

well within the town. Mr. Wang, the proprietor, is a very intelligent and wealthy gentleman, and has charge of forty such wells. The bamboo tube was in process of lifting as we entered. After a few minutes it came to view, and the contents, consisting of a strong gaseous fluid, were discharged into a receptacle and carried by an aqueduct to the great vat. The water-buffaloes, three in number, were now unhitched and the tube replaced. We stood at the wheel—one about twenty-two feet in diameter. Very slowly at first it unwound the rope, but after a few seconds the celerity was so great that we had to stand at some distance and hold our hats on. In about twenty minutes all the rope had been paid out—fifty-one complete turns of say sixty feet each—3,366 feet. The iron pans used for evaporating are about six feet in diameter, weigh a thousand pounds each, and cost forty dollars. The salt is sold at wholesale for one cent and a quarter per pound. There are thousands of these brine wells. I was taken through one factory where there were quite one hundred pans. The government tax on what was sold to merchants amounts per annum to near \$686,500. The total product must be near 190,000 tons, which at \$26 per ton would realize \$4,940,000.

“I asked the owner of one of these large establishments how long he had been in the salt business. He laughed heartily and said with dignity, ‘Ever since the first Emperor of the Min dynasty—for twenty generations, sir.’ I could scarcely repress a feeling of