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D. C. IRELAND. E. L. E. WHITE.
D. C. IRELAND & Co.,
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A Tale of Forty-Nine.

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

ing with a proud, loving glance, the spot where stood the crib that held their treasures, when they were disturbed by the tramping of horses feet accompanied by voices. Rising and looking out of the window, they saw a company of men leading horses with packs on their backs, an unusual sight in their isolated home. As they drove up and stopped in front of the house, the two gazing out the while, the wife recognizing in one who had dismounted and was approaching them, a favorite cousin, cried: "Why, Harry, it is cousin Joe." Meeting him in the door with out stretched hand, she gave him a cordial welcome, introducing him to Harry, whom he had never met, Joe having been for some years in California, then considered almost out of the world. They bade him enter. He at once informed them, without further ceremony, that he had come some distance out of his way in order to make them a visit before returning to his home on the "Pacific coast," having induced his fellow travelers to journey thither in company with himself, promising them the hospitality of his kinswoman, who gave them, one and all, a cordial welcome, assuring them she and her husband would be highly pleased if they could extend their visit several days. It having been their intention to resume their journey on the morrow, the travelers, however with many thanks, declined their kind invitation, preferring the freedom of the camp. Pitching their tents under the shade trees near the house, they proceeded to make themselves at home. Being told there was abundance of small game and fish, they readily consented to abide the time and pleasure of their friend and fellow traveler, who insisted that by so doing they would gain time as their horses were already worn with travel and needed rest. Finding abundance of grass in Harry's pasture, when all was arranged, they reentered the house and proceeded

to discuss the interrupted supper. The mother having indicated the presence of the babes to her cousin who had a wholesome dread of their cries, being an old bachelor, it had the desired effect in causing him to lower his tones during the entire evening, which nothing else could have done.

After some slight conversation Joe asked Harry if he was going to the mines, assuring him that the whole world was moving in that direction that he himself had come east to induce his friends and relatives to return with him to the gold fields in California. Why, cousin Joe, I have scarcely heard them mentioned in this out of the way place. Is it really true? Have they gold in California? Have you seen any of it yourself? Was it talked of before you came east? Tell us all about it. We have heard much through the papers, but the stories seemed incredible, and we have passed them by, as a myth or the wild imaginations of a disordered brain. "Imaginations! They are gospel truths. I tell you man, there are tons of finest gold digged from a single acre. I have seen men go out in the river bar, and pick up with the points of their butcher knives hundreds of dollars, in less than half an hour. Harry! The half has not been told. It varies from finest dust to heavy nuggets that will weigh several pounds, pure undiluted gold. The finest in the world. I tell you what Harry, you must quit this one horse farming business, and go with me to California. Don't look so white, cousin mine, you can go too. There is room enough for all—this to Helen, who had turned gastly pale, at the thought of a possible separation, noting the expression in her husbands face that spoke, plainer than words, the conclusion at which was arriving, in the rapid mental calculation, running through his brain, while listening to those magic words, that cast their spell over half the world during the reign of that universal epidemic, called the gold fever, that stired the earth from center to circumference, flooding as with a mighty deluge, the gold reigns on the far away Pacific, with a heterogenous mass of human beings of every name and nation.

To be Continued.