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"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.
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Susan Lippe; or the Lawstint.
"I tell you what it is, gal," said old Mr. Lippe to his daughter Susan, "I'm determined never to have a dedicated 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 pretensions 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.

This grew out of Coverdale's love for Susan, which now assumed the cast of impatience.
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?"
"Yes, sir."
"About how much do you want a month?"
"Whatever you think is right."
"You'll never get along in the world, 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 vagged along. Old Lippe was mightily pleased with his hired hand, and often praised him to the woman folk. Indeed, he looked with a dree 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 as 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 agast 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 dither with astonishment, until his amazement was something so ridiculously appalling as to convulse the entire audience with laughter. Peel after peel 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.
Since that event, Mr. Lippe has changed his views on educational matters. The other day as Judge Coverdale was leaving home to take his seat in Congress, he said to his grandson:
"Lippe Coverdale, get your lessons well, and who knows but what you'll go to Congress too."
"Who 'knows!' exclaimed the happy Susan.
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 of 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 some 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 school-girl, but italicizes that sympathy by donations of much cash.

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 Balhazzar'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 our elbow as nearly at right angles with our body as our physical conformation would admit.
The night wind blew keenly, which served in some sort, to revive us, and as our senses returned, what were our emotions on finding the cherished object of our primal love clinging to our arm with all the tenacity a drowning man is said to clutch a straw! Talk of elysian, or sliding down greased rainbows, or feeding on German flutes, what are such "phelings" in comparison with those mighty ones that swelled our bosom night unto bursting off our waistcoat buttons! Our happiness was simply ecstatic, and every young lady or gentleman who has ever felt the mighty throbbings of a newly pledged love will completely understand that common word.
Well, we walked on pleasantly toward Sally's home, conversing very costily and sweetly as we passed along, until so courageous did we become that we actually proposed "to go and sit awhile," to which our dulcinea very graciously assented. Alas for us! how soon were we to be reminded that the "course of true love never did run smooth."
Sally had a brother of some ten summers, who accompanied us along the way, and who was in wonderful high spirits at the idea of his sister's having a beau, and he would circle around us, every now and then giggling in the height of his glee, and examining us as closely as if Sally and myself were the world renowned Siamese twins, and he was taking his first look. Bill, by-the-way, was a stubbed, chuckle-headed boy, whose habits would have made the fortune of an ordinary dealer in mop-rags.
At length we arrived at the bars, and while we were letting them down Bill shut past us, and tore for the house, as if pursued by a thousand devils of Bashan. He flung open the door with a bang, and shouted at the top of his voice:
"Mother! mother! Jim Clark is comin' hum with Sal!"
"Is he?" screamed the woman in reply.
"Wal, I declare!" I didn't think the saphend knew enough!"
Reader, we didn't go in.
He took her fancy when he came; he took her hand, he took a kiss; he took no notice of the shame that glowed her happy cheek at this. He took to coming afterwards; he took an oath he'd ne'er deceive; he took her father's silver spoons, and after that he took his leave.
The fears that the heathen Chinese would overrun the country are premature. In California, out of a population of 560,223, only 49,311 are Chinese, while of other foreigners there are nearly 100,000. In San Francisco the Chinese number 12,022.
More men kill themselves than women. Women prefer jumping into the water; men prefer to blow their brains out. Aged men cut their throats and aged women take to ropes. More single persons commit suicide than married; more divorced persons than widowers. So say the statistics.

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 unfortunate, but before they had solved the difficulty presented, a pile of clerically cut garments was found in an out of the way corner, 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.

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