

Park was made up of artisans, labourers, and their families. And I hope they were enjoying themselves.

I cannot leave Chicago without a word about the slaughter-houses, which really make the place and its wealth. Long trains of bellowing or grunting freights converge to this place from distant ranches and feeding troughs to be sent forth again laden with silent bacon and beef. The slaughter and packing houses in which this transformation is brought about lie a few miles off the city proper; but no one has seen Chicago who has failed to visit the "stockyards," as they are called.

I took the open tram in State Street and got out when it stopped. We had a run of some two or three miles so perfectly straight that in the view down the street from the hind seat of the car the more distant houses were obliterated by the many branched telegraph posts, and I seemed to be looking into a vista of leafless fir-trees. Then I took another tram which at last brought me to the verge of a region of cattle-pens. These were square, and hedged with strong wooden fences six feet high, the top bar of which was a nine-inch plank laid flat. This I noticed, but did not immediately realise the use of. Presently I did. It seems that this huge region of pens is traversed by roads along which the cattle are driven to their particular yards. These roads are occasionally barred by strong gates, to check or turn the tide of oxen, but along them the oxen come driven by men on horseback using Mexican saddles. I was innocently making my way farther into this province of enclosures when I heard cries of "Get up." A gate at one end of the road had been