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Original Poetry.

[FOR THE PILOT.]

The Memory of Simon W. Rupley and George Missavy.

BY DIOK.

His heart beat in his country's cause, He volunteered to fight;

When in the bloody battle's fray, He feared not Death or Grave;

Beloved by all, we can but mourn, For RUPLEY, brave and true;

Sleep on! in peaceful, quiet sleep, We will e'er grateful be;

The one who shared thy joy on earth, Now weeps in anguish deep;

But this she has to cheer her heart, Although he's "neath the sod;

And by his side another fell, Whose early Death we all deplore;

Yes, by the side of RUPLEY lays, Our honored MISSAVY;

A Good Story.

ELONORA;

OR,

THE RESCUED MAIDEN.

BY EDWARD CARROLL.

In a western wild, environed by trees and remote from any human habitation, stands a little dwelling of the rudest and most primitive construction.

He should have returned about two hours ago, and I fear that some mishap has befallen him."

is something that he could never endure, so he dismissed him civilly, but Ruggles swore revenge."

"Indeed! why did you not tell me before?" "This is the first time I have seen you since;

"I wish your father liked me better, and I would go on and meet him; but he will take offence, I am afraid."

"Do go," said she, placing her hand on his shoulder, and looking into his face with her sparkling eyes, "go for my sake, and tell him that I sent you."

It needed not another word to start the young hunter, and throwing his long rifle gracefully to his shoulder, he passed his arm around her waist and imprinted a warm kiss on those tempting lips, then turning with a firm elastic step, he strode into the forest and soon disappeared.

He proceeded along at a quick pace for nearly an hour, when suddenly he heard the report of fire-arms at some distance. He bounded forward rapidly for a few moments, and suddenly came upon three men engaged in a fierce struggle.

"I was detained in town by business till quite late, and while hurrying home was overtaken by those wretches, who immediately dismounted and approached me. Ruggles presented his rifle at my head, and swore like a villain, as he is, that unless I gave instant consent to his marriage with my Eltonora, he would shoot me where I stood.

"I will run instantly to her aid. Let me support you into the bushes out of sight, in case they should return this way, and I will hurry back to the cabin."

"That's right, my boy, do it—save her, and I know how to be grateful; but do not wait to help me, I can hop out of sight alone. Now, fly!"

Dudley needed not this appeal, but darted away as swiftly as the mountain deer. He was remarkably fleet of foot, and in less than half an hour he had cleared almost five miles, that being the distance of the cabin from where he started.

He was surprised, for I fancied that he favored me, and at one time I thought you did not."

bled over some fallen trunk, but undeterred by these obstacles, and guided by his perfect knowledge of the locality, he pressed forward with rapidity. At last, when he was almost exhausted, he emerged from the forest on to the open prairie, and as he did so, caught a glimpse of those he pursued, but a few paces in advance of him.

"We must be careful now," said the deep tones of Ruggles, "for we are near that infernal crack."

"Crack! what is that?" questioned his companion. "There is a large fissure or gulf near here, that extends several miles in length, and is about twenty feet wide on an average; there is one place, however, used for crossing, where it is not more than four."

"How deep is it?" said the gambler. "Couldn't tell you, as I was never at the bottom," replied Ruggles with a grating laugh, "but throw a stone down, and it will dash from side to side as long as the ear can hear it, so I think it's deep enough; but here it is, we will camp to-night where we are, and to-morrow, my little beauty will go with us more willingly."

"Stuffy, are you?" said he, "well, sulk it out; you will behave better soon."

The two villains drew rein near the verge of the fissure of which Ruggles had spoken, and prepared to dismount. Ruggles first sprang from his saddle, and lifting his prisoner from the horse, he placed her on her feet. The moment she felt the firm earth under her, she struggled to escape, but the scoundrel held her fast, at the same time shouting—

"Curse the wench! Daniels—help me hold her till I tie her hands, and stop her kicking." Daniels stepped forward and seized the poor girl by the arms, but as he did so, the sharp crack of Dudley's rifle was heard, and with a yell of mortal agony the gambler sunk dead amid the tall grass.

The bold heart of the young hunter was faint within him as he dragged himself from his perilous situation, but he had saved the idol of his soul—his Eltonora—and that was sufficient to recompense him for any thing.

We will not repeat all the tender things that were said on that occasion, nor tell all that occurred in their ride over the moonlight prairie on the horses that had carried the two villains. Suffice it, they arrived safe at the cabin, where they found Eltonora's father, who had managed to drag himself thither, and was anxiously awaiting the return of Dudley with intelligence of his daughter. He was almost wild with joy at her safe return, and, after embracing her, he placed her hand in that of her deliverer, but said not a word—none was needed.

Should the traveler in the West ever stumble upon the scene of this little incident, he will find another and a larger cabin standing near the one we have described; it is the dwelling of Dudley and his wife, and the number of little curly heads and blue eyes within them, show that their union has been abundantly blessed.

VALUABLE SECRET.

"Sarah, I wish you would lend me your thimble, I can never find mine when I want it."

"Why can you not find it, Mary?" "If you do not choose to lend me yours I can borrow of somebody else."

"I am willing to lend it to you, Mary—Here it is."

"I knew you would let me have it." "Why do you always come to me to borrow when you have lost anything, Mary?"

"Because you never lose your things, and always know where to find them."

"How do you suppose I always know where to find my things?" "I am sure I cannot tell. If I knew, I might, perhaps, sometimes contrive to keep my own."

"This is the secret. I have a place for every thing, it is my rule to put it away in its proper place."

"Yes, just as though your life depended on it!" "My life does not depend on it, Mary, but my convenience does, very much."

"Well, I can never find time to put my things away."

"How much more time will it take to put a thing away, in its proper place, than it will to hunt after it, when it is lost?"

"Well, I'll never borrow of you again, you may depend on it."

"Why! you are not affronted, Mary, I hope?" "O, no, dear Sarah! I am ashamed, and I am determined, now, to do as you do—to have a place for every thing and everything in its place!"

A SHORT ANSWER.

One of the enrolling marshals, the other day received a strong hint from a down town female. Stopping at the lady's house he found her before her door endeavoring to effect with a vegetable huckster a twenty per cent. abatement in the price of a peck of tomatoes.

"Have you any men here, ma'am?" The reply was gruff and curt—

"No." "Have you no husband, ma'am?" "No."

"Perhaps you have a son, ma'am?" "Well, what of it?" "I should like to know where he is."

"Well, he isn't here." "So I see, ma'am. Pray where is he?" "In the Union army, where you ought to be."

The marshal hastened round the corner.—He didn't further interrogate the lady.

A DUTCHMAN looking for a person by the name of Dunn, who owed him a small account," asked a wag near Sweeney's eating house where No. 66 was, he "wished to find Mr. Dunn."

The Dutchman went in, about as slow as a jackass to a peck of oats, and this "first gentleman," happened to be an Irishman.

"Are you Dunn?" said the Dutchman. "Done?" says Pat, "by my soul, I am only just commenced."

"ONLY ONE."

One hour lost in the morning by lying in bed, will put back, and may frustrate, all the business of the day.

One hole in the fence will cost ten times as much as it will to fix it at once.

One unruly animal will teach all others in its company bad tricks.

One bad habit indulged or subverted to, will sink your power of self-government as quickly as one leak will sink a ship.

Little-or-Nothings.

Men are apt to exhaust every absurd opinion before they adopt a sensible one.

A dull and incessant talker is a tremendous engine of colloquial oppression.

Ducks and geese shed no tear-drops, but they shed numberless drops of water.

A noble thought, embodied in fit words, walks the earth a living being.

A guide-board performs the functions very well, considering that it is a blind guide.

A viper's tongue is said to be six inches long; a scolding woman's has no end.

Many people's heads are like the head of a glass of porter—all froth.

To every old man, his departed boyhood is a Paradise Lost—fuller of poetry than Milton's.

Over-warm friendships and hot potatoes are generally dropped as soon as taken up.

Men don't like to hang their hearts upon a long female nose; and there isn't room to hang it upon a pug.

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Love isn't a healthy thing for a young man it causes such tremendous swellings of the bosom.

A lazy man's farm is always dressed in weeds, as if he were dead, and it were his mourning widow.

Genius and talent are a splendid fortune that is often gambled away pretty much like meager fortunes.

Many people consider the world as a worm does the interior of a nut—simply a place to feed and grow fat in.

Grumbling is all very well in place. It is the deep bass that is needed to make up the full harmony of being.

He who fishes in the sea of matrimony need not trouble himself to put any bait upon his hook—if the hook is gold.

If you are envious, you will grow lean as your neighbor grows fat—just as if he fattened with the meat from your bones.

Study man among men. Observation, made only in the cloister or the desert, is generally as obscure as the one and as barren as the other.

If a married man were asked to say which of his bones he would consent to spare, he would probably decide, with a tear or two, to part with his rib.

All nations can teach something as to cookery. So every cook would be the better for making a voyage like Capt. Cook around the world.

The body is the soul's house, and, as the house grows old, it often lets in upon its inhabitant light from heaven through the chinks made by time.

A young man will compliment his sweetheart upon the fragrance of her breath without being ashamed that his own smells of rum and tobacco.

A sulky fellow leaves his house for business as an ogre leaves his cave for food, and returns home joyless and grim to his silent wife and creeping children.

Many a Christian, so called, has himself rolled luxuriously to church, as through, like Elijah, he would go even to heaven in a carriage.

Truth is never a babe, and never a hag. As at the first, so at the last—full bloom, yet young; upon her brow sets and eternity of beauty.

Life would indeed be a sad thing if the many-colored creeds of the world did not, by Almighty goodness make the white light of the world to come.

Trust not always to the marks of time on the face, for, like a dishonest tapster, he is now and then apt to score double, or, like a care less one, for gets to score at all.

If man thinks of celestial spirits, he straightway names them angles, messengers; and there has been no poetry, and there has been no piety, which has not repose at ease, alike under their flapping and their folded wings.