

MANUFACTURE OF ANTIQUES.

REVELATIONS OF A THRIVING MODERN TRADE.

How Age Imitates Marble—Large Front on Art and Pictures—Old-Style Treatments with Walls, Brackets Buried in Damp Earth-Trickery in Sale of a Painting.

The old-fashioned way for collecting anything modern or even anything having the appearance of age—has swept not only England clean of antiques, but also France and even Italy—the land which was, within our own memories, the paradise of the collector. The English however nowadays delights in her old oak, Chippendale or Sheraton—to which the fatal word "style" should generally be added—while the Englishman of means and the leisure American, knowing that our land has been denuded of everything, turn their attention to Italy, the country where Della Robbia plaques are set in the wayside shrines, and where every contadino of the fields possesses some smoke-blackened Madonna or Pietà, and is ready to sell cheaply.

Misguided persons. One can only smile at their ignorance. As a resident in Italy through a good many years, and as a collector of antiques myself, I am personally acquainted with a good many dealers, many of the mezzani, or middlemen, and most of the manufacturers, says William Le Queux in the London Daily Mail. I have, therefore, obtained an insight into the fearful and wonderful secrets of this ingenious trade, some of which may not prove uninteresting to the ardent collector who goes abroad after "finds."

Your average Tuscan looks upon the forefathers as a born fool if he makes any inquiry for antiques for sale. He knows that there are none, and only a foreigner would ask such a ridiculous question. His father's house was cleared of every stick that was of value twenty years ago, old dowry chests, Montepulciano earthenware, the carved wardrobe, the blue and white terra cotta Madonna from the house wall, his mother's nocket of old pearls, even to the old copper vessel in which they drew water from the well. The travelling agents took them all and were welcome, for they paid prompt cash for them. Yet the English who spends the winter in Italy still wants antiques, therefore he must be supplied. Hence there has sprung up a trade of forgery and imitation which is well known.

There is the studio of one sculptor's studio, both in Florence and in Carrara, and seen "age" given to marble by a newly discovered process which, in twelve hours, will give to a statue five hundred times its true value. One sculptor, in whose studio fifty men were hard at work making antiques informed me that the greater part of his work was shipped to London, where it was judiciously distributed to dealers all over America. So clever is this mode of giving age that the combination of acids applied is absorbed by the marble and turns it yellow right through, and the color can be detected by those ingenious imitations of Michelangelo, Donatello, and other celebrated sculptors.

There is a considerable craze, and time was when one could find in those tiny shops on the medieval Ponte Vecchio genuine chalcids, patens, and mass bells of the sixteenth century, and the curious old iron spoons hung around them. To-day the searcher for antiques can still find them all, and more, beautifully hand-made, and at a price so much lower than he would pay a London dealer. But examine your find when you get it home. The English seventeenth century mark which caught your eye does not stand alone, for it is accompanied by the square Vienna date mark, or perhaps even the spread eagle of Frankfurt-on-the-Main. You will find upon the marks offered you a variety of irresponsible marks and signatures of the nineteenth century. French and German side by side—and the articles all genuine, of course! And yet even this rubbish is eagerly purchased and carried off to the United States, where it is made in Germany last year.

The largest profit is, however, made on arms and pictures. The armory where the greater part of the work is done is in a back street in Leghorn, and its proprietor is a veritable artist in iron. Here, in a couple of tumble-down old blacksmith shops, every article of the kind is made, from the fourteenth century helmet or breastplate to the gauntlets, halberds, swords and daggers of the various centuries and of the celebrated masters of the sixteenth century. These swords being stamped with the marks or monograms of the well known Spanish armorers of the sixteenth century; the ornament in a shield of Domingo, or the coat of arms of Sanchez, or the star of Gil de Alman, together with good "selling" Latin inscriptions, or owners' names with dates. I have studied and seen many of these, and they are made with acids, how the bronze blades are painted with some solution to render them old, and how they are placed in troughs of damp earth to induce rust and patina, and how the dealers are made to pay a dozen apiece.

Where the foreign enthusiast in Italy betrays his greatest ignorance and credulity is in the purchase of pictures. Of course he is supplied. Munich, Siena and Perugia are the centres of manufacture of false examples of the famous masters. The works of old masters, which are sold at a price well known, therefore the forger resorts to imitations of such artists as Rembrandt, Solimena, Andrea del Sarto, Van Dyck, the Gaddis or Ghirlandajo. Each picture is turned out dark, time-stained portraits of Van Dyck, another painting the wry-necked Virgin of one or other of the Gaddis, while the manufacturer of the pictures is busy year in and year out painting works by that maestro, which, when complete and ready for sale, are certainly marvels of ingenuity. In his secret workshop he uses a special varnish, which, if not used properly and applied at a certain temperature, may spoil months of work; but if put on in the right manner, gives, in the picture, the appearance of age that even certain directors of the national collections have been deceived.

An amusing incident occurred not long ago when an American purchased one of the Ghirlandajo through a dealer in Siena, and on being taken to the Uffizi for the official permit to allow it to leave Italy it was actually detained as a genuine specimen. Again, a case of clever trickery with regard to a picture came before my notice a short time ago. A well known and wealthy Englishman staying on the Lung Arno, and in confidence informed him that there was a genuine Madonna and child by Fra Bartolommeo in the possession of a dealer of a villa up the Val di Pesa, about twenty miles from the city, and that the owner, a Marquis who was hard pressed, was prepared to sell privately at a price well below the market. The chance of securing a real art treasure, and invoked the aid of a well known Florentine expert. In secrecy they went with the man to the secret place, a half ruined villa, where they found a magnificent and genuine example of Fra Bartolommeo.

The Englishman was delighted and after much bargaining a bargain was made next day for 40,000 lire. The picture was delivered to a firm of unscrupulous exporters, who managed to smuggle the treasure on board a ship at Spezia, making the relief of the purchaser, who soon afterward left for England to hang his "find" in his private gallery. He is, however, in blissful ignorance of the nature of the picture, which has since been sold by the Marquis to the Italian Government, and that the treasure delivered by the agent—who that same day accompanied the picture to the dealer, a copy which had been carefully prepared for the purpose of fraud!

The only reliable dealers in Italy are the priests to whom needy families sometimes sell their treasures in confidence. There are certain priests in Pistoia, in Pisa, and elsewhere, of whom genuine antiques can still be bought. The dealers, however, ornaments are still turned up by the plough in the Maremma. But ancient art is certainly not to be found in the shop of the antiquarian and the foreigner gets a very foolishly if he attempts to discover it.

A CALIFORNIA FROG FARM.

NOVEL INDUSTRY CONDUCTED SUCCESSFULLY BY A WOMAN.

How the Ponds are Manned and the Frogs Cared For Until Ready for the Markets—Essential Conditions, Ignorance of Which Has Caused Failures.

Barring the region about Naples, with its Mediterranean outlook, there is no more beautiful place in the world than the slopes of the Berkeley hills that lie across the harbor from San Francisco. These hills are an arm of the Coast range, and sweep by swelling undulations in a broad curve around the suburban cities until they meet the bay in a sharp deflection. At this point is Stege, a station at the beginning of the long overland route, and named for the late proprietor of the adjoining ranch and the pioneer in California frog breeding. The estate is large, says the Los Angeles Times, with many important industries. The unusual part of its business consists of the few acres of land, lying immediately around the attractive, old-fashioned country house that is half hidden by lovely roses.

Coming into this secluded spot from out the yellow stubbled fields, the eye at first sees but a tangle of tropical plants and gorgeous blooms that only gradually resolves itself into an enchanting picture of landscape gardening. Every enticing shrub bordered walk reaches at last a low paling, festooned with vines, that encircles one or the other of three miniature lakes. Even a Californian cannot repress an exclamation at the infinite number of callas, whose snowy chalice, surrounded by glossy leaves and upheld by stalks three and four feet high, form thick hedges inside the inclosures. Here and there are islets covered with verdure that hangs low over the water, while lily pads and rare aquatic plants are everywhere mingling their shadows with the pendent willows that line the banks. A drifting boat adds charm to the scene and hints at idle hours and happy dreams, but the unpracticed eye can see no token of a "frog farm," nothing whatever that whispers of commercial value in this cool retreat, that seems made for the songsters overhead and to thwart the heat of summer days.

Yet the visitor is not to be deceived. Not less than 10,000 frogs within the small compass of these three ponds, that are so arranged as to meet the needs of consecutive periods of development. All the ponds are fed by living springs, and the depth of the water is graduated. The "nursery" is shallow and leached, because the rapidity with which the spawn is hatched depends mainly upon the temperature. If water is furnished from the tap, the time runs up to thirty days, while many eggs may be destroyed by a late frost. The tadpoles that wriggle out from the gelatinous mass that envelops the spawn is an interesting little creature, and it has been the ambition of children innumerable to watch the metamorphosis of a frog. It is a curious and unfortunate incident, however, that the tadpoles, in their early stages, are so susceptible to disease, and that the water, which is so carefully guarded, is so often contaminated. The tadpoles, in their early stages, are so susceptible to disease, and that the water, which is so carefully guarded, is so often contaminated.

The main street runs east and west through the business quarter and across the railway track in America and eastward past the Government buildings. The main street, Svetlanskaya, named after the Grand Duke Alexis visited the port in 1878, follows the curve of the Golden Horn, and runs along the shore, on rising ground, are the residences of the Commandant of the Port, the public gardens, the Admiralty and the Ministry of the Interior. The Society, the residence of the Governor of Primorsk, the grounds of the Maritime Club, the native bazaars and the steamboat pier. At one point there is a magnificent globe, on which perches an eagle with outstretched wings. This monument commemorates the memory of Admiral Nevelski, who discovered the sea route to the north in the early '50's. On the north side of the street there is the Cathedral of the Holy Virgin, and there are also the offices of the Municipal Council and the Telegraph Office, and the railway station.

The Svetlanskaya is crossed by the Alutskaya, and the point at which these two streets intersect is the commercial center of the city. The street is well paved with granite, and it is efficiently drained. The sidewalks are raised and asphalted, the houses—offices or public buildings as they may be called—are of lofty structures of brick. The pretensions to architectural beauty which Vladivostok boasts come to those who visit the city as they may be called, are of lofty structures of brick. The pretensions to architectural beauty which Vladivostok boasts come to those who visit the city as they may be called, are of lofty structures of brick.

Labor in Vladivostok is native-Chinese, Korean or Japanese, the Russian authorities finding that greater efficiency is to be obtained from those workmen than is the case when the work is given over to Russians. There is, therefore, a very large native population, and a large number of Chinese, Korean, and Japanese. The section of the population not only supplies the labor market, but controls a large proportion of the trade which makes Vladivostok a center. The trade of Vladivostok is comprehensive. Its imports include most of the products of the West, while its exports are characteristic of its position and site. As a commercial center, Vladivostok is superior to Dalny, although the wonderful city which is in process of completion in the city of Port Arthur threatens one day to eclipse its northern sister.

There is a very cosmopolitan population in Vladivostok, made up of adventurers from all times and climes, French, German, and American business men from the West and a sprinkling of pretty women from San Francisco. Upon the whole, it is a motley, unattractive community, strangely wanting. However, the days speed merrily on in Vladivostok; there is no little social gaiety, and, although the Russian authorities, but contented, there is little harshness of discipline and much good feeling. The country round Vladivostok is bare and hilly; there is no timber, and the only agricultural products are wheat, barley, and other cereals. It is quite possible to enjoy sport in the immediate vicinity of the harbor. The authorities of the city are not very hospitable so long as he preserves discretion, exercises tact and conceals his camera. The foot of any trouble that occurs in Vladivostok.

Changes wrought by Oil in Kansas. From the Washington Post. Some strange things have happened out in the Kansas district, which is represented by the route of the Campbell. Oil has been discovered, and men who a few days ago were poor are now rich. One of the most striking cases is that of a man named Fred Hetric. He owned a farm near the town of Chanute, and had a hard time keeping the wolf from the door. He can neither read nor write. His oil royalties now amount to \$800 a month. He has just completed the finest opera house in Kansas. It occupies half a block in Chanute, and he has just received the net proceeds for a monument.

Mr. Hetric gives a box party at each performance. He is a very successful actor, and his success is due to his ability to impersonate the various characters of the stage. He is a very successful actor, and his success is due to his ability to impersonate the various characters of the stage. He is a very successful actor, and his success is due to his ability to impersonate the various characters of the stage.

Nothing encourages the study of geography like war. It was in 1871 that American began to look up Corea on a map, but at that time she was a name only. It was only a man was killed—on our side. So the geographers began to look up Corea on a map, but at that time she was a name only. It was only a man was killed—on our side. So the geographers began to look up Corea on a map, but at that time she was a name only.

From Old Japan

Rustic Iron Lanterns in artistic shapes, used in the gardens and temple grounds of Japan. Suitable for Lawn, Pedestal, Fence, Veranda and Gate-post ornamentation.

The brown, rusty effects blend gracefully with garden greens.



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ENGLISH POLITICAL ORATORS.

RIVALS IN ELOQUENCE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Chamberlain the Greatest Debater—Mr. Balfour Makes the Longest Speeches—The Oratory of Mr. Morley in the House and on the Platform.

Has the quality of Parliamentary oratory declined? We are apt in many things to worship the past, and to believe that "there were giants in those days" and not in these. Our oratorical standard is liable to be a false one. The record speeches of Chatham and his rivals, preserved as models of rhetoric and exercises in elocution, were not really spoken by them, says the London Daily Mail, but were written from memory by the speaker, and driven into him into interruptive scenes during the reply.

NINE DOORS TO A BARROOM.

A Well Fortified Saloon in Prohibition Bangor Raided at Last. BANGOR, Me., April 23.—County Attorney Bertram L. Smith has just made a new record in his efforts to enforce the law against liquor selling here. This week his officers, succeeded in getting into a place known as the Maze, which for years had defied them.

The Maze was conducted by Charles Tremblay, a Canadian Frenchman, and was ingeniously arranged, so much so that Tremblay used to say: "The man who finds his way in those place can't catch man lak me was tam smart man." The place was laid out by an architect who knew his business. The barroom was in the rear of a vacant store, with a peep hole giving a view of the street door.

When a customer entered the door an electric bell jingled in the barroom, and the bartender looked out at the peep hole to inspect the person who had entered. If satisfied that all was safe, he pulled a wire that slid a bolt in an oak door leading into a corridor. Then came the last door, the ninth in the series—leading into the barroom.

This later apartment was furnished simply with one armchair, a table, and a sink. Water was always running in the sink, chloride of lime was there to kill the smell of liquors that might be spilled, and a big bottle of whiskey stood in the corner. All the furniture was made of oak, and the walls were covered with oak panels, banded and riveted with steel.

To enter the Maze barroom required considerable time, even if the person entering were entirely sober. The door was washed down the sink and Proprietor Tremblay would be sitting in his armchair, looking innocent and happy and reading a newspaper. He would look up and smile at the Sheriff, who would say hard words and go out at the side door. Then business would be done with the Sheriff, and the Sheriff would be left unguarded by bells or bars. Three nights the deputy spent in cutting out the panels of this door and the Sheriff would be left unguarded by bells or bars.

ULSTER COUNTY DEER SAFE.

They Stood the Winter Well in Spite of the Fears for Them. KINGSTON, N. Y., April 21.—Much anxiety has been expressed as to the probable fate of the deer on the public lands of the Forest Preserve and other lands in the Ulster and Sullivan county Catskills this winter. The winter's extreme severity and the scarcity of food made many fear that the deer would all be frozen except in the State Deer Park, where they found shelter and food. But the fear was unfounded, as the deer are beginning to show themselves in large numbers and no frozen carcasses have been reported.

Le Boutillier Brothers LACES.

Comprising a large variety of exclusive designs—the choicest products of the St. Gall and Plauen markets. Separable Motif Applique Gallons and Bandings—White, Champagne and Paris tints—all well adapted for application purposes. Point Venise, Soft Finish Net and Valenciennes Allogers, suitable for Waists, Gowns and trimmings in general.

UNUSUAL OFFERINGS AT PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

- Soft Model Finances—white, cream and ecru—Lierre and Panch effects—14 inches wide, 79c. Value \$1.39. Allower Nets, Crochet and Venise Nets—white, cream and ecru, 75c. Less than half price. Point Venise Applique, 69c. Value \$1.29. Spray of Venise Applique—suitable for Garniture Trimmings—Paris Shades, 49c. Value 79c. St. Gall Crescent Ornaments, 39c. Worth 65c. each. Round, Square and Diamond Motifs, St. Gall make, 9c. and 19c. Regular Values 15c. and 39c.

Le Boutillier Brothers West Twenty-third Street.

CATSKILL TROUT COMING OUT.

WINTER LINGERS THERE LATE, BUT THERE ARE SIGNS THAT IT WILL BE A GOOD YEAR.

KINGSTON, N. Y., April 21.—The trout fishery which went into the hills last Monday has not returned, but reports coming from the fishing grounds indicate that something is doing. Every passenger train on the West Shore Railroad brings city fishers, who go up the Ulster and Delaware to the trout streams. Mr. A. Whispeal, a veteran trout fisherman, says that several parties who were staying in and about Phoenicia made fine catches last Monday and Tuesday. Fish of a pound and over were caught in the streams tributary to the Kaopus and in the Stony Clove stream.

The trout in the Catskill streams are reported to be of exceptionally fine quality this season. There had been no sudden freshets to carry their food away, and they are fat and juicy. The winter has broken up gradually in the Catskills and there have been no heavy rains to cause freshets this spring. The weather at present is exceedingly unpleasant. Every night the ground freezes solid and a bitter, stinging wind laden with the chill of the still snow-cold peaks of a vacant store, with a peep hole giving a view of the street door.

When a customer entered the door an electric bell jingled in the barroom, and the bartender looked out at the peep hole to inspect the person who had entered. If satisfied that all was safe, he pulled a wire that slid a bolt in an oak door leading into a corridor. Then came the last door, the ninth in the series—leading into the barroom.

HOTEL STRIKE IN BAVARIA.

Waiters Quit Because They Were Ordered to Shave Off Mustaches.

NEW ORLEANS, April 23.—Passengers, arrived to-day from Bavaria, report the hotel and restaurant in that city badly paralyzed over the strike of the waiters, who left their places because the hotel proprietors required them to shave off their mustaches and go clean shaven. They quit, and the cooks joined them in a sympathetic strike.

GOAT LYMPH CURES NERVOUS DISEASES.

Such as Locomotor Ataxia, Neurasthenia, Brain and Nerve Exhaustion, Paralysis, Insomnia and, in fact, all Diseases of the Nervous System. Modern science has made great progress in lengthening human life and in alleviating the distressing effects of Nervous Exhaustion. It is now possible for many persons apparently in good health to suffer from Nervous Exhaustion, and the result is a condition of the nervous system which is a source of constant suffering. The Goat Lymph Sanitarium is a place where the afflicted can find relief and cure.

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THE COLLECTION.

Enamels, Extraordinary Objects in Silver, Ivory Carvings, Greek and Roman Glass, Japanese, Chinese and European Textiles, Antiques and Modern Jewelry and other valuable objects.

GOLD JAPANESE Color Prints, and Modern Water Colors.

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