THE APPEAL.

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS MINN., SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1898.

FINDS ONG LOST SO

DOWEN YOUNG S HIS MOTHER AFTER 36 YEA

A Mother Sold and Separated From her Family in 1863, Found and Pressed to her Son as a Christmas gift in 1897.

The happiest Christmas in all the great city of Chicago, was at the modest home of Dowen Young, No. 3142 Pitts avenue. It was the reunion of a mother and son torn apart by the cruel conditions of slavery long thirty-three years ago. The soldier who, through the circumstances of war, had carried the child on the saddle in front from its birthplace, and the chief factor in bringing the mother and his brother together after a separation of a decade of a century, stood by and wept in sympathy.

It was a surprise to the son, and the aged woman had traveled night and day to aid their benefactor in carrying out his plans of a "Christmas gift of a mother," long believed by him to be dead. She brought him a simple present, a few magazines, a pocketful of her South, where she had suffered so much, but which she still loved.

Young's Romantic Career.

Dowen Young, the colored man who fondled the withered hand of his mother as she lay upon a cot, too much exhausted to stand, and too happy to sleep, is a corkscrew at the top of success in the stock exchange, where he has been for four years. He is now about 40 years of age, and noted, and he had not heard from any member of his family since he was eight years old, though for years he tried to get some trace of his mother; but, hearing she was dead some years ago, he gave up hope, and when his soldier friend, who had never lost track of him, told him he would some day help him to find her, it was without hope that he listened and thanked him.

The incidents in the life of the three chief figures in this drama are a story breathing of the cruelties of slavery, the inhumanity of man, the circumstances of war, the abiding

[illegible] Virginia, [illegible] Walter Mildews for $1,200. It was the value slave dealers placed upon Christian slaves and advertising them that moved Whittier to say:

A Christian child they gather,
Who bids for God's own image? for his grace
And love and parting tears of the matchless
Heth in her suffering wist?

Boys Join Northern Army.

After the sale of the mother the children were placed with an old auntie, and as soon as they were strong enough put to work in the hemp and corn fields. It was while the two boys were so employed that Colonel Jennings, the father of Thomas Jennings, for did valor and a terror to all the border slave-holders, and a terror of the marauders of their periodical forays into Clay county, and, reaching the age of initiation, enlisted in the Union army. Dowen and his two boys, carrying them off to the steamboat landing below. The women of the author household followed, and at the landing pleaded with the boys to go with the freedom was now very plainly in sight for them, and they refused. The white men stood up stream and Dowen and Walter Young had parted from their little sister and their birthplace. It was at this time that Dowen Young met his friend and benefactor, who was sergeant major of the regiment to which the troopers belonged.

After they arrived at Fort Leavenworth the boys were transferred to an Illinois regiment, and soon became very useful to this same summer of '64 Price, the Confederate General, attacked the last and the largest, entering the white below Pilot Knob, Missouri. Dowen and the Illinois regiment was ordered to that point, and later down the line from Mountain Grove. The little boys made the campaign, and remained with the regiment when it was mustered out at Camp Butler, Springfield, Ill. One of the boys, Walter, went to Ogawka, Ill., as Captain John Wilson, but from there all trace of him has been lost.

Came to Chicago in '66.

Dowen was taken from Springfield to Ottawa, Ill., where he was provided with a good home by the family of Hon. John H. Kinley. In 1866 he came to this city, and has lived here ever since. He has always had employment, being a quiet, sober, insurrious man. Many years ago he identified himself with the Bethel Afrion M. E. church. He also belongs to the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, Western Star lodge, No. 141. He was for three years janitor of the Jones store, and for three years he was janitor and behind the oyster bar in the restaurant of the old Revere's Exchange hotel.

Susan, the sister, remained with the Arthur family some time after the war, and returned to Kansas City. She is now 61 years of age, and still in the war has never heard from any member of her family, but, through the same benefactor, she will soon see her unseen mother again.

After the mother had been sold, she remained in New Orleans about two years, when she was taken to Mobile, Ala., where she has lived ever since. For years she has longed for news of her home, from the old place, and the three little children that she had left there. She could not read nor write, for it had been a crime to teach a slave to read or write.

She married again, and the new cares of a growing family bridged the years in a big away. Many Christmas days have come and gone when she, then a young woman, commenced her new life in the South. Mature woman-hood came, and then age, and the old, old times and her former home in Missouri seemed like a dream. A few weeks ago when the family by whom she is occasionally employed read in their evening paper the publication of a person answering her description was wanted. She knew the latter description was sent for, and proved to be the long-lost daughter, Mrs. Mandy Dowen, Walker, and Susie Young.

Mother and Son Meet.

Thursday night at midnight Mrs. Nelson, for that is now her name, was put aboard the [illegible] at Mobile, and Friday night she was going to visit her son Dowen in Chicago, and after a few weeks in Kansas City, to visit her sister, Mrs. Susan Arthur. Dowen, Jr., and Walter, who were told about the same time, but returned North at the close of the war. She had a letter from the general agent of the [illegible] railroad, who had ordered the conductors and porters, which insured her every attention. She reached Chicago at noon and was met by her benefactor, who took her immediately to her son's home. Dowen Young had been apprised of his friend's intention to visit him when the mother and son should be reunited. A window walking toward the house he did not see his mother, but when he saw a strange woman behind him. She followed into the [illegible]

"Dowen, do you know this woman?" asked his friend.

(Continued on 2nd. Page.)

SAINT LOUIS.

SOCIAL MATTERS, CONDENSED INTO SMALL SPACE.

For the Benefit of the Friends of Those Who are All Sorts of News Items From the City by the Big Bridge—The Future Great" as the Present Time.

James E. Cohron of 3944 Finney Ave., was married to Miss Ida M. Freeman of 1710 S. Compton.

James Moore aged 35, a lab'rer, residing in the rear of 107 South Tenth street dropped dead at Fourteenth and Spruce streets, at 10:30 p. m. Friday.

Ervin Thomas, a deposed deacon of the late First Colored Baptist Church, is the leader of a faction which threatens to disrupt the congregation. At the head of the other faction is Rev. H. [illegible] Cole, backed by the "official board," who claim that Thomas, and his followers are not reputable members of the church and have no weight in the the management of the affair.

Mandy Jefferson 2304 Sheridan Ave., has the prophetic dream gift. Two years ago she dreamed that her baby would die soon of diptheria. The event occured exactly as outlined in her dream. Since then in numerous matters of personal concern her dreams have come true. Last Tuesday night she dreamed that the left foot of her husband Thomas who is a laborer at the Paddock-Hawley Iron Company was crushed by the falling of an iron girder. She warned her husband. Thursday afternoon the event occured exactly as shown in the dream. A



affection between a mother and her son, and the stranger, but true, friendship of a generous man for a little slave to whom he gave freedom.

When the civil war broke out Margaret Young, a woman, and her three children lived on the Arthur estate in Clay county. Mr. Arthur was one of the best of Liberty. They were all slaves of John Arthur. Her husband, Dowen Young, died a few years before. He belonged to Mrs. Arthur, whose maiden name was Young, and was one of the tried to get some trace of his mother; but, hearing she was dead some years ago, he gave up hope, and when his soldier friend, who had never lost track of him, told him he would some day help him to find her, it was without hope that he listened and thanked him.

HIS EAR AN UNFAILING CLOCK.

Death of an Ohio Man Noted for a Remarkable Peculiarity.

Zinesville, Ohio, Dec. 27.—George Henderson, an Afro-American noted for a remarkable peculiarity, died to-day.

He was endowed with a phenomenal power of being able to tell the time of day correctly by simply placing a finger in his ear. At each times he claimed that a light flashed through his brain, awaking to him the position at which the hands or a correct watch were then pointing.

His powers were well known to residents of the city, and he was never unwilling to oblige anyone with the time of the day.

J. W. Annett, state's attorney at Brunswick, Ga., will save to prosecute a young white man named Curtis Higginbotham, who seems to have inherited a mania for killing Afro-Americans. Recently after the war Bennett's father

heavy girder slipped while it was being hoisted and fell on Thomas' foot, crushing it.

FINDS LONG LOST SON

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

"It seems like I've seen her somewhere," he replied, "but I can't exactly place her."

The situation was becoming too strained for even the old soldier and he blurted out: "She's your mother, man."

In an instant they were clasped in each other's arms.

H. E. Straun, sergeant major of the One Hundred and Thirtieth Illinois volunteers, is the man who has devoted much of his time for a year to tracing the mother, and he feels over a reward for all his efforts. He has lived all in Chicago and its environs since 1865 and is now a resident of Wheaton, Ill.