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THAT DREADFUL GET-UP BELL.

Hear the ringing of the bell—
Rising bell!
What a world of misery its harsh sound doth foretell!
How it clatters—clatters—clatters on the icy air of morn
Till all pleasant dreams it scatters—wakes us up to thoughts forlorn!
Though 'tis far from our desire,
We must rise to light the fire,
While we shiver—shiver—shiver—
And the stars all seem to quiver,
And the stars and moon all bright
Seem to grin at us and quiver in a comical delight,
As we grumble, as we stumble, and we tumble out of bed—
As we pour forth ice-cold water and bathe therewith our head,
While we listen to the ringing
Of the bell—bell—bell—
As we listen to the dinging
Of that dreadful get-up bell.
Hear the merry breakfast-bell!
Cheerful bell!
It brings us thoughts of good things, and with it comes the smell
Of coffee and of beefsteaks, and potatoes smoking hot
For the punctual early risers who are ready on the spot;
For those who heard the rising-bell, and got up in a hurry,
And did not take another nap and then commence to skurry.
But the slothful—ah! the slothful—
Be they old, or be they youthful;
They who, half-an-hour too late,
Fear they'll find an empty plate:—
How they shudder at the bell!
And it seems to them a knell
As they listen to its swell
With a groan!
Ah! what anguish do they feel as they listen to the peal
Of the bell—bell—bell—bell—bell!
As they hear the folks go down—
Tramp of boots and rustling gown—
Left alone!
Then they view their sloth with sorrow,
Vow they'll rise betimes to-morrow,
As they listen to the ringing of the bell—
To the ringing and the dinging of the bell!

JOHN BLYTHE'S NAMESAKE.

John Blythe and the minister were walking down town together. John always walked, having nothing to ride except his hobbies, which his friends declared he rode to death. But there was such an ever-increasing stud of those unpopular and costly racers that he was never without half a dozen reasonably fresh ones. And one of them, however hard-ridden, came up, unbreathed and active, for service every day. John could not remember when he had not been absorbed in the hope and the work of reforming prisoners, and of saving from crime the street Arabs who become prisoners. When he was six years old he had been permitted a birthday party, with the precious liberty of inviting the guests "his-self." But when the afternoon arrived, his unsuspecting mother found her pretty parlors invaded by twelve little gutter-snipes, not much cleaner as to vocabulary than as to person. John grew more and more radiant with delight at each grimy and slinking arrival, so that his mother had hardly the heart to call him to account. And when she took him apart to say, "Johnny, how could you bring those dreadful boys into mamma's nice clean house?" he looked up with such pained amazement that she was silenced. "Why, mamma," he said, "you told me I might invite which twelve little boys I choosed, and I choosed these, 'cause I knew they didn't ever go to a birthday before." Mrs. Blythe felt an uneasy apprehension that practical Christianity might be a little uncomfortable in general use. But remembering a certain Divine prescription of the etiquette pertaining to a feast, which insisted on the bidding of them who could not bid again, she only said, "Well, Johnny, tell mamma beforehand next time. And now we must take all your little friends up to the bath-room and give them a scrub, before they play with the toys."

Which very remarkable attention the young vagabonds received, by means whereof they would have remembered the day forever as set apart from all others in their limited experience, had it not also been set apart as a bewilderment of games, cakes, beautiful surroundings, and double handfuls of candy as a sort of stirrup-cup.

The John of six-and-thirty was hardly more conventional and no whit more selfish than the John of six. And now he was urging the minister to take up a scheme of his for deporting certain bad characters to a new field, where he believed they would reform. "You are too hard on them, Egerton," he was saying, in his vehement way. "I tell you, we make 'em thieves and keep 'em thieves, and then shut 'em up, because they are thieves, in places where they shed their thieves' skin and come out something worse. It's the logic of events. I've got some friends in Rag-pickers' Row—carriage people—drive a dog in a soap-box, these aristocrats. Sometimes I drop in there when I think the world is too careless of my high mightiness. It's a nasty cure for peevishness, but thorough. The Row has its water view—a mud-puddle that is never dry, inhabited by an ague that's never at home, but always out calling in the neighborhood. The rooms are ten by twelve, a family in every room, and at least ten souls, or cases for souls, in every family. The lower the breed, the larger the litter always. What do these creatures breathe? Air? No; stinks! What do they eat? Food? No; garbage! What do they wear? Clothes? No; rags and infection! What fluid is in their veins? Blood? No; poison! What do they do? Live? No; putrefy, body and bones, heart and brain! The brats are turned into the street as soon as they can toddle, to beg or steal. They get into the Tombs, of course, and on the Island, and so to Sing Sing, and so to a bad death. In short, they're born in hell, and live in hell. And I declare to you again that I don't believe a just and tender Father will give them hell hereafter till they've had at least a chance."

"My dear John," said his friend, "you can't wash convicts clean in baths of sentiment. You yourself wouldn't trust a convict's repentance without long probation. There's a great deal to be said on the other side; but this is my corner, and I have work to do. I'll consider the question, and help you if I see my way."

Blythe turned down a quiet cross-street, and was startled out of his meditation by a woman's scream. At the same instant a man, stumbling up the steps of a deep area, ran violently against him. "Not so fast, friend," said Blythe. "It's not polite to run away when people want your company. We'll just turn in here and see for which of our virtues we are thus desired." There was no shaking himself free from the strong grip of his captor, and the man obeyed.

"What's the row, my girl!" said Blythe to the servant at the window. "Oh, the black thafe!" she cried. "Sure I set me spoons on the winder-sill, and it opened a minute wid the dust, and me sweepin', and the blatherin' thafe he rached in an' tuk 'em, and me ketchin' him in the act."

"Search me," said the man quietly.

It was early. Nobody was in the street. Blythe took the man into the area, and turned his pockets inside out. Not so much as a pawn-ticket appeared. "Friend," said he, "I must trouble you to take off your boots."

The man laughed uneasily. "Game's up," he said. "Take your spoons, watchful Bridget. I'm to go to the jug, I suppose Who cares?"

"Are the spoons all right, my girl?" asked the amateur detective.

"An' why not, thanks to yer honor, and bad cess to the murderin' rogue, to be takin' yer honor's time. And I'll take me book oath agen him whenever yer honor says."

"All right," said Blythe. "Good-morning. Come with me, my Turpin bold."

The man went quietly for a few paces and then stopped. "What are you going to do with me?" he said.

"Well," said Blythe, "either put you in nomination for civic honors, as alderman, for instance, where your talents wouldn't remain hid in a napkin, or give you in charge, I think."

"Couldn't you kick me, Sir, and let me go?" asked the man eagerly.

Blythe laughed aloud. "Corporal punishment, as opposed to moral suasion, eh? Well, perhaps. Where do you live?"

His captive studied his face. It was so open and kindly, the laugh had been so hearty, that he said, suddenly, "I wouldn't like to lie to you, Sir. I don't live any where. I come out of jail for the third time last Tuesday. I'm a regular jail-bird, I am, and I don't expect to be nothing else. I'm too old. And I don't suppose it matters how soon I go back." The man's voice was steady enough, but his lip twitched a little.

"Then you didn't breakfast at Delmonico's this morning?" said Blythe.

"I didn't breakfast nowheres these two days, Sir," replied the prisoner.

"My young friend," said his queer keeper, "I have ever observed throughout my virtuous life that when there is a chronic emptiness of the stomach, there is a corresponding shakiness of the moral nature. Here is my card. Will you do me the honor and pleasure of breakfasting with me?"

The amazed convict replying not, was forthwith hauled to a cellar-restaurant, where, having ordered half the bill of fare, Blythe sat back in his chair complacently observing the famished eagerness of his human wolf. When even the chronic emptiness was temporarily filled, the wolf said, sheepishly, "I don't mind telling you, Sir, since you've acted so handsome, that I wouldn't have took them spoons if I hadn't ha' been just starved. That ain't no excuse in the courts, I know, and I expect to go up for it; but I thought you'd kind o' feel as if you hadn't wasted your money so bad if you knew how holler I was. I'm ready now, Sir, if your time's up."

"Not quite up," said John. "Suppose you tell me how it began. Perhaps I could speak a word for you. I'm a lawyer."

The other stared with surprise. "A lawyer," he said, "and give away a breakfast like that! That beats cracky! But there's nothing to tell, sir. I'm a wheelwright. I got sent up the first time for being drunk and disorderly. I lost my place, and then come a strike, and no work; and I took a nip sometimes, and got sent up for petty larceny. And I sort o' slipped into the thieves' ring; and bymeby I got a three years' term. But I was sick of the business, and I worked hard and kept the rules, and got a good name. So when I come out, I goes to my old shop to get work; and, thinks I, 'tain't fair to the boss not to own up, 'cause he might have hard words heaved at him by the rest of the hands if they found it out. And so he wouldn't take me; and none of the other bosses wouldn't, 'cause I told 'em—for, thinks I, 'taint no use to pretend you want to be honest with a lie on to your tongue. So then I tried to get porter's work, and other things, but nobody wouldn't take a man without a character. I don't blame 'em. I s'pose I shouldn't myself, if I was them. Well, I hadn't no money nor credit, but I used to want my victuals just as regular as though I had good wages; and so I took a watch, and got sent up again. I'm a pretty decent chap in jail, you see. I don't get no liquor, and after a little I don't want it. And I'm a proper good workman. And the warden he used to let me have the picture papers on Sundays.—And I made up my mind again that I'd just be a new man when I got out. So I did get out last Tuesday, with these clothes and two dollars, and a nice new knife that the warden give me. So then I tried right off for work. And when the boss says, 'Where did you work last?' I says, 'Come, now, I won't tell you no lies. I worked at the prison; I'm a convict.' And then 'twas the same old story. So I sold the knife and a handkerchief, and the last of them and my two dollars was eat up and slep' up night before last. So yesterday I didn't have no vituals; and I thought maybe I'd go to some minister and tell him. But ministers ain't much in my way; and, besides, I didn't want to beg—I wanted to work. So I walked round all night last night, 'cause I couldn't go into them holes to the station-houses to sleep—I know 'em too well. And when I see them spoons waiting in the winder this morning purposed to be took, I couldn't hold out no longer. I didn't expect to get nabbed; but I guess I didn't care much. And that's all," said the man, pulling up suddenly. "I guess having to hold your tongue so much up to the prison kind o' makes it run at both ends when you get out. And I beg your parston, Sir, for doing it. But, if it's the same to you, I'd ruther push along to the station; for talkin' with you sort o' makes me hate to go back again." And he looked—this hardened convict—quite capable of human tears.

"I've concluded," said Blythe, quietly, "to transport you instead."

The man jumped up. "Why, that ain't American law, is it?" he cried. "Why should I care, though? Just as you say, Sir. You've treated me fair, and I don't doubt you know the law."

"It's Gospel, if it isn't law;" said Blythe, heartily. "What is your name, my friend?"

"John Brand, Sir; but the name's a brand to me now, and if I'm to be shipped, I'll take another, if it ain't against the law."

"All right," said his sponsor: "take mine, 'John Blythe.' It's a good, honest name, and I'll trust you to keep it so. You're going to Philadelphia to a friend I have there in the carriage business; big house; good wages; chance to rise. I'll write to him and tell him all about you in a letter you take. He is not to report to me. If you do well, you'll be glad to let me know it yourself. If you don't, I'd rather not know it at all. I'll have no spies upon you, and I'll trust you to keep faith with me. You'll want another suit and ten dollars in your pocket to make you feel respectable. So now we'll go and get fitted, and buy our ticket, and take our rather damaged wares to a new market."

When John Blythe went home that night he laughed a little to himself to think how many of his investments in wild-cat humanity had brought back no dividends. But he always had faith in the last one. "The truth is," his mother had told the minister that morning, when she begged him to withhold her son a little from his prodigal benevolence—"the truth is that John regularly strips himself once a month or so for some plausible scamp. Three times this season has he come home without a waistcoat. And I fully expect to see the day when he will have to lie in bed to have his only shirt washed, his opulent beggars having pawned all the rest."

Blythe still lived with his mother, because he felt that no other woman would be happy with the perplexities which his constant experiments in socialogy entailed on his honsehold, and because he had never found a woman whom he could ask to share that poverty which might so easily have been wealth had he chosen to conduct his moral book-keeping according to received usage. In this new rogue he had taken much stock, as he said. The man was not only certain to reform, but to save hundreds of men like himself, whom he would know how to reach. But after one brief, ill-spelled, and dirty note to say that he had found work, and a friend in his employer, he made no sign. And when a year or two of silence had convinced even Blythe that the taint of ten years could not be cured by an hour's kindness, he only said, "Well, poor fellow, I ought to have kept him under my own eye. There was good in him. But I suppose life was too hard."

So eight years went by, Blythe going his daily round of unostentatious duty, never dreaming that he was a saint in shabby vestments, and only seeing that each day he let slip some chance of helpfulness which he might have seized. His business had got thriven as he had hoped. Men were a little shy of such a Quixote, genius though he was; and he was so certain to refuse cases where the right was not clearly on his side that his fees grew fewer year by year. It was hard, because he saw such good that might be done with money. But he only pinched himself the more.

There came in time a cholera summer. People fled the city in herds. Almost nobody was left, save the wretches who could not fly, and whose poverty, ignorance, and dirt predetermined them victims. By day and by night, in the stews and slums of the town, horrible in the August heat and stenches, John Blythe watched and worked. His perfect health, which seemed to place him beyond peril of infection, his skill in nursing, his tenderness, and the quiet courage which roused an answering courage in the affrighted victims, made him invaluable to the doctors. He often met one other volunteer nurse, not less invaluable than himself, the physicians said. But beyond civil greetings they had neither time nor thought to bestow on each other.

But one morning as Blythe left the hospital, after a hard and weary night's work, he overtook his silent fellow-worker. The latter lifted his hat, and as the clear early light fell on his face it looked so familiar and so friendly that Blythe stopped, saying, "Surely I must know you, my good Sir?"

"Yes," said the stranger, heartily, "you are perhaps the only person who ever did know me. Our acquaintance began in a breach of good manners on my part, for I asked an important personal favor before being introduced. You may remember being solicited to kick me and let me go on a morning much like this?"

John Blythe, the first of the name, dragged his namesake into a friendly doorway, within whose shelter he first fell on his neck and kissed him, and then sat down on the very dirty stairs and cried. John Blythe, the second of the name, leaning on the balustrade, also cried.

The sponsor was the first to recover his speech. "History repeats itself," he said. "Twice found in the street, and a second time to be invested in my clothes—for we can't take breakfast in these—and again to break the bread that precedes a new career together—for I never will let you out of my sight again, you rascal—and once more to set you up in another business—for now you are to be your own biographer, and tell me tales of yourself for a thousand and one nights. But be pleased to hold your tongue till we have bathed and eaten, or we shall both be down with the cholera, and the two best nurses too engaged to attend to us."

But when they had refreshed themselves with water and fresh linen, and had eaten their breakfast together in the cellar-restaurant where they had first adopted each other, the elder entreated the younger to speak "My boy," he said, "we shall have observed the dramatic unities in a way to satisfy Dr. Johnson himself, when in that very chair you tell me your story. Come, now—*Enter John Blythe, second, solus, loquitur.*"

"I'm almost deaf and dumb with joy, Sir," answered his namesake, "and I'm afraid that I'm not a much better fist at talking about myself than I was when you first invited me to do it, and made a man of me. I have often thought of late that I had done wrong not to write. But the truth was that after I had written you that I'd gotten a hold on life again, it seemed a little contemptible to be hanging on to you, even with letters, when I could stand alone. And I was afraid you might think I wanted money, or notice, or the help of your name, if I kept reminding you of me. I think now it was pride, but then I thought it was humility. And I set up a certain stint to myself to do before I would write again. I told you I was an extra good workman. 'Well,' I said, 'I'll get extra good pay, and then I'll write and say that deeds are a better coin than words to pay one's debts in, and that I've got some of this good tender to show how grateful I am.' Of course I had to begin low, and work up. And I felt my ignorance, and got books, and studied every night and Sundays. That was much the toughest job of the two, the book-learning. But Mr. Bradbury watched me for your sake, and when Mr. John was at home in vacations he used to come down and talk to me, and when he found that I was trying to improve myself, he offered to help me, and after that I got on famously. Presently I saw that it all depended on me how soon I should be made foreman, and I worked like all possessed, meaning to write to you as soon as I got the place. Having no expenses to speak of, I began to lay up money from the first, and a perfect greed of getting and saving took hold of me, for I wanted to astonish my astonishing godfather with the amount of it. But Mr. Bradbury was buying land here and there in the suburbs where he knew the horse-railroads were going to put it up, and he said to me, 'John, if you choose to risk your money in land, I'll buy for you as I buy for myself, and I think we shall make a good thing.'

"Well, of course, I did choose. And, what isn't of course, we did make money hand over hand. And it seemed as if I was foreman in no time. And then I thought, 'No, I won't write just yet, for the signs are that I shall be manager. Sure enough, that wasn't far off either. For the young gentlemen didn't like the business, and the old gentleman was wrapped up in it, and couldn't bear to think that it would go all to pieces when he should die. So he pushed me, and I pushed myself, and every wind that blew seemed to fill my sails. My money just rolled over like a great snow-ball. And the harder I studied, the clearer my head grew and the easier it seemed, though I found out, like Mr. Boffin, that there were lots of 'scarers' in print.

"Well, I hadn't more than turned round, it seemed to me, after I was manager, before Mr. Bradbury sent for me again, and told me that I was so well up in the business, financial and mechanical, that he was prepared to offer me a junior partnership if I liked. I don't suppose the Emperor of Roosha thinks half so well of himself as I did them, Mr. Blythe. But, after all, it wasn't the success itself that I cared about, but just the bringing of it back to you, and saying, 'It's all yours, Sir; the credit of it, and the money, and the man that you made out of a vagabond with your heavenly kindness.'

"So then I sat down and wrote you a letter, and told you all of this long story. But when it was done, a great light fell on me, as it did on Paul. And I saw that, after all, I was going to make you a miserable return. For I had just settled right down, and grubbed for money and grubbed for learning, just to make myself a little worthier to be your friend, and a little more important in your eyes, and to be able to spend it for you. And I had not made the world really any better off for my being in it. I thought how different my narrow notion of virtue was from yours, that helps every body, for Mr. Bradbury had told me all about you, Sir. And I felt that I wasn't worth shucks. So I tore up the letter, and began to live a different life. I knew well enough that my work lay among the prisoners, and for a year I've done what I could for them. But that's not the point now. Still I didn't feel fit to come back and beg you to live with me, and that was the dream of my life. I was possessed to do some tremendous thing, like saving a family from a burning house, or from a wreck, maybe, at the risk of my life. And I was in that mood when the news of this awful cholera came over, and I saw my chance. I knew that you would be in the worst of it, and in my thoughts I saw you meeting me, and being so pleased and astonished. Well, I came; and I saw you the first day, and you didn't know me. I had never thought of that chance. And it was a kind of blow to me, for it seemed as if you had never been out of my thoughts, sleeping or waking, and I felt clean forgotten. So I made up my mind not to speak till you knew me, unless you should get the sickness, or I should. But just to see you every day has been new life to me. And that's all," he said, laughing like a boy at his own tears.

John Blythe never knew what he said in answer. He talked almost as long as his namesake had done. He planned a little holiday that they should have together when their nursing was over. And when they rose from the table he said, with quaint reverence, "John, henceforth there is a new sacrament for me. It is the Lord's breakfast, for I shall always believe that the risen Lord has twice sat with us at meat."

"Most folks would think He'd lost His way," said the other, "to sit down in a cellar and eat with a convict, where there was no table-cloths nor silver forks; but I guess, Mr. Blythe, He'd go most any wheres you go, because you're just one of His kind. I'm on duty at eleven o'clock, and I must put out But a few hours of parting don't matter to a man who's had so many years of it. And we can have dinner together, can't we?"

"All dinners and all breakfasts, dear son of my love," cried Blythe. "We shall live together now, and help one another. I shall come down to you as soon as I have had my sleep."

But when he ran up the hospital stairs that afternoon, thrilled with his new joy and strong with its strength, he found the house surgeon waiting for him. "Mr. Blythe," said he, "we've had our worst stroke of luck this morning. That capital nurse—by-the-by, queerly enough, his name is Blythe too, I find—is down with the disease, and it will go hard with him. He has had some great excitement to-day. I saw it the instant he came in—eyes all aflame, face perfectly transfigured, hands trembling. He is not strong. Early dissipation, I reckon, and overwork in business. And lately this awful hospital duty, and the devil's own heat besides. When a strong excitement was added to those strains he broke right down. I stopped you to tell you that you must take care of him, and that if you can get him to tell you what is burning him up, it may save his life, though I doubt. And talking's a bad remedy too, for he ought to be quiet."

"But I know what it was that used him up, and he trusts me. Then what?"

"My dear fellow, then we may save him. We won't give him up."

But the poor soul that had never known a childhood, nor an unstained youth, nor the love of woman, nor the kiss of little children, was to begin the new life where all these, or their recompense, might await him. He did not talk. He was content to lie still and look at John Blythe's face. But at the last the chaplain stood beside him too. And when he asked, "Do you trust in the mercy of God, dear brother?" the fading eyes looked with unutterable love in Blythe's, and the spent voice said clearly, "He gave his angel charge concerning me to keep me up, lest I should dash my foot against a stone." Then they left the bedside, for the living needed them.

He had given his papers to a friend, and among them was a copy of his will. In token of his love he had left all his property to "John Blythe, for whom I was named, and to whom I owe all that I have and am." It was a legacy that grew in bulk day by day, and made many an abject creature happier. And it is still, in other hands, doing its good work, through the last earthly record of the two obscure lives whose gift it was is written on a little slab in Greenwood, thus:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
of
JOHN C. BLYTHE;
and of
JOHN BLYTHE,
HIS BELOVED NAMESAKE.

THE GREEN TURTLE AND HOW IT IS CAUGHT.

Master Charles S. H., of Neb., and others, who have heard about the Green Turtle, would like to know how it differs from the turtles they have caught, and other matters concerning it. As it is rarely to be seen very far inland, and then only in large cities, no doubt some account of it will interest many. The tortoises and turtles all agree in having the soft parts of their bodies covered by shells; the upper shell is really the flattened ribs, while the lower corresponds to the breastbone in other animals. They reproduce their young from eggs, which they lay in holes in the ground, leaving them to be hatched without their care. Naturalists divide these animals into groups or families, according to certain differences which fit them for various modes of life. One of these families, called *Chelonians* (from the Greek word for turtle), includes those that live in the sea; as these rarely leave the water except to lay their eggs, they are quite different in several respects from those that live on land, or in the rivers. Their feet, or flippers, and other parts, are well adapted to the "sea-faring life" they lead, and though they move rapidly in the water, they are exceedingly clumsy, indeed almost helpless, on land. There are a number of Sea Turtles besides the one called Green, one of them growing to an enormous size; some live on other animals, while others, like the Green Turtle, feed solely upon plants, and vary in size from a few pounds in weight up to 300 to 500 lbs. or more. The under part of this turtle is white, while the upper part is usually a light brown; the name "Green" is said to be from the color of the fat, rather than from that of the animal itself. These turtles are generally to be found in the markets of seaboard cities, where they are kept in tanks of salt water, and fed upon cabbage-leaves and other vegetables. The Green Turtle belongs to the waters of the warmer parts of this Continent; it is especially abundant in the West Indies, and on the coast of Florida; now and then one has been taken in the waters of New York bay, but such have only strayed or drifted from home. The flesh of this turtle is by many much esteemed as food, but it is chiefly used to make Green Turtle Soup. The turtles are generally caught when they go on shore to lay their eggs, though they are sometimes taken at sea.

The turtles leave the water on moonlight nights, and after carefully looking to see that there is no danger, slowly crawl about to find a proper place; they then, by working with their hind flippers, make a hole in the sand about two feet across, and each deposit about 200 eggs. Their eggs, like those of our land-tortoises, have a soft parchment-like shell, with a little dent at one side; they are about the same weight as a hen's egg, and are highly esteemed as food. Though the turtle neglects her eggs, she is very careful in covering them, patting the sand down upon them with her flippers and then bringing the weight of her body down over the spot. Though very shy when they first leave the water, when they get fairly at work at their nests they do not care for the presence of strangers. Then is the hunters' time; they can go directly up to the turtles without disturbing them, turn them upon their back and they are caught. When thrown upon its back the turtle is unable to turn over; the poor creature is quite helpless, and must remain until it is carried off. It requires some skill to turn over a large turtle, as the animal makes a great struggle, and if one is a new hand at it, he is very likely to be bruised by blows from the powerful flippers, or be blinded by the showers of sand that are thrown up in the struggle. The turtle-hunters have pens placed where the tide will flow into them, where they keep great numbers until they have a chance to send them to market. A great many are sent to Europe. The turtle that furnishes the beautiful shell of which combs and ornamental articles are made is found in the Pacific and Indian Oceans. The great Loggerhead Turtle is sometimes found as far north as Virginia; when full-grown it weighs 1,500 to 1,600 lbs., but is of little use except for the oil it yields.

THE WEATHER.

WHY IT GROWS COLDER, AND WHY STORMS COME IN THE SHORT DAYS.

The year glides around, the seasons come and go, the nights grow long and the short days bring their storms and gloom, yet why these changes occur few inquire. If the earth moved around the sun with its axis perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, or in the same position that a top, when in swift motion, has to the floor or level surface on which it stands, there would be no change of seasons or variation in the length of the days. At the equator, but nowhere else, the sun would always rise directly in the east and set in the west, and be immediately overhead at noon. As the rays of heat which fall perpendicularly impart the greatest warmth, the temperature at the equator would be higher than it now is, but the heat distributed over the earth would be much less. Instead, however, of the axis of the earth being perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, it is inclined 23½ degrees toward that plane, or like a top when it has partially fallen, and as the sun shines over one-half of the earth in the passage of the latter around that luminary, the sunlight one portion of the year extends 23½ degrees beyond one pole or extremity of the axis, and at another period a like distance beyond the other pole, leaving the former without the benefit of either heat or light.

The longer the day or the greater the length of time any part of the earth's surface is exposed to the sun, the more it will be heated and the temperature higher. Hence it is that the weather is usually warmest when the days are of the greatest length and coldest when long nights intervene.

On some of the planets, as Jupiter, the variation in the length of the days is small. The axis being inclined but about three degrees, the breadth of his torrid zone is but a little more than six, and consequently the difference in the temperature which prevails at the polls and at the equator of that planet must be much greater than usually occurs on the earth.

But, while the change of seasons is due to the passage of the earth around the sun with its axis inclined to the plane of its orbit, there are many things on the surface of this planet which tend to moderate the rigor of cold and the intensity of heat. The direction of ranges of mountains, the vicinity of large bodies of water, vast areas covered with timber, high altitudes above the level of the ocean, all tend to modify the temperature of the seasons. To these may be added, as far as northern portions of the earth are concerned, those rivers in the ocean, the Gulf Stream, and the warm stream of the Pacific, called the river of Japan—the Gulf Stream giving a higher temperature to the northern part of Europe, and the latter to those portions of North America which border on the Pacific.

The climate in that strip of the North American continent which lies between the Allegheny range and the Atlantic Ocean is due in a great measure to that large body of water and that mountain chain. The direction of prevailing winds is the same as the direction of the Alleghenies, while clouds loaded with moisture and long-continued rain are brought by breezes from the Atlantic. In that bosom of North America, bounded on one side by the Alleghany and on the other by the Rocky Mountains, other causes than those which operate on the eastern slope arise to modify the climate. In winter cold winds from the ice-bound lakes sweep with uninterrupted force over the immense prairies, often accompanied by vast quantities of snow, while in summer the clouds of vapor which arise from the waters of the Gulf are frequently deprived of moisture before they reach the central parts of the valleys of the Missouri and the Mississippi. Many portions, therefore, must always be exposed, as the records of the weather show, to severe storms and long periods of drought. Climate is a subject on which much has been written, and in respect to which much is unknown, but it can never be otherwise than interesting, as on it depends the permanent settlement of large portions of the globe, the length of life, the leading pursuits and the physical and intellectual vigor of the family of man.

A RIVAL FOR EDISON.

During all the agitation of the woman question, which has so shaken society for the past dozen years, there has been one safe refuge for the opponent of woman's emancipation. Driven to admit that woman had climbed as high as a man in literature, in art and in government, compelled to confess her equality, if not superiority, in a social aspect, it has always heretofore been open to the scoffer to shelter himself behind the triumphant declaration that woman has never shown herself an inventor. But unless the London correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* has been deceived, or is deceiving that journal, this last stronghold of the foe to feminine progress has been invaded and his last defense beaten down. According to the correspondent, woman, in the person of Miss Harriet Hosmer, has shown herself not only an inventor, but a great inventor in a time which is peculiarly one of great inventions.

One of the inventions with which the account credits Miss Hosmer far exceeds in importance and value anything that Edison has discovered or pretends to be on the point of discovering. It is the use of a permanent magnet as a motive power. Miss Hosmer claims to have discovered in the permanent magnet a property hitherto unknown and unsuspected, which can be turned to practical use in the driving of machinery; and she is now having constructed in London a machine of four-horse power to be run by the new motor. There is no battery, no electricity, no heat, no fuel. It is the magnet, and that alone, which is to move the machine.

The enormous possibilities underlying such an invention it is utterly impossible to estimate. The falling off in the price of coal alone is sufficient to revolutionize the trade of the world. It would diminish the cost of every manufacture under the sun by doing away with the necessity for transportation of raw material. It would in this way destroy half the manufacturing centres of the world, to rebuild them in the wildernesses and the mountain. It would relieve Niagara from the shameful possibility hinted at of late—of being given over to the drudgery of turning wheels and driving spindles; and it would enhance immensely the value of the latest Edisonian invention, the electric light, by furnishing a cheap means of generating the electricity. There is no end, in short, to the marvels which the new invention will perform if it answers the expectations of the inventor.

The very immensity of the discovery and of its possible consequences will serve, however, to make people incredulous, or, at the very least, sceptical concerning it. There is something in the story so suggestive of the will-o'-the-wisp, perpetual motion, that the world, both scientific and unscientific, will be cautious about committing itself to approval until Miss Hosmer's claim is established by the production of a working machine. The production of such a machine is promised in the near future, and will be awaited with a good deal of interest.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Varieties.

—Boots are made on the Pacific coast with pockets for pistols in their tops.

—The floor of the Pantheon at Rome was recently flooded by a rise in the Tiber.

—The corporation of Belfast, (Ireland) propose erecting new markets from the accumulated profits of the gas works, which are run by the town.

—The little Modenese town of Correggio is getting up a subscription for a monument to its illustrious son, Antonio Allegri de Correggio, the painter.

—A mutiny broke out in La Fleche Military College, Mans, France. While out walking one class attacked another, which had refused to undergo some practical joking.

He is most secure from danger who, even when conscious of safety, is on his guard. The man who is prudent and cautious is generally secure from many dangers to which others are continually exposed.

—No later than the 1st of November, a large crowd of Internationalists paraded through the streets of Carrara shouting: "Death to King Humbert!" and throwing stones at the windows of the larger residences, without interference from the police.

—The paper used in the administrative departments of the French Government is composed almost entirely of wood. Prof. Reubeaux condemns the intrusting of important writings to this material, and says that in 10 or 12 years they will be lost.

—The name ytterbine, given to the new earth found in gadolinite by Marignac, is very significant. It denotes its similarity to yttria in being devoid of color, to erbine by the elevation of its temperature, and to both by the resemblance of its properties.

Infinite toil will not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which would have no hold upon us if we ascend into a higher atmosphere.

—Chevreul supports the view of artists and dyers that there are only three simple colors—red, yellow and blue. By an apparatus having a maximum motion of 160 to 120 turns per minute, and a minimun of 60 turns per minute, the complementary of every color may be produced.

—The introduction of a uniform oath for the soldiers of the various German contingents is being mooted at headquarters. At present the Prussian soldiers swear allegiance to the King of Prussia, the Alsace Lorrainers to the German Emperor, and all others to their respective sovereigns and the German Emperor.

—Believing that the difficulty of separating phosphorus in the ordinary Bessemer converters and open-hearth steel furnaces is due to the highly siliciouslining usually employed, Osman, of Dusseldorf, Germany, has patented a carbon lining, by means of which he hopes to eliminate the phosphorus pretty thoroughly.

—Mr. Guy Carlton, a robust farmer, seventy-five years old, living near the village of Wyoming, N.Y., has bought his coffin and has it ready for use. He also has ready for erection a solid marble block, chiselled in the shape of a dwelling, with doors and windows.—The block will be put over his grave to symbolize by its form and solidity the last long dwelling of man.

—Miss Julia E. Smith, the survivor of the well-known Glastonbury sisters, is visiting in Pittsfield, Mass., for a few days, and, though 86 years of age, appears as merry as a maiden of tender years. She was introduced to a number of citizens last Thursday, and in the evening held a reception and made a half hour speech telling the story of her cows, and relating other personal experiences of her long struggle for what she regards as the rights of her sex.

—A co-operative store on an extensive scale is to be opened in Boston, under the supervision of Josiah Quincy and other men of wealth and influence. There is to be a storekeeper in charge, but he is to have no voice in the general management. All purchases and sales are to be for cash. The shares are $4 each, and an effort is to be made to have workingmen take them. Two kinds of dividends are contemplated—one to stockholders on their shares and one to customers on their purchases. Groceries, dry goods, clothing and boots and shoes comprise the stock.

—The ruling passion strong in wealth. A waiter in a cheap London restaurant recently became heir to one hundred thousand dollars. When the lawyers called upon him to request him to step up and get his fortune, he said, "Coming, sir!" then paused to wipe off a plate, whisked his napkin over a castor, and lingered long behind the chair of a guest in the hope of receiving one more small fee.

—A lady, who saw a sailor beaten and pounded by a brutal captain, was made so ill that she remained below deck for several days. When she once more made her appearance on deck, the sailor was at the wheel. In great sympathy she went to him, full of the memory of the dreadful event, and said: "How is your head to-day?" He had himself forgotten the little circumstance, and, glancing at the compass, cheerfully replied: "West, no'west, and running free, madam."

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