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WE AND THEY.

Wildly howls the storm to-night—
Drop the curtain! bring a light;
Stir once more the blazing fire,
Heap the coal a little higher,
Bring the books and papers forth,
Gather round the cheerful hearth;
Peace and plenty guard our door;
God remember all the poor!

All the poor! How many want
E'en to-night for comforts scarce;
Hungry—while my board is spread,
Freezing—while my fire is fed,
Homeless—while I dwell secure,
Friendless—while my friends endure,
Weary, sick, despairing—worse,
Bearing sin's first fruit—remorse!

Sisters daily toil for bread
While their bitter tears are shed;
Daily struggle with their fears
Through the long and weary years;
One by one each blessing goes—
Youth and beauty, health, repose—
Till at last, by madness driven,
Virtue yields her hope of Heaven.

Who shall scorn them? Who shall say
"I am holier than they?"
We who sit on sofas fine?
We on whom bright fires may shine?
We who ne'er privation knew?
We who lean on hearts so true?
We who ne'er were tempted sore?
We whose strength has failed before?

No! By every common tie
Of our frail humanity;
By the mingled hopes and fears
Of our girlhood's dreamy years;
By maturer joys and cares
Which each wife and mother bears,
Let our words and actions be
Fraught with love and charity!
—Flora M. Candee, in Woman's Journal.

A MOORLAND MYSTERY.

The Boggart That Job Kirkbright Saw on the Fells.

It was what sailors call a dirty night. A wild west wind was tearing over the Fells and sweeping down the narrow valley in fierce gusts, driving the rain in sharp bursts against the windows, and howling angrily round the chimneys of the little inn at Selside.

But if the evening was dark and stormy and things outside were cheerless, the kitchen of "The Moorcock" was a cosy picture of warmth and brightness. A mighty fire blazed in the wide open fireplace, and sent long trails of sparks and great curls of smoke roaring up the huge chimney. Its light danced upon the timbered ceiling, across which long ropes of onions and bundles of dried herbs were artistically festooned; it flashed upon rows of pewter plates and dishes on the old delf rack on the wall, and lighted up the brass face of the old clock in its dark corner, as it ticked a solemn accompaniment to the fitful snoring of a golden-tan sheep dog which lay stretched out upon the brick floor in front of the hearth. One side of the room was taken up by a deep old-fashion settle, with sloped back, and an end which curved round so as to shut out the back door into the "garth," or yard. On this bench some half dozen natives were seated, puffing stolidly at their long clays, which were periodically withdrawn from bucolic lips to allow of the application of the quart mugs which stood in regular sequence upon the wooden table in front.

Two tall rocking chairs were drawn upon the opposite side of the kitchen in which two storm-bound rovers were comfortably ensconced. And highly picturesque figures we made, clad in miscellaneous garments, belonging to "mine host," who was himself enthroned on an upturned cask, and formed a connecting link, as it were, between "the classes" on one side and "the masses" on the other side of his hearth.

"A good deal pleasanter here, landlord, than up on the Fells."

"So I reckon, sir. Turn-Dub's a dowly spot o' neets when its deggy (Anglice, misty); eh, Job?—tha knows."

A tall, lean fellow, with the hard, wiry look of a Yorkshire dalesman, gravely nodded, and muttered:

"I'd noan gan ower t'neet not fur ten pund."

"Ah? thee had onst a rum soart on a thing happen tull'ee," quoth his right hand neighbor, whose ruddy face was set in a mass of bright red whisker. "Come, tell t' gen'elm'n on't; they've noan heerd iotke on't, I'm barnd."

After a little coy hesitation, which gave way when our order was to "fill up all round" had been carried out, Job Kirkbright, shepherd and factotum, told his story, which being translated from the rugged dialect of Craven into ordinary parlance, was much as follows:

"I had sold some ewes over in Littondale, and after getting the brass and taking a glass of ale to wet the bargain at Tom Mason's, I set off home over the Fells in good fettle. I had my dog, Bob, with me, and we climbed up on the moor, and had soon got well on our way. It was late in the autumn and the days were drawing in fastish, but I knew the path well and so thought nothing much about the time o' day. But when I got right up on Moortop, I began to see as how it was coming on misty, and so I pushed on a bit faster; but the fog was coming up with a coldish wind from seaward, and soon it had got all round me and made me feel chilly. It did not close in thick like a regular smotherer, you must know, but it kept whirling in patches, then lifting a bit and rolling away up the Fell, but only to come unrolling back every now and then. I don't mind as how I ever heard the wind moan so queerly; it was for all the world as if a lot of folks were groaning and moaning, and it made me feel a bit skeery like; and the rocks and bowlders looked uncanny with the gray wisps twining among them. I was main glad, I can tell you, when I made out Hanging Crag, and knew I was over the highest point of the road, and beginning to get nigher home.

"The path leads down a dip like on the moor, and Langdon Beck runs alongside for may be half a mile, and then it turns off suddenly and runs away southward, to plunge down into Huntpot—a big sort of pit, which is ninety yards deep, and as fearsome a place as you can want to see. They say it's haunted with a boggart, ever since a young girl was thrown in there by her sweetheart nigh twenty years agone. At least, folks always said as how he had shoved her down, for they were seen not far off the hole one evening having some words together, and that was the last time she was ever seen. He swore, when they asked him what had become of her, that he did know more than that she had left him, saying that she would not keep company with him no longer, but take up with his brother Bill, who was 'prentice to Tom Benson, the wheelwright."

"But do you mean to say," interrupted one of his horrified hearers, "that the poor girl was never traced—was not Huntpot searched?"

"Oh, ah, there was a bit of a fuss at the time, and some of the lads went up, and Jim Newbault was let down by a rope; but he was nearly drowned, for there is a big underground beck empties itself into the pot, half way down, and it caught him and doused him rarely until he could not breathe. It put his lamp out, too, so he could not see any thing, and he was glad enough to be up out of it into daylight again. And if he had gotten down to the bottom he would have found nothing, for the water is twenty yards deep there, and they say it flows out at one end into another underground beck, and if a body had gotten in, it would have been sucked down with the stream. But all this is outside my story and has naught to do with me. Well, as I was saying, I had gotten half way down the hollow when I dropped my stick, and when I stoops to pick it up, all of a sudden I felt as some one or something was behind me.

"I looked round sharp, I can tell you; and sure enough I sees a man a standing looking at me with his head all on one side, and somehow I began to go cold all over.

"'Hullo there!' I shouts.

"But he never moved, nor took no notice; only the mist curled round him, and the wind blew his coat, which was unbuttoned, about.

"'Hullo, there, hullo!' I shouted out again, and louder.

"But he stood there just the same.

"'Hullo—hullo!—Hul—'

"But somehow I got so skeered at the echo of my own voice, I stopped short and stood there shaking like a poplar. I did not like the looks of him, he was that unnatural. Then I noticed that Bob, my dog, had gone on and was out of sight; and I whistled for him smartly, you bet. Up he comes with a clatter, but the moment he sees the man beyond me he gives a long, unearthly howl, and sets off with his tail between his legs as hard as he can pelt. Then I can tell you I was in a proper fright, and thought only of getting away myself from that thing as still looking at me with its head all down on one side. But you see I didn't like to turn and run for it, and him at my back.

"'Hullo, there! What's up with you? Where are you from? Where are you bound?' I shouted again in desperation.

"The thing never answered a word; but it slowly lifted its head, and then let it fall on the other side, just for all as if the neck was broken.

"That settled me properly and I made up my mind for a run for it, and off I moves down the path, looking back and never taking my eyes off him. Sure enough he began to walk on too, rolling his head slowly and swinging his arms, but always just the same distance behind, and never making no noise or call. I tried to shake him off over and over again; but fast as I went he kept up, and when I slowed he slowed too. Once or twice I tried stopping dead, thinking he would, may be, pass me, or at least come nigh enough for me to see him plainer, but no, he was always ready to stop when I did, and he never came nigher by even a yard.

"If ever I wished myself at home it was then, and I shall never forget the horror of that twilight walk in the mist with that awful thing. I think I should have had a fit, or something, but for the fear that the boggart, or whatever it was, would jump on to me. So I kept on somehow, wondering how it was to end, and presently I saw the front of Eagle's cliff looming up on the left. The sight of it put a sudden idea into my head. I would scramble up it and over to Gearstones, for I felt certain the thing with its loose head and arms could never get up that path after me. I walked slowly till I came right opposite the cliff face, keeping my eye well on the fellow. Then I stopped dead short, and he did too.

"'Hullo, there!' I shouts, in a sort of desperation, 'you must keep straight on down this track if you want to get to the village, there's no other road.'

"He never spoke, only the head fell over to the other side. Then I made a dash for it, tore madly over a bit of moss there is, and was twenty feet up the cliff among the startled, swearing jackdaws before I dared to look around. I could have yelled with joy, for there was that unholy figure a-going slowly up on the moor again, and before I could wink or rub my eyes he disappeared in the mist.

"Well, I did not come down to the path again, you may be sure, but took up over Scelby moor and five miles round home; but I got home safely at last, and mighty thankful, too.

"You, may be, think I am gammoning you; but I tells you honest and fair, that if you, gentlemen, was to offer me a fiver apiece this blessed minute, I would none gan over yon Fell to-night; no, nor any other night, either."

There was dead silence when Job finished, and we, his hearers, puffed on in meditative fashion, eyeing each other surreptitiously to note the effect of the narrative. Then mine host arose, and knocking out the ashes from his pipe against the top bar of the grate, said tersely:

"Clousing toime, lads."

The occupants of the settle began to bestir themselves. Mugs were drained to the last drop; there was a great shuffling of heavy boots, a chorus of "neet all," a clicking of the latch, an inrush of cold air which made the candles splutter and flare, a slamming of a heavy door, and we were alone in the kitchen with John Newbould and his buxom wife.

"What is all this story which Job has been telling us?"

"Nay, you must not ask me; all I know is he came dashing in here one night scared out of his wits almost, and swore he had seen a barghest or something on the moor, just as he has told to-night."

"Was he drunk?"

"Never a bit. I'll take my davy. He is a steady-going sort always, is Job; and I can't make head or tail of it myself."

"But you don't surely believe he did ever see this thing except in fancy?"

"I won't go for to say that either, for there are a sight of rum things as no one can understand or fathom, and may be this is just one of them. Anyhow, gentlemen, whether Job Kirkbright did or did not see this boggart, a poor soul was lost on that very moor a few months before. He was a queer sort who was staying up at Haverthwaite Hall, a brother or cousin of my lady's, they said, who had had a sunstroke in India, or in some of those hot parts. He used to take long walks on the Fells all alone, and one afternoon he set out to go over to Littondale, and was never seen again. When it got late they set out to look for him, and found a little fox-terrier which belonged to him, and had gone off with him, whining at the gate. He had never been into Littondale, and although half of the villages round went up to search the moor, and scoured every cleft and cranny and rock for miles, and though the squire offered £100 for any trace of him, he has never been seen to this day, and never will be now. Likely he is lying in one of them pot holes."

"And so you think it was the poor wretch's ghost that followed Job?"

"Nay, nay, I won't say any thing for certain; but I can't help thinking altogether as it might have been."—All the Year Round.

OLD GOLD AND SILVER.

How the Melting Pot Is Supplied With Precious Metals.

"Best prices paid for old gold and silver," is a sign that can be seen from the windows of Third avenue elevated cars, painted over the door of a gloomy-looking shop not far from the entrance to the East River bridge. A reporter entered this place one day last week, and as he did so a cracked-voiced bell over the door made such a jangling that it woke up a red-headed parrot on a perch behind the counter and made him screech in sympathy. A little, elderly man, the proprietor of the shop, then came forward to inquire the visitor's errand. The reporter explained that he wished to find out what sort of people sold old gold and silver and what kind of articles they had for sale.

"There are so many kinds of people who deal with me," said the shopkeeper, "that I have never attempted to classify them. My customers are rarely from the wealthier classes. You would naturally reply, 'Of course not,' but wealthy people become pressed for money at times, and when they do their jewelry or plate generally goes first. The pawnshops get more of this class of trade than we do, for pawnbrokers will pay more as a rule. There is one characteristic of my patrons which is very noticeable, and that is that all of them invariably believe they should get twice as much for their articles as they are worth. They almost always sell, but generally look as if they thought they were being cheated. We sometimes get hold of articles the workmanship of which is exquisite, costing originally many times more than the metal itself. Unless, however, we are pretty confident that we can sell them at a good price on account of their beauty and antiquity, they go into the melting-pot with the rest. Once in a while I keep an article which it seems almost a pity to melt. Such a one is the scabbard of a sword which a gentleman brought in here one day. It is solid silver, and most beautifully engraved and chased. He told me that it was a family heirloom, which had descended to him from his great-great-grandfather. Absolute necessity compelled him to part with it, he added, but he begged me to keep it awhile, as he hoped to be able to redeem it. He seemed to feel so strongly about it that I promised, but he has never been after it, although it was five years ago that he brought it here. I paid him about $80 for it, its value as old silver, although it must have cost between $400 and $500. I suppose I shall melt it up before long now."

"Do you keep intact much of the stuff you buy?"

"Not much! Sometimes a friend asks us to save a set of spoons or forks for him; but usually every thing goes into the melting pot. Sometimes, in buying a lot of old silver, plated articles are mixed in among the real, but we are not often deceived that way. I can tell you, though, that some of the plated spoons our grandmothers used would almost take in an expert, so thickly are they coated with silver. They made things to last in those days, you know."

"How can you tell whether an article is silver?"

"By its weight, principally, and its general appearance. When one has handled gold and silver for any length of time, it is pretty hard to deceive him. Gold articles are tested with acids. Most of our customers are men—that is to say, they are the ones who bring us any considerable quantities. Women naturally bring more jewelry; but, even when they have that to dispose of, they will send a man with it in nine cases out of ten."—N. Y. Evening Post.

—An Alabama child whose clothes caught fire while she was standing in front of a grate, with rare presence of mind jumped into bed and wrapped herself in the bed clothing, extinguishing the flames with but slight injury to herself.

"Hemorrhage may take place from the kidneys or from the mucus membranes, particular that of the nostrils." So writes T. Granger Stewart, M. D., F. R. S. E., Ordinary Surgeon to H. M., the Queen in Scotland. University of Edinburgh, in an article on Bright's disease. Hence the only natural inference is that the kidneys must be restored to a healthy condition before its effects will disappear. Warner's Safe cure is the most efficient agent for this purpose known to science.

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