

Had I mistaken the character and cause of the change I had noticed in him? I looked at him again to correct or confirm my judgment. He seemed to understand the significance of the glance, and went on:

"Yes, I go for that bill. They laugh at me at the tavern there for that. They all know I love a glass of rum, and take it too. But I tell them, *I am the very man to vote for that law. If ever a poor fellow knew what such a law would be worth to him, I am that man.* I do love rum, and I do drink it, and I will have it as long as I can get it; I can't help drinking it when I see it, and I can't keep away from where it is."

The tears startled out of his eyes.

"Well," he resumed, "it will be a happy day for my wife, if ever that bill becomes a law."

"I remember her, I think."

"Well, she's been a good wife to me, and *she'll be glad when there's no more rum to be had.*"

That's one of the men whose *rights* are outraged by the "Maine Law," whose *sufferings* under the tyranny of such despotic legislation are so pathetically written about, and harangued about in rum editorials and political gatherings, whose *liberty* is so cruelly taken away by the state, and whose prerogative of self-government in the matter of strong drink is so urgently argued.

Poor, patient, sorrowful wife, the hour of her gladness has not yet chimed. The help of the law has been denied her imperiled husband. Shall we here turn back the wave of light and blessing which has rolled its bright-crested surge through the homes of our ancient commonwealth?