

poetry which they had so skillfully served to the delighted audience. He exhorted the young ladies to avoid the two extremes of affectation and slang. Let them take as their models the gifted and gently bred ladies who directed their studies with such signal success. He concluded by inviting Rev. Father Drummond to say a few words.

Father Drummond said this literary evening was like a fresh dip in the Pierian spring. He had always been a great admirer of Tennyson. One feature of his verse which perhaps had not been sufficiently insisted on was his wonderful reserve force, the power he had of throwing into two or three words all the condensed energy of the language, as in the line, "Mark's way," said Mark, and clove him through the brain." This choice of words implied almost infinite pains and if they wanted to improve their style, there was no better practice than the imitation of Tennyson. Writing verse, not for publication, but as a drill in the use of synonyms, was one of the best ways of acquiring a strong prose style.

DAMP WEATHER AND HEALTH.

The influence of damp weather upon sensitive people is remarkable. If there is a sore spot anywhere it hurts more. Latent weakness of any of the organs is brought out by congestion and irregularity of function. Suppressed coughs start into activity and neuralgic nerves speak out. Old chronic rheumatism renews its life while corns are aggravated. The pulse is slow, the heart weak, the blood vessels lack tone, the muscles are flabby, the venous and lymphatic systems become engorged. The mind is languid and clouded. There is a general depression of vitality.

THE CONSCIENCE MAN.

The Conscience Man who lives with me
I hear and feel; but cannot see,
He lives with me both day and night;
He's never wrong, but always right.

He has his house within my breast
And guards and warns me without rest
And, though an endless watch he keeps,
He never tires and never sleeps.

Sometimes a mournful song he sings,
Which to my heart deep sorrow brings,
And when I hear this sad, sad song
I know he's right and I am wrong.

And when I seem to be alone
And think the Conscience Man has flown
I listen, and I hear, "Beware!"
And know the Conscience Man is there.

I'm sure that he is always good;
And tells me all the things he should
And grieves to see me come to shame
And sorrows when I am to blame.

And all my life he pleads and prays
For me to keep from evil ways,
And I believe that no one can
Be good without the Conscience Man.

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THE IGNORANCE OF SYBILLA.

Sybilla French was a young woman who had a way with her. With but an ordinary share of good looks she managed to pass as a beauty, and to be known in society as the "pretty Miss French," whereas, as every right-minded person might have known Agatha, the eldest sister, had an infinitely better right to the description.

Agatha had acquiline features and a stately presence; Sybilla had no features at all to speak of, and about as much dignity as a mischievous kitten, but with the feminine guile for which she was famous she hid her deficiencies under a bushel and blazoned her perfections from the house tops with a persistency which compelled attention. If her nose were too small and her mouth too large, if her chin transgressed the laws of symmetry and her eyebrows were far from being all that could be desired, Sybilla and the mirror kept the secret to themselves, for no one else ever suspected the fact. The very manner in which she walked along the street convinced an onlooker of her beauty before she came within reach of vision, and when she had passed by, with a glance of solemn eyes and a dip of mischievous dimples, he was feebly strengthened in his convictions. She came rustling into a ballroom with a radiant triumph, as who should say, "I have arrived, let the band strike up!" while Agatha meekly followed in her train, never for a moment suspecting that she was being defrauded of her rights.

Agatha was one of those calm, self-controlled young women who never vary in looks or moods, but Sybilla had a temper of her own, and was occasionally visited by what she darkly described as "ugly days," when she had much ado to live up to her reputation. She had known what it was to put on the very latest and most charming hat and find it grown suddenly unbecoming, but even under these harrowing circumstances her courage did not fail. Not a bit of it! She simply re-dressed her hair, turned the hat back to front, and sallied forth so aglow with smiles at her own temerity that fresh names were added to the list of her adorers, and the crisis passed unsuspected by the world.

Coming midway in a large family Sybilla should rightly have taken a subordinate position, instead of assuming, as she did, one of paramount importance, the more so as her attainments compared most unfavorably with those of her brothers and sisters. Basil and Frank had done brilliantly at Oxford. Agatha was a Girton girl, with letters after her name; even the very children in the schoolroom were clever beyond their years, but the ignorance of Sybilla was of an appalling completeness to which there appeared to be no limit. Into the midst of the most intelligent conversation she would hurl a remark which would fill her father with consternation when he recalled the dimensions of the bills which he had paid for her education.

"A board school infant would know better than to ask such a question. I am ashamed of your ignorance," he would cry. But when Sybilla dropped a kiss on the centre of his bald head and ran laughing from the room, he looked after her with a twinkling eye and in his heart blessed the child and wondered what he should do without her.

It happened that one autumn the meetings of the British Association were to be held in the town which the French family honored by their presence, and that one of the lecturers was bidden to be their guest during the period of his stay. As Agatha had leanings towards biology, who should this be but Prof. Edward Stamford himself, that most eminent of paleontologists, whose private collection of fossils was renowned throughout the scientific world, and who had been instrumental in bringing about some of the most valuable discoveries of the later days. Agatha said that it would be an honor to entertain so learned a guest, but Sybilla made one of her naughty little grimaces, and looked ruefully at her round white arms.

"If he cares for nothing but bones he won't like me!" she said, and in truth he would have been an en-

thusiast indeed who succeeded in regarding the second Miss French in the light of a skeleton. Later on in the day she entertained the schoolroom party with a sufficiently lurid description of the professor and his peculiarities.

"I shall have tea with you every afternoon while he is here!" she announced. "I don't like men who spend all their time rooting about for bones, and this one has discovered all sorts of horrible monsters and presented them to the British Museum. You can see them for yourselves next time you go up to town, but don't ask me to go with you! I hate museums, they are so terribly improving to the mind—and cold to the feet! You must be very good and quiet while he is in the room, but you needn't expect him to speak to you. You are too painfully modern! If you had been dug out of a cave after lying there for a thousand years, or hewn bit by bit out of a quarry and placed together afterwards, he might possibly have felt some interest in you; as it is, he can't be expected to take any notice of commonplace little creatures who have hardly lived twenty years between them. He wears spectacles and has long grey hair and a nanny beard."

When the professor arrived, however, it was discovered that the grey hair and the nanny beard were Sybilla's own wicked invention, for the spectacles covered eyes still youthful, though dreamy and absent minded, while his hair was brown and his features were so good as to seriously disturb the equanimity of at least one intimate of the family. This was Archie Manners, a youth of much energy but small mental attainments, who cherished a humble affection for the learned Agatha and saw in the professor a formidable rival to his hopes. Archie was bidden to dinner on the evening of the professor's arrival, and made frivolous remark in the pauses of conversation, goaded thereto by Agatha's absorption in the newcomer. The professor looked distressed at these interruptions, but Sybilla laughed gayly, and the sound of her fresh, sweet laughter seemed to arrest his attention; he peered at her curiously and addressed her in his shy, halting manner.

"And you—you are also looking forward to our meetings? You mean to attend?"

"I mean to attend the soirees," returned Sybilla wickedly, and at that moment the gong sounded, to the relief of the family, and the company filed into the dining-room.

During dinner Agatha gave the lead to conversation, and the professor discoursed on extinct monsters with enthusiastic learning. No one understood what he was talking about but all had the politeness to look as if they did, except Archie and Sybilla, who rolled eyes at each other across the table, and made covert grimaces of boredom.

"It was the comical construction of the bone which led to misapprehension," explained the professor earnestly. "Having no clew to its position in the skeleton, my friend was led to suppose that it was a horn, answering to that of a rhinoceros. I, on the contrary, maintained that it belonged to the hand, and a long discussion followed, each holding to his own theory. In the end, however, I gained my point, and it is now universally admitted that the bone was an adjunct of the hand. Several detached specimens are preserved at South Kensington, and the conjecture is that this spur was used as a weapon of defence, and that when the monster was attacked it seized the aggressor in its short arms and made use of the spur as a dagger. It may also have been useful in seizing the branches of trees and in grubbing them up by the roots. I myself am inclined to regard it more as a weapon of defence, for there are strong reasons for supposing that the lip was flexible, and this, taken in conjunction with the prehensile tongue, would in itself constitute an instrument for cropping leaves and branches, though I confess it would not be equally suitable for the digging-up process. The construction of the molars prove that the chief food was of a vegetarian nature, and I need hardly explain that to any one acquainted with the structure

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of living animals, a tooth will furnish material for which the most important conclusions can be drawn with reference to the habits of extinct specimens. But of that I shall treat more fully in my lectures."

"Most interesting, I'm sure! Look forward with great pleasure!" murmured Agatha politely. The professor raised his eyes, and, glancing across the table, surprised

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