

# A SHATCHEN'S WORK.

Annie Schwartz's Life Is Wrecked and Her Little Fortune Spent.

She Was Married to a Bigamist Who Tried to Kill Her and Who Was Committed to Prison Yesterday.

Less Than a Month Ago the Marriage Broker Made the Match Which Has Ended in Sorrow and Shame.

Adolph Schwartz was committed to Essex Market Prison yesterday charged with attempting to kill a young girl whom he married, knowing at the time that he had another wife and three children. These he had deserted, and they lived within a few blocks of where he began housekeeping with his second wife.

A young girl's life is ruined. Her savings are dissipated. Three little children and their deserted mother are walking the streets. One man—a shatchen or marriage-broker—is the cause of it all.

Annie Schwartz is a very pretty girl. Her

eyes are large, her figure is trim and her features are well proportioned. Yet three weeks have wrought havoc in her looks, made her for days and nights the companion of a man whom she believed to be her husband, caused her to lose her little fortune, and yesterday in the Essex Market Police Court the marriage ring she assumed such a short time ago was absent, her features were haggard and she looked as though she had passed through an ordeal of more than fire.

The evening of Nov. 3 last was rather cool and chilly, and the residents of No.

162 Orchard street gathered about the cheery fire which blazed over the domestic hearthstone and chatted over the various events of the day. In one corner of the room sat a young woman twenty-two years of age. Her bright sallies and vivacity lent much to the enjoyment of the evening. As something to eat was being brought into the room where the young people were enjoying themselves there was a knock at the door.

"Open it, Annie," said one of the company: "perhaps it is some good spirit you may let in." The lively girl approached the door and unlatched it.

"Come in," she said.

Her invitation was followed by the entrance of a peddler, tall and gray-bearded. He carried on his back a pack, which he proceeded to place on the floor and, on the invitation of the jolly crowd, to open.

There were displayed laces and ribbons, knickknacks and gewgaws, and the merry revelers gathered about the glittering treasures, admiring, handling, prizing and buying. The peddler looked as though he had dropped from some oriental country. His manner was grave and courtly, and his language excellent. The young people treated him as though he was one of them, and refreshments were placed before him.

His eyes seemed fastened on pretty Annie and, in a respectful way, he inquired if she had been or was married.

"I am free," she said, laughingly, "and have a considerable dowry, too. Don't you know some young man who wants a life partner?"

The peddler shook his long gray beard and resumed his feast.

"I am a Shatchen," he said. "Perhaps soon I can find such a young man as you desire. I will try."

"A Shatchen," the young people exclaimed in chorus: "we have been entertaining a Shatchen unaware," and everybody laughed.

The next evening the gray-bearded peddler called at Annie's house. She was at home, and when she opened the door there stood the mysterious man and with him another.

"I have called," began the Shatchen, "to fulfil my promise of last night. This is Adolph Schwartz." As he spoke he introduced a good-looking fellow, who seemed to hang rather sheepishly in the background. "He is a good fellow, has money and is looking for a bride," went on the peddler. "I think probably everything can be arranged if you like him and things prove mutually satisfactory."

One of Annie's relatives was summoned and, after an evening together, the two young people found everything to their mutual satisfaction and vows and a ring were exchanged, while as so time was to be lost the marriage was fixed to occur on the following evening.

Annie was delighted. She had realized the wish she had entertained for a long time and she saw before her a life of comfort without work. The little, dusty millinery shop where she had been employed was to be put out of her mind for good; the several hundred dollars she had saved could not be invested in a better way. True, the matter was hastily done, but probably the Shatchen knew more about it than some of her friends, who said that she ought to look into the past of Adolph Schwartz before she married him.

She was jolly and honest herself and believed everybody else to be so also.

The morning before the wedding Rosa Meyer, a friend of Annie's mother,

"The man you are to marry may be all right," she said: "I don't say that he is not; but please Annie, do this for me: Make him swear on the Old Testament that he has never been married before."

"I will," laughed the young girl. "Just to oblige you, Rosa," and she did.

Adolph started when she asked him to take the oath, but recovering himself he swore as she requested. She kissed him and told him it was only a joke, and the wedding preparations went on as before.

The marriage took place at the stated time and Annie and her husband went to housekeeping at No. 313 Fifth street. Everything went along as nicely as though the young couple had been settled for years in their new position.

Her savings Adolph had taken, saying that he would put them where they would get more interest than they were then earning, and she, trusting, had given him all she had. Poor Annie!

One night a ragged little boy met her near her house. He handed her a little soiled note which read as follows:

MRS. SCHWARTZ: YOUR husband has another wife living not far from you. He has three children whom he has deserted. He married you to get your money. She is innocent and knows nothing of his having married you. Don't blame her, poor thing; she has a hard enough time to feed her babies.

A FRIEND.

Annie read the note under the flickering light from a neighboring lamp-post. She gasped for breath, staggered and clutched the friendly post.

"It cannot be," she said, and, feeling as though somebody had crushed her thinking faculties, she made her way upstairs to her room and sat down to collect her thoughts and await her husband.

He came into the little parlor, swinging

his cane as though on parade; while his hat jauntily perched on his head, and throwing himself on a chair he inquired whether there was anything to eat in the house.

The poor girl could not speak for a moment. She was to lose in an instant her honor, her husband and her little fortune—all—if the note was true.

She started to speak to him. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. The situation was horrible. He sat in the chair scowling at her—his bride of a week. She could not speak, but handing him the letter, watched his face.

It turned white, then red, then white again.

"It's a lie," he said with an oath. "a lie!"

The poor girl could not stand the terrible strain and dropped to the floor in a faint. When she recovered consciousness she was alone. Adolph had gone.

He did not appear again for a day or two, but in the meantime the timid, shrinking girl had chanced utterly. She was bold, defiant now. She felt that the story was true and determined to bring the guilty man to justice. He had given her no mercy in any way. He should have none.

When he came back finally she seemed about the same as before. He was surprised. He couldn't understand it. His low cunning led him to believe that she was resigned to the situation. She said nothing more about the matter, and of course he did not.

She watched him, though, as a cat does a mouse.

Her apparent resignation completely disarmed him. He became careless in consequence.

One evening he went out and Annie followed him. Suspecting nothing, he left

their residence, No. 313 Fifth street, ignorant that close behind him, with a wrap and veil concealing her identity, walked the woman he had deceived. Past one corner and around another he went, until finally he turned into Orchard street. The shadow followed even behind him on the stairs as he climbed up the rickety steps of the tenement.

At the third floor he paused and, turning the knob of the door, entered. The shadow was at the keyhole almost before the door was closed.

The poor girl heard enough to confirm her worst fears and then quietly descended the stairs and glided home. The next morning, bright and early, she called at the tenement.

A woman in a calico wrapper opened the door for her. Three small children were in the room.

"I am Mrs. Adolph Schwartz," she said, in answer to Annie's question. "Yes—my husband was here last night. Am I sure? Oh, yes; see here is his photograph." As she spoke she reached behind the clock and showed the poor girl a picture. It was Adolph.

Trembling, Annie opened the bosom of her dress and drew out a locket. She showed it to the woman and told her story. The wife was more than indignant. She vowed that he should go to jail. He had permitted her almost to starve, and his children were hungry.

Annie returned to her house and met the man who had caused her such misery. She told him that she knew all. He had anticipated trouble, and merely shrugged his shoulders.

"Better make the best of it," he said. That night he came home, leading a little girl of four years by the hand.

"This is my daughter," he said. "I lied to you, but she has got to live here now. Her mother met me on the street with two other brats, and raised such a row that I agreed to take this one and care for it."

"I will not stay here or have your child, even to look after," the girl cried. "I have been enough of a fool already."

This reply enraged Schwartz so that he rushed to the kitchen, seized a carving-knife, and brandishing it before Annie's eyes, shouted:

"Do what I ask, or by—— I will kill you!"

Annie jumped to the door and ran screaming down the stairs with the furious man in pursuit. She reached the street and escaped into the darkness.

In Justice Gorman's court at Essex Market yesterday Adolph Schwartz was arraigned and held in \$1,000 bail, charged with assault with intent to kill by Annie, and with bigamy by his first wife.

The women were in marked contrast to each other in appearance. The one young, pretty, neatly dressed; the other faded and mature, in a shabby calico gown, to which two ragged youngsters clung, while another was held in her arms, showing in its little pinched features what neglect and hunger had done for it. The facts were briefly told, and when the husband had been led away to prison the younger woman handed the other a few coins, and with a handkerchief to her eyes walked slowly out of the court-room.

That a man should be able in a civilized community to marry and live with a woman long enough to have three children, go away only a few blocks, marry another and go on with life as though wife No. 1 were across the sea is a remarkable fact, but nevertheless the exact truth.

The Shatchen has disappeared.