TO CORRESPONDENTS.

on, but as an evidence of good faith on the part f the writer. Write only on one aide of the paper. Be particularly careful, to giving names and dates, to have the latters and figures plain and distinct.

BOYHOOD HOURS.

One night as by the fire I sat I thought of this and thought of that, Back many years my mind did fly And I saw it plain with memory's eye That little log house old and gray Where a little boy I used to play. I seemed to feel myself once more, Happy and gay, as in days of yore

I have tasted pleasure's laughing cup. I've drank the sparkling draught all up; I've been in love, I've felt the bliss When love responds with kiss for kiss. I've often been to the festal den With wine and women and sportive men, Where jesting talk and ribald song Rang loud and deep the whole night long.

But all the pleasures rare and fine, Enjoyed when in our manhood's prime, Are nothing more than shams in truth Compared with pleasures of our youth, When we as care-free, happy boys, Played in the house-lot with our toys, Or in the meadow at the brook We sat for hours with a tiny hook, And, oh, our hearts would thrill and

When a wriggling fish lay on the ground

I would give what the world can't hold To be a boy as in days of old, To sit once more in the meadow grass, And fish for the catfish and the bass. But alas, alas, for me, alack, The earth on its axis don't turn back, And the happy hours the sweet, wild thrill Of our boyhood days we long for still Have gone from our life to come no more And gladden hearts as in days of yore. -Cincinnati Inquirer.

And the second s

The Lost Lease

************* ~~~~~

Paul Tarrant sat in his study running through the morning papers and marking with a blue pench the paragraphs his secretary would cut out, file, In my own safe till I came back from and index at a late hour. One of these | the North." paragraphs can as follows:

-Mr. Percy Brinstair, a well-known lawyer, has mysteriously disappeared, and foul play is suspected. He intended leaving New York at midnight of night before last to attend court being held this week at Mansfield. He requested the housekeeper to have a cab called for him at 11:15, saying he should apend the evening at his office, presumably studying his briefs. He dismissed his cierks early in the evening. The cabman came for 'm at the hour named, and, after waiting for some ten minutes, called up the housekeeper. who proceeded to Mr. Brinstair's of-Sces, but failed to attract his attention he knocking, and, on trying the door, found it fastened. Apprehensive of something wrong the housekeeper called a policeman, and the door was forced. To their surprise they found nobody within. Everything was in perfect order in fact, appearances sucgested that Mr. Brinstair had been writing at his desk, threw down his pen on a half-finished menerandum. put on his hat, and departed without even turning down the gas, which was burning brightly. Mr. Brinstalr's portmanteau, containing briefs and other papers, stood open on the floor near his chair. That gentleman, however, had not appeared at Mansfield, where he was expected restenday, and inquiraat his residence were fruitiess in ortaining any cine to his possible where abouts. His family are in great discress

ine investigations." Paul Tairant's survey of the newspapers was interrupted by a knock at the door and the announcement that a gentleman wished to see him on busi ness. The visitor's card hore the name of Mr. Harvey Cheeseman, and when Mr. Cheeseman appeared be came with a rush and was plainly in a state of high excitement, on which Tarrant's cool manner acted as an irritant.

naturally, and clients who have placed

valuable papers in his hands required

In cases down for trial this week are

much embarrassed. The police are mak-

"Mr. Tarrant." he cried, as soon as he was inside the door; "I am in great difficulty, and want your immediate belp. Money is no object. Put everything aside for my matter."

"Sit down, Mr. Cheeseman," answered Tarrant, calmly; "and tell me as plainly as possible what your 'matter' in Then I can decide whether I can help you or no."

"Oh; but you must," demanded the visitor, who appeared incapable of taking anything quietly, and ignored the chair Tarrant's secretary placed for him. "No doubt you have heard of Mr. Brinstair's disappearance." Tarrant nodded. "Well; me had in his office a most important document worth many thousands to me, and it is gone. That document I must have within twentyfour hours. The police are simply trying to find what has become of Brinstair; they don't care for my document. Now, I don't care what has become of Brinstair, but I want that

"But," said Tarrant, "If they find him, perhaps they will find the paper.' "They may or may not," retorted Mr. Cheeseman: "probably not. It is wanted at court this week. A portmanteau full of papers to be used at the same court lies in his office, but my document not among them. Nor is it in the box among other papers of mine. I can't wait for the dilatory methods of the police. I want an independent inquiry."

"As the matter is so pressing, then. tell me in as few words as possible the

nature of this document." "It's an assignment of a lease part of the Terrivale coal mines. An action of trespass has been brought against me, and the plaintiffs in that Cheeseman," he said. mit have also applied for an injunction to prevent my working the mines Il the trespass case is tried. Unless can produce this assignment they will though, I should say."

get their injunction, and my less will be enormous if I am stopped."

"But surely you can compel them to here." pay any loss you may suffer if you win eventually.'

"Oh, they are men of straw, not |day?" worth a penny. I tell you, Mr. Tarrant," pleaded Cheeseman, fairly jumping with nervous excitement: "nothing can exaggerate the importance of that lease to me at this moment."

"Well, well, Mr. Cheeseman; we will take a cab down to the Temple, and look at the situation. We can talk further as we go, but let me add that, unless you can calm yourself, you will increase my difficulties considerably;" to which Mr. Cheeseman replied that now that Tarrant had taken the affair in hand be felt easier.

On their way, Tarrant put a few pertinent questions, "Where," he asked. "did you last see this document. Mr. Cheeseman?"

"At Brinstair's office. We locked it up again in the box reserved for my papers."

"When was that?"

"On Friday last." "And this is Wednesday. And you haven't seen it since then?"

"No. I was going north on Saturday, and arranged to meet Brinstair a Mansfield yesterday."

"Could Brinstair have put it in the wrong box by mistake?"

"Impossible! He had the box brought in, stood it on a table beside his desk, opened it and took out the lease. When we had finished with it, he put it back. I distinctly remember seeing him relock the box.:" "And dld he put the box back in its

place?" "That I don't remember-I'm not

sure-I don't think he did, though, while I stayed." "Where did you go then?" "To my own office in Cannon street,

where I had an appointment, and then home." "What did that appointment have

reference to?"

chase of some shares and debentures.

"Not to this matter in any way." "Then that wouldn't belp us?" "No; It was merely to close up a pur-

It was too late to deposit the certificates in a safer place, so I put them "Who has an interest in abstracting

"Strange Disappearance of a Lawyer. | or destroying this assignment of the

brought the action for trespass." "Well, Mr. Cheeseman, here we are



STYMB STARISS AT IT.

at the offices. We shall soon know if Mr. Itr'astair has been heard of. An amount of bastle nursual in the quiet building was apparent as they approached the stairway leading to Mr. Brinstair's offices.

A police inspector was leaving the from as they drew near. "Are you on this Job?" he asked Mr. Tarrant.

"A side Issue only," replied Tarrant. Have you any clue to the mystery?" "Nothing conclusive. Mr. Brinstair's hat, identified by his card inside the lining, has been found in the river. That may mean something or nothing-

a cine or a ruse !" "Exactly. We can go in?"

"Certainly, Come in! There is no one here but a constable and Mr. Brinstair's confidential clerk. Nothing has been disturbed. It is evident that Mr. Brinstair was induced to leave his office hy somebody or for some purpose during the evening, and never came back as he intended when he left."

"Well: I am not interested professionally in his disappearance, otherwise than as it might bear on a missing document belonging to this gentleman, Mr. Cheeseman. I only want the box, in which the papers were kept, and the portmanteau examined." Tarrant turned to the confidential clerk, and added "Perhaps you will oblige me by going

through them while I am here." "It is no good," interposed Mr. theesemen, irritably, "doing that again. We have gone through the lot,"

"Do you really want me to find this paper for you?" asked Tarrant, with fust a shade of annoyance in his tone. "Certainly. Of course I do:"

"Well, then, oblige me going straight to your office and waiting there till I some to you or send for you. You really

Mr. Cheeseman was so amazed that, for the first time this morning, his muscles had a rest. Murmuring something indistinguishable, he turned and left the room.

"Now, sir," said Tarrant, to the confidential clerk, who proceeded to make another search under the keen eye of the detective, who meanwhile engaged him in conversation.

"Curiously excitable man, this Mr. "Yes; even more so this morning

than usual." "Naturally nervous and impulsive,

"Very : he always comes in and goes out like a whiriwind when he calls have missed the

"You were not present, I suppose, when he saw Mr. Brinstair on Fri-"No, sir; they were in Mr. Brin-

stair's private room." "Did you speak to him when he came out?" "Only to say 'Good afternoon' to

hlm. He passed through with his us ual rush, murmuring something about being late for an appointment." "Do you remember handling Mr.

Cheeseman's box that day?" "Yes, I took it into the private room and afterwards replaced it."

"Was that after Mr. Cheeseman had

"After he had gone out; yes, sir." "How old is Mr. Brinstair?" "About sixty-five, I think sir."

"In good health?" "Fairly good. Work has been pressing rather beavily on him of late. He had an unusually large number of

briefs for this circuit." "Accustomed to work late here?"

"Often." "A temperate man?"

"Strictly." "Smoke?"

"Rather excessively, I should sayten or a dozen cigars a day." "Where does he keep his cigars

"In a box in the drawer of his "Oblige me by bringing the box

The clerk went into the inner room, and presently returned with a cigar box in his hand. "This," he said, "is the only one I find, and it is empty." Tarrant glanced at it, thanked him, and added that he had no further use

"Well, inspector," said Tarrant, few moments later; that document isn't here. I didn't suppose it was, but the time hasn't been wasted. Have you telegraphed to the Mansfield police

"No," answered the inspector, sur prised. "Why?"

"Well, I should if I were you. Ask if a man answering Brinstair's description has turned up, wandering in the streets of that town. I will come back in about an hour to see if you have an abswer."

They left the offices together, the inpector to act on Turrant's hint, and the latter visited the nearest cigar "Nobody but the pople who have shops, Finally, at one of them, he learned that a gentleman who, from the shopkeeper's account, bore some re semblance to the missing man, came to a few evenings before at about ten o'clock and bought a dozen cigars of a special brand not often called for.

Asked if he had any conversation with this customer, the shopkeeper replied, "Well, now, I most forget. I remember he remarked it was a bot night, and-oh, yes; he said he wondered if it would be cooler down on the water front. He lit one of the cigars and went out, and I haven't seen him since."

Tarrant wandered down to the water front, also lit a cigar, and leaned on the rail, with his eyes on the traffic on the river. He changed his locality three or four times, always, apparently, selecting a spot near a sent where one or more of the homeless frequenters of these out-door lodgings were sitting. Presently, an idea or a recollection struggled into the mind of one of the tattered and unshaven ones, and he brightened up a bit, and called out to Tarrant, "Yer'll lesse yer hat, mister, if you nin't seerful."

Tarrant, turning to him,

"Well; a gent like you comes down here tother night, and stands asmokin at the river, an' talking to hisself like an', tiawd bless re, his hat went over an' he nearly went over after it. He might have gave me that hat instead o' sendin' it down the river."

"I'm obliged to you for the informa

tion, my friend. Do you think it is

worth a quarter?" "Thruk 'e, mister; easy earned," Tarrant stolled back to Brinstalr's offices. The inspector met him with an expression of admiration on his face. "You hit It. Mr. Tarrant," he said "our man was picked up wandering in the streets of Mansfield last night quite out of his mind like. Couldn't remember his name, or where he lived or what he was in Mansfield for.

was detained, and is being taken care of; but how did it occur to you, sir? "Why, such things happen, inspector. There was no good ground to suspect foul play or suicide, and I imagined that a man who had overworked and oversmoked himself might collapse like that. You knew he had not turned up in New York. What more likely than he should follow out a fixed purpose and make his way to the station and

conscious of what he was doing?" "I see; but how did his hat get into

book for Mansfield, though quite un

the river. I wonder?" "He had smoked his last cigar, and wanted another. He went to buy one, meaning to come directly back, but it was a hot night, and he turned down to the water front, thinking it might be cooler. There is a poor wretch down there, who, for a quarter, will tell you how he lost his hat while leaning over the rail. It was then, in my judgment, that his memory left him. When the mind is just on the balance, a very little thing will topple it over-

as well as a hat." "But this doesn't find Mr. Cheeseman's paper, sir; does it?"

"No: we'll let Mr. Cheeseman find that himself. Do you want to go with

"If you please: I am curlous." They took a cab to Cannon street. and found Tarrant's excitable client pacing up and fro in a state of dis-He welcomed Tarrant with effusion. "Have you any good news for me?" he cried.

The detective smiled that bland and non-committal smile of his.

"I think," he cried, "you told me that your appointment after you left Brinstair last Friday had nothing to do with the Terrivale coal mine lease. "Nothing whatever I do assur

"Well; it is very queer that you The Secret of Cheeseman."

"But that is ridiculous, Mr. Turrant I tell you Tarrant stopped his protestations with a gesture. "Suppose I prove a connection to your antisfaction; what

would you give?" "A thousand dollars."

The detective turned to the inspector, saying, "Now, see what over-confidence will bring a man to;" and then, to his client, he added, "It won't cost you so much as that, Mr. Cheeseman. Have you those debentures and share certificates here?"

"Yes; still in my safe."

it in dumb amazement.

"Look them over, please, carefully." Mr. Cheeseman opened his safe, took out a packet, secured by a rubber band, ran them over slowly, and, when he reached the last, stood staring at

"You have found the document, Mr. Cheeseman?" asked Tarrant, quietly. left it locked in your private box at Brinstair's office. You had forgotten that, after it had been restored to the box and just as you were leaving, in a great hurry to keep your appointment (for which you were already late), a question arose which made another glance at the paper advisable. | sign. It was taken from its place, examined no doubt hastlly, while your mind was intent on the subject of the coming apyour watch while you held the paper ring. in your hand and rushed away, after your manner, quite anconscious that you took the lease with you."

Cheeseman, grasping his recovered

"No." said Tarrant; "I don't solve \$2.00. marvels, only very ordinary mysteries. Your little lapse of memory was not so serious as Brinstair's, but there is a certain analogy."

"Still," remarked the inspector, as he walked away with Tarrant; "I don't quite see how you jumped to the conclusion that Mr. Cheeseman had himself brought the document away

from his offices." "By the very simple process,' answered Tarrant, "of eliminating every other way of accounting for its disappearance. It was not among his other papers at Brinstair's office, nor in the satchel Brinstair had packed to take away with him. The finding of Brinstair at Mansfield proved that he had neither run away nor been the victim of foul play, and there was not a scintilla of evidence of an attempt to steal the paper. Then Mr. Cheeseman must have taken it himself, and the state of his nerves is quite sufficient to account for his complete ignorance of having done so."-Pennsylvania

DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION.

Lois Brought About a Little Revo-

lution of Her Own. Lois Barton threw down the paper with an exciamation of impatience, but even from the floor various portraits stared at her. She caught the sheets up and thrust them flercely into her

waste basket, "It's all very well to have patriotic societies and big meetings and banquets, but I'd like to know what good It does poor people who can't afford the dues. I'll warrunt not one in five hundred of them had a great-greatgrandmother who sent her husband and five sons to the war and captured two prisoners berself. But what does anybody care about it except me? And I don't believe I care very much I'd. "What makes you think so?" asked defy anybody to care much for any thing when she's alone in the world. with nothing to do except swing like

> boarding house." Let she did care, and she knew that she did. Insuisibly her thoughts drifted to that other woman of her rare. whose splendld courage still shone li a beacon across a hundred and thirt;

> a pendulum between her office and her

"I'd like to have known her." Lois sald, with flashing eyes. Then suddenly she caught a glimpse of herself in the glass. For a moment she stood still, held spellbound by what she saw. Then

a duil red began to climb into her face. "I could bear her loneliness-not seeing a soul for six weeks that winterbut I can't beer mine in a cityful of people. I could fight a redcoat or endure army discipline, but I can't take the trouble to put on a fresh collar or fix my hair becomingly. Lois Barton, do you think she would have been

proud of you?" There was much to do; she was ashamed that there was so much. But her "fighting blood" was enlisted now, and she did not shirk. She put a new binding on her skirt, polished her shoes, brushed dress and hat, put on a clean collar, tied her ribbon in the latest bow, and finally arranged her hair as she had not work it for three years.

After that she faced herself once more. "This revolution has got to last!" she assured her reflection in the glass. Then, the dinner beil ringing, she went briskly down to the cabbage-scented dining room-they had cabbage twice a week, and she loathed it,

The tired little seamstress in the seat next her glauced up, and her worn face "I didn't think I could eat a month-

ful," she said, "but somehow you look so bright and fresh that it rests me. You don't mind may telling you, do you?'-Youth's Companion.

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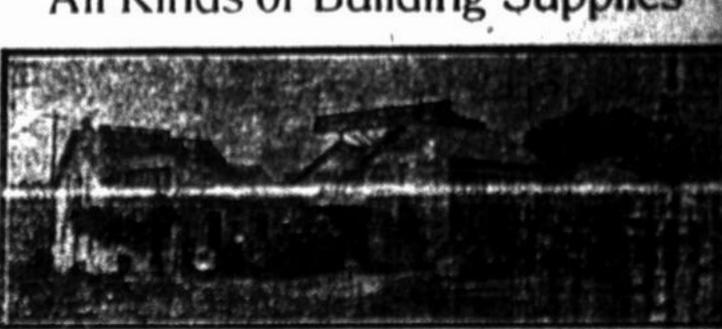
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