

IN AND ABOUT
NEBRASKA

A dog with railroad insinets and a strong love for his master is the property of Engineer Killorain of Linwood, near Superior. The home of the engineer is not far from the railroad tracks. At a certain time every day the train pulls in and the dog has learned the whistle by heart. As the time for the train's coming draws near the little animal sits on its haunches, with ears pricked up, waiting for the first blast of the whistle. Then he rushes pell mell to the track, runs along the side of the engine until the speed is considerably reduced and makes a flying leap into the cab, to jump around joyously at the feet of his master. Two trains come along with no great interval between and sometimes one is ahead and then again the other one takes the lead. But the dog is always able to tell by the whistle whether the engine coming is the one which carries his boss.

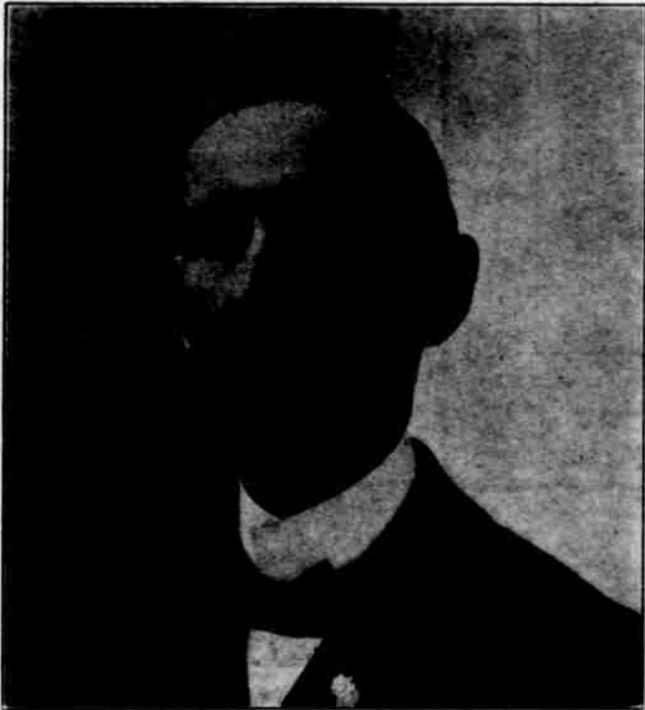
Rainbows before the sun takes occasion to rise are not very frequent. Citizens of Ord enjoyed this rare sight a week ago Tuesday. Clouds were swelling in the western heavens and the zenith but the far east was clear. While yet the crimson advance guards of the sun were marching up and before the orb itself had appeared a dim but picturesque rainbow appeared high in the heavens. The people marveled end even while they discussed it in solemn, awe struck tones, lo, the sun rose also to see it.

To jibe once more at the loquacity

of woman (fashionable, you know) it may be recorded that the man whose tongue was split the other day passes his idle moments now rejoicing with himself that he is not a female. This peculiar style of accident happened to a person of Long Pine—one of the "Maggill twins." While driving, his team ran away and he was thrown from the seat on the wagon to a harder position on the tongue. As a result he suffers from a forked tongue. It was split and the physician who mended it was obliged to take several stitches. The patient now indulges in soups and other watery substances and it pains him even to think of trying to talk.

In the vicinity of Alta it appears that farm hands are capturing good contracts. As an instance one young man hired out for a year for \$250 in coin, his board and washing and the keep of his buggy horse. When the corn is "laid by" in June he will have the pleasure of a week's vacation and this will perhaps be doubled in the fall after the husking. A good man at figures can soon prove that board, washing and horse feed, along with his salary means practically a monthly wage of \$45. And perhaps the best feature about it is the fact that the farmer boy has not the opportunity and temptation to spend money that are a part of city life. It is enough to entice most anybody out to the country.

Mrs. J. E. Hartman of Chadron is a woman who is not afraid of runaway horses. People of the town the other



DR. JAMES R. HAGGARD.

James R. Haggard, M. D., has practiced medicine in Lincoln for nineteen years. He is a native of Kentucky, being born in Winchester in October, 1839. His early days were spent on the farm, but he managed to receive a good common school education supplementing it by a thorough academic training.

After the war and while pursuing his medical studies, Dr. Haggard took up education, and for eight years was county superintendent in Illinois, four years in Scott county, and four in Dupage.

Dr. Haggard graduated from Rush medical college in 1868. He practiced medicine in Illinois sixteen years, coming to Lincoln in 1883.

In this city he has been active and energetic and has built up a lucrative practice. His work has been singularly successful and he has a host of personal and professional friends.

Dr. Haggard has been warm in his support of the republican party since his residence in the city. He has never held any elective office in Nebraska. For six years he served on the pension board and was for three years county physician.

He was married in 1867 to Miss Frances H. Avery. Four children, all of whom were educated at the state university, compose the family. Dr. Haggard resides at 1310 G street, where he has a pleasant home.

Dr. Haggard enlisted in company G of the 129th Illinois infantry in 1862 and served in the ranks until the close of the war.

In the battle of Kanesaw Mountain in June, 1864, he was wounded and after his recovery, although physically unable to take an active part in the field, he remained in the service, attaching himself to the hospital corps, being mustered out and honorably discharged at the close of the war.



J. E. RIGGS.

James E. Riggs, one of the most successful druggists of the city, was born in Knightstown, Indiana, in 1859. He is a veteran in pharmacy and, after receiving a common school education, he began his business career under the tutelage of Dr. E. D. Beher in Rushville, Ind. In his seven years with his employer he received a thorough training in pharmaceutical compounding.

In 1881 Mr. Riggs came west and started a drug store in Hastings. At the end of one year he disposed of his business and came to Lincoln. He entered the firm of Leighton & Brown, wholesale druggists, where he remained a year. A tempting offer from Omaha led him to the metropolis, where he was made head prescription clerk of the firm of Kennard Brothers & Co., a large retail and wholesale establishment in that city. Here he stayed two years and was given a route as traveling salesman in Colorado, Idaho and Utah. After a successful career on the road he opened a retail drug store in Lincoln.

In 1890 Mr. Riggs was selected for a five year term on the state pharmacy board. In 1891 he organized the Western Glass & Paint company. Four years later he opened another retail drug store on the north side of O street. He did business there for four years and then removed to his present location.

All this time his business was increasing in volume at a phenomenal rate. At present he employs ten clerks and lays claim to one of the best retail drug stocks in the state. Last year he had the best soda water business in Nebraska. Mr. Riggs took a prominent part in organizing the Vinol company, in which he is a heavy investor. He is also connected with several other large remedy companies.

Mr. Riggs is past chancellor in the Knights of Pythias. He is also a member of the Elks, the Woodmen and the Redmen.

day watched a spirited race between her and a team that was frantically tearing away with a loaded wagon on which was seated a little boy whose father had left him with the horses while he did some more trading. Being a skilled horsewoman she soon overtook the runaways and riding abreast she applied her riding whip with force and effect. She swerved the animals onto a plowed field and kept them going in a circle until they were tired out—and the boy was safe.

Musical people of Kearney are abashed. They have been handsomely worked by a new, adroit grafter. This fellow, of course, has made good his disappearance. From house to house he went, representing himself to be the agent of a musical concern of Chicago. He was taking orders for classical and other sorts of music cheaper than ever. It was so tempting to these people, aside from the fact that they wished also to appear musical in the eyes of the agent, that they loaded him with orders. Spot cash he demanded, as he could not come back again. He said the music would come by mail and he took the good dollars of the people. The music has not yet arrived and the musicians no longer expect it.

Trying to save the life of his dog, Will Ziegler of Exeter nearly lost his own. He was out hunting and the dog leaped into the river for some vain purpose. He couldn't get out again. In the process of its drowning the master leaped in too, having no rope to throw. The struggles of the dog and the weight of his clothes weighed both down and while things were getting dark a person on the bank came to the rescue and saved both.

A buffalo head, supposedly a relic of the days when Nebraska sported an inland ocean, has been dug up near

Genoa in Nance county. It was found in the course of well digging on a farm near and was five feet under ground. It crumbled in contact with the air. According to tradition of the Indians, handed down from generation to generation, the space between the bluffs north of Genoa to the bluffs south of the Platte once formed the bed of an immense inland sea. This buffalo, whose head was brought to light, is supposed to have been one of many who became mired while trying to drink up this ocean and thereby lost their lives.

The millenium appears to be looking at Central City. The boys of that town have organized a Paddle club and are making war on cigarettes and their smokers. Naturally it causes some hard feelings and plainly it causes sore ones for any boy caught smoking a cigarette is taken to the nearest barrel or other suitable surface and turned upon it while all the members, each equipped with a wooden paddle he carries with him constantly, set to and chastise the offender. Then his pockets are searched and if any more smokes are found on his person they are confiscated and destroyed. Every boy who joins the club names his acquaintances and if they have not already signified allegiance they are called members and notified. It costs nothing. And so it spreads. The young cigarette smoker in Central City finds it a hard matter to gratify his ambition.

Rat killing is a pleasure, certifies T. J. Baldon of Bartlett. He is in favor of the organization of clubs to cultivate this sort of sport. It would be so much better and more enjoyable than killing innocent pigeons. Why don't people raise rats for gun clubs? he asks. In the past five weeks he has killed 290 rodents on his own farm, he

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