

Select Tale.

From an English Magazine.

SMUGGLED RELATIONS.

When I was a child, I remember to have had my ears boxed for informing a lady-visitor who made a morning call at our house, that a certain ornamental object on the table which was covered with marble, 'wasn't marble.'

Long after this, when my ears had been past boxing for a quarter of a century, I knew a man with a cork leg. That he had a cork leg—or, at all events, that he was at immense pains to take about with him a leg which was not his own leg, or a real leg—was so plain and obvious a circumstance, that the whole universe might have made affidavit of it.

I have had my share of going about the world; wherever I have been, I have found the marbled paper and the cork leg. I have found them in many forms, but, of all the Protean shapes, at once the commonest and strangest has been—Smuggled Relations.

I was on intimate terms for many, many years with my late lamented friend, Coggsford, of the great Greek house of Coggsford Brothers and Coggsford. I was his executor. I believe he had no secrets from me but one—his mother. That the agreeable old lady who kept his house for him was his mother, must be his mother, could not possibly be anybody but his mother; was evident; not to me alone but to everybody who knew him.

I was once acquainted with another man who smuggled a brother. This contraband relative made mysterious appearances and disappearances, and knew strange things.—He was called John—simply John. I have got into a habit of believing that he must have been under a penalty to forfeit some weekly allowance if he ever claimed a surname. He came to light in this way;—I wanted some information respecting the remotest of the Himalaya range of mountains, and I applied to my friend Benting (a member of the Geographical Society, and learned on such points) to advise me.

by no name whatever (a singularity that I always observed whenever I saw them together afterwards), and whose manner was curiously divided between familiarity and distance I found this man to have been over the Indies, and to possess an extraordinary fund of traveller's experience. It came from him, and to possess an extraordinary fund of traveller's experience. It came from him, and to possess an extraordinary fund of traveller's experience.

Other people, again, put these contraband commodities entirely away from the light, as smugglers of wine and brandy bury tubs. I have heard of a man who never imparted, to his intimate friend, the terrible secret that he had a relation in the world, except when he lost one by death; and then he would be weighed down by the greatness of the calamity, and would refer to his bereavement as if he had lost the very shadow of himself, from whom he had never been separated since the days of infancy.

Occasionally, smuggled relations are discovered by accident; just as those tubs may be, to which I have referred. My other half—I mean, of course, my wife—once discovered a large cargo in this way, which has been long concealed. In the next street to us, lived an acquaintance, of ours, who was a Commissioner of something or other, and kept a handsome establishment. We used to exchange dinners, and I have frequently heard him mention his own father as a 'poor dear good old boy,' who had been dead for an indefinite period.

net might have been given away. Curious to see to whom, she quickened her steps, and desoriled beneath it, an ancient lady of an iron-bound presence, in whom (for my Susannah has an eye) she instantly recognized the lineaments of the Commissioner. Eagerly pursuing this discovery, she, that very afternoon tracked down an ancient gentleman in one of the Commissioner's hats. Next day she came upon the trail of four stony majesties, decorated with artificial flowers out of the Commissioner's epergnes; and thus we dug up the Commissioner's father and mother and four sisters, who had been for some years secreted in lodgings round the corner and never entered the Commissioner's house save in the dawn of morning and shades of evening.

I have never been personally acquainted with any gentleman who kept his mother-in-law in the kitchen, in the useful capacity of Cook; but I have heard of such a case on good authority. I once lodged in the house of a genteel lady claiming to be a widow who had four pretty children, and might be occasionally overheard cooing an obscure man in a sleeve waistcoat, who appeared to be confined in some pit below the foundations of the house, where he was condemned to be always cleaning knives. One day, the smallest of the children crept into my room, and, pointing downward with a little chubby finger; 'Don't tell! It's Pa!' and vanished on tiptoe.

One other branch of the smuggling trade demands a word of mention before I conclude. My friend of friends in my bachelor days, became the friend of the house when I got married. He is Amelia's godfather; Amelia being the eldest of our cherubs. Through upwards of ten years he was backwards and forwards at our house three or four times a week, and always found his knife and fork ready for him. What was my astonishment on coming home one day to find Susannah sunk upon the oil-cloth in the hall, holding her brow with both hands, and meeting my gaze, when I admitted myself with my latch key, in a distracted manner! 'Susannah,' I exclaimed 'what has happened?' She merely ejaculated, 'Larver!'—that being the name of the friend in question. 'Susannah,' said I, 'what of Larver?' 'Speak! Has he met with any accident?' 'Is he ill?' Susannah replied faintly, 'Married—married before we were!' and would have gone into hysterics but that I make a rule of never permitting that disorder under my roof.

For upwards of ten years, my bosom friend Larver, in close communication with me every day, had smuggled a wife! He had at last confided the truth to Susannah, and had presented Mrs. Larver. There was no kind of reason for this, that we could ever find out.—Even Susannah had not a doubt of things being all correct. He had 'run' Mrs. Larver into a little cottage in Hertfordshire, and nobody ever knew why, or over will know. In fact, I believe there was no why in it.

The most astonishing part of the matter is, that I have known other men do exactly the same thing. I could give the names of a dozen in a footnote, if I thought it right.

Newton Blowing Soap Bubbles.

When Sir Isaac Newton changed his residence, and went to live at Leicester Place, his next door neighbor was a widow lady, who was much puzzled by the little she had observed of the habits of the philosopher. One of the Fellows of the Royal Society of London called upon her one day, when, among other domestic news, she mentioned that some one had come to reside in the adjoining house who she felt certain was a poor, crazy gentleman, 'because,' she continued, 'he diverts himself in the oddest ways imaginable. Every morning when the sun shines so brightly that we are obliged to draw the window-blinds, he takes his seat in front of a tub of soap-suds, and occupies himself for hours blowing soap-bubbles through a common clay pipe, and intently watches them floating about till they burst. He is doubtless now at his favorite amusement, she added; 'do come and look at him.'

The gentleman smiled, and then went up stairs, when, after looking through the window into the adjoining yard, he turned round and said, 'My dear madam, the person whom you suppose to be a poor lunatic is no other than the great Sir Isaac Newton, studying the refraction of light upon the surface of a common soap bubble.'

This anecdote serves as an excellent moral not to ridicule what we do not understand, but gently and industriously to gather wisdom from every circumstance around us.

The subjoined advertisement is extracted from an Irish newspaper: 'Missing from Killarney, Jane O'Fogarty, she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black, with red hair and tortoise shell combs behind her ears, and large spots all down her back; which squints awfully.'

Miscellaneous.

MEDICAL ITEMS.

The beneficial effects of camphor as an antidote to strychnine, is illustrated in a case reported by Dr. Tewkesbury, of Portland, Me. It appears that a boy was seized with convulsions, and it was ascertained that he had just eaten a biscuit picked up, at the door of an eating house, that was made for the purpose of killing rats, and contained about one and a half grains of strychnine. The boy's spasms were so severe that immediate death was inevitable, though all the usual remedies were resorted to. Camphor could not be introduced into the stomach on account of the continued lock-jaw. Accordingly, strong injections of camphor were used, and the body immersed in a hot camphor bath, and in a few hours the boy was comparatively well.

Dr. Jennings, of Salem, was recently called to visit a child that had been extremely troublesome for some months past. On examination, he found a small bunch on the child's breast, which being opened, a needle of about an inch long was discovered and removed.

The Journal of the Academy of Medicine, at Turin, contains some curious statistics on human life; among others, the statement that married men live longer than bachelors, and tall men longer than those of small stature.

An English writer in one of the Reviews, gives some curious items concerning the extensive adulteration of medicinal stuffs. For instance, epsom salts are adulterated with sulphate of soda; carbonate of soda with sulphate of soda—a very injurious substitute; mercury is sometimes falsified with lead, tin, and bismuth; gentian with the poisonous drugs aconita and belladonna; rhubarb with tumeric and gamboge; cantharides with black pepper; cod liver and castor oils and opium in a dozen different ways.

Prof. Faraday lately showed, by some curious experiments, the nature of the changes that are going on in the lungs during respiration. In order to prove the absorption of carbonic acids in the lungs, he presented on a plate a mass of charcoal, weighing three pounds, as representing the quantity that passes from the lungs of a man during every twenty-four hours. The volume of carbon in the atmosphere, though it contained only one per cent of carbonic, is, according to Prof. F., greater than all the carbon that is stored in coal strata in the earth, or spread on the surface of the globe.

Mr. Richmond has presented a memoir to the Society of Medicine at Lyons, with the title, 'Fresh Living Blood as a Remedy and Alimento.' He proposes to administer fresh and living blood in a large class of cases, and particularly where there is great exhaustion, privation of sleep, fatigue, grief or excess, where vegetable and mineral tonics have proved inefficient. He argues in favor of this plan from the fact that milk drawn directly from the mother by the infant is more wholesome than when standing some time out of its natural reservoir; from the fact that the snails, often recommended, are better digested raw, and the same is often the case with oysters.—Boston Post.

"You Forgot Me."

A good joke is told at the expense of one of our church-going citizens who is the father of an interesting family of children, and among them a bright-eyed boy numbering four or five summers, the pet of the household, and unannouncedly, voted the drollest little mischief alive. On Saturday night he had been bidden to keep penance and retire to bed an hour earlier than usual, with the promise that on the morrow he might go with the family to church. On Sunday morning it was found inconvenient to put the youngster through the regular course of washing and dressing necessary for his proper appearance at the sanctuary, and the family slipped off without him. They had not, however, more than got comfortably seated in their pew when he walked the youngster with nothing on but a night-wrapper and a cloth cap. "You forgot me," he said in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the church. The "feelings" of the parents can be more easily imagined than described.—Lafayette Journal.

Two worthy gentlemen were lately conversing in regard to the period when they had best enjoyed themselves. 'I will tell you, says one, 'when I most enjoyed life. Soon after I was twenty-one, I worked for Mr. —, laying stone wall, at twenty cents a day.' 'Well,' replied the other, 'that does not differ much from my experience. When I was twenty, I hired myself out at seven dollars a month. I have never enjoyed my life better since.' The experience of these two individuals teaches first, that one's happiness does not depend on the amount of his gains, or the station he occupies; second, that very small beginnings, with industry and prudence, may secure wealth.

PROFITABLE.—To read the Herald.

A Bachelor's Soliloquy.

A very worthy single gentleman, who had early and snugly enconced himself in one corner of the hall to hear a popular lecture, was forced to vacate his seat in consequence of the rush of ladies. On reaching his lodgings, he is said to have delivered himself in this wise:—'Where in grace and thunder do these hosts of women come from? They are on hand in every emergency, and are as gregarious as sheep. They have a hand in everything, and are in every place. No matter what may be the occasion, the women are sure to muster. Go into our places of amusement, and there you will see them as thick as flies in August. Look into our churches, and three quarters of the congregation are women. Go to a public oration or a charity lecture, or an abolition meeting, or a concert, or a meeting of spirit mediums, or a lyceum address,—any place where they can congregat,—and on a fair average, three quarters of the people present will be 'female women.' Where is it, thunder can they all come from? Go where you will, this woman rush is tremendous; absolutely tremendous. Why, look into families, and in nine cases out of ten, there may be seen six able-bodied women for one man! And take our social meetings: from the unpretending visits up to the great *Union Table* of modern fashionable life,—the Boston Almshouse,—and 'tis just the same. Women everywhere preponderate. They are in a majority. It constitutes, unquestionably M. De Treguville's celebrated 'Tyran.' And there seems no help for it; not a peg to hang a hope upon. As it is so here, it will be so hereafter. It is so on earth,' and, said he in tones of utter despair, 'It will be so in Heaven!'

In certain cities of our favored land, additional to the practice of printing druggists' pills, on board fences, stone walls, houses, &c, the culporteurs have been bringing the same means of impression into their service, and printing on them Scriptural injunctions. A gentleman was lately started, while passing through the street, to read upon a fence, 'Take Hobensack's Liver Pills,' and directly beneath it, 'Prepare to meet thy God.'

It is a curious fact that at parties, balls, or wherever a refreshment table is spread, every man seems to regard it as his just duty to fill himself to the very mouth with all the delicacies of the season, and to accomplish it in the least time possible—as if he was a gun, and anxious to ascertain his calibre, and find out how quick he could be loaded in case of necessity.

MEANNESS.—A few days since a man went to the railroad depot in Holyoke, Mass., just as the cars were starting, and took the shoes off an infant's feet as part pay for a debt its mother owed him.

It has been ascertained that people who take the papers and pay for them in advance are seldom struck by lightning. The season of thunder showers has arrived and delinquents will find it cheaper to pay up, than to purchase lightning rods.

Dry Goods.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS! THE LATEST FASHION STYLES. I am now receiving in New York and Philadelphia an immense stock of new, desirable and cheap goods which I would call the attention of all my old friends and customers, as well as the public generally. Having purchased most of my goods from the largest importing houses in New York, I am enabled to give better bargains than can be had at any other house in the county. Our assortment of

NEW STYLE DRESS GOODS Is large, complete and beautiful. Another lot of these elegant and cheap BLACK SILKS, embroidered handkerchiefs, shawls, collars, ruffles, and ties, and stockings, a stock that for extent and cheapness defies all competition. Muslins, gingham, calicoes, de leges, and linens, tickings, checks, a tremendous assortment—Gloves and Hosiery cheaper than ever. Cloths, shirtings, kerseys, cord, cottonades, &c. &c. a full assortment and very low in price.

CARPETS AND MATTINGS. An entire new stock of three ply, ingrain, cotton and venetian carpeting, bought very cheap and will be sold very low. Also white and colored Matting.

BOOTS AND SHOES. A large supply of ladies and gentlemen's boots, shoes and gaiters. Intending to give up the Grocery department, I will dispose of what I have on hand in that line, at low prices. Also some well made clothing on hand, which I will sell for less than cost as I want to close it out. Come one and all to the Old Stand on East Main Street, and select your goods from the largest and cheapest stock ever brought to Carlisle. CHARLES OGILBY.

DRY GOODS NEW AND SEASONABLE.—The undersigned having enlarged and fitted up the Store-room formerly occupied as the Post Office, immediately opposite the office of the American Volunteer, in South Hanover Street, has opened a large and general assortment of NEW AND SEASONABLE DRY GOODS, comprising a great variety of fancy and cheap French, British and domestic goods; a general assortment of Ladies' Leghorns, Straw, Neapolitan and Gimp Bonnets, Bloomers of various kinds and quality; Gentlemen's Youth and Children's Fannans, Leghorns and Straw hats, white and colored Carpet Chains, Groceries, &c. &c. all of which will be sold at the lowest prices. May 10, '55. ROBERT DICK.

ESTATE OF ESTHER HILDER, Deceased.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration in the Estate of Esther Hilder, late of South Middleton township, Cumberland County, deceased, have been granted by the Register of said county to the subscriber residing in the same township. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them for settlement to the undersigned. FREDERICK HILDER, Adm'r. June 10, '55.

SILK FRINGES.—Just opened a few pieces of knitted and crimped black Silk Fringes also colored Silk Fringes black Lac and other Trimmings. June 20. G. W. HITSNER.