

FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN 1868, ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Our Own Affairs.

The Press man is very much disgusted at what he seems to think is a matter of vast importance to himself, and in order to vent his spleen he attacks a private citizen through the columns of his paper.

Remember, Messrs. editors of the Press, we are the editor and conductor of this journal, and no one else is responsible from proprietor to devil.

ROSEBERG, OGN., JULY 31, 1867.—In the SENTINEL of the 20th, Sol. Abraham asks, "where are we sued?"

The papers announce the death of one of our worthy citizens of former years, Judge James M. Pyle, of Union county, Oregon.

In the Ensign of the 30th, the editor appears to be somewhat offended at my statements in your paper. I regret very much to have offended any one, still more a Union editor.

LIQUOR INSPECTOR.—Our friend Mr. R. S. Dunlap, has filed his bond as General U. S. Inspector of Liquors, for Jackson and Josephine counties.

WEATHER.—It has been superlative hottest this week. Wednesday last was the warmest day of the season, the thermometer standing at 105° in the shade.

The thermometer marked 108° in Yreka, last Wednesday.

The Next President.

The influential Union journals in the Atlantic States are already casting about, seeking a suitable and strong candidate for the next Presidency.

The first is an idle fear. Grant has already shown that the will of the people is his law—that when they command he is willing to obey.

Remember, Messrs. editors of the Press, we are the editor and conductor of this journal, and no one else is responsible from proprietor to devil.

ROSEBERG, OGN., JULY 31, 1867.—In the SENTINEL of the 20th, Sol. Abraham asks, "where are we sued?"

The papers announce the death of one of our worthy citizens of former years, Judge James M. Pyle, of Union county, Oregon.

In the Ensign of the 30th, the editor appears to be somewhat offended at my statements in your paper. I regret very much to have offended any one, still more a Union editor.

LIQUOR INSPECTOR.—Our friend Mr. R. S. Dunlap, has filed his bond as General U. S. Inspector of Liquors, for Jackson and Josephine counties.

WEATHER.—It has been superlative hottest this week. Wednesday last was the warmest day of the season, the thermometer standing at 105° in the shade.

The thermometer marked 108° in Yreka, last Wednesday.

Our Compliments.

The Press has much to say about mongrelism. No wonder. That institution is an excellent illustration: A mixture of drunkenness and sobriety, of debauchery and virtue, of knavery and folly—anon fothing like a madman, then shaking the fool's bells; it is hard to say whether knave or idiot most contributes to the hybrid.

Our neighbor prostitutes the press to a criticism on the personal appearance of a private citizen. His own photograph is so transcendently handsome that it is said to be in the possession of the police in several of our cities.

Somebody in the Press office has lost his temper. We call his attention to an advertisement in this paper: "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup cures infant colic and pain in the bowels."

The Press man still complains that the "organ" don't pay. We advise him to buy an Italian machine. There is just-force enough in the Press sanctum to run it—a foreign knave and an American monkey.

Some of the Democrats wanted the "Oil Man" to try and abolish some of Stuart's disgusting vices, and make a half way decent man of him; but after a squint at the general style and appearance of the "critter," he declared that he never attempted impossibilities.

The child of the Press office is very fretful, evidently teething. We advise the Democratic party to provide a wet-nurse for him immediately—it would require three or four, however, to keep him in order.

The sneaking of the Press evidently contemplates suicide. He uses some very incoherent expressions, among which is "Hang dog." Please don't hang yourself! We recommend drowning as more appropriate for worthless.

Our neighbor speaks of the wonderful feat of the base ball clubs. His wonderful feat was getting T Vault in the lager beer saloon, and strategically surrounding the Colonel's fist with his eye.

After the Hon. Mr. William Fiddler, Esquire, had mumbled the "Declaration," on the Fourth, his head was swelled so as to require a poultice of bran. The other one's head was poulticed with bran-dee.

Whenever our neighbor curls his pretty moustache with an air of "abstraction," say "Jump-off-Joe" to him, and then gaze on his seraphic countenance. Oh, hoop-skirts and garters! ain't it angelic?

Our cotemporary is said to be so wonderfully "disgusted" by the behavior of his subscribers, that he has purchased a gunny sack in which to bag his head.

The Press man says we are a miserable fellow. We feel well, but would be wretched, indeed, if we had been snubbed as badly by a piece of calico as he was.

The "Abolition Oil Man" was in town this week. Stuart & Fiddler didn't purchase, having received a full supply from the SENTINEL, which they found very soothing.

Our neighbors of the Press want "more general support." Drunken men often "support" themselves with awning-posts. Take another drink and try it!

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Our cotemporary says he "likes to break a lance with a newspaper cotemporary." Chivalrous cuss! Wouldn't he rather break the top off a whisky bottle?

The musical editor of the Press inhales his lofty inspiration at a second story window. We don't see how he gets his tail up stairs.

Shakespeare says: Slung physic to the purps! If our neighbors of the Press are in want of counter-irritants, they can apply at the SENTINEL office.

It is said that Fiddler was weaned early, on account of milk being too stimulating for a weak brain.

The SENTINEL is charged with doing

"dirty work." Handling the catfils of the Press is the dirtiest work it ever performed.

The Press is well named, as one of its conductors has to stand a pressure of about fifty pounds of "red-eye" to the square inch.

The junior editor of the Press is said to be deeply in love—with himself. It is the most perfect instance of "puppy love" on record.

There can be no revivification of a dead cat, a rotten skunk, cabbage, a stinking fish, or a paper like the Southern Oregon Press.

Monkeys that play the fiddle are very common, but we know of only one Fiddler that plays the monkey.

From the way our neighbor of the Press is getting madder, he must be going into the dye-stuff biz.

The Herald says: The Jacksonville Press "utters some sound truths." Lots of "sound," certainly, but no "truth."

It is a strange paradox that our neighbor of the Press is most elevated when on his back.

The Press says it is the mouth-piece of the Democratic party. If the mouth-piece feels sore—poultice it.

We said our neighbor was intoxicated—not so; he was simply "disgusted."

The Press man asks for charity; that is for men and dumb brutes—not for "reptiles."

The Press thinks Democracy is growing—so is a cow's tail.

The Press says it is a "medium." No doubt of that—a spirituous one.

If the Press man wants any further notice, we will get black Sam, to fish for him in the gutter.

A Card. TO THE EDITORS OF THE PRESS.—GENTLEMEN:—I take this method to inform you that I am not the editor of the SENTINEL, neither am I responsible for any article or articles that appear in its columns, unless over my own signature.

UNDAMAGED.—The future Vice President of the United States (Geo. H. Williams) has been again fired at by the Jacksonville squint-gun.

ABSENT.—Mr. Turner, Telegraph Operator, left for Yreka last Wednesday morning. He will be at his post on Monday or Tuesday next.

THE Louisiana rebels have been very hungry for reconstruction. Since the advent of Sheridan among them, it is presumed they have got their "Phil."

Speaking of Senator William's speech at Eugene on the 23d inst, the State Journal says:

His speech was strictly confined to the proceedings of the last few years, under the appropriate heading of "National Politics." No ground was gone over twice!

A GRAND BALL Will be given under the management of members of the Order, at the spacious Hall of Viet Shutz.

WOOD SAWING! I have just received and set up one of Burt's Union Horse Powers, and am prepared to take contracts for sawing wood.

The Best Remedy for Purifying the Blood, Strengthening the Nerves, Restoring the Lost Appetite, is FRESH'S HAMBURG TEA.

Agents Wanted in every county in the Pacific States, to canvass for two new and important SUBSCRIPTION WORKS. Apply at once to the subscription department of H. H. BANCROFT & CO., Bookellers & Publishers, San Francisco, Cal.

SUTTON & HYDE, AGENTS FOR LYON'S KATHAIRON, LYON'S EXCT GINGER, LYON'S ELEA POWDER, MAGNOLIA WATER, EL DORADO UNION CLUB ROOM.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING THOROUGHLY refitted the above named saloon, solicit a share of the public patronage.

GOOD NEWS! The City House, 104 3/4 St. between California and Main—2 doors west of the Exchange Saloon.

IS THE PLACE TO GET 'A SQUARE MEAL.' D. Lavenberg, Prop'r.

THE PROPRIETOR WOULD RESPECTFULLY announce to the citizens of Jacksonville and the traveling public, that he has now prepared to furnish board and lodging.

MEALS AS FOLLOWS: Breakfast, 6 to 7 o'clock; Dinner, 12 to 1; Supper, 6 to 7. LUNCHEONS AND SUPPERS.

JOHN F. HOUCK, PRACTICAL Watchmaker and Jeweler! Oregon Street, Jacksonville, Oregon.

HAS ALWAYS THE BEST SELECTED STOCK OF New Style, Solid Jewelry.

Gold and Silver Watches, Of French, English and American Manufacture. First Quality only.

8-DAY AND 30-HOUR CLOCKS. Seth Thomas' Striking, Alarm, Weight and Spring Clocks, etc., etc.

DR. HUFELAND'S SWISS STOMACH BITTERS! The best Purifier of the Blood! A Pleasant Tonic! A Very Agreeable Drink!

ARMY SUPPLIES. OFFICE OF THE A. Q. M. FORT KLAMATH, OGN., July 13, 1867.

SEALED PROPOSALS IN DUPLICATE will be received at this office, until 12 M., Thursday, the 15th day of August, 1867.

WOOD SAWING! I have just received and set up one of Burt's Union Horse Powers, and am prepared to take contracts for sawing wood.

THE Best Remedy for Purifying the Blood, Strengthening the Nerves, Restoring the Lost Appetite, is FRESH'S HAMBURG TEA.

Agents Wanted in every county in the Pacific States, to canvass for two new and important SUBSCRIPTION WORKS.

ARMY SUPPLIES. OFFICE OF THE A. Q. M. FORT KLAMATH, OGN., July 13, 1867.

SEALED PROPOSALS IN DUPLICATE will be received at this office, until 12 M., Thursday, the 15th day of August, 1867.

WOOD SAWING! I have just received and set up one of Burt's Union Horse Powers, and am prepared to take contracts for sawing wood.

THE Best Remedy for Purifying the Blood, Strengthening the Nerves, Restoring the Lost Appetite, is FRESH'S HAMBURG TEA.

Agents Wanted in every county in the Pacific States, to canvass for two new and important SUBSCRIPTION WORKS.

ARMY SUPPLIES. OFFICE OF THE A. Q. M. FORT KLAMATH, OGN., July 13, 1867.

SEALED PROPOSALS IN DUPLICATE will be received at this office, until 12 M., Thursday, the 15th day of August, 1867.

WOOD SAWING! I have just received and set up one of Burt's Union Horse Powers, and am prepared to take contracts for sawing wood.

THE Best Remedy for Purifying the Blood, Strengthening the Nerves, Restoring the Lost Appetite, is FRESH'S HAMBURG TEA.

Agents Wanted in every county in the Pacific States, to canvass for two new and important SUBSCRIPTION WORKS.

ARMY SUPPLIES. OFFICE OF THE A. Q. M. FORT KLAMATH, OGN., July 13, 1867.

SEALED PROPOSALS IN DUPLICATE will be received at this office, until 12 M., Thursday, the 15th day of August, 1867.

WOOD SAWING! I have just received and set up one of Burt's Union Horse Powers, and am prepared to take contracts for sawing wood.