

WINTER SEASONS.

their carols sing, with love's surprise...

summer time of life, or an ill-luck's strength...

with a steady flame; and in the gray...

autumn's flight; their hair to snow, and the lights turned low...

and he was mad that morn'g, You could tell it in the things about the cattle...

and the "Shadow" Jobson Household.

RELATIONS.

and the "Shadow" Jobson Household.

and he was mad that morn'g, You could tell it in the things about the cattle...

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of Miss Jobson's married a very distant relation of Stephen...

"Dear your Declaration of Independence," says Mr. Jobson, with a laugh...

"I was pretendin' to look for somethin' on the sideboard so as not to lose...

"Dear Neddy, you will be surprised to receive a letter from your aunt that you have...

"Could," snapped Obediah, "she's a-comin' whether we want her or not. Let me see. To-morrow, then, she'll be here."

"Yes," said Presilly, stiff like in her tones.

There was a long pause, and I was about gettin' back to the kitchen when Mr. Jobson broke out again.

"Huh!" said he. "I've been a-comin' how many aunts and neevies and meeces you hev had, Presilly, to come and make their homes with you for a spell. Hev you ever counted 'em?"

Miss Jobson didn't make no answer.

"Just twenty-one," went on Mr. Jobson, "and this affectionate Aunt Sabina of yours will make twenty-two. One of your affectionate neevies," said he, "waded one of my best horses to death, another one smashed a new buggy all to pieces, and another went to shoot a rabbit and killed a promising heifer. Gracious me! why, I could go on all day, and then wouldn't hev enough time to tell all the expense your relations hev put me to."

Miss Jobson felt to cryin'.

"I never had a stray into the way of your relations nor comin'," sobbed she, "they was all welcome."

"Mr. relations!" exclaimed Mr. Jobson, "they hev no cause to go a-spendin' on nobody, they hev't."

Miss Jobson sobbed and sobbed.

"I'll tell you when she comes that you don't want her," said she firm like, "and that she must go away after a few days' visit."

"Maybe he didn't go, arter all," thinks I, and only done that so as Miss Jobson couldn't hev the team to go herself."

"I don't know what was a-passin' in Presilly's mind, for she was too teechy about her relations to gossip any thing about 'em to me."

Just as I was makin' up my mind to say some thin' about it, howsomever, we see the carriage a-comin'; and before long Mr. Jobson was a-bittin' out, sort of tender like, a pale, sweet-faced little woman with a look onto her face as tho' she hed seen lots of sufferin'.

"Dear Presilly," says she, chokin' like, "you make my heart glad, you do, indeed?" and then she sunk right down and cried and laughed together.

"I never in all my life seed such a sweet face, or heard so sweet a voice! There was somethin' in it, what went to your very heart, jest like the low, dyin' tones of a instrument, you know."

"Prayin'," says I to myself, rememberin' Mr. Jobson's words, "and meddlin'. Not she! There's nothin' mean about a woman with such a voice as that. She's an angel, that's what she is, and I'm ready to work my fingers off for her, I am."

I might jest as well admit that I'd been a-grumblin' some, too, sence I knowed that another one was to be added to the family, for I hed got pretty tired a-watin' on her folks and gettin' only thanks for it, and some times not even that. Ef I hadn't a-grumbled I'd a-been luckin' in human natur', which is a fact, if I do say it myself.

Well, at supper, I see that Mr. Jobson peared ill at ease like, 'specially arter Aunt Sabina hed said grace.

"Help this household," said she, as tho' prayin'; "bring 'em out of the shadow which hes fallen round 'em," and somethin' besides which I didn't catch, her voice dropped so, soundin' as tho' it was full of tears.

Presilly Jobson looked puzzled when the dear old lady was done, and as for Mr. Jobson, he looked like a pickled beet, his face was that red. But presently they went to talkin' and things seemed easier.

That evenin' Aunt Sabina read somethin' from a little book what she hed carried down stairs, and Mr. Jobson sot and drank it all in as contented as could be. I never knowed him to read nothin' but the weekly newspaper in the evenin', and when that was done—between you and me he allers read every advertisement as well as every line of readin' in the hull paper—he'd set and yawn and presently git up and go to bed as cross as ten sticks. Presilly made an awful list at readin' out loud, for on Sundays she would read a chapter outen the Bible; and poor Obediah ud groan and 'rithe till I pried him from the bottom of my heart—I could hev done better myself if it wasn't for stoppin' to spell over a word here and there—so now it seemed a real comfort to hear the sweet, low voice of Aunt Sabina readin' somethin' which pleased 'em all mightily.

The next day Miss Jobson tried to git a word or talk with Obediah, but he wriggled outen ov it every time.

How could anybody tell that sweet little lame creature that her room was better than her company! It made me hoppin' mad to think ov it, it just did.

Well, that evenin' the readin' went on the same, and when it was over Mr. Jobson peared as tho' he wanted to say somethin'; then he thought better ov it, and presently went off to bed, leavin' the two women to talk together awhile.

The next mornin' Miss Jobson's eyes showed she hed been cryin', and so did Aunt Sabina's. Both ov 'em was so tender and kind to Mr. Jobson that he looked at 'em with amazement, and kind ov ashamed, too. Aunt Sabina hed prayed "for the shadow to be lifted" again, and this time Presilly sobbed right out loud.

was said inside, even if I hadn't a-wanted to.

Somethin' hed already been said afore I got there, which I lost, ov course. The first thing I heard was Mr. Jobson a-sayin', cross like:

"But I'm ready to pay back the bindin' money. I was a fool when I took it, and no mistake."

"But I refuse to accept it," said one ov the men with a oath; and has come here 'coridin' to agreement to pay down the purchase-money. You'll have to stand by your bargain, Mr. Jobson, fer I want the farm and mean to have it."

I declare to goodness it took my breath clean away, and I ennymost fell down into a faint.

What did it all mean, ennyway? Sell the farm! Mr. Jobson doin' that without ennybody a-knowin' ov it?

Just then I seed a carriage comin' up the road, and I did pray it was Presilly comin' home. Sure enough, it was, and as soon as her and Aunt Sabina had got out ov it, I told 'em what I hed overheard, for I couldn't keep it back for one minnit—not one airthly minnit longer.

"Then it is true," said Miss Jobson, sorrowful-like, lookin' at Aunt Sabina; "however could he hev got so into debt?"

"In debt?" thinks I; "kin her relations hev driv him to that?"

Well, I didn't believe it, tho' I was just as much in the dark as ever.

Aunt Sabina, somehow or 'nuther, looked smilin' and happy.

"You foggit, Presilly," says she, "what we went to town for?"

"Sure enough," answered Miss Jobson, smilin' back and lookin' relieved, "sure enough." And so Aunt Sabina, tuckin' her crutch under her little wasted arm, walked real resolute into the parlor with Miss Jobson.

Seein' as I knowed so much already ov the family affairs, they left the door open, 'parently not noticin' that I was standin' out into the entry.

Mr. Jobson was settin' with his hands afore his eyes, and groanin' and callin' himself a fool jest as they two went in.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Senator Ingalls will rewrite his novel, the manuscript of which was recently burned with his house at Atchison.

—Wilkie Collins says that he has written some of his most entertaining passages while suffering intensely with the gout.

—General Lew Wallace has received \$37,000 as royalties on "Ben Hur," the sales of which have reached nearly 200,000 copies.

—Mr. Herbert Spencer works three hours a day dictating all his writings. His favorite recreation is found in playing billiards.

—The author of, Amelia Rives, the Virginia authoress, is chief engineer of the Panama Railroad Company, with an office in Colon.

—"Octave Thuret," who has become known as the writer of very bright and original short stories, is Miss Alice French, of Davenport, Ia.

—James Whitcomb Riley, the Indiana dialect poet, is said by a Western newspaper to have made \$20,000 during the past year by his pen and by lecturing.

—George R. Sims, the author of "Ostler Joe" and "Harbor Lights," is just fifty-one years of age. He makes upward of \$20,000 a year by his pen, and was unheard of ten years ago.

—Ulysses Grant, Jr., is now reported to be vice-president and associate editor of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. It was reported that Fred Grant was interested in this magazine, but this was denied by authority.

—Oliver Optic (William T. Adams), the writer of boys' stories, has written 115 volumes. He began writing in 1854, when thirty-four years of age, and has kept it up ever since. His first story in book form brought him \$37.50.

—The literary man who writes only a dozen or so books in a lifetime ought to be ashamed of himself. Look at the Trollope family. Anthony wrote one hundred books, Adolphus fifty, their mother one hundred and fifteen, and Mrs. Theodosia Trollope ten.

—A collection of over two hundred original drawings by Hablot K. Brown, the "Phiz" who illustrated the Pickwick papers, and others of Dickens' works, was recently sold at auction in London. They included at Mrs. Bardell fainting in the arms of Mr. Pickwick, "The fat boy discovering Mr. Tupman kissing Rachael," "Nicholas Nickleby instructing Smoak in the art of acting" and "I make myself known to my aunt," from David Copperfield.

HUMOROUS.

—"You are a jewel," said the gushing young man to his girl; "and I'm going to have you set." And then he quietly took her in his lap.—Yonkers Statesman.

—"This thing is getting contagious," said a boy who had several times been told to go to bed. "What do you mean?" asked his father. "I mean that I shall catch it if I don't move on!"—The Teacher.

—"Clara," said the old man from the head of the stairs, "hasn't that young man gone yet?" "No, sir," came back an exceedingly prompt reply, and it wasn't in Clara's voice either, "but he is going at once, sir."—The Epoch.

—Wife (looking over the bill)—"Do you remember, my dear, how many trout you caught last Saturday?" Husband—"There were just twelve of 'em—all beauties! Why?" Wife—"The fish-dealer has made a mistake. He charges for only half a dozen."

—"Strange, isn't it," remarked Raggles, "how even the greatest men pass out of the minds of people? As soon as a dignitary dies he is straightway forgotten, and all the interest centers in his successor." "Yes," murmured Straggles, "nothing succeeds like successor."—Merchant Traveler.

—"I hear they are going to have a donkey party at B—'s," said a Parsonville man to his neighbor. "So I understand," was the reply; "are you going?" "Of course I am," said the Parsonville man, "they couldn't have the party without me!" And he couldn't make out what the other fellow was laughing at.—St. Albans Messenger.

—Chicago House-Hunters.—Wife—"I am nearly dead. I've found a gem of a house at last, No. 13, Blank street." Husband—"That will never do. My first wife lives next door to that. Why under the sun ain't you satisfied with the pretty residence I picked out?" "Well, if you want to know, I have three or four ex-husbands in that square."—Omaha World.

—"That sermon was the finest effort I ever heard," said a man on his way home from church. "I wouldn't have missed it for twenty dollars!" "I'm glad you enjoyed it, John," said his wife. "Yes, I enjoyed it; but there was one thing that annoyed me." "What was that, John?" "I had no change in my pocket less than half a dollar for the contribution-box."—N. Y. Sun.

—Prof. J. Stuart Blackie has written a "Life of Burns."