

**LOB LIE-BY-THE-FIRE; OR,  
THE LUCK  
OF LINGBOROUGH,  
AND OTHER STORIES**

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Lob Lie-by-the-fire; or, The luck of Lingborough, and other stories by Juliana Horatia Ewing

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**JULIANA HORATIA EWING**

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TO  
JAMES BOYN McCOMBIE, Esq.  
OF ABERDEEN  
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS VERY AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED

J. H. E.







## LOB LIE-BY-THE-FIRE.



### INTRODUCTORY.

LOB LIE-BY-THE-FIRE—the Lubber-fiend, as Milton calls him—is a rough kind of Brownie or House Elf, supposed to haunt some north-country homesteads, where he does the work of the farm laborers, for no grander wages than

“— to earn his cream-bowl duly set.”

Not that he is insensible of the pleasures of rest, for

“ — When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn  
That ten day-laborers could not end,  
Then lies him down the Lubber-fiend,  
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength.”

It was said that a Lob Lie-by-the-fire once haunted the little old Hall at Lingborough. It was an old stone house on the Borders, and seemed to have got its tints from the gray skies that hung above it. It was cold-looking without, but cosy within, “like a north-country heart,” said Miss Kitty, who was a woman of sentiment, and kept a commonplace book.

It was long before Miss Kitty's time that Lob Lie-by-the-fire first came to Lingborough. Why and whence he came is not recorded, nor when and wherefore he withdrew his valuable help, which, as wages rose, and prices rose also, would have been more welcome than ever.