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Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.  
Marriages and Death notices inserted gratis.

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY.**

**TIONESTA LODGE, NO. 477.**  
**I. O. G. T.**

Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.  
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M. W. TATE, W. S.

E. NEWTON FETTER. MILES W. TATE.

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**NOTICE.**  
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# FOREST REPUBLICAN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us to the end, dare do our duty as we understand it."--LINCOLN.

VOL. IV. NO. 10.

TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1871.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

**Rates of Advertising.**

One Square (1 inch), one insertion	10 00
One Square " one month	2 00
One Square " three months	5 00
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Two Squares, one year	18 00
Quarter Col.	20 00
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Bare chance for best agents. The only book of its kind ever sold by subscription. Send at once for circulars, &c., to  
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**Susan Lippe; or the Lawsuit.**

"I tell you what it is, gal," said old Mr. Lippe to his daughter Susan, "I'm determined never to hev a educated feller for my son-in-law; that's a fixed fact."

"But, father," said Susan, "education don't make or unmake a man any more than riches do. It's the soul, the principle, that constitutes a man."

"Wery true, Susan," rejoined daddy Lippe, "and I've found precious little principle in college-bred fellers. I tell you that I've got along well enough, and allus made my mark." As the old man said this his eye roved out of the window over his broad and well-improved homestead with a glint of self-satisfaction.

Susan's father was no exception to men of his class, who, when they imbibed an idea, are pig-headed in their adherence to it. Susan understood this trait of her father's, and letting the argument drop, relapsed into silence.

While old Mr. Lippe entertained such notions of letters, and, by the way, was always taking pains to inform everybody concerning them, he had deviated somewhat with respect to his only child, Susan, who had improved the advantages bestowed by an excellent public school, situated in Stanhope, a small village adjoining her father's farm. Her mind, too, being naturally of a studious cast, she had stored it with an unusually large amount of information, which displayed itself in a refined conversation and well-bred vivacity of manners. To these graces of the intellect was combined a beautiful person, and, as a matter of consequence, her hand was the coveted prize of more than one young man in the neighborhood.

To the blandishments of the sterner sex, however Susan turned a deaf ear. The young Stanhoppers loved her father's broad acres full as well as they did his daughter, who, with the quick instinct of a woman, penetrated the shallowness of their protestations of love. Besides, there was a young lawyer who had entered suit for her heart and won his case, while teaching school a short time previous to his admission to the bar. It would have been singular if the daughter of obstinate Lippe had not been equally obstinate in the constancy of her affection for Henry Coverdale, her litigious lover.

Of this attachment, however, daddy Lippe was blissfully ignorant. He had never seen young Coverdale, and that young gentleman being well aware of the antipathies of his contemplated father-in-law towards school-masters and their ilk, prudently refrained from visiting Susan at her home. The accommodations of the house of a maternal aunt of Susan's, in Stanhope, were vouchsafed them, her uncle, a harness-maker, rather liking, than otherwise, their clandestine visits. In this way the lovers managed to keep the fire on the altar of their hearts fanned to a bright flame. The impatient Coverdale desired to bring his suit to an issue, but the beautiful Susan would not consent to an elopement. With the hope of modifying her sire's views on the subject of education, she had introduced the theme, with what success as is recorded above.

That night, after family prayers, quite an animated colloquy took place between Susan's parents. The door of Susan's chamber being ajar, she became an innocent listener to the conversation, which, as it concerned herself alone, proved rather interesting. Mother Lippe was in Susan's secret, and favored it with all her might.

"Now, old man," said she, as that functionary was covering up the fire, the last thing before going to bed, "its downright mean in you to oppose Susan's jesses about learning. I'm not set to hev any ignorant scallawag rooting round arter my darter."

"I rule this roost, responded daddy Lippe.

"And I'll make the roost for you," rejoined the dame. "Times ain't now what they was when we was youngsters. Just think of mating Susan to Mat. Aw! or yet to Chris. Gabby, the shoemaker, who has about as much of an jje of books as a hog has of meatin'."

"There's no mite of use arguing about it, old woman; I'm set."

"And so am I," replied the irate dame; "and we'll see whol' sit to the most purpose. If Susan can't marry the kind of a man she wants to, she can stay at home, and that's the end of it."

With this clincher Mother Lippe turned her face to the wall, and refused to say another word.

In the meantime, Harry Coverdale was gradually winning his way to emolence. As a speaker, he stood head and shoulders above any of the young men, his associates at the bar. The results of his efforts also began to flow in upon him in a golden stream. Yet, still he remained a bachelor, though many wondered. Still there were no signs of old Mr. Lippe relaxing in the least from his views on "education."

However things were destined to shape themselves entirely different to what a mere observer might reasonably hope to expect.

This grew out of Coverdale's love for Susan, which now assumed the cast of impetuosity.

One day a young man in homespun garb presented himself at the house of Mr. Lippe, and inquired if he wanted to hire a hand on the farm.

The old farmer eyed him for some moments, and finding him remarkably well favored and knit together, said: "Where are you from?"

"I live at Monroe, when at home," replied the young man.

"Raised on a farm?"

"About how much do you want a month?"

"Whatever you think is right."

"You'll never get along in the bargain, unless you drive a better bargain than that," said Mr. Lippe. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. You shall work a month for twenty dollars, and after that, if we suit one another, we'll bargain for a year."

"Agreed," said the young man, and was forthwith installed as hired hand.

As the reader guesses, the hand was none other than Henry Coverdale, who had commenced to put into operation a plan to gain the old man's consent to his union with Susan.

Time wagged along. Old Lippe was mightily pleased with his hired hand, and often praised him to the woman folk. Indeed, he looked with a dres of complacency on his attentions to Susan, which began to be marked, and Coverdale was on the point of popping the question, when a circumstance happened as follows:

The farm of Mr. Lippe was a part of a tract, the title of which had formerly been in dispute, though it was in deed and in equity his. Just at this time one of those land-sharks that infest the country, raked up a worthless claim, and entered suit for possession.

This proceeding was so obviously absurd and rascally, that Mr. Lippe merely laughed at it, although at the advice of his hired hand he appeared at court to refute the claim, supposing, however, that his bare word would be all-sufficient to dispose of the scoundrel of a land-shark. His hired hand also concluded to lose the day and go with him, in order, he said, "to see what a judge and court were like."

Old Mrs. Lippe and Susan accompanied them for the purpose of making some purchases, as they could get better bargains in the county town than in Stanhope.

The conversation of the family had placed Henry Coverdale in full possession of the facts in the case, and he had manifested such an interest in the affair, and appeared to be so anxious to the result, that the old man was not astonished to see him enter the bar and take a chair by his side. He noticed, also, that his dame and Susan were among the spectators in the court-room.

The case was called, and the lawyer for the plaintiff arose and made out so plausible a statement that it enraged the old man dreadfully, so much that he could scarcely contain himself until the lawyer concluded.

The moment he sat down the old man sprang to his feet.

"See here," exclaimed he. "Here are deeds, and every man in this court room knows me well enough to know that I never got them by rascality, or claimed more than was justly mine."

"All this may be true," replied the judge, "but the court demands legal proof, relative to the points at issue, I presume you have an attorney, Mr. Lippe?"

"Never said a word to a single one. I never thought it worth while," said the old man, perfectly agst at the turn matters were taking.

"At this stage Lippe's hired hand rose to his feet.

"May it please the court, I will undertake the case for Mr. Lippe," said he.

"A pretty case you'll make of it," said the old man. "You can plow corn a wonderful sight better."

"I assure Mr. Lippe that Mr. Coverdale is perfectly competent to the task," said the judge, who was well acquainted with the young lawyer, and who, though ignorant of his present relations, fancied he smelt a joke in the actions of the parties.

"Mebbe your honor is right," said Mr. Lippe, "but plague take me, if you don't find him a likely sight better farm hand than lawyer."

A general titter ran around the bar.

The suit proceeded. The young attorney having previously mastered the whole ground, entered into its merits with such force and clearness as astonished even the court. But how shall we paint the surprise of old Mr. Lippe! It took him by storm. At every word of the young lawyer he seemed to dizen with astonishment, until his amazement was something so ridiculously appalling as to convulse the entire audience with laughter.

Peal after peal resounded, and even the fat sides of the judge, forgetting their gravity, seemed ready to shake to pieces with merriment.

"Who, who, who are you?" at last gasped the old man.

"Sit down, Mr. Lippe," said Coverdale. "I am attending to the case."

Then, stooping, he whispered in his ear: "I am trying to earn Susan."

"She's yours," shouted the old man, regardless of the bystanders or the court, which having now an inkling of the matter, gave a loose rein to their jubilant feelings. How Susan felt, however, can be better imagined than described. She blushed like one of her mother's peonies, and hastily hid her face in her veil.

When the merriment had subsided and old Mr. Lippe had secured his equanimity, the happy attorney proceeded, and finally made so clear a case for his involuntarily client, as caused the judge to dismiss the suit. The old man left the court in triumph, and with his hired hand, proceeded forthwith to the clerk's office, where a license was procured. The judge gave the court a short recess and united the happy pair in the bonds of matrimony.

**Going Home with Sally.**

The reader will laugh over this un- less human nature has greatly changed since our boyhood:

One bright moonlight winter's night, in the days of "lang syne," when school-houses, cheap schoolmasters and blue beach reds were the only instrumentalities used for teaching the "young idea how to shoot," we chanced to attend a "spelling school" in a certain rural district, the geographical location of which it is not now necessary to mention. 'Twas there, however, where our eyes first fell on a "fairy form" that immediately set our susceptible heart in a blaze. She was sixteen, or thereabout, with bright eyes, red cheeks and cherry lips, while the auburn ringlets clustered in a wealth of profusion around her beautiful head, and her person, to our ravished imagination, was more perfect in form and outline than the most faultless statue ever chiseled by the sculptor's art. As we gazed, our feelings, which never before had aspired girlward (we were scarcely eighteen,) were fully aroused, and we determined to go home with her that night or perish in the attempt. As soon, therefore, as school was dismissed, and our "lady love" suitably bonneted and cloaked, we approached to offer our services as contemplated, and we then learned an important lesson, viz, the difference between resolving and doing. As we neared her to put our resolution into execution, we seemed to be stricken with a sudden blindness; then red, green and yellow lights flashed upon our vision, and appeared and disappeared like watches in a phantasmagoria. Our knees smote together like Bolshazzar's and our heart thumped with apparently as much force as if it were driving tenpenny nails into our ribs! We, in the meantime, having reached Sally's side, manage to mumble over something which is, perhaps, known to the Recording Angel, but, surely, is not to us at the same time poking out our elbow as nearly at right angles with our body as our physical conformation would admit.

**The Lottery of Life.**

The Boston correspondent of the Chicago Journal tells this story: Five years ago the wife of one of the most prominent men of State street was a poor seamstress. When she first came to the city (from Maine) she worked three weeks before receiving any pay, and sleeping with one of her shopmates, she borrowed money and bought bread, having been refused regular board without paying in advance. In order to keep body and soul together, relentless work employed her all day, and hours at night demanded that she should ply the needle. But the most cynical of men approve of woman's a good personal appearance, and this seamstress finally managed to dress well and pay the price of a seat in an up-town church. Her natural beauty, coupled with a spirit of womanly independence drew towards her friends, and the result was that she married one of the wealthiest gentlemen at the South End, against the wishes of his friends, however, who did not like the idea of his marrying outside of the circle of wealth. But Cupid cuts up poor curious tricks, sometimes. The poor seamstress is now sitting in the lap of affluence, and those who know her are inclined to envy her good luck as she comes down town in a carriage to do her shopping. But this sudden change in her worldly condition has not made her a bit "stuck up." She not only drops a tear of sympathy over the heart-sick condition of the struggling shop-girl, but italicizes that sympathy by donations of much cash.

A New Orleans paper tells the following story: One of our coast planters, who has a number of Chinese laborers in his employ, seeing a disposition on the part of some of the negroes to annoy the Orientals, and apprehending a resort by the latter to the use of the sharp knives which they always wear, cautioned them not to take law into their hands, but in case they were troubled by any negro to bring the offender before him and he would see that justice was done. Accordingly one day the planter, while sitting on his gallery, observed a procession of the Chinamen coming from the quarter, bearing at their head a package. The marched with great deliberation and dignity up to the mansion and laid their burden on the gallery at the feet of planter. It proved to be a negro, securely bound as only Chinamen know how to tie a parcel. The negro was scared out of his senses, though entirely unharmed. Laying him quietly down on the gallery, the leader of the Chinese, pointing to the mass, said to the planter: "Nigguh! too much! too much nigguh!" and then the whole party trotted back to their work. It was an hour's hard work to untie the frightened negro, who on his release, very cheerfully acted upon the suggestion of the planter to "make himself scarce."

"Clara" writes from Brooklyn to say that she has no sympathy with those "sham modest" girls who complain because young men gaze at them in the street. Clara says she is a pretty girl, and is perfectly willing that poor young men who admire beauty, and cannot afford to get a specimen for themselves should look at her square in the face, provided they do it in a delicate manner. Clara adds that she has beautiful feet and wears short dresses, and that her object in wearing such dresses is the same as that of all the other pretty footed girls in the world.

Hobbs, the old rascal, says an American girl loves with her eyes, an English girl with her arms, a French girl with her lips, and Italian and Spanish with all three. A Boston woman capitulates in three months, a New York woman in two, and a New Orleans woman in one. Causes, partly climatic and constitutional, and partly a few words from the old folks in the back room.

**Stop Thief.**

A laughable incident is related by the Chicago Evening Journal in connection with the Baptist Convention just held in that city. The reception Committee had been driven to their wit's end to devise means of lodging the ministers in attendance, and after considerable tribulation found quarters for them all, some fifteen hundred in number. About fifty were quartered on the floor of the Chapel attached to the University on Cottage Grove Avenue, and succeeded in sleeping very comfortably during five nights. On the sixth, however, one of the reverend gentlemen happened to wake up at an early hour and groped about for his clothes, but they were gone—nothing that usually arrayed the clerical person could be found. He sat up in bed and scratched his head in confusion, not fully comprehending the situation at first. Looking around, he discovered that Brother B's clothes were also absent, that Brother T's big boots were not in their usual place; and, in fact, a thorough examination showed that not an article of apparel belonging to the half hundred ministers was in the room. Thoroughly frightened, the unfortunate Baptist yelled "Robbers! Burglars!" at the top of his voice, and soon his companions were made aware of the situation. The ensuing scene can be better imagined than described. Considerable valuable property was included with the missing garments, such as money, watches, railroad tickets, &c., and the situation, to the unlucky victims, was grave in the extreme. The unclothed fifty rushed hither and thither in the excitement of the moment, vainly seeking something they could not find. One could not but have pitied them, and yet their embarrassment was ludicrous in the extreme. They looked, says the Journal, like a lot of ghosts holding a grand carnival in the early dawn. Finally the news spread, and soon professors, students and porters were busy devising means for dressing up the unfortunates, but before they had solved the difficulty presented, a pile of clerically cut garments was found in an out of the way corner, and a pair of boots in another place, and the thorough search which was then instituted showed that some mischievous college boys had played a trick upon them, and hidden their garments in various nooks and corners about the building. The ministers were finally clothed, and will not soon forget the scare they received.

The Lockport Union describes with much feeling "a court scene of quiet demeanor." It says a boy had been arrested for the offence of picking up some pieces of jewelry that came by accident in his way, and when chased, running off with them. The venerable Judge Marvin called the boy to him, and in answer to the several questions put to the young one, he answered that he was eleven years old. He trembled considerably as he approached, to him the awful presence of the white-haired judge; but he found that the wanted seat of cold and solemn judgment was a mercy seat, and the judge's eye a father's counsel, and as the judge told him never more to keep anything he found, always to be a good boy, and asked him if he would always do so, the little fellow answered firmly, "Yes sir;" and as the boy turned and went away from the premises of his fatherly adviser, we thought that to a boy of that age, a "Go home and be a good boy," was infinitely safer than prison bars; and that perhaps the sound of these words would not die away for many years, but stay with the young prisoner and make a man of him.

The Detroit Free Press says: "Some three months since, as a well-known undertaker was sitting in front of his shop-door an acquaintance came along, and for a joke asked the undertaker what he would charge to bury him. The man replied that he would do it very reasonably, and—considering that it was a very dull day—said that he would bury in fine style for thirty dollars, provided that he died in twelve weeks. The bargain was concluded on the spot, a third party being called to witness, and on Monday the undertaker kept his share of the contract, the man having died after an illness of two weeks, which were his only sick days for twelve years."

THE GIRLS.—They think of Hymen and can't help sighing. When their lovers forsake them they can't help crying. They sit at the window, and can't help spying. Into private matters they can't help prying. To get each a beau they can't help trying. When together, their tongues can't help playing. At the mirror they can't help twisting and turning and trying. They screw up their corset, bring on the consumption, and can't help dying.

A western editor has been sent abroad by his subscribers on account of