

HOW HE DISAPPEARED.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A LITTLE BOY RECALLED.

He was known as Tom Maguire's kid and was bright, happy and smart as the day. His sudden disappearance a source of much mystery to all. Talking about mysterious and unaccountable disappearances, said a New York theatrical man. 'I don't believe there ever was one in this town or anywhere else that ever was more mysterious and unaccountable than that of Tom Maguire's kid. The way Tom got that kid was rather odd, too. It happened the time Joe Arthur bought out 'The Still Alarm' at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, nine years or so ago. Tom Maguire was business manager there, and was standing in the lobby of the theatre one day when a wretched-looking specimen of the street Arab pushed a door open and went in. He was not over a yard high, and was ragged and dirty. Taking it for granted that the well-looking individual inside was the man he wanted to see, the little gamins went straight to business. 'Say, mister,' he said, 'hain't you got somethin' for me to do? 'Tom Maguire's first impulse was to tell the boy to get out, but before he could do so the little fellow said earnestly: 'I don't want to beg nothing, mister. I want some money, but I want to earn it. 'The eager and straightforward manager of the ragamuffin rather struck Maguire. 'Well, what can you do?' he asked. 'I kin do anythin', dat hain't bigger'n I am mister,' was the confident reply. 'This pleased Tom Maguire still more, and as the theatre was just then sending out boys to distribute dodgers he gave the kid a bundle and told him to distribute them in a certain district and come back and get a quarter. The boy hurried away with the dodgers, and before the time was up he was back to the theatre. 'I pa'em where you told me to mister,' he said, 'an I've come back to give some more to carry, so's I kin fill out me time. See?' 'The fact of a street boy being willing to do more work in a given time than he was hired to do was something so new and strange that Manager Maguire was amazed. He said nothing, but gave the boy another supply of dodgers. In taking them the boy made some suggestions about the best places to distribute them that were so good that Maguire told him to follow them out. The little fellow was back on time. Maguire handed him the promised quarter, and the kid asked whether he could have another job. He was told to come around the next morning at 10 o'clock and they would see. Nothing more was thought of the boy. At 10 o'clock next morning however, there came a sharp tap at the box office window, and looking down Manager Maguire saw the ragged little chap of the day before. 'Here I am, mister!' he said. 'W'at a yous goin' to put me at dis time?' Maguire told him he could distribute some more dodgers, and handed him some. The boy took the paper, stood in an undecided manner a moment, and then boldly said: 'Say, mister, kin yous do me a favor?' 'I don't know. What is it?' 'Well, I'll tell you, mister,' said the boy. 'I been sellin' papers lately, an' stayin' at de Newsboys' Lodgin' House. See? Well, tomorrow's me week's up, an' I owe de house 60 cents, an' I want to pay it. De 25 cents you paid me hain't enough to do it with an' besides—well, a man's got to eat. See? Say, kin yous put up 50 cents on me sa'y?' 'The cool audacity of this request almost carried Tom Maguire's breath away. He gazed at the wretched mite of humanity in mute astonishment. The boy met the gaze with a steady look of his own, and before he knew what he was doing Maguire had handed the boy the 50 cents, and told him to come again at the usual time next day and get some more work. The kid thanked the manager and went out with his dodgers. 'That'll be the end of him, sure,' said Maguire. 'We won't see him again.' 'But at 10 the next morning the tap came at the box office again. 'Here I am!' piped the voice of Tom's kid. 'W'at's de somethin' yous has got fer me to do dis time?' The boy had now aroused Maguire's unqualified interest. He began to ask the boy something about himself. All that the little fellow knew was that his father and mother were both dead, and that he had been left with no home or relatives and had become a waif. His story became known about the theatre, and Manager R. Escomb, and Mrs. Colville also took an interest in him. When he was transformed from the ragged and dirty street Arab into a clean and well-dressed boy he was found to be as handsome, bright-eyed a lad as

any one would wish to see. He didn't know exactly how old he was, but it was judged that he was 11 or 12. Joe Arthur wanted to take him at once as the messenger boy in 'The Still Alarm,' but Tom Maguire objected to his going on the stage. He took the kid to his own house and got him a place in a large furniture house on Fourteenth street. The boy continued to live with the Maguire family, but insisted on paying something out of his earnings for his board. He also handed money to Tom every week to keep for him. He became a great favorite with everybody at the store, as he was with all the theatre people. One Friday, after he had been a few weeks at the furniture store, he was sent by some of the men at noon hour to fetch them their pair of dinner boots. He had \$4.50 due him from the store for his week's salary, which would have been paid the next day. He had also three or four collars of savings in Tom Maguire's keeping. He never came back. Managers Escomb and Maguire and Mrs. Colville made every effort to find some trace of the missing boy, but without success. Nothing has ever been seen or heard of him from that day to this. He disappeared as completely as if he had never been. If that wasn't about as mysterious and unaccountable a disappearance as will could be, then I don't know what mysterious and unaccountable disappearances are. 'LICK ME AND I'LL BE GOOD.' How French or Escomb Made Three Converts For the Church. In the interests of Christianity and to raise money for his missionary work the Rev. Cyrus Escomb, a traveling evangelist of the Dunkard faith, participated in three prize fights, of two, four and seven rounds, respectively. In each he was victorious, and with each victory he saved, or thinks he saved a soul. The Rev. Escomb has been holding revivals at the various cattle camps near Belletourche, S. D., for nearly a year. About the middle of January he went to Belletourche. The citizens received him kindly, but the cowpunchers from the neighboring ranges, concerning whose spiritual welfare he was especially solicitous, were not interested in religion. His opportunity came in an unexpected way. 'Chuck' Perkins, forman of the 'Star V' ranch had been kicked by a vicious broncho and was indulging in considerable profanity. The Rev. Escomb overheard and rebuked him. 'Chuck' instantly became abusive. The minister, nervous and irritable from his long, uphill struggle with the cattlemen, threatened him with a whipping. 'Lick me,' said 'Chuck' impressively, 'and I'll jine yer church!' 'Big Mike' Crane, another of the 'Star V' gang, and Charles Ranson, a local

tough and bully, heard the conversation and 'waded in' in the game on the same terms. It was Crane who suggested a cash donation of \$25 in aid of the clergyman's work of evangelization for each fight he won. It was probably the clerical out of the pastor's garments rather than anything in his appearance that made the men so confident, for when they came to strip they could not help noticing that he was decidedly in the heavy weight class, and picked their best fighter to meet him first. Crane was their selection. The fight was fought in a corral outside of town, where there was no danger of interruption. A big crowd gathered to watch the result. Not much skill was displayed, but what the contestants lacked in science they made up in strength, courage, and determination. To every one's astonishment the Rev. Mr. Escomb forced the fighting from the start. Crane held his own during the first and second rounds, but came up groggy in the third, and was ignominiously knocked out in the fourth. Ranson made a better showing. He lasted seven rounds and mauled his antagonist severely. The latter won more by sheer endurance and indifference to punishment than by superior skill. Ranson entered the ring at the beginning of the seventh round badly blown and much annoyed by the flow of blood from a cut over the eye. The Rev. Mr. Escomb saw his advantage and, prevailing himself of his superior weight and reach, rushed his man rapidly about the ring, beat down his guards by pure force of muscle, and finally landed a blow on his jaw under which he went down and was unable to regain his feet. Perkins confessed himself beaten before he began fighting, and devoted most of his time to dozing the reverend gentleman's edge-hammer fists. The latter was considerably battered, but Perkins, who had at first considered himself sure of victory, completely lost his nerve when he saw Crane and Ranson fall, and would, as he afterward admitted, have kept out of the ring altogether had he been able to do so creditably. He went out after two easy rounds. The Rev. Mr. Escomb held his men strictly to their agreement, and all promptly paid their money and professed Christianity. Perkins and Crane took their defeat in excellent part, and the minister expresses all confidence in their conversion despite the unusual manner in which it was effected. Ranson is fallen and disheartened. He claims the clergyman fouled him, and it is doubtful if he will make a valuable or lasting addition to the evangelist's flock. The latter is an old Vermont, passed his boyhood on a farm, spent several years in the Wisconsin lumber camps'



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and bore the reputation in his youth of being an almost invincible rough-and-tumble fighter. He is now about 45 years old and weighed in at the ringists at 190 pounds. Crane is 32 years old and tips the beam at 219. Ranson weighed 168 and Perkins 180.

THE QUEEN'S BEAR LEADER.

Inst-tance of Young Prince Hesse a Fair's Feature.

Queen Victoria is very fond of her grandchildren, and their presence with her quite softens her heart toward all sorts of suitors in whom they take an interest. An amusing story which illustrates that statement is told by the London papers.

One day not long ago, the queen, accompanied by her grandsons, the children of Prince Henry of Battenberg, was driving out of the grounds of Balmoral Castle, when just outside the gate they encountered a man who had a dancing bear, in order to exhibit which he had been way laying the royal carriage. The boys at once demanded the performance, and the Queen, somewhat against her own inclination, caused the carriage to halt while the animal went through its paces.

When the performance was over, the Queen sent her footman with a sovereign for the man, which she was surprised to see him refuse. Asked what he wanted, the man said:

'I should like much better a certificate just showing that my bear had had the honor to dance before her majesty.'

The Queen was not at all inclined to grant this somewhat presumptuous petition, but one of her grandsons again intervened.

'I don't see,' he said, 'why a bear should not have a royal patent. In Rome a horse was once appointed consul!'

This display of schoolboy erudition delighted the aged Queen, but she wished to test his knowledge further.

'Well, well,' she said, 'tell me the name of the emperor who committed this act of stupidity, and your bear shall have his royal certificate.'

ELECTION CARDS.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of

MAYOR.

If elected I shall endeavor to administer civic affairs in a practical manner and with a view to advancing the commercial and other interests of our city.

Soliciting your favor and support,

I am, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM E. WALLACE.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I will be a candidate for

ALDERMAN AT LARGE

In the coming civic election. If you think I am or am likely interested in the welfare of the city to represent you in the council and elect me I shall try and merit your confidence.

Sincerely yours

J. W. KEAST.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of

ALDERMAN AT LARGE

If elected I shall endeavor to administer civic affairs in a practical manner and with a view to advancing the commercial and other interests of the city.

Soliciting your favor and support,

I am, yours sincerely,

J. B. HANN.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the solicitation of a number of citizens, I have decided to accept nomination for

ALDERMAN OF KINGS WARD,

and respectfully ask your support.

W. C. R. ALLAN.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: At the last Civic election I received from you a vote as Candidate for Alderman for Lansdowne Ward, which in view of the fact that I was then unknown to many of you, and that I was also somewhat late in entering the field, was so large that I am encouraged to yield to the wishes of many of the electors, and again offer as a Candidate at the coming election.

Respectfully soliciting your support,

I am,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN M. SMITH.

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