

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.  
Governor,  
C. H. DIERHOFF, Adams.  
Lieutenant Governor,  
E. P. SAVAGE, Custer.  
Secretary of State,  
G. W. MARSH, Richardson.  
Treasurer,  
WILLIAM STUEFFER, Cuming.  
Auditor,  
CHARLES WESTON, Sheridan.  
Attorney General,  
F. N. PROUT, Gage.  
Land Commissioner,  
GEORGE D. FOLLMER, Nuckolls.  
Superintendent of Schools,  
W. K. FOWLER, Washington.  
Congressional Ticket.  
For Congress, Third District,  
JOHN R. HAYS.

Coming Events.  
Nebraska state fair, Lincoln, Sept. 4 to 7.  
Democratic national convention, Kansas City, July 4.  
National Farmers' congress, Colorado Springs, Colo., Aug. 21 to 31.  
Democratic Congressional convention, Third district, Norfolk, June 26.  
Tenth Biennial reunion of the society of Crocker's Iowa brigade, at Keokuk, Iowa, Sept. 26 and 27.  
Holiness camp meeting, Lincoln park, Lincoln, Nebraska, June 22 to July 2.  
Rev. W. H. Prescott, cor. sec'y., Lincoln.  
Northeast Nebraska District G. A. R. reunion, Pierce, Neb., July 10 to 13 inclusive.  
Central Nebraska League Assembly, Fullerton, August 11-20. Among expected speakers are Hon. Thos. Roosevelt, Bishop McCabe and Prof. Miller.

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The only piece of national legislation for which the Democratic party has been responsible, since the election of Abraham Lincoln, is the Wilson-Gorman tariff bill, a measure despised by its authors, hated by its sponsors, and which wrought ruin to thousands of those who tried to be its friends.—Bucks County (Penn.) Gazette.



**HENRY RAGATZ.**  
Mr. Ragatz was born in Wisconsin, bank county, October 14, 1854. Was raised on a farm, receiving a common school education. His parents were poor. He came to Columbus in March, 1879, and bought a little grocery store on the same spot where he has ever since been on Eleventh street. He was for four years a member of the city council—1883-4-5 and '86. In 1891 he was elected mayor of the city.  
He always takes a lively interest in political matters, and has never yet missed but one primary meeting of his party, believing that herein is the source of political power in our government.  
He anticipates the endorsement of President McKinley's administration without a dissenting voice, and a nomination to the same high office with practical unanimity.  
Since his election as delegate, he had received a number of letters endeavoring to ascertain from him his views in regard to vice-president.  
The hotel Stratford, Philadelphia, is to be Nebraska's headquarters, for mail and telegraph.

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**AN INDIAN DETECTIVE**  
A SIOUX SCOUT WHO WAS A GENIUS IN GROUND READING.  
The Human Search Excelsior Excelsior Scout in Training a Fragment of the Indian Race of Eyes That Were Unerring.  
Archilla, a typical Indian, was chief scout at Fort Sisseton, Dakota, in 1893. Although he knew English well, he held the old Indian hatred of its use, and would never speak it except under extraordinary circumstances. He stood about five feet nine inches in height, was slender, but wiry, and was about 34 years of age. Ordinarily he was slow and sedate in his actions—very dignified; but when the necessity arose, he could be as quick as a flash, and had, like every Indian on the north-western plains, a pair of eyes that could equal any fieldglass.  
His services—so far as he had been employed as a scout for some years—had been very valuable to the government, and in recognition of this fact, the officer in command had secured authority from the war department to promote him to the rank of sergeant; consequently he went around in a neat uniform with chevrons and stripes, very much impressed with his own importance, which he considered second only to that of the commanding officer; and he took care that every one else should respect his rank and dignity.  
As his native name is the Sioux for "soldier," it is easily seen why he was so named; but he had still another name, which the Indians had given him before his entering military circles, and that translated into English, was the "ground-reader," or "trailer" from his absolutely marvelous ability to find the trail of anything that left even the slightest trace on the ground as it passed over it.  
A desperate soldier named Eric had been on the night and was pursued the following morning. The trail led to the west for a trifle over a mile; then it turned north for a quarter of a mile and we followed until we came to a tree at the edge of a slough to the west of the fort, called the "den bar slough." Here Archilla pointed under the tree and said Eric had lain down there to rest.  
The trail here led into the slough.  
A Dakota "slough" is a shallow lake, the water of which is from six inches to three feet deep, soft, muddy bottom, but not generally very free from grasses or weeds, but along the edges, from 20 to 60 yards out, long tule grass grows.  
The particular slough was a mile long and varied from an eighth to a quarter of a mile in width, and there was a foot of water covering as much soft mud. During the night the wind had rolled the water up considerably. It seemed hardly possible to track anything through it, except where the water had been broken down. Where that was the case, even I could follow the trail; on reaching open water, however, the case was different.  
The eastern end of the slough reached to the point where the fort was more than 150 yards from a brickyard, on which was a kiln that had been built during the summer. The kiln was now ready for firing.  
Once I thought Archilla was baffled, after all; he had come to a dead end—will never look back. The imagination struck me; perhaps by a circle I could find the trail. Happy thought! I put it into immediate execution and found one. Rather elated at my success, I called, "Come quick; heap trail!" He came over to me, and the imagination of a single jump placed on his face as he said, "Cow."  
I did no more trailing, but understood what was bothering him. The post herd also had waded through here since Eric's escape, and it took all the scout's cool and patience and wonderful insight to keep the trail where the cattle had passed through it. The grass stem was of no use here.  
We had passed over half the slough in this circuitous route, when suddenly Archilla started straight at the cow flies, for the edge of the slough near the brickkiln. Was he following the trail?  
On he went until he came to the shore nearest the kiln; here he stopped, evidently bothered again. There was a sandy bank near the kiln, and the mud and water right at the edge of the slough, apparently the last step the deserter had taken before reaching hard ground. This footprint showed the toes, so the deserter was now barefooted. Another thing about this print was its direction; it stood at right angles to the line previously followed. Either the man had taken a sideward spring for the land from his right foot, or he had turned around and started back over his own trail.  
Archilla went down on his knees and inspected the grass, blade by blade. I kept a respectful distance at one side, astonished at the turn the affair had taken. Now, inch by inch, on his knees, he wrenched the secret from the earth. Eighty yards from the kiln, he looked up and glanced at me. The same idea evidently instantly occurred to both of us. The trail was leading to the kiln! Then he rose, and bending over, slowly advanced to the edge of the brickyard, and the mud surface of the earth. Eighty yards from the kiln, he looked up and glanced at me. The same idea evidently instantly occurred to both of us. The trail was leading to the kiln! Then he rose, and bending over, slowly advanced to the edge of the brickyard, and the mud surface of the earth. Eighty yards from the kiln, he looked up and glanced at me. The same idea evidently instantly occurred to both of us. The trail was leading to the kiln! 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