



## Temperance Department.

### PIE, CHEESE, BARLEY.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

Farmer Welles came of a good stock—a steady-going, industrious father, a simple-minded, pious mother. He had been brought up in a community where sons of this sort inherit their fathers' habits with the homestead, their consciences with their cattle. As for adopting all kinds of new ideas, that nonsense was for idle townfolk! They would as soon think of turning their wheat-fields into flower-beds as to try starting any quite new crop of notions—much less did they ever pluck up old ideas by the roots to look at the soil whence they sprung. Farmer Welles was born into this community. In due time he trotted off with a score of other youngsters to the red school-house, where he learned to read and spell, to tease the little girls in long pantalettes and pink sunbonnets, to do exactly the things every boy had done who ever threw paper wads across that room, or had to stay after school to find the least common denominator. Ten years later he was no different from the rest. He too had his prizes in the county fair, his private opinion as to which pretty girl in the light, roomy old church sang the clearest and glanced at him the most attractively. He married her, as everybody knew he would. He carried the farm on when his good old father slipped out of life, and so, by-and-by, Farmer Welles was a middle-aged man, in his rut for all time, as everybody again would have supposed, if all had not taken it too entirely for granted to consider it at all.

Now a queer thing happened. This steady-going man, when he sat down in the sunny old piazza to rest, with his red silk handkerchief over the bald spot on his head, ceased to go to sleep and gently to snore after the manner of his fathers. He began to do this thing we have spoken of—began to pluck up his old time thoughts by the roots and turn them around and around; began to ask for what the French call their "reason for being." After about a year of this meditation he emerged from under the silk handkerchief, and, before long, made known the result of some of his exercises of mind. We have only to tell of one such disclosure. One lovely day in summer Father Welles harnessed up his strong team and drove into town. It was a busy day there, as he knew it would be; for the farmers all about had brought in their loads of barley and were selling it right on the street, at a dollar a bushel for the best, to the bustling dealers.

"Splendid barley crop this year," said Farmer Jones to him, as they drew up their horses near together. "It is always about the surest thing going."

"Yes, a sure crop," said Farmer Welles, musing until he found a chance to work his way through the crowded street to the post-office.

Half the farmers in the county seemed to be there with their loaded wagons. Barley, barley, there was nothing else in the air but the talk of that between buyers and sellers. He had his business in town as well as the rest, and as the day went on he felt a healthy man's hunger, and betook himself to a neat bakery where, by past experience, he knew he could find great wedges of pie and generous slices of cheese. There were a dozen other farmers there, all of them eating with the best of appetites. At last, however, one said:

"How do you come on, Welles? I did not see anything of your load."

"Oh, I cleared more this morning than I ever did in my life before."

"How was that?"

"I cleared my conscience."

"Hey?" said the other vaguely. "Whereabouts on your farm did you raise your barley this year, not to the south where you used to? I looked there for it."

"You did not see it, did you? Well, I will tell you, Wilson, how it was with me this year, if you will take two or three minutes to listen," said Farmer Welles, pushing back his plate, and when I get through if you would like to remark that I

am crazy' just do it; only it won't be original with any of you. I have heard it from my neighbors on all sides.

"When I was turning over in my mind how much barley I would raise this year and telling my wife what a sure and profitable crop it had always proved (I reckon I have raised more than the most of you), I went off in a sort of adream, the very prettiest to begin with that a farmer could fall into. I saw acres of splendid barley waving and nodding in the breeze, the sun shining brightly, the sky clear. I was leaning over a fence, calculating how many bushels to an acre and how many dollars to the whole there would be when such a day as this should come around. I was saying, as we all do, 'It is a sure crop, a sure crop.'

"Suddenly I dropped right out of that sweet country air and sunshine into darkness, full of the smell of filth and rags. Instead of the bleating of my sheep over in the cool flats, I heard men cursing God and damning one another. I heard the evil talk of creatures looking as if once they had been women but now herded in with them. One old hag in this underground den was actually keeping shop. She was selling for a few cents the dregs and slops from old lager-beer barrels. I was so amazed I looked over into a pint of the dirty mess, and as it shook in the old mug it framed a picture, like a looking-glass. My barley fields! The waving grain in the sunlight! Me leaning over the fence! Was I really in that den where human beings lived like swine or was I in the country?

"Before I could place myself it was as if some angel or devil took me up and shook me here and there, like a bit of glass in a kaleidoscope, new combinations made with me every moment. Soon I was away up in horrible tenement-houses where sick and starving babies cried for food and blue-eyed mothers gave them sips of beer. I thought of all my cows and longed to give the little children pure milk, when something called from the cup, 'Oh, you have given us drink already. Some of your barley is here. It was a great crop, you know. It went a great way.'

"Then I would be whirled down and into pleasant summer-gardens where everything was sweet and clean again. There bright young men with steady hands would be sitting before harmless 'schooners' of beer, and all would seem well enough until right behind them would come a picture again. A country home like ours, a good old mother sitting with closed eyes, her Bible in her lap, praying as our mothers used to pray for us—for our deliverance from temptation. That was behind. Before, stretching out far ahead, a long row of glasses, bottles, bottles; beer for a while, then wine, brandy, rum. Out from the 'schooner' would float a shadowy wisp of barley, would seem to beckon, as if saying, 'Come on, come on, see where I will end.' Then the mother with the Bible would drop out of the picture, and a drunken wretch with delirium tremens would shout in my ears, 'It was a sure crop, wasn't it? Oh, you temperance-talking farmer, you thought you only sowed good, sweet grain in your fields; but this is the crop, your sure crop, nevertheless.'

"It was not pleasant to think about," were the calm, concluding words of Farmer Welles; "and so I did not raise any barley this year for sale on the street. I never shall any more."

"If you don't somebody—everybody else will," said Farmer Bolton, after a minute's silence and looking as if the pie he had eaten had not agreed with him.

"Of course."

"And barley is used for other things than for beer-making."

"Yes—but I suppose we can dimly imagine what the regular dealers, to whom you sold your barley this morning, want it for, can't we?"

"You have got too much imagination," grumbled another. It really was exasperating for a brother farmer to be illuminating the scene, by turning on new lights after this fashion. When they raised barley they did hard, honest labor. When they sold it, they gave full measure in broad daylight and received hard cash. That was the end of it—or it ought to be—or they wished it to be. Some wished that more heartily than others, according to their consciences or their imaginations, whichever word you chose to apply.

"You have always raised barley yourself," said Mr. Wilson.

"I said I had, and I might be doing it yet,

but one day last winter I asked Bill Sykes, the rum-seller, to stop selling Ned Howard whiskey after that time he hurt his mother and broke his child's arm. Sykes told me to 'shut up,' that I 'would score up as many drunkards in the Day of Judgment by selling my great crops of barley as he ever did by passing rum and lager over a counter.' They say a word to the wise is sufficient. I don't set up for a Solomon, but I can tell you, I took that word home and pondered on it."

"I call that being righteous overmuch, anyhow you can fix it," said Squire Knowles doggedly. "You might just as well say a gunsmith shall not sell revolvers, because people can commit murder after they have bought them."

A few of the pie-eaters looked relieved, as if their temporary indigestion was passing off.

"I don't tell you that you shall not raise barley," said Farmer Welles serenely, "I was only explaining why I had none to sell myself."

"The more fool you," muttered the squire, taking his departure sullenly.

Two men lingered a little. Each of them shook hands, later, with Farmer Welles. One of them, a well-to-do church-member, said,

"I hate these questionable things! You have made a convert of me—unless I backslide."

The other was a feeble little fellow, whose farm was about as big as a calico-apron, and barley had been his "sure crop" too. He blushed a little and stammered,

"Next year, I sort of guess, I'll put in something else, even if 'tisn't quite so profitable."

As regards the majority of the pie-eaters they did decide that Farmer Welles was a little crazy on just one topic—barley.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

### SEE-SAW AND OUT-AND-OUT.

BY J. MCNAIR WRIGHT.

*Nathan.*—"See-saw! Margery Daw!" There you go, up and down. I don't like teeter much—one's never in the same place. It makes me think of Dirk Newton.

*Bob.*—Who's he?

*Nathan.*—Why, you know Dirk, don't you? He's the cooper, and he advertises in the paper by a picture of himself carrying on his back a big barrel. And it's 'most broken his back, too—

*Bob.*—In the picture?

*Nathan.*—No. I'll tell you how it is, Dirk makes barrels for a living, and he turns himself into a beer and gin barrel.

*Bob.*—Why doesn't he join a temperance band?

*Nathan.*—He told my uncle that he "had been a member of a temperance society, off and on, for fifteen years." He joins and keeps sober for a while, and then he gets drunk and is put out; and so over again. That is why a see-saw makes me think of him.

*Bob.*—He's no good of a temperance man. Temperance men should be real out-and-outers. I know a fellow who joined a band for looks, and he drinks hard cider on the sly; and another fellow, who joined to get a place, keeps pretending to be sick and getting a doctor to prescribe whiskey for him. When my folks were in Europe they met plenty of people, who were loud temperance here, who drank wine, ale and punch there.

*Nathan.*—If all temperance folks were hearty out-and-out—not afraid to say and do what they believe—then we should soon get temperance laws and shut up the whiskey shops, my father says.

*Bob.*—They're afraid of being called fanatics, Nate. My aunt had some medicine put up for one of her children, and she found it had alcohol in it, and she sent for the doctor and asked him to please change the prescription—she did not like alcohol. Some people said she ought to be ashamed to be so fanatical.

*Nathan.*—I don't believe any of her boys will grow up to be drunkards, though; and if they did, it would hurt worse than hard names.

*Bob.*—Sometimes people get come up with for being see-saw temperance folks. I know one did, the other day. A young man wanted to get a place for eight hundred dollars a year—that's a big lot of money, isn't it? Well, the gentleman said: "I would give it to you, only I hear you take wine whenever it is offered to you; and another man is after the place who is strict temper-

ance, and really I feel he is a safer man." Then this fellow, who wanted a place dreadful, went to my uncle and asked to be teller in the bank, and my uncle just took his hand and said: "Ben, I will be frank with you. You are in the habit of ordering wine at the restaurant with your dinner, and I can take no teller in this bank except a total abstinence man." That very fellow said to my father yesterday: "Where's the harm in a glass of wine now and then?" And father said: "Ben, it harmed you eight hundred dollars last week, and a thousand this week." So you see he found it was dangerous to be see-saw in temperance.—*Good Times.*

### THE RUINED SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

God grant that I may never witness another such a soul-harrowing spectacle!

I had just left the chamber of affliction, a bedside bright with the irradiations of glory, when I was startled in the midst of deep musings by frantic screaming. On hastening up an obscure passage whence the cries proceeded, I observed a human being huddled up in a corner, leaning against a shattered wall—the remnant of an old house in ruins.

She was clad in a ragged gown, besmeared with filth and blood, exposed to the northern blast and drizzling rain; her knotted hair hung wildly over her head, which was partially enveloped in her lap. I discovered, however, a frightful bruise on the left cheek, which had closed the eye above, and a wide gash was under the other, from which the blood was trickling down.

As I gazed upon this wreck of humanity, my heart sunk within me. She was a mother; by her side stood a bare-footed, thinly-attired, half-starved little girl, who, on perceiving my fixed eye, threw her skeleton arms around her parent's neck, and endeavored to screen her from observation, exclaiming in tones most plaintive—

"Oh, don't look at my mother!"

"Why not, my dear child?" I enquired,

"Because," said the poor girl, while crying, "mother is such a drunkard that I am ashamed for any one to look upon her."

"Is your father kind?" I asked.

"He is dead, sir. He threw himself overboard and was drowned, on his way to transportation for a crime which he committed while in a state of drunkenness. We had such a happy home before mother and father took to drinking."

The imbruted parent, on hearing this exposure, struck the innocent child upon the head, which staggered her to the ground, and shouted vociferously—

"I will have more gin! If you don't get some, I will murder you!"

On gently remonstrating with the wretched inebriate on her inhumanity and intemperance, she looked into my face, and stammered forth, from her quivering and blistered lips, sentiments too foul and profane for repetition. With some difficulty I dragged her to her desolated tenement. During the journey I was taunted and jeered at by stony-hearted publicans and their brutal-minded victims, saying—

"There goes Esterbrook with his sweet-heart!"

Three days afterward she died in a state of furious delirium, raving for drink! drink! drink! a mass of bloated putrescence, and a soul writhing in agony.

That woman was formerly the superintendent of a Sunday-school, and the daughter of a devoted minister of God's gospel of love, and distinguished for personal and high moral and intellectual attractions. Five years after her marriage with one of the best of men, the domestic hearth was the sacred sanctuary, the mother's knee the holy altar, where the story of a Saviour's love was impressed upon the opening mind of her first-born child. But, alas, the subtle serpent—strong drink—gained access to their earthly Eden, and entwined its iniquitous folds around the sweet endearments of social enjoyment. The blessed Sabbath soon lost all its sacredness, the family altar its rich, pure incense, and home all its sweetness; and depravity, crime, misery, suicide and ignominious death followed in rapid succession.—*Living Epistle.*

THE FOLLOWING is the refrain to a Swiss popular song indicating the estimate—scandalising as it is of English people by their Continental neighbors—

The Swiss will drink whenever they can  
Till they are as drunk as an Englishman.