# AN EPISODE J. H. R.

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In this pos

"My son," nurmured the lady, burying her seping face in Jack's bosom. In this position they remained for a short OUR SPECIAL COLUMN. A life of Jefferson Davis, President

ging om.	Night, Babette," we have this sweet little from Babette :
and if to nem, r he	"Once at the ange'us, (Ero I was dead), Angels all glorious Came to my bed ; Angels in blue and white Crowned on the head,
have "he with ere," Mrs.	<ul> <li>One was the friend I left Stark in the snow;</li> <li>One was the wife that died Long, long ago;</li> <li>One was the love I lost, How could she know?</li> </ul>
Mr. who The	One had my mother's eyes Wistful and mild; One had my father's face; One was a child;

York today. Aglance at the tables in Koster the back in the second secon

# MR. FROUDE'S LATEST.

TALE OF A TRAVELES.

LISTOWEL CARRIAGE . WURKS

# It was a winter moring. It was a winter moring. It was a winter moring. Section 10 the almanae, but Nature toly in words only too plain. Over this induced the almanae, but Nature toly in words only too plain. Over this induced the almanae, but Nature toly in words only too plain. Over this induced the almanae, but Nature toly in words only too plain. Over this induced the almanae, but Nature toly almost the almost of the Barth, that lately blossomed with word and thus add to the post, is born, and not made. His cager dealue to explore the word and thus add to the sum of human word age that sad to the sum of human is the state of the initial support of the initinitial support of the initial support of the initis the of t Seven Years in South Africa-A Ne Gleaner in a Rich Field. It was a winter morning Not only was this to be lance into the almanac, b

Accompanied by Thomas, she approached the reception-room. Inadvertently she heard the following: "Winton, as I said before, she may love you. She is fickle, they say; and if ahe turns hear affection towards you, I am then free, and you can easily shake you. I am then free, and you can easily shake you. I am then free, and you can easily shake you. I am then free, and you can easily shake you. I am then free, and new, Stoves. I told you in France I would have nothing to do with such a plan, and my mind is the same in Syracuse. Ah, good evening, Miss Pursent." "Good evening, Mr. Winton. Why, Will, why do you not greet me like this ?" and the

is fully recovered, and wants to enhance an son! Remain here a moment, please," she said. Bhe ran through a side door, and was gone a few moments. Presently she returned, ac-companied by an elderly lady. The lady was dressed in deep mourning, and traces of recent weeping were visible on her face. The memory of other days brought fresh sorrow on her—bui let us see the meet-ing between mother and son. "Mother," exclaimed Jack as he ran for-ward and clasped her to his breast.

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