

"Go to the devil!" retorted Morrison.

"He'll get there soon enough without any more aid from you," muttered one present, who had reason to believe Latimer's story; for he remembered very well the incident of the bottle. He it was to whom Morrison had expressed himself so freely on the occasion referred to.

The pleasure manifested by the poor wretch when the proposition to treat him was made, led one or two of those in the bar, "just for the fun of it," to call for brandy, and invite him to drink with them. He did not hesitate a moment about accepting the invitation; but stepped forward to the bar, and helped himself to nearly half a pint of the liquor set out for him.

"That's nothing for you, I suppose," said one of the criminally thoughtless young men who were indulging in this "fine sport."

"Is that what you call a horn?" said another; and, "Try another glass; it has no more strength than so much water," said a third.

In a matter like this, Latimer required no urging. He acted upon the light word as if spoken in earnest, and poured another tumbler full of the liquid poison down his throat.

"Come, try another," urged one of the party, thinking it rare sport; but now several of those present interfered, and said that Latimer had drunk enough, and had better take himself off home. In this the majority of the company agreed, and he was led to the door, and pushed out gently into the street. But, even though this was done gently, he staggered away from the "Man and Monkey," and was only prevented from falling into the gutter by the hand of a passenger that was extended in kindness to save him.

Tottering along, with little more command of his limbs than is possessed by the infant trying its few first steps alone, Latimer slowly worked his way homeward—now recovering himself, as his body leaned over the curb-stone, and now striking against the side of a house, and standing there for a few moments until he could steady his steps. He did not succeed, however, in his design of going directly home, for the pint of brandy, added to the gin and whisky he had taken previously, proved too much for him. It required a sleep of two hours, under a cellar door, to restore him to a walking condition, and then he got up and went staggering away.

When Latimer got home, some time after dark, he found that Agnes and James were still away, although he had positively told them that they must not remain out after night any more.

Vowing, with an oath, what he would do when they came in, he sat down and lighted his pipe. The mother ventured a word of excuse for the children, when he turned upon her like a madman, and declared, if she interfered with him, he would knock her brains out. As he said this, the feet and voices of Agnes and James were heard upon the stairs, and he got up and prepared himself to receive them. Agnes entered first, and her reception was a violent blow from the open hand of her father, which staggered her across the room. James was just behind her, but before the hand of the insane man could be lifted to strike him, the mother stepped between, and dashing both hands, with all her strength, suddenly against the breast of her husband, threw him so far back that he lost his balance, and fell heavily upon the floor.

Yelling like a madman, as he was, Latimer arose from the floor, and caught at the first object which presented itself to his eyes. That object was the accursed instrument of all their misery, the bottle. Seizing it in his blind rage, he struck at his wife with the fury of a demon—for he was possessed by a demon, and a demon nerved his arm with unusual power. It was a fitting instrument that he used, in this awful work. The bottle crashed against the head of his wife, and then fell in fragments upon the floor. For an

instant, Mrs. Latimer stood, with lifted hands, a wild expression of fear and pain upon her countenance, and then fell heavily, and with a deep groan, while the blood gushed over her face from a frightful wound.

Agnes ran screaming from the room, startling the inmates of the house, and those who happened to be passing at the time, by her fearful cries. A crowd rushed in; but they came only in time to witness the few last dying throes of the murdered woman.

He who had done this stood looking on, with a wild, horror-stricken countenance—now a madman indeed! He was soon in the hands of an officer, and borne struggling and yelling away. For him, as well as for his wife, the bottle had done its work, and it might well lie in broken fragments upon the floor of that room into which it had brought misery, desolation of heart, and crime.

Temperance Festival.

The Bristol (England) Teetotal Society celebrated the last Anniversary at the Broadmoor Rooms, when there were nearly 700 persons present. Mr. Lawrence Heyworth, M.P., was in the chair. The meeting seems to have been a very successful one; but we cannot give the full particulars—we simply give a few extracts from the report of the past year's proceedings, which was read on the occasion.

"Believing that success is only to be expected as the result of well-organized plans and efforts, we have continued to use those means which past experience shows to be most promotive of our objects. The Press and the Platform have both been enlisted, and with much success. We feel that neither must be neglected nor lightly esteemed; that while the living voice is calculated to awaken sympathy in the popular assembly, subduing its elements into one spirit by the resistless power of a living eloquence,—yet is there a large class of serious and reflecting persons more easily approached by the less ostensible means of tracts, pamphlets, and well-conducted periodicals; to such persons the *Bristol Temperance Herald* has been very useful, of which, during the past year, 39,000 copies have been issued, besides 60,000 tracts, exclusive of works of larger and more expensive character.

"We may also remark that a very important paper was lately read before the British Association for the advancement of Science, by G. R. Porter, Esq., F.R.S., of the Board of Trade, entitled "The Self-imposed Taxation of the Working Classes." This document shows that the enormous amount of 57,000,000 sterling is annually expended by that class of the community on intoxicating drinks and tobacco. To divert this large sum of money into its proper and legitimate channels, is one of the objects of the Total Abstinence Society. The effect of this would be on the one hand, an augmentation of the trade and commerce of the country, and the consequent increase of the physical and domestic comforts of the industrial classes; and on the other a large decrease of the poor, police, county, and other rates, and above all, the withdrawal of a powerful incentive to the commission of crime. The extent to which this latter change has already been effected, will appear from statistics we shall subsequently notice.

"In this city about 200 public meetings have been held, and for the most part numerously attended, and as the results of this and other agencies, not fewer than 1300 signatures to the pledge have been received.

"At no period has the juvenile movement been so encouraging; twelve active societies are in operation, numbering 2,000 members. These useful organizations are conducted in a manner highly creditable, and is each under the supervision of the master, mistress, or teacher of the school. We regard these operations with much satisfaction, as just the remedy needed to stay the progress of those seductive habits, the concomitants of our drinking usages.

"Not the least striking of the results of our efforts is that the drinking usages have received a powerful check, evidenced by the diminished consumption of nearly all kinds of intoxicating