

## Selections, Grace and Gay.

### BEGIN EIGHT.

BY AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

The following if not rare, is at least true—and is worth of attention, at this particular time, when so many of us are rushing headlong into the holy bands of matrimony, to be lost to us forever.

"This little fable (said my Uncle,) may perhaps be of service to some poor devil, "more willing than wise."

A certain man once married a lady, whose reputation for amiability of disposition was seriously questioned; it was not in reality seriously questionable. At the wedding, every thing went of merrily, of course; the supper magnificient—the whole affair had been sumptuously successful, and all parties extremely delighted.

On entering his apartments, the gentleman found himself annoyed by the meowing and purring of a cat.

"What is in the devil's name is that?" he exclaimed.

"Oh nothing, my dear," replied the bride, "but my favorite, Pussie."

"Oh—down—Pussie! I hate cats!" and with this he most unmercifully threw Pussie out of the second-story window.

"Well! if you've got a temper!"

"Teet my dear—you'd better believe it."

"Everything," continued my Uncle, "went on well, in that establishment—even to a warm dinner of Sunday."

Now it happened that a friend of the above mentioned gentleman, who had some months before committed the same error of marrying "an angel," took occasion to inquire of him.

"How it was, that with him, every thing "went merrily as a marriage bell," while, on the contrary, he, (his friend) had almost given up the idea of wearing pants—oh well."

Whereupon he related to him the story of Pasqua and the second store widow, "whooosh!" said Uncle, "fully impressing upon his mind the important moral—that it was necessary to begin right." Nevertheless, there was that in his eye, when he started for home, "that told of treason."

"Well," said his wife, "you've come home at last, have you—after keeping me sitting up for you—and what's the matter—you haven't been drinking have you? you look very strange."

"Not in the least, my dear—but I hate cats lovely."

"You do—do—well, I like 'em—that's all the difference!"

Whereupon the unfortunate husband made a dash at poor Topsy—who was quietly snoring on the sofa—and rushed impetuously to the window.

"You have been drinking. What are you going to do, monster?"

"Throw her out of the window!"

"You better try it—I'd like to see you do it—I'd break every bone in your body—why don't you throw her out—I dare you to it."

He put the cat softly down on the sofa hung his hat on a peg in the entry, his manuscript and his pastel upon an easy-chair, and exclaimed—

"I rarely think you didn't—you better take a fresh come to bed!"—and that game again, or you'll catch it—

"Wrong from the word went."

Oh, dear me!—N. Y. Star!" said Uncle.

How to do It.

There is good sense to the following advice, men and women, who are thinking of matrimony: Young, from an article by Grant Thibaut, is the last number of the Home Journal:

"There is nothing to be gained in dallying for a twelvemonth, after a sensible woman, talking home-making stuff—words without wisdom. Tell her your wish like a man, and not like a blubbering school-boy. She will never trifle with your affections; and if there are three grains of common sense in your mulberry carcass, she will be your own before a month has passed." See the history of Rebecca, in Genesis, 24th chapter, 56th verse.

When Abram's servant had concluded the preliminary contract with Mrs. Lethbridge, on the part of her daughter, to become the wife of Isaac, the old man was anxious to get home, to show his master the bonny lass he had brought him. The master wished him to remain a few days, to recruit himself and nerves. He persisted, it was finally referred to the daughter. "We will call the damsel and inquire of her mouth," said the mother. When Rebecca appeared, her mother asked, "Will thou go with this maid?" Rebekah replied, "I will go."

There was a noble girl for you. No tear starting from her black eyes; no whining, nor simpering, make-believe, nor mock modesty—but what her heart wished, her lips uttered. Like an honest maiden, she replied, "I will go." Now, young ladies, go thou and do likewise. When the man you prefer before all others in the world, says, "Will you go with me?" answer "I will go."

By-the-bye, ladies, when you wish to read a true simple and unadorned love story, just read over the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis."

A Great Discovery.

We saw some weeks ago, in a Pennsylvania paper, an announcement that a motive power had been discovered which would supersede the use of steam. It is said that some facts have recently come to light which entitle the statement to credit. Professor Salomon, of Harewoodburg, Ky., has successfully applied the power of carbureted gas as a substitute for steam in propelling machinery for every purpose. The power of the gas has long been known to the chemists, but their ability to regulate and govern it has prevented its use as a propelling agent.

Prof. Salomon claims to be able to control it with perfect safety, and asserts that it will afford a power equal to steam in one-fifth of the space, and one hundredfold the part of the expense, with both furnaces and boilers. Experiments have recently been made in Cincinnati, which are said to be entirely satisfactory.—Nashville Banner.

A Good One.

A certain tight-fisted old codger of this city, happened at Foster's Philosophical Instrument Manufactory, a few weeks since, where he was shown the Lord's Prayer engraved in space about the size of a five cent piece, with which he was very much pleased. Returning home he related the circumstance to his family, and a prodigal (?) son coming into the sitting room, the following passed:

"My son would you suppose that the Lord's Prayer could be engraven in a space no larger than the area of a half dime?"

"Well—yes, sir, if a half dime is a large in every body's eye, it is in yours, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it on about four times.—Gin. T."

Very Substantial.

"See here! how long will these loose rats last?" inquired a traveller of an archin, while riding past a long string of fesse made of this material. "They'll last forever," responded the boy in a confident tone. "Forever!" exclaimed the stranger; "how do you know that?"

"Why, my father tried it twice, and I guess I ought to know by this time," said the lad very gravely.

Disinterested.

Twenty-one hundred dollars, mostly specie, were found in a secret drawer by the appraisers of the estate of Muffy Sholly, an elderly maiden, recently deceased, near Lebanon, Pennsylvania. That is where the silver goes."

In Favor With the Women.

A drunken man fell asleep by the roadside, where a pig found him, and began to lick his mouth. "Who's licking me now?" exclaimed the drunkard; "what a capital thing it is to be in favor with the women!"

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