

WHAT MAKES A MAN?

Not numerous years, nor lengthened life, Not petty chafes and a wife's rings, Not such like trifling things...

EDDY'S SEARCH OR A BRAVE BOY'S BATTLE.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

The outlook was indeed dismal for Eddy and Gorse, whom we left bound hand and foot, locked in separate cells...

No one came near the prisoners throughout the remainder of the day of their capture. The Mexican woman, Francesca...

There was another, the thought of whom had power to blanch his cheeks and greatly deepen his awful anguish...

"Father! Mother! Tina!" he cried aloud, sobbing wildly, and beating his fettered hands together...

doomed too. It's a hard ending to all our hopes and plans, my boy. I've had some sad and bitter thoughts about you...

"If you had not devoted yourself to me, you would not have been here, I should," said Eddy remorsefully...

"I have brought you something to keep your strength," said the old woman, peering at Eddy through the darkness...

"No, no, I am thirsty," was the response. "I am very feverish."

"Do he mean to kill us to-night?" cried Eddy. "I don't know," said Francesca...

"Father! Mother! Tina!" he cried aloud, sobbing wildly, and beating his fettered hands together...

hundred dollars to assist him. I will give you two hundred dollars to free us. "Two hundred! Impossible!"

"It is not impossible. I have \$100 on my person," cried Eddy, his young face all aghast...

"Where's the money?" she asked, taking a step toward him. "It is on my person, Release me and I will give it to you."

"You can make Vellis think that I undid my bonds, and when you came into the cell, I knocked you down, released my friend, and escaped, saying that he would cancel for me."

"We would want you to take back the money or harm you," exclaimed Eddy. "Gorse echoed the words."

"The old woman studied their faces attentively listening meanwhile for the sound of footsteps from above...

"Call Francesca!" said Vellis, raising his hat on the floor. "Gawd! What's that? Barker? I am in to begin my little revenge!"

Eddy and Gorse held their breath, and looked toward the door. The old woman, however, did not seem to be in the least surprised...

"The old woman's face lit up, and she stepped to the door. "Come on, my boys, let's see what you can do!"

"Heaven! where is it?" said Gorse in a frenzy. "At the same moment Eddy's hand closed on it. He tore it from the nail, felt for the key-hole, and snatched the key."

"In that instant came a cry from the cellar—a wild roar—the sound of tramping feet rushing for the stairs."

"The fugitives sped along the street to the southward, turned the nearest corner, and then sped up stairs with their usual swiftness...

out into the street. I don't believe those fellows would dare attack us so near the hotel. Let us go boldly for the hotel."

As usual, the bar-room was full of men. It was, however, unlike the crowds in most of the San Francisco hotels...

"Just an ounce and a quarter," said the young man. "That's all right, my boy, but you'll have to wait a moment."

"A light was burning in the room. A hard dry sob was choked in each throat. Neither dared to speak their grief, but the others could see it, and thereby give to it the weight of belief."

"If we're going to Oakland, we'd better be off," said Gorse, in a choked sob. "We'll find it difficult to get a boat at this hour."

"The captain here," said Eddy, "I heard him say once that he had been at this port twice. He would be glad to know of the rigging. I'm going to-night, when Tina is found."

This week. After we left the bank a boy came running after us with a note purporting to be from the bank clerk. The boy seemed an honest little fellow.

"We must put the police on that house," he ejaculated. "What good will that do?" asked Gorse.

"That's so," said Gorse. "She went to Oakland. Eddy, you'd better go to the office. I'll get a man to take me over to Oakland."

"I shall go too," said Eddy firmly. "Do you think I could sleep with Tina in danger? I shall assist in the search for her."

"The great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference..."

"A substance which, it is believed, may become to some extent a substitute for cotton, was exhibited at a meeting of the Linnæan Society on May 11th."

ON A LOCOMOTIVE. We never saw a more graphic sketch of the sensation of riding on an engine than one contributed to the Independent by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmadge...

Some situations will soon be vacant because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they dare not show their fathers, and are ashamed to let their mothers see...

By telegram from Scotland we are informed of the occurrence of a very melancholy and fatal accident in Glasgow yesterday. An explosion of steam took place in a flour mill...

Hold your breath! Ravine a deep, and feet deep on this side! Embankment one thousand feet up the other! As we turn the curve the engineer pulls the steam-valve, and the silence that chiefly reigned here for six thousand years lets slip its sounds of echo and rumour...

When I how we fly! If a bolt break, or a track fail, or a rock dislodge, we are in eternity! Innumerable varieties of flowers break their alabaster at the feet of the cliffs, but yonder the mountain tops are blooming into the white light of heaven...

John L. Thomas, who came from Ireland fifteen years ago and began on a day before, is now the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in the city of St. Louis, having in common of occupation twenty nine buildings with future plans even more extensive...

WANTED A BOY WITH TEN POINTS. 1. Honest. 2. Pure. 3. Obedient. 4. Active. 5. Industrious. 6. Intelligent. 7. Obedient. 8. Steady. 9. Polite. 10. Neat.

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