The Columbian.

VOL. I.—NO. 41. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1867. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PADDY RUN COAL COMPANY, OF SHICKSHINNY, PENNSYLVANIA.

CAPITAL $150,000.

JOHN M. STACKHOUSE, President.
CHAS. A. BOONE, Secretary and Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:
John M. Stackhouse, N. L. Campbell,
Chas. A. Boone, Cyrus Stackhouse,
A. McDowell.

OFFICE:
MAIN STREET, SHICKSHINNY, PA.

The lands held by this Company, consist of FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE ACRES,

and sixty-four perches, of carefully selected land lying southwest of Wilkes-Barre, Luzerne county, Pa., in the Western part of the Great Northern or Wyoming Coal Basin.

A very careful and thorough examination recently made has proven these for the above lands to be the embodiment of a vast amount of the very best quality of anthracite coal, having every facility that could be desired for transportation in all directions. The above tract is crossed by a good road, and also directly in front, and joining on the Lackawanna & Bloomsburg railroad, and the Wyoming canal, thus affording the very best advantage of carrying road and canal running to the very mouth of the mines without expense to the company.

The measurement of the different beds or seams already developed was carefully obtained and added together—the thickness of these seams including the celebrated "Red Ash," "Buck Mountain," or "Seven Foot" vein, is thirty-one and a half feet, giving every cubic yard of which will yield a ton, giving a large amount of the best quality of coal.

The location is such that all the coals may be cut and worked to the great of possible advantage, as the water level, or at least is but very little more than six feet above water level.

The coal can be brought to the surface through shafts or tunnels which from the water from the mines and save the hoisting of the coal. So the eligibility of these lands for coal mining is unquestionable. Very lately the "Grand Tunnel" or "Red Ash" vein has been opened, and is now producing as fine a quality of coal as has ever been produced in the anthracite regions. The breaker now in operation is capable of preparing from 150 to 200 tons per day. The surface contains an abundant supply of wood and timber very valuable for mining purposes, which gives the tract the advantage of many other coal lands. The fact that almost all valuable coal lands are being rapidly taken up by heavy capitalists or large companies, shows that they must steadily and greatly rise in the market value, while with the immense and constantly increasing demand for this coal, and the Railroad and North Branch canal, passing by the mouths of the mines, through the Great Iron making districts of Bloomsburg, Danville, Dunnannon, Harrisburg, Middletown, Marietta, and Columbia, to tide-water at Havre de Grace, one can scarcely conceive of a more profitable or permanent source of wealth than may be found in lands like these.

In order to be able to open their works on a more extensive plan, this company has placed a portion of their capital stock in market on the following terms: Any person taking one or more shares of stock at

TEN DOLLARS EACH,

will be entitled annually to a ton of coal at cost at the mine per share, and any stockholders

NOT RECEIVING THE COAL

as aforesaid, to be credited on the books of the Company with the difference between the cost and selling price for each share, to be paid before a dividend shall be declared.

C. T. KNAPP, Agent.

March 1, 1867.

OMNIBUS LINE.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and the public generally that he is running an

OMNIBUS LINE

between this place and the different railroad depots daily Sundays excepted, to connect with the several trains going South and West on the Catawissa and Williamsport Railroad, and with the train going North and South on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad.

His Omnibuses are in good condition, commodious and comfortable, and charges reasonable.

Persons wishing to meet or see their friends depot, can be accommodated upon reasonable charge by leaving timely notice at any of the hotels.

JACOB L. GIBBON, Proprietor.

THE AMERICAN HAY KNIFE AND FORK.—We the undersigned citizens of Columbia County, have seen the trial of forks on the farm of Mr. Pursel, in Hemlock Township, on Monday, May 2, 1866, between the American Hay Knife and Fork manufactured by SMITH & WYLIE, SHRINER & Co., of Lewisburg, Pa., and the Rundel's Patent Hay Hook. The American Fork lifted more hay in one draught than the Rundel in three. We therefore will say to-day as we did then, that the American Fork is the most perfect hay fork that we have ever seen drawn. We also saw it cutting hay, and think it cannot be beat as a hay knife, and cheerfully recommend it as the best hay fork and knife we have ever seen.

C. TUTTENDENGER, DR. P. S. HARRISON,
W. B. ROOKS, JOHN EVANS,
JOHN EVANS, DANIEL SNYDER,
H. BOTTENFIELD, ALEXANDER PURSEL,
MICHAEL HELLER, JOHN WOLF.

They also recommend the celebrated Buckeye Reaping and Mower, and other agricultural implements.

INSURANCE AGENCY.

Williamsburg	$500,000
Allemania	200,000
Commercial	200,000
Fulton	300,000
Baltic	250,000
Peabody	250,000
50 Insurance	200,000
Springfield	200,000
Germania	200,000
Pennsylvania Company of State Pennsylvania	400,000
Connecticut Mutual Life	5,000,000
North American Transit	500,000

FREAS BROWN, Agent,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.—The Fall term began September 5. The Faculty is at present constituted of four resident and four non-resident professors, and a tutor. The object is to educate young men for the Christian Ministry. There is a preparatory class for those who have not received a collegiate education. One hundred and sixty dollars a year are granted to beneficiaries, with an additional sum in special cases. The tuition, use of Library and textbooks, are free to all. The School was founded by the Unitarian and Christian denominations, but is open to all who believe in the divine origin of Christianity. The Library consists of 5,200 volumes.

Application may be made to Rev. A. A. Livermore, President of the Board of Instruction, Meadville, Pa. nov15-4y

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

M. C. SLOAN & BROTHER

the successors of

WILLIAM SLOAN & SON

continue the business of making

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

and every style of

FANCY WAGONS,

which they have constantly on hand to suit customers. Never using any material but the best and employing the most experienced workmen, they hope to continue as heretofore to give entire satisfaction to every customer. An inspection of their work, and of the reasonable price asked for the same, is sure to insure a sale.

FARMERS LOOK HERE!!

The undersigned desires to announce to the farming community that he still continues to manufacture the Celebrated Wheeler's Patent Railway Chain

HORSE POWER AND THRESHER,

at the old stand in Light Street, Columbia county, Pa. Having enlarged his shop, to meet the increasing demand for them, he is assured that he will be able to accommodate all who favor him with their orders.

Having on hand a good supply of well seasoned lumber of the best quality, and workmen who have been engaged in their manufacture for years, he guarantees them equal if not superior to any heretofore made. He also manufactures

HOSTETTER'S PATENT HAY HOLDING TRUCK AND CONVEYER.

Repairing at the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Feeling thankful for past favors he solicits a continuance of the patronage heretofore extended to him.

WM. SCHUYLER.

Light Street, Pa., Aug. 16, 1867.

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING neatly executed at THE COLUMBIAN Steam Printing Office.

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

LONG POND HOTEL.

The undersigned having leased and re-furnished in good style the above well-known House, situate

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

in the borders of Columbia and Sullivan counties, in one of the most beautiful and healthful regions in the State; is fully prepared to accommodate visitors and sojourners

WITH THEIR FAMILIES.

The Pond and streams are well stocked with delicious fish of many kinds including

TROUT AND PIKE,

and boats in good order will be kept for the accommodation and amusement of guests, either for fishing or pleasure excursions upon this beautiful sheet of water which is

SEVERAL MILES IN EXTENT.

Surrounded as to an extensive Forest, there is afforded to the sportsman a splendid field for his own peculiar sports, and exercise with his

DOG AND GUN.

His Larder will be always provided with the delicacies of the season; and his Bar stocked with Pure Liquors. The House is large and commodious; the Stabling extensive and safe.

The House is located from several points on the Bloomsburg & Lackawanna Railroad; and is a splendid place to pass the hot months of Summer. E. R. HAYHURST.

May 17, 1867-6m.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

ALBANY, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned having leased and refitted in a well known and centrally located house, the Exchange Hotel, situate on MAIN STREET, in Bloomsburg, immediately opposite the Columbia County Court House, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that his house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may be disposed to favor it with their custom. He has spared no expense in preparing the Exchange for the entertainment of his guests, neither shall there be anything wanting on his part to minister to their personal comfort. His house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.

Omnibuses run at all times between the Exchange House and the various railroad depots, by which travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars. JOHN F. CASLOW.

Bloomsburg, March 22, 1866.

COLUMBIA HOUSE,

BY

BERNARD STOHNER.

Having lately purchased and fitted up the well-known Robison Hotel Property, located a few doors above the court house, on the same side of the street, in the town of Bloomsburg, and having obtained a license for the same as a

RESTAURANT,

the Proprietor has determined to give to the people visiting the town on business or pleasure,

A LITTLE MORE ROOM,

His stabling also is extensive, and is fitted up to put buggies and carriages in the dry. He promises that everything about his establishment shall be conducted in an orderly and lawful manner; and he respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. may17'67-6m.

STEVENS HOUSE,

21, 23, 25 & 27, BROADWAY, N. Y.

Opposite Bowling Green.

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

THE STEVENS HOUSE is well and widely known to the traveling public. The location is especially suitable to merchants and business men; it is in close proximity to the business part of the city—is on the highway of Southern and Western travel—and adjacent to all the principal railroad and steamboat depots.

The Stevens House has liberal accommodation for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every moderate improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates. The rooms are spacious and well ventilated—provided with gas and water—the attendance is prompt and respectful—and the table is generously provided with every delicacy of the season—at moderate rates. GEO. K. CHASE & CO.

my18'67-6m. Proprietors.

FORK'S HOTEL,

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former custom and the travelling public that his accommodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wines and liquors (except popular beverages known as "*McHenry*") purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will endeavor to deserve it in the future. GEORGE W. MAUGER.

THE SWAN HOTEL,

(THE UPPER HOUSE,)

ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA CO., PA.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken the above well known House (Upper Establishment), and will be pleased to receive the custom of all who will favor him with a call.

HE WILL KEEP A GOOD TABLE,

Her well stocked with the best of Liquors, and every effort will be made to render entire satisfaction. JOHN SNYDER.

Orangeville, Pa., March 15, 1867-1m.

EXCHANGE SALOON,

The Proprietor of the Exchange Saloon has now on hand a large stock of

SUMMER REFRESHMENTS,

consisting of

SPICED OYSTERS, SARDINES, TRIPE, BOLOGNAS

SWEET TONGUE, ROLLED BEEF, LIMBURGER CHEESE,

LAGER BEER, ALE, &C.

☞ COME ONE, COME ALL AND SEE. ☜

LAWSON CALMAN,
Superintendent.

Bloomsburg, May 3, 1867.

THE ESPY HOTEL,

ESPY, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned respectfully announces to friends and the public, that he has taken the above well known House (Upper Establishment), and will be pleased to receive the custom of all who will favor him with a call.

HE WILL KEEP A GOOD TABLE,

where will be found the best of Liquors, and every effort will be made to render entire satisfaction. C. M. BUMLEY.

Espy, Co., April 12, 1867.

BRICK HOTEL,

ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

ISAAC MUMMA, PROPRIETOR.

Having taken possession of this well-known house, so long kept by Samuel Everitt, the Proprietor has put it in permanent repair and furnished it throughout with the choicest liquors and newest delicacies. His stable is not excelled in the county; and no pains will be spared to accommodate guests. apr2'67.

SUSQUEHANNA HOTEL,

Catawissa, Pa.

The above Hotel has lately been purchased by HENRY J. CLARK, and has been thoroughly remodelled, repaired, and refurnished. It will be found now, in its arrangement and appointments, a first-class Hotel, and second to none in the country. Persons in cities wishing to spend the hot months in the country, will do well to give the proprietor a call.

THE UNION HOTEL,

Arch Street, between Third and Fourth Streets,

Philadelphia.

CHRIST & WEBER,
Proprietors.

GIRARD HOUSE,

Corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets,

Philadelphia,

H. W. KANAGA,
Proprietor.

MERCHANT'S HOTEL,

46 NORTH FOURTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

J. & W. G. MCKIBBIN, Proprietor.

May 10, 1867-1y.

To Hotel and Saloon keepers of Bloomsburg and Columbia County.—I have appointed Mr. R. Stohner agent for the sale of my ale, porter brown stout, and lager beer, who will supply you at the same price and with the same article, as I would furnish you from the brewery. Knowing that he will be punctual and attentive to all who may favor him with their trade, I solicit for him your support. Very respectfully,

FRED LAUER,
Steam Brewery, Reading, Pa.

M. ARTMAN. C. H. BILLINGER. E. R. ARTMAN.

ARTMAN, BILLINGER & CO.,

No. 228 NORTH THIRD STREET,

(*Nearly opposite James, Kent, Sanford & Co.*)

Wholesale Dealers in

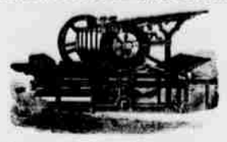
YARNS, BATTING, WADDING, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, SHADES, FLY NETS,

GRAIN BAGS, CORDAGE, &C. ALSO, WILLOW AND WOODEN WARE.

BRUSHES, BRUSES, LOOKING GLASSES, ETC.

May 10, 1867-1y.

THE COLUMBIAN,



A Democratic Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT

BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.

THE principles of this paper are of the Jeffersonian School of politics. Those principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindness shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press. The unity, happiness and prosperity of the country is our aim and object; and as the means to secure that, we shall labor honestly and earnestly for the harmony, success and growth of our organization.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two dollars a year if paid in advance. If not paid in advance two dollars and fifty cents will be invariably charged.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—One square (ten lines or less) one or three insertions $1,50; each subsequent insertion 50 cents.

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y.
One square	$2,00	$3,00	$4,00	$6,00	$10,00
Two squares	3,00	5,00	6,00	9,00	14,00
Three squares	5,00	7,00	8,00	12,00	18,00
Four squares	6,00	8,00	10,00	14,00	20,00
Half column	10,00	12,00	15,00	20,00	30,00
One column	18,00	20,00	25,00	35,00	60,00

Executor's and Administrator's Notice $3,00; Auditor's Notice $2,50. Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line.

Transient advertisements payable in advance—all others due after the first insertion.

☞ It is, in all cases, more likely to be satisfactory, both to subscribers and to the Publishers, that remittances and all communications respecting the business of the paper, be sent direct to the office of publication. All letters, whether relating to the editorial or business concerns of the paper, and all payments for subscriptions, advertising, or jobbing, are to be made to and addressed

BROCKWAY & FREEZE,
"Columbian Office,"
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Printed at Robison's Buildings, near the Court House, by CHAS. M. VANDERSLICE, FRANK B. SNYDER.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB PRINTING

Neatly executed at this Office.

M. L'VELLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Ashland, Schuylkill County, Penn'a.

M. E. JACKSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Berwick, Columbia County, Penn'a.

M. TRAUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Berwick, Columbia County, Penn'a.

WILLIAM H. ABBOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
CENTRALIA, PA.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office with E. H. Little, in brick building adjoining Post Office. ☞ Soldiers, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. apr26'67.

JOHN G. FREEZE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Register and Recorder's office, in the basement of the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ROBERT F. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office corner of Main and Market streets, over First National Bank, Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. L. B. KLINE,
A graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, having permanently located, offers his professional services to the citizens of Catawissa and vicinity. Office on Front Street, second door east of Orndorff & Fisher's Building. [apr26'67-6m

E. H. LITTLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office on Main street, in brick building below the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
☞ OFFICE—Court House Alley, below the Columbian Office. [Jan1'67.

J. B. ROBISON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.
Office in Orangel's Building, Main Street, West of the American House. [my24'67.

AUCTIONEER.
MOSES COFFMAN,
Having followed the profession of Public Vendue Cryer for many years, would inform his friends that he is still in the field, ready and willing to attend to all the duties of his calling. Persons desiring his services should call or write to him at Bloomsburg, Pa. [mar8'67.

DR. W. H. BRADLEY,
Late Assistant Medical Director U. S. Army,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
☞ Office at the house opposite Shive's Block, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Calls promptly attended to both night and day.
Bloomsburg, Jan. 18, 1867.

J. B. PURSEL,
HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK
MANUFACTURER,
and dealer in
CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS, &c.
Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

S. C. SHIVE,
CABINET MAKER,
AND MANUFACTURER BY STEAM OF
SASH, BLINDS, DOORS,
SHUTTERS, MOULDINGS,
WINDOW FRAMES, &C.
MAIN STREET,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
June 28, 1867.

S. C. COLLINS,
FASHIONABLE
SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING
AND
SHAMPOOING SALOON,
Over Wilsinger & Jacoby's Ice Cream Saloon,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Hair Dyeing and Whiskers colored black or brown. Hair Tonic to destroy dandruff and beautifying the hair; will restore hair to its original color without soiling the finest fabric, constantly on hand. apr12'67.

C. E. SAVAGE,
PRACTICAL
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELRY,
Main Street, near the Court House,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Constantly on hand a fine assortment of AMERICAN AND SWISS WATCHES, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware and Spectacles

Particular attention paid to the repairing of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles.

☞ Masonic marks made to order. All work warranted. apr12'67.

Choice Poetry.

A MEDLEY.

BY MARION HOOD.

Bid us away the blue-tailed fly,
Maryland my Maryland;
I'm going to Alabama
With a barge within my hand,

Bring thy shattered heart to me,
Annie of the Vale;
Brave men behold your fellow-chief,
Riding on the rail.

It is a charming girl I love,
Her name is fairy Bell—
When I saw sweet Nellie home,
I—never kiss and tell.

Oft in the stilly night,
I fondly think of thee,
Uncle Sam what ails you
Sitting on yonder tree?

I'm going home to Dixie,
With a whack row-de-dow;
Our country is in danger,
Who will care for mother now?

Hark! I hear the bugle sounding,
From the cohesive shore;
May God protect Columbia,
When time shall be no more.

It is all up in Dixie—
Kissing on the sly;
The world is layer lucky—
Rosy, beg, or die.

Miscellaneous.

THE TOWN LOT.

ONCE upon a time it happened that the men who governed in the municipal affairs of a certain growing town in the West, resolved, in grave deliberation assembled, to purchase a five-acre lot at the north end of the city—recently incorporated—and have it improved for a park or public square. Now, it also happened that all the saleable ground lying north of the city was owned by a man named Smith—a shrewd, wide-awake individual—whose motto was, "Every man for himself," with an occasional addition about a certain gentleman in black taking "the hindmost."

Smith, it may be mentioned, was secretly at the bottom of this scheme for a public square, and had himself suggested the matter to an influential member of the council; not that he was moved by what is denominated public spirit—no; the spring of action in the case was merely "private spirit," or a regard for his own good. If the council decided upon a public square, he was the man from whom the ground would have to be bought; and he was the man who could get his own therefor.

As we have said, the park was decided upon, and a committee of two appointed, whose business it was to see Smith and arrange with him for the purchase of a suitable lot of ground. In due form the committee called upon the land-holder, who was fully prepared for the interview.

"You are the owner of these lots?" said the spokesman of the committee.

"I am," replied Smith, with becoming gravity.

"Will you sell a portion of ground, say five acres, to the city?"

"For what purpose?" Smith knew very well for what purpose the land was wanted.

"We have decided to set apart about five acres of ground, and improve it as a kind of park, or public promenade."

"Have you indeed? Well, I like that," said Smith, with animation. "It shows the right kind of public spirit."

"We have, moreover, decided that the best location will be at the north end of the town,"

"Decidedly my opinion," returned Smith.

"Will you sell us the required acres?" asked one of the councilmen.

"That will depend somewhat upon where you wish to locate the park."

The particular location was named.

"The very spot," replied Smith promptly, "upon which I have decided to erect four rows of dwellings."

"But it is too far out for that," was naturally objected.

"Oh, no. Not a rod. The city is rapidly growing in that direction. I have only to put up the dwellings referred to, and dozens will be anxious to purchase lots and build all around them. Won't the ground to the left of that you speak of answer as well?"

But the committee replied in the negative. The lot they had mentioned was the one decided upon as best suited for the purpose, and they were not prepared to think of any other location.

All this Smith understood very well. He was not only willing, but anxious for the city to purchase the lot they were negotiating for. All he wanted was to get a good round price for the same—say four or five times the real value. So he feigned indifference, and threw difficulties in the way.

A few years previous to this time, Smith had purchased a considerable tract of land at the north of the then flourishing village, at fifty dollars an acre. Its present value was about three hundred dollars an acre.

After a good deal of talk on both sides, Smith finally agreed to sell the particular lot pitched upon. The next was to arrange as to price.

"At what do you hold this ground per acre?"

It was some time before Smith answered this question. His eyes were cast upon the floor, and earnestly did he enter into debate with himself as to the value he should place upon the lot. At first he thought of five hundred dollars per acre. But his cupidity soon tempted him to advance on that sum, although a month before he would have caught at such an offer. Then he advanced to six, to seven and to eight hundred. And still he felt undecided.

"I can get my own price," said he to himself. "The city has to pay and I might just as well get a large sum as a small one."

"For what price will you sell?" The question was repeated.

"I must have a good price."

"We are willing to pay what is fair and right.

"Of course. No doubt you have fixed a limit to which you will go."

"Not exactly that," said one of the gentlemen.

"Are you prepared to make an offer?"

"We are prepared to hear your price, and to make report thereon," was replied.

"That's a very valuable lot of ground," said Smith.

"Name your price," returned one of the committee men, a little impatiently.

This brought up to the point, Smith, after thinking hurriedly for a few moments, said:

"One thousand dollars an acre."

Both the men shook their heads in a very positive way. Smith said it was the lowest he could take; and so the conference ended.

At the next meeting of the city councils, a report on the town lot was made, and the extraordinary demand of Smith canvassed. It was unanimously decided not to make the proposed purchase.

When this decision reached the land-holder he was considerably disappointed. He wanted money badly and would have "jumped at" two thousand dollars for the five acre lot, if satisfied that it would bring no more. But when the city came forward as a purchaser, his cupidity was subjected to a very strong temptation. He believed that he could get five thousand dollars as easily as two; and quieted his conscience by the slave—"An article is always worth what it will bring."

A week or two went by, and Smith was calling upon one of the members of the councils, to say that, if the city really wanted the lot, he would sell at their price, leaving it with the council to act justly and generously, when a friend said to him.

"I hear that the council had the subject of a public square under consideration this morning."

"Indeed," Smith was visibly excited, though he tried to appear calm.

"Yes; and I also hear that they have decided to pay the extravagant price you asked for a lot of ground at the north end of the city."

"A thousand dollars an acre?"

"Yes."

"Its real value, and not a cent more," said Smith.

"People differ about that. However, you are lucky," said the friend, "the city is able to pay."

"So I think. And I mean they shall."

Before the Committee to whom the matter was given in charge had time to call upon Smith and close with him for the lot, that gentleman had concluded in his own mind that it would be just as easy to get twelve hundred dollars an acre as a thousand. It was plain that the council were bent upon having the ground, and would pay a round sum for it. It was just the spot for a public square; and the city must become the owner. So, when he was called upon by the gentlemen, and they said to him,

"We are authorized to pay you your price," he promptly answered,

"The offer is no longer open. You declined it when it was made. My price for that piece of property is now twelve hundred dollars an acre."

The men offered remonstrance; but it was of no avail. Smith believed that he could get six thousand dollars for the ground as easily as five thousand. The city must have the lot, and would pay almost any price.

"I hardly think it right, Mr. Smith," said one of his visitors, "for you to take such an advantage. This square is for the public good."

"Let the public pay, then," was the unhesitating answer. "The public is able enough."

"The location of this park at the north end of the city will improve the value of your other property."

This Smith understood very well. But he replied:

"I'm not so sure of that. I have some very strong doubts on that subject. It's my opinion that the buildings I contemplated erecting will be far more to my advantage. Be that as it may, however, I am decided in selling for nothing less than six thousand dollars."

"We were only authorized to pay five thousand," replied the committee. "If you agree to that sum we will close the bargain on the spot."

Five thousand dollars was a large sum of money, and Smith felt strongly tempted to close in with the liberal offer. But six thousand loomed up before his imagination still more temptingly.

"I can get it," said he to himself; and the property is worth what it will bring."

So he positively refused to sell it at a thousand dollars per acre.

"At twelve you will?" remarked one of the committee, as they were about retiring.

"Yes, I will take twelve hundred an acre. That is the lowest rate; I am not anxious, even at that price. I can do quite as well by keeping it in my possession. But, as you seem so bent on having it, I will not stand in your way. When will the council meet again?"

"Not until next week."

"Very well. If they then accept my offer all will be right. But understand me: If they do not accept, the offer no longer remains open. It is a matter of no moment to me which way the thing goes."

It was a matter of moment to Smith, for all this assertion—a matter of great moment. He had several thousand dollars to pay in the course of a few months on land purchases and no way to meet the payments except by mortgages or sales of property; and it may naturally be concluded that he suffered considerable uneasiness during the time which passed until the next meeting of the council.

Of course the grasping disposition shown by Smith became the town talk; and people said a good many hard things of him. Little, however, did he care, so that he secured six thousand dollars for a lot not worth more than two thousand.

Among other residents and property-holders in the town, was a simple-minded, true hearted, honest man, named Jones. His father had left him a large farm, a goodly portion of which in process of time, came to be included in the limits of the new city; and he found a much more profitable employment in selling building lots than in tilling the soil. The property of Mr. Jones lay at the west side of the town.

Now, when Mr. Jones heard of the exorbitant demand made by Smith for a five acre lot, his honest heart throbbed with a feeling of indignation.

"I couldn't believe it of him," said he, "six thousand dollars. Preposterous! Why, I would give the city a lot twice the size, and do it with pleasure."

"You would?" said a member of the council, who happened to hear this remark.

"Certainly, I would."

"You are really in earnest?"

"Undoubtedly. Go and select a public square from any of my unappropriated land on the west side of the city, and I will pass you the title, as a free gift to-morrow, and feel pleasure in doing so."

"That is public spirit;" said the councilman.

"Call it what you will, I am pleased in making the offer."

Now, let it not be supposed that Mr. Jones was shrewdly calculating the advantage which would result to him from having a park at the west side of the city. No such thought had yet entered his mind. He spoke from the impulse of a generous feeling.

Time passed on, and the session-day of the council came round, a day to which Smith had looked forward with no ordinary feelings of interest, that were touched, at times, by the coldness of doubt and the agitation of uncertainty. Several times he had more than half repented of his refusal to accept the liberal offer of five thousand dollars and of having fixed so positively upon six thousand as the "lowest figure."

The morning of the day passed, and Smith began to grow uneasy. He did not venture to seek for information as to the doings of the council, for that would be to expose the anxiety he felt in the result of their deliberations; slowly the afternoon wore away and it so happened that Smith did not meet any one of the councilmen; nor did he even know whether the council was still in session or not. As to making allusions to the subject of his anxious interest to any one, that was carefully avoided; for he knew that his exorbitant demand was the town talk—and he wished to affect the utmost indifference on the subject.

The day closed, and not a whisper about the town lot had come to the ears of Mr. Smith. What could it mean? Had his offer to sell at six thousand been rejected? The very thought caused his heart to grow heavy in his bosom. Six, seven, eight o'clock came, and still it was all dark with Mr. Smith. He could bear the suspense no longer and so determined to call upon his neighbor Wilson, who was a member of the council, and learn from him what had been done.

So he called on Mr. Wilson.

"Ah, friend Smith," said the latter, "how are you this evening?"

"Well, I thank you," returned Smith feeling a certain oppression of the chest. "How are you?"

"Oh, very well."

Here there was a pause. After which Smith said—

"About that ground of mine? What did you do?"

"Nothing," replied Wilson, coldly.

"Nothing, did you say?" Smith's voice was a little husky.

"No. You declined our offer;—or, rather the high price fixed by yourself upon the land."

"You refused to buy it at five thousand when it was offered," said Smith.

"I know we did, because your demand was exorbitant."

"Oh, no, not at all," returned Smith quickly.

"In that we only differ," said Wilson. "However, the council has decided not to pay you the price you ask."

"Unanimously."

"There was not a dissenting voice."

Smith began to feel more and more uncomfortable.

"I might take something less," he ventured to say, in a low, hesitating voice.

"It is too late now," was Mr. Wilson's prompt reply.

"Too late! How so?"

"We have procured a lot."

"Mr. Wilson!" Poor Smith started to his feet in chagrin and astonishment.

"Yes; we have taken one of Jones's lots, on the west side of the city. A beautiful ten-acre lot."

"You have!" Smith was actually pale.

"We have; and the title-deeds are now being made out."

It was some time before Smith had sufficiently recovered from the stunning effect of this unlooked for intelligence, to make the inquiry.

"And pray how much did Jones ask for his ten-acre lot."

"He presented it to the city as a gift," replied the councilman.

"A gift! What folly!"

"No, not folly—but true worldly wisdom; though I believe Jones did not think of advantage to himself, when he generously made the offer. He is worth twenty thousand dollars more to-day than he was yesterday, in the simple advanced value of his land for building lots. And I know of no man in this town whose good fortune affects me with more pleasure."

Smith stole back to his home with a mountain of disappointment on his heart. In his cupidity, he had entirely overreached himself, and he saw that the consequences were to reset upon all his future prosperity. The public square at the west end of the town would draw improvements in that direction, all the while increasing the wealth of Mr. Jones, while his in the north end would remain at preset prices, or it might be, take a downward range.

And so it proved. In ten years, Jones was the richest man in the town, while half of the five acre lot passed from his hands, under the hammer, in the foreclosure of a mortgage for one thousand dollars!

Thus it is that inordinate selfishness and cupidity overreach themselves: while the liberal man deviseth liberal things, and is sustained thereby.

It is doubtful which of these three great force exerts the greatest influence upon society—the cartridge box, the ballot box, or the band box.

CORRY O'LANUS' EPISTLE.

The Great Base Ball Match—O'Pake Versus Chad—Suspicious Play—Brilliant Batting, Frolic Fielding, and a Remarkable Conclusion—The O'Pakes the Victors—Unprecedented Score.

Dear Eagle: The great Base Ball Match which I referred to last week has been played.

It was between the first (and only) nine of the O'Pake club, and the Chad club.

We played on the Capitoline ground, which had been nicely swept and sprinkled, and the bases white-washed.

The weather was fine though cloudy, and warm though windy.

The attendance of spectators must have been less than fifteen thousand, but for fear of accidents from heavy batting none were allowed in the enclosure.

Chad arrived first and threw his castor into the ring and offered to bet a year's subscription to Ball Player's Chronicle against a ticket for a Turkish Bath on first blood.

There was no takers, as every ball player takes the Chronicle, but none of them care about a Turkish Bath.

O'Pake soon after appeared, and was received with applause—and music by the band.

Hugh B. Blode, of the Rooster club, was chosen Umpire, and play began.

The Chads went in first and we went out.

We expected to have M. T. Jugg for a pitcher, but he didn't appear but sent his cousin O'Tard, who pitched in so heavily at the start that he hit the batsman, cornered on the short stop, and knocked the scorer out of time.

The Umpire cried fowl.

O'Pake wanted to know who he called a fowl—if he alluded to any of his nine.

He'd find there were no chickens in that crowd.

Umpire apologized and the game went on.

Chad got a splendid strike, got as far as the second base, and was calculating on a home run when our right field, who was stationed on the corner of Washington and Greene avenues, caught the ball on a fly.

Chad out.

Blister then took the bat; he let fly at the ball, but the pitcher dodged, got home on his bread-basket, and sent him to grass.

First knock down for the O'Pakes—(Great cheering.)

Game suspended to take a drink.

Bloater then fried his luck at the bat, which he handled with great skill, but failed to connect with the ball. He always hit when the ball wasn't there.

Umpire ruled him out.

The O'Pakes then went in.

Chlorid O'Lime then took the bat, and as soon as the ball came along, sent it back again, and started in pursuit of the first base.

Somehow the ball got there before he did, and the chap who ran that station in the Chad interest put him out.

O'Blique had the next chance. After raising twice he got the range and made a hit.

The ball cushioned on a house in Bedford avenue, caromed on the flag-staff of the Capitoline headquarters, and was caught on the bound by Casterile.

O'Blique out.

(Some mean person in the crowd cheered. I afterwards heard Casterile was imported from Idaho, expressly to beat us.)

I took a turn. The crowd suspended its breath.

It is a critical moment in a man's life, when he stands for the first time with an exaggerated potato masher in both hands, to protect himself from the designs of a chap in front who is going to fire a ball at him, another behind his back ready to take any advantage of him, and all the field before him.

But I stood a monument of resolute firmness waiting for the ball.

I came, I saw, I hit, I run.

The ball went to right field and landed in the Union Grounds, about a mile off.

One of the Atlantics, who was playing at the time, kindly threw it over the fence, and it came to hand just as I had scored my fourth home run,—and taken some thing.

This brilliant play stirred up O'Pake who went in to beat it.

O'Pake was always good on the strike, which accounts for his success in politics.

He counted heavily on the ball which went off to left field.

The ball was lost sight of for some time, but by the aid of the Police Telegraph we ascertained that it had come down in Prospect Park.

A committee was sent after it in a buggy.

Meantime we took a recess for refreshments.

O'Pake scored five home runs. He might have made more but he was not going to run himself out before election.

O'Shaw took the bat; being left-handed he knocked the ball round the corner. It made a short stop on the Umpire's nose and tapped his claret.

First blood for the O'Pakes.

Umpire got savage and ruled O'Shaw out on the ground that this shot was counter-base, and contrary to rule 1, 111.

This put our side out.

The Chadists looked desperate and played as though they meant mischief.

They made one run, owing to O'Blique.

O'Blique was left field, and having broke his eye glass looking so hard through it, had left the field, to get a new pebble inserted and didn't get back in time to find the ball before Casterile made a home run.

It was the muffinist play I ever saw.

We went in and made another run on the bar, and told the bar-keeper to score it.

We should have scored one, but the Umpire ruled us out on a technicality.

O'Lime had made the first base, when O'Pake made a hit and changed his base. O'Shaw came after him and made a ten strike and was followed by O'Bear who made a foul, and was subsequently caught out on a fly by the pitcher, when O'Blique made a hit and ran and got to the second base just as O'Shaw had made up his mind that it was too hot to run, and O'Pake refused to leave his base until he had a drink. The field hands being unable to find the ball the short stop was unable to put anybody out, so each they were all out at the bases, and the rest of our nine having gone to see a man there was nobody to take the bat.

The Umpire, who was mad because we hadn't asked him to take a drink, ruled us out.

The Chads now squared for work, and Blister having recovered himself, made a hit and got his first base in good style.

Borax followed and got his second base because the small boy I had hired to run for me on left field had run home to see if his mother wanted him.

Camomile hit to centre field and brought Blister home.

This was all they made.

We went in again.

Things began to get mixed. It was my turn at the bat and going in I found they were going to play a double game, two innings at once, to make it short.

There were six bases now.

Also two pitchers.

I grasped both the bats in both hands, and stood on the two home bases.

The two balls came at once, and trying to hit both I went between them, and went down to avoid punishment.

The referee called time.

Asked what was trump?

Somebody said clubs.

Said I'd pass.

O'Pake insisted on my playing. Offered to play muggins for drinks for the crowd.

Somebody took me up and stood