Book 7 - Lesson Eleven

OVERCOMING SPECIAL FEARS

How to Handle Horses Afraid of Automobiles
How to Handle Horses Afraid of Street and Steam Cars
How to Throw a Horse by Standing at the Side
How to Get a Horse Under Shafts
Simple Riding Bridle
The Hackamore Bridle
"Old Kate's Confession"

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HOW TO HANDLE HORSES AFRAID OF AUTOMOBILES

With a great many horses it is only necessary to make the proper approach and their habit is overcome, because with them, it is simply a case of not understanding.

Engage someone to use an automobile according to your directions. The first time you meet the machine be sure that you have plenty of room so you can get at least twenty feet away from it.

As you see it approaching, drive well out to the side of the road, take a firm grip on your lines, pull the whip out of the socket and prepare to force the horse toward the car.

Signal the chauffeur to slow down, and as the machine draws near, drive your horse directly toward it, approaching it from an angle. Time your approach so that just as you get even with the machine the horse will be facing it and going almost straight across the road, as shown in illustration below.

Approaching an Automobile
Use your voice, keep saying, "Take care sir," over and over again. Just as the machine gets even with you, say "Whoa" and immediately give an action with the lines.

Have the chauffeur go very slowly by the time you get even with him and have him stop. Allow your horse to reach out and touch the machine. After allowing the horse to stand quietly for a moment, give an intimation with the lines, by first pulling the line NEAREST the machine, then the one on the opposite side, saying "Get Up" at the same time, and the horse will move quietly forward.

Should he show any fear, stop him with the command "Whoa" and an action with the lines, allow him to stand quietly—and make him do so, if necessary—then start away again. If he is persistent in his efforts to rush away from the machine, circle him around it a few times, approaching it each time, as directed, only this time the machine will be standing, instead of moving forward.

Have the chauffeur start the machine slowly while you approach it, several times, or until the horse shows no fear.

Approach in this manner every time you meet an automobile, for a week or two.

If the horse is badly confirmed in the habit, give him a course of subjective treatment. Test him with pans, papers, flags, and objects of all kinds. Just before you approach the automobile have two assistants take several strings of tin pans, walk ten or fifteen feet apart, and meet you while you are driving the horse and are prepared to control him with the safety rope. Drive between these men. Meet them, time after time. The men should draw closer to the horse each time until they leave barely room enough for you to drive between them.
Have them take flags, hold them high in the air and drive the horse between them. Finally drive him between flags which are so close together that the horse can not see through them, but high enough so the flag sticks will not strike his head. Have your assistants throw papers high in the air over the horse while you are driving him, so that the papers will fall down on his withers. Continue this until he shows no fear.

Next pile the papers on a pile and drive the horse through them.

Now approach the machine. Have your assistant snap a guy-line into the bridle bit. If you expect to drive to the left in approaching the machine, he must fasten the line on the left side of the bit. He must take his position on the ground and on a line with the left front wheel and be ready, when needed, to draw the horse's head in toward the car. Meet it the first time before hitching up. Approach from the side as you have been told.

When the horse approaches the machine without showing fear and without the aid of the assistant, then you are ready to hitch up.

Take the horse in a lot. When he will meet the machine without resisting, then have it come up behind you and as it passes, pull the horse's head toward it. Have the machine run all around him. Be prepared to use the safety-rope and lines should the horse try to start or get away from the machine. When he shows no fear whatever, take off the safety rope and the guy-line and control him with the lines alone.

Sometimes a horse has his fear reduced to some particular spot. When such is the case, drive him to that spot before you have taken off the safety rope, and make the approach to the machine at that place. When he shows no fear, then take off the rope.

It usually requires one lesson of general subjection, and two, and sometimes three lessons with the safety rope, to entirely fix the impression on the horse's mind that the automobile is harmless.

It is also necessary to make your approaches very carefully for several days, even after the horse has been subdued.

**YOU FOLLOW THIS PLAN WHEN HANDLING HORSES AFRAID OF MOTORCYCLES**

**HOW TO HANDLE HORSES AFRAID OF STREET AND STEAM CARS**

It is easier to handle horses afraid of street and steam cars than those afraid of automobiles, because you know where the cars will run and can select your meeting place to a better advantage.

If a horse is not very much afraid you make the approach as you would when meeting an automobile. If the horse is badly confirmed in the habit, give him subjective treatment and then make the approach. There is nothing gained by running a race with the street car or automobile, or by following it. It is natural for a horse to follow anything it is afraid of. Some horses
that are deathly afraid of cars and automobiles will follow them all day long, but should the car stop or come toward them they would be frightened almost to death.

A good plan is to keep your horse's head nearer the car than his tail, if you do, your approach has left the right impression on the horse's mind. If, on the other hand, his tail is nearer the car than his head, you have left the wrong impression and are losing, instead of gaining in your work.

Meet three or four cars from the same side before attempting to meet one from the other side. In meeting a car from the untrained side use exactly the same method as at first. It is possible for a horse well trained to meet cars on one side and be badly frightened when meeting them on the other. Both sides need to be trained alike.

**HOW TO THROW A HORSE BY STANDING AT THE SIDE**

Step to his right side about on a line with his shoulder, grasp the throwing strap in the left hand, take hold of the nose band of the halter with the right, give a quick pull on
the strap and transfer the throwing strap from the left to the right hand, still holding on
the nose band, and keeping the strap tight. By operating the strap in this way, you
draw the horse's head around to his side. Take hold of the crupper attachment with
the left hand, just above the horse's hips, as shown in the illustration; start the horse to
whirling toward you; when he does this you should keep in one spot as near as you
can, whirling around with the horse.

Continue this until the horse starts to drop on his left knee, then push in toward the
horse with both arms and he will drop on his knee. Hold him in that position. Should
he try to get up, give him a chance and start him to whirling. Keep him whirling until
he drops on his knee.

Just as he is ready to settle down on his side, give a quick hard push with the left
hand. This will make him fall. As he falls you should spring over him, keeping the
strap tight. As soon as you light on your feet whirl quickly and by keeping the strap
tight, you can prevent the horse from getting up.

HOW TO GET A HORSE UNDER SHAFTS

Put on the Pulley Breaking Bridle—jerk to right and left—handle the horse rather
roughly—show him your power and control. After going through this operation until
the horse shows an inclination to submit, have your assistant go to the cross-piece of
the shafts, pick them up, and hold them in position, high enough so the horse will not
touch them.

As the Horse Will Drop on His Knee

Lead him under the shafts and force him to stop. Make him stand quietly for a
moment, then lead him out, bring him under the shafts several times, saying, "Whoa,"
and compelling him to stop each time. Have the assistant bring the shafts down so
they barely touch the sides of the horse. Do this once or twice, and as he becomes
submissive, bring them down into position. Have the assistant move them from side to side so he will become accustomed to them.

**Bringing the Horse Under the Shafts**

Now put on the harness. If he resists, take him out of the shafts and give him more subjection.

**HORSE AFRAID OF FALLING SHAFTS**

Put on the Pulley Breaking Bridle when ready to unhitch. Lead the horse out allowing the shafts to drop on the ground. When he starts to jump, give several quick, hard jerks on the bridle. Have your assistant hold up the shafts, bring your horse quickly under them again, and repeat until he submits.

**OLD-TIME INDIAN BRIDLE**

Years ago the American Indians guided their horses with a bridle that they simply attached to the lower jaw. It was made out of tough inner barks of trees, later of rawhide. You can use sash cord. The illustration shows how the bridle is made better than any description that could be given. After the "double hitch" is made in the rope and slipped over the horse's lower jaw, CROSS the ropes, then bring them back, one on each side of the neck, jump on your horse and ride him. You can easily guide and control the average horse with this simple device.

**TO MAKE SIMPLE RIDING BRIDLE**

Take a 5-16 inch sash-cord rope, eight feet long; lay the middle across the horse's head, directly back of the ears. Bring the ends down and through the mouth from each side, run them back and use as reins.

Keep the bridle tight enough so the horse cannot work ft out of his mouth. When ready to take the bridle off, simply drop the ends of the rope on each side, and the horse will work the rope out of his mouth.
This bridle is exceptionally convenient when your horses are in pasture and you wish to ride one of them home and do not care to bother with a clumsy bridle, or when the one you wish to ride tries to run away when he sees you coming with a bridle on your arm.

**Showing Old-time Indian Bridle**

**Showing Simple Riding Bridle**

**HACKAMORE BRIDLE**

To make an Indian Hackamore, take a soft, three-eighths inch rope about twenty feet long, tie a running loop in one end, put it around the horse's neck just back of the ears, pull the loop open, and with the part with which the loop is made take a half-hitch about his nose. Now with the free end make a second half hitch about the nose. Grasp the middle of the second hitch where it passes over the nose and run it through the
first hitch twice, pulling it out far enough to pass over the head. This completes the Hackamore bridle as made by some, while others pass the latter rope twice around the rope already at the top of the head and bring it around the forehead, making a brow band. This makes a substantial hitch, and is much used by the Indians, Mexicans and plainsmen.

"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 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.
“KATE”

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 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 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.

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 the story of her past 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. 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 cannot 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 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 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, 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.

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 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 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 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 determined 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 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 forward, 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, and 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 flat 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 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, and 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 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 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 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 cringed every time the fork came about me for fear I would get stuck 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 unnerved 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 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 remember 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 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 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.

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.

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 farmhouses; children scampered from the dust and watched us from gateposts 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 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 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 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 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 back and forth. All these, with ray 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
coattail. 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 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 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. Finally it struck me a cruel blow as I ran into a corner of the barnyard. 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 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 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 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 around, 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.
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 "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, lodging 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 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 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 understand 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 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 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 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 clue 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 clothed silence except for the rhythmical breathing of the horses.