



Temperance Department.

THE LITTLE RED HOUSE AND ITS VICTIMS.

BY THE REV. WM. B. CARY.

Riding over the hills of one of the beautiful towns of Connecticut one day, where a delightful view of the mouth of the river with the white houses of Saybrook sparkling in the morning sunlight burst upon the view, I noticed an old stone chimney blackened with smoke on the crest of a ridge and all around it signs of former habitation. Currant bushes in the aforesaid garden, lilac bushes in clusters, the old well with a long sweep, the moss-covered bucket dangling within the well-curb, the broken, patched, and thrice-broken fence intertwined with vines and bushes, all suggested a once happy, contented home.

"Who lived there?" I asked of my companion.

"Oh, different folks, within the last twenty years. It was built by a thriving man, about sixty years ago, a fisherman; but when he died his family was broken up and the house went into other hands."

"Why didn't his widow keep it?"

"Well, it's a long story all told. But do you see that little red house down the river?"

"Yes."

"Well, that house devoured this one."

"How was that?"

"The fisherman who lived here sold his shad down there near that house, which was then and always has been a tavern. They used to catch lots o' shad in those days, and the fishermen all grew rich; that is, for this part of the country. They salted all the shad down there at the wharf. There wasn't any fresh shad sent to market; but they took schooner-loads of salt ones. Well, the fishermen had some rough nights, and, being cold and wet many times, went into the red house to warm up. And what was more natural than to take a glass of Santa Cruz rum? They had it good in those days. So this man got to taking his rum; and it grew on him. He staid away from home more and more, and when he came home brought less and less money with him. Year by year rum had more and his family less. The little red house did a lively business for its owners. And when the fisherman died the only effects of value he possessed were about a hoghead of empty bottles and jugs in the cellar. The homestead had all been drank up, the widow and children were turned out, and the little red house put in a tenant at thirty dollars a year."

"Well, but how did it come to be burned?"

"Rum's tenants would, somehow, fail to pay the rent after awhile. Their cows would go, their pigs, their furniture, and all; and then they would go, and the little red house would put in another tenant. So it went. This was a sort of tender to the house down there. I've often thought of the red house as being painted with the blood of women and children. Maybe I ain't right; but it kind o' seems so to me. Well, after a while, about five years ago, a man moved in here with seven children. His wife was dead. They say he killed her; but I don't know. His eldest girl was about thirteen, and she did all the housework and cooking, and mighty little cooking there was, too, in that house. You could get a drink of whiskey any time, but you couldn't get anything to eat. I believe in my soul them children was hungry more'n half the time; and he wouldn't let them go to the neighbors for anything. He told 'em he'd kill 'em if they did; and the poor little things would go out in the woods here and eat berries, and them little wild apples, and sassafras, and birch, and such like. Things went on so for a long while. Finally, the long, cold Winter of '74 and '75 came on. The neighbors kind o' looked out for them children; but they had to be cautious, for if their father had known of it, I believe he'd a killed 'em. He was an ornery cuss as ever lived, and whiskey made him so. The snow was deep on the ground one night,

and the wind blew a livin' gale. It was one of them nights when a man bolts the door, draws up to the fire, and thanks God that he ain't out in it. I remember that night as if it was only last night. I was down to the white house there visitin'. All of a sudden, as we was eatin' hickory nuts, some one said: 'Hush! What was that? We all held our breath, the wind roared like mad. We couldn't hear anything else.

"What was it?" asked some one.

"I thought I heard a little cry under the window. And, my soul, John! if there ain't a fire up there on the hill! Put on yer coats, boys, and go out and see if them children's burnt up!" said the Missus.

"At this we all jumped for our sou'westers, an' I tell you, if we didn't make time! The door was opened and we was a-rushin' out when what should we see but a lot of shiverin' children huggin' the doorstep. No questions were asked. We knew what it meant. They were taken in, an' we ran up the hill. Half-way up I come to a little bundle of something in the road. I took it in my arms. If it wasn't a little girl, with both feet frozen! I give it to one of the women to carry back to the house and run on. Well, as I come to that piece of fence there, I could see the old house burnin' and something curled up under that big rock. I went to it. It was the oldest boy. I opened my overcoat, sat down, and took him into my breast, all I could, and tried to warm him; but he was stiff. He never moved. I hurried down to the house with him, but—the poor little skeleton—there wasn't no meat on his bones more'n there is on one o' them old pickets. I carried him in (he was light as a feather) and we tried to bring him to; but we couldn't—he was dead. The other six lived; but they all was badly frozen in their hands and feet. You see, they was tryin' to keep warm and built up as good a fire as they could in the old, cracked stove. But the first thing they knew the house was afire. Where was the man, you ask? Oh, he was down to the little red house before a red-hot stove, drinkin' healths to all around. And when the children couldn't stay no longer they left the house and stood out around it to keep warm. The boy crawled behind that stone where I found him, and froze there. They was afraid to go to a neighbor's, for fear their father'd kill 'em; but finally did start when they couldn't stand it no longer."

"What became of the man?"

"Well, I dunno. I never saw him again, nor nobody else around here. I dunno where he went or what became of him."

"What became of the children?"

"Oh, they was cared for. The neighbors took 'em. One o' 'em has been married since, and I hear her husband is a temperance man, who lectures sometimes. The last I heard of 'em they were all doin' well, except the little girl I picked up in the road. She died in the hospital about six months afterward. Yes, it's true, that little red house devoured this one, and it grows redder and redder every year."

"But is nothing done to stop its work?"

"Oh yes; we've held meetings and passed votes and made speeches about it a good many times, and the red house would be a little quieter for a while after we talked about it; but in a month or so it would open out worse than ever. Why, old Mr. Mill says, and he knows more about the history of that place than any one else, that they have killed or ruined one man each year for the last twenty years. I kin count ten myself that's died violent deaths in ten years, and all from the red house rum, to say nothing of starvin' women and children all layin' the blame for it on that place. But two years ago we voted no license; and when the red house sold liquor we went for 'em. We seized their rum three times, and fined the tavern-keeper heavily; and he kind o' took the hint that we meant business, and stopped sellin'."

"I thought it was a quiet, orderly place, when I came by there yesterday," I said.

"Oh yes; the next time he sells without a license he'll go to gaol, and he knows it. I tell you," continued my friend, in a burst of enthusiasm, "talkin' and holdin' meetin's and votin' again rum ain't no good if it ends there. You've got to vote, and then you've got to execute the laws. The only way to shut up these rum-holes is to put the law on 'em; and that'll do it every time, if you kin get officers to do it who ain't in league with them," he added, dubiously.—*N. Y. Independent.*

UNFERMENTED WINE FOR THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

(Published by request of the Montreal Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

It is a well known fact that when fermented wine is used for Sacramental purposes the reformed drunkard cannot put the sacred cup to his lips without incurring the danger of a relapse into former habits. "One of the members of our church told me that before we gave up using intoxicating wine, it was with the greatest difficulty that he was able to resist taking more after the taste was excited," writes a deacon in a western church; and this man's experience is that of many. For this reason, if for no other, churches should be careful to use unfermented wine, and they would no doubt be glad to do so if they knew how to obtain that article. Miss Willard, in her book entitled "Woman and Temperance," tells how the problem was solved in a church in an American city. The lady who solved it, says: "Some time ago our church decided not to use fermented wine, but somehow a sort of logwood decoction got into the chalice, which was entirely out of place and harmful to our cause. Some of the deacons said, 'We cannot have such a mixture as this—it will not answer;' and they were right. The matter troubled me. At last I said to my husband, 'I can't go out much to the temperance meetings, or take an active part in the work of the Woman's union, but I can prepare wine enough for our church of eight hundred members for all the Communion of this year, and I'll do so.' It was no easy undertaking. It kept me in my kitchen wide awake, and on the alert for several days; but I've got the wine all bottled up, and the people are well pleased with it." "Let some lady in each church," says Miss Willard, "go and do likewise, and she will have helped our many sided cause in a noble, efficient way." This lady's receipt is as follows:

Take twenty pounds Concord grapes and add two quarts of water. After crushing the grapes put them into a porcelain kettle; when at a boiling heat the juices separate from the pulp and skins. Then strain through a tin sieve or colander, using a little more water; add six pounds granulated sugar. After the sugar is all dissolved, strain through a thick cloth. Then heat hot and pour immediately into stone bottles, and seal tightly while hot. The above will make three gallons, and if properly put up will keep any length of time; but air must be kept from it till wanted for use. It is better to use bottles that will hold the quantity needed for each Communion.

A Montreal lady has for a number of years prepared all the wine used in the church to which she belongs, from a very similar recipe, at the small cost of 25c. a bottle. Her plan is as follows:

Take twenty-five pounds of grapes and a pound of sugar, mixed with a quart of water; bring to the boil, and when cool squeeze through a jelly bag. Mix the juice with four pounds of sugar, boil fifteen minutes, and skim and bottle while hot in bottles taken out of boiling water. Seal with beeswax and rosin. This makes a very excellent article.

Another well recommended recipe is the following:

Take one gallon of grapes, mash them well, add half a gallon of water and let stand in an earthen jar for three days. Then run off the liquid which is at the bottom, being careful to disturb as little as possible the skins and seeds that have risen to the surface. Add a pound of sugar to each quart of grape juice, bring to the boil, and while at that temperature can in self-sealing jars or sealed bottles.

These directions are published in the hope that temperance ladies throughout the country will take the matter up, and see that the churches are provided with a pure wine for the Communion table. In regions where grapes are not to be had, arrangements might be made with a Woman's Christian Temperance Union in some other place to provide the necessary quantity at a reasonable price.

WE ARE TOLD that one of the first things demanded of the young man who goes into training for a boat-race is, stop smoking. Thoughtful young men ought to find in this a lesson for life. If the oarsman's success depends on his rigid abstinence from everything which weakens the nerves, does not success in the vocations of life depend on an equal abstinence? The work of to-day calls for sound bodies and clear brains. Tobacco ministers neither to soundness of body nor clearness of brain. And young men who mean to succeed in life can ill afford to hamper themselves by indulgence in so doubtful a pleasure.—*Golden Rule.*

WHEAT OR CHAFF; OR, GEORGE HOWLETT, THE COALWHIPPER.

About thirty years ago, in a gang of London coalwhippers, who were constantly in the habit of spending, when in full work, from four to six shillings a day each in the "public"—a rate of expenditure which hundreds of them could testify was a matter of common occurrence—there was one man of the gang who wisely began to think; thinking led to resolving, and resolving to acting. Many a night had he paid his Saturday night score at the ale-house, amounting to twice, and not infrequently to three times, as much as he carried home for the feeding and clothing of his wife and family, and he now began to think this was not right. One day he resolved that he would, by God's help, spend no more of his hard-earned money so foolishly as he had done, but that he would strive to do his duty as a father to his family, and set a good example to his mates.

The next day, instead of going with his comrades to the public-house at drinking time, he went to the nearest coffee-shop and had a cup of coffee and a good slice of bread for luncheon.

His mates jeered and cursed him, but he was as firm as a rock, for he happily sought God's help. With good, nutritious food and his coffee he kept pace with the gang. Although they were obliged to admit, after a few days, that he got through his work as well as they did, yet they constantly "chaffed" him, but without effect.

The tables were turned when pay-night came: The "score" for drink against every other man was so heavy that not one of them had more than thirteen shillings to receive. The man who had thought, resolved, and acted, now came forward.

"What's the score against you, George Howlett?"

"Nothing, sir," was the prompt reply. The astonished paymaster could not credit the statement, but on inquiry he, of course, found it to be quite correct.

He then handed to the brave water-drinking man the sum of two pounds seven shillings!

Turning round to those comrades who had been the loudest in ridiculing his wise conduct, and showing them the two sovereigns two half-crowns and two shilling pieces, he said, "Now, lads, you've chaffed me hard enough, but I think that now I've got the wheat, and you've got the chaff."—*Band of Hope Review, September.*

THAT IS A PRACTICAL METHOD of expressing his disapprobation of tobacco-using, which was adopted by Dr. Eliphaz Clark in his gift of \$50,000 to the Methodist Seminary at Kent's Hill, in Eastern New England. One provision of his will is: If at any time a member of the faculty or one of the teachers connected with the institution shall use tobacco in any form, and shall refuse to abandon the habit, and the case is not attended to by the faculty, then for that year the interest shall be added to the principal." In other words, if an instructor in that institution decides that tobacco is essential to his sustenance or comfort, the donor of the beneficiary fund will let that instructor live on tobacco. He can have his regular salary without tobacco, or tobacco without his regular salary, according as he chews or chooses. That is what might fairly be called a "quid pro quo."—*Ex.*

WE WANT TO IMPRESS upon every child the value of the maxim, "Know thyself." We want him to know the necessities and dangers of the body in which the soul lives; to know the relations of the body to the mind and to the conscious self back of all mental processes. We want him to know the effects of alcohol and other poisons on the various organs of the body and functions of the mind and moral nature, even if he fails to learn the names of all the rivers, lakes, and mountains on the face of the earth. We can each do something to aid this part of public-school work. We can put text-books into some schools, and at least into the hands of teachers whom we know, if we try. Let us try; and "if at first you don't succeed try, try again."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

A SURGEON attached to the P. P. M. railway, says that since the corporation refused to employ drinking men there has been no demand for his services whatever. There were six deaths by accident during the year previous.