

She then asked him where he got his liquor. He refused to tell. She locked the door, and threw the key out of the window to her little boy, and directed him not to unlock the door until she told him to.

She then told her husband he should not leave the chamber neither would she leave it, until he told her where he got his liquor. For a long time he refused to tell, but finally said that he got it at Cole's. Cole kept a splendid saloon, and he enticed poor Sweet in, and made him drunk. She then ordered the door open, and put on her bonnet.

"Where are you going?" said her husband.

"I'm going to Cole's," she responded.

"Don't go there," said he, "you'll disgrace yourself."

"I shall not disgrace myself so much as you have disgraced me," and off she went to Cole's.

She found some young men in this splendid rum-hole.

She told Cole who she was, and commenced begging him not to sell her husband liquor, and told her melting story.

He cursed her, and told her to leave. She refused, and fell upon her knees, and begged in the most pitiful terms.

He began to talk obscenely to her, and aroused her indignation.

She then seized him by the collar, and held him with one hand, as in a vice.

With the other hand she slapped his face, back and forth, until he was most severely chastised, and then left for home.

The young men who were present, told the rumseller he well deserved his flogging. It was an infinite shame to insult a woman he had so wronged, when she came to plead with him in such a manner.

Well, the next day Sweet came home drunk again, and so the next next, when she found he bought liquor at Cole's again. She immediately started for Cole's and found about 150 men surrounding an auctioneer, who was crying off goods before the door of Cole's saloon. Her former visit to Cole's was known over the city, and had caused general talk. She dodged into the saloon; and the people at the auction, seeing her go in, pushed in after her, and left the auctioneer alone. They said, "There goes Mrs. Sweet—another battery!"

As she entered, she saw her husband in the act of raising the cup to his lips. He dropped his cup and escaped through the back door. She then began to talk to Cole as before.

When he commenced his obscenity, she went inside the bar and seized Cole by the collar, with her left hand, and run her clenched fist in his face with her right hand, until it was well pounded, and then shoved him out head first, so that he fell headlong into the street. She then entered the bar and surveyed the splendid bottles and furniture. In her indignation she at once broke all the bottles, and set the cocks of the barrels of liquor all running. Then she saw a show-case of toys and sugar things, and said, "Look, there's a trap for our children, to draw them here and make them drunkards. She found an old jug of liquor and emptied its contents all over the toys, and ruined them."

About this time another rumseller rushed in and addressed the audience.—"Why will you all stand here and see so much property destroyed?" The woman then rushed at him, saying, "And you are another scoundrel." Having destroyed every thing, she went into the street towards home, and meeting the mayor and two or three policemen, she said to them, "How have you done your duty? You are in office to protect me, my husband, and our children, and if you have left us to be murdered by this man, and you won't protect us, I will take the law into my own hands."

The multitude cheered her, and the sheriff returned, acknowledging the justice of her complaint. The widespread story of this transaction, Mr. Hawkins said, brought the "Maine Law."—*Carson League.*

Insensibility to the Evils of Intemperance.

We become strangely indifferent to those evils which prevail for a considerable length of time. Profanity will shock the moral sense of those who have lived remote from it; but let them hear it at every corner of the street, and every hour of the day, and they will soon regard it as a matter of course. Its strange dissonance, its heinous turpitude, its horrid effrontery, will all appear in softened colors. No immediate reformation from the practice is looked for; but, on the contrary, we by imperceptible degrees accustom and adapt ourselves to it.

So the tale of wretchedness, the wail of woe, of want and of death, from the home of the drunkard became a part of our experience. It is the woof of life. What life would be without it, we do not know; nor should we be prepared for such a life, without a season of probation. Yet few declarations are more frequently made than this:—"We have no need of lectures on the evils of intemperance; we are too sadly familiar with them now."

But if this be true, we would inquiringly ask, Why do not those evils move the soul? Why do men pass by a doggery or a drunkard coolly conversing about the probable price of beef and pork? The idea of exorbitant county and State taxes as the consequences, does not enter their minds. They have no more commiseration awakened by the sight of a drunkard on a side walk, than they have for a sick dog. In many cases not half as much.—The idea of butchered, beggared, wives and families, of street fights, incendiaryisms, and woes, whose name is legion, has no place in their cogitations or sympathies.—And is here no evidence of strange indifference? Let us turn the tables. It is within the memory of many living, that the people of southern Iowa had some strange suspicions of foul play in regard to improper liberties taken with their horses. Several horses were missing. "Horse thieves! horse thieves!" was the cry. Men left their farms and shops, and rode night and day in the pursuit. Horses for the pursuers were readily furnished, and money to bear the expenses. Collections were even taken in the Churches upon the Sabbath for this object. And if the culprits should be apprehended, the general feeling was that the penitentiary life for a few years would be the least punishment which could be expected. Nor was there anything unnatural or unreasonable in all this, excepting the violation of the Sabbath. But these horse thieves were benefactors to community, compared to liquor sellers. They were the occasion of arousing and keeping alive the sense of natural justice in the bosoms of the people. They were the occasion of rendering other horses in the community more secure. They were the occasion of a loud warning to all other thieves to beware. But nobody lacked a loaf of bread, or suffered for a dress, or had a street fight, or the peace of the family destroyed, or a life endangered, as the consequence, that we ever heard of. There is hardly room for a comparison between the horse thief and the liquor seller, the latter is so much the worse. The liquor seller handles firebrands, arrows and death, and that continually. He sucks of the wealth of community, and pays for poverty and domestic war. He deals in consumption to the bodies, petrification and damnation to the souls of men, and bleaches the earth with the bones of the slain.—And yet such men can walk the streets with heads erect, as though their business was a general benefaction. They are made justices of the peace, and young ladies have given them the arm, as though proud of being found in company with men of spirit! And do not such things betray insensibility to the evils of intemperance?

To see the magnitude of this evil, and the true character of those who perpetrate it, we must put upon them the hat, coat and boots of other criminals. It may be thought that we have employed somewhat harsh language in speaking of