

SORROW BROUGHT BY LIQUOR.

No temperance orator could want a better text for a lecture than could be taken from a case that came up before Justice Taintor in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday. Three little ragged figures, a boy of nine years and two girls of eight and four, with bruised and pinched faces, were ranged before the bar as the justice took his seat, and they shivered and cried convulsively as Agent King of Mr. Gerry's society told their story. He said that up to last spring they had been as well kept and cared for as youngsters could possibly be. Their father, William Koennecke, owned a flourishing bakery at Delancey and Columbia streets and had about \$15,000 in the bank; his wife, Ann Koennecke, was a model mother, and all the neighbors envied their prosperity and happiness.

But Mrs. Koennecke suddenly contracted the drinking habit and became a confirmed sot in a few months. She neglected her work and her family, and last June Mr. Koennecke disappeared, leaving directions to her to give \$5,000 apiece to the children and use the income for their support. The bakery was left to his wife. The neighbors think he became crazed with grief and shame and killed himself.

Mrs. Koennecke let the bakery go, however, and began to draw her children's money from the bank and spend it in vicious carousals. She was dispossessed from a room she had hired on the east side Monday night, and went away leaving her children hungry in the street. Mr.

Gerry's society was notified, and the children were fed by it till yesterday, when Justice Taintor committed them to the care of the Sisters of St. Francis. He gave orders for the arrest of the mother, and will take steps to have the children's money protected.—*N. Y. Times.*

A good story is told of the great Duke of Wellington. He received a letter from a lady, an intimate acquaintance, saying that she was soliciting subscriptions for a certain church in which she was much interested, and had taken the liberty to put his name down for £200 and hoped he would promptly send her a check for that amount. He forthwith replied that he was glad she thought so well of him. Certainly, he would respond to the call; but he, too, was interested in a certain church which needed subscriptions, and counting upon his correspondent's well-known liberality, he had put her name down for £200, "and so," he concluded, "no money need pass between us."

The Interior (Presbyterian), commenting on the movement to admit women to the Methodist conference as delegates, says: "We have known the wife of a presiding elder, in a city where there were two large Methodist churches, seat herself at the Communion Table and administer the Communion to the united congregation, the pastors acting as her assistants. And yet she was not happy, because the Mordecai of a Presbyterian minister near by respectfully declined to put his pulpit also at her disposal. After the capture of the conference there will still be left several worlds for her to conquer."