

time of life, Mahala Crossgrain?" she queried with asperity, her eyes snapping like fire-crackers.

"A woman as old as you had ought to know better, a member of the church, too, an' a widdier woman, fine times ter do it tow," snapped out Mahala, hauling out her knitting. "Look at me!" cried Aggy sternly.

"Oh, I see ye often enough for that matter," said the other, as imperturbable as a stone: "a flighty, stuck-up piece, as proud as a Luciee sence Number 3 died an' left you all his money, more fool he!"

Glow-Worm.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, Feb. 19.

Who has not heard of Mary's little lamb and its fondness for its mistress? Indeed, the interest of that touching poem, in which the exploits of the lamb are set forth, centres so completely about the animal that we almost forget that Mary, too, has a claim on our sympathies. The poem, therefore, will gain new interest for many, when it is known that the little lamb's Mary was in town this week, and in an interview confirmed all that has been told of her pet, and showed a portion of that "fleece as white as snow." So, hereafter, let no sceptic hint that the story of Mary and her lamb is a myth, or a fable handed down from the dim regions of antiquity.

The poor dogs have been having it hot and heavy the past week. At a hearing the other day, many arguments for and against them were brought forward. One party claims that they are injurious both to property and life; that many cases of hydrophobia have occurred in the last few years, and proposes that the dog tax be increased, and that dogs be subjected to the same restrictions as cows, sheep, etc. The other side maintains that real cases of hydrophobia are rare, that dogs protect more property than they destroy, and, in short, endeavor to refute the arguments of the former party. In our opinion, however, the former take the right view of the case.

This afternoon a performance of "Kip Van Winkle" will be given at the Globe, by amateurs in aid of the "Society for the Elevation of the Stage." The rehearsals have been very satisfactory, and as the piece is finely mounted, success may be expected. In fact, every ticket has been sold already. The move is one in the right direction, and doubtless will lead to a partial, if not entire attainment of the desired end.

The military party of the National Lancers, at their armory last week, was a very fine affair. The hall was thronged, and the parti-colored uniforms of the members mingled with the bright dresses of the ladies, presented a very gorgeous appearance.

For the last few days the sleighing has been poor, but just before, the avenues leading from the city were lined with sleighs. Several serious accidents happened last week. One young lady, while driving with a gentleman in Brookline, had her skull fractured, from the collision of a runaway horse with the sleigh in which she was driving.

A prominent firm of confectioners have been on trial this week for adulterating candy. They stated that they had been in the habit of using chromate of lead as a coloring matter,

not believing it poisonous. They were found guilty on that count, but acquitted on the charge of general adulteration.

"LEAH."

Boston, Feb. 26, 1878.

One hundred and forty-six (146) years ago last Friday, there came into the world an infant, who in after years was destined to become famous as the hero of that remarkable story concerning the cherry tree and the hatchet. In his life he performed (we believe) one or two other deeds worthy of honorable mention, but the episode of the little hatchet will ever remain firmly fixed in the minds of American youth. The old woman who nursed George Washington, and the old man who shook hands with him are every year becoming rarer, and some day the newspaper paragraphist will be forced to invent a new item to take the place of the one that has served its turn for so many years.

Washington's Birthday this year was very rainy, and as the storm prevented all outside observances, one would scarce have realized that it was a holiday had it not been for a few half-drenched flags and the ringing of the bells at sunrise, noon and sunset. Indoors, however, receptions by several prominent ladies were given, and at the Music Hall an entertainment consisting chiefly of fancy dances was well attended by the children.

One often hears of running through time, but this week a gentleman literally waltzed through quite a portion of time. On Friday, Prof. Cartier accomplished the somewhat unusual feat of waltzing for thirteen consecutive hours, without resting a moment. Thirteen different ladies were his partners, and change of partners was made without any loss of time. While in motion he also partook of refreshments. It is said that he would not hesitate to wager \$2,500 that he can waltz as long as a man can walk, the rate of speed being not less than four miles per hour.

Madame Modjeska, the great Polish actress, made her first appearance on the Boston stage on the evening of the 23rd, as "Adrienne Lecoreux," to a highly cultivated audience, among whom were Prof. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, Miss Clara Doria, etc. Madame Modjeska's acting has been so highly praised, that some who expected to be "perfectly carried away" were a little disappointed, but only those who tried could find fault. Madame Modjeska is tall and slender, with wonderful dark eyes, and her acting is the very perfection of art. There was such a rush for tickets on Saturday, that some people went as early as 5 a. m., to wait for them. As many speculators took advantage of the demand for tickets the managers of the theatre have held an auction sale, at which tickets were sold at a premium of from twenty-five to eighty cents.

Services are held in the Moody and Sankey Tabernacle by Major Whittle and Mr. McGranahan every evening except Saturday: on Sunday an audience of four thousand were present in the great building. These gentlemen will stay here about a week later, and are doing a very good work.

"LEAH."

"With these few remarks, Mr. Chairman, I will resume my seat," he said with a majestic bow, but the small boy had slightly interfered with his calculations, by pulling the chair away, and the orator had the floor again. Moral: It is well enough to appoint a date at which to resume specie payments, but we had better be careful not to allow the silver boys to pull the chair of financial stability away at a time when it is most needed. — *Turner's Falls Reporter*.

How does a chiropodist make a living? By razing ache corns.

TORCHISMS.

***What geometrical sign would you use to name the sun? Why call him a *tan-gent*.

***And now they adulterate honey. This is a bees-ty brand.—*Terry Haute Mail*.

A man who would do this should be kept in a "cell," receive fifty "whacks" a day, and when he dies be condemned to everlasting punishment in as "swarm" a corner as "Old Nick" can find him.

***Does Scotch whiskey taste *snaky* when it comes in pipes?

***Suggestive — Mr. Bean has opened a hotel in Concord.

Kept, probably, on the Euro-bean plan.

***Why is a sentinel keeping guard like money raised from a pawnbroker on a "ticker"? Because he's "a-loan on the watch."

***The reason why Pagans are so behind-hand in the march of civilization, is because they are such idol people.—*Phila. Herald*.

The above is from the *Phila. Herald*, and if they are going to fill a paper with such heathenish puns, nothing could Hindoo us to exchange with it.

EPIGRAPH FOR A CHAMPION SCULLER.

A good "stroke" pulled while he had breath, His last stroke was the "stroke of death."

***Why is a knock-kneed man the best friend to have? Because a friend in-kneed is a friend indeed.

***The man who was found by the policeman in the mud was considerably muddled.

***Umbrellas are different from most other things, as they are most useful when *used up*.

A SOUR HUMORIST.

Mark Twain is sour on stocks. About two years ago he sent some money out here with instructions to put it in Overman. It was put in at \$95 a share—and it's there yet. Yesterday the following despatch came to the *Chronicle* office:

HARTFORD, CONN., Dec. 7.—To D. E. McCarthy: Isn't this a good time to sacrifice that stock? Answer by telegraph at my expense. S. L. CLEMENS.

As the general prospects for "a market" are generally considered very good just at present, and as the Overman mine is being vigorously prospected, with good indications, on the 1,400 level, the grim humorist was advised (by telegraph at his own expense) that a more favorable opportunity to "sacrifice that stock" would probably be secured by holding on a little longer.—*Virginia Chronicle*.

G.A.S.

Gas seems to be under a cloud at present. Every now and then electricity gives a jump and scares it, while its old and persistent enemy kerosene is gradually alienating its best friends and slowly but surely supplanting it in the good graces of the best society. Now a new bugbear comes from Philadelphia, and it seems impossible for gas to make light of its troubles, for "one we doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow after." A new kind of process has been invented that threatens to manufacture an illuminating fluid for about thirty cents a thousand feet. Slack or bituminous coal dust, it is said, is injected into the retorts in a continuous current and mingled with steam, being instantly converted into gas, purer and with less waste of time and material than by the present process.