

to the field at all, but were allowed to run out in the yard for a few hours every fine day. The time soon arrived when I had to be weaned. I was taken to a nice stall in a part of the stable distant from my mother. I did not like to be taken away from her. Neither did she like to be left alone. I was taken to her stall and left with her for a few minutes three times a day for three days; then twice daily for three days; then once daily for a few days; after which I was not allowed with her at all for a long time. By this time, I had grown quite stout and strong, and my knees had become straight, as my master said they would the first time he saw me. I was fed all that I could eat the first winter. Ernest gave me good hay and scalded chopped oats, with a carrot or two every day, and twice weekly he gave me a feed of bran. My stall was kept clean and well supplied with straw, and I was allowed to run out in the snow with Banbury every day that was not too cold or stormy. My master used to trim my feet every month. He said that the wear was not equal to the growth, and that if he did not keep them trimmed to the natural shape there was danger of them becoming ill formed and injuring me for life. He used to put a little bridle on me and leave it on for an hour or two every day. He said this was to give me a mouth. By that he meant to accustom me to the bit. I did not like it at first, but after a few days I did not mind it in the least. Then he put a set of little harness on me and left it on for a few hours daily. He soon put a check rein on the bridle. A portion of this rein was elastic. He fastened the rein to the check hook, but did not check me up tightly.

When I poked my nose out the elastic would stretch; but when I relieved tension it drew my nose back to the proper position. He said that this would gradually teach me to yield to the restraint of the bit, give me a good mouth, and thereby make me a more valuable horse, and more pleasant to ride or drive. I did well the first winter, and I learned a great many things that came very useful afterwards. When the grass became plentiful and the weather fine in the spring Banbury and I were taken out into the country and turned into a field on the farm of Mr. B. This was about the end of May. Our master told Mr. B. to watch us closely, and if we should not do well to be sure to let him know. The grass was very nice, and there was a stream of clear, cold water running through the field. We enjoyed ourselves very much, and resumed the sports of the previous summer, as we were always great chums and never quarreled. In two or three days I began to feel unwell, my throat became sore, and I could not swallow easily. I felt cold all the time, although the weather was warm. I did not feel well enough to play with Banbury. I grew worse day by day. The soreness of my throat increased until I could not swallow anything without feeling great pain; my eyes became sore, tears ran down my cheeks, and I could not bear to look at the sun. My joints became sore. I had a painful cough and a discharge of mucous from the nostrils. Mr. B. saw us every day. One day he said to his son, "The filly has a cold, but I guess she will soon get over it." The son said, "But, father, you promised to let Mr. R. know if anything went wrong with the colts. You know he is very fond of them, and you should send him word about it." Mr. B. said, "I'll