

metal cartridge cases. The narrow path leading into the stalls from the pens was deep in filth, and the air was loaded with the smell of blood. Presently the gate from a yard of wild-looking cattle was opened, and imps of barefooted swearing boys with long poles ran along the tops of the fences, banging and goading the poor beasts till they entered the path. Once in they could not get back, the two end ones being successively shoved into a stall, the door of which was immediately shut behind them. Thus the stalls were all filled. Then the work of the lounging young man began. Loitering along the plank bridge over the trembling beasts, he shot them all, holding his rifle like a pistol, and nearly touching the neck of each as he passed and fired down between its horns. Each dropped dead almost before the flash had passed. One I noticed close below where I stood, a wild-eyed Texas ox with trembling nostrils, as full as a beast could be of fresh prairie life, fell so stone dead as not to twitch an eyelid or move a hoof.

Then great iron claws and ropes came out of the factory and sucked the warm carcasses in. They were skinned, disembowelled, cut up, boned, packed in tins, which—surrounded with ice—were placed in boxes, heaved on board the train, and sent off as frozen or refrigerated meat sooner than I cared to pursue the process. Thus the one firm I visited killed sixteen to eighteen hundred oxen a day, and I do not know how many hogs. The slaughter of these was suspended while I was there, and scores of horribly fat pigs were sweetly—no, not sweetly—asleep on an upper floor above the fatal trough down which they presently were destined to slide on their way to bacon. Alto-