

THE PILOT
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The Pilot.

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Each subsequent insertion.....	25
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The Great AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
 61 Vesey Street, New York;

Since its organization, has created a new era in the
 history of

Wholesaling Teas in this Country.
 They have introduced their selections of Teas, and
 are selling them at not over Two Cents (.02 Cents)
 per pound above Cost, never deviating from the **ONE
 PRICE** asked.

Another peculiarity of the company is that their
 TEA TASTER not only devotes his time to the selection
 of their Teas as to quality, value, and particu-
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 helps the TEA BUYER to choose out of their enormous
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 wants, and not only this, but points out to him the
 best bargains. It is easy to see the incalculable ad-
 vantage a TEA BUYER has in this establishment over
 all others. If he is no judge of Tea, or the Market,
 if his time is valuable, he has all the benefits of a well
 organized system of doing business, of an immense
 capital, of the judgment of a professional Tea Taster,
 and the knowledge of superior salesmen.

This enables all Tea buyers—no matter if they
 are thousands of miles from this market—to purchase
 on as good terms here as the New York mer-
 chants.

Parties can order Teas and will be served by us
 as well as though they came themselves, being sure
 to get original packages, true weights and tares;
 and the Teas are warranted as represented.

We issue a Price List of the Company's Teas,
 which will be sent to all who order it; comprising
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 powder, Twankay and Skin.**
Oolong, Souclong, Orange and Hyson Peko,
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This list has each kind of Tea divided into four
 classes, namely: CARGO, high CARGO, FINE,
 FINEST, that every one may understand from de-
 scription and the prices annexed that the Company
 are determined to undersell the whole Tea trade.

We guarantee to sell all our Teas at not over
 TWO CENTS (.02 Cents) per pound above cost, be-
 lieving this to be attractive to the many who have
 heretofore been paying enormous profits.

Great American Tea Company,
Importers and Jobbers,
 Sept. 16, 1863-5m. No. 61 Vesey St., N. Y.

Select Poetry.

From the Cradle to the Grave.
 I'll keep not back, but will begone—
 Lose not a moment's time,
 And quick prepare, with holy prayer,
 Myself at sacred shrines.

I'll wait not for my fellow man—
 His company will not crave,
 For I am on a journey,
 From the cradle to the grave.

I'm now upon my weary way,
 And, oh, my path seems long!
 But here I cannot lingering stay,
 Old Time keeps pushing on.

There's a smothered sigh within my heart,
 A drop from sorrow's wave,
 That helps to make the distance short
 From cradle to the grave.

That sigh is lulled by a song in my breast—
 A dirge that keeps murmuring low,
 Whose solemn moan seems sad and lone—
 And it speaks of many a woe!

That song doeth now my heart-strings break—
 No longer their tones can I save;
 They are damp'd by the spray from the dismal
 lake
 That runs 'tween the cradle and the grave.

A Good Story.
"THAT WHICH SATISFIETH."
A Life Lesson.
 BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I declare," said Abner Leeds, speaking to
 his wife, as they were walking home one evening,
 "Philip Twombly's house has a comfortable,
 cosy appearance."
 "So it has," was the reply of the wife.
 "How neat and well arranged Mary Twombly
 keeps everything," pursued Abner. "She is
 an excellent woman."
 "The wife was thoughtful, and made no re-
 ply to this.
 "I did not mean, Julia, that she was better
 than my own wife. Of course you didn't so
 understand me."
 "No, Abner; I do not think you would find
 fault with me. At all events, I try not to give
 you occasion." Julia Leeds looked up with a
 smile, and presently she added: "Mary Twom-
 bly is a good housekeeper, and a warm, devoted
 friend. Still, I think her house is no neat-
 er than mine."
 "Of course it is not," said Abner.
 "Only," continued Julia, "she has more to
 do with. Our house is exactly like theirs in
 its construction; it is finished in the same
 manner, and even the wall-papers are the
 same."
 "Yes," replied Abner. "Our houses were
 built by the same man, and from the same
 plan."
 "It is the addition of those pictures, and
 pretty ornaments which make Twombly's rooms
 look so cheerful," remarked Julia. "Oh, how
 much pictures do add to the attractiveness of a
 home. Don't you think so, Abner?"
 "Why—yes, Julia—I think they do."
 "And," pursued the wife, "what fine pic-
 tures they have. How neat and pretty the
 frames are, and how tastefully they are arranged.
 I think I could arrange some very taste-
 fully, too, if I had them."
 Abner Leeds did not reply at once to this
 but finally he said, a little dubiously:
 "I don't know, after all, Julia, as such things
 are of any real benefit."
 "O, yes, they are, Abner. Everything is a
 benefit which helps to make a home cheerful;
 and what is there, in the way of ornament,
 more cheerful than good pictures? They are
 companions. I should not be lonesome where
 there were pretty pictures. Think, when you
 are tired and weary, or when you are weak and
 sick, how much comfort you can take in resting
 the eye upon a cheerful picture. Pictures
 make a room attractive; and surely we cannot
 have too many attractions at home."
 Abner Leeds liked pictures; and he knew
 that his wife was aware of that fact; so he
 could not dispute her position. He could only
 say:
 "I admit all that, Julia; but you know I
 cannot afford to buy pictures. I have often
 thought, when I have been in Twombly's house,
 that I would like pictures, and mantle orna-
 ments like his; but it's of no use to wish for
 them. I find no money to spare for such ex-
 tras."
 "I wish we could have a few, Abner; but I
 wouldn't wish for them unwisely. Perhaps, at
 some time, you can afford to purchase some."
 At this juncture they arrived at their own
 house, and entered the quiet little sitting-room,
 where Julia's sister was caring for the two

bright-haired and bright-eyed children. The
 apartment was as neat and tidy as any in the
 town; but the walls were bare; and as Julia
 cast her eyes over the vacant spaces, her
 thoughts might be easily read. How pleasant
 some pretty pictures would look there; and
 how much more cheerful the room would be.

Perhaps, as Abner and his wife sat there,
 after the children had gone to bed, their
 thoughts took the same channel. Julia knew
 that Philip Twombly did not receive any more
 wages than her husband did. She knew that
 they both owned their houses, and that they
 both had about the same expenses to meet in
 the support of their families. Julia thought
 of this; but she would not speak of it; for
 she knew that her husband was not a spend-
 thrift; and if he had any little habits which
 he wished to indulge, she would not find fault.
 He was kind and generous, and true and faith-
 ful, and she prized him as a precious com-
 panion.

"You are thinking of pictures," Abner
 said, as he saw his wife's eyes wandering over
 the bare walls.
 Julia started, but quickly replied, with a
 smile:
 "Not selfishly, my good husband." She
 kissed him, and then added—"some time when
 you can afford it, you will buy me one, I know,
 and until then I shall be content."
 Abner kissed his wife in return, and said
 that he would certainly buy a picture when he
 had the money to spare.

Only a few days after this Abner met Philip
 Twombly, and the latter had a fine oil paint-
 ing under his arm.
 "Come home with me and see it," said
 Philip.
 It was only a few steps to Twombly's house,
 and Abner went with him. The picture was
 taken from its wrapper, and proved to be a
 landscape, from some of the lake scenery of
 New York; and when it was hung in its place
 upon the wall, it seemed really to shed new
 radiance over the apartment. It was attractive
 and refreshing.

"I declare," said Abner, as he cast his eyes
 about over the pictures, "I should like some
 such as these, but I don't have the money to
 spare. What did this landscape cost?"
 "The picture and frame together, cost four-
 teen dollars."
 "Upon my soul, Philip, I don't see how you
 afford it."
 "Ah," replied Philip Twombly, with a
 smile, "there's a secret in that."
 "A secret?"
 "Yes."
 "What is it?"
 "I'll tell you, Abner. Just sit down, and
 you shall know how I afford these little attrac-
 tions to my home."
 Abner Leeds sat down, and Philip spoke as
 follows:
 "After we had been married a year, or a
 little more, we went to visit my wife's uncle.
 He had a great many very valuable pictures in
 his house, and both Mary and I took much
 pleasure in looking at them. When we came
 home Mary often expressed the wish that we
 could have some pictures. I wished as much
 as she did; but I was not so free in the ex-
 pression of my wish, because I felt that I could
 not afford such luxuries. One day while we
 were in the book store, we saw a picture which
 we both fancied. It was an engraving—a scene
 from Shakespeare—there it hangs, in that gilt
 frame. The price was ten dollars, for the pic-
 ture and frame. Mary was very eager, but I
 had to put her off. I had no ten dollars to
 spare. That evening, as I sat alone in this
 very room, looking up at the very place where
 that picture now hangs, I thought how pleas-
 ant it would be to have the ornament there;
 and I also thought how much it would please
 my wife. I think this last consideration had
 the most weight with me then; for Mary was
 a precious wife, and did so much for my com-
 fort. As I sat, thus pondering, I took out a
 cigar, and was on the point of lighting it, when
 I remembered that Mary had asked me not
 to smoke in the parlor, because the odor of the
 tobacco clung so long to the curtains. I was
 in a thoughtful mood, and my thoughts took
 a curious turn—a new turn for me. They ran
 in this way:
 "I could not possibly afford to buy the pic-
 ture which my wife so much wanted, and which
 would add so much to the cheerful aspect of
 our parlor. Ten dollars was more than I had
 to spare for any such purpose. I looked at the
 cigar which I held in my fingers, and thought
 what that cost. I remembered that I had paid
 five cents for it, and that I was in the habit of
 smoking four or five of them a day, and some-

times more. My cigars did not always cost so
 much as that, but I did not hesitate to set down
 that item of expense at fifteen cents a day.
 This led me to another thing: I drank from
 three to four glasses of ale a day, making
 another item of at least fifteen cents. So here
 was an expense of thirty cents a day for ale and
 cigars. I reckoned it up, and found that it
 amounted to over two dollars a week, and about
 one hundred and nine dollars a year! So in
 a little over four weeks, I smoked and drank a
 ten dollar picture!

"This led me to another thought: what good
 did the cigars do me, and what good did the
 ale? I rather fancied that I should be better off
 without them. Not only were they making a
 bondman out of me, but I had good reason to
 believe that they were gradually undermining
 my health. I set an hour in this mood, and
 when I arose, my resolution for the feature was
 taken. I threw my cigar away, and on the
 evening of the next day I put thirty cents into
 a box, having left my ale and cigars untouched.
 On the same day following I did the same, and
 so I kept on doing. For a few weeks I mis-
 sed my old masters, and there were some sea-
 sons of struggle; but I had an object in view,
 and I was firm. At the end of a month I found
 ten dollars in my box, and I went and brought
 the picture. When I saw my wife's sparkling
 eye, and received her warm kiss of thanks,
 I had reward enough for all the effort I had
 made. But this reward was not all. I not only
 had conquered an evil habit, and gained there-
 by the means of adding new attractions to our
 home, but I also improved in mental and phys-
 ical health. That was something over three
 years ago. The old box is still in use, and
 into it I drop my daily tribute. Thus you see,
 the pictures which adorn our walls, the orna-
 ments upon our mantles, and the little statues
 in our garden, are the things which I have
 chosen in lieu of ale and cigars. In short,
 Abner, in the expenditure of money for the
 purchase of what we may term luxuries, I have
 learned to strive after THAT WHICH SATIS-
 FIETH."

When Abner went to his home that evening,
 he had a new thought in his mind. He made
 a daily use of ale and cigars. He had never
 thought it any harm, and even now he did not
 regard it in that light. But he was led to ask
 himself if from his limited means, his spare
 money might not be spent for something which
 would be of more benefit to himself and family.
 He had strength of mind enough to keep a
 resolution when it was once formed, and be-
 fore he pressed his pillow on that night, his
 resolution had been taken. On the following
 morning he prepared him a box, with a hole in
 the top, and when evening came, he dropped
 into it three dimes. It was the money saved
 from the old channel. He had smoked no
 cigars and he had drunk no ale through the
 day. Another day passed with the same result.
 It came hard; there was a conflict, and a strug-
 gle. Such tyrants were not to be conquered
 without effort. But Abner Leeds was firm.
 His foot had been set in the new course, and
 he would not yield his manhood to the old ap-
 petite. And he triumphed. When the tem-
 per was put away—when the desire for the old
 narcotic and stimulant had been wholly over-
 come, he went to his box, and he found fifteen
 dollars there. Away he went to the store where
 pictures were sold, and purchased a pair of
 handsomely framed engravings. He carried
 them home, and hung them up, and then called
 his wife to see them.

Where did they come from? O, how pret-
 ty! She hoped he had not inconvenienced him-
 self in purchasing them?

And then Abner told his wife the whole
 story—told her what he had done, and what he
 meant to do.

Ah, when the arms of his fond wife were
 about his neck—when she kissed him, and bles-
 sed him, and told him how happy and gratified
 she was—then he began to realize in a new and
 brighter light the reward of his self sacrifice.

And Abner Leeds was true to his promise.
 As the months rolled on, new pictures were ad-
 ded; new books were brought home; pleasing
 ornaments graced the mantle; and new joys
 thus flowed to the household. And all for this
 what has he lost? Nothing. He had been
 the gainer in every way. It was truly a bless-
 ed lesson of life which he had learned; and
 he tried to teach it to others; so that other
 homes might be as bright and cheerful and at-
 tractive as his own.

It is with the tree of genealogy, as with the
 oak of the forest; we my boast of the timbers
 it has given to a state vessel, but say nought
 of the three-legged stools, the broomsticks, and
 tobacco-stoppers, made from the ends and chips.

Little-or-Nothings.

A rejected lover sometimes escapes a great
 disappointment by means of a small one.

The best government is a government of the
 wisest and best.

Sorrow is never more sorrowful than when
 it jests at its own misery.

The infirmities of great men are ever the
 consolation of dunces.

Calmness indicates refinement. A gentle-
 man makes no noise; a lady is serene.

The narrower a soul is, the more easily it is
 crossed.

A bad husband beats his wife, and a bad
 wife beats the devil.

The mountain tops are cold even when cov-
 ered with fire.

Men of narrow ways are not in the narrow
 way recommended in the Bible.

Heaven is so near to us as to be within an
 infant's reach.

Praying to God is but poor amends for pray-
 ing upon men.

Many people take offence at everything,
 whose conscience take offence at nothing.

An earthquake doesn't dispose men to sleep,
 but it makes the earth yawn.

How glorious must be the earth when even
 her shadow, the Night, is so beautiful.

A merchant's safe, like a soldier, is of lit-
 tle value if it can't stand fire.

Say to a captious man that it is a fine day,
 and he will be sure to suggest some defect in
 it.

The good deeds that most sons prefer that
 their father should leave behind them are real
 estate deeds.

If a man waits to consider a clear duty or
 lingers to prepare for it, it is either left undone
 or done feebly.

Appointments, once made, become debts.—
 I have no right to throw away your time if I
 do my own.

It is as great folly to spend time in trifles as
 it would be to shoe horses, as Nero did, with
 gold.

Take care to be an economist in prosperity;
 and there is no fear of your having to be one
 in adversity.

Those are praise worthy levelers who would
 raise the lowest part of society to the level of
 the highest.

A purse without money is better than a
 head without brains; the first may be filled, the
 other can't.

A lady should discard a lover that she can't
 influence. She shouldn't keep a beau that she
 can't bend.

Glorious indeed is the world of God around
 us, but more glorious far the world of God
 within us.

Soldiers are of little efficiency unless harmo-
 nious. Their minds, as well as their bodies,
 should be in uniform.

When a lover asks the important question,
 his sweetheart can say yes—and yet not give a
 short answer.

The figure of justice is placed on the cupola
 of a court-house to indicate that she is above
 the reach of the multitude.

The sublime mystery of Providence goes on
 in silence, and gives no explanation of itself—
 no answer to our impatient questionings.

Many persons are purified and exalted by
 sickness; as if the hand of disease had been
 stretched out over them only to make the sign
 of the cross upon their souls.

The sun that only burns the brows of other
 men turns the work of the farmer's hands to
 glory and gold. The rains that brings dis-
 comfort to others, are beating the ravellie of
 life and plenty for him.

\$100 REWARD! for a medicine that
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**Coughs, Influenza, Tickling in the Throat,
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 but loosens it, so as to enable the patient to expecto-
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 yet, though it is so sure and speedy in its operation,
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 istered to children of any age. In cases of **CROUP**
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