

be made of these test results, for even if the beverages mentioned retarded digestion somewhat, it does not necessarily follow that the thoroughness was altered.

The commonness of the egg makes it valuable as a medicine sometimes. A raw egg, swallowed at once, will detach fishbone which has been lodged in the throat. Whites of eggs taken immediately after certain poisons, such as salts of lead, mercury, copper, and acid poisons, will render them harmless. A French method of administering cod-liver oil or castor oil is, first to warm it, stir in an egg, cook slightly, flavor with salt, sugar, or acid jelly. (I wonder if the idea is that by the time all this is done you can cheat yourself into believing it is some delicacy you are preparing, and so take it under that impression.) The egg is considered valuable in typhus and typhoid fevers. Taken raw, it forms a slight coating over the stomach and other organs, and by its soothing qualities reduces inflammation. It is also recommended for children with irritable stomachs.

A well-known physician says that many lives are lost by starvation, owing to an over-estimate of the nutritive value of beef-tea and meat-juices, but that there is no good substitute for milk and eggs.

An English physician adds this word: "In cases of depression, where disordered working of the brain tends to exhaust the strength, I rely more and more upon milk and eggs made into liquid custards. Sixteen eggs daily are given with good results."

Nothing will sooner relieve a feeling of exhaustion than a raw egg beaten in a glass of milk sweetened and seasoned to the taste. Such a drink furnishes more real energy than tea or alcoholic beverages, and without their evil effects. Many a tired woman would be better for it. Eggs may also be served in tea, coffee, lemonade, or hot broth, in the same fashion.

The egg white being constipating in effect, the yolk laxative, the latter is considered helpful in jaundice, and similar diseases, on account of the oil it contains, while the white is beneficial in ailments opposite in nature.

Physicians object to excessive beating of eggs for invalids, since, if much air be mingled in them, it may give rise to gas on the stomach, but if slightly beaten, the solidity of the egg being broken, the gastric juice can work upon it more freely. Either white or yolk alone will digest sooner than if taken together.

The object in beating eggs much in cooking is to incorporate air with them, and this is lost if left standing after the beating process. Owing largely to the high price of eggs, baking powders have in a great measure superseded them, and our food and stomachs have suffered in proportion.

Letters From Abroad

IV.

ON MEDITERRANEAN SHORES—THE CATTLE FAIR.

Taormina, Sicily, Feb. 2nd, '13.

Oh, Jean, how I wish you had been with us yesterday! We had such an uproarious time. I haven't laughed so much for ages. The occasion for the outburst was the Cattle Fair at Letojanni, a little sea-coast village that looks about a stone's-throw from Taormina, but is really an hour's drive.

The day was heavenly,—just the sort the guide-books describe when trying to catch tourists from the frigid North.

We took back all the unkind things we had said about Sicily during our first wet week here. We started to the fair early in the morning in an ancient Sicilian bone-shaker that must have had a B. C. date on it somewhere, but even the discomfort of being jammed into a springless, flea-infested vehicle, could not dampen our spirits. We fairly bubbled with joy. As we zigzagged down the mountain-side, every turn of the road gave us a new sensation and unfolded a new picture.

The villas we passed were brilliant with flowers; the gray rocks along the roadway were tufted with gay patches of emerald; the Mediterranean was dazzling sapphire, and Mt. Etna's white cone gleamed like a mammoth pearl in the sunlight.

And, remember, Jean, this was the first of February! I thought of you

in the clutch of winter in Canada, with a fur collar up to your ears.

On the way to the village, we met numbers of peasants returning with their purchases, and we wondered why so many of the men carried rifles. We found out later that they did it for self-protection, as many of them have long distances to travel, and are apt to be attacked and robbed on their way home. Brigands are still in existence in this country.

Some of the groups we passed looked exactly like the highly-colored prints of the "Flight into Egypt" in Uncle John's big Family Bible—the one that was always on the red mat beside the album, on the center-table in the parlor. Don't you remember how we used to gloat over its pages on wet Sunday afternoons

The short street in the village was crowded with people. Down both sides of it were temporary booths, filled with every gimcrack article dear to the Sicilian's heart—crockery, tin pans, baked beans, brges, umbrellas, cheap jewelry, etc. While we were standing in front of a doorway, a harmless-looking canvas bag on the top step was suddenly seized with frightful convulsions, and began heaving and squirming in the most unaccountable and reckless manner, displaying a suicidal tendency to take a header down the steps. Several times it was rescued by a farmer's wife, who seemed to regard it with a proprietary air. Our wonder as to the cause of this strange behaviour on the part of an innocent-looking bag was ended when we

application of water as if it were a deadly poison.

While Miss Morris was bargaining for some baskets, Mrs. Russell and I poked around with our kodaks, chasing up pigs in panniers, and other comical things we saw.

The enclosed photo of a woman putting a protesting pig into a pannier is one of the results. The woman on the other side of the donkey has successfully achieved the operation, and got her pig in.

I tried hard to get a snap-shot of a dear little long-eared kid hanging out of a pannier, but at the supreme moment it always wriggled round and presented the back of its head to the lens. Over and over again, the donkey boy turned its face to me, but it persistently refused to be taken. Finally he plunged his hands into the depths of the pannier and dragged up—another kid. It was as surprising as a ledger-demon show when the Great Wizard of the North pulls rabbits out of his hat. The resulting snap-shot, however, was not satisfactory, as the two kids got so inextricably entangled that the print looks like an advertisement of a two-headed freak in a circus. I have rambled on so about the Cattle Fair that I haven't room for anything else. But I wanted to tell you about it before the picture faded from my mind. Arrivederci (as the Italians say for good-bye).

LAURA.

[A correction: Needless to say, the word "years," which appeared in the first line of last week's "Letters," in some of the papers, should have been "days." Laura, we are pleased to say, was not in the doleful dumps for three "years."]



The Cattle Fair.
Woman putting pig in pannier.

while Uncle John was snoozing away in his arm-chair? What jolly times we used to have at the old farm!

The nearer we got to the village the more lively and interesting the road became.

It was a continuous Sicilian cinematograph of absurdities. We wished we had eyes all around our heads, so we wouldn't miss anything.

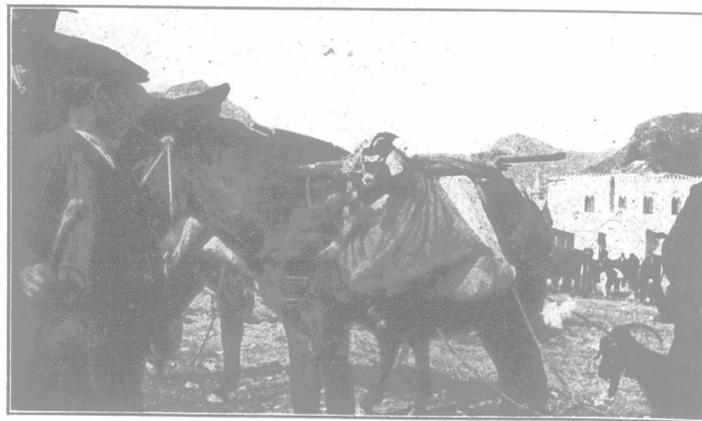
"Look, look!" cried Miss Morris excitedly, pointing to a donkey that was passing.

We looked—and what do you think we saw—and heard. A little black pig in a donkey's pannier, grunting disapprovingly at the method of transportation.

We shrieked with laughter, and from that time on we went from one spasm to another. Such ridiculous combinations did we pass—goats, mules, or don-

heard a familiar grunt coming from the interior. We knew then that a discontented and enraged piglet (what do you call little pigs?) was imprisoned within. We stood in front of those steps and watched the gyrations of that bag, and laughed till we fairly gasped for breath. We attracted so much attention that a ring of gaping rustics formed around us and gazed at us open-mouthed. All at once the bag gave a violent flop, followed by an angry grunt, and then all was still. Piggie had given up the fight for freedom.

We pushed through the throng and went out on the beach to see the cattle. They were very disappointing. Viewed from a distance, they made a pretty picture scattered over the white beach, with a foreground of blue sea and foamy waves, and a background of white cot-



The Cattle Fair.
Two kids in one pannier.

keys, tied together by the legs; pigs and kids and turkeys in panniers; cattle and pigs being driven and being carried by feet, and always the ubiquitous donkey plugging along half-asleep, quite indifferent as to the size or quality of his load. One happy family we passed consisted of a woman and baby on the donkey; a kid in one pannier gazing longingly and bleating sadly for its mother, who was tied to the donkey's hind leg, a mangy cur trotting along on the other side at the end of a rope, and a man walking with a rifle on his shoulder to protect his property from marauders.

tages and high mountain peaks. But a closer inspection proved them to be a dirty-looking lot.

If Jack could see them, his nose would turn up so high with disgust that it would never again regain its proper shape. But a volcanic country, with rocks and cacti for pasture to load of lemon-skins, often is not a good breeding-place for blue-ribbon cattle. I suppose the fact that there is lots of sun in this country, and that its rays are a strong disinfectant, is the only thing that keeps disease at bay. For man and beast seem to avoid the common

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Clear, Shining after Rain.

AN EASTER MESSAGE.

He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, A morning without clouds; When the tender grass springeth out of the earth.

Through clear shining after rain.
—2 Sam. xxiii: 4 (R. V.).

When Job was crushed and bewildered by sudden and unexpected sorrow, one of his friends tried to comfort him by saying: "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." It is not in the least consoling to hear that trouble is the common lot of all men; though it is inspiring to hear how others have been victors in the midst of pain. Only a coward would desire to live out his life on earth without any pain or difficulty. No soldier worthy of the name wants to loaf about in a barrack-room, while his comrades are facing the enemy or bravely enduring hardships on active service.

And yet the words of Eliphaz the Temanite, who came to mourn with his afflicted friend, only tell half the truth. The Psalmist had a more complete vision of man's destiny when he said: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. . . . Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: Thou hast put off my sack-cloth, and girded me with gladness."

Even Job, who suffered so much, came out into the clear shining after rain; for "the LORD blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning."

God's way of reckoning time—which is still the Jewish custom—is to make each day lead up from darkness into light: "The evening and the morning were the first day," and no day of ours is really finished until the morning joy has come. As Ella Wheeler Wilcox reminds us:—Nothing is ever settled until it is settled "right."

On the first Good Friday—that darkest hour earth has ever known, which yet we call "good"—the friends of Christ were utterly despairing. They had set all their hopes on this Man, and he seemed to have failed them utterly.

Isaiah (xxii: 20-25) speaks of a servant of God who shall be fastened as a nail in a sure place, and on him shall hang all vessels of his father's house, from the vessels of cups even to all the vessels of flagons. On his shoulder shall the government rest, and he shall be a father to his people. Our Lord (see