AMONG THE BUSHMEN.

A quarter of a century ago I found myself in Cape Town, South Africa. I was then a sailor, and not liking the abusive and cruel manner in which the commander treated his crew, I declined to continue longer in the ship. While waiting for a vessel that needed an officer I became acquainted with two Englishmen, by name Mr. Whipley and Mr. Baker. They had come to Africa solely for the purpose of hunting the large game which at that period was to be found in abundance some forty or fifty miles to the north and east of Cape Town. This was in the country of the Bushmen, and as they were not of a particularly brave or warlike character, a party of hunters could generally get along without meeting with any serious obstructions from them. The danger of treachery from the Bushmen added zest to the sport, and if a thieving negro was shot now and then instead of a rhinoceros or a hyena, why then there was one less negro in Africa.

When I first made the acquaintance of Whipley and Baker they were preparing to start for a week's shoot, and they kindly invited me to join them. They also generously offered to supply me with a large caliber rifle, ammunition, knife and everything else which I should require for such a journey. This liberality I did not attribute to an excessive fondness for my company. On the contrary I had the sense to see that another white man added strength to the Anglo-Saxon element, which was a very important item when it is considered that our attendants were all black men, who had been picked up while loafing about Cape Town. The savage instincts of the race had not been so thoroughly eliminated by their frequent contact with the white men as to make them altogether honest and trustworthy, and it was necessary that this fact should be borne in mind. The food supplies consisted largely of hard bread and cheese, we expecting to kill enough game to supply the party with fresh meat. I should not neglect to say that my English friends were careful to see that the fluid part of the provisions was not overlooked, and as this consisted of a generous quantity of old English ale in bottles, I thought their forethought very commendable.

The provisions, a shelter tent, three rifles, two shotguns and the ammunition embraced about all we cared to be incumbered with. Our attendants consisted of six negroes and four dogs. To the negroes we assigned the duty of lugging our supplies. This was very well so far as the ammunition and shelter tent were concerned, but we found before long that a great mistake had been made in committing to their care the food and liquid supplies.

The arrangements being completed, we started off one fine morning, and after trudging through a mountainous country for five hours, we selected a cool and shady spot, where we prepared to partake of some refreshments and to rest for an hour. While munching my heard bread, I was suddenly made aware of the presence of one of those slimy and poisonous serpents which inhabit this part of the earth, by observing the excited manner and wild gesticulations of one of the negroes. Looking up I saw the basilisk eyes of a snake glaring at me, and as it was not more than fifteen feet away, and ready to spring. I was in a position of great danger. Baker, who was seated a few rods to my left, seized his gun and shot the snake dead. Fortunately for me he had carried his gun, expecting to shoot some birds before we uncovered the large game. The probability of this cool and shady place being the favorite resort of poisonous snakes was not pleasant to contemplate, and the proposal to move without further delay met the hearty approval of the party.

We pursued our journey until nearly 7 o'clock that night. The creeping vines and rank vegetation made the walking difficult and fatiguing, and had Whipley or Baker suggested the advisability of camping long before this hour, I should have been very glad. They, however, were anxious to reach the borders of a small river or creek, where they expected to find the hippopotami and rhinoceros in the jungle which extended along its margin.

The lazy negroes were now becoming restive, and I believe they would have refused to continue longer with us had not Whipley threatened to shoot them if they dropped our stores. This was not a Christian-like way of persuading men to do one's bidding, but it must be remembered that our servants were but half civilized, and the only thing a savage can understand is force. This was the opinion of Whipley and Baker, and as their experience in such matters was much greater than mine, I suppose they must have been the most competent judges.

When at last the order was given to spread the tent, we had gotten within eight or nine hundred yards of the river. We were on the verge of the forest, and the jungle was within one hundred yards of the spot. Supper was prepared, and ample justice was done to our not over luxurious fare. We had expected to shoot an antelope during the day, but none had been seen. An antelope steak would have materially improved our larder and been appreciated by the party.

After the negroes had eaten their supper we set them to work gathering fuel for the fires we intended to build around the camp, and when night set in the torch was applied and we were soon surrounded by fire. This was done to keep off the prowling hyenas and other wild animals during the darkness. As we could not trust the negroes to keep the fires burning without being watched, we divided the night into watches, and Whipley agreed to stand the first, Baker the second and I the last watch.

Wrapping a blanket around my body I lay on the ground inside the tent and was soon asleep. I had been asleep four or five hours when I was aroused by a series of prolonged howls and the furious barking and squeaking of the dogs. I jumped up, and, seizing my rifle, rushed out of the tent. The fires were burning low, and some were quite out. Whipley and Baker were standing close together holding their rifles cocked, and when I saw them in this fighting attitude I cocked my rifle and joined them. The cause for this alarm was soon explained. The negroes had stolen our stores, and they had gorged themselves with the food and drank so much ale that they were ready to burst. They were crazy drunk, and while their stomachs were so distended they could not stand, they could still use their tongues, and this they did so well that the forest fairly resounded with their cries. Four or five hyenas were prowling around the camp, and when the dogs attacked them two of the dogs were killed and one was badly wounded. The injured dog was moaning piteously, while the unhurt one was yelling with all his might. We could hear the crunching of bones just beyond the line of the fires, and when it was learned later that one of the negroes more drunk than the others had fallen in a stupor outside the fires, the horrible thought became a certainty, and we knew the hyenas were holding their ghoulish feast over his body.

"Hist!" said Baker. "Don't you see those glittering eyes yonder under those bushes?" pointing with his hand toward a clump of bushes not over thirty yards away.

Whipley and I looked in the direction pointed out, and we saw the gleaming eyes of some animal.

"That's no hyena," said Whipley. "Stand close together, and take the best aim you can, and when I give the word let's fire together. For God's sake be quick or he'll charge us!"

In the presence of such imminent danger our nerves became as firm as steel, and in less time than it takes me to tell, we had drawn close together, taken aim, and at the word "now," we fired at the glittering orbs. Hardly had the report died away when a fierce growl, followed by the fall of a body within twenty feet of where we were standing, made us spring aside. The animal gave several fierce growls and struck out migatily with his paws, scattering one of our fires to the four winds of heaven, and then it rolled over and remained quiet. We loaded our rifles, and cautiously advancing we fired two more shots into the animal's head. As the bullets crashed through its brain, not a tremor of the body could be seen, and we were now convinced that it was dead.

On examination it proved to be a large male lion, and after this was known we mentally thanked God for our deliverance. Of all the beasts of the forest we dreaded to encounter the lion was the one which we feared the most, and it was understood among us when we left Cape Town that should one cross our path a shot should not be fired unless it was imperative to do so to save our own lives.

"Fix the fires at once," cried Whipley, when he saw the carcass of the lion. A large quantity of shrub had been piled up in the camp before night set in, and from this the fires were fed, and soon they were burning brightly.

The probability that more lions might be prowling around the camp effectually destroyed our inclination to sleep any more that night, and we agreed to remain on guard until daylight.

The sharp report of the rifles, followed by the growls of the lion, seemed to arouse the drunken negroes to a sense of their danger, and they staggered to the center of the camp and huddled close together, perfectly submissive now and docile as kittens. Whipley expressed the greatest contempt for them, and had it not been for Baker, I verily believe he would have driven them beyond the fires to take their chances with the lions and hyenas. Some time later Whipley explained that he fell asleep during the latter part of his watch, and the negroes had taken advantage of this to steal our supplies and get drunk. He knew it was a bad thing to do, but he was so overcome by the bodily exertions of the day that he could not help it.

The fear that lions and other savage beasts were prowling around, only waiting for a favorable opportunity to make a dash at us, kept our nerves strung up to the highest tension, and when at last daylight appeared we felt as if a mighty load had been lifted from our minds. The negroes had nearly demolished our stores, for what they could not eat they had scattered over the ground in the most wasteful manner. We gathered enough bread and cheese to last for a day or two. Baker found some coffee, but for awhile we thought we should have to do without it, as the coffee-pot could not be found. Knowing that the negroes could not eat it, we made a close search and finally found it under some bushes twenty feet beyond the camp. It smelled powerfully of stale ale, and this was convincing proof that the negroes had used it to drink out of, and when they were well "set up" they had tossed it away. The bold manner in which they had acted convinced us that we had picked up about as bad a lot of black thieves as could be found in Cape Town, and it was decided to drive them out of the camp as soon as they could stand. It was now impossible to continue out a week, and it was agreed that we should hunt that day and return to Cape Town the following day. The wounded dog was beyond the hope of recovery, and we shot him to put him out of agony.

Whipley took the coffee-pot and started toward the river to get some water, and after an absence of ten or fifteen minutes he returned with it filled. He said he had seen a full-grown hippopotamus just emerging from the water not more than one hundred yards from where he was standing, and not wishing to alarm it he had filled his coffee-pot and made his way back very quietly.

Whipley was a true hunter, and I could see how intensely pleased he was at the chance of getting a shot at the hippopotamus. Our bad luck and misfortune of the night had temporarily flown from his mind, and while waiting for the coffee to boil his impatience to be off to the river was manifested by several vigorous expressions, and the coffee-pot was consigned to the devil more than once. At last the coffee was ready, and after making a hasty breakfast we gathered up the few remaining supplies and the tent, and hid them under some bushes, piling a lot of brush on top to make them as safe as possible. As we apprehended no immediate use for the two shotguns, they were hidden in another place, and more carefully, as we did not care to have the negroes find them after we left the camp.

We now took the ramrods from our rifles (this was before the era of breach-loaders), and applied them to the carcasses of the negroes, and so vigorously and heartily was this done that it proved the very best medicine we could administer to the half-drunken brutes. They were soon dancing about, and after Whipley had explained to them that their company could be immediately dispensed with, they realized that their fun was over, and slowly slunk away in the forest. The only dog left belonged to the negroes, and he followed them despite all we could do to coax him to remain with us. This we regretted, for we could have used him to advantage in the jungle.

After reaching the banks of the river we made an effort to walk along its margin, but the soft mud was so yielding we had to abandon the attempt. We now forced our way into the jungle, and after an hour's laborious work we struck a rift leading from the river to the direction of the forest. It was apparent that it had been caused by the tread of many large animals, and Whipley thought it was their path to the water. As we approached the river we saw a large hippopotamus coming out of it. His body was well out of the water, and offered a good mark for our rifles. We had come upon him so suddenly that he was not aware of our presence, and before he had time to discover us, Whipley and Baker gave him a shot from their rifles. He bellowed and tried to back into deep water, but it was evident that he had been hit hard, for he soon after rolled over, and after a few kicks remained quiet. As the water was not very deep where he fell, we had a good view of his body, and we found him to be a large specimen of his kind. If our negroes had been left with us they could have had a royal feast off his carcass, for it was certainly large enough to supply even their wants, gluttons as they were.

While viewing the dead hippopotamus we were startled by hearing several loud and savage yells, which were followed by the barking of a dog.

"What's up?" cried Baker. "It sounds like the yells of a party of black devils. Let's investigate," and moving toward the border of the jungle which faced the forest, we saw a large party of Bushmen who were shouting and pointing with their assegais toward the place where we were standing.

"Our thievish niggers have joined them," said Whipley," and they mean to attack us. Shall we make a dash for the forest and fight them from behind the trees?"

"We can't do it," replied Baker. "They will overtake us before we reach it. We had better lie low here and give them a few shots before we make the effort."

The Bushmen ran huddled together, and advanced toward the jungle, and as they came on we heard the yelping of a dog some distance ahead of them. The cur seemed to have scented our whereabouts, and as the Bushmen followed his trail, it was evident that in a few minutes they would be upon us.

In silence we awaited the onward rush of the savage negroes until they had gotten within one hundred yards of us, and then, picking out three of the leaders, we raised our rifles and fired. Every shot took effect, and the three negroes dropped to the earth. This brought the party to a sudden halt, and we improved the time by loading our rifles. The respite, however, was of short duration, and they were about to close with us when the jungle near them opened, and a fierce rhinoceros charged right into their midst, impaling one of the negroes on his horn and knocking down and trampling on all whom he encountered in his fearful charge. The monster's charge was so sudden and unexpected that it demoralized the negroes, and they scattered and ran in all directions.

The appearance on the scene of such an ally astonished us, and for a few seconds we were quite dazed by the event. But we soon recovered our senses, and embracing the chance offered by the panic among the negroes, we ran for the forest, and in a very short time we reached its sheltering fold and were hidden from the view of our enemies. We continued on a "dog trot" through the forest until quite exhausted. As the shouts from our foes had long since died away, we moderated our pace and proceeded more leisurely. Whipley had a small pocket compass, and we looked to him to extricate us from the wilderness and guide us to Cape Town.

As night approached and the shadows were cast over the forest, I imagined that I saw spectral forms flitting before me. Hungry, with no chance of getting anything to eat; weary and footsore, with no safe place to rest, we felt truly miserable. How should we pass the night? In a tree, was the only solution to the query, and we looked around to find one which we could climb, and that would also be large enough to protect us from the attacks of savage beasts.

Deliverance from this woful predicament was near at hand, for while we were in the act of ascending a tree which Baker had hit upon for a "roosting place," the barking of dogs was heard some distance on our right, and soon after we heard the crackling of twigs and a creaking sound which we could attribute to but one cause—namely, an ox-cart much in need of a lubricant. The party (for such it proved to be) soon after came to a halt, and through the oppressive stillness of the forest we heard orders given in a language that sounded as sweet to us then as the most heavenly music, and soon the cheerful blaze of a fire illumined the forest.

We now cautiously approached the camp of the strangers, and when the dog began barking Whipley cried out in a loud voice, "We are Englishmen in distress."

The dogs were beaten back and we heard a voice calling us "to come into camp." This we were not slow in doing, and we found the strangers to be a strong party of hunters returning to Cape Town after a month's shooting. They were thoroughly equipped with arms and supplies, and had a pair of oxen to haul the cart containing them. The party consisted of four Englishmen and ten trusted Caffre servants, and when I asked one of the Englishmen if he did not fear an attack from the Bushmen who treated us so treacherously he laughed, and said "he thought they wouldn't bother us. If they did a volley from the rifles of his Caffres would scatter them."

We ate a hearty supper, after which our friends supplied us with a blanket apiece, and as we were completely exhausted we were excused from making a very lengthy recital of our adventures that night.

The last time I saw Whipley and Baker they were getting ready a strong party of friendly Caffres "to have that shoot out anyhow." They swore they should get even with the Bushmen, and when this remark was made I saw by the wicked look in their eyes they meant business.—[Edward Manning, in Forest and Stream.

DO PLANTS THINK?

In tracing the analogy between animals and plants, some of the most striking characteristics are manifested, and strange conclusions are unavoidable. The more we study plant life, the more we become convinced that life is a unit, varying in form only, not in principle. Everything capable of reproduction, growth or development is governed by the same law. That law or principle is life.

That plants think, or manifest any power analagous to what is termed instinct in animals, and the human reason or understanding, is not generally supposed; in fact it is a subject but little understood. Seldom do we see a person with sufficient courage to assert such a belief in opposition to the prevalent, popular opinion to the contrary. The close observer of the habits of plants daily witnesses many manifestations of intelligence in their search for food; in looking for support, if climbing plants; in their persistent efforts to have their own way in the performance of duty, and more particularly in the manner of selection of the sexes—all of these showing plainly that if plants do not think for themselves, some one must think for them, which makes the analogy between them and many men almost perfect.

Plants have, to the full extent of their necessities, a power of observation, of discrimination in the selection of their food, a knowledge of where it is to be obtained, and the power, to a considerable extent, to obtain it. For instance, bury the carcass of an animal in the garden, say twenty feet from the nearest grapevine, the vine will know it, and the underground part of the vine will at once change its direction, and make a direct march for this new storehouse of food, and upon reaching it will throw out an almost incredible number of roots for the consumption of the food. Let us say here that it is a mistake to suppose that all the underground portions of a tree or vine are roots; they are simply branches. The white delicate fibers put forth in spring at the same time the leaves grow on the branches in the atmosphere, are the true roots; they contribute to the support and growth of the plant by the food which they absorb from the soil, precisely as the leaves on the branches do by that taken from the atmosphere. These roots are so small that they are rarely, if ever, noticed, and are annually shed from the subterranean branches, as the leaves are from the aeriel ones. If any one wishes to witness the persistency of the vine in its efforts to obtain food, let them dig a trench two feet deep, midway between the vine and the carcass; when the vine reaches the trench, finding its supply cut off, it takes in the situation at a glance, and takes a downward course until it reaches the bottom of the trench, then it tunnels under, comes up to near the surface on the opposite side, and finishes its journey.

A friend of the writer, a number of years since, planted a weeping willow in a dry, gravelly bank on the side of his house—a situation in every respect unsuited to this tree, which delights in a heavy, moist locality; the result was a slow, stunted growth, short branches, and an early falling of its foliage in autumn. After a few years, in which it had barely lived, it commenced a most vigorous growth, and in a few months had made a greater development than in as many years previous. This rapid growth was as astonishing as pleasing, the cause of which was enveloped in mystery, until the following season, when he had an occasion to repair the pump in his well, on the opposite side of the house, more than sixty feet distant. There, to his surprise, he found his well filled with the roots from the willow, which had thrown down its underground branches below the cellar wall, then crept across under the cover of a concrete floor, then upwards on the north side of the house until near the surface, then proceeding in a direct line to the well some thirty feet more they again took a downward course until they reached the water that furnished the moisture which was essential to the rapid development of the tree.

The movements of the squash vine when pressed by hunger or thirst are truly wonderful. During a severe drought place a basin of water at night, say two feet from a strong vine, and in the morning it will be found bathing in the basin. Is not this an indication of thought in the vine? Does it not indicate a knowledge in the vine analagous to the human understanding? There must be some agency employed to bring the vine to the fountain: either the plant's own volition, or its direct guidance by the unerring hand of Providence. Consider it in either light, and the facts are no less wonderful, and they cannot but awaken within you all that is noble and pure in your nature. It will also teach you the garden is not altogether a creature of your hands, however much you may be devoted to its care and arrangement. You will not say, like the proud Assyrian: "By the strength of my hand have I done it, and by my wisdom." It will also teach you that He who cares for you, cares no less for the flowers; that both are the objects of the same tender, loving care; both are chapters in the unwritten book of life.—[Ladies' Floral Cabinet.

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THE HORSE.

An agricultural exchange disposes of the subject of fast walking horses in this wise: "A reliable fast walker must be born so, and the best, quickest and cheapest way to get at this is to breed him. For this purpose select the fastest walking stallion to be found and breed him to the fastest walking mare obtainable." This theory is about as true as the schoolboy's reply when asked to describe a crab: "A shellfish that walks backward." The fact is fast walking is not a natural, but an acquired gait, and very difficult to acquire in the majority of cases. If horses were not taught to walk fast there would be no fast horses to breed from. Some horses manifest a greater aptness for acquiring certain gaits than others, and this aptness is observable in particular families, but it must be brought out by education, otherwise it will remain dormant. The natural walk of the horse is slow. The gait described in a fast walking horse is betwern an amble and an ordinary walk, and must be taught to be acquired. This theory of an agricultural contemporery runs the science of breeding into the ground.

A Texas exchange describes an 8 000-acre ranch in that State as entirely devoted to the breeding of ponies. The stock consists of seven Shetland stallions and forty-five Shetland mares, all pure bred, and 300 small spotted mares. The lilliputians range over the prairies like sheep, and are as gentle as possible. The expenses foot up very little more than a sheep farm the same size, and the profits are more than twice as much.

An Eastern exchange says that Iroquois is in splendid shape, and Tom Cannon is moving him along steadily but slowly. His legs look all right, but whether they will stand the galloping necessary to fit him for his engagements is as yet a question. Sachem has spread and thickened, and great things are expected of him by the Danebury people.

The Board of Trustees of the Walla Walla Agricultural Society are making efforts to purchase the Driving Park at that place. The price is $10,000, to be taken in fifty shares of $200 each. Subscriptions are being made freely, and the move will no doubt be successful.

The trotting horse Count Monte, owned by C. Rhodes, of Milton, N. Y., while in a match race at Newburg, on the 10th ultimo, ruptured a blood vessel. He was withdrawn from the track, but dropped dead while being taken to the stable.

N. Armstrong, owner of Monarch and Lord Raglan, was at the New Orleans races recently acting as timer. He likes the place, and will, he says, in future winter his horses there.

A THAWED OWL ON A SPREE.—A well-known place of physical refreshment in Concord, N. H., is presided over by John Adams, a man of such tender sensibilities that when, the other night, just as he was shutting up shop, he discovered a half-frozen owl on the doorstep, he took the bird in and made it comfortable. When he retired for the night he left the owl perched upon the safe, to which one of its legs was fastened by a stout cord, and blinking with extreme gratitude and devotion. As soon as he had gone the owl bit the cord in two, devoured every fragment of food on the well-stocked lunch counter, sampled every kind of liquor in the saloon, broke all the bottles and decanters within reach, and in the morning when the doors were opened was standing solemnly behind the bar ready for business.—[Worcester Gazette.

A man in a street-car was pitched head-first into a lady's lap. When being told that he was a perfect Indian, he admitted that he was a lap-lander or a paw-knee.

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DALE & CO.,
j31-2ptf SACRAMENTO.

STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS.
A. HEYMAN, SOLE AGENT, 1 street, bet. Sixth and Seventh, opposite Court-house. PIANOS TO LET. Pianos sold on installments. fe9-2pim

Notice to Contractors.
BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED FOR THE REmodeling of the Anderson & Johnson Building No. 1014 Seventh street. Plans can be seen in the office of Babson & Seadler, architects, 1006 Seventh street. Bids must be entered Tuesday, March 13th, at 4 P. M. m9 2t*

CAPT. STEVENS'
SALOON,
No. 228 J street, near Third. m6-tf

COAL OIL STOVES.
ALL SIZES FOR COOKING OR PARLOR USE. Send for Circular and Prices. WIEGER & CO., 17 New Montgomery street, San Francisco. m27-4ptf

PENSIONS FOR SOLDIERS' WIDOWS, Parents, Children. Any disease, wound, injury or death entitles. Increased bounties; back pay; discharges procured. Desertion removed. All dues paid. New laws. Fees, $10. Send stamp for instructions. E. H. GELSTON & CO., Pension Attorneys, Box 725, Washington, D. C. d28-TuThS3m

PATENTS PROCURED OR NO PAY.—Also Trade-marks, etc. Send model and sketch. Will examine and report if patentable. Many years' practice. Pamphlet free. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. d28-TuThS3m

30 DAYS' TRIAL
DR. DYE'S VOLTAIC BELT.
BEFORE — AND — AFTER
Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial.
TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD,
WHO are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, LACK OF NERVE FORCE AND VIGOR, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration of HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. The grandest discovery of the Nineteenth Century. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address
VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH.

POLITICAL.

REPUBLICAN PRIMARY ELECTION,

—TO BE HELD—

Saturday, March 10, 1883.

AT A MEETING OF THE REPUBLICAN CITY Central Committee, held at the office of W. A. Anderson, on MONDAY, March 5, 1883, the following call for a Primary Election was adopted:

Resolved, By the Republican Central Committee of the city of Sacramento:

First—That a Primary Election be held on Saturday, March 10, 1883, to be conducted on the Crawford plan, and held under the provisions of the Primary Election law, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the offices of Second Trustee, Auditor, Collector, Assessor, one Fire Commissioner, and for relecting a City Central Committee. Said nominees (save said Committee) to be voted for at the City election to be held in Sacramento on TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1883. At said Primary Election the polls will be kept open for the reception of ballots continuously from 2 P. M. to 7 P. M.

Second—That all persons desirous to be voted for at said Primary Election as candidates for the Republican nomination for any of said offices notify in writing, over their own proper signatures, the Chairmen or Secretary of this Committee of such desires on or before 7:30 o'clock P. M., THURSDAY, March 8th, such notification to contain a statement that the person indorses the principles of the Republican party; that he will support qualified Republicans for such offices as in the exercise of the duties of his office he shall have a vote in filling; that at the last Presidential election he voted for the Garfield and Arthur electors, and that he will abide the result of said Primary Election and support the nominees of said Primary Election.

Third—That all persons who indorse the principles of the Republican party, and who voted for the Garfield and Arthur electors at the last Presidential election, or would have so voted had they been entitled to vote, and who will pledge themselves to support the nominees and abide the result of said Primary Election, and who are legal and qualified voters in the districts where they offer their votes, shall be entitled to vote at said Primary Election.

Fourth—That all ballots used at said Primary Election must be printed in conformity with the provisions of the Political Code of this State relating to election ballots.

Fifth—That notice of the holding of said Primary Election be given by publishing a copy of these resolutions in the Sacramento Daily Bee, and the SACRAMENTO DAILY RECORD-UNION, on March 6, 1883, and each day of publication thereafter until and including the day upon which said Primary Election shall be held, and also by publication of the same in the Sacramento Leader and Sacramento Journal.

Sixth—That when the polls are closed, the Election Boards shall count the ballots, in the manner adopted at general elections held under the laws of this State, keep tallies of all votes cast, and when the ballots are all counted they shall make out a certificate showing the number of votes cast for each candidate, and deliver said ballots, tally-papers and certificates to the Secretary of this Committee.

Seventh—That as soon thereafter as practicable this Committee shall meet and canvass the returns of said election. In canvassing they shall throw out of the count all votes returned as cast for persons whose names were not submitted to this Committee as aforesaid. The persons who receive the greatest number of votes shall then be declared by this Committee the nominees of the Republican party for said respective offices.

Eighth—That at said Primary Election the following named places and persons be, and the same are appointed as the places for holding and the persons for supervising said election in each ward.

All parties wishing to become candidates will hand in their names by THURSDAY EVENING, at 7½ o'clock, with an assessment of $15, and pledge themselves in writing to support the nominees.

First Ward—Stevens' Saloon, Third and J streets. W. A. Anderson, Inspector; C. A. Stevens, J. N. Slater, Judges.

Second Ward—Fourth and K streets. Christopher Green, Inspector; W. D. Stalker, John S George, Judges.

Third Ward—William Tell House. S. S. Bedee, Inspector; John Rider, Samuel Blair, Judges.

Fourth Ward—Corner Eighth and M streets. Geo. Murray, Inspector; S. J. Jackson, Henry Burnett, Judges. FRANK SMITH, Chairman.

A. J. RHOADS, Secretary. [B. C.] m6-

Card from E. M. Leitch.

EDITORS RECORD-UNION: INASMUCH AS I am a candidate for Second Trustee, and as the people are entitled to know the views of those seeking their suffrages, I take pleasure in expressing myself upon the only real live local issue before the citizens of Sacramento:

I am in favor of levying but one per cent. for city taxes. I shall refuse to levy any additional or higher rate than one per cent., unless peremptorily ordered so to do by the Court of last resort.

I am opposed to any compromise at present with the bondholders. I shall only favor such compromise when they withdraw their suits and express a willingness to compromise upon a fair basis without the aid of a lawsuit hanging over us.

I am in favor of reducing the water rates to such an amount as will be equitable to city and consumer.

I can only say generally as to other matters that I am in favor of strict economy and honest dealing in all departments of the city government. [E. M. LEITCH.

Sacramento, March 7, 1883. n 9-1d

A CARD.

J. J. BUCKLEY PROPOSED FOR CITY ASSESSOR.

AT THE EARNEST SOLICITATION OF MANY prominent Republicans JOHN J. BUCKLEY has consented to be a candidate for City Assessor. Mr. Buckley has been Searcher of Records for some time, and is thoroughly acquainted with the property of the city. His business has rendered him careful and painstaking and peculiarly adapted for the position. He is thoroughly competent, perfectly reliable, has a character above reproach, and we have no doubt that, if elected, he will make a most excellent officer. Mr. Buckley has long been a stanch and hard-working Republican; he has never asked for position or reward, and this is one of the cases where the office has sought the man, and, we are glad to say, has found the right one.

He was President of the Fourth Ward Republican Club during the last campaign, and, it will be remembered, that was the only Club that had and maintained an effective organization and succeeded in harmonizing the numerous discordant elements. He deserves the position, and ought to have it.

This Card is published without his solicitation or knowledge. [m6-tf] MANY REPUBLICANS.

E. H McKee,
CANDIDATE FOR
CITY AUDITOR,
Subject to decision of the Republican Primary. m9 2t

John Ryan
CANDIDATE FOR
SECOND TRUSTEE,
Subject to the decision of the Republican Primary. m8 3t

G. A. Putnam
CANDIDATE FOR
CITY TAX COLLECTOR,
Subject to the decision of the Republican Primary. m8-3t*

J. E. Hobbie
IS A CANDIDATE
FOR CITY ASSESSOR,
Subject to the decision of the Republican Primary. m7-4t

John Conran
IS A CANDIDATE FOR
MEMBER REPUBLICAN CITY CENTRAL COMMITTEE
From Precinct 4½, Fourth Ward. m7-4t

John J. Buckley,
IS A CANDIDATE
FOR CITY ASSESSOR,
Subject to the decision of the Republican Primary. m6-td

PEOPLE'S
Independent Taxpayers' Ticket.

FOR SECOND TRUSTEE:

THE MAN WHO RAISED THE CITY TO THE high grade and fought the hydraulic miners for years, and who has always worked for the best interests of Sacramento. He is also for cheap and clear water all the time.

G. J. CROSS, '49er. fe14-2ptd

THIRD SERIES
STOCK IN OCCIDENTAL AND UNION BUILDing and Loan Association for sale. Apply to m9 2t SWEISER & ALSIP, Sacramento.

PIKE & YOUNG,
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURers, corner of Fourth and L streets, Sacramento, have on hand the largest assortment of Carriages, Wagons and Buggies to be found in Sacramento,