

STEVENS.
at Law and Solicitor
building, opposite Post Office
July 13, 1896.

DR. PARKER.
to the Cottage in Queen street
Agency of the Commercial Bank,
to the Sheriff.
Nov. 19, 1891.

ENGLAND SETTLEMENT IN
NEW JERSEY.

MINOTON TRACT OF
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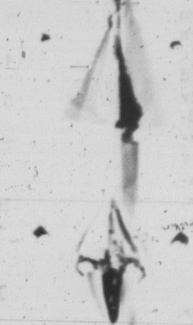
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## Poetry.

[From Chambers's Journal.]
"Thy Dear Fish to Me."

A TRUE INCIDENT.

The farmer's wife sat at the door,
And gazed out on the sea,
And babbled on the waves,
And played around her knee.

When, leaping from her heavy creel,
A poor fish-wife came by,
And, turning from the toilsome road,
Unto the door drew nigh.

She laid her burden on the green,
And opened its scaly store,
With trembling hands, and pleading words,
She begged for fish to eat.

But lightly laughed the young girl-wife,
We've no use for your cheer,
Take up your creel, and gang your ways—
I'll buy me fish to eat.

Herding beneath her lead again,
A woe-sight to see:
Right sorely sighed the poor fish-wife:
"Thy dear fish to me!"

"Our boat was out at fearful night,
And when the storm blew o'er,
My husband and my three brave sons
Lay corpses on the shore."

"I've been a wife for thirty years,
A childless widow three;
I must buy them now to sell again—
Thy dear fish to me!"

The farmer's wife turned to the door—
What was upon her cheek?
What was there in her breast,
That then she scarce could speak?

She thought upon her ain guidman,
Her little ones ladies three;
The woman's words had pierced her heart—
"Thy dear fish to me."

"Come back," she cried, with quivering voice,
And pity's gathering tear;
Come in, come in, my poor woman,
Ye're kindly welcome here.

"I kenna of your sailing heart,
Nor weary lot to dre;
I'll never forget your sad, sad words—
'Thy dear fish to me!'"

At last the happy-hearted learn
To pause ere they deny
The need of honest toil, and think
How much their gold may buy.

How much of maddened strength,
What woman's misery—
What be-coming bairn might weep the cry:
"Thy dear fish to me!"

Miscellany.

Judge Harding's Birth-Day Gift.

BY MARY GRACE HALLINE.

Slowly and sadly Judge Harding
Second the steps of his stately but gloomy man-
sion. Not one of the many rooms were
lighted with the exception of the library,
and that used in common by the two domestic.

Yet there had been a time when those dark-
ened and deserted parlors had been one blaze
of light, and its walls had echoed to the
sound of merry laughter and gay young
voices.

Judge Harding entered the library,
and closing the door looked drearily around—
For it was filled with all the appliances of
wealth and luxury; the carpet was like vel-
vet to the foot, the lofty walls were decked
with pictures, and the wide, deep windows,
hung with wine-colored drapery of the richest
silks.

A large chair was wheeled in front
of the fire which gave forth a ruddy glow;
across it lay a dressing gown, while on the
rug were slippers all ready for his feet. But
Judge Harding knew that was the work of
Margery, the housekeeper, who, though she
had been in the service nearly two score
years, feared more than she loved him.
There was no eye to brighten at his approach
no voice to welcome him.

This thought was uppermost in the old
man's mind as leaning back in his chair, he
gazed abstractedly into the fire. Some years
before, God had called to himself the wife of
his youth taken, he thought, from the
earth to glory. One of the worst sins, he
thought, a husband's grave, the wife had been
mettally wounded in some disgraceful quar-
rel. But Estelle, his little Estelle, the Eve-

lamb of his flock, loved beyond all others,
and yet who had wounded his heart so sore-
ly, where was she?

Ah, well, he knew that the December
snows were falling upon her grave; that she
did or soothed by the knowledge of his for-
giveness.

The iron-gray locks that shaded his tem-
ple accorded well with the general expres-
sion of the strongly marked features, and
which were characterized by a hardness and
coldness almost repelling, yet through it
could be seen traces of a depth of mental an-
guish of which weak natures are incapable.

He was aroused from his gloomy reverie
into which he had fallen by old Margery,
who, opening the door, said:
"Thy dear fish to me!"

Did she give her name?
"Thy dear fish to me," replied
Margery, speaking with evident hesita-
tion.

But, contrary to her expectations, this
name had above all others produced no vi-
sible effect upon her master.

"Show her in," he said, after a moment's
reflection.

It was difficult to determine the age of the
woman who entered. Her hair was nearly
white, but her eyes bright and piercing, and
her strongly-built frame as erect as in early
life. Though evidently a person of little
education, her countenance and bearing in-
dicated an unusual amount of will and en-
ergy, combined with no little shrewdness and
efficiency.

Judge Harding saw all this in the steady
look with which he regarded her.

"You are the mother of the late Richard
Dugald?"

"I am the mother of your late daughter's
husband, Judge Harding."

The old man's face "glowed visibly at this
thrust, but did not lose his self-possession."

"And this is the child of your son?" he
enquired, pointing to lovely little girl of six,
dressed in mourning, who was standing by
her side.

"This is the daughter of Estelle Dugald,
your child and mine, Judge Harding!" re-
turned the woman, in the same sharp and de-
termined tone.

Judge Harding could not controvert this
statement, but he did not say so, but the
voice took a sharper tone as he said,

"Why have you brought her to me?"

"Because I have not the means of sup-
porting her, and you have."

"Did your late son have no property?"

"For a moment the woman's eyes wandered
beneath his penetrating look, then she said
boldly:

"Nothing but a mere pittance, which was
more than I was allowed by the expense of your
daughter's last sickness."

Judge Harding's eyes blazed with a sud-
den scorn that was almost startling.

"Do not hope to deceive me so easily,"
he cried. "There is not one act of yours
that has escaped my notice. I know that
your son left property which should have de-
scended to his wife and child, but of which
you took possession. I know, also, the
grudging care you bestowed on the deluded
girl that she might be able to support her-
self and home. But let them both pass. I will
take the child and indemnify you from every
possible expense, but only on one condition,
that you sign this paper, by which you pledge
yourself to abstain from all intercourse with
your granddaughter."

The woman's eyes sparkled as she caught
a glimpse of the roll of bills in Judge Hard-
ing's hand, but she still hesitated.

The sharp-eyed old man saw quickly
that she was not to be so easily won, and
said, "I wish you distinctly to understand," he
said, "that though I will provide for the
child, it is not my intention to make her my
heir; I shall leave her only sufficient to
place her above actual want; the bulk of
my property will go to some charitable in-
stitution."

entered, "this little girl is the child of Rich-
ard Dugald. I place her under your care.
See that she has everything that she needs,
but do not let her come within my sight or
hearing."

Margery cast a look of pity and tenderness
upon the child, who, attracted by her
kind motherly face, sprang eagerly to the
hand held out to her, and then, with a re-
spectful courtesy to the Judge, she led her
from the room.

Weeks came and went. Little Estelle
grew dearer every day to the faithful old
nurse, who had tended her mother in her
helpless infancy.

She obeyed her master's injunctions;
though many were her inward murmurs at
what she termed the unnatural treatment of
the child of his only daughter. This was
not difficult, for the house was large, and
there were some portions of it that the Judge
never entered. Sometimes, indeed, he heard
the pattering of little feet along the corridor,
that led to some remote apartment, or, a
sweet, bird-like voice, which fell upon his
heart like a strain of half-forgotten music,
but that was all.

Perhaps Judge Harding's heart might have
softened toward his grandchild had she
come to him in any other way; if the daugh-
ter he had once idolized had expressed any
wish that he should take charge of her.
But to have her thrust upon him by the
woman whose artful manoeuvres had made
his home so desolate, stirred his heart a-
gainst her.

She was a pretty sweet-tempered child,
with grave, quiet ways, and intelligent be-
yond her years.

"When is grandpa's birthday, nurse?"
she suddenly enquired, one day nearly two
months after her removal.

"Let me see," replied Margery, her counte-
nance assuming a contemplative expres-
sion: "It is the seventh of this month—and
I declare if it isn't the day. I remember
well, for it was almost the birthday of my
poor young mistress, your dear mamma."

She would have been twenty-four years old
to-day, if she had lived. Alack, alack, it
seems only yesterday that I held her in my
arms.

Here the faithful creature wiped away a
tear.

"Well, if it is his birth day, I must go
and give him this," resumed Estelle, taking
a small package from the pocket of her
dress.

"Where is he?" in the library?"

"Yes. But what are you thinking of
child?" ejaculated Margery, regarding her
young charge with a look of amazement.

"You must not go in there; Judge Hard-
ing will be very angry."

"I shall be very sorry to make him angry,
nurse," returned Estelle, with a childish dig-
nity in keeping with the little serious face.

"But I promised my dear, dear mamma
that I would, and I must do it."

Old Margery looked after her with an ex-
pression of astonishment, not unmixed with
admiration, as she left the room.

"She's a Harding—one can see that plain-
ly," she muttered, as she resumed her wait-
ing. "The old Judge may shift her out from
his heart, but he can't deny but what she's
his own flesh and blood."

Estelle passed a moment at the door at
which she had never dared to approach,
and then, as if summing up all her resolution,
softly turned the tarnished knob, and glided
in.

Judge Harding sat in his easy chair, the
very picture of dignified ease. Looking only
upon his surroundings, one would have cal-
led him a happy and prosperous man; yet
may a wayfarer, breathing the fury of a
rude March wind, his heart warm with
thoughts of the dear ones awaiting his re-
turn, was far happier than the lonely and
childish old man.

His face was partially turned from the
door, and so softly did the little feet fall
upon the carpet, that she had nearly reached
his knee, before he had observed her. In
spite of his self-command, he started as his
eyes fell upon that sweet face.

As for Estelle her courage failed her as
she met that stern, inquiring look.

"I—I beg your pardon, she faltered:
"only came in to give you this mamma
had me to give it to you on your birthday,
and I could not disobey her."

Judge Harding mechanically took the
package from her hand, and with a sudden
glance of relief, she turned to leave the room.

likeness taken in a sitting position. Beside
his chair stood a little girl about six. One
small hand laid trustfully in his, the other
rested upon his knee, while the softly smil-
ing eyes were lifted to his face with a look
of childish confidence and love.

The warm tide of awakened tenderness
that swept over him melted every vestige of
the ice that gathered around his heart. Con-
science began to make itself heard. In re-
gard to their unhappy estrangement had he
not been most to blame? Had he not indulged
her in every idle whim, until her will grew
strong and impetuous, and then, when she
suddenly and harshly? Had he dealt more
generally with her, would she have taken
that step that had wrought them such bit-
ter woe?

As he raised his eyes they fell upon the
little form that was sitting where she used
to sit so many years ago. What a fearful-
ous resemblance! It seemed almost to him
that it must be her very self.

Ab, well, did that dying mother know that
nothing she could write would soften that
stern heart like this mute remembrance of
all she was once to him, or could plead so
eloquently for her orphan child? Tears
gushed from the old man's eyes, and, rising
from his seat, he took the child in his arms.

"My dear little Estelle," he muttered,
"My precious birthday gift!" come back after
so long a time to cheer my desolate home!
I thought that death shall part thee and me!"

The night, when Margery carried in the
tea, she saw a spectacle that made her
heart kind and heart-rejoice; the child of her
dear young mistress was sweetly sleeping in
her grandfather's arms, whose eyes were fixed
upon her with a look of pride and tenderness.

And, giving her a water lot, a more taste-
ful gift, she covered his old age
with peace and joy, whom he took from
thenceforth to his heart as well as some-
thing of his "birthday gift."

What a True Wife Should Be.

"Macaria," a work just issued by Miss
Evans, "Bosch's" review, contains, among
many things both happy and great, occasion-
ally expressions of religious sentiment, which
we wonder that the talented authoress, could
have entertained, so much less published.

But to give the readers of the "Conversa-
tion" a fit illustration of the genuine good
sense (forgetting her prejudiced partisan-
ship) which pervades the clever volume, we
reproduce the following paragraphs for the ben-
efit of the wife in case and the wife in power.

"Noble wives, who properly appreciate the
responsibility of their position, should sternly
rebuke and frown down the unscrupulous
flatterer, who seems to be gaining ground and
favor in our cities, that married women may,
with impunity, seek attentions and married
beaux are not harmless, nor should they be
tolerated in right good society. Women
who so far forget their duties to their homes
and husbands, and the respect due to public
opinion, as habitually seek for happiness in
the mad whirl of the so-called fashionable
life, ignoring household obligations, should
be driven from our cities, that married women
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