

FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN 1908, CLYDE S. GRANT, OF THE THREE STATES. "Well done, they go and do it better." The people have awarded for patriotism—patriotism for traitors.

FOR THE VICE PRESIDENCY, GEO. H. WILLIAMS, OF MICHIGAN. Both subject to the action of the National Union Convention.

D. M. C. GAULT, EDITOR. SATURDAY MORNING, April 18, 1908.

Union State Ticket.

- FOR CONGRESS: DAVID LOGAN, Of Multnomah County. FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS: O. JACOBS, Of Jackson County. W. BOWLEY, Of Washington County. A. B. BRADSHAW, Of Union County.

Josephine County Union Convention.

The Union voters of Josephine county are requested to hold precinct meetings on Saturday, May 2, at 10 o'clock, p. m., at the usual places of voting in each precinct, to select delegates to the Union County Convention, which will be held at Koryville on Saturday, May 16, at 10 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the various county offices, and for the transaction of other business.

- The delegates are appointed, as follows: In each precinct: Albion, 4; Briggs, 3; Blue Creek, 2; Eastport, 2; Canyon Creek, 2; Deer Creek, 2; Koryville, 3; Williamsburg, 4; Yanoy, 2; Applegate, 2; Wadwa, 1. By order of the Central Committee, W. M. EVANS, Chairman.

The State Rights Democrat hopes that Grant will be nominated, and says "that stump-tweener will be in active demand." The last remark is eminently correct; for Democracy will be very sick at the stomach about that name.

A COPPERHEAD short in Oregon thinks Grant is a very "dangerous man." That's exactly the conclusion that Davis and Lee and every other traitor came to, long before the Copperhead editor found it out.

The leader's "whippen" has just enlightened the Democracy of Ashland on constitutional law. He also informed his bewildered hearers that he got his democracy by "method," but didn't explain whether through a straw or with a nursing bottle.

GENERAL GRANT is being arraigned by the Democratic press for drunkenness? If the General only got drunk on democratic whiskey,—was a good traitor and in favor of National Dishonor and the "lost cause," the Copperhead press would cease its clamor.

THERE has been much enquiry as to who "the man up a tree" was. Our Democratic brethren can find his name in full in this issue, as he has appended it to his final communication. We are personally acquainted with him and roach for the genuineness of the signature. We hope everyone is perfectly satisfied, especially the "bed-rocks."

The State Rights Democrat observes that during the sixty years of democratic power: "No nation was more prosperous than this,—no people more happy,—no government less burdensome." We knew a man once who had enjoyed sixty years of happiness and prosperity,—surrounded by his family,—when all of a sudden he went crazy, and had to be sent to a lunatic asylum, and he has not enjoyed a day's lock since. The Democratic party is pretty much in the same fix, and needs a straight-jacket badly.

TIMELY SCORER.—Several of the Democracy at Ashland, who were "under-bis" in the left ear by the "leader" some time ago, immediately experienced the most alarming symptoms, sweating commenced, and their skin assumed a deep copper color, indicating that the poison had struck in. Fortunately a barrel of double-gear chain lightning was at hand, copious draughts of which, neutralized the venom and probably saved their lives. It's the worst case of snake bite on record in these parts.

A NOVEL PROPOSITION.—A public spirited individual, named Langley Hall, has proposed through the Ensign to take the Sheriffalty of Douglas county at half price; whereupon a whole-souled person of the name of Pumphkinhead advertises that he will perform the duties of Sheriff for nothing, and depend entirely on stealing for a living. From the vegetable character of his name and his confidence in his natural resources, we judge him to be a "peewee," or, as styled in this county, a "bed-rock" Democrat and have no doubt he will make the "riffle" if elected.

NOTICE.—Persons having business in this office are notified that reading proof sheets is a breach of printing office rules, not to be permitted under any circumstances. Those having no particular business will please loaf elsewhere.

OREGON CENTRAL.—The opening ceremonies of the O. C. R. R. took place at Portland on Thursday, before an immense concourse of people.

The Congressional Candidate.

On Monday next, the citizens of this county will have an opportunity of hearing the political issues of the hour discussed by the opposing candidates for Congress. We acknowledge having under-estimated the pluck of the Democratic candidate. Smarting under the taunts of the Union press, he has consented to meet Mr. Logan on the stump, and, so far, the Republican papers report Mr. Smith a bewildered and discomfited man under the heavy blows dealt him by his opponent. This should be taken with some grains of allowance, as it is impossible for partisan papers to dispense with all their bias during the heat of political campaign; and the surest way is for people to come and judge for themselves. Mr. Smith has been heard by many of our citizens. Mr. Logan has the reputation of being the most brilliant and forcible speaker in the State, and more than able to expose the hollow sophistry and shams, for which his opponent is noted. When last here, Joseph S. Smith had either the audacity or the ignorance to edify his audience with a garbled and false version of the Civil Rights Bill, and from premises, false in fact, and known to be so by nearly every citizen in this town,—the correct bill having been published the same morning,—he drew conclusions perfectly suited to himself and party. It will be impossible for Mr. S. on next Monday to deceive his audience by any such shallow and unworthy device; for he has to deal with intelligence, we firmly believe, superior to his; with a mind as keen, with wit more ready, and, if the Democratic candidate can prove that he and his party have any tenable ground to stand upon, we are much mistaken. We fully expect to see the false positions of the Democratic candidate exposed,—his dinky sophisms laid bare,—and himself beaten and humiliated under the stalwart blows of his intellectual antagonist; and if we do not, we will be somewhat disappointed.

POLITICAL FESTIVITIES.—Our Democratic brethren had a gay time at Willow Springs on Saturday evening last. The most interesting feature of the occasion was a speech from an old pedagogue, who formerly belonged to the Republican party. He is one of the ablest and most intelligent among the Democracy, and destined to become the leader of that party. The old gentleman taught school when he belonged to us. He was an original old case, and because an illiterate Republican found fault with him for spelling "out-fee" with a k on the black-board of his school, he swore that his standard of intelligence was entirely too high for the J-K ignorant Republicans, and drifted back to Democracy. What a glorious speech he made on Saturday night! Just the thing to fire the rebel heart again, and make the Republicans tremble in their boots. "The blacks," he said, were a cursed set of liars; had led themselves into office, and he went in for exterminating them,—horse foot and dragonage,—either by the ballot or the sword." His remarks were well received, and a committee of his friends have concluded to present him with a leather sword, with which to begin the bloody work of extermination. The accession of so able and accomplished an orator to the Democratic ranks only proves the truth of the old saw—"that the sow will return to its wallow"—every time.

RAILROADS.—On the outside of today's paper will be found a letter from B. F. Duwell, which touches on the subject of railroads. It appears that Mr. Pengra and Congressman Mallory are at loggerheads, the latter insisting that the road shall run through the Umpqua and Rogue River valleys, and that under no circumstances whatever shall it be allowed to pass the Cascade Mountains by way of Diamond Peak. We want a railroad—badly; and if this or any other company will take hold and build it, our people should make no objection. We have no preference for any company, and will feel rejoiced, in common with all our citizens, when we can see an immediate prospect of communication by railroad with the outside world, and a market for our surplus produce.

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A Grand Mistake.

The editor of the Salem Record has had an interview with a soldier lately from Fort Klamath, and is informed that "Fort Klamath does not seem to possess any great attractions, and those who have been there report very few inducements for permanent settlement and occupancy." We never heard anybody say that it had; and the only settlers we know of that point is the command of Captain McGregor. The above paragraph is calculated to mislead people who are not posted on that section of Oregon, and they will naturally confound "Fort Klamath" with "Klamath Lake." The former was not intended by nature for agricultural purposes, and as it is nearly as high as the summit of the Siskiyou range of mountains, it cannot be expected to be a very attractive place. The Klamath Basin, lying some forty miles from the military post, is one of the best agricultural sections in this State, and presenting so many attractions to the settler, that there are already over seventy claims taken up in it. It includes Klamath, Tale, and Goose Lakes. The valleys of Link, Sprague and Lost rivers contain thousands of acres of arable land, than which there is no better anywhere—only requiring tilling to make it extremely productive. Wild grasses and clover grows in luxuriant abundance, and it has been proved to be the very best stock country in Oregon. It is a region of country, rich in timber and soil, and cut up by lakes and streams, and with a climate less moist and inclement than that of the Willamette valley, has no attractions for settlers, then settlers are not—badly in want of homes. We have no surplus population or present, but when immigration sets this way, we fully expect to see a prosperous and numerous population in the Klamath Lake Basin as there is at present in Rogue River valley, and that at no very distant day. The mistake, is not in calling Fort Klamath an inhospitable place, but in confounding it with the settlements in the valley below.

Ashland Union Club.

A Union Club was organized at Ashland, on Saturday, the 11th inst., under the name of the "Ashland Union Club." The objects of the Club, as set forth in their constitution, is to "strive for the advancement of those principles for the promotion of which the National Union party came into existence, and in pursuance of which the slaveholders rebellion was put down, and the supremacy of national law vindicated." The following persons were elected to fill the offices of the Club, viz: President, J. M. McCall; Vice President, A. F. Farman; Secretary, G. W. Fordyce; Treasurer, Frank Smith; executive committee, John P. Walker and B. F. Myer. The following resolutions were adopted.

Resolved, That we have the true interests of our nation at heart; that we rejoiced when the rebellion was crushed, and mourned when Lincoln died; and that we will ever remain true to those principles, for the defense of which so many patriotic soldiers poured out their life-blood on the battle-fields of rebellion.

Resolved, That in the reconstruction plan of Congress, we recognize the only practicable means, as yet presented, of restoring all the States to their proper places in the Union; and that the granting of the right of suffrage to the negroes of the South, thereby giving them the right to protect themselves, is the only judicious means of saving them from being ground into the dust by the enactments of an unscrupulous set of vanquished rebels.

Resolved, That we recognize in the thirteenth amendment to the constitution, that which, it ordained at the commencement of our national existence, would have left no cause for the rebellion; and that common Justice and the laws of God equally demand its enactment.

G. W. FORDYCE, Sec'y.

We have only to say that if the colored people are not truer to their race than the Democracy has been, they should be whitewashed and sent back to Africa.—Sentinel.

Whether they are sent back to Africa, or not, they will be whitewashed by their Republican, Miscegenation friends from the North.—Reveille.

A whitewashed "nigger" will do to throw into the scale against a black washed traitor.

INCONVENIENT.—The "leader" and his knife too long or his legs too short. For convenience, he has had the weapon jointed, and carries the handle where a nautical individual in this town (Jim Stewart) carries the anchor of his ship.

The Final Glimpse.

Some individuals are singularly favored of fortune. Our political reporter had remained up his tree for several evenings, but his Copperhead friends were on the alert and over came night. Once they approached near enough for him to hear the whispered injunction—"look out for that fellow up the tree," but that was all. He descended, and while in the act of taking some refreshment at the bar of the "New State," he got an invitation to attend a little caucus of the bed-rock Democracy, to be held at early candle lighting. Thinking that it might forward his interests and secure him that Constableness, but a little doubtful that he might be recognized, our man determined to "heel" himself and attend the "leader's" last tea-party. He visited every store in town, but nothing in the shape of a knife, except a septic, could be procured. He thought this rather unwisely and went after a derringer—not a single one in town! The "harmonious" Democracy had secured every one, and the market was exhausted. He applied to several of his party friends, belonging to both wings, for the loan of something to protect himself with, but they shook their heads knowingly and remarked in a whisper, "the 'leader' has got a big knife, and it stands a man in hand to be 'heeled.'" One individual who had four derringers in his pockets, a brickbat in his hat, a bowie in his boot leg, and a slung-shot down the back of his neck, concluded to lend the latter as a matter of convenience. Our reporter put it in his pocket, and presenting himself at headquarters, gave the password "root bag or die," and was at once admitted. It was only, and the "candidate" only, was present. Stalking the apartment with the air of Hamlet, he soliloquized with himself: "I'm carrying too much weight to win this race; hang the 'leader,' he is worse than a mill-stone round a man's neck; the Democratic tag is mighty thin, and I am tolerable heavy lumber for it to carry without any extra weight; the party could stand me on a pinch, but they hate to carry double, and the 'leader' and I would break almost anything's back! Confound him! I wish now that I had played a 'bone hand.' If a man goes it alone and gets skunked, it's pretty tough, but he might as well be skunked, as enshored and lose the game. I've tried to play Cincinnati, and I've played h-o-l-i so far—seven o'clock; heigh, ho! want them tellers never come!" During this interesting soliloquy our man was perusing a list of independent Democrats, who were to be dealt with severely, and a list of James to be drawn in desperate cases, when our candidate got to be an official; and just as he remarked to himself that they were all "bed-rocks" without an exception, the door opened, and in walked the "leader." His step was firm, and his classic brow lowered most portentously; his eyes spit fire, but his gills were as blue as an indigo-bag, and his general aspect was not particularly cheerful. After a little thought, he remarked "that the case was looking desperate, and asked our reporter and the candidate "what they had to offer?" They had nothing. "Well," said he, "to business?" "Here is the record of the 'counter-jumper,' and if it don't convince anyone who goes for 'principles' instead of men that he is rotten politically, then I weaken." The "leader" then drew from his pocket a letter from Boise, showing that the "counter-jumper," when in Idaho, had taken an active part against the election of a very worthy Democrat (Opdyke) to the Sheriffalty, on the simple ground that he was a thief and a murderer; and showing that when the said candidate was afterwards hanged by the Vigilance Committee, he had acknowledged his democracy by confessing that he had robbed the stage and murdered two men during his devotion to democratic principles. "There!" exclaimed the "leader" triumphantly, "was an honest, consistent bed-rock Democrat up for office, and no Democrat had a right to scratch him when nominated, for the man always represents the principles." The "candidate" proposed to have the letter published, and our man responded "yes, verily—it is such a good thing that them SENTINEL fellows will do it for nothing." "D—n" them SENTINEL fellows replied the "leader," and "cure that 'man up the tree' who writes for that villainous sheet. Gentlemen, there is a spy among us! No mongrel ever saw our black list or heard my orders to give additional marks to

those who carry double like his honor.

"But," proceeded he, "it's too late now! one more desperate effort, and if we win, we will grind the mongrel rag together with its party, and the 'independents,' into the dust of the earth; we will show them whether they have any particular interest in you or not, if we elect you." "Keep away from that Express corner,—it looks bad to hang round there,—it is with us; and if we have to bolt as you did when Anderson ran, and ran you independent, that corner can control a good many Republican votes; but that must not leak out till the 'best' comes as it will heat us sure." "To-morrow," said the great Phocion, "let every man be at his post—see that every bed-rock votes the marked ticket; and if we win the d-d calicoes have beat us in this precinct, have — raise the cry of fire, and—in the rush, secure the ballot-box and stuff it;" it's late now and there is a good deal to be attended to outside—we might as well adjourn." Our man listened to this chapter of orthodox democracy in perfect astonishment. Political excommunication for opposing a murderer and a robber for office,—official tyranny and persecution for the minority, even of his own party,—violation of political faith,—arson and fraud on the ballot-box,—these were the time-honored principles by which bed-rock Democracy proposed to win! Our man pondered—not long, and said: nay, vary! He has concluded that he is too hot for a political atmosphere, and now retires into private life, after bidding the "leader" an affectionate farewell. Farewell, Mr. "leader," without enough followers, you may be smart enough for the cowards, but cannot ride an intelligent community fence-sitter. Good-bye! to-day your political knell will ring in your ears,—every independent ballot that falls into the box will be a nail in the coffin of your political hopes; and ere a week, none will be found poor enough to put coppers on the eye of the corpse. Farewell! farewell! Yours, affectionately, A BETTER DEMOCRAT THAN YOU DARE TO BE.

A WORD OF ADVICE.—The excitement among the Democracy is so high, that it is said that a few Republicans have been solicited to vote at the precinct meeting to-day. We hope no Republican will do anything of the kind; and when they are informed that it is necessary for them to pledge themselves to vote the Democratic ticket on election day, we feel confident that they will stay at home and let the Democracy settle their own quarrels. We have no intention of obtruding advice on our party friends, but make the foregoing suggestion and hope it will be taken as it is meant.

HAVING intimated that the Web-foot lady didn't get the carving-fork into the amorous Mr. Smith,—that aspirant for Congressional honors objecting to having his wind interfered with, the Unfortunate thus responds: "Mistaken, Mr. Sentinel. The iron actually entered him, but it was in a region where there was little danger of striking wind."

We insist on our point, as the subject is all wind; and the least puncture would have made an empty bladder of him.

ELSEWHERE we have alluded to the timely rescue of several snake-bitten individuals at Ashland. The Serpent's tongs will be pulled to-day, and henceforth he will be as harmless as a garter snake.

IMPEACHMENT.—The dispatches relative to the impeachment trial are uninteresting,—it progresses but slowly,—the defence not having presented all their testimony yet.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MAY DAY PARTY

VIET SHUTZ HALL,

The Evening of May 1st, 1868.

THE UNDERSIGNED HEREBY ANNOUNCE that he will give a grand party at his house on the evening of Friday, May 1st. The best of music is a grand for the occasion. No pains will be spared to make the entertainment a success, and to give general satisfaction to everybody. A general invitation to all is extended.

ON THE EVENING OF

May 1st, 1868.

On both of which occasions the subscriber will be glad to see all his friends and patrons, and assure them that every effort will be made to insure pleasure and enjoyment.

VIET SHUTZ,

April 18th, 1868.

ALL OVER THE WORLD... PLANTATION BATTERS.

S.T-1860-X. Another wonderful signifier of Spanish origin, imparting beauty to the complexion and softening the skin.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. The merits of this Liniment are well known. It cures bruises, sprains and swellings, etc.

LYON'S FLEA POWDER. It is well known that Lyon's Genuine Maggot Powder will perfectly destroy everything in the way of Fleas, Lice, Bedbugs, etc.

LYON'S MAGNETIC POWER. For exterminating insects and vermin, with entire success.

Summons. IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE of Oregon, for the county of Jackson.

Suit in Equity for Divorce. To Henry Staderoth: You are required to appear in said court, and answer the complaint of said plaintiff, filed against you, within ten days from the time of the service of this summons on you.

SECRET OF BEAUTY. GEORGE W. LAIRD'S BLOOMING YOUTH. Renders the skin soft, smooth, clear, and beautiful.

ON THE EVENING OF. BULLOCK, 24, 1868, OMA. On both of which occasions the subscriber will be glad to see all his friends and patrons, and assure them that every effort will be made to insure pleasure and enjoyment.

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