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

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A Tale of Forty-Nine.

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

CONTINUED.

"Yes: It is true, every word of it. Make up your minds, both of you, to return with me and make enough money in a month to live like princes all your days. Harry looked at Helen. She was white to the lips. His face wore a look of eagerness, mingled with entreaty; also about the drawn mouth were lines she had seen there before, and she knew too well their import. Decision being a marked feature in his character, she knew as well as words could tell that his mind was made up and that he would go at all hazards, being naturally a lover of that ease and luxury that wealth alone can give. There was a moments silence, broken only by the convulsive breathing of the agitated woman, whose mother's instinct told her at once, even though the fact had not dawned on the mind of her husband, that those little sleepers in the cradle there were a living bar to the realization of that hastily formed plan. At last Harry gasped, rather than said:

"What say you, Helen? Shall it be ease and affluence or toil and drudgery our all days?" With her tearful eyes raised to his face, she said: "What of the babes, Harry? Surely you cannot have forgotten them?"

"The babes" he cried. "I had forgotten them for the moment. They could not go. No surely not. Poor little darlings. But Helen dear, it need not be for long. I should soon return with gold enough to give you the luxurious home you are so well fitted to adorn; then the babies could have the advantages that wealth and position alone could give; advantages that our poverty must forever deny them." He paused for her reply. It came in a smothered shriek: "Oh! Harry, surely, surely you do not think of leaving us. Your wife and babes. Leaving us alone. Oh! That dreadful word! I dare not think of it. Cousin Joe, why did you come, like the tempest of old, to sow the seed of discontent in this little paradise, where with all the toil and care, 'Labor is sweet, so sweet, when done for those we love.' I have been as happy as a queen on her throne. But now. Ah! The dark, dark cloud that seems about to burst over this once happy home of mine, made a very paradise for me by the presence of the one love of my life, my idolized husband whose loving presence makes my world, who is the joy and light of my life. Without him I would, like the plant that is denied the sunshine, wither and die. Oh, husband, you cannot, yet I see in your set face that which tells me that I am doomed; that my sun has set—alas I fear—to rise no more."

"Come, come! Helen, dear! You look at this matter in a wrong light. You talk as if I were going away forever instead of for a few short months, and to return to my wife and babies, whom I should delight in surrounding with every comfort wealth can bring. Then our lives should be crowned with happiness, and this slavish drudgery, that now keeps the wolf from the door would be a thing of the past."

"Helen, my dear cousin, Harry is right. Be a sensible little woman and look at the matter in a more hopeful manner. It would only be for a short time. He would be sure to return in a few months with his pockets lined with gold; then you would be happier than ever. Come, be a brave little woman and let Harry go with me. I will take care of him." Come, Helen! Say that you consent, for Harry's sake. Remember he has the living to make, and this farm drudgery is distasteful to any man of Harry's character and education. Do not be selfish in your love. Helen say yes, for Harry's sake. Think how hard this daily battle with poverty is to one of his temperament." Harry assented, with a look to every word as Joe utters them.

She sees all and understands their full import as she drops her head upon her hands, covering her face to hide the tears that can no longer be restrained. Harry, rising, approaches her and putting his arms around her to his side, while Joe retires, as he said to avoid a lovers scene, of which old bachelors in general and he in particular, profess a horror.

Twenty changeful years have rolled their rounds since we introduced our readers to Harry Wilmot's little cabin home, presided over by the fair Helen, his devoted wife, then in the bloom of youth, with the rose of health on cheek and brow, while her lovely blue eyes beamed with content and perfect happiness as she busied herself with household cares and lavished all the wealth of a mother's love in her twin babies, while awaiting the return of her young husband at the close of the days toil in the field—labor made light by the thought that it is for the loved ones at home, of the darling wife who will greet his return with a joyful smile that can drive dull care away and bring instead a look of joy that speaks of happiness complete.

What a change since then. The little farm has passed into other hands, who have torn away the rude buildings, planting an orchard where they once stood. The pasture is now a grain field, while the woods are all cleared away, and a beautiful residence looks down from the knoll just back of where the log cabin stood, that had once been Harry's home; while a broad turnpike leading to the

Continued on 4th page.