

CHICAGO POST.

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VOL. 7.—NO. 15.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1876.

WHOLE NO. 317.

LITERATURE.

THE TANNENHOLZ-BLUMENTHAL DISPUTE.

THE GALLANT HUSBAND'S TROUBLES AND ROW WITH HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW.

(From Montreal Witness.)

The story of the marriage of Miss Blumenthal to Mr. Moses Tannenholz of this city, in the State of New Jersey, and the subsequent successful attempts of the parents and friends to prevent the newly-wedded couple living together, is fresh in the minds of our readers. Very naturally Mr. Tannenholz feels deeply the cloud which has passed over his prospective happiness. Friday evening, as he was walking along St. Catherine street, he noticed his wife on the other side of the street walking in company with Mr. Isaac Rozand, a merchant tailor of St. Lawrence Main street. He decidedly objected to the company she was keeping, and followed them down to Mr. Rozand's shop, where they went inside and he followed them, asking that Mr. Rozand oblige him by not going with his wife any more. Mr. Rozand ordered him out, and thereupon some very warm words ensued. A Witness reporter passed at the time, and the scene was truly picturesque. Inside sat the young wife, pale and frightened; and Mr. Rozand, a stout gentleman, was at the door with his arms, as if to repel an attack, while outside stood the unfortunate husband, disclaiming against the way he was treated by the wife's friends. Eventually a policeman, who had been sent for by Mr. Rozand, took Mr. Tannenholz in charge on a charge of obstructing and disturbing the peace, and he gave ball at the Ontario street station.

On Saturday he was tried before the recorder. Mr. Rozand and two clerks testified that he had come there and acted in an insulting and very threatening manner, and that he, Rozand, was brother-in-law to the young lady, and had a perfect right to walk with her.

A. E. Coleman, reporter for the Witness, testified that shortly after nine o'clock, as he was walking up Main street, he passed Mr. Rozand's door, and saw Mr. Tannenholz and Mr. Rozand in excited conversation. Mr. Tannenholz said he was a dangerous man for his wife to walk with, as he was poisoning her mind against him, Tannenholz. This closed the evidence, and

His Honor said he could not see any sufficient reason why defendant should object to have his wife walk down from her mother's house with her brother-in-law. The young lady's declaration states that she was forced into some kind of union with Mr. Tannenholz, and that afterwards she voluntarily left him and returned to her father's house. The only offence that was charged against her was, that she was walking publicly in the company of a relative, and one could scarcely imagine a more innocent act, and even if she did enter the store with him the place was open and the clerks were inside, and he severely characterized Mr. Tannenholz's feelings as an insane jealousy of influence of Mr. Rozand.

Mr. TANNENHOLZ—Your Honor will you allow me to give my case to the Court?

His Honor—Yes, you can proceed.

TANNENHOLZ—Well, your Honor, as to the statement that my wife was forced into the marriage, I will state that it is false; I was legally engaged to her in this city, and in the presence of its most respectable citizens. I came here an entire stranger and was employed in Mr. Horowitz's establishment on McGill street; while thus employed I fell in love with Miss Blumenthal—now my wife.

His Honor—There is no need to go into a long story.

Mr. TANNENHOLZ—I claim her as my wife before all the whole world. Her family encouraged me to court her (laughter), and assured me that they wanted me to marry her. I told them that my circumstances did not allow me to marry immediately, but that I hoped soon to be able to wed her. She was

DEEPLY IN LOVE

with me, and sought my company very often—dozens of times. Her father came to our house and told my brother and sister and brother-in-law that he would help me, and encouraged to look forward to the marriage. However, Mrs. Blumenthal—her mother—finding out that I was not so rich as they expected, looked around for another man richer than me, and gave me to understand that I should go to the States and make a fortune. I went to Chicago to seek my fortune as an honest man, and not

as my mother-in-law said, to get credit for \$10,000 and—

His Honor—There is nothing to do with the case now before the Court.

Mr. TANNENHOLZ—Yes, it has, your Honor. She wanted me to get credit for \$10,000, and run back here, as they did, from Poughkeepsie.

His Honor—This is altogether irrelevant.

Mr. TANNENHOLZ—Well, after I had gone to Chicago, her parents sent her to Patterson, N. J., and she wrote me affectionate letters, and said that her mother and brother-in-law were telling her that I should come down; I can show you the letters. I loved her very, very much, and respected her, so I left my business and went down there and asked her would she

MARRY ME, and she said in her upright way that she would; "Yes," said she, "I will marry you, Moses, because I dearly love you" (great laughter). So went to the ex-Mayor of Patterson and had a legal marriage performed, and she knew perfectly what was being done. After we had been together for about two weeks, and had gone to New York to visit my friends, she came home to Montreal and just as soon as she got here,

HER MIND WAS POISONED

by her mother and brother-in-law—perfectly poisoned against me. They tried everything in the world in the hope of separating us. Her mother had another man in view, and so has tried to upset our marriage, but it can not be done. Between six and seven last evening, I saw Rozand walking with my wife and followed them. I followed them because I believed him to be a dangerous man for her to be with, so I said to Mr. Rozand: "You will oblige me by not walking with her; I'll allow her father, mother, sisters and brothers to walk with her, but not you," and then he came up and said: "Pshaw, pshaw; get out of here, get out of here." I went out of his store, but being high-spirited and not allowing a man to tread on my honor, I said: "Rozand, if you are a gentleman, we'll settle this outside," he didn't come out and I said, "I warn you not to walk with her or I'll take the law against you."

His Honor, in rendering judgment, said he perfectly understood the feelings on both sides, and defendant had the right to claim his wife, but with her consent, and went on to show that she had the right to a free exercise of her liberties, and was authorized to walk with any respectable person that she pleased; it seemed rather late in the day to poison her mind, and any way he had not the right to walk into her brother-in-law's store, menace him, collect a crowd and obstruct business. His proper mode was to appeal to his wife first, and then, if unsuccessful, to the law afterward; His Honor must maintain law, but would deal very leniently with the defendant, and in the future hoped that he would act more wisely. He must fine him \$5.

HAD BEEN TO NIAGARA FALLS.—There was a man at the City Hall market yesterday who had just arrived from Niagara Falls. He lives near Racine, but stopped off here to hunt up some relatives. As he was getting a bite to eat he suddenly remarked to the woman behind the stand: "You keep away from Niagara Falls."

"Why?" she naturally inquired.

"I was there three days," continued the stranger, "and what do you suppose I saw?"

"Something very grand, I suppose."

"Not by a jug-full, my sweet woman—not by two jug-full. All I saw was a blamed old waterfall, a small town, two bridges, and one or two scrub dog-fights. There wasn't a horse race, no stabbing or shooting, nobody going to be hung, and not one of the landlords would do as much as walk over to Goat Island with you and point out the spots."

He cut a fried sausage in two, sighed heavily, and finished: "You stay right to home. You'll see more black eyes here in one day than you can there in a month."

"It is strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I have been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I am a tumbler myself."

Young and sentimental Henry Burns, of Nevada, killed himself, leaving a letter in which he said: "My Annie is dead, and I must be with her, lest some angel rival should win her affections."

We should practice temperance, if it were for nothing else but the very pleasure of it; it is the glory of a man that hath abundance to live as reason, not as appetite directs.

It is not the number of facts he knows, but how much of the fact he is himself, that proves the man.

Two only disagreeable thing about ocean bathing is the feeling that a shark sits on a hill a short way off waiting for a meal.

Naves despair. A Jersey boy was restored to life after lying at the bottom of a pond for twenty six minutes.

A hotel ghost comes under the official head of inn-keepers.

How he Came to See the Centennial. From the Philadelphia Press. While I was sitting in the Centennial grounds the other day there sauntered into the room a little boy poorly but neatly dressed, whose bright face attracted me.

"Do you know," said I, "what picture that is?"

"That's the old Liberty Bell."

"And that?" pointing to another.

"That's the old Independence Hall."

I got him to write his name in the visitors' book in a neat, childish hand—"Willie Ferguson, Memphis, Tenn."

I exclaimed, "what! are you all the way from Tennessee? How did you come on?"

"A man brought me on, but when we got to Pittsburgh he left me, and I came over by myself."

"Did your papa mamma come too?"

Sadly he said, "I have no father and mother."

"Had you any money?"

"No; I told the conductors I wanted to see the Centennial, and they brought me on."

"Well, what are you doing now, and where do you live?"

"I live in a big boarding house on Belmont avenue, over there, and I wash dishes, scour knives, and do chores."

"How did you get into the Centennial?" said I.

"Why, I paid my fifty cents like anybody else."

"How are you going to get home?"

"Why, just the way I came on, with a bright twinkles of his clear blue eyes."

"Twenty years old, and I came to see the Centennial?"

And all the time he was standing with one little brown hand on the back of the chair, the other in his pocket, with a broad-brimmed hat stuck right on the back of his curly head. With a few more questions on my part, to which he answered that he hoped to be a watchmaker when he grew to be a man, he bade us good-by and started off again.

Scaring away his Sister's Young Man.

From the Atlanta Constitution. A young man, born of poor but honest parents, went to see his sweetheart on Thursday night. Her little brother, during the "priming interval," entertained the bear as follows: "Sis says she's going to shake you, she is!"

"Ah," said the astonished young man.

"Yes, she is; she's got you down on the slate for a gran' bounce, she has!"

"Well, now, there ain't no use for you to chaw the dictionary 'bout it neither, cause there ain't no discount on Sis—she's a he ole gal when she starts!"

"My goodness gran'—"

"She sez she goes out with you an' tramps 'round jes as lonesome as some ole married cow, an' when yer treats her it ain't no nuttin' but the cheapest ole sody water at er nickle a quart!"

The young man sighed and reached for a fan.

"She sez she wants a feller that's got some stile about him, an' kin set up a square meal a fore his gal when he takes her a galavantin', yes she does!"

The young man ruminated for his handkerchief.

"I tell yer wot it is, boss, my Sis ain't no slouch, an' when she gets a crank in her head dat sez she grinds it was not our ole rickety cof. mill. She's got a fer yer an' she'll tell all the other gals to shoot the miser, an' yer jes bet they'll do it, cuss they can't go back on Sis—not much!"

The young man went sadly out.

Then Sis entered, and Johnny explained how he 'giv the ole dog-out a big wabble."

But his opinion, since daddy let go of him is that, if he had been sitting Bull during the performance, he would now be sore in a different locality.

THE ENGLISH ROYAL FAMILY.—The Galaxy, speaking of the domestic relations of the English royal family, says that "It was a disappointment to the blood royal that the Duke of Cambridge did not marry a German Princess, and it is a sore subject with the Queen's sons that their sister should have married a Marquis. Lord Lorne is terribly snubbed by the lot. The Prince of Teck, who married the Princess Mary of Cambridge, likewise is a source of trouble, for, being a handsome fellow, he is liable to alluresments which disturb conjugal felicity. Prince Christian, who has married another of the Queen's daughters, is regarded as a questionable character because he had previously contracted a morganatic marriage, and the Duke of Edinburgh is 'bothered' entirely on account of the rank of his wife, who, as the daughter of an Emperor, is a stickler for precedence at court. The Prince of Wales is very happily married, but he had some narrow escapes of being led into immoral and illegal connections."

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THE BEST HE COULD DO.—Among the passengers waiting at the Michigan Central depot the other day for the Chicago express was a man with a leg off, two or three fingers gone, and otherwise a bad cripple. Some sympathetic soul started out to take up a collection for the benefit of the cripple, and the hat went round. Some gave liberally, and others what they could well spare, and the hat was finally presented to a young man with a very lean satchel in his hand. He slowly and solemnly pulled out a thin wallet, looked it over and over, and as the man with the hat dropped the photograph of a girl with a long nose into the satchel and said:

"That's the best I can do for the poor man unless he wants the gal herself. It jacks on the heartstring to part with that picture, but a man with one leg off must be loved and taken care of."

JESSE POMEROY, the Boston fiend, is getting fat, learning fast, and he remarks that he isn't afraid of being hung for several years yet.

The Woodmill is getting a divorce from Col. Wood, her husband. She says he brooked her nose.

THE BALHAM MYSTERY. (From the Resident Correspondent of the N. Y. World.) London, July 13.—The second enquiry into the cause of the death of Mr. Bravo—the affair known as the "Balham Mystery"—began on Tuesday morning, before the Coroner for East Surrey, and so strangely are comedy and tragedy mixed up in this case, that yesterday morning, when the day's proceedings appeared in the papers all the newspaper reading people in London, except those who read only the Times, enjoyed a jolly laugh. Mr. Bravo, you remember, was a young barrister, who had married a rich and pretty widow. He died suddenly, and under very suspicious circumstances. A post mortem made it clear that he had been poisoned, but the coroner's inquest was hurried, and a verdict unsatisfactory to his friends was returned. The only paper circulating in that remote country, and whatever appeared in its columns was taken as being undoubtedly the fact. The number containing the Supreme Court decision was about the only paper circulating in that remote country, and whatever appeared in its columns was taken as being undoubtedly the fact. The number containing the Supreme Court decision was about the only paper circulating in that remote country, and whatever appeared in its columns was taken as being undoubtedly the fact.

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THE HAND IN THE HAT.—Send one franc in stamps in postage stamps, for the theory of an entirely new sensation. Gives love and freshness. Address A. B. post-office.

The second conspirator, taking the advantage of an old and familiar superstition, advertised as follows:—

RETURN FROM THE OTHER WORLD.—I send one franc fifty centimes in postage stamps. Accurate news from the other land; mysteries revealed; everything made clear. Address B. C. post-office.

The third, abandoning all subtleties, advertised boldly as follows:—

I PROMISE NOTHING; I engage to perform nothing. But send one franc fifty centimes in postage stamps. Perhaps there is a little surprise in store for you. Who knows? Address C. D. post-office.

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These advertisements produced a result far greater than any of the conspirators had hoped for. Postage stamps rained for several days. And what the people found that they were not receiving their *quid pro quo*, they sent on more postage stamps. And the most successful of the three advertisements was the last. Finally the three journalists turned over the ill-gotten gains to a charitable society and told their story in a newspaper, in order that the dupes might know what had become of their stamps. They had satisfied themselves that human credulity had indeed no limit.

The claim recently made in Parliament that the Sioux were British subjects, and entitled to British protection was probably due to an impression that Sitting Bull was John's brother.

The Turks haven't murdered but 25,000 Christians during the last six months.

THE BALHAM MYSTERY. (From the Resident Correspondent of the N. Y. World.) London, July 13.—The second enquiry into the cause of the death of Mr. Bravo—the affair known as the "Balham Mystery"—began on Tuesday morning, before the Coroner for East Surrey, and so strangely are comedy and tragedy mixed up in this case, that yesterday morning, when the day's proceedings appeared in the papers all the newspaper reading people in London, except those who read only the Times, enjoyed a jolly laugh. Mr. Bravo, you remember, was a young barrister, who had married a rich and pretty widow. He died suddenly, and under very suspicious circumstances. A post mortem made it clear that he had been poisoned, but the coroner's inquest was hurried, and a verdict unsatisfactory to his friends was returned. The only paper circulating in that remote country, and whatever appeared in its columns was taken as being undoubtedly the fact. The number containing the Supreme Court decision was about the only paper circulating in that remote country, and whatever appeared in its columns was taken as being undoubtedly the fact.

How People will be Swindled. "Address with postage stamps," etc. This simple form of words is the advertisement that are printed nowadays. It has become one of the grand formulae of the modern epoch. Sometimes it is varied with "Send stamps for circular," but the desire for the stamps is always expressed. There is always a certain amount of spare credulity in the world, over and above what is needed for the ordinary transactions of life, that can remain latent. It has got to find vent somewhere. In the years gone by it spent itself in religious superstition, but now it goes into postage stamps, forwarded for pamphlets and circulars which tell how to get rich, how one may take his future into his own hands, how to renew one's youth, how to escape the terrible results of youthful indiscretion, etc. All these things may be very desirable to know, and what is the loss of a few cents in postage stamps anyway? Not long ago three French journalists were discussing on human credulity in a cafe, and the question, "Where is its limit?" was raised. One of the three maintained that human credulity had no limit. It was finally agreed that each of the trio should insert in the newspapers' advertisements the most eccentric, improbable and absurd that it was possible to devise—each advertisement was to be accompanied with a demand for the stamps, and watch the result. The first of the trio published the following extraordinary announcement:—

THE HAND IN THE HAT.—Send one franc in stamps in postage stamps, for the theory of an entirely new sensation. Gives love and freshness. Address A. B. post-office.

The second conspirator, taking the advantage of an old and familiar superstition, advertised as follows:—

RETURN FROM THE OTHER WORLD.—I send one franc fifty centimes in postage stamps. Accurate news from the other land; mysteries revealed; everything made clear. Address B. C. post-office.

The third, abandoning all subtleties, advertised boldly as follows:—

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Hanged Without Warrant.

(From the Sacramento Bee.) In the olden time in Plumas county a man was arrested for murder, tried and convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The case was taken to the Supreme Court on appeal. Finally a decision was filed affirming the judgment of the court below, and directing that the defendant be re-sentenced to death.

In those days the Sacramento Union was about the only paper circulating in that remote country, and whatever appeared in its columns was taken as being undoubtedly the fact. The number containing the Supreme Court decision was about the only paper circulating in that remote country, and whatever appeared in its columns was taken as being undoubtedly the fact.

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