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For a folder giving full particulars, call at the nearest B. & M. R. R. ticket office, or write to J. Francis, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

Mrs. N. N. Osburn, well known at Woodstock, Mich., was troubled with a lame back. He was persuaded to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It gave him relief in one night. This remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by L. W. McConnell & Co., Druggists.

**The South Omaha Drovers Journal,** With Daily, Tri-Weekly, Semi-Weekly and Weekly editions, is the leading live stock newspaper and market reporter of the West. It is the best market paper for stock raisers, farmers, fine stock breeders and grain dealers. In addition to its complete, accurate and impartial report of the South Omaha live stock market, it contains the very latest and correct market reports by telegraph, from all the principal stock markets of the country, together with all the important telegraphic and general news. Daily, \$4.00; Tri-Weekly, \$2.50; Semi-Weekly, \$2.00, and Weekly, \$1.50 per year. For free sample copy, address The Drovers Journal Company, Denna Alberry, Treasurer and Manager, Union Stock Yards, South Omaha, Nebraska.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**

United States Land Office, McCook, Nebraska November 10th, 1896. Notice is hereby given that William Weist has filed notice of intention to make final proof before Register or Receiver at his office in McCook, Nebraska, on Wednesday, the 27th day of December, 1896, on timber culture application No. 3797, for the southeast quarter of section No. thirty, in township No. one North, Range No. thirty W., Sixth P. M. He names as witnesses: Abraham Peters, Albert Weeks and William H. Benjamin of Banksville, Nebraska, and Edmund L. Walker of Herndon, Kansas. A. S. CAMPBELL, Register.

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**THE FAMILY UMBRELLA.**

Mr Walter Besant Describes the Real Old Fashioned Kind.

The real old family umbrella has gone out.

Call that slim, stuck up, affected, attenuated thing a family umbrella! writes Sir Walter Besant. Go away. I remember the genuine family umbrella. It was kept in readiness behind every front door. It was a large, portly, heavy instrument. As an emblem of respectability it was highly esteemed in middle class society. It was serviceable as a tent in rainy weather. It could be used as a weapon of offense and defense on occasion.

I have seen a picture of an elderly gentleman keeping off a footpad by means of this lethal umbrella. He made as if he would spear or prod the villain. Why, one prod would alone make a hole of six inches diameter in that murderous carcass. The nurse used to carry it, with difficulty managing the baby and umbrella. It went out to tea with the young ladies. The maid who "fetched" them home took the umbrella with her. It succeeded the lantern and the club formerly carried by the 'prince when he escorted his mistress to the card party after dark. I remember it, I say.

There were three brothers who came to the same school where I was but a tiny little boy. They lived at some distance, and had to pass on their way to school through a stratum of inferior respectability. Every morning brought to these three brothers the delight and the excitement of battle with the boys belonging to that inferior respectability. To the eldest brother, who carried the really important weapon, the umbrella was exactly what his battleax was to the Lion Heart. So he raised it; so he wielded it; so he swung it; so he laid his enemies low to right and to left of him, before and behind him, while the other two, relying on the books tightly strapped, brought them to bear, with shrewd knocks and thwacks and poundings, on heads and shoulders and ribs. 'Twas a famous family umbrella—green, too, if I remember aright.

**"THE VOCAL STUDENT."**

Mme. Melba on the Exactions and Rewards of a Musical Career.

Mme. Melba addresses students of music in an instructive, practical paper in the Ladies' Home Journal. She tells in her article on "The Vocal Student" of the necessity of securing a thoroughly competent teacher, of practice, and the care of the health; emphasizes the importance of being trained musicians as well as vocalists, talks of the monetary rewards of a capable singer. Mme. Melba says: "To a girl properly trained and qualified the profession of a vocal teacher is one of the most remunerative. Good teachers are scarce and in great demand, and as the fees are large an excellent income may be obtained. Next comes the career of the church singer. Every church has its choir, and in the majority of cases the soloists composing it are paid, and often well paid. Engagements as a drawing room singer can be secured in large cities when one has talent and faculty, and when the voice is not sufficiently large for its possessor to become a concert singer.

"The fees of the successful concert singer are large; she is constantly in demand; her repertory is of songs, not of entire roles, and is more easily acquired; her expenses are limited to the cost of a few evening gowns, in the place of scores of costumes. For the opera singer there is plenty of hard work, but for that there is the compensation of being associated in many cases with the famous artists of the world, whom to know is a liberal education."

**Ropes and Belts.**

It is asserted that repeated experiments have proved, in the transmission of power, that ropes and belts, when well arranged, absorb almost the same amount of power. Some French trials in this line, as reported in Engineering Mechanics, were made, it appears, with a 200 horsepower engine, fitted with rope and belt flywheels 14 1/2 feet in diameter. The steam engine had a flywheel for the belt and one for the ropes. The dynamo was driven direct off the flywheel, without a counter shaft, and was provided with two pulleys, one for the belt and one for the ropes. The dynamo was driven direct off the flywheel, being mounted on adjusting screws, so that the tension of the belt or ropes could be regulated at will. A cotton belt, a leather belt, and a homogeneous leather belt and ropes were of standard quality. Experiments of a comparative nature were made alternately with the ropes and belts, several tests each day, the results being as above indicated.

**When You Owe a Bill In China.**

A Chinese statute enacts that debts which are not settled on New Year's eve cannot subsequently be recovered; but, according to recognized usage, a creditor who has vainly pursued a debtor or all through the night may still follow him after daybreak, provided he continues to carry his lighted lantern, as if he believed it was still night. This, however, is the creditor's last chance.

**Independence of Character.**

Mudge—If there is one thing I do pride myself on it is my independence of character. Wickfire—Well, a man who lives in the way you do doesn't have to depend on his character.—Indianapolis Journal.

When chickens dress their feathers, expressing oil from their oil bags with their bills and distributing it over the plumage, rain is almost certain within a few hours.

There are 700 miles of travel before the railroad passenger who starts from St. Louis to go to New Orleans.

**THANKSGIVING TURKEY.**

Various Toothsome Ways to Prepare the Delightful Bird.

If you have the spirit of thankfulness in your own heart, and want to awaken a corresponding glow in the heart of your lord and master, you will serve your turkey boned and so get rid of much of the difficulty in carving.

An easy way to bone a turkey is to slit the skin down the back with a sharp knife, and, raising one side at a time with the fingers, separate the flesh from the bones until the wings and legs are reached; unjoint these from the body, and, cutting through to the bone, turn back the flesh and remove the bones. The flesh may be reshaped by stuffing. Stuff with forcemeat made of veal and a little pork chopped fine, and season with salt, pepper, sage or savory, and the juice of a lemon. Sew in shape, and press the wings and legs close to the body, and tie all firmly, so that the upper surface may be smooth and plump. Lard the breast with narrow strips of firm fat pork, and bake until thoroughly done, basting often with salt and water and a little butter. Serve with a giblet dressing, to which has been added a cup of strained tomatoes.

To make a giblet dressing for roast turkey, put the giblets and neck in a saucepan with cold water and add an onion, salt and pepper, and a slice of dry bread that has been made very brown in the oven. Boil until the giblets are done, then strain the stock. Chop the giblets fine and put them and the stock back into the saucepan, dredge with a little flour, add the brown gravy from the bottom of the pan in which the fowl was cooked, after skimming off the fat. Serve hot in a gravy boat.

A good, old fashioned stuffing is made by mixing with a loaf of stale bread half a cup of butter, an egg, salt, pepper, sage and thyme or celery to taste, all brought to the consistency of mush by the addition of hot water.

An oyster dressing is considered an improvement upon the old recipe. It is made by adding to half a loaf of stale bread crumbled half a cup of butter and salt and pepper to taste. Drain off the liquor from a pint of oysters, heat it and pour over the bread crumbs; add an egg and mix all the ingredients well together. A little sweet milk is a great improvement.

Most delicious of all is a chestnut stuffing, the rich nuts giving a peculiarly delicate taste to the fowl. To make it boil the chestnuts, remove the shells and brown skins and mash them. Mix them with a few grated bread crumbs and moisten with sweet cream, add a little butter and season with pepper and salt. In filling the turkey do not crowd in the stuffing. Sew up the openings and tie or skewer the legs and wings in shape. Rub thickly with butter and salt and dredge with flour. Place in a dripping pan and put half a cup of water in the pan. Use a moderate oven and cover the turkey with another pan for the first 40 minutes. Baste frequently and turn the bird occasionally to expose all parts to the heat. It should be tender and moist and a golden brown all over when done. Garnish the dish with small balls of fried sausage or fried oysters and parsley. Serve with a giblet dressing and cranberries.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Let Us Give Thanks.**

That is an impoverished soul which cannot on Thanksgiving day lift itself up in praise. This is the festival of households and the festival of commonwealths. Has not God been good to our homes and good to our commonwealths? Then, let us be glad before him and bless his name.

Think of God's mercy to our homes. Are our families unbroken? Are we glad in the love of dear ones left to us? Let us give thanks to the God of households.

Think of God's mercy to our land. Have we been spared the pangs of war, famine and pestilence? Have our fields given rich harvests? Let us give thanks to the God of nations.—Independent.

**Thanksgiving In 1771.**

In 1771, long before which time Thanksgiving had become an annual custom in New England, the customary Thanksgiving proclamation of Governor Hutchinson met with a very cold reception. The spirit of independence was abroad, and patriotic Americans could find little to be thankful for under the British yoke. Most of the Boston ministers absolutely refused to read the proclamation to their congregations, and several in the country also declined.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**Inappropriate Dishes.**

Mince pie and plum pudding, wrapped in blue flames, find places on some tables. Really they do not belong there. By right they should be relegated to Christmas, with the fruit cake just a year old, for if there is a New England dish it is the golden pumpkin pie.—Exchange.

**Thanksgiving Day.**

Over the river and through the wood To grandfather's house we go. The horse knows the way To carry the sleigh Through the white and drifted snow. Over the river and through the wood. Oh, how the wind does blow! It stings the toes And bites the nose As over the ground we go. Over the river and through the wood To have a first rate play. Hear the bells ring, "Ting-a-ling-ding!" Hurrah for Thanksgiving day! Over the river and through the wood Trot fast, my dapple gray! Spring over the ground. Like a hunting hound, For this is Thanksgiving day! Over the river and through the wood And straight through the barnyard gate We seem to go Extremely slow. It is so hard to wait. Over the river and through the wood Now grandmother's cap I spy. Hurrah for the fan! Is the pudding done? Hurrah for the pumpkin pie! —L. Marie Child.

**WOOD WAS SCARCE.**

HOW THE FREIGHTERS ON THE PLAINS DID THEIR COOKING.

A Gentleman Out Hunting Had an Opportunity to See How a Plainsman Prepared a Meal With Fuel Which He Carried With Him In Small Chunks.

It was in the days before the railroads had been pushed out through northwest Nebraska, and supplies were freighted into the forts and trading posts in big wagons, pulled sometimes by eight or ten yoke of oxen and sometimes by one span of great mules.

It was evening when we overtook the freighter. We went into camp within 100 yards of "where he stopped." It was almost at the head of the Elkhorn river, and the stream, where it flowed a few rods from our camp, was hardly more than a yard wide. The guide had told us at the start that we should strike country where we could find no wood, and we had brought along a small oil stove, with a tin oven and a big can of kerosene. When I had watered our horses and staked them out for the night, I wandered over to see the freighter. He had an enormous wagon, pulled by two giant mules. He had staked them out and was getting supper. It was the first time I had ever seen it done by a plainsman and I staid to watch him.

He was an old hand at freighting, and he knew just how many stops he would have to make where he could get no firewood. For each one he carried in his wagon, when he started out of Norfolk, a piece of 6 by 6 pine timber about eight inches long. Each piece represented the fire for one meal. He was splitting up one of them when I struck his camp.

"D evenin'," he said, "without looking up from his work, 'prospectin' fer laud'?"

"No, hunting," I replied.

"Oh," he said, "with an intonation that seemed to convey his feeling that he knew all about it.

He had split the piece of pine into little sticks. He gathered a handful of dry grass and wadded it up into a ball. Then he beat down the tall grass and cleared a little spot where he could make his fire. In the middle of it he put the ball of grass, and over it he piled eight or ten little sticks of pine. It was ready for the match. From a box at the end of his wagon he brought out a long handled steel frying pan, a coffee-pot and a tin can that looked as if it had once held two pounds of tomatoes or pie apples. Then he brought out a wooden box and set it on the ground. It held part of his supplies and served as a table. Out of it he took some flour and bacon and a little tin can of coffee. He got a mill out of the box and ground his coffee. He was very particular about his coffee, he said to me, half apologetically. He couldn't endure the ready ground stuff. When he had got that done, he sliced his bacon. Then he got a sheet of tin out of the wagon and stood it up behind the little pile of sticks. It helped to concentrate the heat by acting as a reflector.

He put the coffee in the pot, poured in some water from the bucketful he had brought from the river, and set it down beside the pile of sticks. Then he arranged the slices of bacon in the frying pan and settled it on top of the pile of sticks. Then he lit his fire. In a minute it was blazing up merrily, and the bacon was sizzling in the pan. He poured some flour into the tomato can, dumped in a pinch of salt and some baking powder and stirred it all up vigorously with a spoon. Occasionally he stopped stirring to turn the bacon. Presently the bacon was done. He fished it out into a tin pie pan with a fork, and into the hot grease he poured the mixture of flour and other things from the tomato can. That was going to be "bull-whacker's bread," or "scrugene."

As soon as he took the frying pan off the fire he put the coffee-pot on, and when the thick, stiff dough was nicely smoothed out in the frying pan he propped it up in front of the fire, where the reflector would do its best work. Then out of the wagon he hauled a jug of sorghum. Three or four more little sticks of pine were deftly arranged under the coffee-pot, and by that time the bread had begun to brown in the pan. He took the pan by the end of the long handle and gave it a quick sidewise twist and a little forward jerk. The mass of half baked dough slid out of the pan and flew up into the air. It turned bottom side up, and he caught it as deftly as any French cook catching pancakes, and propped the unbaked side up against the fire. By the time it had baked the coffee was boiling, and the meal was ready. He drank the coffee, strong and black, out of a tin cup and used sorghum for sweetening. Butter and lard he despised. His sorghum took the place of the one and the bacon grease served as substitute for the other.

When he took the coffee-pot off the fire, he put on a little can of water that stewed and simmered and presently boiled over the embers. That was his dishwasher. He had to have it hot to take the bacon grease out of his pans. And when it was all done, there were three or four of the little pine sticks still left.

I asked him if he did not want potatoes. Yes, he said, and he had them, but only when firewood was plenty. It took too long and too much wood to cook potatoes, and he couldn't do it when he had to depend on one pine stick to cook his meal.

In the morning, before we had watered the horses, he had cooked his breakfast and was off up the trail.—New York Sun.

**On the Bluff.**

"Did you read that story about 'The House on the Bluff'?" asked the literary boarder. "No," answered the cheerful idiot. "What was it—a boarding house?"—Indianapolis Journal.

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Yours respectfully, P. H. MARRIBURY.  
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