health of people would immensely improve. It is well known that those persons who live out of doors generally keep well and strong, and that, too, in the case of anything but delicate personal habits.

What refreshment there is in absolute cleanliness! What a stimulant it is to body and mind, whether it be experienced or observed? The sight of a perfectly clean, fresh, and really human being is an ethical treat to the eye, even if the person is homely. It is almost as impressive as beauty itself, for perfect physical cleanliness includes health, and the two together are irresistible. The two also have much in common. The Russian baths sometimes say that for a time afterwards they seem like new creatures. The hands on with surprising freedom, the limbs are light, the feet seem to walk more lightly, and the mind is free and elastic in its movements. All heaviness and oppression are taken from them, and they feel on what a low plane of sensation and feeling they ordinarilv live. They get a fresh conception of what it is to be clean, that changes their ideal ever after.

When one considers the benefits of perfect cleanliness, the moral impressiveness of it, the physical and intellectual refreshment which it brings to the body, and its connection with health, one doesn’t wonder that a certain very old Book once declared it “next to godliness.”

Something about Plants.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.

There is no spot on the habitable globe, from the farthest pole to the furthest equator, where the verdure of Flora are not sometimes to be found. When the first faint glimmer of awakening day causes away the dying light of the arctic zone, the snow yields to its gentle influence, and the barren plains are clad, though for but a short season, with tender green and gay blossoms. Melville Island, with its long and dreary winter and its winter of from nine to ten months, has a sobriety of monochrome—lilac, lichen, saxifrage, and poppies—and a late and famous found a ramusculus in full flower in a sheltered spot, the second week in June, while in Dr. Kane’s expedition plants belonging to such genera as Ledebour and Reichenow were found beyond 8°. In both arctic zones and lichens form one of the chief botanical features, and extend in isolated tufts as far as travelers have penetrated. Scouring grass, saxifrage, and violaceous often abounding on the glacier snow, and during the brief summer, saxifrage, primrose, anemone, and yellow poppies dot the country with beauty.

Whenever volcanic power lifts a jagged rock high above the green bosom of the land, or a coral reef rises its crest above the salt waves, there are signs to find vegetable life in abundance of color and beauty. Let there be but the finest crumb of soil and some of the countless hosts of microscopic mosses press into nook and crevice, the hardy seedlings begin to seek for their own death and decomposition they prepare the way for more varied and fruitful life.

In Holland and some parts of England, the saurie grass, or hairy moss, is often seen growing in great tufts on the thousand-armed roots, bind together the sand-hanks, which otherwise, driven inland by the autumnal and winter winds, would devastate large tracts of ground.

But though plant life is everywhere found, there is yet great diversity in it. Some plants lead an underground existence, condemned like the trop-

lozites of the animal kingdom to dwell away from the light of day, which they could not enjoy with their undeveloped eyes. Such are the brussels, so often seen for miles in the darkness, growing almost several feet beneath the surface of the soil. The sides, too, of underground pits are frequently covered with cryptogamic plants, of which the curious Blitumora, as the name implies, is one of the most beautiful. Hebrews found vegetable life, pale and distorted, in the dark caverns of Guiana, which, he said, recalled to his memory the plants he had seen growing in complete darkness in the mines of Naples. He ought to report some of those to be green as well as blanched.

Neither is vegetable life solely dependent upon what we consider its natural food and element. There are plants which live upon each other. A species of fucus grows upon the potato, urging its slender thread-like roots through the stalks until the tubers are reached, which are then speedily reduced to a state of putrefaction. There is a similar parasitic growth upon the grapevine, and another on the rice plant, by whose agency promising harvests are too often destroyed. From the oak we gather tannin, and upon it and upon the dying bodies of the noble forest trees we may count whole colonies of moss, lichens, liverwort, and fungi.

Another parasitic plant is never found except in the houses of its prey, which is peculiar to the harbor of Zonas, and sometimes rooting the insect firmly to the ground. The Apergillus, which forms gristy films in the walls, and drink water or could not exist. The spider, which, in addition, possesses only visible stalks. In the dense thicket of a tropical forest we find plants whose only nutrition is that they draw from the atmosphere by their peculiar roots. To this class belong the great family of Orchids, with their strange and superb beauty, and which flourish and blossom for years upon a broken twig.

The singular species of eunus familiarly known as Giant Cactus may be mentioned here. It pushes its straight, flaccid stem out of eremes in the rocks where there is apparently no soil, sometimes attaining a height of twenty to thirty feet. The adventitious roots of the Cactus rose, are fatal in their effects upon the tree to which they attach themselves. The plant hits its roots drop from the top of the tree, and at first delicate, and seemingly harmless, can be broken, and still picture a grace of and beauty. But after a time, they become welded together, and upon reaching the ground they form a close shanty, which finally chokes their shoots.

Now is the local base of vegetable life as was once supposed. The great Linneas said it was not possible for plants to grow on the sea-bed, as they required more light and warmth than could reach them. But we know that splendid vegetation clothes the submarine mountains as covers the sunny slopes of the upper world. The ocean has its meadows and gardens, its primeval forests with climbing vines and dense underbrush. When we see the forest trees rock and swing upon the ocean wave, our thoughts are roused with feeling of the long Fascias of the world, which, with the gentle bills or and struggle and fight with the roaring, foam-covered waves, and as the surface of the ocean gently and soothingly grows green of the Salvinia, so upon the salt ocean flows to swell, and, upon, the immense Sargasso meadows. So where we will, we find an endless variety of red, green, and purple algae, and in the deepest eavens of ocean the vine-leaved fucus produces enormous fronds, with hue green as grass.

But plant life is not quite so diverse in the lower layers of the earth. Under the equator, where the soil is always warm from the reflection of an ever blue sky, vegetable life is of course most varied and prolific, and the numerous types, the adaptation and the more the scanty the number of species. In Europe, for instance, while France has more than 7,900 varieties of flowering plants, Germany, 17,280, but only 7,426; Belgium has 2,178, but 290. The crimson blossoms of the coral tree appear in our temperate zones only on a shrub, but they adorn lofty trees in tropical forest, to the same height in the Salad it grows so well in ocean groves.

Under the equator a singular variety of the Lom-"
so, too, there are certain leguminous plants which thrive best on the rocky soil of Cornwall, which contains a certain amount of sulpah, and the remainder of which is siliceous and sulphuriferous of zinc. In one of the deserts of Upper Egypt, between the Nile and the Red Sea, the eye perceives only the vegetation of burning sand. A French botanist tells us of having found on its borders, braving the heat of the sun, and unfreshed by any drop of water, numerous tufts of an Aesculapius, whose large, moist, velvety leaves glistered with freshness.

The incessant reproduction of vegetable life, is insured to us by the great number of seeds of certain plants.

On a poppy stalk we find 32,000 seeds, and on one stem of tobacco 60,000. The fecundity of some fungi is extraordinary. Fries counted more than 10,000,000 reproductive bodies in one individual of a Heliotus mazaceus, and the microscopic grains of the Lycoperdon can be counted by thousands of millions, every one of which, though invisible to the eye, may give birth to a fungus, which, in one month, can attain the size of a gourd.

The seeds are spread abroad in many ways. Some are furnished with membraneous wings and plumes, as if created for the express purpose of floating on the air. Certain lianas from the mountains of Asia, traveling on the wings of the winds, as the lice are carried from one person to another, grow during their wanderings. From their native soil, when scarce larger than a pin's head, they have attained the size of a small nut by the time they reach the ground.

The mana upon which the Hebrews fed in their long wanderings, was probably showers of these edible lianas, as they have a most agreeable flavor. A French chemist reported to the Academy of Sciences, having met with them in Asia, that the natives had insisted they had dropped from heaven, calling them in their own language, 'bread from heaven,' and that he had several times seen the ground covered with them to the depth of six inches.

Sea currents are great aids in the transmission of plants.

The hard fruit of the cocoanut palm and the immense branches of the climbing mimosa, torn away by strong tempests, are frequently stranded on the shores of Scandinavia, where the want of heat prevents their development. So, too, important migrations in the vegetable kingdom which results from the changes of climate and currents. By these means seeds often travel a long way to find a new home. Streams springing from the glaciers of the Upper Alps deposit in the plains of Munich some of the species which grow near their lofty summits. In like manner an Alpina moss, Regina Alpinae, torn away in the Tyrolian forest, is carried to the barren rocks near Halley.

Masses of ice arecal so to assist in the dispersion of plants, as we now find in the north of Germany, liemens, mosses, and a few woody plants, which have evidently been born from the Scandinavian mountains to the plains of ancient Germany, by the immense icebergs which ages since bore down the granite boulders now found there.

Yet each country has its own special blossom, the blue gentian, flourishing amid Alpine snows, the orange blossom along the southern sea-coast, refusing to live if transplanted to richer soil. Languid pride themselves on a flower called Charles's Sceptre, never found outside the borders of that fertile land, and the Dreamers can boast her beautiful Optimistia. St. Helen, that rocky, seer-issle, has sixty-one native species, of which only two or three have been found elsewhere.

As change of elevation has the same effect upon climate as change of latitude, plants characterized by different latitudes appear in succession upon mountain slopes. The palm may delight our eyes in the valley, on the slopes above figs and pomegranates blush in the sunshine; a few hundred feet higher cypress and myrtle waver in the evening breeze; still higher, we leave the shade of the elm and chestnut to breathe the aromatic fragrance of pine forests, until these are superceded by mosses and lichens of northern zones, "where life in modest ways and careless praise.

- - - - -

Fern-Rooms.

Anyhow with taste, a little money—and some knowledge of gardening—of the kind of gardening, that is to say, which is now called window-gardening—can have a "fern-room."

A fern-room is made by setting up a square, five feet high, of glass set in a frame work of wood and iron, and of which the shape best sets off the ferns which, kept slightly moist by the water in a small bowl of tin around which they rise or fall, according to the variety to which they belong, has these plants for its sole purpose and ornament.

Why a construction should be called a room to which this description applies is best known to those who so designed it in the beginning. Certain it is that the past few months have seen many a "fern-room" constructed, and that the effect, setting forward as they do in the rooms they adorn, is good. Moving on rollers and capable of being transported from one room to another, it is needless to say that the small tin tank does not contain water in the glass. The form a perfect beauty that the eye never tires of it, and the various varieties gathered together thus are simply exquisite.

- - - - -

Oyster-Blocks.

The above is the name of the new ice-sets for serving raw oysters at fashionable dinners and suppers. There is, first, a tin box. Into this is set a large square slab of perfectly pure, clear ice. Around the box is a little edge of beautifully arranged, handsome seaside of the least jagged kind. When the time comes for serving the raw oysters they are laid upon the slab of ice, on which they are held by a wooden or ivory ring, in a case—ice in a room of average temperature this will not happen—and then they are taken in.

"Little Neck" clams are served in the same way, and a fancy having demanded the small crabs that are frequently served with oysters, these are brought in the same way.

An oyster, clam, or crab, never looks so appetizing on ice. The difficulty in doing this elegant and delicate addition to a dinner or supper, and a host is usually willing, even in a private establishment, to take some trouble for the sake of style.

- - - - -

The Women of Yesterday and To-day.

SARA COLERIDGE.

Sara Coleridge was the daughter of S. T. Coleridge, of famous memory, and was born at Greta Hall, near Keswick, December 22nd, 1803. When but a few months old her father thus described her in a letter to a friend: "My meek littl

Sara is a remarkably interesting baby, with the finest possible skin and large blue eyes. She smiles as she were - being in a sunshine - as mild as moonlight of her own quiet happiness."

In some of her recollections, she tells how nervously and ill she was during her childhood from the time she had the river fever, and she says she was one day set down by her aunt, and exclaimed in a piteous tone, "Has mineral?"

"Yes," was the compassionate reply, and you were miserable if your mother doesn’t put a cap on you."

This energetic hint was taken, caps were put on her, which the tiny patient were until eight years old.

She had a morbidly keen imagination, and when left alone in the dark, would think of lions, the only form of terror her dark-encumbered agitation would assume. Her nearest brother was the ghost of her uncle Southey’s ballad horrors, especially the Old Woman of Berkley. The agonies she endured between nine and twelve o’clock at night, before her mother joined her, are only to be imagined by persons of equally sensitive fancy.

What made the matter worse, too, was, that like most nervous sufferers, she could not be comforted, and subjected to "talking out," and could not be "talking out, and could not be" the effect.

Her uncle Southey (the poet) laughed at her, and her mother scolded her for creeping out of bed and slipping into the parlor when she could endure the loneliness and night fears no longer. But her father understood her better, and insisted on a lighted candle being left in the room. From then till her sufferings ceased.

It is said she was twelve before she had made herself acquainted with the leading Greek and Latin classics, and was well skilled in French, German, Italian, and Spanish, and the results of her own independent efforts. She was also well versed in natural history, especially botany and zoology, and could any time turn from abstruse metaphysical speculations, of which she was fond, to impart the domestic architecture of a spider or describe the occult of a snail.

In 1822, she met her cousin, H. N. Coleridge, then practicing as Chancery barrister in London. A strong attachment sprang up between them, and they were married in 1829, after years of patient waiting.

In 1820, she published a romance, Phœnix, a fairy tale, commenced at first for the entertain-ment of her little boy, but which, with her humor and early intelligence are described with maternal pride and fondness in some of her letters.

She at this time devoted great care to her children, desiring it degradations of her genius and culture, to keed her charms on Latin grammar, history, and geography. She decorated a set of wooden blocks with simple and appropriate verses, hoping in this way to sweeten the tough morsels of learning, with play and pleasure.

In 1841, her husband's health gave way, and in January, 1843, he died. He had been the literary executor of her father, and had spent the whole of her intellectual energy, to the carrying out of her husband's wishes, in the doing justice to her father's name.

It was not long before she was obliged to yield her literary work into another's hands. She had waited seven years for the fulfillment of her happiness, she waited another seven years, filled with tender and loving memories for the great chaps, and she does not find the place of her higher energy, to the carrying out her husband's wishes, to the doing justice to her father's name.

The Women of Yesterday and To-day.  

SARA COLERIDGE.