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"O ROBIN BLITHE."

O robin blithe, your plumage dun
And cardinal shimmers in the sun,
As swift you fly from tree to tree,
Filling the air with melody,
And waking love, O merry one.

Your eyes diaphonous gleam with fun,
As you dissect the broken bun
The house-maid flings gratuitously,
O robin blithe.

Wood-chorister, eclipsed by none,
My thoughts to themes delicious run
Upon your flood of song. Ah, me!
Lookout! here slyly comes, just see,
A barefoot urchin with a gun,
O robin blithe.

BESS.

Mr. John Bayberry strode into the house, and stamped along the hall, and through all the rooms below stairs, dashing open every door he came to and leaving it so, until he reached the kitchen, which he found deserted like all the other rooms; for even black Aunt Peg had forsaken it, and was out in the back yard, hanging out the Monday wash.

"Has *everybody* evaporated?" demanded Mr. Bayberry, grimly addressing space.

Receiving no reply, he banged open yet another door, which swung back against a precarious and shaky shelf, thus upsetting the equilibrium of a brass candlestick, a flat-iron and three tin cans, and they all went bumping down on to the floor together.

Bess was in the pantry, washing off the shelves with hot soapsuds; for Bess was a busy little body, and insisted on performing a certain part of the household duties every day.

She was standing on a cheese-box during the present performance—for Bess was so short she could not reach the second shelf—and she had a big table-cloth pinned over her dress, and her silky hair twisted tight upon the top of her head and pinned with three great hair-pins, that bristled up and looked like three pair of budding horns.

She heard the rapid footsteps outside, and smiled.

"That's Uncle John," said she, "and he wants somebody likely. But I can't go just yet. Men always want something or somebody."

And she went on, calmly removing a row of jelly-glasses, every one dark and rich with its luscious contents. Then she was startled by the thumping

"Dear me!" said Bess, dropping the wing with which she had been brushing the shelf. "I suppose if some one don't go, he won't scruple to tumble the the house over; and where Aunt Jule is, the man in the moon couldn't tell."

She jumped off the cheese-box, carefully holding up the table-cloth to avoid stepping on it, and opened the pantry-door. Aunt Jule had also appeared, in a loose, green wrapper, from which a piece of torn ruffling, two yards in length, was dragging on the floor, with an old magazine, minus its covers, in her hand,

"Dear me, John—" began Aunt Jule, looking injured.

"And dear *me!*" interrupted Mr. Bayberry, "if this house had legs, it might run away twenty times over and no one to prevent. Come out of there. Bess, and both of you listen! I've got some abominable news. Jule, your late lamented's cousin, that tall, electioneering widow, wants to come down here and board all summer, with her daughter. 'dear Leonie,' who modestly wishes to give her 'numerous lovers' the slip, and rusticate at 'dear Meadowlands.' There's no end of 'dears' in her letter, and a string of compliments that are all in her eye, I'll wager my biggest squash!"

Mr. Bayberry's sister sat down, looking helpless and mournful; but black-eyed Bess, whose ideas and opinions one could never foresee, favored the cause of her kinswoman, though they had made a point of ignoring her completely.

"Do let them come, Uncle John!" said she. "I always did want to see my stylish cousins awfully!"

"Oh," answered Mr. Bayberry, shrugging his broad shoulders, "if you want to cook, and iron, and slave for two fine city relations that don't take the trouble to remember your existence, go ahead! Write to 'em to come, by all means; but don't expect me to 'tend to 'em and hold their yarn and turn their music while they squeal sentimental songs into my ears—"

"Goodness, Uncle John!" interrupted Bess; "no one would suppose how warmly you praised Dr. Dare's last sermon on charity, to hear you take on!"

"Hold your tongue, Miss Impertinence!" answered Mr. Bayberry, as he stalked away.

But there was a flush on his cheek, and perhaps his conscience echoed Bess' reproof. For Mr. Bayberry's words and manners occasionally expressed more harshness than was in his heart, and, owing to his rather irascible temper, few dared to take the liberty to ecture him.

Bess, who was not his niece at all, but only the niece of his late brother-in-law, was one of the few; and though she sometimes stood half in awe of him herself, there was a conscientious straightforwardness about her which led her to speak her mind whenever she considered it her duty to do so.

Perhaps she might, advantageously to herself, have cultivated a rather less abrupt manner, and so have found favor in more eyes. But, nevertheless, it so happened that Mr. John Bayberry, who was rather peculiar himself, never took real offense at her words and occasionally profited by them. And this perhaps was at least partly because she had a way of popping out her little sermons in a concise, epigrammatic manner, and never "harped" on one subject.

A week later found the large parlor at Meadowlands graced by the presence of two stylishly-arrayed ladies, just from the city, and indulging in a series of rapturous exclamations over the charm of rural scenes, to the astonishment of Aunt Jule, who saw nothing to gush about in fields and vines, and was secretly wondering if the grease spot in the side-breadth of her over-skirt was very noticeable.

"And here's Bess, your little country cousin," said Mr. Bayberry, drawing her forward from the shadow of the window-curtains, from which she had been admiring Miss Leonie.

"Dear me!" drawled the elegant Mrs. Horton, as she gazed down an immeasurable distance at the girl, for Mrs. Horton was very tall, and of a lofty carriage withal, "this is Bess, is it? We didn't dream of finding you here."

"Why should we?" queried Miss Leonie, languidly settling back against the rich-colored sofa cushions. "She isn't any relation of yours, is she, Mr. Bayberry?"

"Not at all," returned Mr. Bayberry, a trifle stiffly; "but she is quite as welcome to Meadowlands as if she were; especially as her blood relations choose to ignore her existence."

Mrs. Horton flushed a little; Miss Leonie bit her lip; and Bess shook her curly head at Uncle John on the sly.

That same evening, Bess was sitting on the back-door step, peeling velvety, crimson, rare-ripe peaches for supper, when Ashley Gray came along the clover-edged path leading from the stile down in the orchard, which he, as a very intimate friend of the family, whose home adjoined Meadowlands, found it convenient now and then to make use of,

"Go round to the parlor and see the ladies," said Bess, as she laid the last peach, glowing and pink-hearted, in the high cut-glass dish.

"I don't want to see city folks," said the young man.

"But you must go this time," answered Bess, "for I must go in. I promised to set the table for Aunt Peg."

So he went, and it somehow happened that the next night he went without urging: and the next night. Ah, Bess, little, ruffled white pillow soaked up two or three, pearly tears!

The long summer days were waning at last. It was late August, sultry but sweet, softening with the vague premonitions of the coming autumn, odorous with the spicy scent of herbs, and bright with dashes of intense color here and there. Mist crowned the hills, and languid loveliness was everywhere.

Bess stood, in the pinkish gray of the gloaming, upon the broad balcony, her head resting against a square, white pillar, the sprays of the Madeira-vines above just sweeping her dusk-brown curls.

And Mr. John Bayberry stood and watched her—watched her with his black eyebrows drawn together in a line and a set grimness about his mouth scarcely visible beneath his shaggy mustache.

"Bess," he said, at last, "you have seen all this flirtation and tomfoolery going on between young Gray and your Cousin Leonie?"

"Yes," answered Bess.

"And—do you care? Excuse me Bess, but I want to know."

"No, Uncle John, I don't care a snap," replied Bess, lifting her head and smiling straight in his eyes. "I cared a little at first, but I don't now—not a bit!"

Mr. Bayberry came a little nearer her.

"Bess—Bess," he said, lingering a little over the name, "I have found cause lately to rejoice that you are really no relation of mine. Can you guess why, Bess? Are you glad, too?"

She dropped her head again, answering nothing.

"Tell me," he said. "You can surely guess my meaning?"

"I—what right have I—I—"

"Never mind about the right. Just tell me if you are glad. You shall not regret it."

"Yes, then," she murmured, radiantly blushing; "I am glad."

Meanwhile Mrs. Horton and her daughter were holding a private conversation in their own room.

"Mr. Gray proposed last night, Leonie?"

Mrs. Horton spoke carelessly, yet she glanced half uneasily at the young lady rocking idly by the window.

"He did."

"I hope—I suppose you refused him?"

"Of course," returned Miss Leonie, carelessly. "That was only a neat flirtation. Bess is welcome to him now. I presume she will be consoled, if he is a cast-off glove."

"Meadowlands is a splendid place, Leonie, and valuable."

"And Mr. Bayberry is a very handsome man."

The two ladies smiled and understood each other perfectly.

Later Miss Leonie sauntered down to the balcony.

Bess was still standing in the shade of the Madeira-vine.

Leonie sat down upon the step and yawned.

Bess was nobody, that she should trouble herself to be ceremonious.

'Don't you find your position here very trying?" asked Leonie, in her most languid, indifferent tone.

"Why?" queried Bess.

"O, it must be very unpleasant to be dependent on a man who is in no way related to you."

"I don't mind it a bit," said Bess, indulging in a little laugh all to herself in the Madeira shadow.

"You see, Miss Leonie," said John Bayberry, directly behind her. "Bess is soon to have the best right in the world to be dependent on me. You have often observed that we are not related; but we shall be, for Bess will be Mrs. Bayberry before the autumn wanes."

Corea.

In a recent interview Commodore Shufeld said: Of course you know that Corea is a country that has long been inaccessible to the world. I believe I am the first white man who has ever trod the soil of the interior, and therefore, perhaps, I am a curiosity. So far as I saw them the people of Corea are greatly attached to their country, have no disposition to emigrate—which accounts for their exclusiveness heretofore—but are possessed of a lively curiosity. On landing in Corea to meet the two Ministers appointed by the King to negotiate this treaty two officers accompanied me for some distance into the interior. We were unarmed, but were not molested. The roads over which we traveled were lined with people for miles, attracted probably by their first opportunity to look upon the face of a white man. In some instances they crowded around us. We pardoned their obtrusiveness, because we were probably a great mystery to them"

"In what respect do the Coreans resemble the Chinese?"

"I could see but little resemblance. The Chinese of different localities look very different, as you know. The Mongolians of the North do not very much resemble the Mongolians of the south, who mostly come to California, and the Corean looks much unlike either class. Their complexion is light, their hair dark, long and wiry and their eyes black. They remind me of the North American Indian and I believe the resemblance is sufficiently close to justify the belief that Corea furnished material to populate this country originally. All the difference between the two races could have been produced by climate and mode of living after immigration here. Owning to the fact that naturalists have never had an opportunity to investigate Corea, this resemblance has not been carried out to its logical conclusion.

"All the occupation the Coreans have is agriculture and the product of the soil is mostly consumed at home. They export a little rice and a few beans to Japan, but they have no commerce and no marine. All their carrying is done on animals or by means of inperfect boats, on the rivers. They appear inoffensive and not disposed to go to war with anybody, and yet the mass of the people are said to be curious in regard to outside affairs. The country is ruled by a King, who in his own dominion is an absolute despot, having complete power over the lives and property of the most noble of his subject. He is assisted in governing by a council selected from the nobility, who have charge of the various departments—judical, war, financial and interior departments. The person of the King for centuries has been absolutly inaccessible, and no person of his own race, much less a foreigner, has been abl to get into his presence. It is sacrilege to utter the name he has received fron his suzerain and that by which he is known in history is only given him after his death. It is high treason to touch his person with a weapon of iron. Notwithstanding the monarch's exclusiveness, however, in theory his ear is always open to the people, and an appeal to him in all grave matters is nominally permitted. The interference of the nobility in politics is also high treason and the princes of the blood excluded wholly from power. About a year since a plot to gain control of the government was discovered among the nobles, and every person in any way connected with it was beheaded. This treatment of the paricipants in the imbroglio was a salutary lesson. Although the King wields such power, there are two political parties among the nobles of Corea. One party is called the Progressists, the other by a name wich implies their antipodes—those opposed to progress. The former party is at present in power, a fact which rendered the negotiation of our treaty possible."

Home of Gold.

Somewhere in Southwestern New Mexico, in the Sierra Madre, it is said there is a wonderful valley. Small, enclosed in high rocky walls and accessible by a secret passage, which is known to but few, is this extraordinary place. It is about ten acres in extent, has running through it a stream, which waters it throughly and makes it a perfect Paradise, with its exquisite flowers and beautiful trees. In it are thousands of birds of the most beautiful plumage. Running across it is a ledge of pure gold about thirty feet wide, which glistens in the sunlight like a great golden belt. The stream crosses this ledge and, as it runs, murmurs around blocks of yellow metal as other streams do around pebbles. The ledge of gold is supposed to be solid gold and to run down into the centre of the earth. The legend is of Indian origin and around it cluster a number of Indian stories, in which the name of the ill-fated Montezuma occurs frequently. The descendants of the Aztecs believe firmly that the day will come when Montezuma will return and free them from the dominion of the descendants of the Conquestodores. They believe that the money necessary for this work will be taken from the Madre d'Oro. The secret of the entrance into the valley is carefully guarded by a tribe of Indians living near it, and among them it is only communicated to the oldest men, amid the solemn ceremonies of the Medicine lodge. Having such a story to work upon there is little wonder that the vivid imagination of the Mexicans should have built upon it tales of men who have found this wonderful place. One is that a certain Jose Alvarez, while wandering through the mountains in search of game, saw the valley from the top of the wall. Finding that he could not hope to enter by climbing down, he took up his abode with the Indians who guard this canyon leading into it. The daughter of the chief fell in love with him and betrayed the secret to him. Exactly how she found it out they do not tell. Having been shown the entrance, Jose went in and would possibly have gotten away with some of the gold had he not weighed himself down to such an extent that he could not get up the declivity at the lower end of the passage. He was discoverd and the Indians sacrificed him on the golden ledge with all the terrible ceremonies of the old Aztec religion. She, in despair at losing him, threw herself from the high walls into the valley below. Hundreds of prospectors have spent months of toil trying to find the Madre d'Oro, but it is scarcely necessary to say without result.

A Few Simple Recipes.

The Small Boy—Take equal parts of noise, dirt and four horse-power steam-engine; mix with bread and butter to the taste (the boy's taste), and set the mixture to cool in the middle of a ten-acre lot. If you find you have put in too much noise (which you undoubtedly have), turn over and knead with the hand or split shingle.

The Saleslady—This is a very easy dish. All that is required is a little giggle, brass to season, and a garnishing of frizzles, bangs and cheap jewelry. Mix in an empty skull and serve.

The Politician—Tact, one part; two eyes for the main chance; one tongue, well oiled, and as much cheek as possible. If you have a little brain handy, it may be added sparingly; but it does not matter much, and most housekeepers consider any use of brain in this connection as extravagant. Bake in a slow oven, so that it need not be done brown. If it be more than half-baked it is ruined.

The Poet—To make a poet, take liberally of shimmering sunshine, strain through a rhyming dictionary, and add equal parts of lovesick adjectives, archaic adverbs and such other words as you may never have heard of. Set in a warm place, where the whole may become intimately mingled, and garnish with long hair, seedy clothing and an empty stomach.

The Author—Take such facts as you have in the house and mix with twenty gallons of gush and twaddle for each fact, and boil down one-half. Then add of classical allusions, threadbare stories and ubiquitous ancedotes ten parts each, and serve in a greasy coat and bald head. Some prefer to send to the table in curl papers, triced with hair-pins but in this case the sauce must not be forgotton, and a little politico-poetic transcendentalism is also a great improvement.

A Kiss—This is composed of equal parts of honey, sugar, ice cream, soda with four kinds of syrup, love in a cottage and supernal bliss. It can be made in the dark just as well as in the light. Bake in an elliptical dish, and serve warm.

Charity—This is usually served cold. When warm it is very apt to spoil, and must therefore be used at home. Take one part heart and one hundred parts talk, and stir together until the heart is dissolved, and add sufficient policy and worldly wisdom to give it a flavor. Charity made by this recipe will keep a long time in any climate.

The Tide of Immigration.

The Bureau of Statistics has issued its annual report, showing the total immigration to the United States for the year ending June 30, 1882. Its first and most notable feature has reference to the enormous proportions which this foreign influx has assumed. The total immigration for the current year amount to 789,003, 119,572 more than last year, when the highest total was reached ever known in the history of this country. Some idea of the relative amount of this foreign addition to our population may be gathered by the statement that four years of such increase would aggregate a number equal to the total population of the United States at the time of the Revolution—a population which it had required one hundred and fifty years to reach. Of this enormous sum Germany furnished the largest instalment, her quota aggregating 149,505. England and Wales furnished 85 175; Ireland, 76,432, and Sweden, 64,607, while the Dominion of Canada is credited with 98,-308, considerable portion of them undoubtedly being Europeans who came through Canadian ports. Nearly two-thirds of the whole number, or 502,171, landed at New York. Huron stands next in the list, with 71 424; Boston follows, with 58,887; Baltimore, with 41,739, while Philadelphia stands fifth in the list, with 36,284. The most marked proportional increase over the immigration of last year was among the Chinese, 39,579 of whom arrived in 1882, as against 11,890 in 1881. If this extraordinary rate of immigration should be maintained for any great lenth of time Uncle Sam's remaining free domain will be circumscribed very fast. A farm each for 100,000 families, besides what is required for the natural increase of our own population, will rapidly exhaust our surplus lands. Notwithstanding strikes and others evidences of discontent among our own workingmen, this enormous migration to our shores indicates that the laboring people of the Old World believe that they can better their condition very materially by coming here and sharing the lot of these discontented wage-earners. "The land of the free and the home of the brave" seems to be still the most attractive country on the green earth, judging by the rate at which the peoples of nearly all civilized countries are flocking hither.

How Skobeleff died.

The evening General Skobeleff died he was in his usual health and spirits and dined heartily with some boon companions at one of the best restaurants in the town, After dinner the party proceeded to the Ermitage Gardens, a place of entertainment in the environs of Moscow, of the same character as the Cremorne Gardens used to be in London. More friends were met at the Ermitage, and after a very lively evening the party returned to the town. Skobeleff invited some of the company to join him at supper at a small hotel of indifferent repute in the Petrovka street, named the Hotel d'Angleterre. In this hotel and in this society the General died.

Skobeleff had numerous enemies, and by many it is believed that he was a victim to foul play; but those who best knew his character, and who also know who were in his company at the time of his death, consider it far more probable that he was killed by one of his male companions in a drunken brawl. A writer says: I myself, immediately on hearing of his decease, sought information at the Hotel d'Angleterre. I was refused admittance, and when I attempted to question the proprietor he declined to reply. He "had never seen General Skobeleff;" he did not know he was dead, and he did not know why I asked him about it. Other inquirers were in my presence similarly refused information. The General's body was at night secretly removed to the Hotel Dusaux, where the next day it was given out that Russia's greatest military chief had suddenly expired from heart disease.

Odd Notices

A gentleman near Winchester made a rockery in front of his house in which he planted some beautiful ferns, and having put up the following notice, found it more efficient and less expensive than spring-guns or man-traps. The fear-inspiring inscription was: "Beggars beware, Scolopendriums and Polypodiums are set here." The wall of a gentleman's house near Edinburgh some years since exhibited a notice on which was painted a threat quite as difficult for the trespasser to understand as the preceding: "Any person entering these enclosures will be shot and prosecuted." An eccentric old gentleman placed in a field on his estate a board with the following generous offer painted thereon: "I will give this field to any man who is contented." It was not long before he had an applicant. "Well my man, are you a contented fellow?" "Yes, sir, very." "Then why do you want my field?" The applicant did not wait to reply.

—Rabbits are not poisoned by belladonna or stramonium.

Rotterdam

It is nearly mid-day, says a writer before we get through the sluice-gates and drop down towards Rotterdam. We pass many canals, which stretch away from us into the country. There are many of them so narrow that only small craft can ply upon then. The windmills multiply and then suddenly cease, for we are now in a region where they are unavailing; the land lies much below the level of the sea, and is irreclaimable. Most desolate, even in the bright mid-day sun, is the appearance of the shores. We are no longer in a canal, but in a wide sweep of dark, turbid water, fringed by a wilderness of sedges and osiers. Flocks of teal and brent rise with harsh discordant cry; while water-hens bob in and out among the twisted roots of the willows. In the background rises the bare, straight highroad against the the horizon. Here and there a tiny cottage stands on its platform of brick; at the foot of a flight of steps, a boat lies moored; the only means of exit and egress being by water. The occupation of these lonely dwellers ot the marsh is osier-cutting. The osiers are split and made into hoops, an extensive trade being carried on between Holland and other countries in this commodity. Soon we begin to pass numerous vessels; the water widens, and a forest of masts rises in the distance, and there is Rotterdam. Very quaint and picturesque looks the ancient city, with its curious gabled houses, over whose roofs the spires of more than one old church appear. The broad quay is planted with magnificent limetrees which also rear their leafy branches over the sidewalks of the many canals which intersect the town like a network, where busy craft pass up and down. But when the noise and bustle of the day are stilled, and I sit on deck and watch the great round moon lift her yellow face above the tall ships' masts, and softly throw her magic mantle over the scene, I think that Holland, with its ever-present waters, is a land of beauty and wondre.

An Eccentric Bishop.

In a sermon at the Calcutta Cathedral, after a hubbub about some indiscretion attributed to an officer of rank, the bishop Wilson after a powerful discourse wound up by saying: "But my brethren, there are sinners everywhere. There are sinners even among these dear little children (pointing to the Sunday-school children right and left of him), and there are a vast number of old sinners in front of me," waving his hands over the heads of the Governor-General and staff, members of Council, heads of departments, etc. One morning I breakfasted with him. As usual at family prayers, which he invariably conducted himself, he prayed by name for the people staying with him. There was a gentleman from Madras for whom he prayed, and then he said: "Let us pray for his dear wife, and dear children." A thought struck him, he paused, and he said to his chaplain: "By-the-bye, is he a married man?" "No, my lord, he is not married." "Ah, well, never mind," he resumed. "He may marry, and the children may come."

On another occasion it was related that he was preaching against the sin of avarice, when he delivered himself of the following remarks: "My brethren, there are several forms of avarice; one form has recently been brought home to me most unpleasantly. You all know my Arch-deacon there, a most excellent man; well, last week he sold me a horse for five hundred rupees—he is not worth ten. This, my brethren, I considered a most unpleasant form of avarice."

Treatment of Disease by Outdoor Life

More rational opinions are gradually making their way, and, in one particular at least, a beginning is being made of a revolution, namely, the system of treatment followed in "climatic" sanitariums, and establishments for the cure of diseases by air, difference of elevation, etc. The proprietors of such places it is true, speak of the "specific" virtues of their climate; but, inasmuch as chemistry shows that atmospheric air all over the earth has the same constitution, the specific virtue must reside in the special purity of the air—a thing wanting in cities, but found in all villages, provided they don't possess large factories. Further, it is an error to suppose that in the South—Florida, Colorado, or in the Tyrol, or by the lake of Geneva—it is as warm as in a hot-house. In those regions, too, it is now and then cold; yet it is easier to be out of doors there, for usually the sun shines and the landscape is beautiful. But, since we connot send all the sick to the South, we must devise some substitute at home, the benefit of which may be enjoyed even by the poorest. Then, too, when we consider that the majority of those who have spent the winter in a southern clime return as—embalmed corpses, because it is only when it is too late that people make up their minds to make the costly voyage, there is reason to expect better results from timely recourse at home to "air-cure." With the means of treatment at hand, disease might be nipped in the bud and lung complaints in general would be rarer.