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Select Poetry.

MEMORY'S TEARS.

Who has not seen, nor strove in vain
 The tears of Memory oft to hide—
 And, striving, has not wept again
 While yet more deep their bosom sighed,
 That something was which now is not;
 That was not, cannot be forgot!

The hopeless thoughts of future joys
 E'er swell the heart and fill the eyes,
 To see that Time or Death destroys
 The dearest, fairest 'neath the skies;
 We weeping cease; but oft, so dear
 They be, the future claims a tear.

To weep is but to view, decayed,
 The source of pleasure, light and love,
 That once was joy to see arrayed,
 And now but hope to meet above;
 And though we strive, we would not wean
 From Memory every bosom scene.

In deep retreats of solitude,
 Where fancy with oblivion vies,
 'Tis oft in melancholy mood,
 Neglected memories arise;
 And then and there the "things that were,"
 Bedim the eyes with many a tear.

A Good Story.

ONCE TOO OFTEN;

OR,

The Coquette's Last Experiment.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Be careful, Arabella. You may try the experiment once too often. Philip Lebrun is a good young man, and he will make a kind and true husband. If you will take my advice, you will leave your coquetry, and—"

"Pshaw!" cried Arabella Fane, tossing her head and clapping her hands impatiently.—"You are talking nonsense, Aunt Mary. What do you suppose I care for such lessons. Of the dozen lovers that have been at my feet, within the past two years, there is not one that I could not call back by a mere nod."

"You forget, Arabella. Some of them have formed new attachments; and I think one or two of them are married."

"And I am perfectly willing to let them go. Of course, I am not to run after married men. But you don't know how delightful it is to feel that you hold a strong man like an infant in your grasp. I declare, when I think of it, I take real comfort. I feel like a soldier who has won many battles, and captured and paroled many prisoners."

"But you love Philip Lebrun, my niece?"

"Well—perhaps so—enough to manage him."

"Ah, Arabella, I tell you, this will end unhappily for you somewhere. It cannot be otherwise. If you would think for a moment of the unhappiness you are causing."

"There!—Don't preach any more, aunt—Ah—here comes my dress-maker."

Arabella Fane was an orphan, having lost both her parents when she was quite young.—Her father had left her in possession of a few thousand dollars, and had left his maiden sister, Mary, to take care of her. Aunt Mary had done her duty as well as she could. She had given her niece a good education; had introduced her into good society; and had been careful of her morals. But Arabella was a vain girl, and her vanity spoiled her. She was handsome—by some she was thought beautiful and as she was supposed to possess property, it is no wonder that she had lovers. People knew that she was a coquette, and yet the young men did flee from her. Her society had a charm for them, and her smiles were winning. One after another confessed his love, hoping that he might win the proud beauty for himself; and one after another was dismissed in pain and humility. And she counted her conquests with increasing pride.

Aunt Mary left the room, and presently afterwards the dress-maker entered. This dress-maker was a pretty girl, named Mabel Brown. She, too, was an orphan; but not so fortunate an orphan, the world thought, as had been Arabella Fane. Mabel had been left poor, and had been for years obliged to earn her own living. She came from a distant town when quite young, and had since found a home with a woman who had, in former years, been a friend of her mother. Mabel was not so tall as Arabella, and not so calculated to attract attention; but there were many people in Montfern who declared that she was more lovely, and more beautiful, than was the coquette. At all events, let the comparison go as it would, there could be but one opinion touching Mabel Brown's character. She was good, and she was true; and the manly hearts of Montfern regarded her

as something too pure and trusting to be trifled with.

"Now, Mabel," said Arabella, "you must prepare yourself to do your best. I must look grand next week. A new man is coming to Montfern. It is said, and I believe upon good authority, that a man worth a hundred thousand dollars is soon to be with us; and I think he is unmarried."

"I heard some such thing," returned Mabel, as she took a seat by the window.

"Aye," added Arabella; "and I heard more. He intends to purchase a place here. Some say he has been up to look at the mansion in Oak Grove."

"But what can he want of a mansion like that if he is unmarried?" suggested Mabel.

"Ah—he may think that it is time he was married. A hundred thousand dollars.—Merely! what a prize that would be. And he will be here next week. Ah, Mabel, you must outdo yourself on this dress."

Mabel Brown looked up in surprise; but she made no reply, further than to promise that she would do as well as she could. She saw the turn of the coquette's thoughts, and she was shocked.

In the evening the door-bell was rung—Aunt Mary and Arabella were both out, and the servant was away. Mabel Brown was alone in the sitting-room, still at work with her needle. When the bell rang the second time she arose and went to the door. Philip Lebrun was there. He asked for Arabella. She had gone out to do some shopping, but would probably be in very shortly. Philip said he would come in and wait; and of course Mabel was obliged to conduct him to the sitting-room.

Philip Lebrun was a professor in the Academy of Montfern. His parents were both dead, and he had been a resident of the town only three years, having come directly from college to accept the chair he now filled. He was four-and-twenty years of age, possessing a strong, healthy constitution, and gifted by nature with all those qualities of mind and person which go to make the true man.

Of course he talked with Mabel; and finally, after the ice of reserve was broken, he asked her where she came from.

She said she was born in Waterville, and that she lived there until she was ten years old.

"In Waterville!" cried Philip. "Mabel Brown—born in Waterville! Was Walter Brown your father?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Sarah Brown your aunt?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you used to be my little sister. After my mother died I lived with your aunt. I was then twelve years old, and you were eight. Am I not right?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mabel. She trembled as she spoke, for the old memories deeply moved her.

"And you are my little sister," murmured Philip, gazing more directly into her face than he had before done. "Ah, Mabel, those were childhood's days. You and I have had trials in our short lives; and I trust that our trials have been well for us. I have noticed you often in the street, and I have looked at you in church; and though I fancied there was something familiar in your features, yet I did not think of this. Did you mistrust it?"

"Yes, sir. I knew that you were the Philip who used to play with me in those other years."

"And yet you did not tell me."

"How could I, sir? My walk was not your walk."

"Tut, tut. But never mind. I see it now."

For half an hour after that the two sat, for getting the late years, and only remembering the childhood scenes of which they talked.—At the end of that half hour Arabella and her aunt returned. The tall beauty joked her lover upon being found enjoying such a *tete-a-tete*; and this prevented him from revealing the discovery he had made.

At a late hour Philip was preparing to take his leave. He held Arabella by the hand, and asked her if she would now answer the question.

With much apparent surprise she asked him what question she meant.

He asked her if she would be his wife. He had told her how much he loved her; he had offered her his hand and his heart; and he had promised that he would devote his best energies to her happiness through life.

Arabella Fane knew that he loved her; and she knew that of all the offers that had been laid at her disposal, this one came from the best and truest man.

"Pooh!" she said, with a light laugh, "don't think of marrying yet, Mr. Lebrun. I haven't had time to think. Really, you must not press me now. At some other time you may ask me again."

"But, Arabella, you do not consider. This love which I offer you is an earnest one; and the union which I seek is for life. I want no light, trifling sentiment in answer to the deep devotion I am ready to pledge. If you can ever know my heart, you must know it now.—Arabella, do you love me?"

"Why—I ought to. You are very attentive, and very kind, and have thus far been very obedient, and I should be a brute if I did not love you a little. But, as for marrying, I must have time to consider."

"How long?"

"O, don't, pray, be so precise. You frighten me. I am not so strong as you are. Don't say any more about marrying for—for—two weeks, at least."

And Philip went away with this unsatisfactory answer; and before he went to sleep that night a very dangerous thought found its way into his mind—dangerous, because it was a vain wish. He wished that Arabella was more like Mabel Brown. There was something so mild, so gentle, so truthful, and so confiding in the character of Mabel. He had seen it, even in that short hour.

Arabella Fane loved Philip Lebrun as well as she could love anybody; and she loved him better than she had loved any of her other suitors; and, furthermore, he promised to make a very good match; for his present salary was not only a good one, but a man of his intellectual powers and physical vigor could not help rising in the world. At all events, she would take him if she could find nothing better.

On Monday of the following week there was a new arrival in town. A gentleman, who registered his name as Ambrose Merrill, stopped at the hotel, and engaged rooms. He had come to invest money. He had already purchased ten thousand dollars' worth of stock in the great Central Railroad; and he had invested a like amount in the Lake Shore road. This was known very well by the old lawyer of Montfern, and by him it was communicated to the people.

In a few days Mr. Merrill had purchased one-half of the water-power at the falls for eight thousand dollars, taking with it some two-hundred acres of valuable land. And it was soon known that he was negotiating for the Oakgrove Mansion, which was by far the most agreeable and pleasant, as well as the most costly, dwelling in Montfern.

Mr. Merrill was a middle-aged man, and very good looking. In fact, he was handsome.—His hair curled; and his features were classic; and his eye was bright; and he dressed well and fashionably.

Was he married?

A great many people asked this question.

No. He was still a single man. He had been so driven with business all his life that he had no opportunity to marry.

There was a great party in Montfern, and Arabella Fane was the belle of the evening. She did not come with Philip, but rode up in a friend's carriage. Several times, before the dancing commenced, did Philip Lebrun approach her, but she slighted him, and turned him off. Later, she was in company with Mr. Merrill, and was using every art to appear joyous and beautiful. She danced with him, and flirted with him, and allowed him to hold her fan and bouquet.

"Is not Philip Lebrun paying attention to that lady?" asked Merrill. He spoke to a gentleman with whom he had become slightly acquainted.

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"What sort of a girl is she?"

"A mean, vain coquette," emphatically responded the gentleman; "and the sooner Lebrun opens his eyes to the truth, the better it will be for him. I think she has already set her trap in another direction."

"Ah?"

"Yes, sir. If she is not false to all the past, she is after you."

Mr. Merrill laughed, and walked away; and pretty soon afterwards he saw Arabella again repulse Philip Lebrun.

"How now, Philip?" cried Merrill. He spoke familiarly, and clapped his hand upon the young man's shoulder.

"Ah—Mr. Merrill, is this you?"

"Certainly. But this is not you. Why, Philip, where are your smiles?"

"Don't ask me."

"Aha—I see. You are a victim, my boy. You are in toils of a coquette. Don't repulse me, Philip. I have seen enough." There

was something kind, and almost fatherly, in the tone, and the young man extended his hand.

"I fear you are right. I was never so grieved before."

"But you can be a man?"

"Yes."

"A mean, miserable trifler like that cannot crush you?"

"No. If she can cast me off, I will thank God that I escaped her."

"Good, my boy! But, have you noticed—she seems to be setting her trap for me."

"Ah, cried Philip, opening his eyes; "your reported wealth dazzles her."

"Perhaps so."

"Then let us see how far she will go."

When the party was over, Mr. Merrill offered to escort Arabella home, and she accepted the offer gladly. At her door she asked him to call and see her. She said her aunt would like to make his acquaintance. He promised that he would do so. On the very next day he called, and Arabella went to ride with him. She was all animation, and gaiety, and did her utmost to please and entertain. But she was not more entertaining than was her companion. He had travelled much, had seen much of the world, and was, moreover, gilded with the rarest social powers. In short, he was about as dazzling for a man, as Arabella was for a woman.

When Arabella returned from her ride, her aunt chided her, and told her that she was wronging Philip Lebrun.

"Nonsense!" cried the coquette. "What do I care for Philip Lebrun! Mr. Merrill is worth a score of poor professors. O, if I can capture this man, I shall be content. Only think over a hundred thousand dollars. That is a man worth catching."

Aunt Mary turned away in sorrow; for she knew there would be no use in arguing.

That evening, at a late hour, Philip Lebrun called, and Arabella treated him coldly.

"Arabella, you do not love me."

"I leave you to be the judge, Mr. Lebrun."

Philip arose and took his hat. A few weeks before such an event would have paralyzed him; but, since then, a variety of circumstances had transpired; all calculated to prepare his mind for this thing. A few moments he felt pained, as by the falling of some heavy stroke, and then came a sense of relief.

"Arabella," he said, calmly and deeply, "I have loved you truly and well, and I offered you my hand and heart. You have wickedly trodden upon my affection, and you have played the traitor to my heart. May your next victim be as well prepared to drop unharmed from your hands as I am. Henceforth we are as strangers."

And he went away without more words.

And how was it with Arabella? Did she feel any remorse? Not at all. Had it not been for the appearance of Mr. Merrill upon the stage, she might have toyed along with her old lover for some time longer; and it is not impossible that she might have concluded to become his wife; for the stock of available lovers in Montfern had become very slim for her. As it was, her head was full of Ambrose Merrill, and his heaps of gold, and she dismissed the poor professor without a pang.

Philip Lebrun again met the girl who had been the little sister of his childhood. He talked with her again of those other times; and finally he asked her if she would renew the love and confidence of those earlier years. She would have done violence to her own heart if she had refused. In a little while Philip was as happy as a man could be; and as he gazed into the sweet, mild face of Mabel Brown, with its smiles of beauty, and its light of holy truth and love, he wondered how Arabella Fane could have so enchained him.

Ah—the love and the confidence of earlier years were not only renewed, but the strength and depth of maturer years were added; and she who was happy to be called Philip's sister, felt happier far when she had promised that he should sometime call her, WIFE.

A ring at the door; and Mr. Merrill was announced. Arabella received him in the parlor.

He had come to bid her good-bye, and to thank her for the kind attention she had shown him.

"But—Mr. Merrill—you are not going from Montfern?"

"Yes. Business calls me away."

"But you will return?"

"Not to stop. I came on business—the business is completed, and now I must away."

"Indeed," grasped Arabella, turning pale, struggling to appear calm, "I did not expect this. What will you do with your property?"

"Property?"

"I mean the property you have brought here."

"O, you flatter me. I have brought no property for myself, lady. I have expended about a hundred thousand dollars in safe and profitable investments; but not for myself. I am but an agent, with a very limited salary. Ha, ha—it is wonderful how an appearance of wealth helps a man. My employer is a modest young man—an orphan—who commenced life by cutting his own path up the hill. A rich old uncle died and bequeathed to him nearly two hundred thousand dollars. I was that uncle's agent, and the fortunate nephew has seen fit to retain me in the service."

"Will the young man come to Montfern?" asked Arabella, in a whisper.

"He is here, lady."

"When did he come?"

"He has lived here sometime. He is a professor in the Academy. His name is PHILIP LEBRUN."

Arabella sank back in her seat, and Mr. Merrill took his leave.

On the following Sabbath Philip Lebrun and Mabel Brown were married.

Arabella Fane had received a shock from which she could not easily recover. She had a fever—a long, tedious fever—and when she arose from her bed she looked to be an old woman. She had received and refused her last offering of marriage; and while those with whose affections she had trifled were living pleasantly in homes where true love kept the heart warm, she was dwelling alone—first, an object of pity; and, finally, an object of charity.

Little-or-Nothings.

Politicians live more in their epigrams than in their enactments.

Love at first sight often leads to marriage with the eyes shut.

There is more death on this side the grave than on the other.

You may make music on a tombstone when you have made dissonance in the life.

He that rules his spirit may be gentler than he who has no spirit to rule.

It is bliss to learn lessons in love, for woman is our teacher.

A man of wit would be often embarrassed without the company of fools.

Parties at a dead lock should extricate themselves without a skeleton key.

The earth is exceedingly dirty, but the sea is very tidy.

Your wife cannot have been too dearly won, if you and she are dearly one.

Admit no guest into your soul that the faithful watch-dog in your bosom barks at.

In navigating the sea of life, carefully avoid the breakers—especially the heart-breakers.

The music of most performers should be like the famous music of the spheres—never heard.

It is more important to discover a new source of happiness on earth than a new planet in the sky.

We cannot behold the proportions of the great ship of the universe, for we are shut up in the hold.

He can hardly be prepared to enter the world of spirits who trembles at the thought of encountering a solitary ghost.

Calmness is favorable to success: the white heat, though less flashing than the red, is intenser in its power.

Our young men have no need to wait for the sky to fall; they have too many "larks" already.

The Devil is said to be lame, and that, we suppose, is the reason why even the slowest people often catch the devil.

Dryden says, that, "if straw can tickle a man, it is to him an instrument of happiness." Tickle his nose with it, and see.

There is no doubt, that, of all the states, the one in which the most earnest heart-prayers are offered up for the Union is the state of single-blessedness.