

TORN APART, NOW UNITED.

An Abduction by Another Young, Strange Woman, a Wife—This One Led a Double Life—Her Husband at Last Discovers Her and Gives Up the Child He Thought His and Hers.

Mary Cowen has large black eyes, heavy eyelashes and dark-brown hair. She is pretty and may be about 24 years old now. She is industrious and well liked by those who know her. Her parents lived in Ireland, where her father was a good honest farmer. When Mary was but a baby her parents came to America, and Mary, of course, grew up with the country.

A young medical student, who has since graduated from Bellevue College, New York, about three years ago made her acquaintance. It was a case of love at first sight, and they got married. Afterwards her husband told her to keep her marriage secret for fear of his parents, and as a sequel he deserted her. Then she found work in the Margaret Strachan Home in New York, and she became so well liked there, that contrary to the rules of the institution she was allowed to return to it after her baby was born. It was a girl, with bright eyes and light hair—just such a baby as the young mother longed to have. She named it Hazel. Last September, when Hazel had grown to be quite a



HAZEL COWEN, THE KIDNAPPED CHILD.

baby, a young woman of good figure and attractive face called at the home. Conspicuously displayed over her breast was a solid silver cross like those worn by the King's Daughters. With her was another woman who also wore such a cross. This companion appeared to be about 40 years old, and was known as a good Christian nurse, of Gotham. She introduced the younger woman as Mrs. M. A. Brooks, of Boston.

"We are in search of a baby," then said Mrs. Brooks, of Boston. "It must be a girl and must have blue eyes and blond hair. I don't want the baby for myself. I want it for a friend who is a wealthy lady and lives in her own villa on the Hudson. Her name is Mrs. Frank Elmony. You must have heard of her. She is a great society woman. But, poor one," and here Mrs. Brooks permitted a few tears to run down her cheeks, "she had a baby. Such a sweet baby! It died but yesterday. The poor woman is frantic with grief, and just after burying her husband. If she doesn't get a baby right off, she, too, will die."

The matron of the Margaret Strachan said she thought the institution could not help her in the emergency, and then someone suggested Mary Cowen's baby. "But Mary will never part with her child," said the matron, "she's too fond of it."

However, the unexpected happens.

Mrs. Brooks became interested and asked to see Mary. Miss Cowen was sent for. She came with the baby in her arms. Mrs. Brooks offered her \$200 for the child. The offer was emphatically



MARY COWEN THE MOTHER.

refused. Then Mrs. Brooks suggested that Mary come with her to the house where the rich lady lived and bring the baby. Mary could be employed there, still be a mother to her own child, the rich lady would love the child and its mother, and, above all, Mary would thus be the saver of Mrs. Elmony's life. Of course Mary would get the \$200, although she needn't give up her child.

Mary said she would think about the scheme. She knew she could not remain at the Margaret Strachan Home all her life, and here she thought might be an excellent chance to get a home for herself and her little girl.

Mrs. Brooks promised she would return to the home the following afternoon. Instead she called alone shortly before 8 A. M. and saw Mary alone.

"Just let me have the child," begged the woman. "I wish to show it to a person who is near by and doesn't wish to be seen here. He knows Mrs. Elmony well and can tell whether or not Hazel will suit."

Mary was unsuspecting and allowed the baby to be taken from the house for only a moment, as she believed. Minutes passed, and then an hour, and still the woman did not return. Finally it dawned upon the young mother that her child had been kidnapped. There was a sensation in the home, of course, and though a week later a letter was received from the mysterious Mrs. Brooks, postmarked Providence, R. I., saying that the baby was still alive and attempting to make some explanation, it really gave no clue and all efforts to find the baby were without success.

During the investigation which followed it was found that Mrs. Brooks was not known in Providence and that there was no Mrs. Elmony, who lived on the Hudson and had lost her husband and child. That was all that could be learned then, but an eye was kept on the case.

The heart-broken mother left the Strachan Home shortly after this. She could not bear to live in the house whence her child had been stolen. After many vicissitudes, Mary Cowen found a home at Prof. Berg's in New York city.

Now a New Chapter.

About 10 years ago Charles Mosley, a young business man, was married in Troy, N. Y., to Mary Alice Puttney, of Ashfield,

Mass. Miss Puttney was not 20 years then. She was cultured and remarkably pretty, resembling Lillian Russell. She spoke five languages quite fluently, and could sing well. From Troy they moved to Boston, then to Fall River, and then to Providence, R. I. They lived happily, and the husband worshipped his wife.

One day in Providence Mrs. Mosley told her husband she wanted to go to New York to translate for a friend, a woman some Spanish documents involving a large estate. He thought the trip would do her good, gave her money and kissed her goodbye. She was gone quite a while, but there was no reason for him to fret.

About August 27 or 28, 1892, a business man of Providence, R. I., called upon Mr. Mosley. He said he had a telegram from New York, and wished to prepare Mr. Mosley for bad news.

The telegram, which was signed "Grosner," a name unknown to Mr. Mosley and his friend, said in substance that Mrs. Mosley had been confined, had given birth to twins and that she was unconscious and dying. No address was given, though the message showed it had been sent from the branch office at Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue. To the office Mr. Mosley telegraphed for particulars. Very soon he received another message—this one also without an address—informing him that the life of one child had been spared and that the mother had a good chance for recovery. Again he telegraphed the father telegraph for more particulars, asking expressly for his wife's address. The answer to this was to the effect that Mrs. Mosley was confined at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Mr. Mosley hurried to New York, but learned at the Fifth Avenue Hotel that his wife was not there. He returned to Providence, and a couple of days after received a telegram asking for money for his wife, care of the telegraph office. Instead of sending it, Mr. Mosley went to New York and watched the telegraph office. Soon he saw his wife walking along the street, carrying a baby. He rushed to meet her. His wife, who evidently had not expected to meet her husband, began to tremble, presently she regained self-control.

"Papa," said she, smiling at the baby in her arms, "this is your little child. This is your baby. Kiss it, papa, please."

The proud father was so overcome with joy that he forgot all about his money and the mystery—forgot about the sleepless nights he had passed. He embraced his wife and then kissed the baby.

"What a sweet child we have," said the mother. And then she told of her misfortunes and explained matters to her husband, and they returned to Providence. The father was supremely happy. They



MRS. MOSLEY, NOW "MRS. HILLIARD," named the little one Margarethe Emma Mosley, and cared for her most tenderly.