

points saves us much mental work, let us continue to use them all. Sometimes, two words of the same part of speech are connected by the word *and*, and the three form an adjective, thus: "Up-and-down motion," "back-and-forth movement," "sick-and-well man," "cut-and-slash fury." If the hyphen be omitted in the above examples, a wrong meaning is substituted, or else the true meaning is not so readily perceived, but if, in the case just cited, the two adjectives qualify the noun equally, no hyphen would be necessary. If we speak of a shipping-case, for instance, we use a hyphen, and so in retailing-case; but if the words "shipping and retailing" come before the word "case," no hyphen is possible, as "shipping and retailing case." Some use the hyphen after the first adjective above mentioned, and punctuate it thus: Shipping-and retailing-cases, but this is a German idea and is not proper in English. It looks too much like the grocer's sign: "Straw, goose, huckle, cran-, black-, rasp-, and June-berries for sale." A participial adjective coming before a noun, indicating the general or habitual use of the noun, should have a hyphen, as "printing-press," "stamping-die," etc. A printing press is a press which is just now printing, but a printing-press is used for printing in general, though at this instant it may be perfectly still. In a similar manner we distinguish between "running-boy" and a "running boy." It will be seen here that the hyphen renders habitual that which is only temporary or accidental.—*National Educator*.

THE OMNIBUS FIEND.

He thought he saw a banker's clerk
Descending from the bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A hippopotamus:
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
"There won't be much for us!"
He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney piece;
He looked again, and found it was
His Sister's Husband's Niece.
Unless you leave this house," he said,
"I'll send for the Police!"

—*Lewis Carroll in Sylvie and Bruno.*

MORTALITY FROM SNAKE-BITES IN INDIA.

The mortality from snake-bites is very great. The average loss of life during the last eight years has been 19,880 human beings, and 2,100 head of cattle yearly. I regret that I am unable to state how many of these deaths are to be ascribed to the cobra, or each particular snake, as I have been unable to obtain any reliable returns which entered into this special detail. But when conducting an investigation into this subject in India some years ago, I was then able to make out that of 11,416 deaths of human beings in 1889, out of a population of 120,914,283, 2,690 were assigned to cobras, 359 to kraits, the balance being caused by snakes unnamed. This return is of little value, but it indicates what is well known, that the cobra is by far the most destructive of the venomous snakes of India. Mr. V. Richards, who has investigated the subject closely, says the cobra causes nine-tenths of the human deaths. The snakes which are most destructive to life are probably in the following order:—The cobra, *Naja tripudians*; the krait, *Bungarus caruleus*; the kuppur, *Echis carinata*; Russell's viper, *Daboia russelli*; the hamadryas, *Ophiophagus elaps*; the raj-samp, *Bungarus fasciatus*. The hydrophidæ are probably not less dangerous, but they are comparatively rare, and seldom brought in contact with human beings, and thus do not contribute so largely to the death-rate. The number of snakes destroyed in 1887 amounted to 562,221, for which rewards amounting to 37,912 rupees were paid. The table shows in detail the number of human beings and cattle killed by all poisonous snakes together, the number of snakes killed, and the amounts paid for their destruction each year from 1880 to 1887 inclusive:—Number of people killed: 1880, 19,150; 1881, 18,670; 1882, 19,519; 1883, 20,067; 1884, 19,629; 1885, 20,142; 1886, 22,134; 1887, 19,740. Number of cattle killed: 1880, 2,536; 1881, 2,029; 1882, 2,167; 1883, 1,644; 1884, 1,728; 1885, 1,483; 1886, 2,514; 1887, 2,716. Number of snakes killed: 1880, 212,776; 1881, 254,968; 1882, 322,401; 1883, 412,782; 1884, 380,981; 1885, 420,044; 1886, 417,596; 1887, 562,221. Amount of rewards paid: 1880, 11,664 rupees; 1881, 11,996 rupees; 1882, 14,873 rupees; 1883, 22,353 rupees; 1884, 28,551 rupees; 1885, 25,213 rupees; 1886, 25,361 rupees; 1887, 37,912 rupees.—*Sir Joseph Fayrer, in the Nineteenth Century*.

AN AMERICAN POPE.

Of the ecclesiastical qualifications of Cardinal Gibbons for the most exalted honour in the Church's gift, it is not for a layman to speak. It is enough that the Holy See has seen fit to set him at the head of one of the most powerful and perhaps the most intelligent hierarchy in the world, and that the Vatican has paid unprecedented respect to his counsel. Cardinal Gibbons combines the suavity of an Italian monsignore with that ingenuous integrity and robustness which we like to think is the characteristic of our Anglo-Saxon race. If he were called to occupy the most conspicuous and most ancient throne in Christendom he would not go to Europe as a novice in European affairs. To have assisted at an Ecumenical Council at an age when most men are on the threshold of a career is an early

training in cosmopolitanism rarely experienced. During the intervening twenty years the cardinal's frequent visits to Europe have brought him into contact with some of the acutest intellects of the Old World. Moreover, since his elevation twelve years ago to the head of the hierarchy of the United States, he has governed an episcopate and a priesthood which are composed of members of every European nation. His unexampled undertaking two years ago, when, the youngest member of the Sacred College, he prevailed upon the Holy See to reconsider a momentous judgment, was not the achievement of a man whose attributes are merely local and national. The installation in the chair of St. Peter of this enlightened English-speaking churchman would be an event of such import to human society that one dares not hope to see its accomplishment, for it seems as if it would be the first step toward bringing back to the church the great democracies which are destined to govern the world.—*J. E. C. Bodley, in The Nineteenth Century*.

INFLUENZA EUROPEA.

THE epidemic of influenza, which is just now taking the place of war rumours, royal progresses and marriages, or general elections, as a Continental sensation, is rather a curiosity to most newspaper readers of the present generation. There is nothing at all new about the influenza itself, but an epidemic which overspreads Europe like a great wave, setting Paris and Berlin topsy-turvy at once, and almost producing a suspension of business, is something a little more surprising than an ordinary epidemic of colds. It has been some little time, indeed, since the like phenomenon occurred; the last severe epidemic of *influenza Europæa* is recorded as taking place in 1847. But in the eighteenth century there had been no less than ten of these epidemics. The Italians, who gave its English name to the influenza (the French call it *la grippe*), finding no reason in nature or in conditions of life for this disease, ascribed it to the influence (*influenza*) of the stars. Perhaps there are some modern scientists, and especially the French medical students of "suggestion," who would agree that in this case, as in so many others—

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves.

But the name perpetuates the old notion. The present epidemic, like almost all other epidemics, comes from the East. We heard of it first in St. Petersburg, and no doubt it would be traceable thence to Astrakhan or Oldenburg. From St. Petersburg it went to Moscow and Berlin, and thence to Paris. The rapidity with which it spreads is something marvellous. Even in the days before the railroads it has been known to overspread the whole of Europe in six weeks, and then to travel on to America. No doubt it may be expected in New York or Boston about Christmas time. Fortunately the present visitation is classed as "benign" by the physicians. "Benign" is one of the doctors' odd words, and in this case it means merely mild, just as "laudable pus" means something comparatively and not positively praiseworthy.—*Boston Transcript*.

A LION HUNT.

I now come to one of my great days, when I shot my first and only lion. I had started out to the left of the river, and was skirting the far side of the plain, in the hopes of coming across buffalo near the edge of the bush. As I went along I put up, from under a tree, an enormous leopard, about the size of a moderate lioness, and I put in a snap shot, with no apparent effect, as the creature rapidly disappeared. Having proceeded about a quarter of a mile farther, I saw some ostriches, and was debating whether I should try and stalk them or not when one of my men gave a low whistle to attract my attention, and standing broadside to me, not forty yards away, was a magnificent lion. He was looking at the ostriches, and, like myself, so busy debating the chances of a good stalk that he neither saw nor heard me. He looked truly magnificent, and quite the king of the forest at that moment; but, though full of admiration, I lost no time in firing off my 450° rifle. With a deep roar he bounded off, and, fearing that I had not planted the bullet in the right place, I gave him the other barrel. This time I aimed for the back of his head, and, as I afterwards found, with great accuracy, though the bullet had only penetrated the skin and then glanced all along his skull, coming out just above the upper lip. As he disappeared after this shot in a thick clump of bush, some twenty yards off, I waited a quarter of an hour before taking up the tracks. I then did not have to penetrate far before I came upon him stone dead, my first bullet having penetrated the heart. He measured nine feet five inches from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail as he lay, and the skin, when removed, without any stretching, measured eleven feet, and that, too, with rather a short tail. He had a fair amount of mane, which is rare, as it generally gets torn out by the bushes.—*East Africa and its Big Game, by Captain Sir John Willoughby, Bart.*

MISS VON FINKELSTEIN, the Russian lady whose lectures on life in the Holy Land attracted large audiences in London and the Provinces, has just completed her first lecturing tour in Australia. She has cleared £5,000 by it, and has already begun another tour, at which her audiences are equally large and equally eager to learn something of Eastern life.

THE THREE BADGERS.

THERE be three badgers on a mossy stone,
Beside a dark and covered way;
Each dreams himself a monarch on his throne,
And so they stay and stay—
Though their old father languishes alone
They stay, and stay, and stay.
There be three herrings loitering around,
Longing to share that mossy seat;
Each herring tries to sing what she has found
That makes life seem so sweet.
Thus, with a grating and uncertain sound,
They bleat, and bleat, and bleat.
The mother herring on the salt sea wave
Sought vainly for her absent ones;
The father badger, writhing in a cave,
Shrieked out, "Return my sons!
You shall have buns," he shrieked, "if you behave!
Yea, buns, and buns, and buns!"
"I fear," said she, "your sons have gone astray;
My daughters left me while I slept."
"Yes'm," the badger said, "it's as you say,
They should be better kept."
Thus the poor parents talked the time away
And wept, and wept, and wept!
Gently the badgers trotted to the shore—
The sandy shore that fringed the bay;
Each in his mouth a living herring bore—
Those aged ones waxed gay.
Clear rang their voices through the ocean's roar
"Hooray, hooray, hooray!"

WHAT CAUSES SUICIDE?

NATURE revolts at self-destruction, even when life has lost all charms for its possessor and when existence is attended with naught but misery. When loss of all that is dear has driven a soul to the madness of despair, when a life of crime has brought remorse unendurable, or when the body is racked with ceaseless torments of pain, self-wrought destruction seems sometimes pardonable and often almost logical, but suicide, when attended by no such circumstances, can be ascribed to nothing else than the breaking down of self-control—the act of a madman. Psychologists have wrestled with this problem for ages without coming to any very full and satisfactory conclusions as to the real causes that produce suicide. In some instances physical causes seem to predominate, in others a diseased brain destroys the body as a caged tiger breaks its prison bars. Every case is more or less isolated, for, being an unnatural act, there are no general principles which govern it. Often when confidently expected it is never found, and it is usually discovered where least looked for. Physiologists tell us that life is a constant effort to preserve a balance between the forces of the individual within the body and the external forces and conditions of its environment. When this equilibrium is disturbed disease results and it is necessary to restore it by unusual means, as medicine, diet, change of habits or climate, and if unsuccessful, death results. Much more is this the case as regards the brain and its functions. That organ is constantly at work whether the body is at rest or not. In some the action is sluggish; the equilibrium is easily preserved. In others it is active and more care is necessary, while in a few highly developed organisms the conflict is constant, though unperceived, and often the struggle ends suddenly. The over-wrought brain, instead of yielding slowly, gives way altogether and the reaction is proportioned to the effort that has been made at resistance, just as the ball of a pendulum, if held at a distance from the position of rest, will swing an equal distance beyond the centre when released. No sane man ever killed himself, because self-preservation is the first law of sanity. No man, however, is at all times sane, or which is the same thing, mentally balanced. In most persons the variations are small and the balance is easily restored, particularly if the giving way has been gradual and prompt efforts are taken for relief. It is only when the strain has been long and continual, without effort or relaxation, that the consequences are serious. Sometimes the result is complete prostration, often resulting in dissolution, at others the laws of nature are completely reversed and self-destruction follows. Life at a high mental pressure in any sphere is dangerous. The man who violates those laws which pertain to his material body only is far safer than he who gives his brain no rest. Sleep throws the body into complete repose, but the brain is still more or less active. The brain needs rest and recreation apart from this, and those who neglect it have soon to repent of their indiscretion. The tendency of this age is to live at too high a pressure and we have only ourselves to blame for the results which follow.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

MR. RUTTON, who compiled the pedigrees of the Veres and other great families for Mr. Loftie's "Kensington," is about to print a couple of hundred numbered copies of an account of the three junior branches of the Wentworth family—those, namely, of Nettlestead, Gosfield, and Lillingstone Lovell. The Lady Wentworth who won Monmouth's heart was the representative of the Nettlestead family. One of the Lillingstone family defied Queen Elizabeth and died in the Tower in consequence, though he was nearly related to Walsingham. From the junior Wentworths a good many well-known people are descended, as, for instance, Sir Charles Dilke, Lady Anne Blunt, Mr. Loftie, and Mr. Rutton himself.