

the room, where stood the terrified landlady and several of the neighbors, who by this time had collected together to wonder at this strange procedure. They started back as she approached, and Mr. Teddystick made special haste to get out of the way.

"Don't be alarmed," exclaimed the poor woman, addressing herself to the landlady. "I shall not harm you. If I should spill your blood as I have your liquor, I should rid the world of a curse; but the law would punish me for killing a man. But never would there be a greater mistake! What, *you a man*,—you who deliberately ruin your neighbor, soul and body, for time and eternity!

"You smiled on my husband when he came to this place ten years ago, a young man and a respectable physician. He was sober then, and we were happy in our new home. You set the bottle before him and urged him to take a glass with you. You often sent a bottle of wine or brandy to our house, and frequently called him in when he was passing by, until your object was accomplished. He began to want your liquors, to seek your bar-room to spend his leisure hours where his wit and song amused your customers, instead of cheering his own fireside. *You a man!*

"At length he became a drunkard, his business was neglected, the people lost confidence in him, another physician took his place, and he was going fast to ruin. I came to plead with you to have mercy on his poor family, to let him have no more rum. He told me if you would refuse him he would do well enough, as there was no other place to get it in the village. I plead with you to refuse him, but you ordered me from your house with abusive words. I fell on my

knees and wept before you, and you repelled me with violence.

"Again I visited you and offered to pay you weekly as much as you would get of him for liquor, if you would refuse him, but you heeded me not. And why was this? Yes, why? You had a mortgage on our house and lot, and if he did not continue to drink you might not have the privilege of turning his wife and children out of doors, houseless, penniless, and friendless, as you have the families of poor Peterson and Anderson, who are now in the poor-house, while you receive rent for the houses they once owned! You must have our house, too. *YOU A MAN!*

"Last night my husband came home intoxicated. He asked for food that I could not get for him. In his madness, he upset the table, broke the dishes, smashed up the chairs and fell to beating the children. I interfered to save them, and he threw me on the floor, and bruised and beat me as you see. The noise called in the neighbors, who came in time to prevent him from killing his family. But he fancied that he had done it. And through the night he has been raving with *delirium tremens*. The doctor says he must die, and soon you can take our home, while I must go with my little children to the poor house. Or you may send me to jail for this work. The law will protect you and your rum, but for me, and my home there is no protection!

"*You a man!* No! *a monster, A FIEND!* Go on, fill up your cup. I will not harm you. But remember that God has said, "vengeance is mine I will repay!"

The frantic woman went to her home to find her husband a corpse. He was soon buried by the town, and she with her children went to the poor house, while the Tavern-