

LADY AYLMER.

CHAPTER V. (CONTINUED.)

Barbara followed her to the door and watched her out into the street, and truly, as she had said, her young mistress was looking very bonny that day. On her fair hair, loosely arranged yet not untidy-looking, she had a small straw bonnet trimmed with ribbon and a cluster of gloire de Dijon roses. Over her pretty blue cotton gown she wore a long dust-cloak of some thin and light-toned material. She also wore green-colored shoes and suede gloves of about the same tone, and she carried a large, white, cotton parasol to shield her from the sun.

It was a very simple and cheap toilette, but it was fresh and dainty-looking, and Dorothy looked bright and lovable and a little lady from the crown of her bonnet to the tips of her shoes, indeed more than on a person thought so, as she passed up the street; and the old general, who was out for his usual morning trot, stopped in his walk, and wheeling round stood to look after her till she had turned the corner and was out of sight, when he went on with his self-imposed sentry-go, wishing with all his heart he was forty years younger.

Meantime Dorothy went serenely on her way, reached the shop for which she was bound, and there made her purchases, all small enough for her to bring them away in a neat little parcel in her unoccupied hand. And then, just as she stepped off the door step of the shop on to the pavement, she suddenly found herself face to face with David Stevenson.

If it had been possible, she would have retreated back into the shop; but it was too late for that. David Stevenson had already uttered an exclamation of surprise, and was standing close in front of her, holding out both his hands to her.

Now, if there was one person in all the wide world whom Dorothy would rather not have seen just then, that person was David Stevenson. I think she looked all the dismay which she felt, and that she felt all and perhaps more than the dismay which she looked.

"Oh! is that you?" she gasped. David let his hands, with their glad welcome, drop instantly.

"You're not very glad to see me, Dorothy?" he said, in quiet but bitter reproach. "I—that is, you startled me," she returned, in a wild endeavor to put off any questions he might think proper to ask of her.

"Evidently," he said, dryly, "and you want to get rid of me, eh?" "Oh, not at all," biting her lip and wishing that she could sink into the ground or dissolve into thin air, anywhere out of the way of his hard and steady blue eyes, which seemed to look her through and through, and to know in a moment all the secrets of her life.

"No? Ah! that is better. Then, since you don't want to get rid of me at all, in a hurry, perhaps you will let me walk a little way with you. May I?" "Oh, yes, certainly," said Dorothy, giving herself up for lost at once.

"Do you live near here?" he asked, as she turned toward Palace Mansions. At that moment there was a slight block on the pavement of the always busy street, and just as David spoke, Dorothy perceived that the sweet-faced lady who lived on the floor above her, was also blocked, and stood for a moment or so face to face with her. Undoubtedly she had heard David's question just as Dorothy had done, and undoubtedly Dorothy had never seen her eyes so cold or her lips so austere as before. In her distress and annoyance at being thus apparently caught, Dorothy blushed a vivid guilty crimson—a fact upon which the sweet-faced lady put the usual construction to which all highly moral persons seem to jump at once in a moment of doubt—that is the very worst construction possible.

"Can you give me no news from home, then?" Dorothy asked, in a desperate voice raised far above her usual tones. David looked down at her in surprise—an involuntary action which was not lost upon the lady who was still unable to pass on.

"News?" he repeated. "Why, of course I can. I have so much news to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. Let me see—Lucy Jane is back, of course."

Dorothy turned her head in time to see that the lady had passed on and was out of ear-shot before David had begun his news. There, just like David's stupidity to be too late. Why, she wondered, irritably, could he not have happened to say something which would have let that woman upstairs know that they had known each other all their lives? But no, David had always blundered whenever and wherever she was concerned, and she supposed that he always would. Her interest in the home news was gone, lost in the depths of her annoyance, but she listened patiently till he had exhausted that topic, till she had heard who was married and who was dead, of a fire in such a one's brick-yard, and of a barn belonging to another which had been struck by lightning.

Then he told her how he had improved the Hall—her perfect old home, which in her mind needed improvement of no kind—how he had put a smart, capable gardener in to bring the place into real good condition.

"And old Isaac?" said Dorothy, fiercely. "Oh! he is still about; I shouldn't turn any old servant of yours off, you know. There are plenty of odd jobs for him about the place."

"What sort of odd jobs?" demanded Dorothy. "Oh, weeding and tending about picking up stones—and doing odd jobs generally," answered David, who was beginning to get rather uncomfortable under the fire in her truthful eyes and the terrible directness of her questions.

"In fact, you have made Isaac underling, laborer, slavey to your grand new gardener, is that it?" she cried. "Oh, come now!" he began, but Doro-

thy stood still in the road and confronted him angrily. "Is it so or not?" she asked. "Well, something like that," he admitted, unwillingly.

"Is it absolutely so or not?" Dorothy asked again. "Well, I'm afraid it is," said David, with a great air of making a clean breast of the whole matter. "You see, Dorothy, the old fellow never was much of a hand at gardening."

"He was good enough for us," sighed Dorothy, in a heart-broken voice. "Yes; but, indeed, he really was past his work, or I should never have thought of displacing him. And if it hadn't been for you—that he was a good many years your gardener."

"Nearly forty years," put in Dorothy. "Well, of course, if it hadn't been for that I should just have replaced him without troubling any further about him. As it was, I made a place for him, and I give him ten shillings a week for what I could get better done by a boy for six."

"Oh, well, of course," answered David, who was getting rather sulky. "There was a moment's silence; then Dorothy suddenly stopped and turned to face him. "David," she flashed out, "you may be a good farmer, but you are a hard man, a hard man! One of these days you'll come to be—but, there, what is the good of talking to you? If long and faithful service will not touch your heart, what else will?"

"There is one thing which will always have power to touch my heart," he said, eagerly. "Shall I tell you what?" "No," said Dorothy, wearily. "I probably should not believe you. If forty years would not do it, nothing else could."

As she spoke she turned down the street which led to Palace Mansions, for she saw that it was hopeless now to try to prevent his finding out where she lived; and, indeed, now that Dick was safely out of the country, she did not think that it mattered much. David, for his part, took advantage of the quiet side street, and spoke out what was in his mind.

"Dorothy," he said, "come back to the Hall, and I will show you whether I am a hard man or not; only come back and let us forget the past, nobody need know anything. I will never remind you of it. Only come back, my dear, and everything shall be as you wish—as you direct. I'll send the new gardener to Holroyd, and Isaac shall be head-gardener at the Hall, with a couple of men under him to do the work. Does that sound like being hard, Dorothy?"

"Yes," said Dorothy, coldly—"hardest of all, because you would not hesitate to buy me, body and soul, through my compassion and pity for those poor, unfortunate ones, who cannot help themselves, and cannot fight against the hard power which your money and your strength gives you."

"Oh! Dorothy, it is not so," he cried. "I only ask you to come back because I love you and I want you. The old place wants you, and I hunger for you. Besides, I cannot bear to see you as you look now—tired and worn, and ten years older than when you turned your back on all your old friends for the sake of a fellow who has brought you to this."

"To what?" Dorothy cried, her eyes opening wide and her tones expressing such astonishment that David fairly quailed before her look.

"To a ghost of your old self," he answered curtly. But it was all of no use. Dorothy could be curt, too on occasions, and she was so then.

"It seems to me that you are making mistakes all round, David," she said coldly. "I am not very well, and the heat has tried me—but I am not what you take me for. I have been, thank God for it, a blessedly happy wife for many months. I will wish you good morning, David."

She turned away without giving him time to say a word, and went as quickly as was possible toward her home, and went in without turning her head to see what had become of him. As for David Stevenson, he simply stood rooted to the spot where she had left him, until she disappeared from his sight; then he took a step or two as if to follow her, but changed his mind and retraced his steps, with a face like a thunder-cloud.

He was so occupied with his own thoughts and his own disappointment that he never noticed a smart victoria and pair which was drawn up just within the corner of the quiet street, but its occupant, an old, white-haired gentleman, had noticed him, and took keen stock of him as he passed. David Stevenson would have been considerably surprised if he could have heard the order which the same old gentleman gave to his coachman just after he had swung past.

"Follow that gentleman closely. Don't lose sight of him."

"Yes, m' lord," said the servant, and hopped up into the box, giving the order to the coachman.

"All right," murmured that dignitary in reply; "then added in a lower voice still, 'What's the old codger up to now, I wonder?'"

"Uncommonly pretty girl," answered Charles, in an equally low tone. "We've been after her some time."

"Who is she?" "Mrs. Arris. Lives in Palace Mansions," with a wink.

"H'm, I wishes her joy of 'im," said the coachman, screwing up his face into a thousand expressive wrinkles. "Me, too," said the footman, suggesting. "H'i, he's going into the park," whistled the coachman, turned his horses in at Prince's Gate also, and they drove in abreast of David Stevenson, who was looking no more at peace with the world or with himself than he had been when he turned into the High street, out of the quiet road in which Palace Mansions may be found.

"Still faithful to Master Dick, or else the new-comer not attractive enough," thought Lord Aylmer with a sneer, as he gave a sharp, keen look at the tall young man's lowering face.

Archilles. For during those few moments when he watched her after she left him and before she disappeared into Palace Mansions, he had realized that she had gone from him forever. He realized that whether she was actually married or not, she was not for him, and he had suddenly become aware, almost without knowing why, that there was a use for her altered looks, a cause which would be forever a bar to the fond hopes which he had cherished during nearly all his life, certainly ever since Dorothy as a wee, scolding, soft-eyed child had come, fatherless, and motherless, to the light and life of the old Hall and the very joy of Miss Dimdale's lonely hearth.

"So that fellow had got round her, after all—his bitter thoughts ran, as he strode along—and all the worship and devotion of his life had been flung aside as naught for the sake of a specious tongue and a swaggering, army sort of manner."

At a matter of fact, Dick had not the very smallest shade of a swagger about him, but David Stevenson was the kind of a man who invariably judges every man by a type, and to him an army man who turned his lips out a good deal more than was necessary and said "law" between every three words he spoke. That the man who had stolen Dorothy's love from him did neither of these things made no difference to David's conception of him. He had stolen Dorothy from him, and that was enough to make David send him in his own mind with all the most hateful attributes of his detestable class.

Nor did he ever stop to consider that he was distinctly unjust in crediting Harry with stealing Dorothy's love from him. For it is impossible to steal from any woman what that man had never had to lose, and most emphatically he had never possessed even one little corner of Dorothy's heart; he had only, Dorothy had always detested him.

For an hour or more David strode about the park till the storm of fury which possessed him had somewhat calmed down, and always the smart victoria with its pair of high-stepping, fiery horses and its pair of wooden-faced, imperturbable servants in their white and crimson liveries dogged his steps and kept him airy in sight; and at last David noticed them.

"Damn that supercilious old brute," he muttered, as they passed him for the twentieth time; then he stood at the railings a minute or so and thought how long it was—wondered how men and women could bear to crawl up and down in line, freighting their fine horses into a fever and never getting beyond a foot's pace.

He turned away from the Row into a side path, but the next moment he saw that the smart victoria had turned into that road also.

"Confound him, he must be watching me," he thought, irritably, "and yet what should he want to watch me for? Oh, hang it, I'll go home!"

Without a moment's hesitation he turned his steps towards Apley House and made his way out at the big gates, where he hailed a cab and gave the man the address of his hotel, and forgot about the white-haired old gentleman in the smart victoria.

But the victoria was there, nevertheless, following immediately behind the modest cab; and when David got out and went into the Grand Hotel, Lord Aylmer called to the footman.

"Charles, I want you to take a message. Baker, stop."

Baker pulled up the horses beside the broad pavement, and Charles got down to hear his lord's orders.

"Go into the Grand and find out that gentleman's name—don't mention mine."

"Yes, m' lord," said Charles. Now, Charles happened to be an ingenious youth who was not troubled with any nice scruples about his honor, and believed that the easiest way was invariably the best way. He therefore, secure in the halo which his smart white and crimson livery was enough to cast around him, went into the hotel and addressed himself to the stately house porter of the establishment.

"I say, porter," said he, "my master, the Duke of Middlesex wants to know the name of a gentleman just come in—came in a 'savour'—tall, fairish chap, looks like a country gentleman."

"I've mean that one?" said the house porter, taking Charles to a glass door leading to the reading-room and pointing out David.

"Yes, that's the one," Charles answered. "Oh, yes; that's Mr. David Stevenson of Holroyd," said the house porter.

"And where is Holroyd?" "A mile or two from Harrow," answered the porter. "At least, I heard him say so last night. His post-town is Harrow."

"Ah, yes—thanks. The Duke fancied he knew him, but I fancy he was mistaken. Good day to you, porter."

"Good day to you, my fine cock-pheasant," returned the big house porter, contemptuously; but Charles had already reached the door and was going back except in the power of his own impudence, to impart the information which he had gathered to his master.

"The gentleman's name is Stevenson, my lord," he said. "Mr. David Stevenson, of Holroyd, Harrow."

"Ah, yes," and then the old savage pulled out his note-book and jotted the name down without comment. "How did you find out?" "I said my master, the Duke of Middlesex, wished to know, as he fancied I knew the gentleman," Charles answered, promptly.

Lord Aylmer burst out laughing. "Ah! very clever—very clever. Home."

"Yes, m' lord," said Charles. Lord Aylmer laughed more than once on the way home. He was so intensely amused at the inventive genius displayed by Charles, whom he had not before credited with much sharpness of that kind. He was a man who never took the trouble to make subtleties to his servants; if he wanted a bit of information, he simply told one of them to get it, without caring what means were taken or giving any reason for wanting it. For instance, he would never say, "Go and find out who that gentleman is," and add, as a merely nice out of a hundred would do, "I think that I know him." No, he never troubled to do that; it was simply after the manner of the Centurion, "Go and find out who that is."

But he was greatly tickled by Charles's remarks, and more than once on the way he repeated to himself with a chuckle, "Duke of Middlesex! I must encourage Charles a little. 'Pan my nose, announce my name—Duke of Middlesex!'"

Meantime Isaac confessed that Dorothy had gone home in what Barbara was accustomed to call "a boiling passion." Barbara happened to be coming across the little hall when she let herself in at the front door. "Miss Dorothy—my dear, what is it?" the old servant cried, her heart jumping fairly into her mouth as a dreadful idea flashed into her mind that her young mistress's hour was come.

"Barbara," said Dorothy in a voice shaking with passion, "I take back everything that I have ever said in defence of David Stevenson—every word."

"What! I have you seen him?" cried Barbara. "I need to feel," Dorothy went on, in the same trembling tones, and without taking the smallest notice of Barbara's question, "that I could never fall in with Auntie's wishes concerning him. And then after Auntie got so tired of my Dick, I was so sorry of Auntie's account any longer, but I was sorry for David, because I thought circumstances had been a little hard for him, so I have stood up for him with all of you. But you were all right, and I take back now every word that ever I have said in his favor."

Barbara drew her into the pretty drawing-room. "Sit down, my dear young mistress," she said, tenderly, "and tell me all about it."

So Dorothy sat down on the sofa and told Barbara everything about her meeting with David—what he had said and what she had said; how he had looked and what she had felt; how he had turned old Isaac out of his place and put a grand new-fangled gardener to be Isaac's master at the Hall; and finally, how he asked her to go back and the part would be forgotten, and he had insisted—may, had told her plainly—but no, Dorothy's conscience did not hold out long enough for to tell that part of her story, for when she reached that point she gave way and broke down into violent sobs.

Barbara sat down beside her and took her into her arms, so that she might lay her head upon the old servant's ample breast and cry her heart-sick away.

"Miss Dorothy, dear, she said, presently and curiously getting the best of her at last, "did David Stevenson dare to tell you that you wasn't married?"

"Not in so many words, Barbara," Dorothy answered, sitting up now and drying her flushed face, "but he asked me to go back and marry him," with hysterical comments, "and he would show me what he meant—'he that turned my old friend out of his place directly Auntie died and he said something about my turning my back on all my friends for the sake of a fellow who had brought me to this.'"

"David Stevenson all over," remarked Barbara, dryly. "But, my dear young mistress, you didn't let him go away thinking what he had said was true?"

"I told him I had been married for months," Dorothy replied, "and when I had just said 'good morning' in a tone of joy, and I walked straight in without even looking at him again."

"And he saw you come in here?" Barbara cried. "Yes," Dorothy answered. "How could I help it?"

"No, I suppose not, depend on it, he will get gabbling back to Graveling and set her ladyship and all the rest of them on you."

"Never mind if he does," Dorothy cried. "But you wanted to keep it dark, my dear," Barbara reminded her.

"Yes; but it doesn't matter now that Dick is gone," Dorothy replied. "And, any way, Father will be here, and Father will be able to ward off everybody and keep them from asking me any more about anything. I only hope that David Stevenson won't try to force his way in here before Father comes."

"What would be the good?" Barbara asked. "You told him you were married," she said, but he didn't look a bit as if he believed me," Dorothy returned.

"Then just let him come here and try it on," cried Barbara, valiantly, and really as she stood there, a stout and comfortable figure with her arms akimbo, she looked more than a match for any ordinary man, and nobody would have believed, except such as knew her well, how utterly her courage always deserted her at a critical moment. "Let him try it on, that's all. I can give him a lot of information he won't find very much to his liking—I can tell his high and mighty eyes that I see you married with my own eyes."

But David Stevenson stood in need for so much information; he had not believed that Dorothy was married—she was right enough there. Still, he had remained at last that she was not for him, and that afternoon, while he was idly turning over the papers in the reading-room of the hotel and wishing himself with all his heart down at Holroyd, it suddenly occurred to him that if Dorothy really was married, he would be able to get evidence of the fact by walking down the street and ascending an hour and half a crown at Somerset House.

And there, sure enough, he found the record that was the death-blow of his last little feeble hope—the record of the marriage between Richard Harris, bachelor, and Dorothy Strove, spinster, bearing a date now a little more than nine months old.

"Barbara Potter, witness," read David to himself between his teeth, then detached his hand hard as it rested upon his knee, so that the glove which covered it was burst in several places. "Confound that old woman! She must have had a head in it of course."

Then he put the great book back upon the table and strode along the empty empty corridors and across the great gloomy quadrangle, into the busy street. After a moment's hesitation, caused by the noise and throng of the street, he made up his mind.

"Hang it all! what's the good of stopping here, eating my heart out? I'll go back home; I shall feel it so badly there."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Survivor of Waterloo to Tell His Story.

James R. Green, residing twelve miles northwest of Alliance, Ohio, is perhaps the only survivor of the battle of Waterloo in Ohio. He will relate the story of the battle as he saw it to the students of Mount Union college on the eighteenth anniversary, June 18, Green was born at Bolton, England, on July 25, 1796, and at the advanced age of 87 is in full possession of all his faculties with the exception of eyesight.

Her Dotted Veil.

Her dotted veil, both conspicuous
The slender splendor of her eyes;
Her dotted veil, both conspicuous
The slender splendor of her eyes;
Her dotted veil, both conspicuous
The slender splendor of her eyes;

The Season.

The spring never comes to the city;
It falls on its side and stops;
The wide warm waters of the south wind
With their murmurs of life are blown
To the north, to the north, to the north,
In the sunshine after showers,
And the smoky noon, or the haunted
In the charm of the morning breeze.

Her Dotted Veil.

Her dotted veil, both conspicuous
The slender splendor of her eyes;
Her dotted veil, both conspicuous
The slender splendor of her eyes;
Her dotted veil, both conspicuous
The slender splendor of her eyes;

Don'ts of a Horse.

Don't forget my tail.
Don't let me down hill.
Don't let me over the head.
Don't whip me if I am afraid.
Don't stroke my head too high.
Don't yank me in my mouth.
Don't burn my feet when I am shod.
Don't slip the collar off my neck and
Don't forget to lead me three times a day.
Don't put a mean party hat on my mouth.
Don't lay back when you mean stand still.
Don't leave a sign on the fence three days.
Don't expect me to eat where I have a bad tooth.
Don't let some smart black neck scatter me.
Don't work me all day without letting me rest.
Don't put riders on me if I go well without them.
Don't blister me all over when I am lame. Let me rest.
Don't fill me full of poison medicine when I am sick.
Don't let me eat in the cold wind, the wind blowing hard.
Don't allow my stable to be too light in the summer time.
Don't burn the base of my nose and think you are curing the mange.
Don't leave me in my stall without turning me with a light blanket.
Don't cut off my tail and then expect me to stand easy without a fly net.
Don't call me 12 years old when I am 10 and expect me to be as good as ever.
Don't run me if I have the colic. How would you like that treatment yourself?
Don't forget to keep the sweat off a horse. Instead of waiting until the horse is shorn.
Don't be afraid to water me when I am warm. Do you ever think when you are warm?

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Don't burn the base of my nose and think you are curing the mange.
Don't leave me in my stall without turning me with a light blanket.
Don't cut off my tail and then expect me to stand easy without a fly net.
Don't call me 12 years old when I am 10 and expect me to be as good as ever.
Don't run me if I have the colic. How would you like that treatment yourself?
Don't forget to keep the sweat off a horse. Instead of waiting until the horse is shorn.
Don't be afraid to water me when I am warm. Do you ever think when you are warm?