



Let Something Good Be Said

James Whitcomb Riley.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe, The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead Of words of blame or proof of thus and so, Let something good be said.	No generous heart may vainly turn aside In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead But may awaken strong and glori- fied, If something good be said.
Forget not that no following yet May fall so low but love may lift his head; Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet, If something good be said.	And so I charge ye, ly the thorny crown, And by the cross on which the Sav- iour bled, And by your own soul's hope of fair renewal, Let something good be said.

Bridget's Broth

Mrs. Kate Tunnatt Woods.

IT WAS nine o'clock in the morning, and the doctor had paid an early visit to his patient, Mrs. Appleton, leaving instructions with his faithful attendant, Bridget.

"She is past the danger line now, Biddy, so feed her up; we must make that tea nourishment whether she cares for it or not."

"What will I be giving her, doctor, she just eats like a bird at the best of times?"

"Try a good, strong, lamb broth, and give her two raw eggs per day; now feed her up, and we will soon have her out again."

"Indeed, and I will, doctor; it do seem as if the whole house was gone with her so still."

"Well, Biddy, it all depends on you now, if you do not feed her well, I shall have to send in one of my trained nurses, and you know how much you like them, eh, Biddy?"

The doctor closed the front door softly, and went out laughing. Biddy was a good friend of his, but he loved to tease her a bit.

As he got into his carriage, he recalled with much amusement Biddy's indignation some two years since, when Mrs. Appleton was stricken suddenly with an acute attack, and he had installed a trained nurse.

Now, there are trained nurses and trained nurses, as every one knows. The dear, gentle, faithful souls, who get into our hearts as well as our homes.

Biddy could never forget that experience. The first act of the nurse was to forbid Bridget to enter the room. The patient, although speechless and suffering, longed for her ever devoted helper, and Biddy was heart broken.

This time, with young Harold away at school and Bridget the sole comfort of his widowed mother, Bridget was to reign supreme.

Why not pray? Had she not lived with the dear lady in her father's home from the time Miss Bessie first entered a kindergarten, and then did she not prepare the new home for the bride? Who but Biddy knew the agony of those dreary days of early

widowhood, and who could read the face so dear to her as the one who knew her best?

It was a sweet, old story of misadventure and maid, and the doctor well knew how dependent his frail patient was upon the great-hearted Irish woman, who had no other home and cared for none.

When the doctor's carriage was out of sight, Bridget crept softly up stairs to find her charge resting with closed eyes. "Dear heart of her," said Biddy softly, "she do be making the sign of the cross with her white hands, and it's the best broth in the town I'll be making for her."

Down stairs went Biddy, and soon she was telephoning for supplies.

That duty over, she went into her well ordered kitchen, and while making necessary preparations for the broth, talked as was her custom, to herself. "The doctor was laughing, he was, but praise be the saints, there will be no more sticking of that nasty little thermometer in her mouth, and no more messes for her to eat, and she that faintly, I do be coaxing her all the while. Oh, but the airs of her made me so angry that I was doing penance for it." Bridget, sez she— "I want some steak for my breakfast, at eight o'clock," sez she, "and do you think be cutting it an inch thick, an don't put it on the broiler until I give the word, for I must have it smoking hot."

"Another time she came down, and sez she—Bridget, I don't like your omelettes, or the way you cook eggs," sez she; "I will have to show you how I was taught in the diet kitchen hospital."

"All right mum," sez I; "my cooking pleases the one who pays me for it, and that is the chief concern of Bridget O'Connor."

"Oh, the way she would come down ordering me around, was enough to put me in a fever. I do pride myself that my range and my kitchen is as neat as in the city, and it's the dear doctor, himself, who has said so many's the time; but the high and mighty nurse, down she came, and sez—Bridget, you need some lessons

in sanitary science, indeed you do."

"In what, Miss?" sez I. "Which was wicked of me, for the blessed missus had told me all about it, and was very particular herself; why not, when she is a director of a cooking school, but I was stupid on purpose, Heaven forgive me."

"Sanitary or domestic science," sez she, in her broad way, wid the head of her up in the air.

"And what is it like, Miss?" sez I. "do you boil it, or cook it in the oven? We never eat fried meats here."

"Bless me," sez she, what dense ignorance one finds even in good families. "You see, Bridget, she went on. 'Mrs. Appleton is never very strong, and you should know what to do for her.'"

"Yes, Miss," sez I, "seeing that I have done for her since she first put on short frocks, mebbe I might learn, if she asks it."

"Well," sez the woman turned our house upside down, and she kept me that worried that I lost ten pounds of flesh, which I might well spare, but I lost my sleep, which was worse. 'At last she went. The doctor needed her somewhere else; and I clapped the two hands of me 'till they ached, when she went out of the door, and the dear missus, she said 'Amen' as hearty as the Methodist man who lives next door."

"That's why there is no trained nurse this time. A good, strong broth is it, well the doctor shall have it as quick as I can make it, for this morning, when she said to the doctor, 'let no one take care of me but Biddy, doctor,' for she knows just what to do." I was happy.

"All right," sez the doctor, and I was that proud I wanted to hug my poor dear, and the doctor, too, indiscriminate like."

All day Biddy trotted back and forth, wearing her felt slippers, and the invalid was happy, knowing how pleased her kind servant was.

Down in the kitchen the "strong broth" was being made, not according to any formula of the hospital diet kitchen, but as Biddy pleased, and her mistress liked to have it done.

At last it was ready; and Biddy prepared a tray on which she placed two well-browned crackers, a pretty china bowl, a few flowers in a tiny vase, and some glossy damask napkins.

Love had taught Biddy some things which were beyond the ken of many blessed with a more liberal education. She knew that the best dish in the world would never tempt Mrs. Bessie unless it was served in a dainty manner. She had learned, also, never to cook the rice in the broth, but to add it after it was thoroughly cooked. The broth was skimmed and seasoned, and Bridget surveyed her work with great satisfaction.

But Fate, the racial, was on the alert to disturb Biddy's confidence. Just as Biddy mounted the stairs, and was well nigh ready to ring sharply, and a sudden movement caused one of the felt slippers to slip on the smooth, waxed floor, and away went Biddy, tray, broth, flowers, dishes and all, clattering down to the room below.

Even one lamp chimney or one small plate can make not only a terrible noise, but with fendish glue they are capable of producing endless bits and pieces, and aggravating the unfortunate victim of the break.

The patient nearly sprang from her bed, as the crash was heard. The silence at last became unbearable, and she called in anxious tones—"Oh, Biddy, are you hurt?"

No answer.

"Bridget, do tell me, are you injured, have you broken a leg or anything but dishes?"

Still silence down below.

It was too much for poor Mrs. Appleton, whose mind pictured a dozen evils; and in spite of bandages, anti-

phlogistine and hot water bags, she sprang from her bed and crept into the hall.

The sight which met her eyes as she gazed over the balusters into the living room, was ludicrous beyond words.

The newel post was decorated with a napkin, from which dripped a slow stream of broth, the floor was dotted with Hee, far too moist for a bridal party; and bits of china were to be seen here and there.

In the eastern oriental rug, sat Biddy bolt upright, rubbing her eyes with a fat, broth-bathed hand.

She had not heard her mistress; and was simply dazed by the accident. "Oh, the likes of it," she murmured, half to herself; "and the poor dear needing nourishment."

A voice from above interrupted her. "Bridget, tell me at once, have you broken any bones; if you do not tell me I shall come down."

Looking up, Biddy saw the white face of her patient, and in an instant, she forgot herself and her keen disappointment, and before there was time to remonstrate, Mrs. Appleton was hurried to bed and nearly smothered with blankets.

"Oh, my dear, my poor dear," said Biddy. "It's getting a death cold you'll be, and all for that old bell-ringing."

"I'm all right now, Biddy; and you must excuse me for laughing, but you did look so drool sitting there, and—" "Shure I was that mad," said Biddy. "I lost me voice, and me breaking that pretty bowl you brought from France; and me strong broth wasted and me a sight to behold."

Then both mistress and maid began to laugh, and the merry laughter increased the circulation, which was the very thing the doctor wanted to do, and Bridget was happy when she remembered that more strong broth could be had in her kitchen, and no one was hurt.

Many times during the day, Mrs. Appleton found herself laughing over the mishap, as she thought of Biddy's picture on the oriental rug.

"What a snap shot Harold would have made of it," she said to herself, and then she laughed again.

The next morning, the doctor found his patient much better, and the temperature nearly normal.

"Biddy," he said, "did you make the strong broth?"

"Indeed and I did, doctor."

"And did Mrs. Appleton relish it?"

"Very much," said that lady, and then began to laugh again. The doctor insisted on hearing the story, and he too, laughed merrily with them.

As he said good morning, he could not refrain from teasing his friend, Bridget, and remarked with a twinkle in his handsome eyes: "Biddy, the next time I order strong broth just make it strong enough to get over the stairs."

Mrs. Appleton recovered rapidly, and insists upon it that a "merry heart doeth good like medicine."

Why Young People Leave the Farm

There is so much said and printed on the subject of keeping young people on the farm, in my opinion the only way to solve this problem is to go at it in a practical, common sense way. In the first place, grow good garden stuff, and plenty of it, and set a good table. Also grow choice fruit and grapes, and small berries, and keep bees and poultry. Of course you ought to have good stock, too, cows, sheep, pigs, etc. Don't send the best of everything to city markets. If you do, you may have some day to give up your boys and girls to city claims. Good "feed" has