

opened and down there came thundering along some hundred Texas cattle, with drivers after them, full gallop. So I perceived the use of the flat nine-inch top board, and surveyed the herd from the summit of the fence. The cry to get up was not addressed to me alone, but to several others who were penetrating the region by this lower path. I found afterwards that there was a sort of air road, or raised wooden causeway, which led over the tops of all the fences. By this I returned; but I made my way to one of the chief slaughter-houses by the ox-route, with an occasional retreat to the top plank when more wild bulls of Basan came along, flourishing their huge horns.

I did not know where to look for the most representative place, but as I drew near to a building like a good-sized factory with two smoking chimneys, I heard a popping as of a "hot corner" at a battue, and wondered what it meant. I soon learnt. Reaching the factory and seeing a man I looked at him inquisitively. "Go up the stairs," he said, and walked off. So I went up some outside stairs and found myself on a sort of pier sticking out into the sea of pens and closely overlooking several which were contiguous to the factory. I observed that these were fringed by a number of stalls capable of holding two oxen each, and leading into the basement of the building. The tops of these stalls, which were about eight feet high, were crossed by a plank walk, about two feet wide, which bridged them all at right angles. At the end of this plank walk there lounged against the factory wall a tall young man in a red jersey with a rifle in his hand. And all the causeway was sprinkled with bright empty