

is permitted to sell poisoned food. Who does so knowingly, to the destruction of life, answers the law on the charge of murder. Why should any be held less guilty of crime for dispensing *liquid* poison?

Put the essence of tobacco into the mouth of a rattlesnake and see if the venom which makes its fangs the instrument of death, possesses neutralizing force sufficient to counteract the more deadly poison of the vegetable drug. And yet I have seen tobacco in pieces larger than my hand in barrels from which my brethren and friends had drank the whiskey that extracted from that tobacco its deadly narcotic properties.

I have beheld with horror the effects of double-distilled, tobacco-poisoned whiskey. Untainted by it, I have seen man face perils that spoke of death, and under the sway of reason and calm judgment offer his coat to save the life of his companion; when the fierce blast of a winter storm was searching the marrow of his bones, chilling his vitals and clutching with icy hand the benumbed, almost frozen spark of life. This was the natural man, whose generosity the fear of death could not conquer.

Driven wild with whiskey, the heart beating like the quick throb of an over-worked engine, reason dethroned by distilled poison burning like living coals in the brain, he who offered the coat to save, sped the ball which pierced the heart of his friend, whose warm blood, rushing through the murderous rent, curdled in crimson clots on the frozen snow, and the hearts of two mothers broke.

Who shall declare that to be a legitimate business which, in its effects, makes man a demon, dyes his hands in blood, and sacrifices tender and loving hearts upon the altar of

intemperance? How can any man with one spark of the milk of human kindness in his heart, offer to his fellow man that which he knows may destroy the body and ruin the soul? How can any father or brother ask our lawmakers to legalize and thereby become responsible for the crimes of those who seek to lead the weak and unsuspecting into temptations, which if yielded to, generally end in misery, pauperism, and ignominious ruin?

Look at the home of the drunkard who would move heaven and hell in order to secure the means for gratifying his unnatural appetite! Is it a cheerful, prosperous, beautiful and healthful home? Does he educate his children and feed and clothe them well, or does he permit them to go barefooted, half-clad, and otherwise exposed to disease and suffering? Does he not pay whiskey bills while denying wife and children the means with which to keep the wolf of want from his door? Look at the waste of property all around him! If he has a house, look at the tattered rags hanging from the broken windows, the leaking roof, creaking doors, fireless hearth and general cheerlessness of the place he calls home. Gaze through the sorrowful eyes down into the pain-stricken heart of his wife, and see if you can find a sentiment there which calls for a single blessing upon the head of the man who has assisted in the degradation of her husband. Look at his lean horses and starving cattle, if he has any left, as they perish in the pitiless storms that chill their marrowless bones, and say that no act of prohibition should be enforced to assist in checking such an one in his downward course.

Is it possible for the inebriate to confine the results of his intemperance to himself? No, it is not pos-