

### The Coming of Summer.

The woods are astir with a flutter of wings.  
Each thicket resounds with the notes of a song.  
The maple's green banners unfurl to the breeze,  
And hither the dryads come tripping along.  
While chanting has started the squirrel that springs  
From bough unto bough of the whispering trees.  
The uplands, whose pastures of emerald line  
Laugh low at the frolics of lambskins in play,  
Are waiting expectant for some one to come,  
Tricked out in their holiday finery, gay  
With brilliant yellow and harvests of blue,  
That tinkle and chime when we think  
They are dumb.  
The brook is aglow with bilious glow,  
And gambols and leaps as it runs to the lake,  
"She's coming! she's coming!" it shouts to the field;  
"The cranes have come back and the wood-chuck's awake!"  
Like any young madcap from durance set free,  
And singeth for joy till its lips shall be sealed.  
The lake as her children run into her arms,  
Impatient to tell the good tidings the first,  
Takes each to her heart, and there rocks it to sleep;  
And while on her heaving full bosom 'tis nursed,  
She croons a soft lullaby, speaking the charms  
Of summer, high carnival coming to keep.  
WILLIAM T. JAMES, in *Frank Leslie's*.

### NELLY'S LOVER

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I wish I could go to the seashore," said Nelly Green, softly.  
She sat like a little pale shadow in the moving gleams of the Madeira vines which Marian had twined back and forth over the tenement-house window, her eyes fixed on the one bit of blue sky which was visible between factory-walls and clustering chimney pots.  
"To the seashore!" said Aunt Penelope, grimly. "Marian, them vests ain't pressed yet, and they're to be called for at noon, you know."  
"But the seashore!" went on Nelly, as if she had not heard the crabbed old woman's words. "The great, cool waves, full of green and violet lights; the wet crinkly sands; the sweet wind and the fringes of white foam! Oh, Marian, I know I should be better if I could go to the sea."  
Nelly Green had been the flower of all the family—the beauty, the youngest, the pet. But when Nelly fell sick and was obliged to give up school—when she continued to droop, day by day, Aunt Penelope began to question the justice of Providence.  
Marian had listened wistfully to her sister's piteous words. She looked at Aunt Penelope.  
"Aunt Pen," said she, "there's that money I have been saving for a button-hole machine; it would just take us all to the seashore for a week."  
"And what's to become of the button-hole machine?" said Aunt Pen, working her jaws in unison with the motion of the scissors with which she was cutting out several layers of white Marcellines.  
"We must do without it," said Marian.  
"No, dear, no!" said Nelly, looking up with a faint smile. "I am not yet selfish enough to allow such a sacrifice as that. You have been saving up for the button-hole machine a whole year—you could work a deal faster with it."  
Marian kissed her sister and said nothing. But the next evening when she came in from delivering her latest batch of work at the vest factory, she held up three slips of paper.  
"Tickets for Long Branch!" said she. "Get ready, Nell and Aunt Penelope! We are to go on Thursday for a week!"  
"Goodness gracious me!" ejaculated Aunt Pen. "And me without a dress-cap and not a yard of ruffling done up!"  
"You can make up the dress-cap to-night," said Marian, "and as for the ruffling, we must do without it, for once."  
"But the button-hole machine," said Nell, drawing her sister's face down close to hers. "Oh, Marian—Marian, what have you done?"  
"Darling," whispered Marian, "I would make button-holes by hand all my life, to see the color back in your cheeks."  
And Marian felt that she was indeed rewarded when Nelly's cheeks reddened and something like the old light came back to her eyes as the Long Branch boat steamed past the Narrows and the cool salt breeze fluttered her veil and lifted the little fringes of golden hair from her forehead. Marian and Aunt Pen, in her well-worn black alpaca, sat beside her; and Miss Cynthia Culpepper, who boarded in the same house, and was a "saleslady" out for her two weeks' vacation, was opposite

in a dress hat, imitation gold bracelets and pea-green kid gloves.

Presently a tall, handsome young man, who sat on the other side of the boat, rose and approached the party.  
"I beg your pardon," said he courteously to Marian, "but I see that the young lady is an invalid. Would she not prefer a seat on the shady side? Mine is quite at her disposal."  
"Thank you," said Marian, gratefully. "It would be pleasanter."  
And then began a pleasant little travelling acquaintance, which was further cemented by the handsome stranger carrying their bags to the train for them.  
"Which hotel are you for?" he asked, when at length the train came to a stand-still in the depot.  
"Oh, no hotel," said Frank Nelly. "We have engaged board at a private house. A boy will meet us. We are very much obliged for all your kindness."  
"What a fool you are, Nelly Green!" cried Miss Cynthia Culpepper. "Don't you see he's bound for the West End? You could easily have pretended you were going to one of the hotels, too."  
"But it wouldn't have been true."  
"True?" echoed Miss Cynthia. "I've no patience with you? You'd never see him again? And him with diamond studs in his linen and a real Panama hat! Who knows what would have come of it?"  
"Please to give me the cheapest bathing-suit you have," said Nelly, the next morning, when the three girls went down to take their sea-baths.

"There you are again!" grumbled Miss Cynthia. "Must you advertise the fact of your poverty all through Long Branch? I'd never have come with you if—"  
She stopped here, startled by Nelly's little cry of pleased surprise. For there, looking out of the window where the bathing-suits were piled up for hire, was the tall stranger in the diamond studs and the Panama hat.  
"Oh," cried Nell, instinctively, "how glad I am to see you! But who would have expected to meet you here!"  
"Renting out bathing-suits at fifty and twenty-five cents an hour," said the young man, with a mischievous sparkle in his dark eyes. "Which shall I have the pleasure of selecting for you, ma'am?" to Miss Cynthia Culpepper.  
That young lady drew herself up.  
"The nicest you have," said she.  
"Marian," she added, afterward, "those diamonds are California and nothing else. And the hat is most likely borrowed. And you really ought to teach that silly little sister of yours some of the ways of the world? She's making as much of that young man as if he was a gentleman!"

And Miss Culpepper gave the dark-eyed offender the cut direct, when she met him strolling on the beach, when both hours were over, and the sunset breeze came freshest.  
"Are you strong enough to walk up as far as yonder stranded sloop?" said he to Nell. "I think you would enjoy the sight. And with my arm—"  
"I should like it so much," said Nelly.  
But Miss Cynthia could not endure this.  
"Young man," said she, loftily, "I don't think your employer would like this."  
"My employer?"  
"The gentleman that owns the bathing-suits."  
"But I have nothing to do with the bathing-suits nor their owner," said the stranger with an amused look.  
"Indeed!" said Miss Culpepper, with scorn. "Then may I ask what you were doing there this morning?"  
"Oh, certainly!" answered the stranger. "I found, when I got down to the bathing grounds, that I had left the key of my room in the door; so I just stepped in for a moment while the man ran up to the hotel to get it for me."

Miss Cynthia Culpepper opened her molly blue eyes very wide. All of a sudden the diamonds assumed their original glitter; the mien of the suspected vendor of bathing suits became aristocratic and Lord-Byronic again. How, then, in the names of Guy Livingstone, Sir Charles Grandison and all the other heroes of modern and ancient romance, had she made such a mistake? But if he wasn't the hotel employe, who was he?

The week at Long Branch glided away, and when they were seated in the steamer, on their homeward way, Nell whispered to Marian, with gleaming eyes and cheeks all rosy:  
"Dear Marian, is it wrong to be engaged to him after only a week's acquaintance?"  
"Wrong? No, dear," Marian an-

swered; "for I think he loves you dearly."  
"Who do you think he is—" demanded Cynthia Culpepper, bounding into the room where the three sat at their vest-making—"Mr. Newton, I mean!"  
"He is Mr. Newton," said Nelly.  
"He is the new partner in our firm!" gasped Cynthia. "I saw him looking over the cashier's books this morning."  
"Marian," said Nelly, turning to her sister, "the first present I make you after I am married shall be a button-hole machine; for all this happiness has come of your sweet, generous self-denial."—*The Ledger*.

**How Sky-Rockets are Made.**  
The first process in rocket-making is the manufacture of the tube, which, for all the ordinary kinds, is of pasteboard, rolled hard and glued, layer over layer, until it is nearly as tough as sheet-iron. The tube is placed in a copper mold, from the bottom of which a long, pointed spindle projects up to the tube. The fuse, a sort of wick impregnated with slow-burning powder, is inserted well up into the tube, and the firing charge, also a slow-burning powder, is rammed around the fuse and down around the spindle so that when the tube is withdrawn from the mold a deep cavity is left in the bottom of the rocket, which greatly facilitates combustion. The gas formed by slow powder rushing out at the vent and impinging upon the air sends the rocket upward. Upon the firing charge, which will last long enough to carry the rocket to the required altitude, is placed the bursting, or exploding charge, a small quantity of fine-grained gunpowder, somewhat similar to that used in squibs, whose power is sufficient to blow out the display. On this exploding charge (ignited by the firing charge when it has burned up to that point, which should be coincident, of course, with the extreme limit of the rocket's flight) is put whatever display the rockets are to make. The workman just in front of us has mixed together a quantity of bright steel filings, taken from an air-tight vessel (for if the filings rust they are worthless), with a trifle of meal powder and glue water. This, in the consistency of stiff clay, he presses into the tube, and upon it he pours more steel filings, dry and loose. Upon this, again, he places a bit of clay, or tempered brick-dust; and, with a dab of glue, fixes a conical cap, in shape much like the tops of the turrets you see in old Gascon chateaux. (I have never been in Gascon myself, or France either, for that matter; but it sounds well to write about these things as if you were wearily familiar with them all.) Next he takes his tube, now complete, and dexterously wires two sticks of pine or spruce to it on either side. These sticks will guide the rocket in its flight, which otherwise would be erratic. This is a "six-pounder," and will mount four hundred feet and close its career in a shower of brilliant sparks.—*Demorests*.

**Return of the Sedan Chair.**  
The mania for reviving bygone fashions would seem to have reached its height when sedan chairs are to be reinstated. Already a London street carriage builder has received orders from several ladies, and ere long no doubt to ride in a sedan chair will be considered the smart thing to do. The modern chairs are built upon an improved principle. They are more roomy than their predecessors, and open at the side like a brougham, instead of front. One specimen in progress of completion has panels painted green and picked out with gold, while the interior is upholstered in green silk. The framework is entirely of steel, and the woodwork excessively thin, the weight is reduced as much as possible. The very name "sedan chair" carries with it a vision of powder, patches, court beauties and the like, which fact alone will commend this mode of locomotion to the notice of fashion's votaries.—*Chicago Herald*.

**A Pie for the Queen.**  
Consenting to the revival by the Mayor of Gloucester of an ancient custom, Queen Victoria is to receive, through the Lord High Steward of Gloucester (the Duke of Beaufort), the royal lamprey pie, which from an early period prior to 1830 was annually sent by the City of Gloucester to the reigning sovereign. The royal pie will be accompanied by skewers or spoons, specially prepared, bearing the arms of the City of Gloucester and the name of the present Mayor.—*Detroit Free Press*.

During the cholera plague of 1865 the greatest mortality at Rome and Madrid was on Sundays; at London and Berlin on Wednesdays; at Paris on Saturdays.

### WOODED ISLAND.

THE ONLY QUIET SPOT ON THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS.

A Dream of Old Japan—The Typical Home of the Hunter and Haunt of the Pelican.



never see him, and so this morning he again looked for the only disturber of the wooded island, but with no better success. He cast sleepy blinks at the trees and then crossed over the bridge



THE TYPICAL HUNTER'S CABIN.

leading to the west and to his own retreat and cot for the day.  
His coming to quarters was the signal that the new day had come, and the even tread of the day guards soon sounded along the smooth paths, as column after column marched to the day stations.



THE JAPANESE DOORWAY.

The busy scenes of the day have begun. The click of the turnstiles becomes more rapid. The park is now a blaze of light and excitement; the ever-moving mass of human color subdues the dazzling white of the many buildings.  
The wooded island is the only quiet spot on the grounds. Even the great search lights are placed in a position so high that they cannot come within



THE JAPANESE GATE.

the range of this little spot of neutral color, and only the tops of the trees sometimes catch the reflected light from the illuminated dome of the Administration Building at night. At the north end of the island stands the little Japanese settlement with its quaint buildings, every view of which forms an interesting picture. The queer gate and high gate-posts have bronze tops and red bronze hinges and fastenings.  
The weary sight-seer who rests on the bench just outside this queer gate can easily imagine himself in Japan, and expect at any moment to see Jap-

anese giants, ogres, dragons and many fairies come from the wild rice growing on the other side of the slender bamboo fence. Then, too, he will see the brave dog, Shippitaro, known as Okuchishinjin, the large-mouth god, who is famous the world over for having killed many tragon cats in the forests of Japan and to have saved the lives of many beautiful Japanese maidens.

Just south of this gate stands the Japanese temple, and it is a model of refined and thorough workmanship. It is entirely characteristic of the Japanese and their careful and patient work in the natural wood in which the outside of the building is finished. In such places where the cut ends are exposed to the weather artistic brass coverings are used. No glass is to be seen. Light it had from fine tissue-paper slides, the dividing sections being highly lacquered in black. Only a peep is as yet to be obtained of the interior, but this discloses many wonderful things. Fine mattings are used in the finish, and many bronzes and delicate carvings, highly colored, are shown about the rooms.

The path now passes the flower nursery, with its thousands of bulbs set out to be transplanted about the grounds. It then leads into a dense and almost wild wood. And just ahead, a short distance from the trail, is an old, deserted bark hut used by the hunter in the north.  
Just across from this is a typical hunter's camp used in the Northwest. The old canvas-covered wagon is just outside, and the horses may be grazing somewhere among the trees. Inside are all the comforts of a home to the hunter. Here beside a log fire in the large open fireplace is the guardian of the camp, Mr. E. Hoper. He is here from the northern hunting grounds to take care of the camp for the Boone and Crockett Club, the builders.  
"Come in and warm," is his first greeting. "Yes, this is just the way we live on a hunting trip. Here is everything we need—all of our saddles, guns, furs and cots. I sleep here just as I do at camp, and when the door is closed I can imagine myself in the wilds of the North. Now and then you hear the hoak of a Canadian wild goose just outside on the lagoon, and some have built their nests right back of this camp near the water. Then there are the gulls and different wild ducks. These all add to the deception, and I almost expect any moment to see a big bear rub his nose up against the window over there."  
"At night comes the hoot of a little owl which built its nest right out of that door a bit. Yes, I have seen its nest, but I ain't told any one of it."  
"There are some mighty hunters in the Boone Club. There are among them Charles Deering, Albert Bierstadt, S. W. Buchanan, John U. Buxton, of England; James K. Morton,

### The Biggest Man in New York.

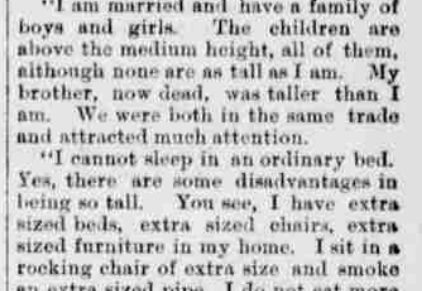
Here is a good picture of the biggest man in New York, John A. Seaton, the colored watchman, of the



JOHN A. SEATON.

Equitable Building. Mr. Seaton is six feet seven and one-half inches high, and weighs 287 pounds, but he doesn't appear to be abnormally stout. He is simply big all over.  
I had a chat with him the other day, on which occasion he said:  
"Do I care if people stare at me? Well, to tell the truth, I have grown used to it. I am a descendant of people who enjoyed the distinction of being slaves on George Washington's estate at Mount Vernon. At one time I was a member of the Capital police force, Washington. Later, I had an office under the Government. It was part of my duty, from time to time, to accompany Congressional junkets on funeral tours. I was present at the obsequies of some of our leaders in days gone by. A gentleman once made me an offer to go with him to England to act as his valet, but I preferred to stay in the United States."  
"I remember on one occasion I took a trip in a sleeping car and got caught in the folding beds and nearly lost my life. I have never tried that sort of way of sleeping since."  
"I am married and have a family of boys and girls. The children are above the medium height, all of them, although none are as tall as I am. My brother, now dead, was taller than I am. We were both in the same trade and attracted much attention."  
"I cannot sleep in an ordinary bed. Yes, there are some disadvantages in being so tall. You see, I have extra sized beds, extra sized chairs, extra sized furniture in my home. I sit in a rocking chair of extra size and smoke an extra sized pipe. I do not eat more than an ordinary man. I have no favorite dishes. How do I account for my size? Oh, it's nature, aided by the open air and a decent, healthy life. I grew that way."  
Mr. Seaton is a modest, intelligent and useful aid in the big building he does so much to adorn. The ladies appear to be delighted with his heroic proportions, and many are the admiring glances they cast at him.—*New York Herald*.

**Did the Flood in 2000 Words.**  
If the Chaldean flood tablet which Johns Hopkins University sent to the American Bible Society is a fair sample of the books of 4000 years ago a Chaldean Library as extensive as the Astor Library would cover Manhattan Island. The tablet is a complete book in itself. It is a plaster cast from a modern reproduction in clay of the eleventh book of the so-called Zidubor or Gilgamesh legends. It contains the Chaldean account of the flood, written in cuneiform text more than two thousand years before Christ.  
The tablet is about ten inches long by seven wide and three-quarters of an inch thick. It is written on both sides in three columns and contains 331 lines, or about 2000 words.



THE TABLET.

The restoration is the work of Professor Paul Haupt, of Johns Hopkins, one of the first scholars of his day in the study of antiquities. The original tablet was found during the British excavations in the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, and was broken in thirteen pieces, which are now in the British Museum.—*New York World*.

**Making a Fly-Trap Out of a Piano.**  
"Come inside a minute," said a Fourth avenue dealer in pianos. "I have discovered the greatest fly-trap on earth and I want to show it to you." He led the way to an instrument at the rear of the store, on which was a newspaper. On the paper had been placed a bunch of sweet peas. At least a thousand dead flies were lying on the paper in the immediate vicinity or in the bunch of flowers. "I threw these here by chance," he continued, "and in about ten minutes I happened to notice that every fly that alighted on the flowers died in a very short time." Even as he spoke a number of the insects which had stopped to suck the deadly sweet had toppled over dead. They alighted with their usual buzz, stopped momentarily, quivered in their legs, flapped their wings weakly several times and then gave up the ghost.—*Courier-Journal*.

The topaz took its name from a Greek word meaning goose, since the ancients could only guess at the locality where this beautiful stone was obtained.  
The first artists of the Venetian school were the brothers Gentile and Giovanni Bellini.