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H. KOTHFUS, J. J. WILKENS, Proprietors.

LEAVE IT TO GOD.

Be it a doubt? all doubts He solves; Questions which thought in vain resolves.

Leave it to God! Leave it to God! Leave it to God!

Be it the loss of worldly wealth; Or yet the sorcer, loss of health?

Leave it to God! Leave it to God! Leave it to God!

Be it the heavy weight of guilt? The blood of Christ was freely spilt.

Leave it to God! Leave it to God! Leave it to God!

Oregon Manufacture.

From the Salem Statesman.

We take pleasure in announcing the success of any permanent manufacture established in our State, because it is one successful lays the foundation for other enterprises and makes success more easily attainable.

We are glad to know that at the present time our manufacturers have overcome opposition and that their wares now fully supply our market, so that there is enough demand to keep the machinery steadily at work.

A TERRIBLE SCANDAL.—A popular clergyman of Buffalo returned from an extended journey a few days since, and just as he alighted from the cars and was receiving the congratulations of a crowd of delighted parishioners, who had assembled to greet him, an inebriated individual following in his wake, seized him by the hand, and exclaimed: "Well, good by, old pard, I'm going further and shall keep up the same old drunk and get a little better."

DIDN'T GET FRIGHTENED.—Some students fixed up a ghost and placed it on the staircase of a Troy newspaper office, the other night, and then retired and awaited developments. One of the editors came along and it, and now wears a \$15 pair of pants, a \$10 vest, a \$7 pair of boots, and an \$8 hat, while one of the students goes about without a vest, and another roams through unfrequented streets wearing a very ancient pair of pantaloons.

Never be above your business, no matter what that calling may be, but try to be the best in that line. He who turns up his nose at his work, quarrels with his own sparks, there is no shame about his honest calling. Don't be afraid of soiling your hands; there is plenty of soap to be had.

An effected young lady, on being asked, in a large company, if she had read Shakespeare, assumed a look of astonishment, and replied: "Read Shakespeare! Of course I have; I read that when it first came out."

Around the World by Rail.

The trip around the world nowadays, taking the passage of the Isthmus of Suez, is become such an ordinary journey that the undertaking is regarded as of little more importance than attached to a summer's tour on the European Continent a few years ago.

A railway through Siberia, connecting the Russian and Chinese capitals, is not merely a dream of the visionaries; but we are told the project now belongs to ordinary railway enterprises of the day.

From the Evening News.

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The Statesman tells this: A lady living several miles from Dallas, left her home in search of a physician for her husband who had been for a long time ill with a chronic complaint. Upon her return home she took a shorter cut than the usually traveled road.

"GENEROUS ROOSTERS."—A cross-eyed man cast a gloom over a Detroit street car, the other day, by addressing one of the seven men on board on the opposite seat, "if he had any chewing tobacco handy." First the seven strangers looked at each other. Then the seven hands went pocketward, and upon observing this motion, each of the seven slipped a piece of tobacco into his pocket, and the seven hands returned empty. The cross-eye cast a rictus of indignation along the line, and with the remark "a sweet scented lot of generous roosters," took a chew of his own tobacco.

The Modern British Yoke.

From the Evening News.

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Dolph's Lies.

From the Salem Mercury.

On the occasion of the slim meeting held in the Court House in Portland, on the night of the 12th inst., to ratify the Republican nomination, lately made by the voters, one J. N. Dolph, the attorney of Bon Holladay, paid by the year by the railroad corporations to do their dirty work, was ordered out to expose himself in the most ridiculous manner by assuming all sorts of lies about the present State Administration.

Dolph's next attack the Locks with all the falsehoods and misrepresentations of two years ago, which are so well understood by the people, that we need not refer to them.

Governor Grover has kept clear of all connection with all claims of corporations which might influence his action as a public officer, and Dolph, being inside of the railroad corporations, has good opportunity to find this out.

This is the actual cost of the last two years of the Woods Administration from the sum of all the appropriations given by Dolph and we have the following: Total appropriations of 1870, covering previous two years and coming two years, \$2,000,000.

UNBEARABLE TYRANNY OVERTHROWN.—Max Adler says: We learn from an exchange that "The Legislature of Massachusetts has lately passed a law making it necessary that a dozen eggs weigh one and one-half pounds."

THE ONLY CHANGE.—An impecunious citizen said the only change he was allowed was that of the weather.

same class of falsehoods now. Two years ago the Democratic party was crushed down by the weight of Holladay imports and fraudulent purchased votes. Now it is quite different. The eye of the law is on the scoundrels and the corruption funds have fallen short.

Faint Praise.

From the Oregonian.

Here is the kind of send-off the Bulletin, ring organ, gives Carey Johnson, ring candidate for Judge of this District?

But the coldest thing in the Bulletin's faint praise is the remark that Carey will make a good "magistrate." We should think he would. A judge, when acting as a "magistrate," is simply a Justice of the Peace.

ENGLISH SWELLS.—A gentleman was walking down Congress street behind two English swells, when he overheard the following conversation: "Atty, my boy, said one, 'What's o'clock?' The other fat for his watch, and exclaimed, 'By Jove I've left it at home.'"

GEORGIA, known before the war as the Empire State of the South, is now determined to rightfully hold that appellation. She has thirty four cotton and woolen mills.

A Successful Temperance Movement.

From the Danbury News.

A resident of Ward Sixteen in Boston, believing that drinking liquor was a pernicious custom, resolutely set his face against the saloons, and put a barrel of ale in the cellar. On the first evening of the purchase he repaired to the cellar to tap his ale, taking a kerosene lamp with him.

THE FIVE DAUGHTERS.—A gentleman had five daughters, all of whom he brought up to some useful and respectable occupation in life. These daughters married, one after another with the consent of their father. The first married a gentleman by the name of Poor; the second, a Mr. Little; the third, a Mr. Short; the fourth, a Mr. Day; and the fifth, Mr. Kogg.

A SWEEPING BROADSIDE.—The editor of the Warsaw, Ky. Record, "rings the bell" in the following commendations and comprehensive five line paragraph, and conclusively shows that he has arrived at a proper appreciation of General Grant's favorite Congressman: "Ben Butler says that the newspapers slander him. This we deny; as there is not a word in the English vocabulary that can be construed into anything like a slander against such a beast."

GRUMBING.—The business does not make the man, it is the man that makes the business. Grumbling and complaining is not going to help the farming interest of the State. Give the various crops the thought and labor they demand, and it will be found that the cry, "farming don't pay," is all moonshine. We must help ourselves and not depend upon sympathy, and resolutions, and newspaper articles of complaint. Men who think a great deal and work earnestly, have not much time to waste on grumbling.

THE CINCINNATI Inquirer officer to bet \$500 that no fashionable lady ever goes to bed without first looking in the looking glass.