

# DAILY REPORTER.

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## The Daily Reporter.

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D. C. IRELAND. E. L. E. WHITE.  
**D. C. IRELAND & Co.,**  
PUBLISHERS.

THE DAILY REPORTER is issued every day in the week except Sundays, and is delivered in the city at 10 cents per week. By mail, 40 cents per month in advance. Rates for advertising same as for THE WEEKLY REPORTER.

## Book & Job Printing.

We beg leave to announce to the public that we have just added a large stock of new novelties to our business, and make a specialty of Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Statements, Business Cards, Ladies' Calling Cards, Ball Invitations (new designs) Programmes, Posters, and all descriptions of work. Terms favorable. Call and be convinced.

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I have just added to my parlor the largest and finest stock of cigars ever in this city. Try them.

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**IN ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES, NEW AND DESIRABLE COLORINGS,**

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WHAT WE GUARANTEE FOR THE DRESS GOODS OF OUR MANUFACTURE.

To be made from the very best material, by skillful workmen, with the latest and most approved machinery, and to be the cheapest goods in the market when service is considered.

Are so thoroughly finished that they can be worn in damp weather, or in a shower, without fear of being ruined by curling or shrinking.

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Our goods are wool dyed, and colors as fast as the purest dyes and greatest care and skill can make them.

Goods show just what they are and will be until worn out, as there is no weighting, stiffening, or artificial lustre used to increase the weight or finish; as is the case with a large class of goods in the market, but which disappears after a few days' service.

As manufacturers we have taken great pains to supply an article in every way reliable, and unsurpassed by similar goods, either foreign or domestic, and would respectfully ask an examination of the various styles and shades to be found on sale by merchants who are agents for the goods.

All goods of our manufacture should bear the name and trade mark of **BROADHEAD WORSTED MILLS,**

Jamestown, N. Y.

## A Tale of Forty-Nine.

WRITTEN FOR THE REPORTER BY MRS. C. M. KIRKWOOD.

In the days of Forty-nine, the golden winged messenger, as he neared their crowded cities, made this proclamation in tones so clear, distinct and loud, it startled half the nation:

"Why do you loiter here," he cried, "For merely life and pleasure While just beyond yon mountain side, Lies wealth, beyond all measure: Where wealth untold is bought and sold,

And each may be partaker; Where fifty tons of finest gold Are digged from every acre."

Thousands upon thousands gladly received the joyful message and came from north and south, east and west, all eager to be first to reach the desired goal. The fever of excitement burning in their veins, home, wife and children; all were forgotten at the cry of gold.

The tide of immigration that came pouring into the "Golden state," then a territory but newly acquired, was something wonderful. It seemed as if they would overrun the country in their thirst for gold, that magic metal, that can unlock at will the most intricate combination of the world's machinery. Social and financial ties being completely ignored:

At the sound of gold both young and old Forsook their occupation, And wild confusion seemed to rule In every situation.

It was during this wild reign of the gold fever that my story opens. In a little community in the southern part of Illinois, there lived a young couple by the name of Wilmot. Harry Wilmot, and his young wife Helen, were happy in their little bird's nest home, with their two children—twin babies, Joyce and Lois, a beautiful girl and boy, lovely little blue-eyed darlings, the pride of their young parents, who saw in them the crowning joy of their lives. With what fond pride the happy father, at the close of the day's labor, would steal softly through the rustic gate, and with noiseless step approach the window to surprise a glimpse of the dear home picture; the supper table with

its white spread and snowy napkins, while seated in a low rocker, with her treasures on her bosom sat his wife, his young and lovely wife, the mother of his babes, soothing their plaintive cries with soft charming lullabies, while awaiting the return of the husband and father from his days work in the fields. Not long does he enjoy the quiet picture. The quick ear of the waiting wife detects the presence of her other self, the only human being who holds the power to send the hot blood in one rapid gush, mantling cheek and brow with crimson; that tell tale glow that speaks for the heart when words fail, or emotion seals the lips for the moment. Seeing that his presence is detected, he steps into the room, greeting his beloved ones with a fond kiss, and pleasant, cheering words for the tired wife, whose weary arms he proceeded to relieve of their precious burden, by taking in his own strong ones the sleeping babes. Softly, tenderly, for fear of awakening the gentle sleepers, denying himself the kiss he so much covets, he lays the sleeping ones in their crib, and takes his place at the table, first placing a chair for his wife, who is occupied in serving the waiting supper, and placing the tempting viands before her hungry husband, whose labors have given the keen appetite, peculiar to the country laborers. She seated herself opposite her husband, who helped her plate before receiving from her hand the cup of fragrant Hyson, a luxury he insisted upon, deeming it a necessity for the young mother whose physical strength is severely taxed with the sole care of house and babies, their circumstances being such that they are unable to hire help.

Just as they had well begun their meal, engaged the while in pleasing conversation, he had been saying what improvement he should make when they were rich, as he hoped to be some day. "For your sake and our sweet babies," he said. Just as she replied:

"Harry, dear, are we not already fortunate indeed, blessed with true hearts, strong arms and those precious sleepers, indicat-

To be Continued.