

hounds to hunt and Cecil again found, and gave tongue. The others soon joined her, and away they went, making a great noise. Both my mother and I were excited now and anxious to be off, but our riders controlled us until the hounds got well away, when our master said, "We are near the finish now so let us have a brush and try Tomboy's mettle." They gave us our heads and off we went side by side. I was anxious for my mistress to win; but my mother can run fast even though she is old. We left the other horses behind. There was an open gate leading into the road, and about a quarter of a mile off we saw the hounds had lost again, and we knew that this was the finish. We ran down the road very fast; and just at the last I got about half my length ahead of my mother and won.



Fig. 203. Tomboy and Duster lead the way.

I think she allowed me to do so, but she will not admit it. This was near home; so we were ridden home; and my mistress gave me great praise and said she would never allow me to be sold, but would keep me for her own saddle horse. I was glad that I had done so well, as I liked my mistress and had a good home, and a horse never knows what kind of a master he will get when he is sold. We were taken home and given a few mouthful's of water, put into our stalls, and given a nice warm mash each, rubbed until we were dry, and bandages put on our legs, and left on for about three hours. The next day we were given some walking exercise, and we both felt quite fresh. My mistress intends to ride and hunt me regularly; but my master says my mother is too old for such violent exercise, and he does not think he will hunt her again. He says he will keep her as long as she lives; that it would be mean to sell so good a servant in her old age, and that he could not bear to see her owned by any person who might not be kind to her.