

if they ever threw stones at me again he would horse-whip them. We were then taken back to the stable. We were taken out to the yard every fine day after that and left there for a few hours, and I soon became stronger. When I was two weeks old I had my photograph taken. You can see by it that I was tall and slight, and that my knees had not yet become quite straight. When I was about three weeks old we were taken out as usual. A third man was leading my brother, who was a year old. His name is Banbury. Instead of leading us to the yard as usual they took us in the opposite direction, down a long street, until we came to a gate. They led us through this gate into a field, took off our halters and set us at liberty. There was plenty of good grass in the field and a stream of nice cool, clear water running through it. Banbury and I had any amount of fun running and kicking up our heels; our



FIG. 91. Tomboy when two weeks old.

mother would occasionally join us in our frolic, but usually she would just look on. I soon discovered that grass tasted nice, and I used to eat all I could. The weather was warm, and we stayed in the field day and night. There was plenty of grass and good water, and we had a good time with nothing to do but eat, drink, play, and sleep. After a while, the grass became rather dry and less plentiful, and the flies began to torment us during

the day time. Our master soon noticed this, and every morning, about the time that the flies were beginning to trouble us, he would mount his wheel and ride down to the gate, which he would open. Then he would whistle; and as soon as we would hear him we would all gallop up to him, when he would put a halter on my mother and lead her out of the gate. We would follow, and he would then shut the gate, mount his wheel, and start towards home. Banbury and I would sometimes run ahead and sometimes lag behind; but we never got far away. We all were taken to the stable and put into our stalls, the windows of which were darkened to keep the flies out. Ernest then gave us some nice new hay and crushed oats, having nailed a little box up in one corner of the stall, just the proper height for me to eat out of. I was too small to reach my mother's feed box. When evening arrived, we were taken back to the field, as the flies did not bother us now, and it was better for us to be out than in the stable, and we liked it better. This was done every day until the weather became colder in the fall, and the nights were so cold that we would be uncomfortable in the field. The flies had mostly all disappeared by this time, so we were kept in the stable at night and turned out in the day time. After a time the weather became so cold that we were not taken