

their claims, and the Episcopal Church of Scotland joins in with them. The question will enter into politics in the next general election, and if the Established Church there decides to oppose all candidates who have committed themselves to disestablishment, the result will be a great loss of power for the Gladstonian Liberals in Scotland. This will mix up matters in a new form, but the forces arrayed against the Scotch Church, from a religious point of view, are so strong, that if disestablishment becomes a vital question, it will most likely be successful.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE says this about sleep: "There is not one man or woman in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. All those stories written about great men and women who slept only three or four hours a night make very interesting reading; but I tell you, my readers, no man or woman ever kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep." Americans need more sleep than they are getting. This lack makes them so nervous and the insane asylums so populous. If you can get to bed early, then rise early. If you cannot get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as Christian for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. I counsel my readers to get up when they are rested. But let the rousing bell be rung at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulse. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. Give us time, after you call us, to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before we leap."

BOWEL complaints, as the weather becomes uncomfortably hot, are beginning to prevail. About thirteen or fourteen years ago we published a formula which has, within our knowledge, proved effective in many severe cases. The good resulting from its use caused the successive publication of the prescription several years consecutively. It was subsequently kept ready for use by Z. C. M. I. drug department and later by other drug stores. It is known as the "Sun cholera mixture." The reason for its having been given that title was that it was agreed upon, during the prevalence of cholera in New York City, many years ago, by a number of leading physicians, as one of the most effective specifics for common use in cases of that disease, with which people are liable to be attacked and die before medical assistance could reach them. It was published in the New York Sun, from which the name of the mixture was derived. At that time the people of New York kept it generally on hand for emergencies. It is, perhaps, too strong for young children, but is often attended with good results when administered to people of maturer years affected with the most common complaint incidental to hot weather.

## THE BOOK AGENT'S NEW WAY.

"No, we don't want nothin'! Git, or I'll call the dog!" These are the words that will not down the book agent's "night mare." Bad dreams! Here, as he tosses on his uncomfortable couch, he sees Bridget, of the auburn locks, staring from the half-open portal as she holds a kettle of boiling water in a threatening attitude. He turns over in his bed to flee, but there a man and savage dog confront him. The man huris a club against the agent's tender shins and urges on the dog. The book vendor staggers toward an inviting fence, and just as he crawls up to a place of safety he feels the hot breath of the dog as the brute prepares to sink his teeth into the agent's neck; but they never sink. The agent opens his eyes, stares around the cozy room, and exclaims, "Only a dream!"

In the agent's long list of experiences the Bridget, man, club and dog are real, and it has been the business of the agent's profession to learn the habits, peculiarities and disposition of these antagonistic subjects, and, if possible, educate them to appreciate the book agents' industry.

Book agents follow the motto, "When everything else fails, try curiosity," and it usually wins. An old farmer south of this city, who has thrown book agents over the fence, allowed his curiosity to lead him down to the gate to see a bicycle go by. Just as the young gentleman came up to the gate something went wrong with the wheel, and he stopped to fix it. The old farmer kindly offered his aid, and the wily agent slipped a book into the victim's hand to hold till the wheel was fixed. The conversation turned from the bicycle to the book, and the former was repaired about the time the old farmer was ready to subscribe for two of the latter. When the name was well inscribed and the bicyclist out of hearing the old farmer scratched his head in a rather dazed way and said: "I'll be dinged if that ain't a book agent."—*Indianapolis News*.

## LEPROSY IN AMERICA.

Mrs. Harding Davis writes in the New York *Independent*, under the heading "The Plague Spot of America," of the existence of leprosy in America: "As early as 1748 the negroes imported into Louisiana from Guinea brought with them three kindred diseases—the African yaws, the elephantiasis, and the genuine leprosy of the Bible. So rapid was the spread of the last disease, and so great the terror which it inspired, that Ulloa made an ineffectual effort to herd the victims together. In 1785 Governor Miro founded a hospital for them near the Bayou St. John. They were confined to a ridge of land surrounding it called La Terra des Lepreux. In consequence of this isolation, according to Gayarre, leprosy almost died out in Louisiana, the hospital was deserted, and the land is now a densely populated quarter of the

city. In 1870 the leprosy appeared again in Vermillion Parish. A woman named Ourblanc, from the south of France, in whose family it had been hereditary, suddenly developed in her old age the terrible, unmistakable symptoms. Her husband and seven children all fled and left her to the care of a young girl of the neighborhood, who took pity on her extremity and tenderly nursed her to the end. After her death the disease appeared in this heroic girl and in six of the old woman's children. They all died. Other cases in which the contagion was clearly traced to the Ourblanc family appeared. Lepers now became frequent patients in the Charity Hospital in New Orleans. The most pathetic case among them was that of Father Boglioli, a Catholic priest, a powerful, muscular man of noble presence, from the Apennine Mountains, who for fourteen years had ministered to the patients in this hospital. He was called upon to administer the last rites of his Church to some of the dying lepers, but was warned of the danger of contact. He quietly proceeded with his duty, nursing the lepers, giving them extreme unction, and laying them in the grave. He was at once infected with the disease and died about two years ago. The chief seat of leprosy in Louisiana, however, has always been on the Bayou Lafouche, below Harang's Canal. In 1880 the Legislature was roused to action on this subject, and Dr. Joseph Jones, of the Board of Health, with his son, volunteered to examine into the condition of the infected district. He found the cabins of the inhabitants standing in low marshes—usually rich fields—irrigated up to the very doors; their diet consisted largely of fish and rice. They were constantly subject to low, malarial atmosphere. The leprosy, inherited in some of these families from distant ancestors in Africa or southern Europe, was spread by contagion and nursed by the low, poverty-stricken, malarious conditions of their life. The lepers fled on his arrival or were hidden by their friends, as it was feared they were to be carried off to some isolated island in the sea, like that of Molokai. Dr. Jones, however, discovered whole families in which Asiatic leprosy had existed for generations. Some of the victims with their leonine faces and hands turned to stone were living alone in huts thatched with palm-branches, among the swamps, feeding themselves on such rice and roots as they could find, abandoned by man, and it must have seemed to them by God himself. Dr. Jones on his return vehemently urged the Legislature of Louisiana to do something for the relief of this most wretched community. Nothing was done then, and nothing has since been done. It is rumored that leprosy is still on the increase in this region. As far as I know, not even the devoted Roman priest has penetrated into its shades of death. Why should not we too do something in memory of Father Damien? What shall we do for these our own lepers?"