

SANTO DOMINGO.

How the Ancient City of Columbus Obtained Its Name.

Santo Domingo is the oldest city built by Europeans now standing in the western hemisphere. It was founded by the brother of Columbus, and is said by some to have been named after their father, Doménico, and by others to have received its name because it was on Sunday that the ship sent from the north arrived there—Santa Domingo meaning "holy Sunday." Curiously enough, its founding was the result of a quarrel.

On the northern shore of Hispaniola, as the island of Santo Domingo was then called, was Isabella, the first Spanish colony in the New World. There, one day, a young Spaniard named Miguel Diaz, one of the followers of Columbus, stabbed a companion in a fight; and, afraid of the anger of Columbus, he fled into the mountains and went toward the south. After wandering for some days he came to a river, and following it to where it emptied into the sea, found a tribe of Indians called the Ozamas. They had heard of the wonderful white men who had landed on their island, and they received him with awe, but with kindness and hospitality, and took him before their queen, Zamena, who was famous for her beauty and gentleness. He had not lived long with them when Zamena lost her heart to the fair-faced Spaniard, and they were married. For a time, all went well, but Diaz soon tired of the simple life; and his wife, to please him, told him of gold to be found in the river Jayna, and guided him to it. Diaz then went back in haste to Isabella, knowing that the news of the discovery would secure his pardon—as it did. He guided his avaricious companions to the golden stream, and afterward to the mouth of the Ozama river. There Columbus chose the place for the town. It was begun in 1493, and it was called Santo Domingo.

The Spaniards ill-treated and made slaves of the simple Indians, and Zamena, seeing the evils she had brought upon her people, fled to the mountains and was never heard of afterward. The new city grew and prospered until the year 1503, when it was entirely destroyed by a frightful hurricane, and was rebuilt on the other bank of the river. There it stands to-day, not much changed from the Santo Domingo of four centuries ago.

It is very curious to go from one of our cities, with its new, bright, tall buildings and its broad streets alive with the hum and bustle of business, to this sleepy old Spanish town, where (on account of the earthquakes) the houses are rarely more than one story high, and are painted various colors—blue, green, brown or red; where the narrow streets have sidewalks only three feet wide, and where nobody is ever in a hurry; and to remember, as one walks over the town, that those streets were once trodden by Pizarro, who gathered there the first money that enabled him to start on the expedition that conquered Peru; by Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico; by Ponce de Leon, who discovered Florida; by Balboa, the first European who saw the Pacific ocean; by Ojeda, who discovered Venezuela; and by Columbus himself, and his brothers and his son, and the companions of his voyages.—St. Nicholas.

EARTH WORMS.

Their Agency in Making the Soil Productive.

The worms know well that rapid heaving of the soil which betokens the approach of a mole to their innocent burrows, and the moment they feel it rush wildly to the surface, prepared rather to face the worst that lark or blackbird may bring upon them than to await the onslaught of their most ruthless and bloodthirsty enemy. If you dig a pointed stick into the ground and shake the earth a little by moving it from side to side you will find citizens of worms hurry up to the surface at once, under the mistaken impression that the petty earthquake is some mole's doing. For the senses of earthworms are extremely keen and their perception of danger most acute and vivid.

A person unaccustomed to the ways of worms might wonder that enough of them can be found in the comparatively small tract of land which earth mole taboos or occupies as his own to satisfy the needs of so voracious a creature. But, as a matter of fact, the worm population of England is something incredibly high, to be numbered, no doubt, by millions of millions. Every field on our downs is far more thickly populated underground than London is on the surface; every meadow is as dense with teeming thousands of worms as Lancashire is with men or an anthill with embezzlers. The soil swarms with life.

Vinegar kills worms, and where a barrel of vinegar has been accidentally spilled upon the ground the surface is sometimes positively covered before long by a thick layer of wriggling creatures which have come up to die, as is the wont of their species. The abundance and ubiquity of the game explains the numbers and frequency of the hunters. Every mole eats daily many pounds of worms, and yet every field supports a whole villageful of them.

It is the entire drama of nature on a small scale underground—remorseless, self-centred, unfeeling as ever. Worms exist, and exist in thousands, because there are myriads and myriads of dead leaves for them to live upon. Almost every dead leaf that falls from tree or shrub or weed or herb, except in autumn (when the supply all at once immensely outruns the demand), they carry underground and bury or devour with ceaseless industry. In doing so they create and keep up the layer of vegetable mold on the surface of the earth which alone makes plant life, and especially cultivation, possible.

Cultivated areas are, therefore, those where worms are most abundant. So far as they themselves are concerned, however, the worms eat only for their own appetite's sake and never suspect they are the friends of lordly man, whose fields and crops they thus unconsciously fertilize.—Cornhill Magazine.

Head of Firm—Have you had any experience with double entry?
Prospective Bookkeeper—I should say so! I've been shipping clerk for one of the largest houses in the trade.
Head of Firm—But you didn't learn anything about double entry, did you?
Prospective Bookkeeper—Certainly, etc. When the goods were shipped I made one entry, and when they were returned I made another. Ain't that double entry?—Cloak Review.

Generosity Itself.
Struggling Pastor—Nearly all the congregation have subscribed liberally for the building fund, and I feel sure that I can also have your hearty cooperation. How much will you—
Mrs. Leader—Let me see. Oh, I am the only member who has a carriage. I think!
"Yes, the rest are poor."
"Well, I will drive around and collect the subscriptions."—Demorest's Magazine.

A Session at Home.
"Going to lodge, Arthur?" exclaimed the young wife, in surprise. "I didn't know you were a member of any lodge?"
"Why, aw—yes, Georgiana," said the young husband. "I belong to the Order of Elks."
"And would you rather spend the evening with a lot of Elks than with your own little dear?"
And Arthur meekly hung his hat up again.—Chicago Tribune.

He Hadn't Forgotten Anything.
Waiter—Haven't you forgotten something, sir?
Customer (anxiously)—Why, did I give you a quarter?
Waiter—No.
Customer (relieved)—That's all right, then. I haven't forgotten anything.—Truth.

An Irrefutable Argument.
She—So that is Travers-Russell's yacht. I understand he is highly connected in England. Belongs to an old aristocratic family.
He—Oh, that's impossible! Why, he pronounces his name exactly as it's spelled.—Life.

Expecting Too Much.
"Do they love each other?"
"They did, but it is hardly to be expected that they can do so now."
"Why not?"
"They've been engaged two years."—N. Y. Press.

What She Needed.
Mr. Grassaway—I tell you, doctor, that I am sick, and you say that all I need is rest, and you haven't even looked at my tongue.
Doctor—I know that it needs a rest without having looked at it.—Texas Sittings.

A Rebuff.
Cholly (seeking to be friendly)—Weather cloudy to-day, isn't it?
Her Father (gruffly)—Great Caesar, young man! haven't you got sense enough to know whether it is or not without asking?—Judge.

ANOTHER EVOLUTION.
The cigarette and the dude.—Judge.

Preliminary Information.
Fond Father—In giving you my daughter, Mr. Willard, I pass into your keeping the dearest thing I have on earth.
Mr. Willard (anxiously)—How much does she cost you a year, may I ask?—Town Topics.

She Didn't Believe in Shooting.
He—Wonderful score that of Henry's! Why, he hit the bull's-eye nine times in succession yesterday.
She—Yes, but just think of the suffering of that poor bull. Men are so cruel!—Boston Globe.

On the Other Side.
Mrs. Henry Peck (looking up from her paper)—Ah! well, poor Hyson is rid of his trouble and misery at last.
Mr. Henry Peck (in astonishment)—Why, I didn't know his wife was sick. When did she die?—Puck.

Couldn't Say Definitely.
"Do you take this man for better or for worse?" asked the minister.
"I can't tell until I have had him a little while," returned the bride.—Harper's Bazar.

Wonderfully Taking Accomplishment.
William—I hear that Charley Dodgson is a great miracle. They say he can take off anything.
Arthur—That explains it. I couldn't imagine where my umbrella had gone.—Boston Globe.

No Deception.
"Didn't you promise to love, honor and obey me?"
"Yes, but the minister has known me all my life, and he knew I didn't mean it."—Puck.

Still Even.
Little Miss Mugg—I've got a bicycle, and you hasn't.
Little Miss Freckles—Yes, and now everybody knows you wears darned stockin's.—Good News.

Some Men Are Built That Way.
"He's lazy, you say?"
"Lazy! That's no name for it. He'll run half a mile to catch the omnibus to ride two hundred yards."—Town Topics.

No Cause for Regret.
"I've come out of this tight squeeze in pretty good shape," said the new half dollar, fresh from the stamping machine.—Chicago Tribune.

Pathology as Opposed to Physiology

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.
No. III.
The symptoms under this number come on gradually and irregularly. Usually there is a dull headache, dimness of vision, imperfect articulation, (speech), imperfect muscular power in face and limbs, and loss of memory. If these symptoms are protracted from day to day in a chronic manner—will result in sudden death or dementia. Early medical treatment is imperative and will cure.

No. IV.
The patient is suddenly seized with an agonizing pain. Death seems and often is imminent. Breath is labored. There is a feeling of oppression in the chest. The features are sunken, pain shoots down the arm, sometimes both arms, or there is numbness in the arms. The pain extends along the surface of the breast, neck and lower jaw. So severe that sudden death is frequently produced by it. The face becomes pale and covered with a cold sweat. The expression is of extreme anxiety, alarm and dread. The morbid sensations generally cease in a few minutes suddenly, though there is a feeling of exhaustion. Rarely does the first attack prove fatal, but it may thus terminate either suddenly or gradually. Physicians are rarely called in time, the paroxysm having passed before their arrival. The treatment should be commenced in the interval of attacks as well as during the paroxysms. The above conditions are generally curable. The cure is rarely spontaneous, and if the patient would survive the disease, no delay should be made in having proper medical treatment.

No. V.
The symptoms under this number apply to a diseased condition of one special organ. Frequently they are quite obscure at first except there is a general decline of vitality. A chemical and microscopic test is necessary to form a correct diagnosis. In other instances the symptoms are noticeable from the start. The morbid processes in the organ would indicate a number of diseases, each of which is of grave importance and requires special and early treatment. The first symptoms generally noticeable are swelling of the feet and ankles and puffed condition under the eyes. The feet and about the ankles leave dents from pressure by the fingers. This may exist in a slight degree for some time, then disappear for a time, and return again. In other instances the swelling comes on rapidly, and to an enormous extent. Pallor of the countenance at times. Indigestion and dyspeptic disorders are common. Bloating of the stomach, and in bad cases sometimes to an extent that the stomach is frequently mistaken for the seat of the disease. Impediment in breathing is sometimes felt. There may be pain in the loins but this is not generally prominent. Headache is frequent, dimness of vision, double vision, two objects instead of one, night blindness, short and long sightedness in some cases may be observed. Coma, "stupor," and delirium and convulsions are exceedingly grave symptoms. Pain is scarcely experienced, but languor and a vague feeling to a distress is common. The termination of the disease is not generally favorable, but many cases are cured by medical treatment.

For the want of space I am obliged to cease writing. Perhaps there may be some that will be interested in what I have written in kindness truly,
DR. J. R. EVANS.

If your lung trouble is of scrofulous origin, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will cure you.

A son, a hired hand or the boss himself who kicks, whips and quarrels at the gentle kine that give milk, deserves to be kicked and whipped and scolded himself.

Many of the new costumes show the pointed apron overskirt.

Receptacles of silver, net-purse-shaped, are made to carry the handkerchief in.

Life Is Misery

To many people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no other remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum and every form of blood disease. It is reasonably sure to benefit all who give it a fair trial.

Hood's PILLS cure liver ills.

A lot of new notes of the sharpest kind have just been printed and are for sale at this office. Also common receipts, estate receipts, and collectors' receipts, neatly bound in books of 25, 50 and 100.

Fancy woven moose cloth comes up among the handsome novelties in winter dress fabrics.

It's all the same, a slight cold, congested lungs or severe cough. One Minute Cough Cure banishes them.—W. S. Rishton, Druggist.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



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No such opportunity can be had elsewhere to make money. Lots secured on SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Maps of the town and of plotted property furnished on application.

Call upon or write to the Secretary, or J. S. Woods, Sales Agent, or any member of the Board of Directors.

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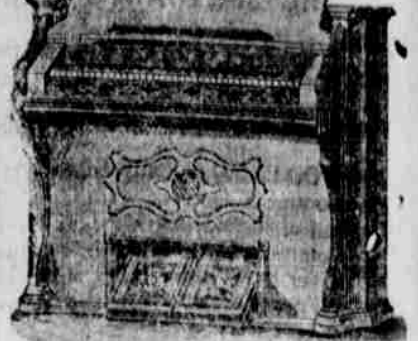
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THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

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Butter per lb. \$.30
Eggs per dozen .16
Lard per lb. .14
Ham per pound .15
Pork, whole, per pound .07 to .08
Beef, quarter, per pound .06 to .08
Wheat per bushel .85
Oats " .50
Rye " .80
Wheat flour per bbl. 4.00
Hay per ton 13.00
Potatoes per bushel .65
Turnips " .25
Onions " 1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck .25 to .35
Cranberries per qt. .10
Tallow per lb. .08
Shoulder " .14
Side meat " .08
Vinegar, per qt. .08
Dried apples per lb. .08
Dried cherries, pitted .15
Raspberries .18
Cow Hides per lb. .05
Steer " .05
Calf Skin .40 to .50
Sheep pelts .90
Shelled corn per bus. .65
Corn meal, cwt. 2.00
Bran, " 1.25
Chop " 1.25
Middlings " 1.25
Chickens per lb. .10
Turkeys " .12
Geese " .10
Ducks " .10

COAL.

No. 6, delivered .25
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