

think of it some day when I am in town." I gradually became weaker, as I could neither eat nor drink. One day we saw our master coming down the lane, and we were both very glad. (Banbury was quite well, but was very anxious about my condition). We knew that he would do something to help me. As soon as he saw me he said, "Poor Tomboy, how you have failed. What is the matter?" Mr. B. was there, and after our master had examined me, he said to Mr. B., "Why did you not let me know that the filly was ill? You are in town mostly every day." He said that I had influenza, and that it would require very careful nursing to pull me through. He was very angry with Mr. B. for not telling him. He took both Banbury and me home. I was very weak, and we had to go slowly. When we reached home he rubbed something on my throat and gave me some medicine, which did not taste nice but did me good. He and Ernest gave me a great deal of attention, and my throat soon got better, and I was able to eat. When I got strong enough he turned us out to pasture on Mr. W.'s farm, where we remained until the weather became cold, when we were taken back to town. The following winter we both did well. One day my master put a set of harness on me and drove me out on the street. I was so accustomed to harness and to do as I was told that he had very little trouble with me. He did this a few times, and then he hitched me to a light cutter. It was something new for me to have to draw a load, but I knew that it was all right, else my master would not ask me to do it. He walked behind at first, but I went all right, so he got into the cutter and I drew him too. He drove me a little every day for a couple of weeks, and I heard him tell Ernest one day that I was pretty handy now and would never give any trouble in harness. The next spring we were again turned out on good pasture and again taken to the stable in the fall. We were well cared for during the following winter. Banbury did some regular driving, and I was driven some to continue my education. The next spring Banbury was four years old and I was three. One day a man came to the stable and looked at all the horses. He asked if Banbury was for sale, and my master said, "Yes, I will sell him; he will make an excellent lady's saddle horse." The man said that he wanted him to send to South Africa with the mounted infantry. My master then said, "Well, you can not have him, as I will not sell him for that purpose;" so the man went away, and I was glad that he could not get Banbury to send to the wars. After a little while a lady came to the office one day and asked my master if he had a good saddle horse to sell. Banbury was taken out for her inspection. She liked his looks and asked if she might ride him. My mistress's saddle and bridle were put on him, and the lady mounted and rode away. When she came back she said she liked him, that his paces were good, and he had an excellent mouth and good manners. She bought him. I was sorry to see him leave the stable, but glad that he had been bought by a kind lady who wanted him for herself. My master saw him a few months later, and I heard him tell Ernest that he looked well, that he was homesick for a few weeks, but was now quite contented and happy in his new home, that his mistress was kind to him and very fond and proud of him. One day Mr. T., a friend of my master's, asked