150. It is strange, too, that the sort of people who were the victims allowed themselves to be fleeced in that way. Some were city-bred people. One would think they would be on the lookout for thieves when in such crowds as were here on Centennial day. More, to be sure, were country folks, but there were scores of city people in the list. One victim was Prof. Rhem, leader of the West Point band, which was in the big procession. The Professor lost his wallet, containing $25, at the depot of the West Shore Railroad, and only a minute before it was taken was talking with some members of his band about the grand opportunity pickpockets had in such a crowd. Before 9 o'clock that night the police station had been visited by about 100 victims. Some of these were so verdant as to believe that, by simply walking to the station, reporting their loss, and describing their property, it would be handed over to them. They seemed to take it for granted that just as soon as they were robbed the thieves handed the missing money or jewelry over the first policeman they met, and that all they had to do was to call for it. The truth is, not one of the hundreds of stolen pocketbooks was recovered until after it had been emptied, and not a single watch has been restored to its owner. We had sixty or seventy New York policemen here, as well as many detectives from the city and the local railroad companies and elsewhere, but they were useless so far as the detection of criminals and the prevention of crime were concerned.

"Some years ago, when Newburgh was a famous centre for shell-boat racing—in the days of Jimmy Hamill, Walter Brown, and Josh Ward—and when Hamill rowed a race against Brown in the Newburgh Bay, we employed a handful of special detectives to spot the light-fingered gentry. The crowd was enormous, but the robberies were comparatively few. Before 10 o'clock in the morning the bay was full of excursion steamboats from the metropolis, and every known prize fighter, dog fighter, boxer, horse jockey, and other sporting character of New York was here. The regular trains and boats landed other throngs at Fishkill and in this city, and there were desperate-looking chaps in the assemblage. But with all this, the stealing was small, in marked contrast with that on Centennial day. Before noon the special detectives had run out nearly every thief that put foot on Newburgh's shore. They were sent across the river, and from there back to New York, almost as soon as they landed. Some, I remember, were turned out on the gangplanks of the boats, and were not allowed to even touch land. This was splendid work, and, as I've said, but very few lost either money or watches. But on Centennial day the case was different. There was not a case reported where a thief was detected and run out, nor are we aware of a single pickpocket made. The principal work done by officers from abroad was in keeping the multitude in order. It was in the dense crowds that nearly all the thieving was done. Pockets were turned inside out, ladies' pockets were cut out, watch chains were snipped in two, yet not one detection or one arrest was made by the police from abroad. The immense jams, however, at the speakers' stand, at the depots, and the Fishkill ferries, afforded the finest opportunity for pocket picking, and the police accomplished nothing more than keeping the crowds in such order as to allow the people to get away with as few accidents as happened."

"During two or three weeks after the celebration, letters about lost property came in by the score, and in a few instances, by means of the contents of the wallets left in the otherwise empty wallets, the police were enabled to return the pocketbooks to their rightful owners. The day after the celebration a West Shore engineer found about a dozen wallets of various descriptions along the stone wall near the West Shore union depot. This was a convenient spot for the thieves to throw the empty pocketbooks without being seen. The superintendent of Washington's headquarters has also been fortunate in discovering empty wallets. The throngs that streamed in through one door and departed by another in passing through the venerable structure gave the pickpockets an excellent chance to ply their vocation, and ever since the celebration the superintendent has been discovering empty wallets in every part of the building. Not one contained any money, except one, which had a lone cent in it. The last wallet found contained receipts, bills, and a return West Shore ticket, showing that it belonged to a gentleman of Malden, Ulster county. One or two of the empty wallets were found stowed away in the old settee in the room used by Washington as his office. Another was found squeezed in behind the big clock in the room with 'seven doors.' A third was discovered stuck in between the cases containing the Revolutionary manuscripts. Still another found a resting place in the toe of the five-and-a-half-pound boot once worn by the Hessian captured at Saratoga. Others were hidden in equally odd places, and are now on exhibition in the famous old stone house as trophies of the big celebration.

"A resident of Cornwall visited the city with his wagon, and when he returned home and removed the straw from the vehicle discovered therein two empty purses, one a woman's and the other a man's. A resident of Montgomery, on removing his coat after reaching home, found he had another man's wallet in one of his side pockets. A West Point woman found on her return to her home, a handsome but unfamiliar purse stowed away in a pocket of her jacket. A farmer from Plattekill found a handsome leather pocketbook concealed between the seat of his wagon and its cushion. A groceryman is reported to have found a woman's wallet in one of his empty milk cans, and the Hon. John Mink says that down at the ferries, where the crush was great and the thieving greater, scores of empty pocketbooks were picked up in the vicinity. It appears also that the thieving operations were carried on extensively on the crowded trains coming and going, and a wallet found in a French born belonging to Cappa's Seventh Regiment Band had been taken from a passenger on the train on which that organization returned to New York."

William H. Diecks's Alleged History.

On Christmas night William H. Diecks and John La Pine were surprised by two policemen while at work on the safe in a grocery in De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn. Diecks jumped through the window and ran off, but was arrested by a policeman coming in an opposite direction. His companion was shot while trying to follow him through the window. Both men were armed and were provided with a fine kit of burglars' tools, which they left behind them in the store. Diecks gave the name of William Johnston, but his identity was established on the following day. For ten years he had been well known in Brooklyn Heights, and his arrest occasioned much surprise. At one time he had three stores in the upper part of the city, and was recognized as an active and popular young man. For the last few years he peddled jewelry and diamonds around the City Hall and other public buildings.

The police say they have learned lately that over twelve years ago he was arrested in Baltimore, where he lived, for participation in an express robbery, but that he escaped punishment by turning state's evidence. He went to Boston, where he also ran afoul of the law, after which he settled in Brooklyn. He is tall, has long dark whiskers, and dresses in good style. La Pine, his companion, was suffering from a severe illness at the time of his arrest, and it is thought he will never leave the hospital alive.

An Evangelist Fined for Assault.

BOSTON, Jan. 5.—James M. Sutherland, the evangelist, better known as Bob Hart, the minstrel, was arraigned in the police court at Natick to-day on a charge of assault and battery. At a revival meeting held in the Baptist church on the evening of Dec. 26, one A. W. Hoyt made a disturbance, and Mr. Sutherland ejected him. Hoyt made a complaint, and a great crowd attended the hearing. Mr. Sutherland did not contest the testimony of Hoyt, and the Court imposed a fine of $10 and costs. Sutherland appealed, and furnished bonds for trial in the Superior Court.

TYPE-SETTING MACHINES.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE TO TAKE THE PLACE OF HAND LABOR.

How Types are Set and Distributed Mechanically—Vast Sums Sunk in Experiment—The Results of Years of Experience.

That interest in the progress of type-setting machines is not confined exclusively to printers and publishers is manifest in a communication to THE SUN asking: What has invention accomplished in that direction, and what practical demonstration of successful continuous working of such machines is now afforded in New York?

In 1841 a Frenchman named Delcambre patented in this country a type-setting machine, which in some respects may be regarded as the parent of at least some of the more important principles of mechanism since involved in the construction of the Burr and several later kindred inventions. In it the types were arranged in upright channels above a key board, and, as successively liberated by the action of keys, travelled singly down inclined planes by serpentine channels, and were ranged into a long line which had to be subsequently broken up and justified. A distributor was associated with the machine, but in the judgment of practical printers was less effective than the setting apparatus. The next machine to claim public attention in this line was the Alden, a very large and complicated thing, full of delicate mechanism, which concentrated the types to a common centre from radiating channels. It is said by those interested in it that more than $800,000 in cash has been put into the development of this machine, and still it has not yet been able to demonstrate itself a practical success, owing to its intricacy, delicacy, and liability to get out of order. Accompanying it was a distributor, in which the principle now in use on the Burr, Thorne, and other machines, of automatic selection of the types by the various nicks on their edges, was employed. About 1874 the Page machine was patented, and later a distributor was associated with it, but after expending somewhere near a million dollars on it the stockholders are said to have allowed their interests to lapse back into the hands of the inventor, who is still hopefully at work on it. The Kastenbein machine, made in Brussels, is about twelve years old, and is understood to be acceptable in Germany, but has not been found profitable here. Mr. George Munro bought three of these machines about two years ago to set up the German versions of his "Seaside Library" stories, but found it cheaper to employ hand labor, and the machines now stand unused in his establishment. They are big, clumsy affairs, in which there seems to be a good deal of waste motion, unnecessary friction, and uncalled for complication. No distributor goes with them. Girls or boys have to distribute the "dead matter" by hand, poking the types separately in little holes, where they drop into metal channels for transfer to the setting apparatus. Another foreign machine that has been shown, but never introduced here, was the Fraser of Edinburgh. It set up matter in a manner considerably like the Burr, or the parent Delcambre machines, but had a distributor that at least presented the interest of novelty, as it worked by a sort of reversal of the setting principle, the types being picked up and carried to their respective places by the operation of keys. Although not successful here, it is said that a modification is employed profitably in John Black's great printing establishment in Edinburgh.

Ten Burr machines are used by Mr. George Munro, there are three more working in the *Tribune* office, and several are kept constantly employed by the newspapers. The Burr has been tested about two years. The machine is cumbrous and its distributor is very noisy, but both work effectively, and with two hands to each apparatus turn out about as much solid matter a day as would be expected from seven or eight ordinary hand compositors. Very expert and industrious operators can exceed this proportion, but the relative yield of work averages about that much. The weekly work—60 hours—of each "team" is expected to be about 270,000 ems. That is frequently exceeded, and one team were of exceptional ability has turned out 60,000 ems in a day and 313,000 ems in the week. The work of composition is divided up into several small parts, but aggregates a little less than twenty-five cents a thousand ems, as against the forty cents a thousand paid for composition by hand. The setter, who manipulates the keys, gets 6¼ cents a thousand; the "justifier" 6¼ cents, the "distributor" 4 cents, the "corrector" 3 cents, the "overrunners," who pick out quads, italics, and odd sorts from the dead matter before it goes to the distributing machine, get $18 a week each, and there are two of them employed on the ten machines, and the setters get $18 a week each, and there are two of them employed on the ten machines, and the setters get $18 a week each, and there are other petty fractions of expense on minor labor, fairly chargeable to the machines, that bring up the total to the amount stated. That does not include interest on investment, which is considerable, as ten machines with their distributing apparatus represent $40,000. The types, in the Burr setter, are arranged in long vertical channels above and in front of the operator at the key board, and travel down their several ways to a carrier that brings them out in a long line to the justifier. All odd sorts must be added by hand. The working of that apparatus not difficult for anybody to understand, but the distributing machine is complicated. In the latter the successive page lines of type are lifted into place automatically and pushed along continuously on an endless carrier composed of separate plates with channels in them. These plates are the guides by which they are, as they pass along, thrust down into their respective appropriate channels. Those which are missed in their progression, or odd sorts overlooked by the "overrunner," drop into a pit box to be set up by a boy and distributed. The fact that each set of channels constitutes a "case," which when filled is ready to be put into place on the setting apparatus. The allowed weight of font to each machine here is 1,000 pounds. Each machine must be constructed for one particular size of type, and can be adapted to no other. Those used by Mr. Munro are all built for brevier. The distributor does not do its share of the work so rapidly as an expert setter can use the type in composition, but the manufacturers have refused to sell more than one distributor with one setting machine.

Opinions of those experts who have had practical experience with the Burr machine is that where employed on straightforward book work or other largely solid matter, with very little odd sorts, and when manipulated by skilled men, it is profitable, but not even then to a very great extent, and for newspaper work they regard its usefulness as doubtful. An important consideration is the getting of men to operate it who are at once skilled compositors, good manipulators of the keys, and sufficiently able mechanics to thoroughly understand the machines and keep them in perfect working order. Whether the seeming violence of motion, and friction of so many small parts, in such a delicate machine as the distributor involves, will seriously tend to shorten the profitable working life of the machine or not, will best be determined by longer practical test than has yet been afforded.

A new machine, of which experts expect a good deal, is the invention of Joseph Thorne. Two of these machines have been in regular use long primer, are now, and for some time have been, working very satisfactorily in an office in Beekman street. The Thorne machine is, in appearance, the simplest and most compact. It comprises both setting and distributing mechanism in one machine, and those several parts may be operated either independently or together. The distributing and setting cylinders are mounted vertically, the former on top and rotating, the latter stationary. Each cylinder has seventy-two tangentially arranged type channels, in which the types rest on their sides in vertical lines. As the distributing cylinder revolves, its channels are intermittently halted exactly over the channels of the setting cylinder below, and the nicks on the type and wards on the channel mouths are the guides that determine whether the type exposed at the bottom of the upper channel shall drop into the top of the one below, or shall pass on to find elsewhere its proper lodgment. In composition, pressure on keys selects the desired types, pushes them out on a rapidly revolving disk, which throws them on to a rapidly agitated stationary guard rail, by which they are directed on a belt that carries them to a revolving lifter, and so they pass into a long setting stick in front of the operator. From that stick, at its extremity, they are justified. It is claimed that it will set and distribute 6,000 ems an hour.

The machines here mentioned are by no means the only ones invented in this country for the automatic handling of types. There have been some thirty or more patents granted for machines and attachments of this nature; but those referred to are about the only ones that have attained and seemed to deserve most prominence, as far as the reporter has been enabled to obtain reliable information.

For the Bereaved Families of Sailors.

A meeting of theatrical managers, who have volunteered to aid in a benefit for the destitute families of the drowned Sandy Hook pilots, the fishermen of Gloucester, Mass., and the seaman of St. Malo, France, was held at the Theatre Comique yesterday. Mr. A. M. Palmer is the director and treasurer of the association. It was decided to ask Henry E. Abbey for the loan of the Metropolitan Opera House for a matinee performance. Mgr. Capel will give two lectures in Steinway Hall on Tuesday for the benefit of the fund, one in the afternoon on "How to Look at a Picture," and the other in the evening on "Toilers of the Sea."

Curling.

Curlers of the American, Yonkers, St. Andrew, New York, Caledonia, and Empire City Clubs enjoyed the smooth ice on Van Cortlandt Lake yesterday. The lake was visited by a large crowd of city skaters.

The Manhattan and Thistle Clubs play a match of five rinks a side on Central Park Lake to-morrow.

On Wednesday a national match between Highlanders and Lowlanders of Scotland will take place in the Park

FIXING UP THE PLAYTHINGS.

Surgical Methods which a Mender Employs in Repairing Broken Toys.

"I'm not an artist," said the old man, as he stuck on the leg of a wooden soldier. "I haven't come to that yet, but I'm a professional toy mender, and this is the height of my busy season. I have engagements for to-day and to-night to work at more'n a dozen stores, and as many more to-morrow. In most places I take a contract for the lot, if they're common toys, at a cent apiece all around. By common toys I mean articles that can be mended in half a minute or so. The stores I deal with have 'em sorted out for me according to grade, and if I find two-minute or five-minute toys among the one-centers I throw 'em out.

"I can mend nearly 100 half-minute toys an hour. That gives me about $1 an hour, and I often make $8 a day at it, and have made as high as $12. These are the prices, though, for only ten days, from three days before Christmas up to New Year's Day. I work for 25 cents an hour in November up to three days before Thanksgiving; then up jump the rates to 50 cents an hour till we come to Dec. 22.

"Now, this man's been trying to ring in a job toy on me for a half-minute mender. It's a sheep that wants its bah-ah fixed. Sometimes you can bring out the bah strong in two minutes, but we generally class all barking toys as job toys. Singing toys, trumpeters, and most of the music toys are job work—75 cents an hour this time of year. Drums class as 2-cent menders when they've got a string broke or a leather off; but when their heads are broken in they rank instantly as jobs, and are wuth 25, 50, or 75 cents an hour.

"The meanest job is to fish out an eye when it's been knocked square into a doll's head. If she's got false hair on I'm all right. In that case I warm it up over this gauze light, pull up her wig, gouge out a good-sized hole in the back of the head, drop out the eye, put on a plaster, glue on the wig, cement the eye hole, and put the eye in. I get ten to fifteen cents for that job.

"I can't say that I come across any toys that are particularly hard to mend. Of course there are some articles, such as wind-up toys and machine toys in general, that I can't take. They are generally sent back to the manufacturer. I take all I kin. I can paint 'em, glue 'em, dowel 'em, cement 'em, new 'em, plaster 'em, and wire 'em. This working monkey is tight in his movements, and I sand paper him; this jumping jack, you observe, is parlized on one side; him I wire up. This rooster has lost his comb. I warm his head with a red flannel saw and a dab of Mr. Cooper's glue. This woolly dog has lost a square inch of his sheepskin hide. I turn up the dog and dig off a piece of hide from underneath; this I glue on top of him. Then I cut off a lock of his wool, dip both ends in the glue, and stick it on him underneath. See this teller which should jump up and holler. He hasn't lost his jump, but his holler's gone. I feel gently round his wind box while I work him. I find where the wind escapes, and putty up the crack with cement.

"I have a great variety of tools and working material, and I'm constantly on the lookout for everything. Every metal but gold and silver is there ready for use. I've got noses of all colors and nationalities. Of all the things to fix up properly the noses is the hardest. Generally I have to take an awl, punch it in where the nose ought to be in two places, and build up a new nose with my cement and sawdust mixed. It hardens quickly, and I paint it up. But the proper way to make a nose is to cut it out of wood, file off the rough places and drive it on with shoe pegs. A cement nose is a three-cent mender. A proper wooden nose is a job mender, and mebbe it cost six to ten cents."

MOSSBUNKERS FOR 1883.

650,000,000 Yield One-third Less Oil than 350,000,000 Did in 1882.

"There were 653,000,000 menhaden taken in the waters about New York and in Long Island Sound last season," said a dealer in oils to a SUN reporter, "but they were so poor that the oil secured from them was only 1,300,000 gallons, against nearly 2,050,000 gallons from 350,000,000 fish taken in 1882. The fertilizer made, however, in 1883 was a third more than that made in the previous year—about 40,000 tons against 30,000, in favor of last season. The market is full of the fertilizer, and it is being held for better prices.

"There never were so many menhaden schooling along our shores as during last season, and they appeared on the coast of Maine for the first time in many years. Maine fishermen have always held that the absence of the fish from their once favorite feeding places, north of Cape Cod, was due to the increase in fishing craft in New York waters and in the Sound, and the introduction of appliances and vessels worked by steam in the capture of menhaden, from which the greasy little fish escaped in such small numbers that not enough remained to reach the waters further north. Their arguments on this point, and the theories of gamey fish enthusiasts that the modern and increased facilities for capturing menhaden were rapidly tending to a total extinction of the fish, and thus to deprive the game fish of our coasts of their favorite food and drive them to other waters, were bidding fair to result in legislative interference with the New York and Long Island menhaden industry. Fortunately for us, the enormous schools that swarmed along the coasts last season went a great way toward disposing of the points made by the anti-New York menhaden fishermen. Why the fish suddenly deserted the waters north of Cape Cod some years ago, and as suddenly returned to them in large numbers, is a mystery yet unexplained. The theory is advanced that the more southern waters failed to supply a sufficient quantity of food, and that they foraged northward and inland. The fact that menhaden were in such poor condition from the beginning to the close of the season gives strength to this view.

"There will be quite an increase in the number of menhaden fishing craft the coming season, in spite of the fact that the business is already overdone. There was very little money made in it last year. In the first place, the fishermen open the season weeks before it should be opened. The middle of May is quite early enough to begin cruising for menhaden. As the business is conducted now, thousands of fish have been taken at that time, and the new crop oil is already on the market. The fish are not fit for pressing before May. An effort is to be made at the next meeting of the Menhaden Oil and Guano Association to form an organization among the menhaden manufacturers, by means of which it will be possible to fix upon a regular opening of the fishing season at a date at least a month later than heretofore. The association will also endeavor to bring about concerted action among the manufacturers with a view to making a reduction in the wages of the fishermen."

SOUND PILOTS' PERILS.

Liable to be Carried Beyond Block Island to England, or Maybe to India.

Several pilots of the Hell Gate or Sound service have recently come to a measure of grief. Less than two months ago one of them was carried to England on a ship which he had piloted through the Sound to Montauk Point. A gale blew fiercely off shore, and his only means of reaching land was a small skiff. He is on his way home now. John O'Brien, another pilot, a few days ago took a bark up to Sandy Point and left her there, but a heavy gale rendered his efforts to reach land fruitless, and by an extraordinary piece of good fortune he boarded a schooner bound to Delaware Breakwater, and is now engaged in taking another vessel out into blue water.

It is said that the Sound service is more dangerous than the continuous Sandy Hook pilotage, for the reason that there is no snugly reefed schooner hove to in the fierce winter gales which break on the Atlantic seaboard, on which the pilot can take refuge and feel as safe as if at home. When he leaves his ship he has only a frail skiff to take him to the nearest port. These skiffs are a product of City Island, the home of Hell Gate and Sound pilots, and are as indigenous to that neighborhood as the sharpie is to New Haven or the smoothing iron shaped cutboat to Newport. The pilots skiffs are fourteen or sixteen feet long, and built with a special care to insure both seaworthiness and speed. Some are clinker built to make them additionally buoyant, and some are furnished with centre boards. A small spritsail and a pair of stout oars furnish the daring pilot with propelling power. Generally there is a breaker of water aboard, and sometimes one or two days' rations.

An old pilot said: "You must not think that Hell Gate and Sound pilots are the same. There are Hell Gate pilots who can't take a vessel out to the Sound. As to danger, we pilots leads an easy life, and at times it would be much preferable to have a fine schooner down to leeward to run for when you leave your ship. Pilots in ordinary weather, when they leave the vessel which they have been in charge of, take their skiff and row or sail over to New London or some near port, and come down in the ordinary way. Pilots naturally are very careful, and take no risk except when it is unavoidable. The danger is when the wind blows off shore, and a ship is taken outside. Then they watch their chance to board a coaster. If the coaster is not going their way, they may be days in reaching a port where they can communicate with their families, and this, of course, causes great anxiety. Some years ago a pilot was carried off in a ship to Calcutta, and his family mourned him as lost for months. A homeward-bound craft spoke the ship which he was piloting, and brought the news of his safety to his folks. The pilots work pretty much on their own hook, and pilotage is not near as good as it was twenty years ago."

VIOLINS THAT ARE LOVED.

THE FONDNESS OF MUSICIANS FOR THEIR INSTRUMENTS.

The Man who had a Grand Cornet but Couldn't Play it—Tragic Fate of the Beggar Musician and his Pet Violoncello.

"Ain't it done yet?" said a lad of some 12 years, as he burst into the shop of a violin maker and repairer and glanced at the fiddles on the work bench and walls.

"No," said the maker. "I can't get it finished till to-morrow afternoon."

"Well," was the answer, "I was on my way to school, an' I though I'd look at it anyhow. I'll come in an' take a look at it again on my way home. But I want it bad, mind."

"I might as well get it done for him to-morrow morning," said the maker, after the boy had gone, "because he'll be in to-morrow morning anyhow. I'll have to work to-night to finish the job, too, because here's a fiddle that's to be played on this afternoon at the Philharmonic rehearsal, and there's another job for the afternoon, so the boy's fiddle will have to be repaired to-night. I don't, somehow, mind working for that boy over hours, because he loves his violin as if it were his sister. It's been here two days, and every day he stops in and asks if it's ready. I believe if he wasn't afraid of being laughed at he'd sit here all day, and pay hookey to do it. His father bought that violin here for him. The boy is to have the finest one in the shop when he's 16. He loves his fiddle because he can get good music out of it. He's at it nearly all the time when he isn't at school."

"Professional musicians are often as fond of their instruments as this boy, are they not?"

"A good many of them are—sometimes those you'd least expect. My son is a dealer in musical instruments, especially brass instruments. When he first started, some years ago, I gave him half this shop. One day while he was with me a man about 40 years old came in. He carried a leather case. When he had opened it he removed a fine blue silk handkerchief, and displayed lying in the case a beautiful plated cornet. It was certainly the finest instrument to look at I ever saw. He said he wanted to make a contract with my son to polish it once a week. They agreed, and he asked my son to polish it then, and there, and he would wait. It takes some time to polish a cornet, but there he sat all the while, never taking his eyes off the instrument. I offered him a newspaper and a book, and even tried to call his attention to some fine violins, but it was no use. He seemed to have thought only for his cornet. When the instrument was polished he threw the silk handkerchief over it, placed it carefully in the box, and walked off. Week after week he came and sat with his eyes on the cornet while it was being polished. Once my son was very busy on an important job. He asked his customer if he wouldn't leave the instrument and call for it in the afternoon. No, he wouldn't. He took the instrument, carried it back with him in the afternoon, and waited until it had been polished.

"I never think a man is necessarily a fine player because he has a fine instrument. But this customer was so particular about his cornet and seemed to take such good care of it that I imagined he was a distinguished amateur. I knew he wasn't a professional, because no professional who was not enough before the public to be known by name could have owned so beautiful an instrument. He had been coming to my son to have the cornet polished for some time, when one day, as he was sitting in the shop waiting as usual, a customer of mine entered to have about some repairs on a violin. He evidently knew the musician. He shook hands with him and called him by name. When the cornetist went away I asked who he was, and added: 'I suppose he is a very fine performer?' I regret to say that my customer swore. 'Play?' said he. 'Goodness gracious! You've seen his instrument, haven't you? It's a tourniquet. You'd think that sometimes a beautiful sound would issue from it. But I've never heard one. When he'd been in our house a week we signed a petition asking him to practise on the roof. It was spring time and he went up on the roof and practised there all summer. But when it got cold he came down. I tell you what we do now with him. There's a great big closet in his room. We hear him open the door of the closet and sit in front of it and blow into it. If he ever blows out a pure note we shut the closet door prestissimo and lock it in. Then we draw another key and let the note out gradually through the keyhole. In this way we prolong our rare good fortune.'

"I remember another instance of extraordinary devotion on the part of a player to his instrument. I was working in the shop late one evening. It was after work hours, the door was locked, and the shutters were drawn. There was a rap at the door, and as I opened it a little old man entered, carrying a violoncello almost as big as himself. He had on a thin, black, threadbare suit—I almost shivered to look at it—and an old worsted comforter around his neck. He had wrapped his violoncello up in a shawl that would have kept the cold off him better than his coat. He unwrapped the shawl from around his instrument, and asked me in German for how much I would make certain repairs. It was a trifling matter and I mentioned a trifling sum. Without a word, but with a look of bitter disappointment, he began to wrap up the instrument again. I pitied him, and told him I'd do it for whatever he could pay. His hands fairly trembled with joy as he again uncovered the instrument. He waited until I had finished the job. Then he took the 'cello, and drove his bow across it some half a dozen times. It was a common instrument, but he drew from it most beautiful tones. He tuned it, and went on paying. As he played his features changed. They lost their weary, haggard, hungry look, and seemed lit up by inward spiritual satisfaction. By and by he seemed to remember where he was. He ceased playing, put the old shawl on the 'cello, and then, drawing out a shabby pocketbook, shook it out over my counter. A few coppers and small silver coin fell on the counter. They seemed his whole store, and I hadn't the heart to take them. His look of gratitude as I handed them back to him repaid me. I didn't see him again for about a month. Then he came in, looking shabbier, colder, and hungrier than before. He wanted to know if I'd lend him a trifle on his violoncello; I could keep the instrument if I liked. I told him to come back and after work hours and play on it. I knew what separation from his 'cello meant for him, so I let him have a trifle, and told him he could take his instrument back with him. He hugged it closely, and hurried away as though he were afraid he might not be allowed to take it with him after all.

"About three weeks afterward I received a summons from the Coroner's office to go to a house in an obscure street on the east side. I found a Coroner and his physician in a little back room. Stretched on a cot lay the dead body of the little old man. The officers was in mark on his neck, and a rope lay by the cot. The Coroner told me in a few sentences that he had been found in the morning hanging dead from a beam outside his door in the garret. Nobody in the house knew who he was, and, as an unfinished letter addressed to me had been found, they had sent for me. In his vest pocket they had found a pawn ticket representing a violin. The money loaned on it was due to redeem the 'cello had expired the day before. They concluded that he had committed suicide for reasons unknown. But that pawn ticket on a violoncello told me the whole story. I went to the pawnshop next day and bought that 'cello. There it is. It is just a common 'cello. I've got some of the finest violinists in the city to play on it, but it never sounded as it did that night when the poor old starving enthusiast drew his bow over it."

"Do those rich amateurs who own expensive instruments value them except for their price?"

"As a rule not. But I know one exception. Mr. Harry Havemeyer owns some beautiful instruments, and values them for their beauty. He is, moreover, most generous with them. Though they are of great value, he loans them to professionals. You will notice that Mr. Bergner of the Philharmonic sometimes plays on a rather small 'celio of beautiful tone. That is a Stradivarius belon