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> Address JOHN G. HALL,

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

SELECT STORY. THE MAN OF MANY VAGARIES. A Seaside Sheich.

Mr. Lundy was a peculiar-looking man, with a thin face, and long, straight hair, that he fancied never needed cut. He had, at one time, been very him." unfortunate in his business; but, though was not in a condition to enjoy it. The madam?" faet is, Mr. Lundy was a confirmed hypochondriac.

home and humored his whims, but one can only help him." senson her pretty daughter wanted to go to a watering place, not for any disease as they bened from the door was a grand in particular, but to see the world and and sonorous " cock a doo die do ! the young folks in it.

Behold, them then, comfortably es, "what a sad spectacle you are making tablished in a sea side hotel. For two of yourselt." Behold, them then, comfortably es, days Mr. Lundy had been all right; but looks and motions. Her book fell from | Cock a doo dle do!" her hand; Minnie turned pale.

" He's been flighty all the morning." said Mrs. L. "Dear, dear, see him can you stop this ridiculous exhibition?" whirl—what is it, Lundy?" "Trust me, madam," said the young

"A feather, my dear-a feather; man, biting his lip, for the sight was alcatch me -hold me. Don't you see the | most too rediculous for his gravity. saturated—yes, wet through, Mrs Lun.
dy, I beg you to catch me; pin me to
your bonnet; I shall be sale there. Just
see how frightfully I ruffle; the slightimported?"

aresing the dufficed man, was a
magnificent creature! Why, his feath.
ers are a yard long. Where did you
get such a splendid specimen? Is he
imported?" est puff of air agitates me throughout. I'd rather be anything than this; do put me in your bonnet, my dear."

"I'll put you in a mad-house, before "if you cut up such capers. Come into the botel, Mr. Lundy."
"Come into the hotel, madam; you

talk as if I had legs. Did you ever see a feather walk? Why, I'm lighter than a snow drift; I wish I had a brick in with exertion, he said: my hat to keep me down Ah! I envy of me for a pin? Am I a hen-feather, onds." or a duck feather, or what ?"

sick of your vagaries. First you're a chaff." cat on the roof, mowing and keeping everybody awake; then you're a glass bottle, full of water, freezing and snap-

squeeze me in your hand, anything, that dead fowl in his arms.

I may feel safe in your protecting care, "I assure you, sir, it had to be done."

Um floating-(singing.) "'I'm affoat, I'm affoat!'-ahwhat's that?"

"Nothing, Mr. Lundy, but Joe's whip. I called him from the coachhouse; lay on Joe."

"But, my love, my legs." "Nonsense, Mr. Lundy; lay on Joe. Feathers haven't got legs.

"True, Mrs. L. but they have marrow, and that's what feels. Pray beg Joe to stop."

Just then ran up little Tom-the only male hope of the Lundy family-and, strange to say, in his hand a handsome hen's feather. A triumphant smile il. lamed the face of Lundy the elder.

" Now, my dear," he said, gravely taking the feather in his hand. "I hope you'll believe me. My child, look on that feather, and be thankful; that was me. And little Tom, chuckling at the idea,

ran up and down the piazza, repeating merrily-

" Pa was a hen, once; dear me, how

funny. Minnie Lundy was captivating; there is no doubt about that. In pink, blue, white or green she looked equally charming. There were rich men there who would like to charm her, and nice There were rich men there men, and silly men-silly to that extent that they were fools, and didn't know it. But it happened that a young physician was luckier than them all and poorer. "I must have that girl," he said, sotto voce, a dozen times a day, and then heartily wished that she had the fever. He was very handsome. Probably he saw Minnie through the back of his head, for he was always looking out of the window when she

came in, and always blushed violently. One day Minnie followed her mother into the parlor. As usual, Dr. Stag was there.

"My dear," cried Mrs. Lundy, who had just come from the garden, " you look excited."

"O mamma !"-and her voice was so sweetly low, so softly agitated-" we shall have to leave this place, indeed we shall. Father is taking on terribly; some of the boarders are laughingothers are shocked."

"And what is the freak now, my dear?"

"Oh! he's a rooster, and crows till he is black in the face. "A rooster! horrible! And here we are -not a doctor we know-Somebody wheeled round from the



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ing the door, discovered the stranger

"What do you want?" I abruptly

I will tell you," answered the same

"Come in," said I, resolutely throw-

his torehead, and looked me curiously

but I acknowledged to a little nervous-

necessary articles of clothing. As the

is I was confounded.

what way can I serve you?"

recognize me ?"

was the reply.

quired.

quired.

cent a compensation."

door blindfolded."

the conditions, to accept your offer."

esty, and I felt some gratification in be.

Well, then, if it is absolutely neces-

'To whom does the vault belong?']

Then why so much secrecy? or ra-

'I seereled him there to escape the

ther, how came a man confined in such

observation of my husband. He sus-

pected as much and ctosed the door on

him. Presuming he had left the vault,

and quitted the house by the back door,

I did not dream, until to day that he

was confined there. Certain suspicious

acts of my husband this afternoon con-

human hearing, and will be starved to

death by my barbarous husband, unless

immediately rescued. For three days

he has not left the house. I 'drugged

him less than an hour ago, and he is

now so stupefied that the lock may be

have searched his pockets, but could

to you. Now you know all; will you accompany me?"

such an errand.

cab waiting at the door.'

'To the end of the world, madam, on

'Then prepare yourself; there is a

I was a little surprised, for I had not

heard the sound of wheels. Hastily

drawing on a coat, and providing my-

self with the required implements, I

was soon at the door. There, sure en-

ough was the cab, with the driver in his

seat, ready for the mysterious journey.

I entered the vehicle, followed by the

lady. As soon as I was seated she pro-

duced a heavy handkerchief, which by

the faint light of an adjacent street

picked without his interference.

inquired.
'My husband,' was the somewhat re-

' No-nor five thousand.'

pick the lock of a vault, and -

confined there for three days."

luctant reply.

a place?

rupted ; 'I am not at your service.'

soft voice, "if you open the door wide

enough for me to enter."

the-ahem-need of a doctor. Excuse my forwardness-but I am a physi-

Of course Minnie was more beautiful than ever in her confusion.

"My poor husband has an unfortunate tendency that annoys everybody near me." " Perhaps he is a hypochoudrine. I

made rich since by a large legacy, he think I have seen him. Where is he "On the north porch," said Minuie.

" And I am sure we are very much For many years Mrs. L. had staid at obliged," added the mother, "if you The first sound that struck their cars.

"I'm not a spectacle, good woman; one morning his good wife know what I'm a rooster. Get out of my way - do was coming, by the peculiarity of his you not notice the expanse of my wings?

" What shall we do?" cried the poor wife, turning to the doctor. "O, sir, " Trust me, madam," said the young

wind is blowing me everywhere? It "Upon my word," he continued, adwill take me out to sea, and I shall got dressing the deluded man, "what a out."

"Cock-n doo-dle do!" yelled the hu. man biped, struting more than ever. "That woman has nothing to do with me, sir-nothing at all. I'm a rooster such a way that you'd never want to be long," muttered the exasperated wife, en my own account-cock a-doo-dle-

> Here the doctor gave orders aside to one of the servants, who went away grinning. Then turning to the rooster, who was by this time red in the face

"I declare it makes my mouth water everything stationary. Observe how I to think what a capital dinner that bird quiver; stick a pin in me, my dear, and would furnish. May I wring his neck, think I've snuffed them up my nose. fasten me to the floor. Is there enough madam? It will take but a few sec-

"No, you don't," cried the other; "Goose feather, if anything, you "I'm tough-I'm very tough-I'm an tiresome mortal," cried his wife. "I'm old bird, sir-not to be caught with

"But you are a rooster; what clae are you good for?"

"Good to crow, sir; good to crow." ping; you're anything and everything and forthwith ensued the loudest screach but a reasonable man. I'm tired of it of all, succeeded by a sommersault and a scusation of sufficiency. Another mogoodness to put me in your pocket? ment and the servant appeared with a struggles.

dy rubbed his face and pinched his

" Did you really wring my neck, sir ?" the hypochondriae asked gravely. "When you were a rooster, certain.

" Did I die game!" asked the other, with a manner of solemn importance. "You did-particularly game," re.

plied the doctor. "Thank you, sir. It I should hap, pen to turn into a rooster again, I shall

know where to go. " I shall be most happy to-to wring

your neck for you, sir, on any such interesting occasion. " Very kind, I'm sure. If you should ever get into trouble, John Lundy will

stand your friend." " Do you promise me that, sir ? " "I do, and I never break my word." After that, Minnie walked in the

garden sometimes ; and Minnie was not lone-not she.

"I love violets best," said the doctor to her one day.

"And I roses." So Minuic, being the least bit sentimental, goted Pope on roses-something about dew. And the doctor went on Shakespeare, very bad, indeed, till somehow, in some way-he never could tell how or in what way (neither could she)-he said it.

See dictionary for "it." "Indeed, I must not listen to this," murmured Minnie dying to hear it again. "My father, if he knew--"Would disapprove, perhaps," eried the young doctor. "And why? Because I am poor. And you, too, per.

"No, no; I-I-you know I-love

you-but-" Hark! Who calls ? "

Enter Tommy. "Oh, sis, pa's took again, and he's going it awful!"

"What is it now, dear?" asked Minuie, with the face of an angel; but family. Besides, you promised me perhaps she wasn't a little cross at the interruption.

"Oh, he's a sofa, and ma says please somebody come and smash him all to

"What shall we do?" sighed Minnie; "that is the most ridiculous freak of

" Don't be frightened, my love," said the doctor. "Tommy, run right home and tell your mother I will be there in a few minutes. Now, Minnie, there is but one way I know to cure your father, for hotels? The inn-experienced.

"Madam-I heard you speak of- at once and for all, and that is by giving him a shock.

" What! of electricity?" "No dear-far more powerful than that. You must go to that little brown house over there, and be married." "Oh, never; my father will kill

"Does he ever break his word?" "I never knew him to."

" All right, He promised me that if I should ever get into trouble he would help me out."

"Did he, really? Then he will."
"But it is necessary that we give him the shock first. Delay not, my darling; you shall never regret it."

Of course she went. " All Insk is that nobody'll sit on "John-Mr. Lundy," cried his wife. me, for I'm cracked. Besides, I'm just varnished, and not quite dry yet. Do, my dear, stand at the door and tell people as they come in that I cannot be sat

on, or in any way meddled with. I'm so flimsily fastened together." This was the speech that greeted Dr. Stag as he entered Mr. Lundy's parler

with Minnie. Mrs. L. was in tears. " Doctor, as soon as ever I get home I'll have that ridiculous man carried directly to the hospital-indeed I will,' cried the poor woman. " I've borne it long enough, and I'm completely worn

"So am I, my dear," piped up her husband, "I expect I'm second-hand; shouldn't wonder in the least, my legs feel so shaky. Pray don't touch me. Isn't one roller gone, my dear?"

"Roller gone-your wits are gone. I wish I was a man. I'd varnish you in a sofa again, or any piece of furniture." The doctor stood near, gravely consid.

ering.
'My dear, are you better as you are, for I see in the last five minutes you have come out washbowel and pitcher. But isn't your nose a little cracked, or do I see awry? I shouldn't wonder, for my head is full of brass tacks. 1 It's worse than influenza.'

' Was ever poor creature so afflicted?' murmured Mrs. Sofa-I mean Mrs. Never, my love. I protest that if I

could be anything else I would-but a ofa I am, and a poor one at that." At that moment the doctor sprang forward and planted himself upon the

prestrate body of Mr. Lundy. 'Capital sofa this,' he said, keeping his position in spite of his victim's

' Get up-I'm cracking in six pieces. Good heavens! you'll ruin mesaid the doctor, gravely, and Mr. Lun. break my back. Get up till I'm proporly mended, for pity' sake."

Upon my word, said the doctor calmly, 'this piece of furniture acts as If it was alive. It kicks and wriggles and makes me laugh at its anties. What a ridiculous sofa!"

'I tell you I'm second-hand:' cried the hypochondriae more faintly than before, for 130 pounds, dead weight, was no light infliction. 'I'm brass tacked -old-very old-full of eracks-one roller gone. O! pray don't lean your

weight on me.' The doctor lifted himself cautiously. The sofn gave one deep inspiration. The doctor looked serious.

' Are you sure you are a sofa?' · Of course I am.'

'Then you are no longer Mr. Lundy. 'I am no longer Mr. Lundy.' . Can you keep a secret?

' Certainly I can.' Do you know old Lundy's daugh

'I guess I do.' ' Won't you let on to the old fellow if tell you something?"

' Not if you say no.' 'Well, I've just married her. She's my wife."

Off went the sofa like a gun." What! You villian! 'Take care-you'll break !' cried the

'You young rascal!' " You old sofa!"

'You desperate young thief!' 'You ricketty old sofa, with your head full of brass tacks, I tell you, cried the doctor, 'if you had not been a feather, and a rooster, and a sofa, and the cats know what,-you'd looked after your daughter better than you have. But come, let's be friends, and thank me for caring you. You'll never be a hypochondraic again-I'll take good care of that-for you see it's a nice thing to have a medical adviser in the

me through. Come, come, let's be quits. 'I see I can't help myself,' said the old man gravely; but I tell you what, I shall consider you a thief until you are able to support your wife in the style she is accustomed to.'

last of the trouble. Who are the best kind of servants

It is needless to add, that was the

THE IRON VAULT. mer, and proceeded to the door. I pushed back the bolt, and slowly open.

THE LADY AND THE LOCKSMITH.

already upon the steps. I live in San Francisco, and am a locksmith by trade. My calling is a incuired. strange one, and possesses a fascination rendering it one of the most agreeable of pursuits. Many who follow it, see nothing in it but labor-think of noth. ing but its returns ingold and silver .--To me, it has other charms than the money it produces. I am called upon, almost daily, to open doors and peer in. to long-neglected apartments; to spring man, with a heavy Raglar, around his the stubborn locks of safes, and gloat shoulders, and a blue navy cap drawn upon the treasures piled within; to suspiciously over the eyes. As I adquietly enter the upartments of ladies with more beauty than discretion, and pick the locks of drawers containing peace desfroying missives, that the dan in the face. I did not drop the candle gerous evidences of wandering affection may not reach the eye of a husband, or father, possessing the missing key; to force the fastenings of cash boxes, and depositories of records, telling of men made suddenly rich, of corporations plundered, of orphans robbed, of hopes crushed, of families raised. Is there no charm in all this ?-no food for speculation ?-no scope for the range of pleasant fancy? Then, who would not be a locksmith, though his face is begrimed with the soot of the forge, and his hands are stained with rust?

But I have a story to tell-not exactly a story, either—for a story implies the completion as well as the beginning of a narrative-and mine is scarcely more than the introduction to one .-Let him who deals in fancy write the rest. In the spring of 1856-I think it was in April-I opened a little shop on Kearney street, and soon worked my. self into a fair business. Late one eve. ning, a lady, closely veiled, entered my shop, and pulling from beneath a cloak a small japanued box requested me to open it. The lock was curiously constructed, and I was all of an hour fitting it with a key. The lady seemed ner, your at the delay, and at length requested me to close the door. I was a little surprised at the suggestion, but of course complied. Shutting the door, and returning to my work, the lady withdrew her veil, disclosing as sweet a face as can well be imagined. There was a restlessness in the eye and a pallor in the cheek, however, which plainly told of a heart ill at case, and in a moment every emotion for her had given

place to that of pity. "Perhaps you are not well, madam, and the night air is too chilly?" said I

rather inquisitively. questing you to close the door, I had no other object than to escape the atten.

tion of persons." I did not reply, but thoughtfully continued my work. She resumed, "That ing able to convince her of the fact. little box contains valuable papersprivate papers-and I have lost the key, or it has been stolen. I should not wish to have you remember that ever I came here on such an orrand," she continued with some hesitation, and giving me a look which it was not difficult to understand.

" Cortainly, madam, if you desire it If I cannot forget your face, I will at least attempt to lose the recollection of ever seeing it here."

The lady bowed rather coldly at what I considered a fine compliment, and I proceeded with my work, satisfied that a sudden discovered partiality for me had nothing to do with the visit. Hav. ing succeeded, after much filing and cutting, in turning the lock, I was saized with a curiosity to get a glimpse at the precious contents of the box, and suddenly raising the lid, discovered a bundle of letters and a daguerrootype, as I slowly passed the box to its owner. She seized it hurriedly, and placing the letter and picture in her pocket, locked the box, and drawing the veil over her face, pointed to the door. I opened it, and as she passed into the street, she merely whispered-" Remember ! "-We met again, and I have been thus particular in describing her visit to the shop, to render probable a subsequent

recognition. About two o'clock in the morning, in the latter part of May following, I was awoke by a gentle tap upon the window of the little room back of the shop, in which I lodged. Thinking of burglars, I sprang out of bed, and in a moment was at the window, with a heavy hammer in my hand, which I usually kept at that time within convenient reach of my bedside.

"Who's there?" I inquired, raising the hammer and peering out into the once that If I was in trouble you'd help darkness-for it was as dark as Egypt when under the curse of Israel's God. "Hist!" exclaimed a figure, stepping in front of the window; "open the door, I have business for you.

" Rather past business hours, should say; but who are you?" "No one that would harm you," returned the voice which was rather femi.

nine for a burglar's. " Nor no one that can!" I replied, rather emphatically, by way of a warning, as I tightened my grip on the ham.

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rect course from the point of starting. Examining the bandage to see that my vision was completely obscured, the lady handed me the hundle of tools with which I was provided, then taking me by the arm, led me through a gate into a house which I knew was of brick. and after taking me through? a passage way which could not have been less fifty feet in length, and down a flight of ing the door ajar, and proceeding to stairs into what was evidently an underlight a candle. Having succeeded, I ground basement, stopped beside a vault, turned to examine the visitor. He was and removed the handkerchief from my a small and neatly dressed gentle-

'Here is the vault-open it,' said she, springing the door of a dark lantern, and throwing a beam of light upon the lock.

vanced toward him he seemed to hesi. tate a moment, then raised the cap from I seized a bunch of skelefon keys, and after a few triols, which the lady seemed to watch with the most painful anxiety, sprang the bolt. The door swung upon its hinges, and my companness as I hurriedly placed the light on a little table, and silently proceeded to ion, telling me not to it close, as it was invest myself with two or three very self-locking, sprang into the vault. I heard the murmur of low voices within, Lord liveth, my visitor was a lady, and and the next moment a lady appeared. the same for whem I had opened the and leaning upon her arm'a man, with a face so pale and haggard that I startlittle box about a month before! Haved at the sight. [How he must have ing completed my hasty toilet, I atsuffered during the three long days of tempted to stammer an apology for my rudeness, but utterly failed. The fact his confinement!

'Remain here,' she said, handing me the lantern; 'I will be back in a mo-Smiling at my discomfiture, she said : "Disguise is uscless; I presume you

The two slowly ascended the stairs, and I heard them enter a room timme. "I believe I told you, madam, I diately above where I was standing .hould not soon forget your face. In In less than a minute the lady returned.

'Shall I close it, madam?' said I, "By doing half an hour's work before daylight to morrow, and receiving five hundred dollars for your labor," placing my hand upon the door of the vault. 'No! no!' she exclaimed, "hastily

"It is not ordinary work," said I, inseizing my arm; it awaits another oc. quiringly, " that commands so munificupant! Madam, you certainly do not intend

"It is a labor common to your callng," replied the lady. "The price is 'Are you ready?' she interrupted, impatiently holding the handkerchief to not so much for the labor, as the condition under which it is to be performed." my eyes. The thought flashed across "And what is the condition," I inmy mind that she intended to push me into the vault, and bury me and my so. cret together. She seemed to read the "That you will submit to being consuspicion and remarked: 'Do not be veyed from and returned to your own

alarmed. You are not the man! Ideas of murder, burglary, and almost every other crime to villainy, hur-I could not mistake the truth or the fearful meaning of the remark, and I riedly presented themselves to my vis. shuddered as I bent my head to the handkerchief. My eyes were carefully bandaged as before, and I was led to the ion, and I politely bowed, and said : " I must understand something more of the character of the employment, as well as cab, and thence driven home by a more circuitous route, if possible, than the · Will not five hundred dollars anone by which we came. Arriving in front of the house, the handkerchief swer in lieu of an explanation?' she inwas removed, and I stepped from the vehicle. A purse of five hundred dol-She patted her foot nervously on the lars was placed in my hand, and in a floor. I could see she had placed an moment the cab and its mysterious ocentirely too low an estimate on my honcupant were out of sight.

I entered the shop, and the purse of gold was the only evidence that I could summon in my bewilderment, that all ary for me to explain,' she replied, 'I that I had just done and witnessed was

must tell you that you are required to not a dream. A month after that, I saw the lady and the gentleman taken from the vault 'You have gone quite far enough, walking leisurety along Montgomery madam, with the explanation,' I inter. street. I do not know, but I believe the 'As I said,' she continued, 'you are sleeping husband awake within the vault, required to pick the lock of a vault, and and his bones are there to this day !rescue from death a man who has been | The wife is still a resident of San Fra

FACET.E.

What workman never turns to the left? A wheel wright.

The whole duty of man is frequently only to please himself. Women guilty of the folly of tight.

lacing, dress to kill. The Height of Absurdity .- A vegetarian attending a cattle show.

Why is a horse like the letter O? Because G makes it go. vince me that the man is there, beyond Why is a French franc of no value

compared with an American dollar ?-Because it is worth less. Why is a man in search of a philosopher's stone like Neptune? Because

he is a see king what don't exist. Tennyson speaks of ' the angel of the rainbow.' The angel must be an arch-

not find the key; hence my application angel. There is a bankruptcy even in the natural world. The day breaks and the light fails.

> Why is a sieve-cloth of a flour mill like a balky horse? Because it bolts the coarse.

> It has been asked when rain falls, does it get up again? Of course it. does, in dew time.

> Why is the fly one of the tallest in. sects? Because he stands over six feet without shoes or stockings.

> The American Gardener says that a hen 'will sit upon an oval brickbat as readily as an egg,' She must in such a case fancy herself a brick-layer.

lamp, she carefully bound round my eyes. The lady seated herself beside me, and the cab started. In half an Why may a foolish fellow reekon on hour it stopped-in what part of the the sympathy of a hatter? Because a city I am entirely ignorant, as it was hatter has always felt for a fellow in evidently driven in anything but a di. want of a head piece.