

DEAF-MUTES WED.

PRETTY ROMANCE OF WILLIAM KLEIN AND ROSE WEIS—MADE LOVE BY LETTER.

There is an old saying to the effect that love is blind, but probably no person ever entertained the belief that the spritely elf might be robbed of his hearing and speaking powers and yet be able to plot and perform his roguish pranks with the hearts of tender maids and stalwart swains. But this is a fact, nevertheless, as was proven by an unique marriage ceremony that was performed in a neat little cottage at No. 40 Davis Street last Sunday night.

As far as the flowers, music, tearful but happy relatives, and the blending of two fond hearts into one were concerned, this wedding was like all others; but it was the peculiar affliction^[sic] of the contracting parties that made this particular ceremony worthy of more than passing notice. Both the bride and bridegroom are deaf and dumb. If^[sic] is customary to speak of this physical condition as an affliction, but if the young couple who were married should be consulted, they would say that in their case, at least, the word is a misnomer, for it was the fact of their inability to hear and speak that served to bring about the acquaintance, resulting in their marriage.

William Klein is the son of J. Klein, a well-to-do merchant of Omaha, Neb. Though since his birth thirty-three years ago young Mr. Klein has been a deaf-mute, his path through life has been far from rough. In early childhood he received such advantages as were possible for one in his condition,

and later in life he spent several years at a college for deaf-mutes in Columbus, O., where he received a practical education. He learned the trade of a printer and his hard work along this line was rewarded by an appointment as superintendent of the Printing Department of the Nebraska State Institute for the Deaf and Dumb. Mr. Klein is a trifle below medium height and well-built. He has a kind face, set off with a dark mustache and shaded by dark curly hair. His features indicate, as does his name, that he is of the Jewish race.

BEGAN TO THINK OF MARRYING.

Mr. Klein had not thought of marriage until four or five months ago, when he concluded that the blessedness of a bachelor's existence was beginning to cloy and that he would be infinitely happier if he had an affectionate wife to share his joys and sorrows and make a home for him. But difficulty presented itself at this point in his dream of connubial bliss. He knew no eligible young woman. While Omaha is noted for the number and beauty of its pretty girls, Mr. Klein realized that the inability to communicate his wishes by any means but the sign language was a great drawback. Although the number were mighty few even in Omaha, who would tolerate the presence of an interpreter when their fiancée wanted to make love.

But Mr. Klein was undaunted. He placed himself in the hands of his friends, and the result showed that the confidence was not misplaced. Some of his confidants were acquainted with several Jewish families in Buffalo, among them being that of Herman Weiss, a tailor, living at No. 40 Davis Street. Mr. Weiss has a goodly family of children, consisting of several sons and a daughter, Rose. The daughter is the apple of her father's eye and with good reason. She is gifted with a petite figure and a sweet face that dimples into smiles at the least excuse, and a pair of twinkling blue eyes that never

failed to bring a feeling of of[sic] joy into the hearts of her father and mother. There was only one thing lacking to complete the happiness of the family circle. If the daughter's voice could be heard echoing through the little cottage her parents would have asked for nothing more, but it was impossible—she was a deaf-mute.

LOVE MAKING BY LETTER.

The friends of Mr. Klein and Rose Weiss were quick to perceive the working of fate which seemed to have intended these people for one another. A correspondence was started which lasted for several months. Pictures were exchanged to the mutual satisfaction of the interested parties and finally the postman delivered a letter to Rose that send[sic] joyful blushes to the edges of her sunny hair. It is not hard to guess what the letter said, nor the answer that Rose sent back. The preliminary arrangements were soon made and as neither party believed in a long engagement the date of the wedding was set for last Sunday.

Last week Mr. Klein and his father arrived in Buffalo. It is of no great interest to the public to know the circumstances of the meeting between the two young people. It was very quiet. Invitations were issued and the Rev. Mr. Cohen was asked to perform the wedding ceremony. Most ministers would have been in something of a quandary, were his services demanded for such an unusual ceremony, but Mr. Cohen is a man fertile in resources. He wrote the Jewish marriage ceremony on a large card, then he donned his clerical garb and hied[sic] himself to the Weiss home. The guests were in waiting, and the prospective bride and bridegroom stood clothed in their wedding garments.

MARRIED BY CARD.

All being in readiness, Miss Weiss and Mr. Klein stood side by side, the young woman blushing as prettily as a newblown

rose, while the young man bravely[sic] suppressed his nervousness and smilingly regarded the assemblage. The card prepared by Mr. Cohen was handed to the young couple, and as the clergyman read the marriage services in German they read the written words from the card in their hands. The bride was unable to see plainly through the veil, so the bridegroom rapidly spelled the words with his fingers. When it came to the solemn part of the ceremony where the ring is placed upon the bride's finger, the card was laid aside and the words of answers were spelled by the young people as their respective turns came.

After the couple were made man and wife the wedding party partook of an elaborate supper. What transpired at the table was a sight, the equal of which has probably never before been witnessed. As guests at the wedding there were a large number of[sic] the college friends of the bridegroom, who like himself, had attended the Columbus deaf-mute college. A special table was reserved for these people, and during the supper an animated conversation was kept up, but not a sound came from the conversationalists. Hands flashed and faces were contorted in laughter, but not a bit of noise indicated the great enjoyment of the party. At another table sat the newly-wedded couple, surrounded by family and friends. Mr. Cohen turned to the bride and gallantly said :

“Your husband was looking for a beautiful rose, but he had to come to Buffalo and take the fairest rose from your father's garden before he found one to suit his taste.”

COMPLIMENT TRANSLATED.

A blank look spread itself over the face of pretty Mrs. Klein, and not until then did Mr. Cohen realize his mistake. One of the guests, Mr.[sic] Grodzinski, herself the mother of three deaf and dumb children, is an adept in using the sign language and she interpreted the clergyman's remark to the

bride, whose face indicated her pleasure at the pretty compliment.

After this Mrs. Grodzinski was kept busy telling Mr. and Mrs. Klein of the compliments and good wishes of their friends, while the young couple maintained their end of the conversation by means of their knowledge of the sign-language.

Mr. and Mrs. Klein will spend the week in this city and then will so[sic] to Cleveland and Chicago. They will live in Omaha—*Buffalo Courier*.