

# A BRUNETTE AND A BLONDE

They Came Near Pulling Each Other's  
Hair in Court.

**BOTH CLAIMED TO BE MRS. JOHN DILLMAN.**

"I Will Stand by Him Through Thick and Thin," Said One of Them. "and He Loves Me Better Than He Does You"—There Are Allegations of a Mock Marriage in This Interesting Case, and It Looks as Though Mr. Dillman Might Go to the Penitentiary.

Two handsome young women, one a brunette, the other blonde, sat in the Ewen street police court this morning and glared at each other. When the case of John Dillman was called, they stepped forward and each claimed to be the only and legal wife of the prisoner.

Dillman was in court on the complaint of the brunette, Mrs. Jennie Dillman nee Hunt, who charges him with assault. She is modest looking, about 20 years of age and told her story in a straightforward way.

"I was married to this man last January," she said, "and he lived with me at my mother's house, 321 Stagg street, up to a month ago. Then he suddenly disappeared and I heard nothing of him until Sunday, when a friend told me he was living with his mother at 300 Stagg street. I walked down there to see him, but, on the way, I met John in company with this blonde, who is here now; his mother and John Dorhick. I asked him why he had deserted me and implored him to be good to me. He did not argue the question, but struck me in the face with his fist."

"Why have you deserted your wife?" inquired Justice Watson, sternly.

"She isn't my wife," replied the defendant. "I knew her, that is all. The only wife I have is here," and he beckoned to the blonde, who stepped to his side and kissed him.

This affected Jennie Dillman so that she

~~Wept for several minutes. Then, casting the~~  
 tears from her eyes she said to Justice  
 Watson:

"I was married to this man on January 24,  
 1894, at the house of a retired minister, on  
 Couslyea street. My mother was present at  
 the ceremony and can vouch for what I say.  
 Just before John went away he told me that  
 I had been fooled by a mock marriage, as the  
 party who performed the ceremony was no  
 minister, but a volunteer fireman."

"And I was married on August 26 last,"  
 said the blonde. "My husband has been very  
 good to me, and I do not believe that he ever  
 saw that woman before."

As she spoke she edged over toward the  
 brunette. Court Officer Carroll stepped in  
 between the two, but had it not been for his  
 prompt action there would probably have  
 been a hair-pulling match in court.

As Jennie Dillman could produce no wit-  
 nesses of the alleged assault Justice Watson  
 dismissed the complaint and told the woman  
 to come to court to-morrow with her mother  
 and take out a warrant for Dillman's arrest  
 on a charge of bigamy.

There was another scene on the court house  
 steps. Mrs. Mary Dillman, the blonde, ac-  
 costed Jennie, the brunette, and with flashing  
 eyes exclaimed:

"So you want to put my husband in the  
 penitentiary, do you?"

"Yes, and I mean to do it," was the reply.

"Well, we will see about it," said Mrs.  
 Mary. "But I will stand by him through  
 thick and thin, and he loves me better than  
 he does you."