# The People's Press.

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## The People's Press.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Ten lines or one inch space, or less, to constitute a square.

One square, one insertion, $1 00
Each subsequent insertion, 50

Court advertisements will be charged higher than the regular rates.

SPECIAL NOTICES charged 50 per cent. higher than ordinary advertisements.

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## POETRY.

### Your Mission.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountains, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measures
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict,
Prove yourself a soldier, too;
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with silent tread;
You can bear away the wounded;
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do and dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

## Select Miscellany.

### An Incident of Travel.

"Ah, full, sir! Sorry. But I guess you'll manage to stand it the next fifty miles!"

Mr. Smith, the young conductor of the Central railway cars, ushered in a decrepit, shabbily attired old man, who leaned wearily on his staff and carried a heavy valise in his hand.

The long dimly lighted car was full; every seat was occupied; band boxes and carpet-bags, were held in the owners' laps and there was not a chance for accommodation.

A couple of scores of faces lifted themselves to glance at the old man's face as he moved slowly and painfully down the narrow aisle. It was painfully evident that he had as much as he could do to support himself, and besides looking like one that was recovering from a serious illness—his cheeks were thin and pale and his eyes lacked the fire which ought to sparkle beneath those large and strangely marked brows.

There were many well, active looking, healthy young men in the car, but no one of the number felt disposed to renounce his soft, comfortable seat, to the shabby old traveler. And after a stare of undisguised contempt, each and all dropped their eyes and thought no more of the suffering old age before them.

In this enlightened country, it is a notorious fact that the aged meet with slights and incivilities, to say nothing of positive unkindness, which would have put the barbarous nations of old to shame.

Fitz James Eustace, a young exquisite, who was escorting his cousin Isabella Winchester to Nahant, drew down his mouth until the ends of his copper-colored mustache rested upon the tops of his well starched dicky, and remarked to the lady by his side:

"Really, Mr. Smith is insulting us! Why cannot he find a place for that wretched specimen in the second class car?"

A flush—perhaps of anger—mounted to the white forehead of Miss Winchester. She put out her hand as if to check the speaker, and said in a stifled voice:

"Will you give that gentleman your seat, Fitz James?"

"My dear Isabel! Why, I would not evacuate my place by your side for a kingdom! Let the old fellow stand it out! It won't damage his appearance, I'll be bound."

"Then I will trouble you to rise a moment, I prefer the other side of the seat. Allow me to pass, please."

Fitz James never thought of disputing the will of his cousin, so he stood up to let her out. But instead of taking the seat which her escort had occupied, the lady walked on until she reached the side of the neglected gentleman. The touch of her hand on his shoulder drew his attention toward her.

"Sir, will you have the goodness to take the seat I have just vacated? I have ridden since early this morning, and am really wearied with sitting so long. Pray oblige me."

The old man's face brightened and he cast a grateful look into the eyes of the handsome lady.

"But, madam, you must be weary; I cannot accept it."

She made an impatient gesture; Miss Winchester was accustomed to have her own way.

"No, sir; I am well, young and strong. I should be ashamed to sit while a man of your age and health remained standing."

"Thank you. Your kindness is well timed and not thrown away. I venture to tell you I shall accept your offer with gratitude."

So saying, the old gentleman sank into the vacant seat with a well satisfied expression of countenance; but Fitz James expressed his unbounded contempt for his neighbor by drawing his ample raglan closely about him, and shrinking near to the side of the car. The stranger looked at him with quiet scorn.

"You need not trouble yourself to slip through the window," said he, in a voice of irony.

Fitz James was thoroughly disgusted. He could not endure such vulgar propinquity. So he arose quickly, and striding over his companion, made the best of his way to the smoking car.

Miss Winchester's sacrifice had been witnessed by all in the car, and a dozen seats were offered her by a dozen polite and officiating young gentlemen, but she declined them all by a motion of the head; and remained leaning against the side of the vehicle.

The train flew onward—the old gentleman meanwhile disposing himself for a comfortable nap, which he was shortly enjoying.

Shortly before midnight the lights of Boston gleamed through the darkness; another moment and the train thundered in the depot.

Our old gentleman arose, shook himself, grasped his valise, and come over to the side of Miss Winchester.

"Madam," said he, "you have made an old feeble man's journey tolerable; will you not tell me your name and place of abode?"

She smiled, waiving all thanks, and gave him her card. He bowed and left her, just as Fitz James appeared to escort her from the car. But getting through the car was no easy matter, for the fuss and bustle was unusual; and Isabella noticed that several uniformed companies filled the space in front of the depot.

Cries of "Hurrah for Gen. Sutherton!" "Three cheers for the hero of Mexico!" rent the air. Banners trailed out on the fresh night breeze; flambeaux flashed, drums beat, and a long line of carriages filed away up the street.

Fitz James inquired the occasion of all this tumult and learned that it was a public welcome extended by the citizens of Boston to General John Sutherton, gentleman and veteran officer, who had distinguished himself in the late war.

"He came in this train," said a bystander. "Is it possible, sir, that you did not discover him!—a sickly looking old man dressed in threadbare grey, and carrying a huge black valise. He has just recovered from a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which has troubled him since his last campaign. These vile Mexican night vapors and sleeping on the cold ground underminded his constitution, but he is a fine old fellow yet."

Miss Winchester thought he must be; she had heard much of his gallant daring; but Fitz James was the picture of silent mortification.

Miss Winchester and her cousin stopped at the American House, and early the next morning, before the lady had finished dressing, a servant brought up a note bearing her address. Isabel tore it open and there fell out two cards of invitation to a ball to be held at the Revere that evening in honor of Gen. Sutherton. One bore the name of Fitz James, the other was directed to herself. She had no acquaintances in Boston consequently the invitation must have been at the instance of the General himself.

Fitz James was surprised and humiliated at this mark of distinction, he could realize but that the invitation had been extended to him solely to save his cousin's feelings. But notwithstanding this, he wished to accept the invitation, if only to have an opportunity of excusing his yesterday's impoliteness to the great man.

The journey to Nahant was deferred for the present, and early that evening the cousins were at the Revere, where the brilliant coterie had already assembled.

General Sutherton, reclining in an arm chair at the head of the drawing room, received his friends as they passed by, one giving place to another; but when Isabel presented he detained her hand to say:—"Please sit down on this ottoman at my side; I have a relative here to whom I wish to introduce you."

It was not long before a singularly handsome young man came up to the General, smiling a friendly welcome, and the veteran, turning to Isabel, said:

"Miss Winchester, allow me to present you to my son, Alfred Sutherton, who is very grateful for the kindness which you last evening bestowed upon his father."

The young man bowed, and his father continued:

"Whenever I see a young person voluntarily render respect to the aged, I am constrained to admire him or her as a relic of good politeness which reigned over show and heartlessness when I was a lad. It is all hollow ceremony now, my dear; and if the old man cannot stand without assistance he is thrown down and trodden upon. But there is a march of my ears deceive me. Alfred do you need a further hint, or must a rheumatic old father set you an example of courtesy?"

"If Miss Winchester will permit," he said, offering his arm; and a moment after they were lost in the throng of promenaders.

Mr. Sutherton seemed bent on showing his gratitude to the lady for the kindness rendered his father, for he scarcely left her during the evening, and at the close of the week followed her to Nahant, where he continued for two months the *bete noir* of Fitz James and the enemy of all the young fops who aspired to the hand and fortune of the beautiful Miss Winchester.

Fitz James Eustace had long been his cousin's suitor, and it was with ill concealed chagrin that he now saw himself thrown into the shade by the son of the "wretched specimen" who ought to have found a place out of decent people's company.

Early the next year there was a marriage ceremony performed in the Old South Church, and Alfred Sutherton as the groom, and Isabel Winchester as the bride. An elegant house on Beacon street received the young couple, for he is engaged in business in Boston, and every year the hale old General comes down from his house in N——— to visit his children.

So you see politeness gained a husband for one woman, and it will bring happiness to all if they will but practice it; for true politeness springs from the heart; and is but the effervescence of a kindly Christian spirit, anxious to promote the well-being of those with whom it comes in contact.

### A Mysterious Visit.

The first notice that was taken of me when I "settled down," recently, was by a gentleman who said he was an assessor, and connected with the U. S. Internal Revenue Department. I said I had never heard of his branch of business before, but I was very glad to see him, all the same; would he sit down? He sat down. I did not know anything particular to say, and yet I felt that people who have arrived at the dignity of keeping house must be conversational, must be easy and sociable in company. So, in default of anything else to say, I asked him if he was opening his shop in our neighborhood.

He said he was. [I did not wish to appear ignorant, but I had hoped he would mention what he had for sale.]

I ventured to ask him "how was trade?" and he said "So, so."

I then said we would drop in, and if we liked his house as well as another, we would give him our custom.

He said he thought we would like his establishment well enough to confine ourselves to it—said he never saw anybody who would go off and hunt up another man in his line after trading with him once.

That sounded pretty complacent, but barring that natural expression of villainy which we all have, the man looked honest enough.

I do not know how it came about exactly, but gradually we appeared to melt down and run together, conversationally speaking, and then everything went along as comfortably as clock work.

We talked, and talked, and talked—at least I did. And we laughed, and laughed, and laughed—at least he did. But all the time I had my presence of mind about me—I had my native shrewdness, turned on "full head," as the engineers say. I was determined to find out all about his business, in spite of his obscure answers, and I was determined I would have it out of him without his suspecting what I was at. I meant to trap him with a deep, deep ruse. I would tell about my own business, and he would so warm to me during this seductive burst of confidence that he would forget himself and tell me all about his affairs before he suspected what I was about. I thought to myself, "My son, you little know what an old fox you are dealing with." I said:

"Now you never would guess what I made lecturing this winter and last spring?"

"No—don't believe I could to save me. Let me see—let me see. About two thousand dollars, maybe? But no—no, sir. I know you couldn't have made that much. Say seventeen hundred, maybe?"

"Ha, ha! I knew you couldn't. My lecturing receipts for last spring and this winter were fourteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. What do you think of that?"

"Why it is amazing—perfectly amazing. I will make a note of it. And you say even this wasn't all?"

"All? Why, bless you, there was my income from the Buffalo *Express* for four months—about—well, what should you say to about eight thousand dollars, for instance?"

"Say! Why I should say I should like to see myself rolling in just such another ocean of affluence. Eight thousand! I'll make a note it! Why, man!—and on top of all this am I to understand that you had still more income?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Why, you're only in the suburbs of it, so to speak. There's my book—'The Innocents Abroad'—price $3.50 to $5.00, according to the binding—Listen to me, look me in the eye. During the last four months and a half, saying nothing of sales before that, but just simply during the four months and a half ending March 15, 1870, we've sold ninety-five thousand copies of that book! Ninety-five thousand! Think of it! Average four dollars a copy, say. It's nearly four hundred thousand dollars, my son. I got half."

"The suffering Moses! I'll set that down. Fourteen-seven-fifty-eight-two hundred. Total, say—well, upon my word, the grand total is about two hundred and thirteen or fourteen thousand dollars. Is that possible?"

"Possibly! If there's any mistake it's the other way. Two hundred and fourteen thousand, cash, is my income for this year if I know how to cipher."

Then the gentleman got up to go. It came over me most uncomfortably that maybe I had made my revelations for nothing, besides being flattered into stretching them considerably by the stranger's astonished exclamations. But no; at the last moment the gentleman handed me a large envelope and said it contained his advertisement; and that I would find out all about his business in it; and that he would be happy to have my custom—would in fact be proud to have the custom of a man of such prodigious income; and that he used to think there were several wealthy men in Buffalo, but when they came to trade with him he discovered that they barely had enough to live on; and that in truth it had been such a weary, weary age since he had seen a rich man, face to face, and talked with him, and touched him with his hands, that he could hardly refrain from embracing me—in fact, would esteem it a great favor if I would let him embrace me.

This so pleased me that I did not try to resist, but allowed this simple hearted stranger to throw his arms about me and weep a few tranquilizing tears down the back of my neck. Then he went his way.

As soon as he was gone I opened his advertisement. I studied it attentively for four minutes. I then called up the cook and said:

"Hold me while I faint. Let Maria turn the batter-cakes."

By and bye, when I came to. I went down to the rum mill on the corner and hired an artist by the week to sit up nights and curse that stranger, and give me a lift occasionally in the day time when I came to a hard place.

Ah, what a miscreant he was! His "advertisement" was nothing in the world but a wicked tax return—a string of impertinent questions about my private affairs, occupying the best part of four foolscap pages of fine print—questions, I may remark, gotten up with such marvelous ingenuity that the oldest man in the world couldn't understand what the most of them were driving at—questions, too, that were calculated to make a man report about four times his actual income to keep from swearing to a lie. I looked for a loop-hole, but there did not appear to be any. Inquiry No. 1 covered my case, as generously and amply as an umbrella could cover an ant hill:

"What were your profits, in 1869, from any trade business or vocation, wherever carried on?"

And that inquiry was backed up by thirteen others of an equally searching nature, the most modest of which required information as to whether I had committed any burglary, or highway robbery, or by any arson or other secret source of emolument, had acquired property which was not enumerated in my statement of income as set opposite to inquiry No. 1.

It was plain that that stranger had enabled me to make an ass of myself. It was very, very plain, and I went out and hired another artist. By working on my vanity the stranger had seduced me into declaring an income of $214,000. By law, $1,000 of this was exempt from income tax—the only relief I could see, and it was only a drop in the ocean. At the legal five per cent, I must pay over to the government the appalling sum of ten thousand six hundred and fifty dollars, income tax.

[I may remark, in this place, that I did not do it.]

I am acquainted with a very opulent man, whose house is a palace, whose table is regal, whose outlays are numerous, yet a man who has no income, as I have often noticed by the revenue returns, and to him I went for advice, in my distress. He took my dreadful exhibition of receipts, he put on his glasses, he took his pen, and presto!—It was the neatest thing that ever was. He did it simply by deftly manipulating the bill of "Deductions." He set down my "State, National and municipal taxes," at so much; my "losses by shipwreck, fire, etc.," at so much; my "losses on sales of real estate"—on "live stock"—on "payment for rent of homestead"—on "repairs, improvements and interest"—on "previously taxed salaries as an officer of the United States army, navy, revenue service," and other things. He got astonishing "deductions" out of each and every one of them. And when he was done he handed me the paper and I saw at a glance that during the year 1869 my income in the way of the profits, had been, one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars and forty cents.

'Now,' said he 'the thousand dollars is exempt by law. What you want to do is to go and swear this document in, and pay tax on the two hundred and fifty dollars.'

[While he was making this speech his little boy Willie lifted a two-dollar greenback out of his vest pocket and vanished with it, and I would bet anything that if any stranger were to call on that little boy to-morrow he would make a false return of his income.]

'Do you,' said I 'do you always work up the deductions after this fashion, in your own case, sir?'

'Well I should say so! If it wern't for those eleven saving clauses under the head of 'Deductions,' I should be beggared every year to support this hateful and wicked, this extortionate and tyrannical government.'

This gentleman stands away up among the very best of the solid men of Buffalo—the men of moral weight, of commercial integrity, of unimpeached spotlessness—and so I bowed to his example. I went down to the revenue office, and under the accusing eyes of my old visitor I stood up to and swore to lie after lie, fraud after fraud, villainy after villainy, till my immortal soul was coated inches and inches thick with perjury and my self respect was gone forever and ever.

But what of it? It is nothing more than thousands of the highest, and richest, and proudest, and most respected, honored and courted men in America do every year. And so I don't care. I am not ashamed. I shall simply, for the present, talk little and wear fire-proof gloves, lest I fall into certain habits irrevocably.

MARK TWAIN.

### Prince Alfred's Tiger Hunt.

The Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Alfred, is in India, enjoying himself in regal style. Lately, a tiger hunt was planned for his entertainment.

"There were upward of 350 hunting elephants in the field; a tiger was soon started out of the jungle, and by masterly management was so hemmed in by the elephants that at last these formed a complete circle of not more than sixty yards diameter, with only the Prince, Sir Jung Bahadoor, and the tiger in the central space.

"When the latter realized his situation, he ran roaring round and round the circle trying to find an exit, and at last made a rush at what seemed probably the weakest point in the circle. This, however, was just in front of the Duke's elephant, and a well-directed shot from his Royal Highness rolled him over, though it took two or three more balls to finish him. It was an understood thing that no one but the Duke was to fire, and to give an idea of Sir Jung's consummate courtesy, it may be noticed that he had dismounted from his own elephant and climbed into the state howdah, which by his orders had been prepared for the Duke, where he sat behind his royal visitor, not firing himself, but handing gun after gun to the Duke as he required them.

"The dinner that night in camp is said to have been, considering where it was, a sight of itself worth a journey. About 9 P. M. the tent door opened, and in long defile entered a string of Goorkhas, bearing trays of presents—beautiful knives, elephants' teeth, tiger skins, China silks, musk pods, the current coins of Nepaul, and a small elephant (who objected very much to the festivities), and last (though not least interesting) a baby tiger, only ten days or a fortnight old, which made itself quite at home on the table with the dessert, and allowed itself to be caressed and made a pet of at once.

THE RICHMOND CAPITOL BUILDING.—The historical associations of the capitol building at Richmond, Va., the scene of the recent calamity, are of the most interesting kind. In the basement story, where the Chancery Court was held in the old time, Henry Clay began life as a deputy clerk under Chancellor Wythe, the George Wythe of the Declaration of Independence. In its halls sat the memorable Constitutional Convention of 1829–30, which numbered among its members John Randolph, John Marshall, James Madison, James Monroe, and many other men scarcely less illustrious. Twenty-three years before, the trial of Aron Burr for treason had been conducted there. From the southern portico of the building it was that Daniel Webster delivered in October, 1840, "standing beneath an October sun," the political speech which has been thought one of his finest popular expositions of the constitution.—*N. Y. Post.*

THE REAL GENTLEMAN.—Not he who displays the latest fashion, dresses in extravagance with gold rings and chains to display. Not he who talks the loudest, and makes constant use of profane language and vulgar words. Not he who is proud and overbearing—who oppresses the poor and looks with contempt on honest industry. Not he who cannot control his passion, and humble himself as a child. No, none of these are real gentlemen. It is he who is kind and obliging—who is ready to do you a favor with no hope of reward; who visits the poor, and assists those who are in need; who is more careful of his heart than the dress of his person; who is humble and sociable—not irrascible or revengeful; who always speaks the truth without resorting to profane indecent words. Such a man is a real gentleman, wherever he may be found. Rich or poor, high or low, he is entitled to the appellation.

A DUEL WITH A WIFE.—One of the oddest defences on record has just been made at Hamburg by a man who had murdered his wife from motives of jealousy. According to his own account he had not murdered her, but "had killed her in a fair and honorable duel, as he had placed a pistol in her hand and told her to shoot at him." The court, however, did not quite regard it as an affair of honor, and condemned him to twenty-five years penal servitude, expressly stating that they had not sentenced him to death out of respect to the opinions of the majority of the population of the North German Bund.

HEAVEN.—Heaven is, in truth, a glorious reality. Its attractions should be felt perpetually; it should overcome the force with which this world draws us to itself. Were there a country on earth uniting all that is beautiful in nature, all that is great in virtue, genius and the liberal arts, and numbering among its citizens the most illustrious patriots, poets, philanthropists of our age, how eagerly should we cross the ocean to visit it! And how immeasurably greater are the attractions of Heaven! There live the elder brethren of creation, the sons of the morning, who sang for joy at the creation of our race; there the great and good of all ages and climes; the friends, benefactors, deliverers, and ornaments of the race; the patriarch, prophet, apostle and martyr; the true heroes of public, and still more of private life; the father, mother, wife, husband, child, who, unrecorded by man, have walked before God in the beauty of love and self-sacrificing virtue. There are all who have built up in their hearts the power of goodness and truth; the writers from whose pages we have the inspiration of true and lofty sentiments; the friends whose countenances have shed light through our hearts. There they are gathered together, safe from every storm, triumphant over evil; and they say to us. "Come join us in everlasting blessedness; come and bear a part in our song of praise; share our adoration, friendship, progress, and works of love." They say to us, "Cherish now in early life that spirit and virtue of Christ which is the beginning and dawn of heaven, and we shall soon welcome you with more than human friendship, to our own immortality."

CHEERFUL PEOPLE.—God bless the cheerful people—man, woman or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. Over and above every other social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature—what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon him—are cheerful persons in the house and by the way-side. They go unobtrusively, unconsciously, about their silent mission, brightening up society around them with the happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit near them; we love the nature of their eye, the tone of their voice. Little children find them out, O! so quickly, amid the densest crowd, and, passing by the knitted brow and compressed lip, glide near, and laying a confiding little hand on their knee, lift their clear young eyes to those loving faces.

IF THE EARTH WERE TO STAND STILL.—If the revolution of the earth on its axis were to be suddenly stopped, the temperature of everything would be raised to such a degree as to be incapable of existing in any other form than vapor. When a bullet strikes the target, it becomes so hot that it cannot be held in the hand. Its velocity is at the rate of 1200 feet a second, but what must be the heat produced when a body like the earth moving at the rate of 90,000,000 feet a second, is suddenly arrested? It would soon be converted into a sea of fire, and all life would become extinct.

It is not probable that this catastrophe will take place in our generation, but as the light of the sun is said to be due to the combustion of worlds in its atmosphere, our time may some time come to add fuel to the flames.

A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren, observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered, "When I was young, I thought it was the thunder that killed the people, but when I grew wiser, I discovered that it was the lightning; so I determined in future to thunder less, and lighten more.'

### Had we not Best go Naked?—Tax on Man when in his Clothes.

Hat—Silk plush 60 per cent; ribbon, 60 per cent; alpaca lining for brim, 50 cents a pound and 35 per cent; leather inside, 35 per cent; muslin lining, 71 cents a square yard; glue, 20 per cent.

Coat—Cloth, 55 cents a pound and 35 per cent ad valorem; silk lining 60 per cent; alpaca used therein, 50 cents a pound, worsted, 20 cents a pound and 35 per cent. ad valorem; worsted braids, 50 cents a pound and 35 per cent. ad valorem; velvet for collar, 60 per cent.; red worsted padding, 50 cents a pound, and 35 per cent. ad valorem; hemp padding, 40 per cent.

Pantaloons—Cassimere, 50 cents a pound and 35 per cent. ad valorem; cotton used therein, 5 cents a square yard; hemp cloth for facing, 40 per cents., metal buttons, 30 per cent.

Vest—Silk or satin, 60 per cent.; linen lining, 35 per cent.; silk buttons, 60 per cent.

Braces 35 per cent.

Undershirts—If silk, 60 per cent.; if worsted, 50 cents a pound and 35 per cent. ad valorem; if cotton, 35 per cent.

Drawers, the same.

Shirt—Cotton, 5 cents a square yard; linen for the front, 35 per cent.

Buttons, 35 per cent.

Boots—Raw hides, 10 per cent.; tanned leather, calf skin, 30 per cent.; if patent leather, 35 per cent.; soles, 35 per cent.

Neckerchief—If silk, 60 per cent.

Pocket-handkerchief—If silk, 60 per cent.; if linen, 35 per cent.; if cotton, 35 per cent.

Gloves—Kid gloves, 50 per cent.

Pocket knife, 35 per cent.

Watch, 25 per cent.

Silk watch-chain, 60 per cent.