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apr6tf

Kitty Dale.

"If I ever marry," Kitty Dale used to say, half in earnest and half in fun, "the fortunate man—or, if you like better, the unfortunate man—must be a person who possesses these three qualities: wealth, good looks, and sense. I name wealth first, because I think it the most necessary and desirable article of the three. Although I would never think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I should be ashamed of, yet I think I would sooner talk sensibly for the one or shine for the other, provided he were rich, than to economize and live in obscurity for any man, however handsome and sensible he might be."

I know not how much of this came from Kitty's heart; that some of it did, the sequel will show. Without doubt she built her full share of Spanish castles, for her education in the duties and objects of life were exceedingly imperfect, if not absolutely false. But whoever became acquainted with Kitty's true womanly nature could not doubt that she was capable of deeper and nobler sentiments.

And the time approached when Kitty must take the important step—the most important in woman's life—of which she had spoken so lightly; when she would give her friends an opportunity to judge how much of her heart there was in the words we have cited.

At the joyous age of eighteen she had a goodly number of suitors, but as she never seriously encouraged but two, we will follow her example, and leaving the others unnoticed, consider the only relative advantages and merits of her favorites.

If this was not a thoroughly true story, I would avail myself of the privileges of the literary artist and picture the two gentleman in strong contrast, so as to heighten the effect.

I would represent the one as a hero and genius, but poor, the other as a fool and rascal, but rich. But the truth is, our poor genius was neither a genius nor very poor. He was a clerk in a Broadway bank, with sufficient salary to enable him to live very comfortably, but which offered no chance of ever becoming rich.

Frank Gothwait possessed many eqcellent quallities, which gave him the reputation among the early and more discriminating portion of his acquaintances as being a "highly estimable young man;" among his comrades as being a "deuced good fellow," and among the ladies of being "just as nice as could be."

Kitty loved Frank; she couldn't help it, and Frank knew it. He was convinced she preferred his his society to that of Tom Wellington, his only rival.

This Tom Wellington—his comrades called him the "Duke"—was neither an idiot, nor humbacked, nor bow-legged, all of which I wish he had been; it would have made my story so much more interesting. On the contrary, he was a sensible, handsome, well bred young man, and, so far as I know, there was not a trace of rascal in his composition. Besides these advantages he—the son of one of our merchant princes—possessed an income sufficient to enable him to live superbly. He counted his thousands when his rival counted his hundreds.

Frank rested his hopes, therefore entirely, on the influence he possessed over Kitty's heart. The "Duke," although just the man for her in every particular, as he was rich, handsome and sensible, could never succeed in winning her affections, and the aimable Frank could not or would not believe she would allow the promptings of her nobler and better nature to be overruled by worldly considerations.

When he, however, one day insisted on knowing his fate, she startled him by saying, with a deep drawn sigh:

"Ah, Frank, I am sorry we ever met!"

"Sorry?"

"Yes, I have thought it all over; we can never be anything but friends."

"What!" exclaimed Frank, turning suddenly, and nervously twisting his mustache.

"Never, never!" said Kitty, in tone scarcely audible.

Frank sat down with her on the sofa; put his arm around her waist in spite of a gentle 'don't do that,' and, letting his voice sink almost to a whisper, spoke to her—the proud Kitty—until she wept bitterly.

"Kitty," said he, in a tone full of tender emotion, "Kitty, I know that you love me, but you are proud, ambitious, selfish! If it is really your wish that I should leave you, speak the word, and I will go."

"Go then," murmured Kitty.

"Have you fully decided?" asked Frank, scarcely able to believe his ears.

"Yes."

"Then farewell!"

He took her hand in his, looked for a moment at her pretty, tearful face, and then, unable to control himself, pressed her passionately to his bosom.

She not only submitted to his embrace without a struggle, but giving way to an irresistable impulse, threw her arms around his neck. Suddenly, however, recollecting her resolution, she loosened her hold and pushed him from her with a sigh.

"Shall I go?" he stammered.

A faint "Yes" broke from Kitty's lips—the next moment she lay alone, sobbing and weeping, on the sofa. But little by little her grief seemed to wear itself out. Her tears ceased to flow and her breathing became more regular. Her head rested on her arm, and her face was concealed beneath a flood of dark brown curls.

The struggle was over; the pain was already stilled. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and sprang up gaily to meet and welcome him. His manner pleased her, his social position and wealth fascinated her. His heart, he said, had long been hers; would she not also accept his hand? She would and she did. A kiss sealed the betrothal, but—it was no such kiss as she had given Frank, and she could scarcely suppress a sigh. Poor Kitty!

The wedding was superb. Elegantly attired, her beauty was truely dazzling, while everything around her seemed to float in the witching atmosphere of a fairy land. she gave her hand to the man who her ambition and not her heart had chosen.

But it must be admited that ambition could not have made a better choice She already saw herself surounded by a numerous circle—representatives of the F. F.'s—which acknowledged her as its rightful queen. Her path was strewn with fortune's favors; her bark gently glided over the smooth and placid stream of an enchanted life.

Her ambition was satisfied but—not so her heart as she was not slow to discover.

Her friends were numerous; her husband tender, devoted, loving; but all their friendship and all his tenderness was not sufficient to satisfy the longings of a woman's heart. She had known what it is to love—to be under the influence of that divine enchantment which cannot be bought and sold like chattels in the market; but her heart seemed dead; it found no consolation or sympathy in her luxurious life.

Then came a change in her husband. He could not long remain blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the companionship of those whose gayety enabled him, in some measure, to forget his grief; he betook himself to those social byways that are the refuge of so many disappointed husbands, and sought to warm his heart at foreign hearths. Kitty complained to her husband that he neglected her. He replied with reproaches that she had deceived him, had never loved him—reproaches that her conscience told her she deserved.

"What right have you," he cried, "to call me to account, go where I will, or do what I will, you who have never loved me?"

"But it is wrong, sinful!" remonstrated Kitty.

"True," said he. "It is the sinful fruit of sinful seed. And who sowed this seed? Who became the sharer of my fortune without giving me a share of her affections? Who gave me her hand without her heart? Who has taught me the pangs of unrequitted love? No, no, do not weep and clasp your hands! I say nothing you do not deserve to hear."

"I have not said I do not deserve your reproaches; but, whether I am or not the cold deceitful thing you say I am you must see that this state of things cannot continue."

"I know it," said he, firmly.

"Well?"

Wellington's brow bore a portentious aspect. He fixed his eyes for a moment on his wife, and then said, in a measured tone:

"I have decided to live with you no longer, madam. I am tired of being called the husband of the charming Mr. Wellington. You may go your road; I will go mine. neither shall stand in each other's way. We will be free."

"But the world?" cried poor Kitty, trembling.

"The world, ha!—the world will flatter and admire you then as now. What more do you want? To call a simple joining of worldly interests, in accordance with certain forms, a union—what an absurdity! The farce has lasted long enough. But few understand the meaning of the words man and wife. And do you know the meaning of it? Do you know that there can be no union unless mutual love be the connecting link? Enough of this mummery! I will consult with my friends regarding the condition of our separation. No, no, you need have no fears. You need not weep and cling to me. I will be generous with you. You shall have as much of my fortune as you demand."

He pushed her from him. She fell on the sofa, and from the depths of her despair she cried:

"Frank! Frank! why why did I send you from me? Why was I so blind until this misery came upon me to open my eyes!"

She lay upon the sofa sobbing and weeping bitterly. Gradually her grief seemed to subside; she breathed calmly; her tears ceased to flow, and her head lay lightly on her arm.

"Frank," she murmurs suddenly, "dear Frank, come back to me, come back to me!"

"Here I am," said a gentle voice. Frank stood beside her.

"You have been asleep," said he smiling.

"Asleep?"

"Ay, and have been dreaming."

"Dreaming," murmured Kitty, "and is this all a dream?"

"I hope so," said Frank, taking her hand.

"I knew you would not drive me from you so cruelly, so I waited in your father's room, where I have been talking with him the last hour. I came back to plead my case once more, when I found you where I left you.

"Ah, what a frightful dream, it was so like a hideous reality that I tremble when I think of it. I thought I was married."

"If it was so terrible I hope you did not dream you were married to me."

"No, I thought—I thought I had given my heart to one who had not and to whom I never could give my heart."

"So, then, he to whom you give you hand must first have won your heart?"

"Yes, Frank, he must," said Kitty smiling through her tears; "and—there it is!"

And at Grace Church, on a bright June morning, in the year ——, then and there were united in the holy bonds of wedlock, Mr. Frank Gothwait and Miss Kitty Dale.

Pomeroy's *Democrat* tells this on Hipple:

Senator John Hipple comes from Oregon as the special tool of Ben Holladay, the political King of the Pacific. Ben winked at the Republican Legislature of Oregon, and the Republican Legislature elected John Hipple. He cares no more for politics than he does for a dead cat, although he will probably always be found voting unanimonsly with the Republicans in the Senate. Senator John Hipple has one story, which it is his custom to tell at all places where he is gathered in for a square drunk. This story is of a negro boy, of Senator Hipple's town who although under age was sent out last election day to vote. On leaving he was particularly requested by his employer to hurry back. But he did not. He was gone one—two—three—four—half a day, and finally came running back entirely out of breath and dripping like a young Niagra, with perspiration.

"Didn't I tell you to hurry back, you black scoundrel?"

"Yes, sah; but—"

"And here you've have been away nearly half the day; what does it mean?"

"Well sah it means sah, dat I couldn't got back no sooner, sah. Dem Republicans, dey keeps me hurryin' round all ober town, sah; and fore God I votes mor'n a dozen times dis bressed day, suah, sah, and two times in some places, sah. Dat was the matter wid me, sah. I was serbin, de cause, dey said!"

Of course as the loyal Senator John Hipple tells this story there is no doubt of its truth, and it establishes the fact that Republicans of Oregon get as much politics out of the African as the Republicans of any other State. We shall look to see the Hon. John Hipple becomes a useful member of the Republican party, an efficient aid to Mr. Grant's administration, and an ornament to his country.

REST.—The best medicines in the world, more efficient in the cure of disease than all potencies of the chemist's shop, are warmth, rest, cleanliness and pure air. Some persons make it a virtue to brave disease, "to keep up" as long as they can move or bend a finger, and it sometimes succeeds; but in others, the powers of life are thereby so completely exhausted that the system has lost all ability to recuperate, and slow and typhoid fever sets in, and carries the patient to a premature grave. Whenever walking or work is an effort, a warm bed and a cool room are the very first indispensable steps to a sure and speedily recovery. Instinct leads all beasts and birds to quietude and rest the very moment disease or wounds assail the system.

THE WHY.—A sentimental youth, having seen a young damsel shedding tears over something in her lap, took the first opportunity to be introduced to her; and made no doubt that she was a congenial spirit "What work was it that affected you so much the other morning? I saw you shed a great many tears. Was it Bulwer's last?" "I don't know what Bulwer's last is," returned she, "but I assure you I was doing a job which always a'most kills me, I was peeling onions!"

How to Walk Well.

It seems an easy enough matter to walk, and very few ever learn how to do it properly. One can reckon among his acquaintances very many fine looking men and women, but, perhaps, not one of the entire number ts a good walker. The ancient poet tells how the goddess was known by her walk, but that distinguished mark of exalted birth seems to have passed away with the old mythological days. We talk of lordly port and queenly bearing, but such scions of royalty as have visited our shores seem to have very little that is regal in their personal carriage We are not without fine specimens of male and female beauty, but we are too often disenchanted when we see these Venuses and Adonises moving about. There is no real reason for this unseemliness of motion. Men and women are particular enough about their dress, but they shamble, trot, or waddle along without much apparent regard for the appearance they make.

One of the secrets of good walking is to be able to balance the body easily, first on one foot, and the on the other. When the soldier has learned to stand steadily on one foot, he then can walk without swaying, and preserve that steadiness in marching which is always a mark of well-drilled troops. So if civilians wish to learn to walk as well as soldiers, they must like them first learn tomething of the mysteries of ballancig. But it is not an easy thing to stand steady on a narrow sole with a small heel, and this is just the difficulty with the walking of fashionable people. The sandalled feet of those ancient beauties, whose forms have come down to us preserved in marble, are beautiful in their understanding naturalness, and are very unlike those of modern bells, or beaux either, for the matter of that. With low heels and broad soles, it is not difficult to balance the body, while by drawing in the chin the shoulders are naturally thrown back, the lungs given full opportunity to expand, and the head carried erect. Fashionable boots and high heels must be discarded, or it is useless to make the experiment of learning to walk well.—*Hearth and Home.*

IMPORTANCE OF CARES.—There is not a girl on earth, whether the daughter of prince or pauper, who, if made a perfect mistress of all household duties, and were thrown into a community wholly unknown would not rise from one station to another, and eventually become the mistress of her own mansion, while multitudes of young women, placed in positions of ease, elegance and affluence, but being unfitted to fill them, will as certainly descend from one round of the ladder to another, until at the close of life they are found where the really competant started from.

Mothers of America! if you wish to rid your own and your children's household of the destroying locusts which infect your houses and eat up your substance, take a pride in educating your daughters to be perfect mistresses of every home duty; then if you leave them without a dollar, be assured they will never lack a warm garment, a bounteous meal, or a cozy roof, nor fail of the respect of any who know them.

The trial of the Modoc prisoners by a military commission means the death of most of them. "Technicalities of law" do not seriously disturb the administration of military justice. If Jack and his followers could enjoy the [illegible] fence of emotional insanity [illegible] civil Court, they'd find [illegible] corn doctors west of the [illegible] sippi to clear the whole [illegible] of them.—N. Y. *Cor*