

Wit and Gossip.

From the Kidderbros.
BILL PAID.
BY ALICE F. LEADEN.
Bill not fair. Kitty in the lane—
A wind,
I think
The wind again!
He walks around her while—
No doubt
At such good taste!
Bill will burst his own at quick—
A scold,
The truth,
And loss the trick.
With, with her own hand, she gave
That's rough
And showed her brave.
She said: "I won't then hold so still—
A kiss,
Sweet kiss
Paid Bill!"

An Arkansas father, sending his son forth to a scheming world, like Polonius, fortified him with advice. Those who know the game of Echoes will appreciate the humor of the sermon:

"Bob, you are about leaving home for strange parts. You're going to throw me out of the game, and go it alone. The odds is against you, but remember always that industry and perseverance are the winning cards; they are the 'flowers.' Book learning and all that sort of thing will do to lip up with like small trumpets, but you must have the bows to back 'em, else they isn't worth much. If luck run agin' you pretty strong, don't care in and look like sick chickens on a rainy day, but hold your head up and make 'em believe you're nash of trumpets; then you won't play so hard agin' you. I've lived and traveled around, some, Bob, and I've found out that as soon as folks thought you'd out a weak hand, they'd back 'em agin' you strong—So, when you're sorter weak, keep on a bold front, but play cautious; be satisfied with a pint. Many's the hand I've seen euchred 'cause they played for too much. Keep your eyes well skinned, Bob; don't let 'em ring on you; recollect the game lays as much with the head as with the hands. Be temperate; never get drunk, for then no matter how good your hand, you won't know how to play it; both bowers and the ace won't say you for them's sartin' to be a 'misdeal' or something wrong. And another thing, Bob (this was spoken in a low tone), don't go much on the women; queens is kinder poor cards; the more you have of them the worse for you; you might have three 'and' nay trump; I don't say 'dicard' 'em all; if you yet hold one of that's a trump, it's all good, and their's sartin' to be one out of four. And above all, Bob, be honest; never take a man's trick won't belong to you; 'norp cards,' nor 'nig' for when you can't look your man in the face, and what's the case there's no fun in the game; it's a regular 'cut-throat.' So, Bob, farewell; I remember well I tell you, and you'll be sure to win, and if you don't, never you right to get kunked!"

A Jew, in a tavern in the town of Edingen saw a merchant whom he seemed to recognize.

"Are you one of the good men with whom I had the pleasure to travel from Basle to Strasburg, on the Rhine?"

The merchant assented, and asked:

"How you, my fellow traveller, since we met, picked up much traffic?"

The Jew, like a Yankee, instead of answering, asked:

"Did you make a good speculation at the fair? If so, would like to propose a bet to you; that is, I bet that you cannot repeat three words after me, as I say them. I make money as go along."

The merchant, thinking that a few pence more or less, would make no difference to him, replied:

"Say on."

The Jew said, "Cutter."

"Cutler."

Next, "Bag-pipe," and bag-pipe was responded to.

The Jew smiled, and said "wrong."

The merchant, puzzled, bethought himself where the mistake could be by the Jew, taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket, made a stroke, and said:

"One sixpence for me."

The Jew commenced, and said:

"Olive oil."

The merchant said "Olive oil."

"Tanner."

The Jew smiled again, and said "wrong."

And so on till the sixth time, when the merchant said:

"Now I will pay you, if you can show me I was wrong."

The Jew said—"You never said the third word, 'Wrong,' and accordingly I won the bet."

The merchant paid, and the Jew made money as went along."

"Oh only leave a kid behind, And I'll not ask for who."

The ladies of Canada came nearly up to those of the United States in acts of idolatry towards the Prince. In a city of Canada West, resides a colored man by name "Frank," a functionary who indulges in hair dressing, saloon-keeping, and the mysteries of cooking and general waiting. This colored individual is a man of rare wit, unbounded humor, quick at repartee, and fond of a practical joke. He has moreover a certain pungitito of system, so when that he indulges in a laugh, external or abrouded beneath the black veil of his shining outside, he may be said to shake like a jelly, after the fashion of Santa Claus, in the "Night before Christmas."

Now it happened, so the story goes, when the Prince of Wales visited the city where "Frank" resides, that a colored man by name "Frank" was an essential accessory thereto. Without "Frank" was no ball was no ball.

During the evening, after supper, and while "Frank" was among the dishes in the culinary room, his privacy was intruded upon by certain young women, who addressed him inquisitively, about as follows:

"Oh! Frank, have you the glass out of which His Royal Highness drank?" To this Frank blandly responded, "Yes." "Will you let us drink out of it?" "Certainly." "Now Frank, which side of the glass did His Royal Highness' lips touch?" "Frank" indicated the identical spot.

Then the young women, each and all reverently and jubilantly touched their lips to the glass. They then said, "are you sure, Frank, that you touched the place twice?" Frank responded, "certainly; for I wanted to drink after the Prince, and had my lips on the very spot touched by his just before you came in." I know it is the place."

Fairly laddish, and the fatuous Frank responded; and the fatuous Frank, smiling, and jylling for a full half hour.

While the census taker was engaged in the eastern part of Hamilton county, Mass., for weeks since, he came upon a farmer, and after asking the usual questions, inquired his wife's first name. "I thought you knew her," replied the farmer. "I know her, but her name is not known to me." "Can't you tell me?" "No, sir; if it is Mary?" "Mary?" "Yes, sir; if it is Mary?" "Mary?" "Yes, sir; if it is Mary?" "Mary?" "Yes, sir; if it is Mary?"

After considerable reflection, the agricultural man replied, "I vow I don't know; but I don't believe I ever asked her; but if it is anything like the rest of the names, it is Mary." "Mary?" "Yes, sir; if it is Mary?" "Mary?" "Yes, sir; if it is Mary?" "Mary?" "Yes, sir; if it is Mary?"

Frank, the census taker was engaged in the eastern part of Hamilton county, Mass., for weeks since, he came upon a farmer, and after asking the usual questions, inquired his wife's first name. "I thought you knew her," replied the farmer. "I know her, but her name is not known to me." "Can't you tell me?" "No, sir; if it is Mary?" "Mary?" "Yes, sir; if it is Mary?"

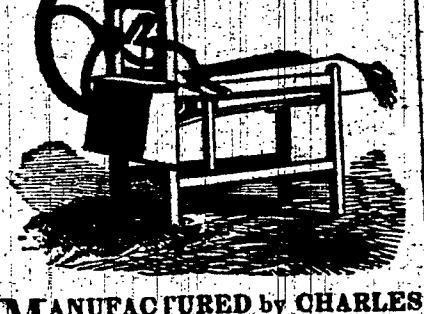
"By gracious powers, I am sure it is Mary!"

"The woman is prepared to leave, and the last words he heard, as he drove away, were:

"I know before I sleep."

TERRA COTTA DRAINS PIPE.
A N D POTS.—A large number of
these are in diameter, very cheap
and are durable. Persons in want
of such pipe will find it in
J. H. BARNETT'S Store, Pittsfield.
March 19, '60.

Superior Union Straw-Cutter!



MANUFACTURED BY CHARLES
LAWRENCE & CO.—For sale by
CHARLES L. LAWRENCE, Pittsfield.

PAINTING, &c.

Window Shaded Gold Borders
6 and 7 Feet Long.
NEW PATENT FIXTURES!
At New York City Retail Prices.
Can be had at
Lester & Robins, Pittsfield.

NEW STYLES

OF

Paper Hangings, &c.

DECORATION, &c.

Old Fashioned Pictures, &c.

MUDEY & BOWEN,

Painters and Paper Hangings,

Painted and Gilded Pictures, &c.

REDUCED PRICES:

REBATES, &c.

THE SUBSTANTIAL AND A LARGE LINE OF

very cheap Patterns of

Wall Glass, for Halls, Public

Rooms, &c.

REBELLANT TRACT.

TEA WAREHOUSE,

At 149 State Street, Pittsfield.

PHILADELPHIA & READING RAILROAD.

OFFICE of the Phila. & R. R. Co.

Philadelphia, August 23, 1860.

The Rates of Freight and Tolls on Coal transported by

this Company will be made available to

you, Mr. and Mrs. —,

Henry M. Pittsfield, Agent.

HOTELS.

FECKER'S HOTEL,

(Formerly Pittsfield House).

C. COOK & CO.,

16 Wall Street, Pittsfield.

WHITE HORSE HOTEL.

The undergarned offer for sale the

REED & CO.,

18 Wall Street, Pittsfield.

THE BELMONT HOTEL.

The undergarned offer for sale the

WHITE HORSE HOTEL.

The undergarned offer for sale the

WHITE HORSE HOTEL.

THE FRANKLIN HOUSE,

Champlain Street, Pittsfield.

THE BELMONT HOTEL.

The undergarned offer for sale the

WHITE HORSE HOTEL.

THE BELMONT HOTEL.