

# DAILY EVENING 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.

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## A Tale of Forty-Nine.

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

CONCLUDED.

Ah, Harry, my darling, must the shadow of your dear face haunt me forever. Perhaps, if I could have kissed your marble brow, and laid your cold and lifeless form in the quiet grave I might have become reconciled in time to Gods providence; but to think of you always as I last heard from you, weltering in your own precious blood dying far from home, by the hand of the cruel assassin, and doomed to a watery grave, is more than I can bear. God help me, I don't want to cloud the lives of my children, with my selfish grief. They try so hard—heaven bless them—to make me forget my pain; but alas, my wound is incurable. The death angel alone can apply the healing touch. In her pre-occupation she had spoken this last aloud, unconsciously of the approach of a light foot fall and a beaming face, until a young girl of some twenty summers leaned over and kissed her fondly on cheek and brow, saying: "Darling mamma, brother has returned from the city and he has brought a stranger with him; a traveler whom he overtook on the highway and as he looked weary Joice asked him to ride. Entering into conversation with him he found him very entertaining and asked him home with him for the night. He will be here for supper. Joice says he is from California, is in fact, an old miner just returning to his home after an absence of many years. He says his people believe him dead, it having gone out that he had been murdered for his money." The young girl pauses but no reply comes.

The mother sitting with her head on her hand, with that far away look on her sad face that speaks of a broken heart, makes no sign of recognition until the girl spoke of California, when she suddenly raises her head and looking her full in the face as she finished the last sentence, asked:

"Where is the stranger?"

The girl while toying lovingly with a stray curl that was slightly streaked with gray, suddenly said without replying:

"What if papa was not killed after all, and should return to us like this man. His family think him dead. He had a wife and two children, a girl and boy babies, when he left to go to the gold mines; and it was reported in the papers that a man was murdered on the vessel he sailed on and it was thought at first he was killed, but he was taken to the hospital, where he lingered in a condition simulating death for many months. No one knowing him little was said or done about it. As time sped on he recovered from his hurt, the result of

a blow on the head, given just before the landing of the vessel, the murderer making good his escape while he was taken to the hospital, where he has been retained as a sort of nurse, being kind and attentive to the sick. Not having recovered his memory until a few months ago, while employed about the building, he fell from the stair way, fracturing his skull, necessitating an operation that resulted in removing the pressure from the brain, when his mind resumed its natural action and he was able to give an explanation of his condition and received in return an account of his long sojourn in that place. He started home as soon as he was able to travel. He says he left his home twenty years ago, in company with his wife's cousin.

"Lois, Lois! Child, what do you mean? You will drive me mad."

"Calm yourself, dear mother, I don't think my papa is dead. He will come back like others have done. In fact I know he is not dead. Mother, could you bear a great joy? What if I should tell you this man, this stranger, who says he is Harry Wilmot, is your long lost and mourned—Just then the door open and the stranger enters, with outstretched arms, just as the almost frantic woman sprung from her chair crying wildly:

"Where is he?" Seeing once more the beloved form of her long lost husband, whom she recognized the moment the well remembered tones fell upon her ear, as he cried, approaching with arms extended:

"Helen, wife! Thank God, once more after so many years, we meet, my own true wife, never to part again in this life."

"At last! At last! She cried, my sun has arisen. The darkness is dispelled. All is joy."

During her husband's absence she insisted on keeping house, although urgently pressed by her aged parents to come with her babes and live with them, in the home of her childhood, in a distant state. She could not leave her own home in the little cabin, where she and Harry had been so happy. Harry inherited a little fortune by the death of a distant relative she determined to spend it for Harry's children, in the way that would have been most pleasing to him, had he lived. Devoting her life exclusively to their interests, being a good manager, she had by dint of hard labor and never tiring industry, with the united help of the children, whom she had given a liberal education, made the little home what Harry found it, where they still live in the enjoyment of health wealth and happiness.

Chas. Groening has established a wood yard in this city, and sells oak 16-inch cut at \$4.00 per cord; fir four feet, \$2.25, and other qualities in like proportion.