

HE DRANK AND SMASHED THE GLASS.

But the Wedding Custom Did Not Bring Good Luck to Samuel Goldman, Who Had Just Betrothed Nettie Kline.

Two Sisters-in-Law of the Groom Appeared in the Doorway as Nemesses and Exposed Him as a Bigamist, Having a Wife and Children in Europe—Cakes and Ale for the Bride's Friends, Bread and Water for the Groom.

The hands of the little timepiece in Mrs. Kline's sitting-room at No. 93 Willard street were just pointing to the hour of 1 o'clock on Sunday afternoon when Samuel Goldman, who had espoused Mrs. Kline's daughter Nettie, picked up a wine-glass and, after the immemorial fashion of his forefathers, shattered it into bits beneath his foot. The people among whom Samuel Goldman and Nettie's family had been reared regarded that breaking of the glass after the tying of the nuptial knot as a sign of good luck for all the future days of the couple who had been joined together. It had much the same significance as the amber bee which the Pompeian women used to carry in their

pockets as an amulet. But if poor Goldman had been wearing an opal on his finger for a year he could not have run up against a worse piece of ill-luck than he did Sunday afternoon, just after the remnants of the wine-glass had been gathered up and thrown out the window.

All day yesterday he was a prisoner behind the bars of the Union Market police station, and he will be brought to the Essex Market Police Court this morning to answer the charge of bigamy. And the unhappy Nettie, who doesn't really know yet whether her name is Kline or Goldman, remains still in her mother's house crying her eyes out over her misfortune.

And this is how the interruption of the marriage festivities, Goldman's incarceration and Nettie's misery came about.

ARRIVED A YEAR AGO.

A year ago this very month of April, Goldman arrived in this country from Buda-Pesth. He had been married there for well nigh ten years and had seen several children born to him, two of whom were alive when he said good-by to his native land and started out for a new world and a new fortune. Goldman assigns his reason for leaving Buda-Pesth, where he had been born and grown up to manhood, to the ill-nature of his wife, whom he describes as a shrew whom no amount of coaxing, threatening nor endearment could ever tame. Finally he got tired of her vixenish tongue and jealous passion, and one day he silently stole out in the early morning and made tracks for the nearest seaport where he could ship for America. The only people in New York whom Goldman knew were the two sisters of his spouse, who were married and were living at No. 93 Willard street. He told them a story which satisfactorily explained his presence in America and they took him in as a lodger. Goldman now curses the day he ever saw their house, as if his wife hadn't done him enough injury already without her two sisters stepping in and making his life a bitterer lot than ever. It was these two sisters who stepped into the feast last Sunday afternoon and forbade the marriage.

Goldman had a little money in his pockets when he came out of the door of Castle Garden, and with that little he bought himself a peddler's pack of trinkets. He has

been in the habit of making the rounds of the east side, over in the vicinity of Hoe's big factory, and selling his simple wares. To be sure all the glittering things which Samuel sold were not the gold that he represented them to be. But that didn't matter. The peddler prospered in his humble way, and when warm weather came he had a really respectable sum of money locked up in the queer, foreign, iron-bound box which he had fetched with him from Buda-Pesth. He had such a goodly pile of American dollars saved up, in fact, that his two sisters-in-law began to look upon him with more favor and respect every week that passed. And with every month that went by Goldman increased his stock in trade, till from being a mere hawker of plated bangles and glass earrings, he got to selling real gold breastpins and gold watches. He was prospering, indeed. Time buried behind him farther and farther the memories of his shrewish wife and his bespeckled existence in far-off Hungary. But he was lonesome. He did not care very much for his two sisters-in-law, and he knew few people. To tell the truth, they kept too keen a watch on the peddler, and the peddler soon foresaw that if he did not break the chain soon, he would be under a petty patrol sway again as restrictive as his other life had been.

One evening Goldman was chatting over a quiet glass with a tenant of the next house, who, like himself, was a native of Hungary, but who has been out in the States for several years.

"You are lonesome here?" echoed his friend to a remark of the peddler's. "Why don't you get married, then, and have chil-

dren and a home of your own as I have," Goldman told his companion that he couldn't do that, inasmuch as an obstacle existed in the person of a wife who was still alive.

"Oh, that don't make any difference," answered the other, who had lived West before he settled down in New York, and whose ideas on the subject may possibly have been tinged by a chance sojourn in Chicago. "You can get a divorce here easily enough if you want to."

The more lonesome Goldman became the more he began to ponder the words of his friend. Then he happened to meet Nettie Kline, who lived in the rear house of the same building in which he was living. The girl was young—she was but nineteen years of age—she was pretty and coquettish and graceful, and further, she came from the peddler's own native land.

Goldman was presented to the young woman and every time he ran across her passing through the alley-way or stopped her to exchange a few words with her at the corner his attentions became more emphasized than ever. Soon he began to be a frequent caller at the rooms in the rear house where Nettie lived, and when he could contain himself no longer he asked the girl to become his wife.

But now both Nettie and her mother begin to suspect the disinterestedness of the loving peddler, who wooed his sweetheart with even more ardor than he did a possible purchaser of his trinkets. When he picked out the heaviest and showiest ring in his tray he looked at Nettie with that seductive glance which long cus-

tom with Samuel had made so perfect. Nettie was enchanted. Next time he brought a watch, and, holding it up to view with the practiced manner of the salesman to show off all its qualities in the best light, Nettie was dazzled, just like any other customer whom Samuel wheedled into a bargain, and she succumbed.

Since then the Klines, mother and daughter, have had ample time to think things over. The ring was not so very big and heavy after all, and who but a jeweller could say whether it was genuine gold, and, if so, whether it might not be loaded. To be sure, the watch kept fair enough time, but still you may get a Waterbury that would do that. And why did the peddler, if he was honest in his intentions, lie to them about his place of residence?

Goldman never told Nettie that he was living at the same number as herself. He said that he had a room in Third street. And he never told his sisters-in-law about Nettie, you may be sure. And it was by the merest accident in the world that his marriage was discovered by one of them just as the guests were about to bite the good things of the feast.

Saturday last Goldman took his affianced bride down to the City Hall, and there Alderman "Roger" Flynn declared them man and wife. That was merely the civil ceremony. According to the customs of Nettie's people, however, she would not be Mrs. Goldman till a rabbi had joined their hands. The next day the rabbinical ceremony was to be performed, and Mrs. Kline and Nettie were up bright and early to set the house in order.

At noon the twenty-five guests began to arrive. The front room had been prepared for their reception, and in the middle of the floor the big table, with all its extra leaves in, was covered with fruit and cakes and baked meat and bottles of beer and wine. The bridegroom was present in a smart new wedding suit, and black-eyed Nettie was looking her very prettiest. The rabbi had made the twain one, Goldman had placed the wedding-ring on the bride's finger and then smashed the wine glass beneath his foot, for good luck to follow him and his always, when suddenly there sounded a lusty knock upon the door. The door was opened and there appeared before the astonished husband the vision of his two sisters-in-law.

GOLDMAN KEPT SILENCE.

Goldman had never breathed a word of his intentions to the women, neither had he invited them to the festivities. But Sunday, as Sister-in-law Rachel and Sister-in-law Hannah were gossiping with some of the other tenants in the house, some one happened to speak about the wedding that was to come off at noon, and the feast that the people in the back were preparing.

Not long afterwards Sister-in-law Rachel was leaning out of a window when she happened to see Goldman dodging through the doorway, dressed in a new suit of clothes and wearing a big white pink in his button-hole. That was very odd, so Sister-in-law Rachel thought she would follow Brother-in-law Samuel. She saw him go up into the rooms where the wedding was to be. The one sister called the other, and they decided to go across the yard and see why Samuel

had sneaked into the rear building, dressed to kill, without telling them. They knocked at the door. They demanded of Goldman what he had to do in a strange family at such a time. Nettie exclaimed:

"Why, that's my husband you are talking to. We are just married."

"Your husband?" cried out the two sisters. "Why, he's married already and has children besides."

The bride shrieked. The mother began to cry and in a minute the whole assemblage was in an uproar. One of the brothers-in-law, who had been called up, looked the door on the outside to prevent Goldman's escape, while the other ran quickly to the Union Market Station for the police. Detective-Sergeants McCormick and Brennan collared the bridegroom and marched him away to the station-house the most crestfallen and woebegone fellow imaginable.

The Kline family, when they had a chance to learn all the details of Goldman's duplicity, concluded, in spite of Nettie's wet eyes, that she was a very lucky girl to have discovered his wickedness so soon. Nettie has saved up almost \$375 in the past few years, and now her friends are trying to console her with the thought that the villain didn't want her at all, but was after her money. John C. Fraser has been engaged by Goldman to get him out of the scrape if possible, and Justice Meade to-day will listen to what the prisoner has to say for himself. And while Nettie's acquaintances have been glutting themselves for the past two days with the cakes and ale of the interrupted spread, he has been feeding a dry road and water.