

thing for the papers, and it was he who was chosen to send up that capital account of the football-match, which was thought so well done, you remember? Cecil sent for six copies; and the housemaids were not allowed to have them till after they had lain for months on her boudoir shelf. But no one would ever ask Anthony to indite even an advertisement. His letters are nothing, and he doesn't tell you things,—even Alexander is forced to admit that he never knew a fellow so free from travellers' tales,—so that though Eleanor was not surprised that he *could*, she was amazed that he *should*, write. And had it been possible, he would now almost have drawn back from the plunge, though standing on the brink. Even with his long, lazy afternoon before him, every barrier withdrawn, and Eleanor by his side, he hums and haws and hesitates.

"Now do go on." She has to implore at length.

"Shall I really?"

"Yes really. I am waiting."

"You must not be hard on me."

"I shall be, if I get the chance."

"Oh, if that is the case," says Anthony, joyously, "I don't mind. I am prepared to endure. If you will only be sincere—"

"Sincere?" cried Eleanor. "You shall see." She was quite out of herself in the excitement, quite vexed at the delay. "Upon my word," thought he, "this is uncommonly nice."

And it proved nice still as the time went on. The girls were astonished to find the pair still under their leafy canopy on their return; albeit the sun was sinking fast on the western horizon.

"What did you do with him, Eleanor?"

"I did nothing," said Kate to me.

"Oh, reading," said Eleanor, compassionately.

"Rather stupid work on a day like this. We had such a ride! I like Anthony very well, but it is a pity he has not more spirit; now, he missed a great deal by not being with us, you know."

"Perhaps," said Eleanor, smiling, "he did not think so. Give him credit for knowing his own mind, at least."

"But I never can get him to say he cares about anything."

"He does not care for the things that you do."

"Is he not hard to get on with?"

"Not at all. I never met with any one so easy."

"Well," said Pass, plaintively, "he never takes any notice at all of me. On Sunday I said something to him, and he just rushed past to get on to Eleanor, and walked off with her as hard as he could go. It seemed as if all he cared for was to get out of the way of us girls."

"And then he hangs on to poor old Nell!" said Dot.

They quite pitied her; especially when it came out that she had had no walk, and no visitors, and no interruption of any kind; and that it was only their own reappearance which had broken up her *little life* with the formidable bore.

But he went home triumphant. He had seen his hearer aroused, attentive, captious, and subdued by turns. He had seen her fine eyes shining through involuntary tears, and had felt the pressure of her hand on his arm, and had heard her voice sending him forth to conquer.

It had all been infinitely more than he had dared to hope for. Ah, if others were to think as she did! The lust of fame took hold upon him, and he trembled lest so newly-found a delight should vanish into thin air, should prove but a passing dream. He must make it surer, firmer. He must have more certain grounds for his elation.

Accordingly he was all impatience for such another afternoon; and once coming soon after, bright enough to tempt the riders forth again, he hurried over. Alas! the day was too hot. In vain he hinted at exhilarating motion and mountain breezes; the idea did not find favour. In short, there was something new going on. What was it? Acrostics.

And Oliver had taken prizes at acrostics—think of that! All the party had their heads together over the paper which had just come in; and Eleanor was absent from the room. Poor Anthony, he stood apart in silent disappointment; and when she did appear it was to be taxed sharply, "Do you understand what these things mean?"

"Not much?"

"Do you like them?"

"Not at all."

"Did you ever find out one?"

"Never."

The others, busy with their pencils and dictionaries, did not see the smile which chased away the cloud at this confession; and perhaps it was as well. One day he said to her, referring to the gay coloured group collected round his brother—Oliver was showing them a new way of eating melons—"A pretty mixture of colour that, taken as a whole; but, to my mind, any woman who *can*, should always wear black."

Of course she was pleased,—it was impossible to dissociate the words from the look with which they were accompanied,—and Eleanor was but human. She heard the rest of the reading on the same day—there being nothing to prevent her doing so. The young ones were presently shouting over their game, and made such a noise that it was the most natural thing in the world for the sober-minded to retreat out of hearing; and then it was too hot to go anywhere but under the oaks, where there was always the salt smell of the sea, even if there were no breeze to fan the branches.

To be continued.

THE WEIGHING SCALES AS THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

In the elegant little weighing scales in which we can sit and have our weights taken at our railway stations and elsewhere we have a trustworthy index of health and the surest beacon to warn us against the approach of insidious diseases which steal on us unawares, and which, once having fastened upon us, are quite incurable. The reason of this is that the fat of our body is the first to come in health and the first to go in disease; therefore, by weighing every week we see that our store of fat is still with us, or that it is being inordinately consumed.

Fat forms a most important part of the animal economy, and, if not a vital organ, it is at least an indispensable tissue. It forms a layer immediately beneath the skin, of greater or less thickness, according to the fatness of the individual. Besides encasing the entire body in this way, it fills up interstices between the muscles, vessels, and bones, and thus acts as a soft cushion or buffer between the soft and hard parts. The reason why it is placed as a layer all over the body is that it is a bad conductor of heat, and thus pens up the heat of the body, preventing the heat from escaping into the cold air, or water, as the case may be. In seals, porpoises, and whales this sub-cutaneous layer of fat is exceedingly thick. Besides being a barrier to heat escape, it is also to the body what the coals in a well-filled coal cellar is to the house, that is, it burns readily, and keeps up the heat of the body at those times when the food taken contains too little fat; also in cases where no food is taken at all, as in hibernating animals. In other words, the blood is kept warm and circulating by—among other things—the fat which floats in it, and this fat the blood gets from the food eaten, or it goes to its storehouse of fat, if fat-containing food be not forthcoming. Fat people are often regarded as "soft," and as being not any stronger than lean ones, but undoubtedly they can hold out longer under starvation than lean ones. A tale is told of a pig being buried in its sty by the fall of the chalk cliff under Dover Castle, on December 14, 1819, which was rescued alive on the 23rd of the following May, after 160 days' incarceration. The sty consisted of a cave about 16 feet square dug in the rock, and boarded in front. The door was a good deal nibbled, and the sides of the cave were smooth from constantly being licked for the moisture they afforded. The pig was supposed to have weighed 160 lbs. when its prolonged fast commenced, but only weighed 40 lbs. when extricated. The heat of the blood of the human body and in the body of the higher class mammals is really 100 deg. Fahr. The ability of the body to maintain a pretty constant weight is a capital measure of the general health. As it is the fat of the body which is the most varying quantity, it follows that the fat is of inestimable use as an indicator, and leads friends to make anxious inquiries, and look for a slow consuming fire somewhere in the body in cases where the fat of the body is slowly disappearing.

To keep the fat store of the body steadily supplied is easy or difficult according to the digestive powers being vigorous or not, or according to the state of a person's mental disposition. The difficulty of getting fat past the digestive organs lies in the simple fact that fats are not digested in the stomach but in the small bowels beyond the stomach; but they have to lie in this organ until the other parts of the food are sufficiently digested to pass on. In waiting thus, for it may be hours, they are prone to undergo chemical change and produce volatile fatty acids which announce their presence by acrid eructations and heartburn. If fat has been subjected to great heat before being consumed it will already be changed chemically in the way previously stated. Hence the folly of eating pastry, especially after a full meal, if it be wise to eat pastry at all. Fats in the fresh uncooked state, not taken in excess, and taken alone, or nearly so, give little trouble to the digestive organs. Under all cases fat, after passing beyond the stomach, meets with the pancreatic juice which converts it into an emulsion. Once an emulsion, it is easily taken into the blood stream and utilised. For some years this emulsion has been prepared out of the body. For this purpose we take fresh unsalted lard, and the pancreas or "sweet-bread" fresh from the pig, and beat them up in a mortar; then, after adding water, the whole is strained, and the emulsion treated with ether, &c., and thus obtained in its pure state. It was a happy discovery on the part of the late Professor Bennett, of Edinburgh, to give cod-liver oil in wasting diseases, that is in diseases where there is a slow consumption of the stored-up fats of the body. The steady maintenance of a given weight in adults (as ascertained by the weekly resort to the weighing-scales) is the surest sign of health, or rather the surest sign that no insidious disease is present, which the scales detect at once. Whether, then, are young housekeepers wisest in selecting a barometer which will tell them what weather is to blow for the next twenty-four hours, or the weighing-scales, which will tell them of the approach of diseases which, once established, are incurable, but which can often be stopped at the outset?

In the midst of objects the fairest and grandest, many are indifferent and insensible. Persons have lived in scenes that never moved them, which others have come from the ends of the earth to enjoy.

THE LAST DAYS OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

"I like to see such specimens." The potato rot in Ireland, in 1846 and 1847, came like a withering blight on the glories of Gore House. That part of the countess' income which had been derived from the estates of her deceased husband was then suddenly cut off. Her ladyship had long been defying the simple arithmetical rule that two and two will not make more than four; and she now, like all who ever do so, was taught by bitter experience that it cannot be disregarded with impunity. As soon as the suspicion of inability to meet demands got abroad, demands poured in. The lady's diamonds were pledged to meet the most urgent claims. But enormous bills, that could not be thus settled, came in by dozens. £300 for Count d'Orsay's boots; £4,000 for Indian shawls, silks, and laces, for the countess; items such as these would soon empty a royal exchequer. Day by day payment was evaded. Then executions were threatened. Bailiffs stood watching at the hall door, while the upper ten thousand were diverting themselves within, careless of the secret anxieties that were fast corroding their smiling mistress' heart. For two years the Gore House was a sort of Sebastopol, testing the ingenuity of bailiff engineers. The door was never opened but with strict precautions. The brilliant d'Orsay could only venture out on Sundays for fear of arrest. The countess was a close prisoner in her own house. At length a bailiff, more crafty than his brethren, took the fortress by stratagem. His appearance inside had the effect of the direct sally in a garden of roses. Harlequin with his wand, or Prospero, or the weirdest Arabian or Northern wizard could not have effected a more sudden transformation. The lady saw in an instant that all was over. But not even in that extremity losing her presence of mind, she sent a quick message to the count's room that he had not a moment to lose. So he escaped by a back door, with a single valet and a portmanteau, and fled for refuge to France—never to behold England more—leaving debts behind him to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds. A fortnight after his hasty, ignominious flight, Lady Blessington, with her nieces, also quitted London forever, and followed the count to Paris, leaving her entire property at the mercy of her creditors.

Then commenced a nine days' sale at Gore House, the long-cherished treasures of which were ruthlessly dispersed among Jew brokers and buyers, on the faith of her ladyship's taste, which would, bye-and-bye, enable them, they foresaw, to realize a handsome profit. Guest after guest came to stare with the crowd and scan the rooms where but lately he was fain to bring the incense of his adulation; and it is thus that a faithful valet, writing to the countess, sums up the tale:—"Mr. Thackeray came also, and had tears in his eyes when he went away. He is perhaps the only person whom I have seen affected at your departure." Every article in the house, including the library of five thousand volumes, was sold off without reserve. By her ladyship's express command, the creditors got all she had, except her own picture by Chalon. The sale realized above £13,000, out of which eleven pounds balance, after paying the debts, was handed over to Lady Blessington. Twenty thousand persons visited the house previous to the auction, and the sale itself, Dr. Madden describes as follows:—"There was a large assembly of people of rank. Every room was thronged; the well-known library saloon, in which the conversations took place, was crowded, but not with guests. The arm-chair, in which the lady of the mansion was wont to sit, was occupied by a stout, coarse gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, busily engaged in examining a marble hand extended on a book, the fingers of which were modeled from a cast of those of the absent mistress of the establishment. People, as they passed through the room, poked the furniture, pulled about the precious objects of art and ornaments of various kinds that lay on the table, and some made jests and ribald jokes on the scene they witnessed. In another department, where the pictures were being sold, portraits by Lawrence, sketches by Landseer and Maclise, innumerable likenesses of Lady Blessington, by various artists; several of the Count d'Orsay, representing him driving, riding out on horseback, sporting and at work in his studio; his own collection of portraits of all the frequenters of Gore House, in quick succession, were brought to the hammer. It was the most signal ruin of an establishment of a person of high rank I had ever witnessed."

It was in April, 1849, that Lady Blessington quitted London. The whole fabric of her greatness had crumbled in the dust. At sixty years of age she found herself a fugitive in Paris—youth, beauty, wealth, magnificence, influence, illusion, all gone. Nothing remained to her but her energetic will. By this she strove to build up another fortune. Already, like Napoleon at Elba, she planned wonderful works for the future. A biography of remarkable women was to issue from her pen, and she was to spare no pains in reading up for it. She took a new residence, and still found the means of furnishing it with all that elegance of luxury and Oriental brilliancy of decoration which she could not help clinging to so long as she lived. Her taste being instinctive to her, part of her nature. To all outward appearance the brisk, buoyant spirit of her youth had come back, to enable her to brave the desolation of her age. Count d'Orsay, she fondly hoped, would obtain

some lucrative post under Louis Napoleon, with whom he had been on terms of such close intimacy. But princes, when they arrive at absolute power, are in the habit of forgetting the promises they may have made to their friends, when their star was not yet in the ascendant; and so this broken reed failed. The count got the cold shudder, and Lady Blessington sank under it. Pomp and pleasure, praise and fame, and all the lights of life were going out—the truth could not be hid. On the third of June, just seven weeks after her flight from her London home, she retired to rest for the first time in her new residence. Her health and spirits that day had been apparently good, even better than usual; but she was struck during the night by apoplexy, and died without much suffering awhile before daybreak. Her last words were, "Quelle heure est il?"—"What o'clock is it?"—and then she passed calmly into eternity. She was buried at St. Germain. Her mausoleum was designed by Count d'Orsay, and her epitaph written by Barry Cornwall and Walter Savage Landor; while Irish ivy, brought for the purpose from her native village, was planted round her grave. The count's grief at her death is described as almost frantic. Without fortune, without friends, deprived of her who had been his companion for twenty years, and slighted, as he felt, by the *parvenu* occupant of the Ellysée, of whom both he and the deceased lady had ever been the kind hosts and benefactors, he naturally fell into melancholy, then into bad health, and finally, about three years after Lady Blessington's death, he died, and was laid in the same tomb, in the stone sarcophagus which he had ordered to be placed there at the time of her interment. Lady Blessington's own testimony of herself, as she left it on record, is—"I have drank the cup of bitterness to the very dregs."

FOUR RICH MEN.

The Liverpool Courier gives some rather interesting particulars as to the four men who are supposed to be the most wealthy living. Of these the poorest is his grace the duke of Westminster, whose income is set down at \$800,000 a year. Taking it at that sum, the amount which the duke can spend without encroaching on his capital is 2,000 a day, 900 an hour and 17 10s. a minute. The next man in the ascending scale is Senator Jones of Nevada, whose income is valued at exactly one million sterling, giving him the right to spend, if he likes, 27 a minute out of revenue. The head of the Rothschild family comes next, with a yearly income of two millions, and the expenses which he can defray thereout are, of course, double as great as those of the senator.

At the top of the list comes Mr. J. W. Mackey, with a revenue of 2,750,000, which enables him to disburse 7,000 a day, 3000 an hour, and 57 a minute. The fortunes of the other three are insignificant if compared with this gentleman's wealth. For they were the growth of many years either of successful toil or lucky speculation, or both combined. But Mr. Mackey, as the Courier remarks was thirty years ago a penniless boy in Ireland. Sixteen years ago he was bankrupt; and now he is the owner of the richest silver mine that has ever been discovered. There is, therefore, hope for all penniless boys in "old Ireland." We commend to them the example of Mr. J. W. Mackey, who, it appears, is now only 45 years old, and if he goes on at the same rate as during the last 16 years will have ample time to treble his fortune and possess an income ten times as large as that of the Duke of Westminster. Already the capitalized value of his property is set down at 55,000,000, against the modest 16,000,000 of the duke. Such figures are pleasing to the eye and ear, but we regret to add that the Liverpool Courier does not by any means vouch for the accuracy of the totals it publishes.

LEVER used to tell with infinite drollery the following story of Mr. McGlashan, his Dublin publisher, who, by the way, was a Scotchman. At a certain dinner, fearing to be made "fun" by the wild Irish authors and scribblers, he left the table, having taken his fair share of wine, to join the ladies in the drawing-room. After a while the company heard unearthly noises in the pantry, just behind the dining room. They listened and they wondered. What could it be? Were there really ghosts in the house, as had been whispered in its ancient traditions? But summoning courage, they went, *en masse*, and they found that worthy McGlashan had, under the impression that he was going up-stairs to the ladies, ascended shelf after shelf of the pantry, and was at that moment lying at full length on the uppermost, kicking furiously at the ceiling and side-walls, and expressing the utmost surprise that he could not "get up-stairs."

A WISE DEACON.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family so well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors running to us so long."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time and kept my family well and saved large doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time, and I will warrant it has cost you and most of the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time. I guess you'll take my medicine hereafter." See other column.