A BRAVE NEW JERSEY BOY

Perhaps sthe darkest days experienced by the little army of Washington were those that witnessed the retreats across the Jerseys. New York had fallen into the hands of the boastful enemy; he had taken Forts Lee and Washington and the patriots were on the retreat with the victorious British following in their wake.

Tobias Traverse, otherwise known as Toby, was in captivity; a prisoner of war in the only house that could be used as a jail in one of the villages through which the British army was at that moment passing. His offense was that he had refused to reveal to the British commander the hiding-place of some powder, which the patriots had been obliged to leave behind in their hurried retreat. Cornwallis had told the boy that if he had not pointed out that hiding-place before 7 o'clock that evening, he should be shot.

That was why poor Toby had been

"We Have Met Before, My Lord."

escorted to the only house in the hamlet, an old frame affair, with a clapboard roof and one little window, which had been boarded up.

Nearly all day the British force followed through the village on its march after Washington's retreating army. All day the tall, gruff sentry paced up and down in front of Toby's prison. Every now and then he looked in to see that the "rebel brat" was safe, and each time he caught the resolute look of the boy still confined between the four walls.

"Why don't you make a clean breast of it, boy?" said the guard, toward evening.

"I am not a Tory, sir!" came the quick answer.

"Tory or not, it behooves you to tell where the powder is. You know the orders."

Toby turned away and went over to the other side of the old house, where he remained, looking defiantly at the guard, who thought him one of the "stubbornest rebels" he had ever seen.

Night came at last, throwing her sable pall over the memorable little place.

The last detachment of the British army had vanished, but twenty men remained behind to take care of the boy, safe in their clutches. More than once since sundown Toby was visited and urged to betray the hiding-place of Gen. Washington's ammunition; but to all pleadings and threats he turned a deaf ear, and was heartily cursed for his refusal.

We will quit here at 9 o'clock," said the sergeant, at last. "It is the last moment of grace you have, boy."

It was 7 o'clock then.

Toby listened to the retreating footsteps of the sergeant, and then the guard resumed his tramp in front of the old stone pile.

"This is Abner Bryant's work," said the little prisoner to himself. He is mad because they watched his house and did not give him a chance to tell Cornwallis where the powder was buried. He takes this plan to become a hero in Cornwallis' eyes and to show this British commander that he is loyal to the king. Never mind, Abner. We may be quits one of these days, and you may not stand quite so high in the estimation of King George's general."

It was almost 9 o'clock when the sergeant drew up his squad and saw that their muskets were loaded with ball.

Abner Bryant and the other tories of the crossroads stood off at a little distance and witnessed this ceremony.

"He'll tell," said the head Tory. "The boy will weaken at the last moment, and when the rear guard leaves us they'll take the rebel powder along."

"Certainly. His mother understands this, for she won't shed a tear, you know."

"There they go, now. The sergeant is going to carry out his orders, if the little rebel still remains defiant."

In front of the stone house the detachment halted and the sentry saluted.

"It is 9 o'clock," said the sergeant. "Where's your prisoner!"

The Escape.

The sergeant unlocked the door, the key grating harshly in the rusty padlock, and the next moment he looked in and called for Toby.

There was no reply and the soldier went inside.

A moments' glance seemed sufficient.

"There is a hole in the roof!" cried he.

"A hole in the roof?" echoed half a dozen voices.

"Bring a light. Quick! The little scamp has escaped."

The utmost confusion reigned.

A light was brought and revealed the interior of the stone pile; a loose clapboard in the roof told that the little rebel had actually taken flight, and the white-faced sentry seemed ready to fall on his knees with fear.

"He was here ten minutes ago. I heard him," he managed to say.

"And ten minutes to him mean a great deal. He can run like a deer," put in Abner Bryant.

"It seems to me I heard a horse cross the bridge a little while ago," remarked another and then the soldiers separated.

The sergeant and one other hastened to Toby's home and searched it; Abner Bryant ran home to get out his best horse, but a startling discovery awaited him.

The "best horse" was gone.

The excitement that followed Toby's escape was intense. The patriots of the hamlet secretly rejoiced while the three tories bit their lips with chagrin.

Some months later Abner Bryant received a letter eulogizing the good qualities of his missing horse and also thanking him for the use of it.

The letter was signed "Toby Travers" and the enraged tory tore it up and threw it into the fire.

What became of the little rebel of the cross-roads?

The day after the surrender at Yorktown he was the bearer of a message from Washington to Cornwallis and the defeated general looked at him with a great deal of curiosity.

"We have met before, my lord," said Captain Toby with a bow.

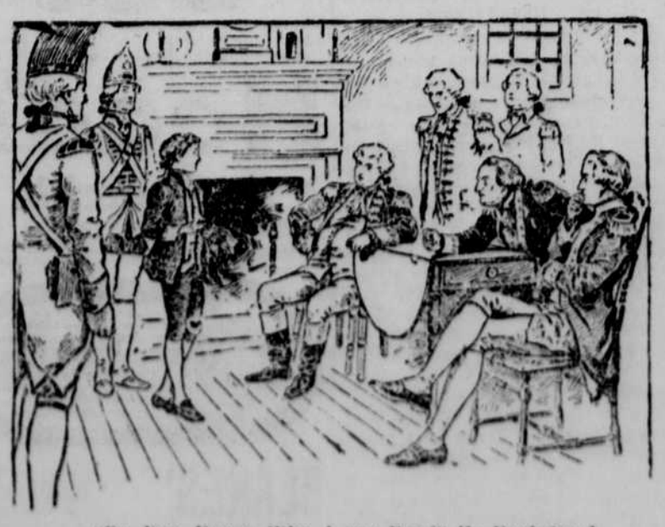
"I've been thinking as much," answered Cornwallis; "but just now I cannot place you."

"I am the Jersey boy who wouldn't betray the hiding place of the patriot powder."

A flush came to the Briton's face and he turned it away. But the next moment he turned suddenly to the young captain.

"We have heard from that powder since. I understand that a lot of rebels afterward unearthed it and used some of it against us in the siege of Yorktown," he said with a smile. "Your general nearly lost a young captain that time; but I commend your courage on that occasion. You deserve to be made a major."

It was the proudest moment of Captain Toby's life, and the next proudest was when he went back to the little hamlet and turned over to Abner Bryant his black horse which had carried him to safety on the most eventful night in his history.—Denver Republican.



"Do You Know Who I am, Boy?" He Exclaimed.

How Thimbles are Made.

The thimble is a Dutch invention, and the first one was made in 1684, by a silversmith named Nicholas Van Benschoten. Originally it was called a thumbell, because it was worn on the thumb.

In making thimbles the gold and silver ingots are rolled out of the desired thickness and cut by a stamp into circular pieces of any required size. These circular pieces are bent into thimble shape by means of a solid metal bar that is of the same size as the inside of the intended thimble; this bar is moved by machinery up and down in a bottomless mold of the outside of the same thimble, and each time the bar descends it presses one of the circular pieces or disks into thimble shape.

When the thimble is shaped, the next work is to brighten, polish and decorate it. First, the blank thimble is fitted with a rapidly-revolving rod. A slight touch of a sharp chisel cuts a very thin shaving from the end of the thimble, a second chisel does the same on the side, and a third neatly rounds off the rim. A round steel rod, well oiled, is held against the surface of the revolving thimble, and it is thus given a nice polish; the inside is polished and brightened in a similar manner, the thimble being held in a revolving mold.

Then a delicate revolving steel wheel with a raised ornamental edge is pressed against the blank thimble and prints the ornament seen just outside the rim. Another steel wheel covered with sharp points makes tiny indentions all over the remaining blank surface of the thimble.

The last operation is to wash it thoroughly in soapsuds, to brush it carefully, and it is ready for my lady's work basket.—San Francisco Examiner.

Chasing a Dummy Rabbit

In the absence of live rabbits, the Presidio club inaugurated a new sport, which is quite likely to supersede the original game. It is the running of a stuffed hare by the dogs. To do this, an inverted bicycle with the tire off one of the wheels, was located at one end of the field. A string wound round the tireless wheel, stretched 125 yards off, where it was tied to a stuffed hare. The "winder," or wheelman, waited for the signal and began turning the wheel so as to haul in the string and the rabbit, which the dogs tried to overtake. In only one instance did the terriers reach the game.—San Francisco Call.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

THE correct time to dig potatoes is a matter of considerable concern to the potato grower, and especially if there are symptoms of rot in the crop. A correspondent of the Country Gentleman made inquiry in regard to this matter, to which the following reply was made: "If the tubers have begun to show the discoloration of the potato rot, it is better to dig them at once. If the vines are dead or nearly so, the tubers will not grow any more, and by leaving them in the ground the sound ones will be liable to be infected by the spores of the fungus which are yet in or on the ground, but which succeeding rains will wash down in the soil and bring into contact with the tubers, where they will do their hateful work. If the tops are not yet dead, they will only serve to increase the crop of spores, which drop from them to the ground and which by the next soaking rain will probably be carried down and brought in contact with the tubers, thus increasing the destructive work. If the tops are not dead, and we could be sure of no more rain for a few weeks, it would, perhaps, do to leave the tubers in the ground, but this is not a certainty, nor is it desirable. If the tubers are dug and only the sound ones stored in a cool, dark, dry cellar, the surface having first been dried, they will not be likely to rot. Sometimes, however, the rot continues to develop after the tubers are stored. This is brought about in two or three ways. The tuber may be affected, but the fungus is in such an early stage of development that it has not yet produced a sufficient discoloration to be noticed. The rot in such cases will be likely to develop and make its presence known in due time. Again, there may be spores in contact with the surface of the potato, but which have not yet sent their germinal threads into its flesh. If the potatoes are put in the cellar while yet moist or with moist lumps of earth adhering to them, the dampness will cause these spores to germinate, and the potato will, in due time, show signs of rot. In the third place, an affected tuber may communicate the disease to a sound one with which it is in contact. It is desirable, therefore, that they be stored in crates or in shallow bins, so that they can be more surely kept dry and more easily examined and any affected ones that may appear be quickly taken out. Moisture is the friend of rot, dryness its enemy. Last season there was little or no rot. There was not rain enough to carry what spores may have been produced into the ground deep enough to come in contact with the tubers. This season the case is different.

Are Wheat Varieties Degenerating.

The general failure of the wheat crop in Ohio this year has caused many farmers to think that their wheat is "running out," and the desire to change seed is more general than it has been for some years past, judging from letters received at the experiment station. While there is undoubtedly a great difference in the vigor of different varieties of wheat and their adaptation to various soils and climates, the tests made at the experiment station encourage the belief that a variety adapted to the soil and conditions of a given locality will tend to improve, rather than degenerate, if proper care be exercised in selecting seed from year to year. To illustrate: the two varieties of wheat which head the list at the Ohio station in a ten-year test, Valley, which has given the largest yield per acre, and Penquite's Velvet Chaff, which has given the heaviest average weight per bushel, are both varieties which originated or were first distributed from southwestern Ohio, fifteen to thirty years ago. These varieties are not proof against all unfavorable conditions, and every season they are excelled in yield by some other sorts, but no one sort has yet been able to overtop either of them in the points mentioned in the average of a long continued test.

Farmer's Garden in October.

Not a weed should be left in the berry garden this fall. Destroy noxious seed and insect eggs by burning all weeds, dead brush and vines—thus saving much labor another season. Let the ground be clean and apply a liberal dressing of fine manure over the entire surface. Having nursed the infant plants into vigorous growth and protected them from insect enemies and disease do not now neglect the most important part of successful berry growing. As heretofore stated, Winter protection is an absolute necessity for growing small fruits successfully in a Northern climate. It should be practiced in every locality where the temperature reaches zero, or below. Even in localities where plants show no injury, and among those considered most hardy, the vitality is often affected, and the succeeding crop very much reduced. The best winter protection for blackberries, raspberries and grapes consists in laying them down and covering lightly with dirt. If plants have been well mulched in summer with green clover, clean straw, or coarse manure, as they should be, less dirt is required by using this mulching. In laying plants down (the rows running north and south), commence at the north end, remove the dirt from the north side of the hill about four inches deep; gather the branches in close form with a wide fork, raising it toward the top of the bush and press gently to the north, at the same time placing the foot firmly on the base of the hill, and press hard toward the north. If the ground is hard, or bushes old, a second man may use a potato fork instead of the foot, inserting same deeply, close to south side of hill, and press over slowly, bending the bush, in the root, until nearly flat on the ground. The bush is then held down with wide fork until properly covered. The top of succeeding hill should rest near the base of preceding hill, thus making a continuous covering. This process is an important one, but is easily acquired with a little practice. In the spring remove the dirt carefully with a fork, and slowly raise the bush. With hardy varieties, and in mild winters, sufficient protection may be had by laying down and covering the tips only. Grapes, being more flexible, are laid down without removal of dirt near the vine. There is no more important work on the fruit farm, or garden, than winter protection, and there is no work more generally neglected. Let it be done thoroughly, after frosts have come, and before winter sets in.

Color in the Garden.

What one chiefly needs to study in the color effects of our flower gardens is gradation, says a writer in Harper's Bazar. It is to plant our comparatively small spaces so that one tint may lie softly against another, each one leading up to or melting into solider and deeper and more compact blossom leaving fringes of color to mingle and lose themselves in lighter or darker tints and tones. If this gradual intensification of color is possible in wild masses, and with only one tint to deal with, it is still more easily possible with the various colors which are at the command of the flower-gardener, who can control a greater variety and bring within small space flowers and species from all distances and lands. One can produce the effect of gradation and intensification of color by number of tints instead of breadth of space, just as a painter, within the small circle of his palette, can arrange the infinite gradation which leads from the upper blue through all the clear light green spaces which lie between it and the orange and crimson parallels of a sunset sky; and certainly if he can do this, we can produce within the bounds of a garden wall, in tints of nature's own manufacture something akin to the sweep of color made by the painter-hand of nature. Of course these color effects must be changeable ones, for flowers vary with the months, whole tribes of them electing to blossom in June, and perhaps other tribes in July, and others again in August and September, or even, like the chrysanthemum, come to their crown in late October weather. So for this reason, if for no other, we must know our flowers well before we attempt to juggle with them. We must understand their times and seasons, and not undertake a gradation or a contrast with flowers, one species of which may have chosen June for its season and another have elected to blossom in September. In this assemblage of friends, where we wish to get the most beautiful result of friendliness—perfect harmony—we must take careful thought about our invitations, and try to pair the habits and preferences of our guests.

Stave Silos in New York.

A seed firm in western New York is sending wagons through the country advertising seeds, and offering to put up round or tub silos for farmers, says Rural New Yorker. One of our readers describes this silo as follows: The silo they erect is built of pine about two inches thick, grooved or matched. On the ends of the staves, where more than one length is required for the height of the silo, a piece of iron is used, by sawing into the end of each piece. They use heavy iron hoops and screws that may be tightened as required. Coal tar is used in putting it together, and a metal roof also. A silo 12 feet in diameter and 20 feet in height is put up for $72, which seems very reasonable. We are investigating this manner of doing business, and shall, doubtless, have more to say about it. As to the value of "tub" silo, reports are largely in its favor. Here is a note from Prof. Clinton of Cornell that is worth reading: "This price for putting up the silo of the dimensions given can be lowered by any farmer. There is not the slightest necessity for having the staves grooved. The success of the tub silo is unquestioned. I have just visited one that has been in use the past year, and the ensilage kept perfectly. The dimensions of this one are 13 feet diameter by 30 feet high. The charges made against the tub silo that it will fall to pieces in the summer I found utterly false, for this one was standing in good condition. I shall recommend the building of tub silos as being the best and cheapest for the farmer."

The Home Butter Market.—After all it is the home butter market that is of the greatest interest to Americans. The annual increase of population, if that population be in a position to supply its wants, means an increase of more than 2 per cent demand each year. The expansion of the market to such an extent will probably consume all the butter and cheese that can be made, provided that those articles be good and honest and have the confidence of the would-be consumers.

The supply of pure water for our barnyards is very little regarded. Cows are compelled to drink foul or brackish water, or that which is tainted from the yard. The effect indirectly must be injurious to ourselves by poisoning the milk; but think also of the annoyance and suffering of the animals.

The Depredating Hen.

Of all the things in nature that afflict
the sons of men,
There is nothing that I know of beats
the depredating hen;
If you see a wild-eyed woman firing
brickbats from the shed,
You can bet a hen has busted up her
little flower-bed.
She plunders and she scratches, she
cackles and she hatches,
And forty thousand cowboys couldn't
keep her in a pen.
She was sent on earth to fret us, to
excoriate the lettuce;
She's a thoro'-going nuisance is the
depredating hen.

I threw a brick and missed her as she
hustled out my beans,
But Julius Caesar's statue was smashed
to smithereens;
I saw her digging rifle pits where I'd
put my pansies in,
I fired a good-sized rock and hit my
hired man on the shin.
She busts all bounds and shackles, she
giggles and she cackles,
She makes me say some earnest things
I haven't time to pen;
I never used bad language, but now I'm
filled with anguage,
Alas! I've broke the record thro' that
depredating hen.

But now thro'out my cabinet there
floats a pleasant smell,
And the reason for that perfume isn't
hard to tell;
For when I rose this morning, saw my
cabbage-bed a wreck,
I caught that depredating hen and
fiercely wrung her neck;
I hear her fizz and crackle, no more
she'll scratch and cackle,
Or make my summer garden look like
some hyena's den.
She far too long has bossed me, she far
too much has cost me—
I'll eat at luncheon time to-day a hundred-dollar hen.

—The Khan.

Preserving Eggs.

A few days after an egg is laid an air space becomes visible at the larger end. Into this space sufficient air may have already entered to start decomposition at any future time, and when once decomposition has started, it cannot be arrested, no matter how thoroughly and effectually the pores of the shell may be sealed after its entrance. This shows abundantly how essential it is that eggs when laid down for preserving should be perfectly new laid. Another matter is deserving of attention, viz., if possible, eggs that are to be preserved should not be fertilized. In the preserved egg contests, the advisability of preserving unfertile eggs has been demonstrated. Though at times these latter have been preserved in inferior preservatives, they have, nevertheless, proved far superior at the end of a given period to others which have been fertilized, but stored in the best of preservatives. Such eggs can be easily obtained. As soon as all the eggs required for incubation have been acquired, the cocks can be removed, and after some days have elapsed the matter of egg preserving can be taken in hand without further delay. The only method we shall describe at the present time is the lime process, and which we have long held to be the best. This view is confirmed by the important experiments which have recently taken place at the New York Experimental Station. There the solution which gave the best results was made by mixing four quarts of slaked lime with one quart of common salt in five gallons of water. After being well stirred on several occasions the clear liquid is removed into a glazed earthenware or wooden vessel, but it is better that the mixture should stand for a day or two, until such solid material as the water will take up has been dissolved. Then to the clear liquid half an ounce of boracic acid is added. Into this solution the eggs are carefully placed, care being taken that it rises three inches above the eggs, for any left high and dry will be spoilt. The jars are then stored away in a cool place and not disturbed until they are used.

Horse Talk.

The horse is a noble animal, in spite of the fact that he's not above work.

The horse invented horse racing when he ran with other colts; but he didn't invent betting the other fellow's money on the result.

The horse hasn't much of a voice, but he can go ahead. Its the slow jackass that does the loud talking.

The horse can say neigh, yet he may be led into temptation if the halter is strong enough.

The prehistoric horse had five toes. The man who walks home from the race track is wearing off his superfluous four a little bit later.

The horse can afford to laugh the horse laugh at the bicycle and trolley car. By and by there will be none but nice, easy jobs left for horses.

The horse has been the friend of man from the first appearance of the latter on the planet.

The dark horse is much in men's mind just now, yet the dark horse is not altogether a stable character.

If wishes were horses and the wish were father to the thought, then the thought would naturally be a colt.—N. Y. Recorder.

Variation of Rainfall.—As is well known, the amount of rain that falls upon land varies greatly in different regions. Of some countries, such as Peru and a part of Egypt, as well as of the deserts of Africa and Central Asia, it may be said that no rain ever falls there. Upon the table land of Mexico, and in many other localities, rains are very rare. Speaking in general terms, the most abundant rainfall is in regions near the equator, where there are regularly wet and dry seasons, though in certain localities, as in some parts of Guiana, it rains well nigh continually.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, NOV. 22 — REWARDS OF OBEDIENCE.

Golden Text—"In All Thy Ways Acknowledge Him and He Shall Direct Thy Paths"— Prov. 3:6 — Stepping Heavenward in Wisdom's Path.

THIS lesson is an invitation to walk in the ways of heavenly wisdom. As in chapter 8, so here wisdom stands by the gates of the city, at the parting of the paths, and on the high places where she can be seen and heard, and calls to men to hear her voice inviting them to her House Beautiful.

The way to the heavenly life on earth is shown to men. The City of God is not in heaven alone, but comes down from God out of heaven, and is among men. The steps to this blessed life are set forth in all their attractiveness. The appeal is to all that is highest, noblest, and best in men.

Today's lesson includes verses 1 to 17, chapter 3, Book of Proverbs. With explanatory notes the lesson follows:

1. "My son." The older and wiser man addresses the younger, not as a master or tyrant, but as a father and friend, desiring his pupil's good. It implies also that the one addressed is acting like a son. "Forget not my law." We forget that to which we do not pay earnest attention. Therefore, it is our duty and our wisdom to (1) read the whole law of God; (2) to study it earnestly and thoroughly; (3) to use it as a guide to our daily lives. "Let thine heart keep my commandments." There is no true, no lasting obedience that does not come from the heart, the fountain of life. Mere outward obedience is not acceptable. Who would accept from a son or daughter, from husband or wife, a mere outward righteousness that did not flow from love?

2. "For length of days and years of life and peace." Long life is of little use unless it be accompanied by peace and prosperity, which the word also means. (1) This is a statement of a general principle that keeping God's commandments tends to length of life, "by preserving the constitution sound and healthy."

3. "Mercy" toward the sinning and toward the suffering. "And truth," sincerity, pure, upright dealings in all things. These are mentioned as duties toward our fellow men which are apt to be neglected. "Bind them about thy neck," as costly ornaments, carefully guarded from loss, always in sight, something to delight in. They are indeed the graces and the beauty of men, as well as their duty. "Write them on the table (tablet) of thine heart." As the ten commandments upon the tablets of stone, never to be effaced. 4. "Favour and good understanding." "The reward or fruit of adopting the course recommended, and exhibiting the virtues spoken of in the preceding verse, is here subjoined. This is twofold: as it regards others, both God and man, favor; as it regards the possessor, good success, prosperity.

7. "Wise in thine own eyes," i. e., in thine own opinion or conceit. Be not puffed up with a vain conceit of thine own importance, thy knowledge, thy superior wisdom. "Fear the Lord." Not to be afraid of, but reverence, stand in awe of his greatness, and wisdom, and goodness, so that we shall trust our all to him. "And depart from evil." The natural consequence of fearing the Lord.

8. "It shall be health to thy navel," the muscles of the body, and marrow, or moisture, "to thy bones." The marrow was supposed to keep the bones in a healthy state. 9. "Honor the Lord with thy substance," your capital, the property you possess.

10. "So shall thy barns be filled with plenty." Compare the promise in Malachi 3: 10. "Fats shall overflow out." Overflow with the crop of grapes it is too small to contain. Or it may refer to the hissing and bursting of the new grapes.

11. "Despise not (shrink not from) the chastening." Discipline, schooling, instruction by punishment. Delitzsch translates, "The school of Jehovah." "Neither be weary"; i. e., do not loathe, abhor, feel disgust nor vexation towards. The word certainly denotes loathing or nausea. "Of his reproof," or correction by means of reproof. "Those who are determined to do wrong loathe all reproof that would turn them from it."

12. "For whom the Lord loveth he reproveth." Care, burdens, losses, sickness, troubles are no necessary proof that we are worse than other men, as we have seen in Job, but are the fatherly discipline of one who loves us with all his heart, but loves us too well to let us go on in the wrong.

13. "Happy is the man." The word for "happy" is plural in the original. The plural form expresses the manifold nature of the blessedness of the wise man. He is blessed in every way, at all times, from all sources, in all departments of his life, in all circumstances. He is blessed in body and in soul; in time and in eternity. —P. "That findeth (has found, and holds possession of) wisdom." After a long and arduous search, as for hid treasures. Often there is far more gained in the act of searching than in mere possession. This is true of almost all good things. Rasselas was discontented in the Happy Valley, and so were all the dwellers there; and he was willing to tunnel his way out with infinite labor rather than dwell amid its perfections.

14. "The merchandise of it." It must be gained by labor and cost, as earthly treasures are. It is impossible to impart character or wisdom by direct gift. There is a continual traffic in wisdom, using what one has in gaining more. Compare Christ's parables of the hid treasure and the pearl of great price (Matt. 13: 44-46).

15. "She is more precious than rubies," or pearls, as some translate the word, which probably includes all precious stones. "The things thou canst desire." All pleasures, all delights, all the treasures of wealth, all that men give up their lives to obtain. Wisdom is as far above all these as the sun and stars above the street lamp.

16. "Length of days," a long and happy, useful life, even life forever more. See on verse 3. "In her right hand," as the best of these gifts. "In her left hand." As not so valuable as long life. "Are riches"; that is, all the good things that riches can bring.

17. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness"; i. e., ways in which one obtains what is agreeable to the inter and the outer man, and which it does good to enjoy.—Delitzsch. The very acts of religion are in themselves pleasant.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

In some oceans, particularly to the south of Japan, islands have a way of appearing and disappearing without notice.

A large proportion of the marine creatures found at a great depth in the colder parts of the ocean are of a red color.

In London there are 2,127 feather-curlers alone, 4,537 artificial flower-makers, 4,075 umbrella and walking-stick makers.