

# THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP.

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The hostility of Costa Rica toward the construction of Nicaragua Canal has been settled by arbitration, and work on the canal is making rapid progress.

The horror which Editor Stead, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, expresses at the idea of anyone's going into journalism for the purpose of making money, is justified by the opinion of the *Washington Star* by the experience of a great many persons who try it.

Professor Thompson, of the geological survey, who has been at work near Reno, Nev., making surveys and maps for the purpose of establishing reservoir sites for the purposes of irrigation, is very enthusiastic regarding the work, and says the result will exceed his most sanguine expectations. He is confident that through irrigation millions of acres of arid lands on the Pacific coast can be reclaimed and made productive.

The popular belief that ironed men-of-war are an invention of the last half of the nineteenth century is evidently not founded upon fact. Divers have recently been at work in the harbor of Trieste, Austria's seaport, and have brought up portions of the French frigate which was wrecked seventy-eight years ago. The wreck had sunk so deeply in the sand as to be well preserved, and it has been found that the hull was of wood and was heavily plated with iron.

Rice planters in the South are accustomed to burn their rice straw to get it out of the way. We understand, says the *Manufacturers' Record*, that recent practical tests have demonstrated that this straw makes excellent paper material. One paper company has gone so far as to order some \$300 or 4000 tons of this straw to further experiment. Rice straw may yet prove to be a cotton seed in miniature. At any rate, the results of these experiments will be watched with interest.

The Yankoes of Asia, as the Japs are sometimes called, have been more tormented with the disastrous antics of the elements this year than even the Americans. Japan has had a series of earthquakes and floods and a tidal wave has added hundreds more to the thousands already killed by falling mountains and rivers pushed out of the place. The history of this year is one of disaster all over the globe. Almost no nation has escaped, but Japan has suffered perhaps more than any other when her area is considered. There is a feeling of warm friendship for Japan in the United States, which makes Americans regret the calamities that have overtaken this interesting people.

W. W. McNair, famous for his daring explorations, died recently in India. His death was caused by overtaxing his powers by mountain climbing, exposure and lack of food while prospecting surveys during the last two years in Afghanistan. By shaving his head and staining his body, McNair, in the disguise of an Indian doctor, spent two months exploring the sweet valley of Kashmir. No European had ever managed before to set foot there, on account of hostility to the native tribes. He found that the people there numbered about 200,000, and were nearly white in color. The women were very beautiful. His disguise was penetrated before he completed his investigations, and he was compelled to flee for his life. With only two native assistants he also explored the Aspinan and Hisarak valleys.

Victoria is an Australian colony with the size and the population of Kansas in 1880, or an area of 87,000 square miles and a population of 1,000,000. But instead of letting corporations build the railroads and giving land away to get them to do this, Victoria has kept its land and built its own railroads. The result is that this thriving little community of about 1,000,000 souls, or the population of Philadelphia, had last year an income of \$41,000,000, and of this sum \$16,500,000 was in the shape of profits on the State railroads. Seven years ago the income from the railroads was only \$9,600,000; in 1886-7 it was \$12,265,000 and for the year just closed it has grown up to nearly double the income of seven years ago, and, as no one can build roads but the State, and the State is an enterprising builder and a good manager, the profits on the railroads will in time pay all the expenses of the Government. In addition, Victoria owns not only the postoffice, as the people do here, but all the express and telegraph business, and the profit on these for this wise, thrifty little State last year was \$2,140,000.

## SONG OF THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Monday is for washing,  
Tuesday is for ironing,  
Wednesday is for mending and putting  
clothes away;  
Thursday is for churning,  
Friday is for baking,  
Saturday is always the grand cleaning day.

But then there is the breakfast,  
And the dinner, and the tea to get;  
Beside, there is the milking to be done each  
night and morn;  
The hoar to feed, the knitting,  
The sweeping and the bread to set,  
And the carding of the wool when the pretty  
sheep are shorn.

There is never any ending  
But always work beginning,  
From early Monday morning till Saturday  
at night;  
But oftentimes I find,  
If a merry song I'm singing,  
My heart is gay and happy, then all my  
work seems light.

—Godey's Ladies' Book.

## MY SINGULAR VISIONS.

Early in the winter of 1883 I was lodging in a large, old-fashioned house in London. Insomnia, brought on by business troubles, had reduced me to a state of nervous collapse, and I was on the verge of serious illness.

Rising one night, after vainly courting sleep for two hours, I determined to take a warm bath. The hour was 2 o'clock. Having thrown on a dressing-gown, I entered the bathroom, and turned on the hot water. While the bath filled I gazed out at the rear of a house, about one hundred yards distant, in C— street. Suddenly, on the illuminated curtain of a room two or three floors above the street, I saw figures of a man and woman in silhouette. Stirred by curiosity, I watched the curtain with its tell-tale pictures, wondering what movements they would execute. As I gazed, surprise and horror seized me, for I saw the man raise a shadowy arm and pierce the woman's bosom with a dagger. She threw her arms wildly in the air, opened her mouth, as if to emit a scream, and fell to the floor, whence, of course, her figure cast no shadow on the curtain.

All this had occupied perhaps less than two seconds, but in that time I endured a mental torture such as I had never felt before. As the dagger descended I involuntarily threw out my arms, as if to shield the victim, and uttered an exclamation of mingled rage and horror. The absolute silence of the pantomime murder made it more shocking, and for an instant I felt as if the darkness and loneliness of the night had shut me in with the murderer, and made me a participator in his guilt. I turned shuddering from the window just as the shadowy criminal stooped toward the spot where his victim lay, and before I could cry out, I reeled and fell heavily to the floor.

My fall roused the whole house, and Philip Holt, whose rooms were on the same floor with mine, carried me to bed. The vision of that night hastened my long-threatened illness, and ten days passed before my faculties returned sufficiently for me to relate what I had seen. The doctor smiled at my story and said: "It was a pure hallucination, my dear fellow. Such things are common to persons in your condition."

"But," said I, "the thing happened when I was wide awake, and in every detail it was as distinct as any genuine occurrence I ever beheld."

"Not at all remarkable," was his reply. "You ought to be satisfied with the knowledge that there has not been a word of such a crime in any newspaper. An affair of the kind could not have been concealed for ten days. Don't think of it any more."

Two weeks later I was in my usual health, save that my old trouble of insomnia hovered near, and recurred with any imprudence in eating, worry, or excitement. Not entirely satisfied with the doctor's theory of my vision, I went to the lodging-house in C— street and inquired for rooms. A snuffy old hag, with peering, suspicious eyes, and an air of undetected criminality, showed me through the house, and offered to let a furnished suite, consisting of bedroom, sitting-room, and bathroom. As near as I could guess, the sitting-room was the one where the crime of my vision had been committed.

"Who occupied these rooms last?" I inquired.  
"Mr. Carr and his wife," answered the hag, with evident unwillingness.  
"Do you know Mr. Carr's business?"  
"The tenants' business hain't none of mine," she replied, sharply.  
"When did the Carrs move out?"  
"About three weeks ago."  
"Did you see Mrs. Carr on the day they left the house?"  
"Now what do you ask me that for? I don't watch people's doings in this house. The tenants is respectable families, and they don't like no meddlin'. If you want these rooms you can have 'em, but you won't stay long if you ask too many questions about your neighbors. We don't want no troublesome or worrying people here."

It was evidently useless to ask further questions, so I tramped downward through the ill-smelling, narrow halls, my suspicions far from lulled. When I again spoke to Holt on the subject, and told him that my suspicions still existed, he frowned and said: "If you permit yourself to go on in this way you'll be in bed again. There is no reasonable doubt of your hallucination. The books are full of such cases. Furthermore, the woman could not have been actually murdered, or the crime would have come to light before this, and if she was only wounded, it is not your business to ferret the matter out. If you're not careful you'll get into the newspapers and be made ridiculous."

This last argument was enough. I gradually came to accept the theory of my friends. I passed through the winter without further illness, but gained strength slowly, and when spring appeared my sleeplessness returned. With

it came an irresistible attraction toward the bathroom window, whence my vision of a few months before had been seen. Whenever I lay awake, I went some time during the night and stared out toward that uncanny looking house. Night after night I saw nothing, and turned away, relieved at the assurance that one symptom of my former illness was wanting.

Finally, at 1 o'clock on a cool April morning, after three hours of vain tossing in bed, I entered the bathroom, with my eyes directed toward the house. For an instant I could not credit the vision that met my gaze. On the luminous curtain where I had seen the shadowy pantomime before, the same tragedy was being enacted. This time I had arrived a little later in the progress of the scene, for all I saw was the falling woman and the withdrawn dagger in the hand of her companion. The man stooped, as before, toward his victim, and I waited to see him rise, in hopes of obtaining some assurance that what I had seen was real. I saw nothing further. If the shadowy slayer had stooped to a real victim, he must have risen in such a spot that his figure was not brought again before the light and the curtain.

Filled with forebodings of a new illness, I awoke Holt and told my vision. We went to the window, looked toward the lodging-house, and saw only the faint gleam of unlighted panes. Holt gave me an opiate, and next morning the doctor had me removed to the country.

I remained out of town all summer, bathing, fishing and boating. For three months I went to bed tired every night, and slept ten hours. Then I took a long sea voyage, and arrived back in about the middle of September, more robust than I had ever been before. Holt and I laughed at the old hallucination, and the doctor rallied me considerably upon my detective spirit of the winter before. On the first night in my lodgings I forgot the fateful window, and slept without disturbance. The next night, however, I came in late, and yielded to a sudden whim that led me to the bathroom window.

As I entered the bathroom I looked over toward the lodging-house, and gave a little start at seeing a light in the very apartment that had so long possessed for me a fascinating interest. The night was warm, and the window whence the light shone was hoisted. The curtains were drawn also, and I could see pretty clearly a man and a woman sitting opposite each other near the center of the room. I shivered a little on discovering that the couple were very like those of pantomimes.

As I gazed I saw the woman suddenly start toward her companion with some gleaming weapon in her upraised hand. I felt my heart quicken and my breath come thick. The man rose to receive the attack, and I saw a shining dagger plunged into her bosom. Trembling with horror, I was about to cry out, when a hearty, natural laugh burst upon my ear from the hall.

On looking round I saw my friend Holt in the doorway.  
"Merciful powers, man, did you see that?" I gasped.  
"Certainly," he said, with another laugh.  
"Then how can you stand there laughing? If we both saw it there can be no doubt of its reality."

"It was real and unreal, old man. Your sight is vindicated and the doctor and I are put to shame, but there is no cause for horror. See, the light has been turned out and there is nothing more to be learned. Take something to steady your nerves and I'll explain the mystery."

Wondering at his language, but considerably reassured, I followed him to his room, and sat down.  
"Now," said Holt, "the thing you saw to-night (I shuddered again as he spoke) and on two other occasions is easily explained. James Carr and his wife, who have lived in that apartment off and on for eight months, are known to many theatre-goers here and elsewhere as Arthur Leroy and Mlle. Picard. What you saw to-night was a rehearsal of an incident in a play which is to be produced at the X— Theatre early next week. You'll find the very scene on a dozen boardings in the streets. It's a quarrel. The woman attacks the man with a pair of scissors, and he responds with a dagger. The play was produced in the provinces last winter, and at one or two watering places in the summer. You've seen three rehearsals."

"Holt, I don't believe you," I cried, as it flashed upon me that my old illness was returning, and that Holt had taken this method of diverting my mind from the threatened calamity.

Holt promptly went over the whole occurrence and his description differed in no important feature from my own vision. On the next day I went round to my doctor, laughed at his learning, and accepted his apologies for the discredit he had cast upon my visual sanity. That evening at dinner while reading an afternoon paper I came upon a conspicuous heading in these words: "Slain at Rehearsal." I started, read on, and discovered that James Carr, alias Arthur Leroy, had killed his wife the night before in their rooms in C— street. Then I knew that Holt and I had actually seen the crime committed.

According to the newspaper's account, Carr, on being arrested, had confessed the homicide and pleaded self-defense. He had been married five years, but he and his wife had always lived a cat-and-dog life. After their rehearsal of the night before, she had called up an old grievance, and finally, in a fit of anger attacked him with a pair of scissors, the very weapon she was to have used in the mimic scene on the approaching "first night." He had defended himself with the dagger just employed at rehearsal, and was horrified to find that he had slain her.

Nobody quite believed Carr's story at first, but the testimony of Holt and myself saved his neck.  
James Cleverger, aged fifteen, of Nashville, Ind., and Miss Anna Patterson, aged fourteen, were married recently at the home of the bride's father, in Columbus, Ind.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

#### BY-PRODUCTS OF THE DAIRY.

Just how to make a profit out of the by-products of the dairy is often the question that settles the point of actual profit in the dairy. There are several ways pointed out by the writers, including skim cheese, feeding it to calves and to pigs. The latter of these methods has proven the most profitable with the general dairyman, who has learned to feed it to the growing pig in preference to the grown hog. Sows in pig do well on it, and if the skim-milk is necessarily sour then this latter is by far the best plan. There is, however, the old cow to take into consideration here. She is as fond of her own product as any other animal, as is often witnessed to the owner's loss when she sucks herself. If fed to her with a proper mixture of other materials, it is our belief that skim-milk will make a better return to the dairyman in this way than in any other.—*American Dairyman*.

#### WINTER CARE OF VINES.

At the approach of cold weather the grape vines are pruned, unfastened from the trellis and laid flat upon the ground. They may be held in this position by simply placing a stone or other heavy object upon the end, and this will safely pass the winter anywhere except at the extreme North. Where the winters are usually very severe the vines should also be covered with soil, straw or litter of some sort; and perhaps this may be a good precaution with tender vines everywhere at the extreme North. Tender raspberries and blackberries are to be treated in a similar manner, but the canes being more brittle and more easily injured than grape vines, need careful handling and gradual bending while undergoing the operation. A good practice is to throw one or two shovelfuls of soil against the canes on one side and bend them over this by a sort of curve. The tops are laid upon the ground near the next stool of canes and held there by another one or two shovelfuls of soil. Two persons can do this work very conveniently and quickly, and when growers learn to depend more on these easy modes of giving winter protection than on the chances of a mild winter, or supposed hardiness of plants, they will have little reason to complain of winter kill, or of placing such an excessively great value on the ability of grapes, raspberries, etc., to endure the winter without such means of protection.—*Popular Gardening*.

#### ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZERS.

In using artificial fertilizers, says a writer in the *New York World*, I have found a great deal of difference in the benefits received, which seem to be governed very much by the season. In some cases I could see little or no benefit, when in another year, on the same or a similar soil, the crop was manifestly increased. This seems to depend on the moisture that is supplied and also whether it is present in time to produce the best results. When it is sown or drilled on or near the surface it needs rain in a sufficient quantity to put it in a condition for plant food and to wash it down where the roots can get hold of it. Then, again, I suppose a soil may be too wet to receive very much benefit, or it may be of more benefit to one kind of crop than to another. Two years ago I planted a patch of potatoes on ground naturally wet and which was made worse by several heavy rains throughout the season. It was well fertilized with a good commercial brand. The crop seemed to receive but little or no benefit from it. Immediately adjoining it was a field of corn, of which one row next to the potatoes happened to have been fertilized at the same time, while the balance of the field received none at all. The difference in the appearance and yield of this one row and the unfertilized one was astonishing, while, as before said, the potatoes yielded but little more than on a piece of similar ground nearby that had no fertilizer at all.

#### WINTERING BEES.

A correspondent of the *American Bee Journal* says: I have the bees all ready for winter before the nights get so cold and frosty as to cumber the honey in the hive. We winter our bees in an underground cellar, forty feet long, seven feet high and six feet wide, with 6x7 inch ventilation near each end; also three well-fitting doors, which leaves two dead air spaces between the bees and the extremely cold weather, with the mercury often forty degrees below zero in this northern climate. When you put the bees into the cellar remove the cover and entrance blocks, leaving only the quilt over the hive. Put two blocks (2x2 inches, and the length of the hive) under the hive, then put two more on top, on which to put another hive, and so on until they are five tiers high. One essential thing is a half-inch entrance, full width of the hive, and left open; by so doing there will be plenty of upward and lower ventilation, and the bees will not suffer another lack in any way for pure air. The bottom hive should be not less than ten inches from the bottom of the cellar, to allow the foul air, if any, to settle below it and pass off through the underground drain, which should consist of not less than two-inch tiling. Bees placed in a cellar as I have described, with a temperature ranging from forty to forty-five degrees, will winter as safely as by any other method, chaff hive not excepted. The temperature can easily be regulated by a slide in each ventilator—not a toboggan slide, but a sliding door.

#### SELECTING SEED CORN.

When the planting season arrives a very large majority of farmers go to their cribs or corn houses and exercise some little care in selecting fair ears for their seed corn. Comparatively few, however, give the subject any attention previous to that time. A selection of the ears for

seed, while on the stalks where the thrifty condition of the plants can be observed and compared with the general average of the field, is a far better plan and needs no argument for its recommendation.

The early maturity of the seed ears, other things being equal, should entitle them to preference, along with plumpness and a full development into large and handsomely shaped ears. If from stalks producing double ears, take the largest, if well formed, and, as a rule, those that grow low, rather than high, on the stalk. Ears with large cobs should not be chosen, but rather those of smaller diameter and with long kernels. Like begets like, and by a little attention to this matter improvement can constantly be made.

The preservation of the ears selected may be insured by braiding the husks of several ears together and suspending them from the rafters of the corn house or any other dry building. By so doing the seed corn will be safe from rats and mice as well as exempt from dampness and mold that might affect its germination. In making a choice it is thought, as before stated, that both the ear and the stalk should be taken into consideration, rather than the mere selection of a large ear.

Again, consideration should be given to the number of the rows, the length and compactness of the kernels, and the general solidity and weight of the ear. There is some diversity of opinion as to the time when the seed corn ought to be gathered, some claiming that seed gathered and dried in the sun soon after the kernel is out of the milk has more vitality to withstand cold and damp after it is planted than if allowed to remain on the stalk until dead ripe. A much larger class, however, favor perfect maturity of the seed on the stalk, which is at least the safest plan, as there would be less moisture to be evaporated from the cob. Such ears as has been indicated would certainly enable the farmer who practices it to have his seed corn in readiness when it is wanted, and furthermore would result in a more general germination of seed and more thrifty plants than from a less careful selection.—*New York World*.

#### BRAN AND OIL-MEAL.

It is only in exceptional cases that the farmer can afford to purchase feed for stock. Nearly or quite all the food necessary to keep and fatten the stock for market should be raised upon the farm. But oil-meal and bran can, in nearly all cases, be purchased and fed to stock with profit, and there are few materials that will add as much to the value of other materials, or will increase the value of the manure to the extent that this will.

It is not altogether in their value themselves as it is in the increased value they give to other materials in making up what we may term complete rations that they can be used with profit.

In order to feed stock during growth as economically as possible, it is an item to lessen the amount of grain fed. Not that stock can be properly prepared for market with no grain, but by using bran and oil-meal in connection with other materials, the amount of grain can be materially decreased.

One of the strongest reasons for its use, especially during the winter, when stock must depend almost entirely upon dry food, such as straw, hay, stens or unthreshed oats, and corn fodder, and with oil-meal make up a ration that will supply all the elements of nutrition. In most localities the better plan is to secure a supply in the fall sufficient to last the greater part of the winter. It should be stored in bins or boxes where it is reasonably certain to keep dry. If it can be kept perfectly dry it will keep in a good condition for feeding a long time, without deteriorating in quality, while it can be secured at a less cost at this time than later.

The best results can be secured if the feed is cut before mixing the bran, straw, unthreshed oats, hay and fodder, if run through a cutter, and then a small quantity of bran and oil-meal is added, very little grain will be required to keep all the growing and breeding stock in good condition, and especially so if a comfortable shelter is provided, in addition; and the cost will be considerably less than if grain must be supplied.

When fattening stock, grain must be largely depended upon to finish for market. And with these two materials, used in connection with dry, rough feed, the stock will require but a light feed of grain; and in a majority of cases the less grain fed the lower the cost.—*Prairie Farmer*.

#### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Apples should be allowed to cure well after picking before putting away, otherwise they will heat and more or less rot. When picking grapes cut them off in bunches and dip the ends in warm sealing wax; then place the bunches in a box or jar and fill in with saw dust.

A great deal is now said about lack of success in farming. No plain issuing from any class of people is the country is so general as that coming from farmers. It is generally considered that Leghorn hens will lay the most eggs in a year, and we think they can still hold this place among layers, yet it cannot be disputed that the Minorca is very close behind it as a layer.

Be generous to the colts. Give them plenty of oats, plenty of good hay and plenty of exercise, and they will repay it all in good scriptural measure, heaped up, pressed down, shaken together and running over.

Very many farmers make the mistake of sowing too little seed when stocking down to grass. It is poor economy to pinch here. If you want a good catch and a good sod sow plenty of seed of a mixture that will fit to cut for hay at about the same time.

As manure is usually kept, at least one-half, and frequently a greater portion, is wasted by leachings and escape of ammonia. Double the amount of fertility that has been purchased in the form of commercial fertilizers has been wantonly wasted around the barns.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

Microscopic examination tends to confirm the opinion that emmetine, the new explosive, is a chemical compound, and not a mere mixture.

In experiments on the solubility of glass in water, plumbiferous flint glass was found to be the least soluble, and the relative resistance of glasses was different toward hot and cold water.

Professor Fresenius, of Wiesbaden, Germany, declares that an egg contains as much nourishment as a pound and an ounce of cherries, a pound and a quarter of grapes, a pound and a half of raspberries, two pounds of gooseberries, and four pounds of pears.

Some additional facts of scientific interest are given in a recent report concerning the artesian well—the deepest in the world—at Pesth, Austria, and which, from its depth of 8140 feet, supplies 175,000 gallons of water daily, having a temperature of 158 degrees Fah.

The protection of men-of-war from the effects of lightning has reduced casualties from that cause in a remarkable degree. In fifty years before the introduction of lightning rods over two hundred English men-of-war were struck, while from 1810 to 1819 only forty-eight vessels were more or less damaged.

A Corsican doctor, M. de Susini, has made a sulphuric ether engine of twenty-horse power, which is expected to realize a saving of sixty-five per cent. in fuel. Scientific men in Paris who have witnessed his workings are said to have reserved their opinion as to its merits until further tests have been made.

A Dutch physician declares that a connection exists between the external mental faculties and disorders of the nose. He says that if it were generally known how many cases of chronic headache, inability to learn or to perform mental work, were due to chronic disease of the nose, many of them would be easily cured.

A great amount of motive power for years past, been derived from the discharge of water from artesian wells in France; more so, in fact, than in any other part of the world. In the city of Tours there is an artesian well which drives a hydraulic wheel seven meters diameter, and works the machinery of a silk factory.

The very latest improvement in the manufacture of filaments for incandescent lamps is a process whereby the filaments are heated to a high temperature by the action of a suitable furnace, and at the conclusion of the operation the filament is cooled to a still higher degree for a short period by the introduction of a blast of oxygen.

It is stated that, near Brailly, Belgium, an oil well is located which discharges a barrel of first-class kerosene petroleum, the residents in the vicinity purchasing and burning it without having passed through any process answers the purpose equally as well as the finest illuminating kerosene, and smoke, and has no unpleasant odor.

M. Pasteur delivered an address the other day in Paris to the members of the Society of Practical Medicine, and declared with much emphasis that life is never spontaneous. The microscopic dog ever goes mad unless he has been bitten by another mad dog, a fact once important and reasoning, and as a rule, the cause of the disease is traced to the mad dog.

The ingenious adulterator is getting on his feet in Austria. At the laboratory of Vienna, where food is analyzed, a large lot of the pulverized wood sawdust and chaff, ground paper, etc., found to be mixed with wood sawdust, was colored with color, and called "nutritious coffee" containing the tins of roast acorns and chestnuts.

Progress has its penalties. The steam as a motive power and the electric cost many thousands of lives. The use of gas as an illuminant in the vicinity is now at the front of the moment as power and light. It is a some killing, but its victims are compared with those of steam, and less it will be rendered less dangerous, but it must always retain capacity, as well as good. We do not get any good on this side of eternity.

A French scientist has discovered an insulating substance. A by-product resulting from the treatment of sulphuric acid, which has been considered of no value, has been found to furnish what, according to *Lumiere Electrique*, is an insulating material. This material, which resembles ordinary paper, comes, after exposure to gas, as hard as ebonite or vulcanite, and possesses high insulating properties.

#### An Eight-Mile Tunnel.

The Grass Valley Syndicate Mining Company has been organized with a working capital of \$3,000,000, which to carry about the copper, gold, silver and lead mines of the Nevada City & Grass Valley Bank Tunnel Company. The tunnel will be started on the South Fork of the Grass Valley River, at a point about 2000 feet below the surface, and run a large tunnel, an average vertical depth below the surface of 1600 feet, and being driven down to the deepest point.

The line of the tunnel, which is eight miles in length as outlined, is the Providence group of mountains, Creek, thence traversing a portion of Gold Flat district, through the Empire and other claims, and along somewhat the same course as described by Wolf Creek to the Ranch mine. The above project is outlined in the *Chronicle* of Virginia City (Nev.)

Youth and Age  
Ah! foolish boys  
Begin by boys  
Ye wish that ye were  
The old men say  
We would then  
That we were boys  
The old men say  
That we were boys