

THE EYE OF THE MIND

BY HUGA CONWAY
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

Nevertheless, the young people had no doubts about their coming bliss. Everything was going smoothly and pleasantly for them. Carriston had at once spoken to Madeline's aunt, and obtained the old Scotchwoman's ready consent to their union. I was rather vexed at his still keeping to this absurd whim in concealing his name, but he said he was afraid of alarming the aunt by telling her he was passing line for Madeline, whilst he gave Madeline her true reason for so doing she would be miserable. Moreover, I found he had formed the romantic plan of carrying her without telling her in what an enviable position she would be placed, so far as worldly gear went. A kind of Lord of Burleigh surprise no doubt commended itself to his imaginative brain.

The last day of my holiday came. I bade a long and sad farewell to take and mountain, and accompanied by Carriston, started for home. I did not see the parting proper between the young people—that was far too sacred a thing to be intruded upon—but even when that protracted affair was over, I waited many, many minutes whilst Carriston stood hand in hand with Madeline, comforting himself and her by reiterating, "Only six weeks—six short weeks! And then—and then!" It was the girl who at last tore herself away, and then Carriston mounted reluctantly by my side on the rough vehicle.

From Edinburgh we traveled by the night train. The greater part of the way we had the compartment to ourselves. Carriston, as a lover will, talked of nothing but coming bliss and his plans for the future. After a while I grew quite weary of the monotony of the subject, and at last dozed off, and for some little time slept. The shrill whistle which told us a tunnel was at hand aroused me. My companion was sitting opposite to me, and as I glanced across at him my attention was arrested by the same strange intense look which I had on a previous occasion at Bettwys-y-Coed noticed in his eyes—the same fixed stare—the same obliviousness to all that was passing. Remembering his request, I shook him, somewhat roughly, back to his senses. He regarded me for a moment vacantly, then said:

"Now I have found out what was wanting to make the power I told you of complete, I could see her if I wished."

"Of course you can see her—in your mind's eye. All lovers can do that."

"If I tried I could see her bodily—know exactly what she is doing!" He spoke with an air of complete conviction.

"Then, I hope, for the sake of modesty, you won't try. It is now nearly three o'clock. She ought to be in bed and asleep."

I spoke lightly thinking it better to try and laugh him out of his folly. He took no notice of my sorry joke.

"No," he said quietly, "I am not going to try. But I know now what was wanting. Love—such love as mine—such love as hers—makes the connecting link, and enables sight or some other sense to cross over space, and pass through every material obstacle."

"Look here, Carriston," I said seriously, "you are talking as a madman talks. I don't want to frighten you, but I am bound both as a doctor and your sincere friend to tell you that unless you cure yourself of these absurd delusions, they will grow upon you, develop fresh forms, and you will probably end your days under restraint. Ask any doctor, he will tell you the same."

"Doctors are a clever race," answered my strange young friend, "but they don't know everything."

So saying he closed his eyes and appeared to sleep.

We parted on reaching London. Many kind words and wishes passed between us, and I gave some more well-meant and I believed, needed warnings. He was going down to see his uncle, the baronet. Then he had some matters to arrange with his lawyers, and above all had to select a residence for himself and his wife. He would no doubt be in London for a short time. If possible he would come and see me. Any way he would write and let me know the exact date of his approaching marriage. If I could manage to come to it, so much the better. If not he would try, as they passed through town, to bring his bride to pay me a flying and friendly visit.

Some six weeks afterward—late at night—while I was deep in a new and clever treatise on zymotics, a man haggard, wild, unshorn, and unkempt, rushed past my startled servant, and entered the room in which I sat. He threw himself into a chair, and I was horrified to recognize in the intruder my clever and brilliant friend, Charles Carriston!

he was, as he said, as sane as I was. "Thank heaven you can speak to me and look at me like this," I exclaimed. "You are satisfied then?" he said. "On this point, yes. Now tell me what is wrong?"

Now that he had set my doubts at rest his agitation and excitement seemed to return. He grasped my hand convulsively.

"Madeline!" he whispered. "Madeline—my love—she is gone."

"Gone!" I repeated. "Gone where?"

"She is gone, I say—stolen from me by some black-hearted traitor—perhaps forever. Who can tell?"

"But, Carriston, surely in so short a time her love can not have been won by another. If so, all I can say is—"

"What!" he shouted. "You who have seen her! You in your wildest dreams to imagine that Madeline Rowan would leave me of her own free will! No, sir, she has been stolen from me—entrapped—carried away—hidden. But I have my hands. A sort of nervous trembling seemed to run through his frame. Deeply distressed, I drew his hands from his face.

"Now, Carriston," I said as firmly as I could, "look up and tell me what all this means. Look up, I say, and speak to me."

He raised his eyes to mine and kept them there, whilst a ghastly smile—a phantom of humor—flickered across his white face. No doubt his native quickness told him what I suspected, so he looked me steadily in the face.

"No," he said, "not as you think. But let there be no mistake. Question me. Talk to me. Put me to any test. Satisfy yourself, once for all, that I am as sane as you are."

He spoke so rationally, his eyes met mine so unflinchingly, that I was relieved to know that my fears were as yet ungrounded. There was grief, excitement, want of rest in his appearance, but his general manner told me he would find her, or I will kill the black-hearted villain who has done this."

He rose and paced the room. His face was distorted with rage. He clenched and unclenched his long slender hands.

"My dear fellow," I said, "you are talking riddles. Sit down and tell me calmly what has happened. But, first of all, as you look utterly worn out, I will ring for my man to get you some food."

"No," he said, "I want nothing. Weary I am, for I have been to Scotland and back as fast as man can travel. I reached London a short time ago, and after seeing one man have come straight to you, my only friend, for help—it may be for protection. But I have eaten and I have drunk, knowing I must keep my health and strength."

However, I insisted upon some wine being brought. He drank a glass, and then with a strange enforced calm, told me what had taken place. His tale was this:

After we had parted company on our return from Scotland, Carriston went down to the family seat in Oxfordshire, and informed his uncle of the impending change in his life. The baronet, an extremely old man, infirm and all but childish, troubled little about the matter. Every acre of his large property was strictly entailed, so his pleasure or displeasure could make but little alteration in his nephew's prospects. Still he was the head of the family, and Carriston was in duty bound to make the important news known to him. The young man made no secret of his approaching marriage, so in a very short time every member of the family was aware that the heir and future head was about to ally himself to a nobody. Knowing nothing of Madeline Rowan's rare beauty and sweet nature, Carriston's kinsmen and kinswomen were sparing with their congratulations. Indeed, Mr. Ralph Carriston, the cousin whose name was coupled with the such absurd suspicions, went so far as to write a bitter, sarcastic letter, full of ironical felicitations. This, and Charles Carriston's haughty reply, did not make the affection between the cousins any stronger. Moreover, shortly afterward the young man heard that inquiries were being made in the neighborhood of Madeline's home, as to her position and parentage. Feeling sure that only his cousin Ralph could have had the curiosity to institute such inquiries, he wrote and thanked him for the keen interest he was manifesting in his future welfare, but begged that hereafter Mr. Carriston would apply to him direct for any information he wanted. The two men were now no longer on speaking terms.

Charles Carriston, in his present frame of mind, cared little whether his relatives wished to bless or forbid the marriage. He was passionately in love, and at once set about making arrangements for a speedy marriage. Although Madeline was still ignorant of the exalted position held by her lover—although she came to him absolutely penniless—he was resolved in the matter of money to treat her as generously as he would have treated the most eligible damsel in the country. There were several legal questions to be set at rest concerning certain property he wished to settle upon her. These of course caused delay. As soon as they were adjusted to his own, or, rather to his lawyer's satisfaction, he purposed going to Scotland and carrying away his beautiful bride, in the meantime he cast about for a residence.

Some what Bohemian in his nature

Carriston had no intention of settling down just yet to live the life of an ordinary married Englishman. His intention was to take Madeline abroad for some months. He had fixed upon Cannes as a desirable place at which to winter, but having grown somewhat tired of hotel life wished to rent a furnished house. He had received from an agent to whom he had been advised to apply the refusal of a house which, from the glowing description given, seemed the one above all others he wanted. As an early decision was insisted upon, my impulsive young friend thought nothing of crossing the Channel and running down to the south of France to see, with his own eyes, that the much-lauded place was worthy of the fair being who was to be its temporary mistress.

He wrote to Madeline, and told her he was going from home for a few days. He said he should be traveling the greater part of the time, so it would be no use for her writing to him until his return. He did not reveal the object of his journey. Were Madeline to know it was to choose a winter residence at Cannes, she would be filled with amazement, and the innocent deception he was still keeping up would not be carried through to the romantic end which he pictured to himself.

VII.

THE DAY before he started for France Madeline wrote that her aunt was very unwell, but said nothing as to her malady causing any alarm. Perhaps Carriston thought less about the old Scotch widow than her relationship and kindness to Miss Rowan merited. He started on his travels without any forebodings of evil.

His journey to Cannes and back was hurried—he wasted no time on the road, but was delayed for two days at the place itself before he could make final arrangements with the owner and the present occupier of the house. Thinking he was going to start every moment he did not write to Madeline—at the rate at which he meant to return a letter posted in England would reach her almost as quickly as if posted at Cannes.

He reached his home, which for the last few weeks had been Oxford, and found two letters waiting for him. The first, dated on the day he left England, was from Madeline. It told him that her aunt's illness had suddenly taken a fatal turn—that she had died that day, almost without warning. The second letter was anonymous.

It was written apparently by a woman, and advised Mr. Carr to look sharply after his lady-love or he would find himself left in the lurch. The writer would not be surprised to hear some fine day that she had eloped with a certain gentleman who should be nameless. This precious epistle, probably an emanation of feminine spite, Carriston treated as it deserved—he tore it up and threw the pieces to the wind.

But the thought of Madeline being alone at that lonely house troubled him greatly. The dead woman had no sons or daughters—all the anxiety and responsibility connected with her affairs would fall on the poor girl. The next day he threw himself into the Scotch Express, and started for her far-away home.

On arriving there he found it occupied only by the rough farm servants. They seemed in a state of wonderment, and volubly questioned Carriston as to the whereabouts of Madeline. The question sent a chill of fear to his heart. He answered their questions by others, and soon learnt all they had to communicate.

Little enough it was. On the morning after the old woman's funeral Madeline had gone to Callendar, to ask the advice of an old friend of her aunt's, as to what steps should now be taken. She had neither been to his friend, nor had she returned home. She had, however, sent a message that she must go to London at once, and would write from there. That was the last heard of her—all that was known about her.

Upon hearing this news Carriston became a prey to the acutest terror—an emotion which was quite inexplicable to the honest people, his informants. The girl had gone, but she had sent word whither she had gone. True, they did not know the reason for her departure, so sudden and without luggage of any description—true, she had not written as promised, but no doubt they would hear from her tomorrow. Carriston knew better. Without revealing the extent of his fears, he flew back to Callendar. Inquiries at the railway station informed him that she had gone, or had purposed going to London, but whither she ever reached it, or whether any trace of her could be found there, was, at least, a matter of doubt. No good could be gained by remaining in Scotland, so he traveled back at once to town, half-distracted, sleepless, and racking his brains to know where to look for her.

"She has been decoyed away," he said in conclusion. "She is hidden, imprisoned somewhere. And I know, as well as if he told me, who has done this thing. I can trace Ralph Carriston's cursed hand through it all."

I glanced at him askance. This morbid suspicion of his cousin amounted almost to mania. He had told the tale of Madeline's disappearance clearly and tersely; but when he began to account for it his theory was a wild and unbecoming one. However much he suspected Ralph Carriston of longing to stand in his shoes, I could see no subject for the crime of which he accused him, that of securing away Madeline Rowan.

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.

NEW YORK bulletin says: The conservation of soil moisture is one of the most important problems presented to the farmer and gardener. Hardly a season passes in which some important crop is not reduced in yield from 25 to 75 per cent because of lack of sufficient moisture to bring it to maturity. The soil may have been put in proper condition, plant food may have been supplied in the form of fertilizers, and all other conditions may have been favorable for the development of a full crop, yet with the supply of moisture deficient all this labor and expense count for little or nothing. The questions therefore, arise: "To what extent can the amount of soil moisture be controlled?" "Is it possible to do anything to save crops from the recurring droughts?" The insufficient water supply is not due to lack of rainfall, but to its unequal distribution. The average annual rainfall in New York for the last seventeen years is 34.31 inches. The lowest rainfall ever recorded in the State was in 1879 when only 19.74 inches fell. In 1895 there was also a deficiency, only 28.66 inches were recorded. In the arid portions of Kansas, a rainfall of 20 inches which is well distributed, is reasonably sure of making a good crop. The loss there by surface drainage is, however, very slight, it being estimated at not more than ten per cent or about two inches, leaving 18 inches for crop growth. In New York, with a rainfall of from 34 to 40 inches, nearly one-half passes off by surface drainage and is lost so far as immediate plant growth is concerned. Not only is the water lost to the crops, but it carries with it much of the soluble plant food of the surface soil. This, then, would suggest one important step in the attempt to store up moisture. This surface flow of water must be prevented and caused to sink into the soil to supply a reservoir from which plants can secure moisture during the period of growth. That a proper understanding of the question may be reached, it is necessary to have a knowledge of the conditions under which water exists in the soil, and of the part it plays in the mysterious operations of plant growth. Water may be in one of three forms—as free, capillary, or hydroscopic water. The free water of the soil is that which flows under the influence of gravity. It is the source of supply for wells and springs. It is not directly used by plants and its presence in the soil within 18 inches of the surface is detrimental to the growth of most cultivated crops. It is valuable, however, because it is the supply from which capillary water is drawn. The capillary water does not flow by gravity. It is the direct source of moisture for plants. It may be either drawn upwards or it may pass downwards, depending upon whether the soil is drier at the surface or below. In time of drouths the capillary action of the soil may be sufficient to raise the water through a distance of five or six feet, its power in this respect depending directly upon its physical condition. If the soil is coarse and cloddy and the particles are not compact, then the water cannot rise to take the place of that which is carried off by evaporation or used up by plants in their growth. If, however, the soil is fine, in good condition and homogenous, the water passes freely and continuously to the surface.

Pruning Grapes.—Having had over thirty years' experience in the management of the vine, I have reached a method of pruning and training that yields results both in quality and quantity of fruit far in advance of the ordinary results obtained, and yet simple and easily put in exact practice. The following is a brief outline of my method: The vines should be set eight feet apart in the rows and the rows eight feet apart. The first year only a single cane should be allowed to grow from each vine and trained to stakes three or four feet high. The second year a trellis should be put up, with posts set sixteen feet apart and standing five or five and a half feet above the ground. The posts at each end of the rows should be set four feet outside the vines. On these posts stretch three wires—the first two feet above the ground, the second fifteen inches higher, and the third at the top of the posts. Cut the canes down to two buds, from which raise two canes for next year's bearing. These should be trained up to the top wire. Rub off the suckers as they appear up to the top wire, turn the canes in opposite directions on the top wire and pinch them off near the meeting point of the cane from the other vine. The vines should not be allowed to pass each other. The suckers should be allowed to grow on the part of the vine on the top wire, a foot and a half or two feet long, where they may be again pinched off. These canes should be cut off in the winter or early spring at the top wire and trained in opposite directions, in a hoop-like form, over the middle wire and down to the first, and there tied. When the buds put out branches the two lowest should be selected as canes for the next year's bearing and trained to the top wire and treated as previously directed. When the branches on the bearing canes have advanced beyond the last bloom they should be pinched off at, or not more than one leaf beyond, the last bloom. The bloom begins to appear opposite the second or third leaf and one opposite

each leaf, until the last bloom appears. When a leaf appears beyond a bloom there will be no more blooms on that branch. That is a guide to pinch it off, and the sooner it is pinched off after it reaches that point the better. As the branches do not all appear at the same time, they should be gone over several times, until all have been pinched, and every branch that appears with three leaves without a bloom should be rubbed off.—H. Clagget.

Oyster Shell and San Jose Scale, Urbana, Ill.
One of the incidental results of the recent publication of the occurrence of the San Jose scale in Illinois has been a large number of letters to this office from apprehensive fruit growers, accompanied by samples of scale insects for determination. I do not wish to discourage this correspondence, which has already brought to my knowledge three infested localities in this state additional to those which my inspectors have found; but as nearly all the specimens sent me have belonged to one or the other of the two commonest orchard species, it seems worth while to point out a very easy means of distinguishing at this time of the year these common scales from the new pest. The San Jose scale (pronounced San Hozy) never lays eggs, but brings forth its young alive, and it passes the winter as a living insect. The "oyster-shell" bark louse and the "scurfy scale," on the other hand, lay eggs in the fall and then perish, their bodies drying away to thin scales, under which the cluster of eggs deposited by each female may now be found. If one of these common scales be carefully lifted from the bark of an infested tree by the point of a pin the minute oval eggs, to the number of twenty or more, may be readily seen by a good pair of eyes. In the "oyster-shell" species the eggs are yellow, and in the "scurfy scale" a dark red. These scales may both become very injurious, but very much less so, on the whole, than the San Jose species, with which, as will be seen, they need never be confounded. An illustrated bulletin on the latter insect, giving full directions for its extermination, will presently be issued to the number of 17,000 copies, by the State Agricultural Experiment station here. Sixty-four orchards and nurseries liable to have become infested by importation of nursery stock from outside points have thus far been inspected by us, and nine Illinois orchards are now known to contain the San Jose scale. The counties thus infested are Ogle, Adams, Sangamon, Shelby, Clark and Randolph.

S. A. Forbes,
State Entomologist.

Capacity of a Corn Crib.—It is a safe rule, in estimating the size of a crib, to allow two cubic feet for each bushel of corn. By a bushel, I mean 70 pounds of ear corn, which is equivalent to 56 pounds of shelled. The rule in Ohio is to allow 14 pounds for cob in the fall, and 12 pounds in the spring after the corn has been dried out perfectly. Two cribs 20 feet long, 6 feet wide and 10 feet high, will by this rule hold 1,800 bushels. Ten feet is too high to throw corn easily with a scoop shovel, but there can be two openings for each crib extending down to within 4 or 5 feet of the floor, and when the crib is full to the bottom of these, short boards can be placed across them as the crib is filled, and most of the filling can be done with ease. When the cribs must be filled to the top, a boy or man can throw corn back to the ends and fill it, so as to utilize all the space.—Ex.

Feed Enough.—Feeding is like keeping up a fire. Insufficient fuel is simply waste, for one may burn up the whole wood-pile, or all the coal in the cellar, and never get warm; but, with the good fire, one is warmed and cheered, and gets the good of the fuel. So one may keep the flock just alive, and never get one cent's worth of good out of the whole winter's feeding. The liberal soul is made fat, we are told, but the other kind of man is skin and bone and his pocket is empty, especially if he be a shepherd. Of course it should go without saying, that as four-fifths of the food is consumed in keeping an animal warm, good shelter is equivalent to so much food. Thus the old adage is justified, that a pine board is the best of feeding.—Ex.

Plants and Moisture.—An acre of soil to the depth of one foot weighs approximately 1,800 tons. If 25 per cent of this is moisture we should have 450 tons of water per acre. An acre of soil to the depth of eight inches weighs about 1,200 tons. If 25 per cent of moisture were found here it would contain per acre 300 tons of water. Plants can maintain themselves with as low as 5 per cent of water, but their growth seems to go on most rapidly in soils whose water content is from 13 to 25 per cent.

Starting Quinces.—The quince is almost invariably grown from cuttings, which should be six or eight inches long, and as thick as a common lead pencil, although wood much thinner will make plants, but not so strong. These can be taken off the trees in the fall and planted at once in rows four feet apart, and six inches apart in the rows. Set them so deep that the upper bud is just even with the surface of the ground, or if a half inch deeper it will do no harm.—Ex.

Sweet Whey.—The Wisconsin experiment station in the past has declared that 100 pounds of sweet whey is worth seven cents as a promoter of flesh and health in calves, while sour whey is not worth anything. If true, it is a pointer worth something.—Ex.

If farmers would combine in a greater extent they could protect themselves.

The average fleece in Arizona weighs nine pounds and shrinks 72 per cent.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.
LESSON VII, FEB. 14—ACTS 5:17-32—PRISON OPENED.
Golden Text: "We Ought to Obey God Rather than Men"—From Acts, Chapter 5, Verse 29—The Priests and the People.

PR lesson for today covers the period from A. D. 29 to A. D. 33. The events recorded took place in and about Jerusalem. The full text is as follows:

17. Then a high priest rose up, and all they that were with him (which is the sect of the Sadducees), and were filled with indignation, 18. And laid their hands on the apostles, and put them in the common prison. 19. But the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them forth, and said, 20. Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life. 21. And when they heard that, they entered into the temple early in the morning, and taught. But the high priest came, and they that were with him, and called the council together, and all the senate of the children of Israel, and sent to the prison to have them brought. 22. But when the officers came, and found them not in the prison, they returned, and told. 23. Saying, The prison truly was guarded, and we shut all safely, and the keepers standing without before the doors; but when we had opened, we found no man within. 24. Now when the high priest and the captain of the temple and the chief priests heard these things, they doubted of their whereabouts, so they gathered a council, and said, Behold, the men whom ye put in prison are standing in the temple, and teaching the people. 25. Then went the captain with the officers, and brought them without violence; for they feared the people, lest they should have been stoned. 26. And they brought them, they set them before the council; and the high priest asked them, 27. Saying, Did not we straitly command you that ye should not teach in this name? and behold, ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, and intend to bring this man's blood upon us. 28. Then Peter and the other apostles answered and said, We ought to obey God rather than men. 29. The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. 30. Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgive unto them all their iniquities; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

1. God sends his angels to the help of the believing soul. To what extent each of us is attended by a guardian angel we may not know, but we do know that all natural and heavenly forces are alike "ministering spirits sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation." Prison bars may not be shot back for us; miracles may no longer be within our reach; but if we are tried by a guardian angel and sorrow, pain and death are all heavenly attendants, angels sent, not only to beckon us nearer to God, but to enhance our comfort on earth and our felicity in heaven. 2. The Holy Ghost indorses the testimony of the believer. Never yet has there been written a confession of sin and any Christian doctrine that may not be cleverly repelled by some skeptic; but there is no answer to a holy life. There is profound comfort for every worker for Jesus in the assurance of verse 32. 3. The believer is comforted by his conscience. "Obedience to the conscience" brings delight to the dutiful; and no one can constantly obey who does not constantly believe. 4. The believer is comforted by an audience. Perfunctory preachers (in private and public alike) are avoided by the people. But the faithful who are anxious to gather not an audience which loves him, shall gather an audience of persecutors. 5. The believer is comforted by the thought that he is suffering for Christ. Inexpressible dear to the heart is this conviction. 6. The believer is comforted by the knowledge that the angels are on his side. The little powers of earth may be against him, but the King of kings, whose throne is exalted forever by God, lovingly watches him here, and hereafter will say to him, "Well done; enter into the joys of thy Lord."

Notice the spirit of the persecutors; the same in every age. 1. They showed unbelief. Verse 17. This was a characteristic of the Sadducees, who were the agnostics of their time, and hence were bitter against this new faith. 2. They showed hate. Verse 17. "They were filled with indignation;" and "what accused us?" Simply the good deeds done by the apostles. The contrast of the apostles with themselves excited their enmity. 3. They showed cruelty. Verses 18, 23, 26. They thrust these good men into the company of the vilest criminals; they planned to slay them; and even though they dared not go to such extremes they gratified their hate by cruelly beating them.

The Triumph of Festus Orastus Butt.

Two years ago Festus Orastus Butt had a bill before the Arkansas legislature to remove his disability of being under age so he could be licensed to practice law. The bill passed the lower house, but was killed in the senate by some senator offering an amendment to the effect that Mr. Butt should first change his name. This year Mr. Butt is the representative of Carroll county, having been elected by a large majority over the most popular Republican in the county, and this, too, without changing his name. At the last term of the Circuit court at Berryville he obtained the "sheepskin" to practice law and was complimented by the bar as having passed the best examination ever heard in the circuit. He will be heard from at Little Rock in January, and his name will still be Festus Orastus Butt. Rurika Springs Times-Kcha.

A Week in Birmingham.

The following are some of the articles made in Birmingham in the course of a week: 20,000,000 pens, 300,000,000 cut nails, 100,000,000 buttons, 5,000 bedsteads, 7,000 guns, 1,000 saddles, 20,000 spectacles, 4,000 miles of wire, 300 miles of wax vests, six tons of paper-mache, ten tons of pins, five tons of hair-pins, 300 tons of nuts, fifty tons of hinges, forty tons of refined metal, forty tons of firmament wire, 800 tons of brass, 1,000 hammers, 1,000 roofing jacks, 2,500 bolters.