S. Kann, Sons & Co's

SWEEP-AWAY SALE

—OF—

SPRING AND SUMMER

DRESS GOODS

Beginning Monday morning, we'll start a sweep-away sale of Spring and Summer Dress Goods that'll be remembered here for many a day. The broken weather has left us with an enormous stock on our hands. We've received instructions from headquarters in Baltimore to sell the goods at any price. So we're going to do it, and we're going to do it in earnest. Such a sale of new seasonable goods has never been seen in this section. Such surprisingly low prices have never been seen anywhere. Just to show you:

We Sweep Away

a lot of FRENCH PATTERN SATTEENS at 12½c. Extra fine Satteens, in all the new shades, at only 25c. Extraordinary values.

We'll Sweep Away

a lot of SURAH SILKS in all shades at 80c. We captured these at the recent auction sale in New York. They're wonderful bargains.

We'll Sweep Away

every single yard of our 50c. and 60c. FANCY CLOTHS at the never-heard-of price of 39c.

We'll Throw In

with these a lot of TRICOT CLOTH, yard wide, in a variety of shades and colors, at the same price, 39c. How's that?

We'll Sweep Off

300 DRESS PATTERNS, in fast colors, at next to nothing prices. LAWNS 3½c. per yard, and FINE CALICOES 5c. We dare any house to buy them at the price.

Extra Heavy Muslin

a yard wide, going at 5c.

AND A LOT OF

Dress Ginghams

going for almost a song.

To Sweep Away Everything

is our object. We don't stop to figure out what the goods cost; we only want to know what will make them move—what'll make people jump at them. For instance: We find a lot of 35c. Cashmere in all the new shades, and we cut them to 25c. They'd sell at 35c.—they'll sell faster at a quarter. That's the point. And so with everything within the four walls of our store. They must go, and go now, while the season is at its height. No use waiting till the sun turns down hill. We'll make hay while it shines. You can get anything you want for almost anything you may give.

Embroideries, in Cambric and Swiss, fearfully Reduced.

FLOUNCES—a very large and superior assortment will go in the flood. Ladies' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR must take a walk, and GENT'S FURNISHINGS must keep them company. Nothing will be spared. CARPETS, MATTINGS, OIL CLOTHS, PARASOLS, FANS, everything—everything included in this surprising sweep-away sale. Get ready to get here as early as possible. Should your friends miss seeing this advertisement you will do them a kindness by mentioning it to them. We expect to see the biggest rush we've ever had, and we expect to give bigger bargains than we've ever given.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.,

Low Price Makers,

NO. 11 E. MAIN STREET,

WESTMINSTER, - - MARYLAND.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 55, NO. 26. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1888. ESTABLISHED 1833.

OH! JUST LOOK

—AT—

J. D. Bowers'

IMMENSE STOCK OF

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES.

The Best Selection in the City and Prices to Suit the Times.

It would certainly be worth while to step in and look over my large assortment. I will do all in my power to suit all parties who may call on me. My motto is "Good goods at bottom prices." My stock consists of

Coffees, Sugars, Teas, Starch,

Yeast Powder, Rice, Peaches, Dried Apples, Corn and Peas, Prunes, Evaporated Apples, Canned Corn, Tomatoes, Peas.

My Fancy Department

is complete, and includes Jellies, Sardines, Salmon, Canned Mushrooms, Spiced Mackerel, Canned Oysters, Succotash, Lobsters, Mustards, Plum Puddings, Canned Peaches, Spanish Olives, Sauces of all kinds, Dried Beef in cans, Imported Sardines, Chow-chow, Mustard Chow-chow, Bottled Onions, Cherkins, Olive Oils, small and large bottles; Catsup, Spices, Fancy Cakes, Graham Wafers, Oatmeal Wafers, Cucumber Pickles.

Complete Line of Stationery, Fruit and Confectionery.

MEATS.

Sugar-cured Hams, Shoulders, Breakfast Bacon, Country Meat, Smoked Sausage, Bologna, Dried Beef.

Whitewash Brushes, Wooden and Willow-ware, Cigars and Tobacco wholesale and retail.

☞Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. Highest market price allowed.

Hoping to receive a call from you, I remain,
Your obedient servant,
J. D. BOWERS,
may-5-6m Westminster, Md.

Ice Cream, Water Ice

—AND—

Pure Spring Ice,

THE attention of the citizens of Westminster and vicinity is called to my well known Ice Cream and Water Ice. New Machinery has been added and none but the best will be supplied. Private families furnished by the gallon or half-gallon. Special attention given to furnishing Festivals or Pic Nics. Orders delivered in the city or at the railroad station free of charge.

I have 500 tons of Ice from Pure Spring Water and free from all washings from the turnpikes or country roads.

☞Send orders to Postoffice, Box 14. Those wanting Cream for Sunday should send in their orders by 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

J. D. CROWL.
ap-14-6m Westminster, Md.

ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM!

HAVING secured a large supply of Ice and having new and improved machinery for the manufacture of Ice Cream, I am now prepared to furnish Parties, Picnics, Excursions, Celebrations, Fairs, Festivals, Hotels, Boarding Houses and private parties with a first-class article on reasonable terms and at short notice. All orders by mail promptly attended to. Highest cash price paid for cream. I will run a wagon to Westminster every Sunday morning and deliver Cream in quantities to suit. Orders for Sunday Cream should be sent in by 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Telephone call 262-2. Orders received at the SENTINEL office.

Address JAMES W. BEACHAM,
Avondale P. O.,
ap-28-3m Carroll Co., Md.

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Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain patents in less time than those remote from Washington.

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of Pleasant Valley, manufacturer of

ICE CREAM,

having secured the room of Mrs. Hartsock, No. 80 East Main Street, Westminster, will be prepared to serve the public with pure Ice Cream by the plate, pint, quart or gallon. Families, parties, picnics and celebrations served in quantities to suit, at liberal terms. Orders for cream to be delivered on Sunday received up to 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Also, orders received for pure spring-water Ice.

ap-21-tf

Mutual Fire Insurance Company
OF CARROLL COUNTY.

OFFICE, - - WESTMINSTER, MD.

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jan-21-tf

Magistrate's Office.

I take this method of informing my friends and the public that I have opened an office for the transaction of the duties of a Justice of the Peace in the Haines & Co's building (next door to the store), nearly opposite the First National Bank, and respectfully solicit patronage. I shall also continue the business of Fire Insurance upon very liberal terms, being Agent for the Royal of Liverpool, North America of Philadelphia and Aetna of Hartford, Conn.

GEO. W. MATTHEWS, J. P.,
my-8-tf Westminster, Md.

Special Notice.

FOR a complete stock of Stein's celebrated Cloth-work and Wood Caskets of every description, finest Satin and Cashmere Linings, Gold, Silver and Textile Handles, Men's Full Cloth Suits, Shrouds, and Ladies' Burial Robes of every description, Children's Robes made to order, go to the well-known Undertaker, who for a funeral director and embalmer with ten years experience cannot be excelled. Bodies preserved any length of time. Ice casket furnished when desired.

my-26-tf O. M. HITESHEW, Agent.

Notice to Those Having Land for Sale.

THE undersigned offers his services to those having land for sale, and believes, from experience had, he can be of service in dividing up and putting in shape for sale to advantage of parties wishing to dispose of lands, especially farms near towns or cities.

E. LYNCH,
ja-28-tf Westminster, Md.

Locust Posts.

I have for sale 500 Prime Yellow-Locust Posts, suitable for wire or garden fencing.

JOSEPH W. SMITH,
Coal and Lumber Dealer,
mr-10-tf Westminster, Md.

THE best Razors and Razor Straps at BABYLON & GILBERT'S.

Select Poetry.

MY WEALTH.

BY MRS. ELLA CALDWELL MORSE.

Some count their wealth in golden dust,
In mansion proud and fine,
In waving fields of yellow grain—
Not so do I count mine.
Not much have I of golden coin,
No palace proud and tall;
Yet, God has given me so much
I cannot count it all.

Some pass me by in haughty scorn,
In velvet robes and lace;
For all the tinsel show of wealth
I would not take their place.
I have no gold, yet I have wealth;
I gladly work all day;
While round my lowly cottage door
I see my child at play.

Her soft arms fondly round me clasped,
Love beaming in her eye;
I would not give one waxen touch
For all that gold can buy.
I smooth her long and shining hair
In rippling, silken fold,
Each golden coil is more to me
Than all your sordid gold.

God gives his children different gifts,
We mortals know not why;
The richest lady in the land
Is not more blest than I.
I am content to work, to strive,
To struggle and endure;
For oh! with this rich gift of Son
I never can feel poor.

Select Story.

THE FAIR CATHARINE.

BY E. K. SMITH.

The pealing clangor of many bells—the tapestry and fine carpeting suspended from window and balcony—the streets crowded with citizens in their gayest apparel—all betokened a grand festival day in the ancient city of Liege, in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. It was so. One of the frequently-recurring quarrels between Ferdinand of Bavaria, the Prince-Bishop, and his turbulent subjects, the burghers, had been happily adjusted, and, in honor of the reconciliation, the magnates of Liege were about to proceed in grand array through the city, and finish by attending a solemn high mass in the cathedral of St. Lambert.

On the elevated portico of a public building, so as to have a good view of the procession, stood two young men of gentlemanly appearance. One, whose ambitious spirit gleamed through a frank and open countenance, was a citizen of Liege, of considerable wealth and good family, named William Beekman. The other whose mild and amiable features seemed to conceal a lurking poetic fervor, was the painter Gerard Dow, then just returned from the classic shores of Italy, where he had been studying art with all the ardor of an enthusiast. Beekman had promised his companion that, as the procession passed, he would point out his affianced bride, Catharine Ardspine, whom in a few days he was to marry. Accordingly, when the banners of St. Bartholomew's defiled along the narrow street, he, by a glance of his eye, indicated to the artist a young lady remarkable for her modest grace and beauty. As long as she remained in sight, Dow could not withdraw his eyes from the lovely apparition, and, when lost to view in the moving crowd he felt how he could have loved her had she not been the betrothed of his friend. Immersed in thought, he saw no more of the pageant, till roused by Beekman saying—"Come, we must follow close after the procession, or we shall not be able to obtain a place in the cathedral." Entering that sacred edifice, the young men joined in the ceremonies of their religion, and after the parting benediction had been given, they still lingered in the lofty aisle, to avoid the pressure of the dispersing assemblage. Dow, lost in reverie, was endeavoring to re-establish the serenity of his mind, which the sight of the fair Catharine had so rudely disturbed. Beekman, joyous in hope and good fortune, not observing his companion's absence of mind, abruptly said—"Is she not a beautiful girl?"

"Charming; and she loves you?" inquired Dow.

"Very much indeed."

"What is her family?"

"Very honorable; but she, being an orphan, has only an uncle, who brought her up, an old canon of St. Bartholomew's."

"Has she a fortune?"

"But little; that, however, does not signify; her fortune is to come. That is what so particularly attaches me to Catharine. Her uncle, the canon, is a famous astrologer; you saw him in the procession—the tall old man, with grey hair and ruddy countenance, round whom the people pressed with reverence and affection. Well, he has foretold great things for the husband of his niece, and who knows? for so far all his predictions have proved correct. He warns the poor of tempests and change of weather, that is the reason why they revere him so?"

"Between ourselves, then, if it is a fair question, what has he predicted?"

"Well, my dear Gerard, I may tell you the secret. He has read in the stars that the man whom his niece espouses will rise to high station; for her horoscope foretells that the happiest period of her life will be when her husband is raised by his fellow-citizens above themselves."

This mysterious vaticination of astrology threw Dow into another reverie, from which he was again startled by his friend exclaiming—"Let us proceed to my home and clear our dress from the dust of the procession; then I will introduce you to the fair Catharine and the good canon, her uncle."

"Willingly."

"Are you," rejoined Beekman, "a Grumbler or a Swallow-tail?"

The artist, surprised, repeated the words grumbler and swallow-tail, which were quite new to him; the other, perceiving his perplexity, explained that those were then the slang terms for the two rival factions into which the citizens of Liege were divided. The dandies of the aristocracy who adhered to the Prince-Bishop, wearing a new Parisian dress, were, from its peculiar cut, named swallow-tails; the other and larger party, to which Beekman belonged, and which advocated the rights of the people, wore the old national costume, and were termed grumblers. Gerard, after receiving this enlightenment, said, "As for myself, I am a painter."

"Right," replied Beekman. "Your Roman costume cannot displease any one."

The two friends passed into Beekman's house, from whence, after readjusting their dress, they sallied forth on their way to the dwelling of the learned canon. On arriving there, Catharine herself opened the door, and received the visitors with artless grace.

"I present you," said Beekman, "a pupil of the renowned Rembrandt, a Roman, or, I should say rather, a native of Liege, just returned from Rome, who excels in portraits, and will be happy to paint yours."

The young girl blushed, while Dow felt very awkward and ill at ease.

"Can we see your uncle?" continued Beekman. "I wish to make my friend known to him."

"He is fatigued," said Catharine. "He spent nearly all last night on the tower of St. Bartholomew's observing the heavenly bodies; but you know he always likes to see you. He is in his study with a friend."

Saying those words, Catharine opened the door, which led into a large apartment, but in which there was scarcely room to move, it was so blocked up with spheres, astrolabes, quadrants, compasses, and other astronomical and mathematical instruments, while the seats and floor were littered with books and manuscripts. Dow on entering this room perceived a gentleman, about sixty years of age, whose countenance wore a peculiar expression of mingled genius and benevolence, and whom Beekman thus addressed—

"Ah! my respected father, how does your *Centuries* progress?"

"I am still busy with the last volume, my son; and am more convinced than ever of the advantage to be gained by us moderns from the study of ancient history."

Gerard did not recognize in the last speaker the canon he had seen in the procession. In fact, he was the canon's friend that Catharine had just spoken of, the celebrated Lurtet de Chokier, who, if his historical works be forgotten, is still remembered in Liege by his hospitals and other charitable foundations. In the meantime, an older man, holding in his hand a scroll covered with a hieroglyphics, emerged from the embrazure of a window, where he had been concealed by a pile of ponderous folios. He was the uncle of Catharine, the renowned Matthew Laensberg, canon of St. Bartholomew's, professor of philosophy, mathematics, and astrology.

"Thanks, my brave William," he exclaimed, taking hold of Beekman's hand, "you have brought me an artist, a great painter; he must be one of our friends."

"Did I not tell you," said Beekman, turning to Dow, "that he was a wizard of the good kind, though he has no dealings with Satan? But see how he divines."

The painter, not a little surprised, saluted the old man.

"When do you publish your almanack?" said Beekman.

"Not yet," replied the astrologer; "I wish to live in peace, and the physicians annoy me already, because, as they say, I infringe on their exclusive right of being the medical advisers of the people."

"But," said Beekman, "so few can read your almanack will only be useful to the higher classes."

"Not so, my son. There are few but understand numerals; and here," showing a specimen sheet, "is the mode I intend to convey information to the illiterate by means of emblems. Thus, when it is the fortunate time to plough, I have inserted a representation of that useful implement of husbandry; here a pair of scissors, when the stars are favorable for hair cutting; there a lancet shows the desirable period for blood-letting."

The conversation then became general. The intelligent and eloquent artist, fresh from the eternal city, was in those days of limited travel, a great acquisition to the canon's circle. While he spoke of Italy as the land of art, Laensberg claimed it, through Galileo and others, as the birth-place of science. Dow left the house delighted and astonished with the uncle; and, in spite of all his efforts, captivated by the niece.

Two days before the marriage of Catharine, whether she commenced to doubt the sincerity of the sentiment she entertained for her bethrothed, or for any other reason, she demanded earnestly from her uncle that he would reveal to her the horoscope of her husband. "I do not know it, my child," said the good canon; "I have never cast it. Life has enough of disquietudes without our seeking to know too much. Everything will happen as God ordains. It is sufficient for you to know that Beekman is a worthy, honorable man—a little too ambitious, perhaps, but, as I have often told you, it is your lot to have a husband who will be raised to a high station."

The marriage of Catharine and Beekman was celebrated with great splendor. Dow, who was present, astonished his friends by announcing his departure on the following day. He felt that absence was the only means of stifling the unhappy passion he so unwillingly conceived for Catharine. Accordingly, the day after the wedding, he set out toward Germany.

The history of Liege for several centuries is merely a succession of insurrections for freedom, power, and sometimes—in strict historical truth—for license, against a series of tyrannical and narrow-minded rulers. One of the most incompetent of the Prince-Bishops, who so long misgoverned that city, was Ferdinand of Bavaria; consequently, no period could have been more favorable to the ambitious aspirations of Beekman, who by his wealth, energy, and abilities, soon made himself the principal leader of the party of the people termed the Grumblers. The folly of the Prince-Bishop gave him his first advancement. A tax was laid upon meat. The butchers declared that, if any attempt were made to levy this obnoxious impost, they would, like Adolphus Waldeck, cut and sell their meat sword in hand. At this very crisis a burgomastership became vacant, and the guilds, carried away by the popular *furor*, elected Beekman to that office, although it had always been previously filled by a much older man. This was the first step toward the fulfillment of his wife's horoscope. The Prince-Bishop, enraged at this election, demanded that it should be cancelled; the guilds refused, and the bishop maddened by their refusal, committed a still grosser act of folly. On the next morning, when the cathedral of St. Lambert was opened, the officiating priest found a sealed paper on the high altar. Summoning the burgomasters, he opened and read it at the church door; it proved to be a sentence of excommunication, launched by the Prince-Bishop, placing the whole city in *interdict*. Beekman seized the paper, and, mounting on a bench, read it to the assembled populace. Having concluded, he cried—"Liege is the daughter of Rome, as the motto on the great seal of our city states—Legia, Ecclesiæ Romanæ unica filia. The pope alone has the right to excommunicate us."

"It is true," exclaimed a collier: "down with Ferdinand of Bavaria!"

Beekman threw the document among the crowd who tore it into pieces.

Amongst cries of "down with the Prince-Bishop! long live the brave Beekman! down with the Swallow-tails!" a shout of "to the Perron!" was raised and immediately re-echoed by a thousand voices.

"To the Perron—to the Perron! we must elect a Mambour!"

The Perron, the grand outer staircase in front of the Town Hall, in the square, was the time-honored forum of the people of Liege. The Mambour was the citizen chosen to conduct the affairs of government, during the interregnum occasioned by the death or deposition of a prince-bishop.

Beekman trembled with joyful anticipation. In the popular excitement he was certain to be elected. "As Mambour," he muttered to himself, "I shall have the right of levying and leading the troops of Liege. I shall be dictator. Who knows? I may yet be a prince. The horoscope is bravely being fulfilled." But, on the crowd arriving at the Perron, they found, standing on its upper landing, two old men of grave and dignified demeanor—these were Lurlet de Chokier and Matthew Laensberg; the former bearing a letter from the irresolute prince-bishop to the citizens, recognizing the election of Beekman as burgomaster, renouncing the impost on meat, and according several other trifling concessions. This tranquilizing oil, poured over the troubled waters of popular commotion, instantly quelled the rebellious tempest, and the people dispersed to attend to their private affairs. Beekman, overwhelmed with disappointment, could not refrain from casting a reproachful glance at the venerable canon, who, unheeding it took the other's hand, saying—

"Cheer up, my son, we must wait a little longer for your increase of dignity. It is on this very spot that it will take place, but the time has not yet arrived. Ah! I am as anxious as you are for that elevation, which will not fail to happen."

The sincere tone in which these words were uttered, the sigh breathed by the old man as he turned away, struck the new-made burgomaster with surprise, as he well knew that his wife's uncle had no ambitious fancies. But the fact was, that Beekman, wholly absorbed in the pursuit of rank and power, could not see what was clearly apparent to everybody else. Buried in an unceasing round of political and municipal intrigue, he neglected his wife. The demon of ambition having obtained full possession of his soul, to her gentle pleadings for more of his society the replies were harsh and unfeeling; so much so, indeed, that at last the painful truth became evident to her mind, that he had married her on account of the prediction only. Completely wretched, she passed her solitary hours in tears. Even the ordinary solace of a deserted wife, the tender cares and duties of a mother, was denied to the unhappy Catharine. The worthy astrologer observed all this, and fully believing in the infallibility of the horoscope, wished as ardently as the ambitious Beekman to see its fulfillment; for, had not the stars proclaimed that Catharine would be happy, when her husband was raised above all his fellow citizens?

Death, the sternest of moralists, however, had his part to play in this little drama, as he has in all others, though his entrance on the stage is so seldom calculated upon by any of us. The magnificent aspirations and subtle schemes of the ambitious burgomaster were in one moment stopped for ever. Not more than two years after the period when this tale commences, at the close of a grand municipal banquet, Beekman dropped down dead, as he was rising to leave the table. Whether poisoned by his political enemies, or stricken by apoplexy, though the question was much debated at the time, it is useless for us to inquire now. Laensberg unwillingly acknowledged the vanity of astrology, and Catharine wept for a husband from whom she had received but little kindness.

Gerard Dow, to shun the sight of the woman he loved as the wife of another, had settled at Dusseldorf, where he achieved his grand composition of the finding of the true cross by the Empress Helena, and where he commenced his superb picture of the martyrdom of St. Catharine. No sooner did he hear of the death of Beekman than he returned to Liege. After a year of mourning, Catharine married the devoted artist; her uncle, at the wedding dinner, denouncing the follies of astrology. But the pursuits and convictions of a lifetime, even though discovered to be erroneous, are not easily relinquished in old age. Two more years passed over, and again it was a gala day in the city of Liege. The citizens had just finished the inauguration of the statue of their political idol, William Beekman, placed on a lofty pedestal on the summit of the Perron. Dow had laid down his palette to enjoy the evening meal with Catharine, who sang quaint Flemish ditties to her baby in her lap. The door opened, and the worthy canon entered, a reconverted astrologer, proclaiming the fulfillment of the horoscope. "Catharine," he said, "was happy, and Beekman was raised by his fellow-citizens above themselves." Catharine could not deny her happiness, though an incredulous smile, unfavorable to the pretensions of astrology, illumined the listeners' faces. But what of that? The people of Liege considered, and still consider, Matthew Laensberg the greatest of astrologers. Though he first brought out his almanack in 1636, yet you may purchase it, for this present year of 1854, in all the villages of Belgium. It is still enriched with numerous predictions, which, perhaps, might be very useful, if they were not totally incomprehensible. Thus, like our own *famous* Francis Moore, the glory or shame—no matter which—of Stationers' Hall, the canon of St. Bartholomew's seems to enjoy an interminable existence. A more pleasing remembrance of him, however, is in Dow's celebrated painting of the "Astrologer," which, tradition states, is a portrait of Laensberg, as his famous St. Catharine is reputed to be a correct likeness of Catharine Ardspine.

BEEF, BLOOD, AND BONES.

FROM SHOE AND LEATHER REPORTER.

Hammond, Ill., would not be much of a place without that great cattle slaughtering establishment, the Hammond Packing Company. This firm, on an average, kill a thousand head of cattle per day, six days in the week. This mighty procession of animals surges forward, accompanied by the sound of the trampling hoofs, hoarse bellowings, and tossing heads of the massive beasts doomed to die for the nutrition of mankind. The scene outside the packing house is, in one respect, instructive and suggestive. Shambling around in pens outside the packing house, the uneasy creatures are kept waiting for certain barred gates to be opened and apparent liberty regained. Besides these pens a small streak of dense-looking liquid trickles lazily to a broad stream of water in the distance. Between these cattle and the muddy stream stands one huge connecting link, and that is the great, solid looking slaughter or packing house. The beasts march in at one end of it, and of all that mass of beef, blood, and bones, nothing is thrown away or wasted, except that little, muddy stream, which is the geometrical difference between the slaughter house and the cattle—the useless residue of a great industry.

The Union Stock Yards Company, of Chicago, occupy 360 acres of land; the Hammond Company owns 90 acres in and around its works.

Let us follow the different operations of killing and dressing under the tutelage of S. F. Fogg, superintendent. Dinner is over, lunch cans are placed aside, brawny arms are bared, and gleaming knives are hastily resharpened. Boys with long poles go to the pens, open the gates and drive the required number of steers to small inclosures, right close to the butchering shop. From this inclosure they are driven along a narrow lane, just wide enough for them to march in single file.

Presently, doors divide the cattle into small pens, and there they stand in a dumb state of visibly nervous apprehension. A strong, active young man climbs up and walks on boards by the side of the tops of these pens. He carries a long-handled hammer, commonly known as a poleax. Stepping up to the first pen, the imprisoned steer looks upward with large, terrified, rolling eyes, as if suddenly conscious of danger. Too late. The vigorous arms skillfully swing, and the next minute the hammer crashes on the head of the beast between the eyes and horns, stretching it senseless on the ground with a dull thud. On and on goes the slaughterer, never halting or hesitating, and the lane of live stock, in a remarkably short time, is a lane of stunned carcasses, ready for skinning and dressing. The butchers' assistants now open the inside doors, and, attaching a strong iron chain to a hind leg, rapid machinery drags the animals from the pens, which are speedily reoccupied by other batches. The skinning is a wonderful example of regular, well directed labor, each man having his specially appointed work and doing nothing else. First comes the "sticker," who cuts the throat and collects the blood in shallow, wide, circular pans. Then follows the "header," who skins the head, next men who attack the front foot, hind foot, belly skin, leg worker, men on sides pulling out the caul, men cutting hams, chopping briskets, cleaning out throat, man rubbing right hand side, man on left hand side, man who catches the film, backer, one who splits, emptying cattle of nucleus of fronts, man to drop hide, splitter of necks and trimmer of inside, trimmer on outside, finishing up with five washers to carefully cleanse the quivering beef with clean water, and pass it to cool places ready to be moved to the immense refrigerators, where it hangs for 48 hours before being loaded into the ice-cooled freight cars. Thence it is rushed to cities in America and to steamers, waiting to be conveyed across the Atlantic.

Let us see, now, about the parts not used as beef. The steer is hanging by a leg to a strong iron pin, and the hide strippers are [illegible] thus is the rule in all packing houses for special men to skin special parts of the hides, and this is one reason why packer hides are so strictly alike in trim and take off, and why the tanners are usually willing to pay a cent per pound more for these hides than for those taken off in the country towns. The hide, then, is thrown into the hide cellar, a cool, pleasant place in the Hammond house, 250 feet wide by about 300 feet long, with another one in progress of building. The first thing the cellar men do is to sort the branded and unbranded green hides into separate piles, and it is remarkable how expertly and rapidly this is done by the old hands. Next comes the salting and packing away in piles. Coarse Syracuse salt is used in preference to all other kinds. It takes about three weeks in summer and four weeks in winter to thoroughly cure hides, although when tanners are in a hurry a little less time is given by mutual agreement and by using necessary precautions. Hides containing four grubs and under, if satisfactory in other respects, are classed as No. 1's. No. 2's have five grubs and over, and are sold for one cent per pound less than No. 1. This is the regular rule; also, all cut hides go as No. 2.

H. C. Tillinghast & Co., of Chicago, who have entire control of the Hammond hides, have these hides swept clean of salt, and then allow to purchasers a tare of 1¼ pounds per hide on winter kill and 1½ pounds on summer hides. Butt-branded steers are picked out of native cattle, most of which sort are found in receipts from Nebraska. Texas steers are not selected for brands, as these cattle are so universally afflicted in this respect. Texans are grubbed for No. 1 and No. 2, same as native hides. The system of grubbing is an ingenius and time-saving arrangement, mutually accepted by seller and buyer. When a tanner orders hides about twenty are taken at random from each car load, when made up, and selected for grubs. Suppose, out of these twenty-two steers, five are found to have five or more grubs, this makes them No. 2's, and the twenty hides then stand at a rate of twenty-five per cent No. 2 and 75 per cent No. 1. If this percentage is considered a fair representation by the experienced men looking after the interests of packer and tanner, they agree to call the car load of hides (say 600) as 25 per cent No. 2 and 75 per cent No. 1. If either party objects, a second batch of twenty is sorted by the tanner, who may chance to find ten No. 2 hides, or 50 per cent of the lot. If the packer thinks this is hardly as it should be, a third score of hides are picked over, and whatever the result, it is accepted as a finality. This seems to be a kind of lottery arrangement, but it does away with the need for scratching and examining all of the 600 hides for the car load, and each car load is separately thus sampled. It is estimated that these green hides shrink in weight 20 to 24 per cent after being cured. H. C. Tillinghast goes to Hammond from Chicago every day, and personally directs the whole hide business of the Hammond company, to which is also added 350 to 400 hides per day, sent from their slaughter house at Omaha, Neb.

Returning to the skinned beast, we find a swarm of human bees taking away the different parts for different purposes. The first run of the blood from the cut throat of the animal is collected in round, shallow pans, which are trucked to cool shelves, where coagulation soon follows, and then the albumen is dried and sold to button manufacturers, to be speedily made up for the use of the unsuspecting public, who are thus blood stained, as it were, in a highly artistic fashion. Coagulated cattle blood is also used by calico printers for dyeing turkey red, and in the preparation of red liquor for printers' work. Dried blood serves to clarify wines, sirups, and other thick solutions. In Scandinavia it is made into a kind of good bread for the poor. Doctors have recommended the drinking of warm, fresh cattle blood in cases of pulmonary diseases.

From the heads are carefully taken small pieces of meat, which go to the sausage factory. The horns find ready sale to comb and knife haft makers, being softened by heat and moulded into numerous articles. The guts, after scrupulous cleansing, are packed in tierces and shipped to dealers in sausage casings. Tripe is a nutritious and cheap food, and it is produced from the animals' stomachs, which are cleaned, boiled, scraped, and placed in kegs for consumption. Tripe is sometimes pickeled, according to the demand from buyers. The legs are steamed for what glue they contain, and also to soften the hoof, from which is extracted the celebrated neat's foot oil, which is valuable for keeping shoes soft and waterproof. These hoofs are finally ground up and sold to fertilizers. The shin bones, after being boiled, are in request for knife handles, being shipped to Europe. The Sheffield manufacturers in England convert these shin bones into handles for spoons and knives, backs for tooth and nail brushes. The jaw bones are sawed in two, in order to extract every possible vestige of glue from them. To go to the other end of the animal, even the extreme portion of the tail is cut off and sold to the manufacturers of curled hair.

The bladders, when dried and prepared, form useful coverings for the transportation of glazier's putty, for oilmen, druggists, etc., and are valuable for placing over the jars in which the careful housewife lays away her preserves and pickles. The kidneys, livers and lights are sold fresh to surrounding butcher's stores, or sent in refrigerator cars to distant points. The tongues are cunningly curled, put into air tight cans, and find their way to many a village at home and abroad, where they are useful for picnics and cold collations.

Hot tanks are great levelers, and every scrap of sinews, loose bones, or small rough pieces is boiled down to threads and fragments, and the liquor, when drawn off and cooled, produces glue or other available material. Even the dirt and residue at the bottom of the tank is sold as "tankage" for fertilizing, and refuse blood is eagerly collected and turned to account in refineries.

Now we come to the utilization of the fat. Oleomargarine has outlived a good deal of the abuse to which it was subjected when first introduced to a people suffering under imitations of everything except air, fire, and water. It is now a cheap and acceptable article of food, and, if honestly made, a satisfactory addition to diet. The oleomargarine department of the Hammond packing house is conducted similarly to a dairy, though it isn't one. No cows are to be seen pressing their fragrant noses against rustic gates. No bustling farmer's wife is there with red, bared arms, directing trim, plump dairy maids. Even the surreptitious cat is missed, and there is no sound of the watch dog's honest bark, which Byron declared it was "sweet to hear." Oleomargarine is made as follows: The caul and best parts of the fat of the cattle are boiled down to a thin, transparent oil. Fresh milk is brought every morning to the packing house for mixing with this beef oil. The milk and oil are poured into the churn together, and a little pure prime lard is added to cause the mixture to flow more easily from the churn, which is driven rapidly by machinery till the yellow globules separate. This semi-liquid mass drains into a large ice cooler for a short time. Then these globules are taken and kneaded together carefully, drained, and the mass is salted by special machinery with good, clean, English dairy salt. The oleomargarine is colored by common annatto seeds, as used in all dairies, and thus prepared is put into clean white linen cloths by neat-looking girls, and, as ready for sale, is difficult to distinguish from real butter in taste or color. It retails at 15 cents per pound. 40,000 pounds per day of oleomargarine is made at Hammond, Ind. After the first boiling of the beef fat, the residue is wrapped in thin linen cloths and placed under hydraulic pressure, which forces out the remainder of the oil. Before pressure the fat passes through "hashers," which render the after process more effective. This fat, after being under the hydraulic machine, comes out quite white and firm, and is called stearine, a well known article used by candle makers and tanners.

Tallow is made by boiling the rough pieces of fat.

The ox tail meat and bones constitute the chief luxuries obtained from cattle. Each car of beef carries a certain number of tails, which are mostly bought by the hotel keepers. Prior to 1685, the London butchers sent the tails to the tanners with the hides, and even during the past 20 years the men employed in English tanneries used to find these tails in the hides and take them as useful perquisites. French refugees 200 years ago taught the world to utilize this valuable and nutritious food. Even the udder from a young dry cow, when nicely corned and boiled, is very good eating. The ox gall is used for liniments, for the mixing of paints, cleaning clothes, carpets, etc.

The Hammond company carry a steady stock of 150,000 tons of ice, in two large ice houses. They cut and store from the Calumet River. About 600 men and boys are employed, and work progresses year by year in that small, busy town, free from labor troubles or anything tending to disturb the good feeling between employers and employes.

A professional beauty has been photographed in 150 different positions. It is said that the only person who can beat her for variety of attitudes is the boy told to sit on a chair.

A serious case—A doctor without one.

Light headed—The locomotive.

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