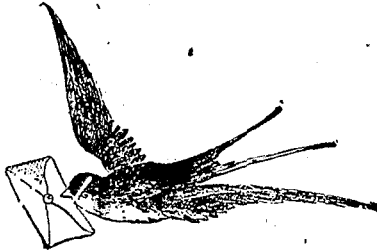


## Our Foreign Letter.

### A HOLIDAY IN THE LEBANON MOUNTAINS.

(Concluded from page 136.)



The question of feeding Sultany was still far from easy; she had only a bird's appetite, I was about to say, but I believe this is now generally considered a very good one, as birds are nibbling at something most of the day, and Sultany had practically no appetite at all. She was in such a state of emaciation that the doctor said he must try some other means than those hitherto used. So far all medicines had failed to stop the nausea or induce an appetite. He decided to try liquor arsenicalis only, and no other medicine was given; to half a tumbler of water, equal to about  $\bar{3}$  iv. were added minims x. of arsenicalis, the glass was placed near Sultany's bed, and she supposed it contained water only. "Now," said the doctor, "whenever you feel sick just ask Sister to give you a teaspoonful of the water in that glass; it is a special cure for your sickness."

Teaspoonful doses were given about every hour, m. x. being taken in twenty-four hours, and at last the patient ceased to complain of nausea and began to exhibit some slight interest in her food. This was to the good, and we were truly thankful, but there was much to do for her yet. Massage was prescribed for her, three-quarter hour to be given morning and evening, and this "Mrs. Bass" actually admitted she enjoyed, "but," alas! there was always that everlasting "bass," until one almost lost patience with her! "Bass, what?" I asked, and the reply was, "Massage very nice, dear lady, bass I want to be"—sick, she was going to say, but added—"Bass, I don't know what I do want." There was nothing for it but to persevere with the massage and continue the homeopathic doses of liquor arsenicalis; the reward was sure to come, and sure enough it did; after a month of this treatment we noticed a great improvement. Sultany took food eagerly, three good meals a day, and in addition to this two quarts of milk or leben and two hours' massage with olive oil. She was putting on weight at the rate of 4 lb. a week, her face grew rounder and rosier every day, and one evening when I took little Melia to say "Good-night" to her mother, the child remarked, "Immy queteer shellaby" (my mother is very pretty), and I heard the other women and children in the ward remark, "Sahieh, Sultany shellaby alkate" (it is true, Sultany is really pretty now). Another month of this treatment was given, our patient growing happier and more contented as her strength increased. She still went by the name of "Sitt Bass," and I am afraid she always will till the very end of the chapter. After ten weeks in hospital both she and her child were

in robust health, and the day arrived when the doctor pronounced them far too well to be inmates of a hospital. What a day it was! The rains had ceased, the sun shone brilliantly, the sweet scent of spring was everywhere. Tears and smiles blended in Sultany's eyes; she was full of gratitude at last. We wondered if she would still "but" us before her final leave-taking. She and Melia had quite a trousseau to take to the new home that had been provided for them, for each nurse found she had something she could spare, and so it came about that both mother and child were well provided with warm underclothing, stockings, boots, a nice dress, and a mandilla. Sultany made her adieux to us all, thanking each nurse in turn, she and little Melia kissing our hands, and raising them to their foreheads in Oriental fashion, vowing by the life of the Prophet they would never forget us; then came interminable good-byes to all the women and children patients, and still she lingered. "Well, Sultany," said I, "mushmabsouta?" (aren't you happy?) "haven't you all you require—good health, nice clothes, a dear little home to go to—what else can we do for you?" "Queteer mabsoutine, anna wa Melia, ya sittee," she replied (very happy, Melia and I, lady), and—would you believe it?—then came the inevitable "bass!" Oh, Sultany," I exclaimed, "is it still 'bass?' What else can you want?" She smiled and said, "Bass, ya sittee, ma fee jacquetta" (but, lady, I haven't a jacket). It was too bad, after all that had been done, but away sped a kind-hearted little nurse and soon came back with a nice thick jacket. "Sister, the cold weather has almost gone; I can do without this, and I think it will just fit her," she said, and so it did; and in this complete "rig out" Sultany and Melia, again smiling their thanks, left the ward.

To this day she goes by the name of "Sitt Bass."  
SISTER MARIE.

### AN ENTERPRISING COMPANY.

Consumers of gas in the district of the Gas Light and Coke Company, among whom are many proprietors of nursing homes, will be glad to note that in the speech of the Governor (Mr. Corbet Woodall), at the meeting of the shareholders on the 5th instant, it was foreshadowed that there would be a further reduction in the price of gas at the end of this year, making the seventh reduction in eight years.

This continuous decrease in the price charged by the Gas Light Company is very welcome alike to the consumers, who benefit to the extent of nearly £100,000 a year by every reduction of 1d. per 1,000 cubic feet; to the shareholders, whose dividend can only rise as the price falls; and to the employees, whose share of the profits also varies inversely with the price of gas.

The only people not pleased are the electricians, as every reduction in the price of gas further increases the already substantial difference in cost between electricity and gas.

Owing to the enterprise of this company a bedroom fire is now a possibility to many to whom it was formerly an unattainable luxury.

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