

A Tale of Three Lions

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

"At last the crisis came. One Saturday I had paid the men as usual, and bought a muid of meale meal at sixty shillings for them to fill themselves with, and then I went with my boy Harry and sat on the edge of the thundering great hole that we had dug in the hill-side, and which we had in bitter mockery named Eldorado. There we sat in the moonlight with our feet hanging over the edge of the claim, and were melancholy enough for anything. Presently I pulled out my purse and emptied its contents into my hand. There was a half sovereign, two florins, nine pence in silver, no coppers, for copper practically does not circulate in South Africa, which is one of the things that makes living so dear there, in all exactly fourteen and nine pence.

"There, Harry, my boy!" I said, "that is the sum-total of our worldly wealth; the infernal hole has swallowed all the rest."

"Gracious!" said Master Harry. "I say, you and I shall have to let ourselves out to work with the Kafirs and live on meale pap," and he giggled at his unpleasant little joke.

"But I was in no mood for joking, for it is not a merry thing to dig like mad for months and be completely ruined in the process, especially if you happen to hate digging like poison, and consequently I resented Harry's light-heartedness.

"Shut up!" I said, raising my hand as though to give him a cuff, with the result that the half sovereign slipped out of it and fell in the gulf below.

"Oh, confound it all," said I, "it's gone."

"There, dad," said Harry; "that's what comes of letting your angry passions rise; now we are down to four and nine."

"I made no answer to these words of wisdom, but scrambled down the steep sides of the claim followed by Harry, to hunt for my little all. Well, we hunted and hunted, but the moonlight is an uncertain thing to look for half sovereigns by, and there was some loose soil about, for the Kafirs had knocked off working at the very spot a couple of hours before. I took a pick and raked away the clods of earth with it, in the hope of finding the coin; but all in vain. At last in sheer annoyance I struck the sharp end of the pick-ax down into the soil, which was of a very hard nature. To my astonishment it sunk in right up to the haft.

"Why, Harry," I said, "this ground must have been disturbed!"

"I don't think so, father," he answered, "but we will soon see," and he began to shovel out the soil with his hands. "Oh," he said, presently, "it's only some old stones; the pick has gone down between them, look!" and he began to pull at one of the stones.

"I say, dad," he said, presently, almost in a whisper, "it's precious heavy, feel it," and he rose and gave me a round brownish lump about the size of a very large apple, which he was holding in both his hands. I took it curiously and held it up to the light. It was precious heavy. The moonlight fell upon its rough and dirt-incrusted surface, and as I looked curious little thrills of excitement began to pass through me. But I could not be sure.

"Give me your knife, Harry," I said. "He did so, and resting the brown stone on my knee I scratched at its surface. Great heavens, it was soft!

"Another secret and the secret was out; we had found a great nugget of pure gold, four pounds of it or more. 'It's gold, lad,' I said, 'it's gold, or I'm a Dutchman.'

"Harry, with his eyes starting out of his head, glared down at the long gleaming yellow scratch that I had made upon the virgin metal, and then burst out into yell upon yell of exultation, that went ringing away across the silent claims like the shrieks of somebody being murdered.

"Shut up, shut up!" I said, "do you want every thief on the fields after you?"

"Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when I heard a stealthy footstep approaching. I promptly put the big nugget down and sat on it, as though it had been an egg, and uncommonly hard it was, and as I did so I saw a lean dark face poked over the edge of the claim and a pair of beady eyes searching us out. I knew the face, it belonged to a man of very bad character known as Handspike Tom, having I understood been so named at the Diamond Fields because he had murdered his mate with a handspike. He was now no doubt prowling about like a human hyena to see what he could steal.

"Is that you, 'unter Quatermain'?" he says.

"Yes, that's me, Mr. Tom," I answered, politely.

"And what might all that there yelling be?" he asked. "I was walking along, a-taking of the evening air and a-thinking about my soul, when I 'ears 'owl after 'owl."

"Well, Mr. Tom," I answered, "that is not to be wondered at, seeing that like yourself they are nocturnal birds."

"Owl after 'owl," he repeated, sternly, taking no notice of my interpretation, "and I stops and smacks my lips and says, 'That's murder,' and I listens agin and thinks, 'No, it ain't; that 'owl is the 'owl of hexhulation; some one's been and got his fingers into a gummy yeller pot, I'll swear, and gone 'ow 'is 'ead in the sucking of them. Now, 'unter Quatermain, is I right? Is it nuggets? Oh, Lor!' and he smack-

ed his lips audibly—great big yellow boys—is it them that you 'ave just been and tumbled across?"

"No," I said boldly, "it isn't—the cruel gleam in his black eyes altogether overcoming my aversion to the lie, for I knew that if once I found out what it was that I was sitting on—and by the way I have heard of rolling in gold being spoken of as a pleasant process, but I certainly do not recommend anybody who values comfort to try sitting on it—I should run a very good chance of being handspiked before the night was over.

"If you want to know what it was, Mr. Tom," I went on with my politest air, although in agony from the suggest underneath, for I hold it always best to be polite to a man who is so handy with a handspike, "my boy and I have had a slight difference of opinion, and I was enforcing my view of the matter upon him; that's all, Mr. Tom."

"Yes, Mr. Tom," put in Harry, beginning to snivel.

"Well, all I can say is that a played-out old claim is a wonderful queer sort of a place to come for to argify at ten o'clock of night, and what's more, my sweet youth, if ever I should 'ave the argifying of yer—and he leered unpleasantly at Harry—"yer won't 'oller in quite such a jolly sort o' way. And now I'll be saying good-night, for I don't like disturbing of a family party. No, I ain't that sort of man. I ain't. Good-night to yer, 'unter Quatermain—good-night to yer, my argified young one; and Mr. Tom turned away disappointed and prowled off elsewhere, like a human jackal, to see what he could thieve or kill.

"Thank heaven!" I said, as I slipped off the lump of gold which had left a dent upon my person that did not wear out for a week or more. "Now then, just you slip up, Harry, and see if that consummate villain has gone." Harry did so, and reported that he had vanished toward Pilgrims Rest, and then we set to work, and very carefully, but with trembling with excitement, with our hands hollowed out all the space of ground into which I had struck the pick. Yes, as I thought, there was a regular nest of nuggets, twelve in all, running from the size of a hazel nut to that of a hen's egg, though of course the first one was much larger than that. How they all came there nobody can say; it was one of those extraordinary freaks, with stories of which at any rate, all people acquainted with alluvial gold-mining will be familiar. It turned out afterward that the Yankee who sold me the claim had in the same way made his pile—a much larger one than ours, by the way—out of a single pocket, and then worked for six months without seeing color, after which he gave it up.

"At any rate, there the nuggets were, to the value as it turned out afterwards, of about twelve hundred and fifty pounds, so that after all I took out of that hole four hundred and fifty pounds more than I put into it. We got them all out and wrapped them up in a handkerchief, and then fearing to carry home so much treasure, especially as we knew that Mr. Handspike Tom was on the prowl, made up our minds to pass the night where we were—a necessity which, disagreeable as it was, was wonderfully sweetened by the presence of that handkerchief full of virgin gold, which represented the interest of my last half sovereign.

"Slowly the night wore away, for with the fear of Handspike Tom before my eyes I did not care to go to sleep, and at last the dawn came, blushing like a bride, down the somber ways of night. I got up and watched its perfect growth, till it opened like a vast celestial flower upon the eastern sky, and the sunbeams began to spring in splendor from mountain-top to mountain-top. I watched it, and as I did so it flashed upon me with a complete conviction that I had not felt before, that I had had enough gold-mining to last me the rest of my natural life, and I then and there made up my mind to clear out of Pilgrims Rest and go and shoot buffalo toward Delago Bay. Then I turned, took the pick and shovel, and although it was a Sunday morning, woke up Harry and set to work to see if there were any more nuggets handy. As I expected, there were none. What we had got had lain together in a little pocket filled with soil that felt quite different from the stiff stuff round and outside the pocket. There was not a trace of gold. Of course, it is possible that there were other pockets full somewhere about, but all I have to say is I made up my mind that, whoever found them I should not; and, as a matter of fact, I have since heard that that claim has been the ruin of two or three people, as it was very nearly the ruin of me.

"Harry," I said presently, "I am going away this week towards Delago to shoot buffalo. Shall I take you with me, or send you down to Durban?"

"Oh, take me with you, dad," begged Harry. "I want to kill a buffalo!"

"And supposing the buffalo kills you instead?" I asked.

"Oh, never mind," he says gayly, "there are lots more where I came from."

"I rebuked him for his flippancy, but in the end I consented to take him."

CHAPTER II.

"Something over a fortnight had passed since the night when I lost half a sovereign and found twelve hundred and fifty pounds in looking for it, and instead of that horrid hole for which, after all, Eldorado was scarcely a misnomer, a very different scene stretched away before us clad in the silver robe of the moonlight. We were camped—Harry and I, two Kafirs, a Scotch cart, and six oxen—on the swelling side of a great wave of bush-clad land. Just where we had made our camp, however, the bush was very sparse, and only grew about in clumps while here

and there were single flat-topped mimosa trees. To our right a little stream, which had cut a deep channel for itself in the bosom of the slope, flowed musically on between banks green with the maiden-hair, wild asparagus, and many beautiful grasses. The bed-rock here was red granite, and in the course of many centuries of patient washing the water had hollowed out some of the huge slabs in its path into great troughs and cups, and these we used for bathing-places. No Roman lady, with her baths of porphyry or alabaster, could have had a more delicious spot to lave herself than we had within fifty yards of our skerm or rough inclosure of mimosa thorn that we had dragged together round the cart to protect us from the attacks of lions, of which there were several about, as I knew from their spoor, though we had neither heard nor seen them.

"It was a little nook where the eddy of the stream had washed away a mass of soil, and on the edge of it there grew a most beautiful old mimosa thorn. Beneath the thorn was a large smooth slab of granite fringed all with maiden-hair, and other ferns, that sloped gently down to a pool of the clearest sparkling water, which lay in a bowl of granite about ten feet wide by five deep in the center. Here to this slab we went every morning to bathe, and that delightful bath is among the most pleasant of my hunting reminiscences, as it is also for reasons that will presently appear, among the most painful.

"It was a lovely night, and Harry and I sat there to the windward of the fire, at which the two Kafirs were busily employed in cooking some impala steaks off a buck which Harry, to his great joy, had shot that morning, and were as perfectly contented with ourselves and the world at large as two people could possibly be. The night was beautiful, and it would require somebody with more words on the tip of his tongue than I have to describe the chastened majesty of the moonlit wilds. Away forever and forever, away to the mysterious north, rolled the great bush ocean over which the silence hung like a heavy cloud. There beneath us a mile or more to the right rolled the wild Oliphant river, and mirror-like flashed back the moon, whose silver spears were shivered on its breast, and then tossed in twisted lines of light far and wide about the mountains and the plain. Down upon its banks grew great timber-trees that through the stilly silence pointed solemnly to heaven, and the beauty of the night lay upon them like a dream. Everywhere was silence—silence in the starred depths, silence in the fair bosom of the sleeping earth. Now, if ever, great thoughts might rise in a man's mind, and for a space he might lose his littleness in the sense that he partook of the pure immensity about him. Almost might he hear the echoes of angelic voices, as the spirits poised on bent and rushing pinions swept onwards from universe to universe; and distinguished the white fingers of the wind playing in the tresses of the trees.

"Hark! what was that?"

"From far away down the river there comes a mighty rolling sound, then another, and another. It is the lion seeking his meat."

"I saw Harry shiver and turn a little pale. He was a plucky boy enough, but the roar of a lion for the first time in the solemn bush veldt at night is apt to shake the nerves of any lad.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN OLD MOSAIC.

Unearthed by a Party of Soldiers in Tunis.

After Italy and Provence there is no country where Rome has left more monuments in every state of preservation of decay than in Tunis, says the London Daily News. The largest Roman circus after the Coliseum is El-Djem, Arles ranking next and Nimes coming fourth. At a recent sitting of the Academy of Inscriptions in Paris M. Bolsier, our correspondent says gave an account of a remarkable Roman discovery at Susa, in Tunis The French, who, unlike the English in Egypt, have settled down in Tunis for good, have got a camp at that seaport which is "a mine of mosaics," where fresh discoveries are made every year. The other day a party of soldiers digging foundations unearthed a mosaic with three human figures in a perfect state of preservation, covered with only a few inches of soil. It is only three and one-half feet square, but the subject, "Virgil Writing the Aeneid," will interest all. There is a front view of the poet loosely draped in the folds of a white toga with a blue fringe, sitting with his feet in sandals resting on a step. He holds on his knees a papyrus roll on which is written in cursive letters one of the verses of his poem. With his right hand on his breast, the forefinger pointing upward, his head erect in an inspired attitude, he listens to Clio and Melpomene, who, standing behind, dictate his cantos.

A Good Samaritan.

"There are several things in this book of mine that I think are particularly good," said the young writer. "No doubt; no doubt," replied the man of many experiences. "Have you submitted it to a publisher?" "Not yet. I wanted to get your advice." "My candid advice?" "Certainly." "Well, if I were in your place I'd go through the book and pick out what I considered the passages of striking excellence—" "Yes?" "And throw them away."—Washington Star.

Poor Soul.

An exchange announces on the death of a lady that "she lived fifty years with her husband and died in contented hope of a better life."—Texas Sifter.

NEW TARIFF BILL.

HOW IT AFFECTS THE FARMERS OF THE COUNTRY.

A Statement Showing Its Rates of Duty Compared with Those Under the McKinley and Wilson Laws—Ample Protection for the Farmer.

(Washington Correspondence.)

The following statement shows the rates of duty imposed by the new tariff bill just introduced in the house of representatives, upon articles in which the farmers are especially interested. This relates both to the articles which they produce and which they want thoroughly protected and also to the articles which they use in considerable quantities and regarding which they are equally interested as to the rates of duty fixed by the new bill.

The Republicans in the house of representatives have broken the record in the matter of promptness touching the new tariff bill. Congress met in special session ten days after President McKinley was inaugurated and within three hours the house had organized by the election of officers; rules had been adopted; the ways and means committee had been appointed, the tariff bill had been presented in complete form and had been regularly referred to its proper committee with the understanding that it would be reported back to the house before the end of the week and passed that body within a fortnight.

The provisions of the new bill are extremely satisfactory to members of congress representing the agricultural districts and agricultural interests. All of them who have had an opportunity to examine it speak in the highest terms in regard to it. No man in congress is better able to judge of the bill and of its prospective work than General Grosvenor, of Ohio, who, as a member of the committee, has studied every article and item carefully, guarded the interests of the farmers closely and consulted with the farmers of his agricultural districts regarding the important features of the bill which affected not only their own interests but those of farmers generally. Speaking of this feature of the bill he said:

"The farmer will find, first, general protection of his product in the form of tariff duties levied upon articles of importation of every character such as he produces in the United States. Thus, the development of the sheep industry we have taken up and resumed at the point where the Wilson bill destroyed it, with the hope; first, of a profitable industry directly, and second with the hope of diverting a vast amount of agricultural lands of the middle west to the west and northwest from the productions of agricultural grains, vegetables and fruits, to the production of sheep, and secondly in the same direction stands the protection to sugar. So far as the wool features of this bill are concerned, the protection is very much better for the sheep grower than was the McKinley law because of one great feature, the removal of the possibility of fraud by the importation of carpet wools, which at once, on their release from the customs house, became clothing wools."

The following statement, gives in the first column the rates of duty proposed by the new bill; in the second column, the rates showing the present Wilson tariff law, and in the third column those of the McKinley law. It will be seen that in almost every case the rates are much more advantageous to the farmers than those of the present law and in many cases superior to those of the McKinley law. This is especially true with reference to wool, the explanation of which is found in the remarks of General Grosvenor quoted above. These should be examined carefully. His statement upon that subject is important because without it the reader not skilled in the detail of the tariff matter would not understand the advantages given to the farmer by that feature of the bill which prohibits the classification of coarse clothing wools under the carpet wool schedule, by which under the McKinley law enormous quantities of wool used in clothing came into the country at very low rates. It was this feature of the wool schedule of the McKinley law which proved damaging to the wool producing interests of the United States, but the ways and means committee has taken advantage of the experience thus gained to make their classification such that this will be prevented in the future. Thus, while the tariff rates on wool under the proposed bill appear the same to the unpracticed eye as those of the McKinley law, they are very much more favorable to the wool producer; so much so that no doubt is entertained of the prosperity of the wool producers as well as of the farmers generally under the new bill when it becomes a law and has had time to adjust itself to conditions.

The rates named by the new bill, compared with those of the Wilson and McKinley laws, upon articles in which the farmers are interested are as follows:

Sheep, one year old or over.....	\$1.50	20 p. c.	\$1.50	or preserved, not specially provided for.....	20 p. c.	20 p. c.	25 p. c.
Less than one year old.....	75c.	20 p. c.	75c.	Extract of meat, not specially provided for.....	20 p. c.	20 p. c.	25 p. c.
Barley, per bushel.....	20 p. c.	20 p. c.	20 p. c.	Fluid extract of meat.....	15c lb.	25 p. c.	25 p. c.
Barley malt, per bushel.....	30c.	40 p. c.	30c.	Lard.....	2c lb.	20 p. c.	25 p. c.
Barley, per bushel, patent or hulled.....	45c.	40 p. c.	45c.	Poultry, live.....	3c lb.	3c.	3c.
Buckwheat.....	15c bu.	15 p. c.	15c.	Dressed.....	5c lb.	3c.	3c.
Corn or maize.....	15c bu.	15 p. c.	15c.	Tallow.....	1c lb.	Free.	3p.
Cornmeal.....	20c bu.	15 p. c.	20c.	Wool, including fleeces, or brown wool grease.....	1c lb.	Free.	1/2c.
Macaroni, vermicelli and similar preparations.....	2c lb.	20 p. c.	2c.	Chicory root, unground.....	1c lb.	Free.	Free.
Oats.....	15c bu.	15 p. c.	15c.	Chicory root, ground or otherwise prepared, not specially provided for.....	2c lb.	2c.	2c.
Oat meal and rolled oats.....	1c lb.	15 p. c.	1c.	Chocolate and cocoa, prepared or manufactured, valued at not above 15c lb.....	15c lb.	15 p. c.	15 p. c.
Oat hulls, per 100 pounds.....	10c.	20 p. c.	10c.	Valued above 15c lb.....	3c lb.	3c.	3c.
Rice, cleaned.....	2c lb.	15c.	2c.	And not valued above 30c lb.....	20 p. c.	20 p. c.	20 p. c.
Rice, uncleaned or rice free from the outer hull.....	1 1/2c lb.	2-10c.	1 1/2c.	Valued above 30c lb.....	50 p. c.	50 p. c.	50 p. c.
Rice, broken, which will pass through a No. 13 wire sieve.....	1/2c lb.	1/2c.	1/2c.	Cocoa, butter or manufactured, not specially provided for.....	1 1/2c lb.	1 1/2c.	1 1/2c.
Roady, or rice having the outer hull on.....	1/2c lb.	1/2c.	1/2c.	Chocolate, valued at 3c lb. or less.....	2c lb.	2c.	2c.
Rye.....	15c bu.	15 p. c.	15c.	Valued at exceeding 3c lb.....	25 p. c.	2c lb.	2c lb.
Rye flour.....	25c bu.	15 p. c.	25c.	Cocoa butter or cocoa buttering.....	6c lb.	3 1/2c.	3 1/2c.
Wheat.....	25c bu.	15 p. c.	25c.	Dandelion root and prepared scum, and other articles used as coffee, not specially provided for.....	1 1/2c lb.	1 1/2c.	1 1/2c.
Wheat flour.....	25c bu.	15 p. c.	25c.	The provisions of the McKinley law, remitting the duty paid on salt used in curing fish on vessels of the United States, and in packing meats, is re-enacted.....	1c lb.	1c.	1c.
Tapico, casava, preparations, farina, and sago, in flake, pearl and other forms.....	1/2c lb.	Free.	Free.	Starch, including all preparations fit for use as starch.....	2c lb.	1 1/2c.	2c.
Arrow root flour.....	1/2c lb.	20 p. c.	1/2c.	Dextrin, burnt starch, gum substitute, or British gum.....	1 1/2c lb.	1 1/2c.	1 1/2c.
Butter and substitutes therefor.....	6c lb.	4c.	6c.	Mustard, ground or prepared.....	10c lb.	25 p. c.	10c.
Cheese.....	2c gal.	Free.	2c.	Capicum or cayenne pepper, or cayenne pepper.....	2 1/2c lb.	2 1/2c.	2 1/2c.
Fresh milk.....	2c gal.	Free.	2c.	Sweet majoram.....	3c lb.	3c.	3c.
Milk, preserved or condensed, including weight of package.....	2c lb.	2c.	2c.	Summer savory, coriander and thyme.....	1/2c lb.	3c.	6c.
Sugar of milk.....	5c lb.	5c.	5c.	Spices not specially provided for.....	8c per 100 lb.	8c.	8c.
Beans.....	50c bu.	20 p. c.	40c bu.	Vinegar, gal.....	7 1/2c.	5c.	5c.
Beans, peas and mung beans, prepared or preserved, in tins, jars, bottles or other packages, weight of package included.....	1 1/2c lb.	20 p. c.	40 p. c.	Castor oil.....	25c gal.	20 p. c.	20 p. c.
Other prepared vegetables, including pickles and sauces, not specially provided for.....	40 p. c.	20 p. c.	40 p. c.	Cod liver oil.....	15c gal.	20 p. c.	15c.
Flax seed or flax seed oil.....	40 p. c.	20 p. c.	40 p. c.	Cottonseed oil.....	7c gal.	Free.	30c.
Cabbages, each.....	5c gal.	Free.	Free.	Croton oil.....	20c lb.	Free.	20c.
Eggs.....	5c doz.	3c.	5c.	Flaxseed and linseed oil, raw, boiled, or oxidized.....	32c gal.	20c.	32c.
Egg yolk.....	25 p. c.	3c doz.	25 p. c.	White lead, white pigment, containing lead, paint and white plaster; Roman, Portland and other hydraulic cement, in barrels, sacks or other packages, including weight of barrel or package.....	8c per 100 lb.	7c per 100 lb.	7c.
Hay.....	24 ton	24	24	Other cement.....	20 p. c.	10 p. c.	20 p. c.
Hops.....	15c lb.	8c.	15c.	Lime, including weight of barrel or package.....	5c per 100 lb.	5c.	6c.
Onions.....	40c bu.	20 p. c.	40c.	Plaster of Paris, or gypsum, ground or calcined.....	15c ton	15c.	15c.
Peas, green.....	40c bu.	Free.	40c.	Burr stones, manufactured or bound up into mill stones.....	15 p. c.	Free.	15 p. c.
Peas, dried.....	50c.	50c.	50c.	Grindstones, finished or unfinished.....	1 1/2c ton	10 p. c.	1 1/2c.
Peas, split.....	50c.	50c.	50c.	Per lineal foot.....	6c.	6c.	6c.
Peas in cartons, paper, or other small packages.....	1c lb.	1c.	1c.	Mill saws, per lineal foot.....	10c.	10c.	10c.
Peanut trees, shrubs, bulbs and roots of all kinds, not specially provided for.....	30 p. c.	Free.	30 p. c.	Axles or parts thereof, axle bars, axle blanks or fittings for axles, whether of iron or steel, whether of the stage or state of manufacture.....	1 1/2c lb.	1 1/2c lb.	2c lb.
Potatoes.....	25c bu.	15c.	25c.	Posts, fast blocks, wagon blocks, heading bolts, stove bolts, or blocks, heading blocks and all like blocks or sticks, rough hewn or sawed only.....	20 p. c.	Free.	20 p. c.
Castor beans or seeds.....	25c bu.	25c.	50c.	Lathes, per thousand.....	15c.	Free.	15c.
Flaxseed or linseed and other oil seeds, not specially provided for.....	30c bu.	20c.	30c.	Sugars, not above 16 Dutch standard, in casks, tank bottoms, syrups of cane juices, malts, concretes, and concentrated molasses, testing by the saccharimeter, not above 75 degrees.....	1c lb.	40 p. c.	Free.
But no drawback shall be allowed on all oil cake made from imported seed, nor shall any allowance be made for dirt or other impurities in seed.....	30 p. c.	Free.	30 p. c.	Leaf tobacco, suitable for cigar wrappers, and not stemmed.....	22 lb.	\$1.50	\$2
Seeds of all kinds specially provided for.....	40 p. c.	10 p. c.	20 p. c.	If stemmed.....	\$2.75 lb.	\$2.75	\$2.75
Straw.....	15c ton	15 p. c.	30 p. c.	Flax, not hackled or dressed.....	1c lb.	Free.	1c lb.
Vegetables in natural state not specially provided for.....	25 p. c.	10 p. c.	10 p. c.	Flax, hackled.....	3c lb.	Free.	3c lb.
Apples, green or ripe.....	25c bu.	20 p. c.	15c bu.	Tow of flax, not retted.....	1/2c lb.	Free.	1/2c lb.
Apples, dried, desiccated, evaporated or prepared in any manner, not specially provided for.....	2c lb.	20 p. c.	2c.	Tow of flax, retted.....	1/2c lb.	Free.	1/2c lb.
Peaches and other eatable fruits, including berries, when dried, etc.....	2c lb.	20 p. c.	20 p. c.	Hemp.....	25 ton	Free.	25 ton
Fruits preserved in their own juices.....	35 p. c.	20 p. c.	30 p. c.	Tow of hemp, not carded.....	10 lb.	Free.	10 lb.
Comfits, sweetmeats and fruits preserved in sugar or molasses, or in spirits containing not over 5 per cent of alcohol, and not specially provided for.....	35 p. c.	30 p. c.	35 p. c.	Carded.....	1 1/2c lb.	Free.	1 1/2c lb.
Figs, plums, prunes, raisins and other dried grapes.....	2 1/2c lb.	1 1/2c.	2 1/2c.	Hemp, hackled.....	20 ton	Free.	20 ton
Zante and other currants.....	1 1/2c lb.	1 1/2c.	Free.	Yarn of jute.....	1c lb.	30 p. c.	30 p. c.
Olives, green or prepared, in bottles, jars or similar packages.....	25c gal.	20 p. c.	Free.	20 p. c.			
In casks or otherwise.....	15c gal.	20 p. c.	Free.				
Grapes.....	1c lb.	10 p. c.	10 p. c.				
Oranges, lemons, limes, grape fruit, shaddock or pomelos.....	1/2c lb.				
In addition thereto upon boxes, barrels or other articles containing the foregoing.....	30 p. c.						
Oranges, lemons, and limes,							