The Story of

Kate and Queen

Beery

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*By
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The Story of
“Kate and Queen”

How “Kate” Became an Outlaw and
How “Queen” Became the Family
Driver : : As Told by Themselves

By
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Shakespeare
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By
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PREFACE

These short stories are written, that you who love horses may spend an hour in their company and have them talk to you from their view of life.

The author has spent his life with horses, studying their disposition. He has had a wide experience training colts and the most vicious outlaws.

Only an exceedingly small percent of horses are naturally vicious; but most horses can be trained to be vicious. A horse can be trained to kick, as well as he can be trained not to kick; he can be trained to run away as well as not to run away.

The author believes that horses do just what they are trained to do.

This book is intended to present horse life from the viewpoint of the horse, with the hope that it will be found interesting and suggestive to every reader.

It is almost useless to say that "Kate"

is a type of the thousands of horses that have been brought to the author for subjection. "Queen" is the type of hundreds of colts that have been trained by his own systematic methods. Therefore the incidents and methods mentioned are not vague imaginations, but facts.

It is gratifying to the author that the public has appreciated this work and he desires to extend his thanks in this public way for the many kind words received from readers, in many parts of the world.

“KATE”

“Old Kate’s Confession”

Old Kate and Queen had finished their evening’s allotment of oats, and were deliberately crunching a mouthful of sweet-scented hay at intervals. These two horses belonged to Mr. Lamar, a prosperous farmer, who lived on a beautiful well-kept farm, not far from the city. Mr. Lamar was a great admirer of good horses and always kept several about him. He loved, especially, to have a good driving horse, but took no particular delight in training a horse, and, consequently, left that task to the farm hands for a rainy day job.

Fourteen years had passed by since Kate had been brought to the farm, a beautiful two-year-old filly. Her beautiful form, sleek brown coat and pedigree that extended for several generations into the most aristocratic of horse families, had induced Mr. Lamar to pay more than an ordinary price for this promising colt. He

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was very proud of her when he got her home. Her good size, neat limbs and spirited bearing almost fulfilled his ideal of the perfect horse he had longed to possess for family use.

If we could look upon Kate as she stood in her stall the evening of our story, we could hardly believe it to be the horse that had once been the pride of such an excellent judge of horses as Mr. Lamar.

Her coat was rough and neglected. There were many scars where some time had been many deep and jagged cuts. There was yet fire in the eye, but it was the fire of fierceness rather than ambition. The ears, usually, from habit, lay back close to the head, and everyone knew better than to approach within reach of her teeth or heels. On account of being the principal of many runaways and the cause of many bruised spots upon the farm hands and others, her notoriety was great. There was scarcely a farmer in all that country that had not

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heard of some of the thrilling smashups and narrow escapes caused by Lamar's ungovernable mare.

She occupies a large box stall in the rear of the barn, neglected and unnoticed, except by the curious. A door leads from her stall into a small lot. In nice weather this door is left open and this lot and box stall now constitute old Kate's world.

By the side of old Kate's stall, stands Queen, a beautiful four-year-old. Those who know say that Queen is the very image of Kate in her younger days. Queen is the only offspring of Kate, and, except for the marks of age, had the same well-formed head and large, full eye and thin nostrils, indicating the same ambition and hot blood.

Queen was known to everybody as the daughter of Old Kate. She was admired by everyone for her beauty. She was praised by some for her excellent behavior and speed record, while a great many feared she would develop the ungovernable temper

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of her mother, and it was also hinted that there was much vicious blood in the line of her sire.

This evening Queen seemed especially kind and placid as she ate her evening meal. She had a right to feel greatly pleased, for she had that day carried off the first prize in one of the best horse shows that had ever been held in that part of the state. Her free, graceful actions, combined with her well-groomed coat of brown, beautifully arched neck and lithe limbs made her the center of all admiring eyes.

When before the amphitheater she performed one or two of her neat little tricks, taught her by her driver, and then, when she turned to the crowd, with her intelligent eyes sparkling and nostrils dilated, and acknowledged their applause by three dignified bows of her head, it seemed that that vast crowd screamed and yelled enough to make a driver lose his head and frighten any ordinary horse.

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Of course her mother noticed by her proud neck and elastic step as she entered her stall that evening that something unusual had happened. Between bites of hay they had asked and answered a number of questions pertaining to the day, when Old Kate, upon being asked why she was never taken out to such pleasant places, assumed a reminiscent mood, and, for the first time, told her past story to her daughter.

I shall do my best to interpret old Kate's story, as she told it that night in her simple sign language. It was told by the rubbing of noses, with now and then a low whinny. Her story was emphasized by a flash of the eye and distended nostril as some exciting scene came up in memory; often the flat ears and glaring teeth indicated great passion aroused, and many times, as tales of terrible abuse and painful accidents were related, the skin twitched and the whole body shook with nervousness.

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At intervals the sides of her stall resounded with a kick that was only the involuntary emphasis placed upon that part of her story that told of her enormous efforts to release herself from many entangling traps.

From these signs her story interpreted is as follows: "I was brought to this place fourteen years ago. I was then young and full of fun and life. The best of care had always been given me. I received many dainties to eat and was groomed carefully every day. I can not say that I did not receive the same treatment when I came here, but, soon after I came, a misunderstanding arose between me and the man that has blighted all my happiness. This misunderstanding was slight at first, but it continually grew, until within the last five or six years we have had nothing to do with each other.

I believe that it was just after dinner of the third or fourth day that I came

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here that my trouble began. A man came into the stable talking loudly, and walked up behind me with a whip and a large bunch of stuff, that I afterwards learned was harness. I did not know then what it was, and that, with his loud talking, stirred my sensitive nerves at once. He yelled something at me that I did not understand and started to walk up to my side. I was afraid of him, so I stepped over in front of him, to keep him out. My stall was narrow, and I could easily do it. He struck me with the whip and said something very loudly that I did not understand. I suppose it was, “Stand over,” or something like that. I did not know a word of man’s language then, so I do not remember what he did say.

He tried to get in by me two or three times, but each time I crowded him out. He then took his whip and gave me an awful whipping. I do not know to this day why he whipped me. He ought to have known,

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when I told him by snorting and turning my head toward that black bunch, he had on his arm, that I was afraid of it. This whipping made me so nervous that I could not stand still, and I just had to dance around. When he started up to my side the next time, I suppose that I stepped on his toe, in my nervousness, judging from the way he yelled at me and the way he walked when he went out. I thought he had found out that the black bunch frightened me and had taken it away, but in a minute or two he came into the room in front of me. He dropped the bunch and untied my halter strap and drew it up so short that my head was drawn close to the manger. He then brought that awful black bunch and threw it on my manger. Then he jumped into the manger himself and on into my stall. I pulled and tugged to get away for he looked terrible, coming over the manger like a big dog. I tried to crowd him out when he got that black bunch, but I was tied so short I could not.

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When he threw it on me I twisted and bowed my back and pulled back and jumped against the manger, but he succeeded in fastening it on me. If he had only let me touch it, as I did one day when he hung it on my manger and went away to do something else, I know I would not have had that fright. I never could overcome the nervous shock of that first harnessing and never afterwards could stand still to be harnessed. After the harness was fastened on me a bridle was put on my head so I could not see on either side or behind. A piece of iron was put into my mouth that I tried for a long time to spit out. I was taken into the barn lot and pulled around a few times, first one way and then the other. After jerking me around and saying many things that I did not understand, and striking me with the whip every few steps, two men held me, while a couple more ran something up behind me and fastened it to me. My head was fastened up tight so that

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the piece of iron hurt me worse than ever.

If I remember correctly, I went several miles that day, sometimes with one fellow walking by my side holding the iron in my mouth, and sometimes with both men behind me. Everything was confusion to me, and I do not remember much that happened or where we went. When I was put in my stall that night I was tired and sore all over. When the excitement was over, I felt for the first time the welts made by heavy blows of the whip, and the gash under my tongue made by one of the men jerking the iron, while I had my tongue over it trying to spit it out. Many blisters reminded me of the harness rubbing my tender skin. Out of all the confusion of that afternoon nothing remained vividly in my mind but that bunch of harness and that fellow crawling over the manger.

During all that night, and for several days, I jumped at every little noise, fearing the approach of that man with that

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awful whip and bunch of harness. I suppose the men meant to teach me something, but they had me so scared to begin with and then said so many things that I did not understand, that I knew less how to comprehend man's wishes than I did before. The men were busy for several days and I was allowed to remain in the stall.

I was feeling pretty good again, when one rainy morning in came that fellow with that bunch of harness. My nerves just went all to pieces. It took some time for that fellow to get the harness on me and hitch me to the rig. Where the harness had rubbed me before was about well again, so I did not mind the harness so much this time, but my mouth was very sore and the rein bothered me so that it took my whole attention to that, and I remembered nothing else distinctly. I came in as tired and sore as before, disgusted with the whole business. I tried my best to understand what was wanted of me, but so much was

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said and done that I understood nothing.

Many times the driver thought I knew what he wanted, when I was only so tired that I did things in a mechanical way and did not realize what I had done. Those first two drives were just like several others. It must have been a dozen times that I was driven before I really knew that pressure on the left side of the mouth meant to turn to the right and that pressure on the right side meant for me to go to the left. I remember, too, how long it took me to learn when to start and when to stop without the driver using the whip or lines. I'll never forget the time I thought that I had learned that "Ho" meant to stop. It must have been nearly a year after they had first hitched me when Mr. Lamar was driving me at my very best gait past a neighbor's house, because he wanted this neighbor to see my speed. As we passed someone spoke to Mr. Lamar, and he yelled "Hello." I stopped suddenly, having previously deter-

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mined to stop before I received a pull on the lines, and Mr. Lamar almost fell over the dash. He hit me a terrible cut with the whip and I then and there determined never to stop again, until I received a pull on the lines. It was even more confusing to know when to start. The hired man always hit me a lick and then said, “Get-up” or “Go on,” and of course I was thinking about the whip and not what he said afterwards. Mr. Lamar sometimes said, “Go long,” sometimes made a clucking noise like an old hen and sometimes a kissing noise before he tapped me with the lines or whip. I do not see why the men could not have definite words for what they expected of me and use some method to get me to understand them more quickly. It seems to me that they could have taught me the use of the bit, and when to stand and start, without having me pull that heavy cart or wagon at the same time.

Nothing worth relating happened for

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several months, excepting my first experience in being shod. Mr. Lamar drove me to town one morning and hitched me in front of a black looking building, where several other horses were standing. Every few minutes a horse would be brought out and another taken in. I wondered why they went in there and what caused the noise. A large, rough fellow soon unhitched me and led me to the door. I stopped to look in, but could not see much, for it was dark in there, except one place where there was a fire with sparks flying in all directions, and from it came a rumbling noise intermingled with a ringing sound. The place smelled different from any place I had ever smelled. I feared to enter and braced my front feet when the man pulled at my strap. I had not yet got my eyes accustomed to the darkness inside, when a shower of sparks fell almost at my feet, and at the same time something hit me across the hips with a resounding whack. I leaped for-

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ward, only to find that I was securely tied to the side of the building. The sparks from the fire behind me flew in showers at short intervals and kept me trembling with fear lest they would give me another whack across the hips.

A fellow set a box behind me, then grabbed one of my hind legs. No one had had hold of my legs before and I leaped to one side to get away from him, but he stuck to it. I swung him back and forth, but could not get him loose, so I let my whole weight down on him. He had to let go, and sprang from under me. It took the fellow a long time to get me to stand long enough for him to pick all my feet up and cut them fiat at the bottom.

Another fellow came with some iron pieces, he called shoes, and began to nail them to my feet. When he began pounding it hurt my tender foot, causing me to jerk it very quickly. Somehow my foot caught fast in his pants and almost tore

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them off his legs. He struck me with his hammer and yelled so loud that I snorted and pranced and determined that he should not hammer my tender feet, and then punish me because it hurt.

He struck me again, then grabbed my leg, but I jerked away and kicked at him. The shoe flew from my foot, just missed his head and struck the side of the building with a whack. The man then untied me, placed a noose over the tender part of my nose, placed a stick through it, and twisted it up tight. I think they called this a twitch. They jerked it several times and made my nose sting. I suppose that it hurt me so that I did not notice the man lift my leg and hammer my foot. The man holding the twitch, thinking I had given up, loosened it and the pain ceased. I saw the fellow holding my foot and felt the jars of the hammer. I gave a quick leap forward, jerking my foot free and upsetting the blacksmith. I made several leaps and

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kicks, causing a horse at my side to break loose and creating a panic among three or four men who fell backward from their kegs and boxes.

The man in front recovered his rope again and I felt its painful jerks on my nose. He also pinched my ear with a pair of tongs. Again the blacksmith hit me a terrific blow with his hammer and seized my foot. I resented it with as hard a kick as possible at such close range and sent him sprawling on a heap of scrap iron. The pain on my nose and ear became so terrible that I did not know what was done with my feet or who shod me. When I left the shop I had four new iron shoes on, my nose was tingling with pain, and my ear felt like it was almost pulled out. Mr. Lamar returned from his business up town while the men were hitching me up. I think a blacksmith shop is one of the worst places there is for horses. It makes me shudder yet to think of them and the hard fights I have

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had in them.

Mr. Lamar continued to drive me most of the time. He considered me well broke, but I hardly know just what that means, for I could understand but little of what was expected of me and, since Mr. Lamar was a very quiet sort of a fellow, I really went along to suit myself. I was developing a great deal of speed, and, being considered a good family horse, usually took the family in the beautiful carriage for their evening drives over to the city. I was then in the prime of my life and would have been one of the happiest horses alive, if I could have felt that there was a complete understanding between me and my driver.

I believe it was the summer that I was six years old (here old Kate gave a vicious kick and snapped her teeth so fiercely that it startled Queen, who had been intensely interested in her mother's story) that Bill Temper came to work for Mr. Lamar. He was always in a hurry, and if things did

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not go to suit him always flew into a passion. I often wonder why Mr. Lamar kept him, for he was so reckless in his speed that he was always getting into trouble. Somehow I took a dislike to him the first morning he came into the stable. He came in a flurry that made us all feel uneasy. When he came to clean my stall, the first thing he did was to prod my sensitive legs with the fork and afterwards yell, “Get over.” I involuntarily bounced with my hind legs and scringed every time the fork came about me for fear I would get struck again. He came in, a few moments later, roughly threw the harness on me and hitched me to the spring wagon. He was hardly seated in the wagon until he hit me a cut with the whip and yelled crossly, “Go long.” I didn’t lose much time in starting, I tell you, and took him a pretty good clip.

I do not know whether my gait pleased him or not, for every little bit he would speak roughly to me, which kept me un-

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nerved all the time. Bill taught me that morning how to get around objects that frightened me. Down by old Mr. Johnson's woods lay a black log that I had always been afraid of. I always watched that log when I went by and usually snorted to chase away any beast that might be behind it, for I once saw the weeds shaken by something hidden there. Mr. Lamar had always let me take my time in going by so I could watch it better. When I stopped to walk by that spot that morning with Bill, he hit me a cut with the whip just as I thought I saw the weeds move again. Of course, I thought something by that log had hit me, and I circled around it as fast as I could go.

When we came back that way, Bill was afraid to pass there, too, for he began jerking the lines nervously and whipped me when we were past the place, so we could get away quicker. I kept away as far as I could by going into the side ditch. A little further down the road there was something

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hanging on a weed just off the side of the road. I thought it was only a piece of paper, but being somewhat nervous yet, I watched it pretty closely. Just as I had about decided it was a piece of paper, it moved and something hit me. I again went around by the side ditch, as far away as I could.

I came home from that trip very much worried, for I had trotted fast with the old spring wagon. The excitement caused by our two frights and Bill Temper's irritable manner, left me very nervous. I did not enjoy my supper very much that night, and had hardly finished when Bill came in with the fork to fix my bedding. Either carelessly, or purposely, that fork struck me again, and being nervous anyway and afraid of it, I kicked it as hard as I could. I do not know whether forks bite or not, but when I kicked, two prongs of that fork fastened to each side of my pastern, and how I did kick to get it loose. I remem-

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ber how the boards of my stall broke and flew in all directions. Bill was mixed up in it, too, for he had hold of the fork part of the time, and I kicked him too. I really think he wanted it to hurt me, at least he had it in his hand when I finally kicked it loose. After that Bill always put me in another stall to clean mine, for I never after allowed a fork about. I made things so lively that the men kept them away. Mr. Lamar was gone for several weeks that summer and Bill drove me very frequently. In fact, I think he made some very weak excuses, sometimes, merely to get me out for a drive.

I learned several things of Bill. He so thoroughly drilled me in hurrying around objects that frightened me, that I circled around everything in which there was the least possibility of danger, and it became such a habit that I did it sometimes when there was really nothing to be frightened at. He taught me to start as soon as I

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heard his foot on the buggy step. Another thing that was vividly impressed on my mind was that I should never allow any horse to go around me. It took many a race for me to learn that point, but Bill never let any opportunity pass by without giving me some practice.

Nearly all the horses in the community soon learned that it was no use to try to pass me, and did not often attempt it. There were two or three from the city I often saw on the road that gave me the fastest races we had. One, especially, gave me many a race before I felt confident of being able to keep ahead of any horse on the road. This little gray I could always tell as far as I could hear her, by a peculiar pat of her feet. Whenever I heard her coming, I went my best to keep ahead.

One morning the latter part of the summer I heard the familiar voice of Mr. Lamar again. He came into the barn and came in my stall, saying something about

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me not being as fat as usual. He left the barn and returned again in a few minutes with a new set of harness, which he proceeded to fit to me and took me out and hitched me to the carriage. He seemed very proud of his harness, and placed special emphasis upon the fact that it had the latest style shaft band. I noticed when he fastened it that he wrapped it two or three times around the shafts just as if he feared the shafts might fly up and hurt somebody. He took the whole family for a drive that day. Whenever one of them stepped on the step I started quickly, and each time received a jerk from Mr. Lamar. I couldn't understand why I should not start, when Bill had taught me that a foot on the step meant to go. We finally got started, after I had reared a time or two, with everybody scolding about their hats being knocked awry, and me considerably irritated, because I had been fooled so often.

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I took them down the road at a pretty good gait, dodging from one side of the road to the other, as it seemed necessary in order to avoid all suspicious-looking objects. It surprised Mr. Lamar somewhat, when I went very fast by the log and around by the side ditch. He said something about me getting more afraid rather than getting used to the log; I did my best to show him that it was best, as Bill had taught me, to hurry around suspicious objects, but he did not seem to understand me. Two or three times the women screamed as I crowded over to the other side of the road away from something, and nearly collided with a buggy, and once or twice almost missed the end of some culvert.

Just as we left the city that evening, I heard the familiar sound of that gray horse coming up behind me. I was determined that, although it was hitched to a light rig and me to a heavy carriage, it should not pass me.

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The gray attempted to get around me by a quick dash, but I was watching for that, and away we went. A man ahead saw us coming and turned into the side ditch to let us pass. Chickens flew from the road as we dashed by the farm houses; children scampered from the dust and watched us from gate posts as we raced by. The women screamed as we dashed past a load of hay, for the carriage top rubbed the hay and the outer wheels were in the ditch; but that gray must not pass. We had not gone more than half a mile until that gray was far behind. Just as we were about to turn into the lane at home, a horse and a buggy came out, which, I thought, intended to go around us, and I went into the lane so fast that the hind wheels slid, making the women scream again. I had hoped to please Mr. Lamar, after he had been gone so long, and, so had done my best. I think though that he was not very well pleased with me, for his voice to the men seemed gruff, while he said

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a great deal about “shyer,” “tough-mouthed,” “not safe for the family,” “wouldn’t stand,” and many other things that I did not understand.

The next morning Bill and Mr. Lamar came in and examined the bit of my bridle. Bill said something about “hacking it with a hatchet,” and Mr. Lamar talked about a “Jaw Breaker.” Bill hitched me to the buggy and we went to town and stopped before a harness store. Bill brought out a large bright object with a chain across it, which, I suppose, was a bit. Bill slipped my bridle off to buckle the bit on. For the first time in my life, I saw the buggy to which I was hitched. It looked so much different straight behind me, than it did off to one side or when another horse was hitched to it, that I became terribly frightened. No sooner had the bridle been slipped off than I leaped forward. Bill grabbed the end of the shaft and my mane and ran along with me for quite a distance, but could not keep

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up. The front wheel struck him and knocked him down. Men ran out from side streets, stores and alleys, and ran directly toward me, frightening me more and more, and, as I circled around them, my buggy caught the wheels of others and upset them.

I can not describe to you all the noises and terrible sights I saw there in a few minutes; buggies upset, horses running, men yelling and all the time that frightful buggy right behind me. I had never seen objects in the city except directly in front of me, and now, with no bridle on, everything was frightful all around me. How I did run to get out of that awful place. It is an experience that will stay with me as long as I live. I believe I was almost insane. At the first corner the buggy upset and frightened me all the more. There was a loud crash and the top was left in the street. Something cut my heels that reminded me of the prods of the fork and how I kicked! I thought every moment that I would be killed, and

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so I kicked my best to get it away from me. The pieces flew thick and fast. The last wheel caught in a truck wagon and I left it there. I did not go far beyond that until the harness became entangled in my feet and threw me so I could not get up. A man came from a livery stable near by, with a bridle, and led me into a stall.

Bill soon came up, hatless and breathless, with blood streaming from his nose and a gash in his face where the wheel had struck him. They took the new harness and got it mended and brought my bridle with the “jaw breaker” and hitched me to a buggy from the livery stable. I felt like getting away from something all the way home. My heels were badly cut by the buggy in the running, and that “jaw breaker” was the most maddening thing I ever had on. It filled my mouth full and cut the tender skin of my jaw. My mouth was soon so numb that I could hardly feel a pull on the lines. That bit and set of harness made

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my torture complete. I could not understand why Mr. Lamar could be induced to buy such a set. When we went down hill the shafts would not slip forward in the shaft holders, and the whole load pushed forward on my back. By the time we reached the bottom of the hill the shafts had worked enough forward to cause me to pull all the load with the back band. Even on smooth roads the continual backward and forward motion of the shafts was very irritating. As I think back over the torture of that drive home, I wonder how I stood it. I went as fast as I could to get home in the quiet stall, and Bill and I both felt considerably relieved when we got there.

I did not rest well that night. My mouth hurt. My back was rubbed raw, and a big raw spot on each side, back of my front legs, made by the shaft band; my crupper had rubbed the hide off entirely around my tail, caused, I think, by being reined so tight, and the shaft band jerking

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back and forth. All these, with my sore heels, made me spend a miserable night. By the next morning, the sting had left the sore spots, but there remained a dull soreness that is hard to describe, that made me feel miserable. The nervous shock of the day before also added to my misery. I had just finished my morning meal and had settled back for a day's rest, when Bill came in with the harness. He threw it heavily over my back. I bowed my back and twisted around and stamped my feet to tell him the best I could that they hurt me. But he just scolded me and began to draw the girth up tighter. I couldn't stand it any longer, and I just reached around while he was stooping over, and bit him pretty hard about the bottom of the coat tail. Bill jumped and screamed so loud that I was afraid I had killed him, but I didn't care much.

I had done my best to let him know the harness hurt me, but he paid no attention

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until I bit him. I always used my teeth after that, as that seemed one of the best ways to make a man understand what I wanted. A few seconds after I bit Bill, the bridle flew into my face and hit me several blows over the head. I never liked to see the bridle coming toward me after that and always kept my head as far away as possible. Bill next stepped back and jerked my sore tail up so high and jerked the crupper under it so roughly that it almost set my teeth on edge with pain. It made me so mad to think a man had no more sense, that I gave him a side wiper that sent him back against the barn all in a heap.

He was so far back that I couldn't reach him, but in my mad excitement, I kicked anyway. Bill soon regained his breath and that dreaded fork handle began to strike me from behind the partition of my stall. Then I kicked with all the power of my strength. My earlier experience with the fork and the experience of the day before

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seemed to roll in upon me. The harness fell off of me and was sent flying to the rear of my stall. The splinters flew from the side of my stall, and I felt able to kick the barn to pieces. When it ended, Mr. Lamar and two or three other men were there. They said something about not letting me whip them out, and, after looking in the stable door at my rear a few times, they seemed to be afraid to come up behind me.

One of the men entered the feed room with the harness on his arm and started to climb over the manger. It reminded me of the man scaring me so badly the first time I was harnessed, that I lost control of myself, and threw my whole weight back on my halter strap. A board of my manger split off and let me fall backwards near the door. I leaped out of the barn with the board hanging to me. I was so frightened that I did not feel the many deep cuts and gashes that board gave me as I ran. I tried hard to get away from it, but I could not.

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Finally it struck me a cruel blow as I ran into a corner of the barn yard. It penetrated my breast and knocked me down. As the men ran up some said it would kill me, and I thought so myself when they pulled it out and helped me into a large box stall.

I lay in the stall several weeks before I finally became able to get on my feet. I was unable to be hitched up all that winter. The men were so rough in handling me, being so sore all over, as I was, that I bit and kicked as soon as I could do so. Consequently, I did not get very good care, but being of a vigorous constitution, my wounds all healed by spring.

One nice day that spring Mr. Lamar came into the barn and said several things to Bill, in which I recognized the words, "Kate needs exercise," and "She has forgotten her bad experiences." Pretty soon Bill came in with the harness, but I soon made him get out with it, for somehow it scared me and made my back hurt to

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look at them. I was led out in the yard and harnessed, for it did not look so frightful there, where there was plenty of room. They had the “jaw breaker” bit on, and when going over, Mr. Lamar said something about me being a “lugger” yet. I do not know what a “lugger” is, but I suppose it is all right. I felt good, being the first time I had been out, and the day being so beautiful, I took them a lively drive. I dodged around everything that was unfamiliar and went farther away from them than before, because of the recollection of former pain. Each time I circled around, something struck me. It may have been Bill’s whip, but since my whole attention was on the object, I think it was the object that struck me. Away we went down the main street. I saw the steam cars and a street car at a distance. I never saw one close, for Bill and Mr. Lamar were so afraid of them that they stopped a square away from the steam cars and always had

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me hurry up a side street when they saw a street car coming.

Bill and Mr. Lamar tied me by the grocery, and had just stepped inside when a woman came along with an umbrella, and raised it directly in front of me. The man on the manger flashed immediately through my senses, and I squared myself and gave a mighty pull. The rope with which I was tied snapped easily, and I started down the street.

The first jump or two brought back all the feelings of my previous runaway. I felt ungoverned again and knew my power to get away from the rig. I was just about to kick everything loose as I ran, when a man seized my bit, threw his weight against my shoulder and pulled my head sidewise so that I had to stop. I had dodged the men who had run straight out after me, but this man was running from me and grabbed me as I went by. I believe he knew something about horses, for he seemed to know just

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how I felt and soothed my nerves considerably by a few strokes with his hand on my neck. Mr. Lamar and Bill soon came up and gave the fellow a round, bright piece, unsnapped the rope from my neck and drove off.

I was just going around the corner, Bill letting me go pretty fast, when I almost ran into the queerest looking thing I ever saw. As near as I can remember, it looked like a low buggy, but sounded like a steam engine. There were some hideous looking objects inside with large eyes. Altogether it was the most horrid looking object I ever saw. Bill suggested what to do, by pulling on one line and hitting me a cut with the whip. I was too close to circle around, so I reared and gave a forward leap. I was so frightened that I didn't know, nor care, where I leaped. I came down on something that crashed and tore, and directly beneath me was that hideous machine. I leaped out somehow and the buggy and the machine

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were all in a heap. The buggy stuck to me and lit on the four wheels with Bill still in, and if ever the people in that town saw running, they saw it that day. The buggy swayed from one side of the street to the other. That, with Bill's yells, made me frantic. People ran and screamed. Buggies disappeared around corners. Houses seemed to be flying away from me as I passed by.

Thus block after block I ran, when some one rushed out from a side street. I swayed to the opposite side of the street. The hub caught on a hitching post, the buggy stopped suddenly, pitching Bill high in the air over a yard fence and head foremost into a flower bed. I was headed toward home, and made quick time in getting there. I was so badly bruised that I was again in the box stall several days.

Mr. Lamar came into the stable one day and heaved a sigh as he leaned against the manger. He muttered something about

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“None better bred in the country,” and “Pretty as a picture.” I think he meant me, for he looked at me all the time he talked. He said something more about “Counting on her for a family horse.” I think he was very much discouraged about something, judging from his dejected appearance.

A few days later, as I watched the men hauling some stone off the field, one of the horses began to paw, and finally lay down. I watched the men work with it for several minutes, and came to the conclusion that it was sick. I often stood for hours with my head out of my little door and watched the men and horses at work. I often wished I could be out with them instead of being kept in my stall so long. After a while the men got the horse up and unhitched it. One of them got on it and run it up and down the field several times as hard as he could make it go. I did not think it was very good for a sick horse, but it is hard to un-

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derstand men's ways, and he might have been hunting for something. The horse was brought to the stable and placed in a large stall by the side of mine. Mr. Lamar started to town for a horse doctor and told the men to "Put Kate to work if you can work her."

One large fellow whom they called Pete, replied that he could work anything with four feet. I was taken out of the barn and harnessed, and hitched to the wagon with the load of stone. Pete took the lines and cracked his whip, and I leaped forward. I struck my shoulders against something hard, and Old Joe, the other horse, nearly fell backwards. Pete began lashing me with the whip. I leaped and plunged to get away from there, but every time I went forward I hurt my shoulders and Old Joe went backwards. I got so bewildered that I just stood and pranced and broke out in a cold sweat all over. Pete came and patted me on the neck, and left us

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stand awhile. He tried again, but Old Joe would not start at all when I did, and my shoulders were getting so sore I didn't go forward very hard, but mostly sideways. Pete came and patted me again and unloaded nearly all the stone. He took the lines again, and again I started forward and nearly pulled Old Joe and the wagon.

I never got such a licking in my life as I got from Pete after the wagon started. He drove around in a circle lashing me every step. The end of the lash cut my hide open in different places, and the hissing of the whip as it cut through the air, hurt me almost as bad as the blow. I reared and plunged to go faster, but Old Joe would not get in the notion. We circled around by the stones and they were loaded again. I stood and pranced and sweat. My whole body ached and shook. Pete came and stroked my neck and said something, and Old Joe started. I remembered the terrible licking because I started the other time, so I stood

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prancing and snorting.

Pete tried several times to fool me into starting, but I knew better after he had petted me for standing and thrashed me for going. They unloaded the stones again, but I was so mad by this time with those men fooling around that I just stood and kicked. After an hour or two, Pete unhitched Old Joe and hitched him to my mouth with a chain around my lower jaw. I leaped and plunged in every direction to free myself from that chain. I thought I had endured every torture that could be heaped upon a horse, but that was the worst of all. I believe that I would have jerked my jaw off to free myself, had not the hook slipped off the link and let me free. I soon stripped myself of the harness and ran into my stall.

That was the last time I ever had the harness on. I was turned out in the pasture for a brood mare. You are my only offspring, Queen, and have the same

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lithe form and high ambition I once had. You must understand the language of men or you could not be so happy. I always did my best to understand their meaning, but could never get a clew to their language. That is the reason I suffer with my aching muscles, uncared for and considered an outlaw by man. Because I developed a quick temper in protecting myself, and bear the ugly scars of my battles for life, I am rejected even by my own kind.”

Here “Old Kate” gave a kick of resentment that aroused all the horses dozing in their stalls. Not knowing the surging emotions back of Old Kate’s action, all condemned her for continually disturbing the peace of the stable, except “Queen,” and she gave a whinny of sympathy that soothed Kate’s overwrought nerves. Upon the promise of Queen to explain her contentment and peaceable disposition, in spite of her natural nervousness, Kate dropped her head in sleep and the stables were

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clothed in silence except for the rhythmical
breathing of the horses.

“QUEEN”

“Queen’s Autobiography”

The evening following “Old Kate’s” confession she ate her meal with greater alacrity than usual, for she had not forgotten that this was the evening her daughter, Queen, was to tell her the story of her life. Since Queen was two years old their lives had gradually diverged until it seemed that an impassable gulf had come between them. Now that she had told her story, the best she could, and Queen had promised to tell her experiences, visions of an unknown life, full of harmony and peace, seemed about to open to her starved existence, and she was anxious that Queen should begin.

Queen had scarcely begun when a nose appeared in front of the adjoining stall, attracting the attention of the horse to the left. Noses kept appearing thus in each stall, alternately, until the attention of the last horse was attracted. Queen had the respect and confidence of every horse in the

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stable. She was so beautiful and her manners so perfect, that all felt that Queen was the ideal to be sought by the horse kingdom. If there was any uproar in the stables, it never proceeded from Queen's stall. If there was trouble between the men and some of the horses, Queen was never one of the horses. Her understanding of man's ways and language was so acute, that, to the horses, she seemed often to anticipate even men's wishes. So marvelous was her understanding that the horses could not help but notice that even the men acknowledged her superiority by always speaking to her in a low, kind tone. In fact it seemed that with the coming of Queen a new spirit had taken possession of the stables.

Roy Lamar, Mr. Lamar's son, had become the dominating character of the stables when Queen came in, and with his advent, Bill Temper and Pete had disappeared and more humane and thoughtful

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fellows had taken their places. Of course it was natural for the horses, in their simple way, to attribute all these changes to the beautiful disposition of Queen. Therefore, when word was passed along that Queen had something to say, all listened attentively. You would have been really interested if you could have seen and heard the graceful Queen tell her story of knowledge gained and ambitions attained. It was a story of conquests and triumphs that I gathered from the dainty tosses of the head, the sparkle of ambitious eyes and the triumphant arch of the neck. It was a language of harmonious action, that most men call signs, but which is one of the most eloquent of languages when understood. Queen began speaking mostly to her mother, but understood by nearly all the horses in the stable.

“The first two years of my life you know very well, mother, for we spent those happy days together. It was a life of free-

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dom spent in the pasture lot and in the barn. I have only a general impression of those days, for my body was growing and developing rather than my mind. I had a natural fear of all objects that I suppose you taught me, but how or when you did it, I do not remember. It was the winter that I was coming two years old that my body became nearly developed and my mind awakened to my surroundings. I felt for the first time that I was equal to any of the horses about me in strength. I could run faster than any of them and could kick as high. I had never been touched by man and knew no restraint but the pasture fence. I was just a natural horse, with all a horse's instincts well developed, backed by blood well selected for generations. I felt, mother, just as you say you did at the age of two years, but there our common experience ceases. It seems that your life has been a series of disappointments, while mine has been a continuous development.

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One morning in March Mr. Lamar and Roy came into the feed room and talked very earnestly for some time. I do not know what they said, for I did not understand a word of man's language then, but, after that Roy always fed me in the morning and evening and seemed to claim me as his own. He went away every day toward town until the corn was planted. I think he went where the boys all collect together in the winter time, for I have seen large crowds of them together in a large yard in town since. A week or two after he quit going away, he opened my stable door and drove me over into the little barn lot, where the sheep are kept in the winter. He came in and closed the gate. It frightened me very much to have a man in such a small place with me, and not be able to get away. I ran to the farthest corner, but he followed me. After he had followed me around the lot two or three times and I was not quite so afraid of him, Roy said, "Come here," and

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something cracked very loudly that made me jump and tremble. I noticed for the first time that he had a long whip with him. I did not know what it all meant, so I tried the harder to keep away from him. He repeated his words several times, and each time the whip cracked. Finally I got into a corner and Roy stood so that I could hardly get past him when that whip struck me around the legs, after Roy said 'Come here.' I did not know, of course, what 'Come here' meant, but I remembered how I used to run to you, mother, when I was badly scared, and so I went up to Roy, for I was not as afraid of him as I was of the whip.

It must have been just what he wanted me to do, for he stroked my neck with his hand, which soothed me so much that I felt at once that I had found a friend. Roy started backwards, touching me on the shoulder with his hand, just as he said, 'Come here,' and then that whip touched

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me across the hips. I kept close to Roy, for somehow I felt that he would not hurt me. He backed around the lot, stopping every few yards and starting with the words, ‘Come here.’ I soon learned what ‘Come here’ meant. Whenever I started as soon as Roy said ‘Come here,’ the whip did not touch me. I will never forget how it surprised me when Roy got on my right side and turned the other way. It did not look at all like it did when we were going the other direction. Roy was very patient with me and seemed to understand that I would have to learn anew on that side. I soon learned to follow in both directions and to follow with my head at his shoulder when his back was to me.

He taught me about the whip that I had feared so much. I touched it with my nose and Roy rubbed it over me and swung it around in front of and over me, until I found that it would not hurt me, unless I did not do the proper

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thing. Roy took me in the larger barn lot and I followed him there, and from there we went around in the front barn yard, by the house. The men, seeing the women all out, stopped their work and watched us walk around. I do not know what there was so curious about it, but they seemed to think it was a wonderful thing that I should follow Roy without anything on my head. While they were watching, Roy taught me to put my head in the halter. He first let me touch it and rubbed it all over my head to get me accustomed to it, for I had never seen one before. Then he drew away from me and said, 'Come here,' and held the halter a little in front of him. I stuck out my nose to touch it and he slipped it carefully on my head. He did this a few times till I learned to put my nose down into the halter. This made the people all laugh and they said something to Roy about 'Great success with such a wild colt,' and many other things that pleased Roy and made me

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more confident, for Roy stroked me frequently.

I was led into the horse stall and tied here in this stall for the first time, and ever since I have been with the other horses. The next day Roy took me out and we walked around together for a few minutes, some of the men asking whether I had forgotten. Roy explained to them something about a horse's mind being different from a man's and that a horse did not have to think much, consequently when a thing was distinctly fixed on a horse's brain they never forgot it, and that he was repeating the lesson to fix it more thoroughly on my mind. We had walked together but a few minutes when Roy had me come to him and put my head in the halter, but this time he pressed my lower jaw inside the mouth with his thumb, and when I opened my mouth he slipped something smooth into it. I didn't know what it was, but I had learned in my first lesson that Roy would not hurt

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me, and so I did not try to get away, but only tried to spit it out. The bridle was slipped on and off several times in succession, until I got so I would open my mouth for the bit. The head gear was put on my head so carefully that my ears were not hurt in the least. A strap was then buckled around my body and lines put in the bit. I tried at first to follow Roy, but by gently pulling on the lines, he taught me to keep my head away from him. I soon learned to obey the pulls of the line. In the same careful, precise way in which he taught me 'Come here,' Roy taught me the meaning of 'Get up.' He said it so distinctly and so often used it that I could never forget it, and it seems that my muscles almost start sometimes at 'Get up,' without me thinking about it. Roy was careful that the bit was kept in the proper place, so that my mouth was not hurt in the least. As soon as we began to get tired, I was taken to the stable. My brain and nerves were in

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excellent shape to retain all I had learned. I had received caresses for what I had done correctly, and the whip had struck me whenever I did wrong, so I had distinct impressions of what was right.

I had a good night's rest with good feed, and good bedding, and after a good grooming the next morning, I was ready for another lesson. The lesson soon came, but it was only for a half hour. We did again the things that I had learned and learned in addition the new command, 'Whoa.' I was so restless at that age that I remember it was very hard for me to stand. The commanding tone and the firm pull on the lines made me obedient. The command was repeated several times, so that I could do nothing else but stop at the command. In the next lesson, Roy rubbed a pole over me and around my hind legs. I was afraid of it at first, for my hair was short and my skin sensitive. I touched the pole with my nose several times and

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found it would not hurt me. The pole was placed under my tail and across my hips, and gradually my tail was raised. It felt ticklish at first, but after it was repeated several times, I did not care for it. I wondered at the time why that was done, but in a few moments I found out.

“The harness was brought out, and after letting me feel of it, it was placed on my back. My tail was gently lifted, just as if to lay the pole across, and the crupper was placed under my tail. The rein was fastened so that I could not get my head down. The rein and the harness, together with being driven out into the front barnyard and out into the road rather confused me. Roy seemed to understand that a horse could think of but one thing at a time and, by repeating what I had learned, soon had my confidence restored.

“He drove me up to a buggy, which I touched. We then went around it and saw it from all sides. We then stopped

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to rest awhile and another man pulled the buggy around us. I watched it all the time. Roy always used a bridle that left me the use of my eyes, and I always have made good use of them and, I think, every horse should. Roy then rubbed a pole along my sides and across my thighs, and the buggy was pulled up close to me. This time a pole came along each side and was fastened to my harness. I was so intent on watching the buggy and those poles that I did not hear Roy say ‘Get up.’ His assistant pushed me sideways and started me with that buggy following close to me. It scared me so badly that I hardly knew what I was doing. The fellow holding my bridle and the calm, ‘Whoa,’ from Roy stopped me. We started and stopped a few times before I felt safe with the buggy fast to me.

“Roy then got in the buggy and drove to the left around the front lot a few times. When he turned to go to the right I

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did not want to go, for there was that pole pressing me on the side that I had not felt before. I had not the time to fully make up my mind not to go, before Roy touched me with the whip, which decided me to go at once. It was much easier to walk around with only a surcingle than with a buggy, but, by Roy's careful handling and patience, I soon learned to walk and turn with the buggy. I found that 'Whoa' and 'Get-up' meant just the same when hitched to the buggy as they did before.

"It pleased me very much to know that I was getting along so well in understanding Roy and learning something new each day. It must be great joy to men to learn so much, for it gives us horses such pleasure to be well trained. I never realized before, mother, why you have been so despondent and out of sorts with the world. I have seen many other horses that look so hopeless and discouraged, and I suppose it is because there is so little understanding

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between them and their masters. I have noticed, on the other hand, horses that look happy and contented. They have great pride in themselves and their carriages.

“The bond that binds them to their masters is strong. They respond to the slightest intimation of the lines or least change in the tone of the voice. It seems that after the first few lessons of my early training that Roy and I understood each other perfectly. Of course, there were many things for me to learn, but I felt the way was open for me to learn what I did not know. Roy always read my thoughts when I indicated by my ears and eyes that there was something that I did not understand, and always did the right thing to make me understand. He never left me to find out new ways without directing me in the best way to learn.

“An example of the thoroughness of his teaching was the manner in which he handled my feet. The lesson with the pole had taught me not to fear anything touch-

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ing me anywhere on my body or legs. He lifted each foot and had me rest my hind foot backward on the point of the toe. He continued to drill me when he curried me, until I learned to know when he asked for my foot and lifted it up for him. He pounded each foot lightly with his hand, so I had no fear whatever when we went to the shop.

“I remember how it eased my feet to have the iron shoes protecting them from the gravel and stones. Had he not trained me in this way at home, where I was accustomed to being handled, I am sure I would have resisted under the fright caused by the flying sparks and strange noises all about me.

“These preliminary lessons, I am sure, saved me from many a bad fright, and probably kept me from forming many bad habits. I know that log down by Johnson’s woods, too, mother, and remember well the first time I ever saw it. It was the first drive

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we had taken on the pike. I had seen a few objects on the road that were new to me, but that log attracted my attention when we were some distance away. It is old and black with some green moss on it, now, and looks frightful. I was watching it closely and was nearly even with it when there was a crackling in the brush and Johnson's old black and white dog leaped upon the log with a yelp. It startled me so that I jumped some, and probably would have jumped some distance sideways if Roy's calm, confident, 'Whoa,' had not rung in my ears just as I was getting myself ready for the spring. Of course I stopped, and had no more than done so when I saw the dog. Roy talked to me quietly and with loose lines had me go up to the log and touch it. You can hardly imagine how foolish I felt when I saw what it really was.

“Roy had taught me to go up to frightful objects, before we left the barn that day by having me walk over papers and stand

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while all sorts of noises were being made. Of all things, though, that old buffalo robe hanging on the fence scared me the worst. It required all of Roy's ingenuity, I think, to get me close to it. I went a few steps and walked away. Once I had crept close to it, and when I blew my breath at it, it scared me so I nearly jumped back on Roy. I tried to run away from it, but he kept tight lines and kept my head towards it. After several minutes' work, I got close enough to it, that by stretching my neck as far as I could, I touched it. After I touched it a couple of times, I found it would not hurt me, and now whenever I see any big bugaboo and hear Roy's 'Take care, walk up to it,' I think of the old robe, and go up and touch it. A wet spot in the road frightened me when I first noticed it, but I went through it and stepped on it hard, and it did not hurt me in the least.

"Some distance further a large, white object loomed up before us. I looked from

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side to side with the intention of turning around and going back, but Roy encouraged me by his voice and made me to understand that he was master and must be obeyed. As the object approached it took one side of the road, while I walked on the other. When we came beside it, Roy drove me right up to it. I feared it and trembled, but Roy must be obeyed, and he had never fooled me into trouble. There was nothing to do but march up. I touched it with my nose and found it to be only a large wagon with a white top. I have touched so many strange things and always found them to be harmless, that I have overcome my natural fear and nervousness, and now have no fear of any object.

I did not like the looks of cars and automobiles when I first saw them. We were going to town one day, when, rounding a curve we came upon an automobile standing beside the road. A man was lying flat on his back underneath it, with only his feet

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protruding. From the inside somewhere came a terrible pounding noise. I learned afterward it was an engine.

I was very much frightened at first, but Roy drove me right up to it and waited. With trembling limbs and dilated nostrils, I reached out and touched the automobile to see if it would hurt me. When I had satisfied myself that it was harmless, Roy spoke to me and we drove on. Now I am perfectly indifferent to automobiles and allow them to run close to me.

“Roy’s sister, Rose, came to the buggy one evening, just as we were starting on our third or fourth drive, and said she would like to go along, that ‘The colt was so well behaved.’ Before going very far she asked to drive. Before Roy would let her have the lines, he told her she must first learn to drive; that the ease of the horse depended upon the driver. He taught her to hold the lines so that they would not be continually drawing against my mouth, nor

"I Reached Out and Touched the Automobile to See if it Would Hurt Me."

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so loose that she would have no control with them. He instructed her as to the different commands, that I knew and their meaning. Rose took the lines and drove me the remainder of that drive and did very well. Of course, I did not understand her as well as I did Roy, but in a few drives I understood her as well as I did him.

“Mr. Lamar and the farm hands said that Rose was quite a horsewoman. They praised Roy continually for his success in breaking ‘Old Kate’s colt,’ as they called me often, and praised him yet more that he had done his work so thoroughly, that a woman could drive me. Even yet I hear men and women ask Mrs. Lamar and Rose, when they drive me to the city, if they are not afraid to drive such a high-spirited horse, when there is so much to be frightened at. Don’t they know a horse well enough to understand that I must obey the commands that have been drilled into me, and that I understand a woman as well as

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a man when they talk the same language? It seems they do not or they would not ask such foolish questions.”

Here Old Kate rushed against her stall, with mouth open and ears back, and said to Queen: “I see, daughter, that your path has been easy. You have not had any of the trials that really try the behavior of horses. You have never been in an accident or been mistreated.” Queen replied: “I can not say that I have been badly mistreated, nor that I have even been in any bad accidents, but there have been some occurrences that were far from pleasant. A few weeks ago I was badly frightened, and came very nearly being killed. Rose and three other girls had driven me over to an uncle’s to spend the evening. The evening was warm, and we did not start home until nearly midnight. We were coming down the valley road that crosses the railroad track with high hills on each side. It is a dangerous place and many

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men and horses have been killed there. I was trotting along very fast, for the girls were anxious to get home, when my keen ears heard in the distance the midnight express. I expected every moment that Rose would stop me and listen, but she was laughing and talking and did not hear the train, and, I suppose, did not think of the crossing. On I went, and nearer roared the train. We were only a few rods from the track and the train just around the curve, as near as I could tell from the sound. Would not the girls stop laughing and talking and check me before we got on the track? Maybe they intended to get across, I thought, but I knew we could not. On I went, but as my head passed the cut, I saw the express coming only a few rods away. Just then the girls stopped talking and heard the roar and the headlight flashed on us. I was hastening across, since I had not heard the command to stop. I was within ten feet of the track, and the train nearly

"Now I Am Perfectly Indifferent to Automobiles and Allow Them to Run Close to Me."

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upon us. The girls screamed such screams as I never heard before, but in the roar of the train and the screaming of the girls, I heard the command, 'Whoa.' I set my feet. I was trotting so fast and the surrey pressed so hard that I slid nearly on the track. I turned my head sideways and the express whizzed by. It was past in an instant. The girls sobbed and cried. Why they did, I do not know. Rose clung around my neck, patting me and saying, 'Good, faithful Queen, you saved our lives by your obedience.' I told her, the best I could, that I was glad she had told me to stop and that she had saved my life, too.

"Roy has been very careful about who has driven me, and, consequently, I have not been badly mistreated. I have heard Roy tell his father that any horse can be spoiled by careless or abusive drivers.

"Early in the summer two young fellows from the city came to visit Roy, for a few weeks. The three boys often drove me

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to different places, and Roy was often complimented on his beautiful, well trained horse. One afternoon I was hitched to the old spring wagon with two or three long poles in it. I heard Roy say something about being too busy to go along and asked the boys whether they understood driving. One fellow replied that he had had a great deal of experience with horses and knew how to handle them. I do not deny the first part of his statement, but we had not gone very far before I knew the latter part was false. Some people are like some horses; they know a great deal, but what they know is all wrong. Whenever he wanted me to go a little faster he gave me a jerk and a slap with the lines. He kept nagging me in that way, all the way to the river. My mouth hurt and I felt irritable till we got there. Roy always hitches me in the shade and loosens my rein when we stop, but that fellow let me stand in the sun and left my rein just as if we were driving. The boys

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sat on the bank a part of the afternoon with those poles in the water. Later toward evening they went into the river and seemed to have a good time, for the water splashed a great deal, and I could hear them laughing and shouting. I whinneyed several times for them to come and tie me in the shade, but they did not seem to hear me.

“It was about dark when they came to start home. When we started, one hit me a cruel blow with one of those long poles and only laughed when I jumped and took them swiftly out to the main road. The fellow kept nagging me with those jerks on the lines until I was very nervous and going at a great rate. The faster I went the louder the boys shouted and laughed. Every few steps the boy on the left side would prod me with the pole. I kept increasing my speed until I was going as fast as Roy had ever driven me. We were approaching the place where those deep ruts are and I ex-

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pected them to slow down, but they did not. When the front wheel struck the rut the boys bounced off the seat and yelled ‘Whoa.’ I stopped, and the boys nearly fell over the dash. One struck me with the pole and yelled, ‘Get-up,’ before they had time to straighten the seat and sit down. I suppose the lines were not straight, for just as I leaped forward to hasten on, I received a sharp pull on one line that sent me to the side of the road far enough for the front wheel to strike a large stone. I saw the seat and a couple of objects, that may have been boys, fly up into the air and light over by the fence. By the time they lit, I was so far away I could not hear what they said.”

Here Old Kate said: “Now you are running up against the real thing. You smashed the old spring wagon, didn’t you? You should have knocked those boys out with your heels long before they were thrown out.” But Queen only continued: “The jerking on my mouth and the prod-

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ding of the pole ceased, and I soon took my usual gait and went home. Roy and Mr. Lamar and the women came running out, very much excited. They talked a few minutes and looked down the road. Roy then got into the wagon, turned me around and drove me swiftly back.

“We met the boys about a half mile from the ruts, carrying their poles and the wagon seat. Roy and the boys talked while they put the seat in, and I heard the fellow, who had driven me, say that I was nervous and scared at something. It made me very nervous when they climbed in with those poles, but Roy took the lines, and by talking to me made me understand that those fellows would not be allowed to hurt me. I hardly think that Roy believed what the fellow said about me, for he never allowed him to drive me again. There is only one more incident that I wish to relate, and then I will have finished my brief story. It happened just the evening

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before those men tied those beautiful ribbons to my bridle. Mr. Lamar had driven me that morning to the county fair, and had with him Mrs. Lamar and the girls. Roy had taken special care of me, for he said he expected me to get first premium. I do not know what that is, but he had cared for me so well that I never felt better in my life. When we arrived on the grounds there were so many people and so much noise, that I kept my head very high and watched on all sides. There were banners and tents, and noises of all kinds. I felt somewhat nervous but knew nothing would hurt me.

“That evening all had gotten into the carriage and started toward home when they seemed to change their minds and turned toward another part of the fair grounds, where I saw a large round tent or something like that. The girls kept talking about a ‘balloon.’ There was a large crowd of people between us and the object, and many screeching noises all

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around us. A horse was tied here and there not far away. We did not stand there long when the people gave a shout and the big balloon went up in the air with something dangling from it that looked somewhat like a man. The horses about us tugged at their ropes and some reared and whirled around. I looked up, and there came that balloon directly over me. I had seen such an object before. My legs trembled and the sweat broke out over me. Mr. Lamar talked to me but I was so scared I stood and pranced.

“Mrs. Lamar and the girls gave a scream from the carriage. I looked back, although I feared to take my eyes off the balloon, and there came a runaway horse, with no bridle, and a carriage hitched to it. The horse was panic-stricken, and was coming directly toward the carriage. Mr. Lamar spoke to me and I stepped up. The horse just missed our hind wheels and passed on to my right.

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Two women, a few feet from us, were knocked to the earth by that horse and carriage. Men yelled, ‘Ho,’ ‘Whoa,’ ‘Look out,’ ‘Get away there,’ all about us. I never heard such an uproar nor saw people so excited as they were there. That aroused me the more. Excited horses and excited people make other horses and people excited. Some one yelled, ‘Look out, Lamar,’ and there came that horse, at break-neck speed directly toward me. I had not time to back, and a building was too close for the horse and carriage to pass. The runaway horse struck me near the shoulder. The shaft of the runaway horse slipped under my shaft band and belly-band, and broke both. The front wheel ran between my fore legs as the horse tore on in its mad flight. The carriage top bumped my head and disappeared in a crowd of people. Added to this was the confusion created by other frantic horses, the screams of women and children, and the commands of

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frightened men. I started to run. Anywhere, or any way to get out of that awful confusion. I had hardly given my first leap when in the midst of the din, I recognized Mr. Lamar's 'Whoa, Queen.' I stopped suddenly and the shafts flew up over my back and the cross piece struck me across the hips. Again the welcome, 'Whoa, Queen,' soothed my overtaxed nerves, and Mr. Lamar stepped from the carriage and stroked my neck. How soothing that was, I can never forget, for the sweat was dripping from my limbs and my whole body trembled. I could hardly get my breath, and my heart felt like it would burst. I soon felt quiet and easy, for Mrs. Lamar and the children gathered around me and rubbed my nose and stroked my neck. I never saw Mr. Lamar so moved as he was that evening. When he came to my stall before closing the barn for the night he dropped in an extra handful of oats and stood rubbing my neck, saying something

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about, ‘Faithful animal,’ and ‘Again you have saved the lives of my loved ones.’ Then he stepped over in front of your stall, mother, and said, ‘Poor Old Kate, how you have been abused and mistreated. What a noble horse you might have been if we had only understood you. It would have saved us many accidents and you many bruises.’ He then said something about ‘how much good those colt training lessons did for Roy and the entire household,’ and passed on out of the barn and his lantern disappeared around the corner of the kitchen.

“Yesterday afternoon, while we were yet in front of the amphitheater, after the men gave me the ribbons a large, well dressed gentleman stepped up to Roy and asked if I was for sale. Roy replied that I was not. The gentleman said, ‘You would part with her for three hundred dollars, would you not?’ Roy replied that he considered me worth more than that if he should wish to sell me.

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“The gentleman then offered four hundred dollars, but was promptly refused.

“The gentleman then said: ‘Mr. Lamar, you have a horse of remarkable beauty and intelligence. She is free from all blemishes and scars. Her age adds to her value. I have been searching for a horse for my wife and daughter that would combine beauty and high spirit with docility. I had begun to fear I would never find so rare a combination. The judges here today have decided your horse superior to all others in symmetry and spirit. Yesterday I saw the accident that happened to your father and family. I know now that your horse will stand all tests. For the sake of my wife and daughter I will raise my offer to five hundred dollars.’

“Roy turned and looked at me a moment and then turned to the man and said: ‘Mr. Whitcomb, my mother and sister are just as much to me and to my father as your wife and daughter are to you. Twice

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this horse has saved the lives of my sisters. They think too much of her for me to sell her from them, and I can not accept your offer.’

“They talked a while longer, and I heard Roy tell Mr. Lamar that evening that Mr. Whitcomb had offered him fifty dollars to train his thoroughbred colt. I suppose that is why they are fixing up that other stall today.”

The horses whinneyed their satisfaction when Queen finished her story, and settled down in their stalls to dream of peaceful pastures and the dawn of the day when all men should seek intelligently to know their horses and apply sane and systematic methods to their education.

(The story has an additional charm and more practical bearing to those readers who have studied Prof. Jesse Beery's Correspondence Course.)

A S A READER of "Kate and Queen," I am glad to be able to place in your hands, a copy of a painting of "Queen," by Geo. Ford Morris, famous as a painter of horses; undoubtedly the best in the country. In this work of "Queen," Mr. Morris has accomplished one of his masterpieces.

Framed in a dark brown, this picture will add an artistic value to any room in which it is hung.

It is presented to you with the compliments of the undersigned, and with the sincere hope that it assist in maintaining your interest in, and love for horses.

JESSE BEERY