

A GOOD ONE.
"You bain't no occasion for a jer nor nothin' I s'pose," said a jolly son of St. Crispin from the land of wooden nutmegs as he entered a shoe establishment, with his kit nicely done up in his apron.
"Wonder if I bain't was the reply of the Boss. Why I should like a dozen if I could get 'em, but what kind of a shoe can you make?"
"O as to the matter of that," said the snob. "I reckon how I can make a decent sort of a craft."
"Spread your kit then," said the Boss; "I'll give you a pair to try; and if you work suits me I can give you a steady seat of work."
Crispin was soon at it hammering and whistling away as happy as a clam at high water, and the Boss was called away on some business which detained him two or three hours—meanwhile the tempering jer had produced a thing which bore some faint resemblance to a shoe and being some what ashamed of it hid it in a pile of leather chips that lay on the floor, and proceeded to make another which he had barely time to finish when his employer entered and began to examine it.
"Look here, mister," said he, "I guess you needn't make the mate to this, it is the great 'cat' batch that ever was made in my shop, 'hain't it?"
"Praps you'd like to bet a trifle on that," said the snob.
"Bet," responded the Boss. "Why I'll bet a ten dollar bill against a handful of tobacco that there never was a shoe made in this shop half so bad as this."
"Done," says Crispin at the same time casting a sly wink at his shopmates, "but stop, let me see if I've got so much of the weed with me. Oh yes, here's a whole handful of Cavendish," and laying it on the cutting board, he ventured to suggest the propriety of having the suit skin laid along the side of it, which was no sooner done than he proceeded to draw from its hiding place the other shoe.
"Here Boss," said he you must decide the bet, say which of the two shoes is the worst?
"Well, I guess I'm fairly sucked in this time replied the boss, pushing the Cavendish and shin plaster towards the rightful owner, and throwing a nine pence to the youngest apprentice. "The boy needed no farther instruction as to his duty, but was off in the twinkling of a bed post, and soon returned with a quart of blackstrap. After all hands had sufficiently regaled themselves, the shrewd yankee put his sticks together, and bidding the boss a hearty good bye, started again on a tramp, very well satisfied with his forenoon's work."

TOUCHING INCIDENT.
The following beautiful, delicate and touching incident is taken from a work on Irish character, written by Mr. and Mrs. Hall:
Our attention was one day called to a young girl in the town of Galway; who had 'come in' for the purpose of selling two lambs. Her sweetheart had gone to sea—bequeathing his mother, a very firm old woman; to her care. Soon after his departure Mary, left her father's more comfortable dwelling, to reside in the old woman's cabin, so that, as she said herself, 'she might watch the craythur day and night, seeing she had no one to look after her.'
Her parents were strongly impressed with the idea that she had thrown her affections away on a wild sailor who would forget her; but her faith in him was unbounded. A sleep was her fortune, and crags, and in good time brought her twin lambs. These she hoped to have been able to keep toward the formation of a mountain flock; but the season was so 'pinching that to support her old friend, she brought the lambs into town for sale. The creatures were coupled together like hounds; and, she stood with her eyes cast down, yet looking from them; it was impossible not to note the sorrow stamped upon her gentle features.
Several asked her the price, and after beating her down turned away without purchasing. This continued for some time, until at last she sat down, and passing her arms around her fleece charge, she began to cry—
'I'm loath to part them,' she said weeping, 'yet I must part them for what they will bring. Every one is the same; it's bitter poverty that would make me part any thing that has life in it.'
'Then why don't you go to your own home; Mary, and take your lambs home!'
'I am at my own home,' answered Mary, 'and sure it isn't because the woman is poor and friendless that you would have me leave her, is it?'
At last, a rough coated farmer touched by her distress, offered the fair value for lambs. At first she eagerly accepted his proposal; but when she placed the teiber in his hand, she raised her eyes imploringly in his face—
'Sure, it isn't going to kill them y'are?'
'No, my dear, no, it is not; I'd be sorry to hurt a curl of their wool; they'll go to my own flock.'
'God bless you!' she said, and departed with a smiling countenance.

EASTERN POLITENESS.
An Englishman is walking in the streets of Damascus, when up comes a respectable looking Turk and slaps him on the breast; the Englishman, not knowing what to make at this, stares at the Turk, who seems quite disappointed at not receiving a return in kind for his civility. In the end it turns out that the blow was not meant for an invitation to a pugilistic set-to, but as a friendly token of recognition, such as is very common throughout the east. Again, a traveller riding towards the ruins of Cæsarea, sees two Arabs advancing in the opposite direction, mounted on very fine horses.—As soon as they catch sight of him they raise their long spears in the air, and shouting 'Yallah! dash at him full tilt; he halts; they circle round him once, then wish him a happy journey, and ride on their way.

ELECTION JOKE.
At a recent election in this city, (says the Worcester, Eng. Journal,) the vote of a well known gentleman was challenged by a young whipper-snapper, who officiated, and who knew that the old gentleman differed from him in politics.
'It is necessary for you to swear that you have lived in this ward more than ten days,' said the challenger.
'Why you know that I have,' replied the voter, 'for more than ten months ago you came to my shop and purchased the hat you have on, and never paid for it yet.'

SUBLIME.
'You know, madam, that you cannot make a purse out of a sow's ear.'
'O sir, please let me see, I have imitations of a swoon. When you use that odious specimen of vulgarity again, why don't you clothe it in more refined phraseology?—You should have said, 'It is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary receptacle from the articular organ of the softer sex of the genus Sus.'

A SIGN.
An amusing and quite significant incident occurred at the Michigan Garden on the evening of the 4th. 'Hurrah for Clay,' cried a whig urchin! This was quickly responded to by 'Hurrah for Polk,' by a score of boys. Stop, stop, said a third person, a whig, we believe, don't hurrah for Polk, if you do the Garden will be so full in ten minutes that we can't stay here.—Free Press.

GOING IT TO KILL.
A person having occasion to notify a doctor to visit his wife, said to him as he was about stepping into his chaise.
'Now, doctor you'll drive on to kill won't you.'
'Yes certainly,' replied the doctor.

CHURNING BUTTER.
Sarah dear, said a waggish husband to his wife, 'if I were in your place, I wouldn't keep that babe so full of butter as you do.' 'Butter, my dear! I never give it any butter.' 'No, but you poured about a quart of milk down it this afternoon, and then trotted it on the knee for nearly two hours. If it doesn't contain a quantity of butter by this time, it isn't for want of churning.'

NOTICE
The Collectors in the different townships throughout the County, are hereby notified, that the county in want of money, and unless they pay off the duplicates for 1841 and 1842, by August Court, they may expect to be proceeded against immediately after that time. The Commissioners direct me to say, they are in earnest, and any one neglecting this notice will find it out.
By order of Commissioners,
D. CLARK, Tres. Col. Co.
July 5—1844.

BLANKS!!!—BLANKS!!!
—Justice Blank EXECUTIONS and SUMMONS just printed and for sale at his Office

NOTICE
Is hereby given that I have purchased at a public sale, as the property of John Fullmer; and have left the same in his possession during my pleasure, and forbid any person taking it from him either by purchase or otherwise, without my consent.
One third seven acres wheat in the ground five acres of rye in the ground; three acres of corn in the ground; four acres of buck wheat in the ground; three fourths of an acre of potatoes in the ground; about three hundred feet of inch boards; three bunches of shingles; one ton of hay and seven acres of grass in meadows.
A. B. M. YOUNG.
July 16, 1844.

PAY THE PRINTER, QUICKLY.

The Western People all agree, To go for Polk, of Tennessee.

A fool may ask more questions in an hour than a wise man can answer in seven years.

Now is the very nick of time to subscribe, as, on the 16th of March, 1844, will commence the fourteenth Volume of

The Family Newspaper, THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER

Wanted, NEAR BLOOMSBURG, 50,000 feet Pine Boards, 50,000 feet Weather Boards, 100,000 Lap Shingles, 30,000 feet Pine and Hemlock Plank, 2,000 feet lineal Round Timber, from 10 to 14 inches in diameter.

CHARLES KAELER, Tailor, WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Bloomsburg, and its vicinity, that he still continues to carry on the above business, at his old established stand on the corner of Main and East-streets. Having received the LATEST PHILADELPHIA and NEW YORK FASHIONS, in connection with Scott & Wilson's Highly Improved patent for cutting garments in the most fashionable manner, warranted to fit without any possibility of failure, and feeling assured from his long experience in the business, that work executed at his shop, will never be complained of, he hopes, by strict attention to business to receive a share of public patronage a heretofore.

Brandreth's Pills.

HEALTH is characterized in an individual by the absence of all pain, suffering, or affection in any part of his body; by the free and regular exercise of his functions without any exception.—They consist in having a good appetite at meal times, an easy digestion, free evacuations, without looseness or costiveness at least once in every twenty-four hours, and without heat, dryness, or burning at the passage, the free issue of the water without acrimony or burning, and without a reddish sediment which is always a sign of a present or an approaching pain; quiet sleep without agitation or troubled dreams; no taste of bile or other bad taste in the mouth upon rising in the morning; no sourness or disagreeable rising of the stomach; a clean tongue; a sweet breath; no itching pimples or spots on the skin; no piles; no burning heat upon any part of the body; no excessive thirst when exposed to labor or cold or known cause; no irregularity to any natural evacuation; no pain at their periodical return.

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