

OREGON SENTINEL.

JACKSONVILLE
SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1884.

Republican State Ticket.

For Congress,
BINGER HERMANN.
For Judge of Supreme Court,
L. FLINN.
For Presidential Electors,
D. P. THOMPSON, of Multnomah,
WARREN TRUITT of Polk,
J. C. LEASURE of Umatilla.

District Ticket.
For Circuit Judge,
L. R. WEBSTER.
For Prosecuting Attorney,
E. L. APPELGATE.

Jacobs is running splendidly—trying to catch up with Oatman. If he had run half as fast after the stage robber he allowed to get away while he was dreaming of conventions and county script and such things, the robber would be safe in the jail here where he ought to be.

A short time since Sheriff Jacobs arrested Briscoe at Grant's Pass, when the prisoner was lodged in jail the Sheriff addressed him a note apologizing for arresting him and hoping he would not think hard of him. Briscoe opened the note and ejaculated: "The two faced old son of a—shot gun!"

Our friend Nickell is not contented with a store at Grant's Pass, one at Gold Hill and a store and printing office in Jacksonville, but is hawking the democratic party about and offering it for sale. Of course the proceeds will go into Nickell's pockets and the individual democrats will be expected to wear collars labelled "Nickell's."

The Prohibitionists must have known their man or else they committed a great folly when they nominated Jacobs. He staid on the ticket a week and then slid off to catch the anti-prohibition nag and ride both. It takes a circus rider to ride two horses and Jacobs is not a circus rider. When he rides prohibition and anti-prohibition, or rides Neil and Nickell he is liable to fall between the twain and disjoint his political neck.

Mr. Nickell was cornered by Henry Klippel on Monday last and asked the question direct "did you not obtain a promise from Jacobs that he would appoint Charles Prim deputy if nominated and elected?" Nickell positively refused to answer, saying that "he would not answer anyone a question that would break his head with." This was a confession that he was a party to a dirty transaction and more anxious about Jacobs' election and the money he would make out of it, than his own word. He didn't dare lie to Klippel and didn't dare to tell the truth for fear he would lose ten cents but it was evident that Mr. Klippel had the club already in his hands. The question was asked and the answer refused in presence of K. Kubli and R. S. Dunlap and the inference is that Nickell will keep the truth back every time if there's a short bit to be lost by telling it. Anything that is said in his paper should be regarded as a falsehood and perfectly unreliable.

Neil made a political speech to his associates while out on the war path, and it was somehow overheard; he said: Stand back gentlemen and give me room to swing around the circle and prove my ability to legislate. The Times says I'm the boss debater. I'm more than that. I'm the only living, breathing and sinewy pure political nondescript of the age; and I'd like to see the color of the man's hair that could figure out my pedigree. If I'm elected and go below there will be more people around with dark lanterns hunting for my principles than old Diogenes ever thought of; then things have gone glimmering with the things that were long ago, if I ever had any. I will cast my vote solid for U. S. Senator where it will do the most good—for me. Nickell broke him up here and said in a serious tone. That's good enough Neil; but be careful how you tinker around the Berry family—they won't do. One salivated me, and I'm down on the whole outfit. Nickell and Neil stopped talking and Jacobs said: My advice to you is to make no promises and keep clear away from everybody; don't say a single word, and for heavens sake try and keep awake. I say too much sometimes. I made an ass of myself when I apologized to Briscoe for putting him in jail. He said I was a son-of-a-shot-gun; but I said, and Briscoe knew it, for he was my deputy. It's not true that I was asleep when Dedden broke the jail door. I forget to tell the Judge or District Attorney about it; I'm forgetful at certain seasons of the year anyway. I forgot it entirely if I ever agreed to appoint Prim deputy. You see it was my bad season of the year to remember. I'm afraid a good many people will forget to vote for me on election day. This is all I can remember now.

Political Methods.

We believe every consideration of duty as a public journalist requires that we should expose the corrupt and disreputable methods of politicians let them belong to whatever party they may; and we are led to this remark because of the tactics pursued by the Nickell Jacobs faction to get control of the Democratic convention which placed before the voters of that party the ticket which has created such a furor of indignation. It will be believed by those who know Mr. Nickell and are an eye witness to his frantic and all but insane efforts to secure Mr. Jacobs' re-election that a bargain of some kind exists between them by which the former is to have and enjoy certain privileges not accorded to all in which there is some sort of profit. This will be believed no matter what Mr. Nickell may say; and in order to make this close communion arrangement secure these two gentlemen pooled their strength and by stealth and misrepresentation so manipulated the precincts that there came to the front a class of democrats, who for a number of years, have been found at each recurring election fighting the ticket—some, the whole ticket openly and boldly, others, such of it as did not happen to suit them. A large number of those who were delegates to the county convention never could have got there except through the underground schemes and questionable methods employed by Nickell and Jacobs. These honorable(?) gentlemen knew there was a bitter prejudice in the country against the town on account of the Court House, and they set about systematically to inflame and intensify that prejudice—Nickell, by falsely representing that there was a covert intention here, to get control of the convention, and, once in hand, to nominate certain influential persons in town for Judge, Clerk and Sheriff; and Jacobs, by saying the people here had abused him and mistreated him. This was their campaign stock. These representations were false, and Jacobs and Nickell knew it, but they sowed them broadcast over the country; and democrats were solemnly warned to prepare and look out for the men who were seeking their own nominations and charged to send no delegates to the convention who were not opposed to nominating anyone from here except for treasurer. Nickell, Chas. Prim, a resident of this place did this scurry work and he will not pretend to deny it; and we submit that a man who is so anxious to break his head with—this was a confession that he was a party to a dirty transaction and more anxious about Jacobs' election and the money he would make out of it, than his own word. He didn't dare lie to Klippel and didn't dare to tell the truth for fear he would lose ten cents but it was evident that Mr. Klippel had the club already in his hands. The question was asked and the answer refused in presence of K. Kubli and R. S. Dunlap and the inference is that Nickell will keep the truth back every time if there's a short bit to be lost by telling it. Anything that is said in his paper should be regarded as a falsehood and perfectly unreliable.

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Prim Deputy Matter.

We understand Mr. Jacobs denies the statement made in the SENTINEL last week, that he promised the deputyship to Charles Prim in case he was elected Sheriff. For the benefit of the public we make a full and complete statement of the matter giving names, so that all interested may judge for themselves; and the persons herein named will be qualified, if need be, to the statements, in full, for which they are, respectively, given credit.

As preliminary to a full understanding of the matter it is well to say that as the time drew near for holding the primaries two years ago it became apparent that there would be a close contest for the delegates to the county convention. Mr. Foudray was a candidate for Sheriff, and with the large following he had drawn about him, there was some reason to doubt this result. Mr. Chas. Prim, though not an expressed candidate, had a number of warm and influential friends who were anxious to see him nominated, and were willing to hear to anything else. To harmonize matters and if possible satisfy Mr. Prim's friends Mr. Plymale went to Ashland to see Mr. Jacobs about the Deputyship and asked him if he would appoint Charles Prim. Mr. Jacobs promptly replied that he had promised the position to Ed. Farlow, and could not appoint him. Mr. Plymale returned and informed Mr. Klippel, who said it was unfortunate for us with the fight we had on our hands, but it was all right, and we would do the best we could. Neither Mr. Klippel nor Mr. Plymale ever asked Mr. Jacobs to break faith with Mr. Farlow and never intimated such a thing.

The matter was dropped and passed out of mind so far as Plymale and Klippel were concerned and there was no thought that Prim would be appointed. The primaries came off and the Klippel party, as it is called, elected the delegates. Just before the convention Mr. Jacobs came to town—to Plymale's stable, and told him that Mr. Farlow was going to the Willamette with his family to be gone six months or a year; and that he was out of the way and that he would appoint Chas. Prim "without a question"—the quoted words are Mr. Jacobs' own in speaking of this matter.

Mr. Nickell told Mr. Klippel and Mr. Plymale and William Mensor that Mr. Jacobs had promised him he would appoint Charles Prim his deputy. Mr. Prim and in favor of his nomination in preference to Mr. Jacobs and who was a delegate to the convention started to see Mr. Jacobs about the matter himself, and before finding him met Mr. Nickell and told him who he was looking for and what he wanted to find out. Mr. Nickell assured him he had just seen Mr. Jacobs and that it was all right; Mr. Jacobs had promised him he would appoint Prim deputy, and that he, Mensor, could take his word for it. Mr. Mensor insisted on seeing Mr. Jacobs himself; but Mr. Nickell told him it was no use for everybody to bother him about it and doubly assured him it was all right. Mr. Mensor then said if he was to vote for Mr. Jacobs in the convention he wanted Charles Prim to know that he was to be the deputy and insisted on telling him at once. It was then fully told time; and they went together to Mr. Prim's house and called him out and Mr. Nickell told him, in presence of Mr. Mensor and Mrs. Prim that Jacobs had agreed to appoint him deputy.

The Friday or Saturday before the election Mr. Reames called Mr. Jacobs into the back room of his store and said to him: "can you appoint Prim deputy—what do you think of it?" Mr. Jacobs replied: "I think favorably of it." "If you can do so said Mr. Reames "it will make from 20 to 40 votes difference with you in this town." Can I say to the boys on the street that you will appoint him?" Mr. Jacobs said, "yes." Mr. Chas. Hanna heard this conversation. And Mr. Reames and Mr. Hanna, upon that assent told their friends; and Mr. Reames sent Mr. Hanna over to Jacobs and Poorman to tell the boys, and, upon this statement Reames and Hanna told everybody they saw.

After the election Jacobs said to Reames he was sorry he couldn't appoint Prim—that Farlow had gone below with his wife and he would have to appoint his son Newt, and asked him what he thought about it. Mr. Reames replied: I never go back on anything, but every man ought to know his own business.

The foregoing is a plain, unvarnished statement of the facts in the case, and we leave the public to draw their own conclusions.

Harr. Oatman will get nearly the solid vote of this precinct and his popularity right in his own neighborhood can't be broken by anybody.

Man up a Tree.

Neil and Nickell had a close consultation, when they were out, the other day, about the political outlook and other matters, and the man up a tree happened to be conveniently present and took it all in. Mr. Neil said: "Charley I can taste it in the atmosphere—this is going to be a rocky campaign for us. I'm mad as a hornet and I've got a good right to be. It's all right for Republicans to try to beat Beall and Fisher, but they're a batch of mangy ingrates to try to beat me after all the work I've done for 'em. You know, Charley, I've got up, many and many a time, at the dead hour of midnight, and marshaled my forces and thrown them in solid phalanx against the Democratic ticket; and now when that doggoned ring I've always been trying to help 'em bust up is fighting me they don't even throw me a straw but join right in the fight agin me. They think now there's a chance to elect two or three on their ticket and they're not satisfied and like the lot of cormorants they are they want the whole thing. I had a right to think better of them after the work I've done for 'em. I'll remember 'em just as long as I'm put on our ticket, now see if I don't. Charley, that Prim deputy business is hefty on us, I tell you. That's an awful ugly mess you've got into. You see, people will look at it about this way: They'll say either Jacobs tells a whopper when he says he never told anybody he would appoint Prim deputy, or you told one when you told Klippel and Mensor that Jacobs said he would appoint him. It's a case of veracity between you and Jacobs and how you can boil around and work for a man who says you lied is something I can't exactly figure out. I guess it's all right though; still, I think you put yourself to a good deal of trouble to deceive Billy Mensor and Charley Prim if Jacobs didn't tell you so when you went with Mensor to Prim's house expressly to tell him and did tell him, in Mensor's presence, that Jacobs had agreed to appoint him. It's no use for you to hum and haw or shrug your shoulders, Charley, you know this is the crookedest case of veracity that ever was scraped up in this country and the story of Annanias and Sapphira don't beat it a fraction. It's bound to beat Jacobs; and I'm afraid it'll bust the whole ticket. You know I'm not considered a feather weight on a ticket myself; and when I see you on a side of me and think of the script Jacobs affixes to his name and see Jacobs on the other sound asleep do you know Charley I feel like Isaacar the strong Ass crouching down between two burdens! Then there's that infernal stage robber mess. Jacobs got mad and said he wouldn't pay a cent for the hand cuffs for he bought 'em in Salem and they were his own private property. People will think lots less of him for talking that way for a man who haint got spunk enough to arrest a person for stealing his private property they'll think aint fit for sheriff anyway. I've noticed that Jacobs talks too much. If we could only put a brake on his tongue, we might pull through yet. Think of the down right idiocy of sending an Indian to arrest a robber; why it's rank lunacy! Where's the man in this day and age, except Jacobs, soft and pulpy enough to believe the Indian will do anything but hunt a nice shade tree and dump himself under it and go to sleep. Catch Mr. Indian hunting robbers! Yes; he'll nearly break his neck at it. It was a big mistake for Jacobs to abandon his search and come back here to nominate himself for sheriff again, besides the people of this county didn't make any contract with Jacobs to hire Indians to hunt up criminals. But Charley you're a genius. That was a splendid little racket you played when you decoyed a lot of unsuspecting delegates into the rump caucus in your office, during adjournment, and pulled the wool over their eyes and lied the socks off of them to make 'em see it, but you brought 'em to it and we scooped old Walton on the first ballot. I tell you Nickell, 'twas a ten strike when you got the delegates into that little trap. It's the only thing that saved DePatt's bacon; and the beauty of it is, the ring hasn't found it out yet. But Charley, you're young and not quite cautious enough. You come pretty near shipwrecking the whole business when you tried to get a political margin on a business transaction. The fellow kicked and bled it on you. You ought to have known better. That fellow's no goosie if they do call him berry. Of course the case was desperate and we had to use desperate means and take desperate chances, but you did put your foot in it that time. And you blundered like a foundered horse and missed it badly when you made that dodge to get control of the central committee. It was a dead failure. You never ought to have made that

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We herewith submit Mr. George A. Jackson's statement from his own lips; and from the known character of that gentleman the public will believe every word he says; besides he is ready, if need be, to be qualified to the statement. Mr. Jacobs told Mr. Jackson the morning of the convention, two years ago, that he was sorry to be a candidate against him; that if he had known Jackson was a candidate he should not have come out against him; but that his friends had brought him out and he did not want to back out now, but that if he beat him in the convention he would support him two years hence. A short time after Mr. Jacobs was elected he told Mr. Jackson he felt as though he would rather he had the office than himself for he knew he needed it, but said he was a poor man and only wanted it this term and next time he would do all he could for him. Some time in September in the court house yard Mr. Jacobs called Mr. Jackson to him and asked him if he thought of coming up for the sheriff's office. Mr. Jackson told him he would like to have it if he could get it honorably. Mr. Jacobs said you know what I have told you before; I intend to do all I can for you. I am a man of my word. I do just what I agree to do; and I would like for Newt to have the clerk's office. Then about the 29th of November he was at Mr. Jackson's house and asked him again if he was coming out for sheriff. Mr. Jackson said that he was, and would like to have it if he could get it without any trickery or sculduggery. Mr. Jacobs said you know what I have told you before about that. I'm a man of my word, and you will find me a man wherever you find me; and I will work for you right along and watch the political corners and keep you posted.

The above is a verbal statement of Mr. Jackson to which he will, at any time, be qualified.

Democrats read the article in the Times headed "The Genus Sorehead." If it don't hit Jim Neil slap in the face, then, the "Times" is aliar. Jims head was very scabby until salved over by a nomination offered him by the Pintos when the democratic convention set down on him. To use the language of the Times "He is a pap sucker and has not a spark of party loyalty in his heart."

Hon. Wm. Kahler the Republican candidate for county treasurer is a man that can be safely trusted with the county funds. He has always managed his own business economically and safely and is not the sort of person that will be likely to speculate in the public money and therefore is eminently the right man for county treasurer—vote for Hon. Wm. Kahler.

motion anyway. Doggon it, if some body away over on Butte, for instance, had made it, the ring wouldn't have seen it, and it would have gone through like nothing and we would have had the thing to day. Still, I'll always say you've got genius, but it's somehow or other circumscribed and don't seem to cover enough ground; if it wouldn't make it too thin it would be a mighty good idea to stretch it a little. You see, we lost the indorsement of the mass convention because you couldn't quite stretch over it. Jacobs was snoozed around as usual and let the ring get away with it. But there's one thing, Nickell we've got to lock out for, and that's the Judge and Sheriff. There's patronage there and we can't afford to lose it. Now you're shouting Neil. If there's anything I have a healthy affinity for its patronage. I like you Neil—let's embrace. Don't make yourself ridiculous Charley. You're too enthusiastic entirely on that subject. You'll have to curb your avarice or people will talk about you. I've heard said already that you could smell a piece of script across a ten acre field. Well, we've got to jogg along. There's lots of work to do if we expect this ticket elected. And, Charley, I'll be in the country most of the time—I can't do anything in town anyway. I'm so well known—and I want you to watch the corners and above all, keep a close eye on old "Jerk line."

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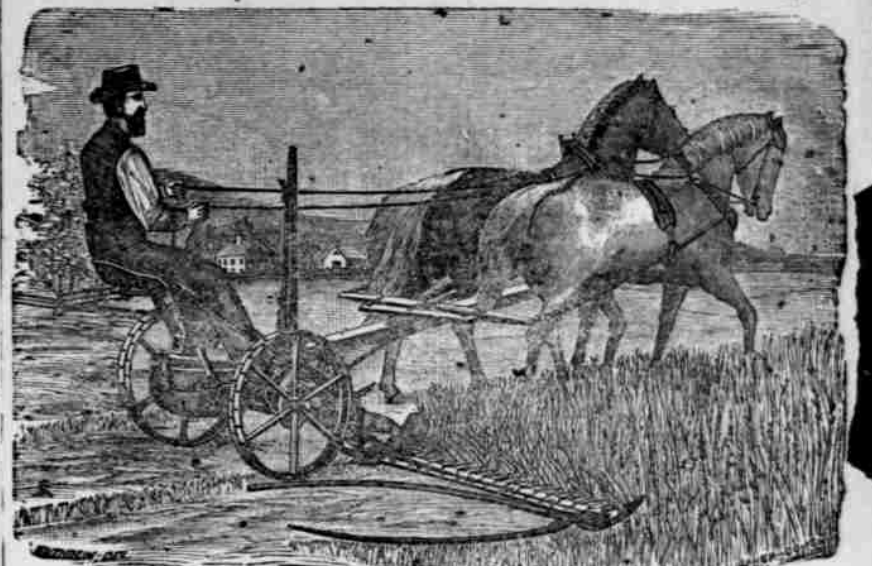
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Osborne Machinery.



Interesting To Farmers.

Rock Point, Jackson Co., Or., Jan. 26th, 1884.

D. M. Osborne & Co.
Portland, Oregon:
Gentlemen.—I bought one of the Osborne No. 11 Twine-Binding Harvesters for the harvest of 1883, and I take pleasure in recommending it to all farmers, for it gives perfect satisfaction in cutting and elevating the grain, and in binding it. It is the "boss." The more I use it the better I like it. The expense of harvesting with the Osborne No. 11 is less than heading or reaping.

Yours truly,
G. W. LANCE.

ASHLAND, Or., Jan. 25, 1884.

D. M. Osborne & Co.
I bought one of your No. 8 Independent self-rake Reapers this last harvest. It did the best of work I ever saw done with any reaper. I cut some green oats hay, which was the heaviest work I ever saw done with a reaper. I raked off bunches that would weigh a hundred pounds.

Yours truly,
BENNETT MILLION.

WARRANTY.
"All our machines are warranted to

be well built, of good material, and capable of cutting, if properly managed, from ten to fifteen acres per day. If, on starting a machine, it should in any way prove defective, and not work well, the purchaser shall give prompt notice to the agent of whom he purchased it, and D. M. Osborne & Co., Portland Oregon, and allow time for a person to be sent to put it in order. If it cannot then be made to do good work, the defective part will be replaced or the machine shall immediately be returned to the agent from whom it was purchased, at his place of business, and the payment of money or notes returned. Keeping the machine during harvest, whether kept in use or not, without giving notice as above, shall be deemed conclusive evidence that the machine fills the warranty." Surrender of notes or cash shall be deemed full satisfaction to party of the second part for all damages.

F. HUBBARD,
Osborne's agent for Jacksonville, Medford, Rock Point and Grant's Pass, will sell this year, the 7 ft. Harvester and Twine Binder for \$250 here. The Boss Machine will cut nicely wherever a plow can run; also, mowers for \$90. Miller & Co., Ashland, are also agents for Osborne machines.

F. HUBBARD.

CRONEMILLER & BIRDSEY,

AGENTS FOR

La Belle Wagons,
Hodges Headers,
Coats Hay Rakes,
Buford Plows,
Collins Cast Cast-steel Plows,

Walter A. Wood's Binders,
Reapers & Mowers,
McSherry Grain Drills and Feeders,
Randall Pulverizing Harrows, Etc., Etc.,

EXTRAS SERVED ON SHORT NOTICE.

We would respectfully ask our patrons and friends to call and see our line of goods before purchasing elsewhere, as we feel sure we can

Sell As Low If Not Lower

Than any first-class goods can be sold for; and we guarantee all our goods as represented.

CRONEMILLER AND BIRDSEY.

Jacksonville, Oregon, May 9, 1884.

HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL.

MILLER & CO.,

DEALERS IN

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' TOOLS.

Wagon Material, Blacksmith Coal

MINING SUPPLIES

SPRING POINT SHOVELS, SLUCE FORKS, PICKS, GOLD PANS AND SCALES.

Builders' Hardware, Tarred Paper, Etc.

A FULL LINE OF STOVES, AND GRANITE WARE,

RUBBER HOSE, NOZZLES AND LAWN SPRINKLERS.

FISHING TACKLE,

PISTOLS, GUNS AND CARTRIDGES, TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY.

We are prepared to give close prices and have facilities for furnishing estimates on most any class of goods.

MCCALL'S BLOCK ASHLAND OGN

CASH STORE!

Times Building, Jacksonville, Oregon.

OUR MOTTO IS

"How to the Line, Let the Chips Fly where they Will!"

A Full Line of Merchandise

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

GOODS SOLD ONLY FOR CASH

BUT ON AN ACTUAL CASH BASIS.

We buy at a discount, and lose no bad debts, and propose to give our patrons the advantages of this policy.