

HORSE'S TALE.

How Bones Once Tripped Boston Streets.

Driven by a Man Who Had More Spirits Than Sense.

Superintendent Hawkins' Nag Tells a Story.

From Charlestown St to South Boston.

Then Back Through the City to Bunker Hill.

What is a dog's life compared with a horse's life when the driver has a phantom jag? That is the question that Bones, the supply horse in use by superintendent Hawkins of the repair division of the fire department, asked himself over and over again after two hours of mad driving through the streets of Boston by George Griffin of Cambridgeport, a casual acquaintance whom Bones met yesterday.

"Missed by a hair," yelled my driver, while my friend the policeman was hurled into the gutter. A grocery clerk made a grab for my head, and I inclined my neck so that he could fall upon it, but he missed me and fell on his own. I wept salt tears and the wind whistled bolsterously through my mane.



"I'LL RING AGAIN FOR LUCK, ANYWAY."

"It is a long road that never turns, but I traveled under a peculiar system. For instance, I went round the block four times. 'I'm stuck on it' yelled my driver, whether he meant the block or the ride, I shall probably never know. I labored under great disadvantage for everybody heard the bell and cleared the road. I wickedly thought to run into a telegraph pole or one of the coal teams of our city which are always in the way. Alas, the road was beautifully clear.

"We went out to City Point and saw it, but my driver headed me up a side street and I escaped six policemen and a gang of school boys, who were waiting to hold me up. I was very tired, but the race was only begun.

"I heard the bells in distant churches striking the hour. They were drowned out, however, by the fire gong that I carried behind me. We were now headed for the heart of the city. We came over bridges with a whoop. We were at last in sight of Boston common. Down Tremont st we went as if bent on election. Paul Revere's ride may have had its historic features, and his horse may have spread the alarm through Middlesex county, but I don't think Paul Revere's nag was in my class. Revere was not a drinking man, or his horse might have taken honors equal to mine.

"The word was passed along from station to station that I was coming, and the police laid in wait for me. I came, I was seen, but unfortunately they did not conquer me for two whole hours. Down by the scene of the fire and over toward Charlestown my persecutor drove me.

"I was reeking with sweat and nearly frantic. So was my driver. 'I'll have another drink,' said he, 'and I'll have it in Charlestown,' and he lashed me into a run.

"We got safely by the cops again and might never have been headed but for my presence of mind in heading for the Bunker Hill monument. It was up hill, and my pursuers, who now amounted to a small mob, at last overtook us. As a policeman laid a hand heavily on the shoulder of my driver, he gave the bell a last discordant yank, saying: 'I'll ring it again, for this is no sale.'



BONES TELLS THE STORY.

Bones is a spare but noble specimen of horsehood. He goes to fires when it is necessary, and when the three-alarm fire was rung in yesterday morning for the big blaze on Charlestown st Bones post haste carried Mr Hawkins from his quarters in Bristol st to the scene. Being a well-disciplined animal he was left alone, and then—but we will let Bones tell his own woes.

Bones, when seen yesterday afternoon by a Globe reporter, told the following story:

"I am a self-respecting bay horse, and I and my master are in favor of temperance. Yesterday morning I carried him to the three-alarm fire, and he left me near the scene, knowing that I was a responsible party and would wait for his return.

"I was left in a dangerous district. Within a stone's throw were some men who had been drinking pink tea. One of them soon approached me and said affectionately: 'Hello, old horse!' Now, I am not an old horse, and I consider such an appellation a term of opprobrium," said Bones, apologetically, "but my father was born in a Harvard stable, and I have inherited some of his linguistic polish.

"Well, to resume, this individual had the odor of a fusion of cocktalls and rum about his person, and I disliked him. If I had used my horse sense I should have kicked, then and there, but I tried to pretend that I didn't know him. There is where I was lame, speaking metaphorically.

"The next that I remember," said Bones, while he rubbed the arnica on his chapped hoofs, "was when I felt a heavy lurch on the step of the fire wagon, and I realized that I had become a firewater conveyance. My jagged driver yanked on the bit. I did not like that a little bit, but kept my temper, hoping the incident would soon close.



"A HORSE ON ME, SURE"

"Then kind hands patted me as I stood trembling with exhaustion, and I was driven slowly back to my master's quarters. You may quote me as being in favor of the horseless carriage, and say that without any malice I should like an opportunity to kick the spokes out of the wheels in the head of a certain individual."



"ALL THERE! OLD HORSE!"

"At this juncture box 151, which is in South Boston, was rung in, and I involuntarily gave a start. It was a fatal suggestion to my inebriated tormentor. With vicious slashes of the whip on my thin sides he started me off.

"My driver was evidently in that state of mind where all the world seemed springlike and balmy. I could hear him jeer with ribald jests at the pedestrians who stared at us, as we started on our mad Tam O'Shaner ride. He used profane words, saying 'What the — do you care,' to several who asked him where he was going, and he also sang a song, the notes of which were as a tangled chain.

"Around my hoofs grew wild thyme as I left the throbbing city behind and made for the residential district. The bell in the wagon was madly punched by the knight of the phantom jag, and our approach was hailed on all sides. Up and down Atlantic aw we went and then we came to South Boston. I was hoping that some friend might recognize me, stop my driver, and end my shame. Several of the good coppers on Dorchester av ran after us, but it was like chasing the wind.



"LOOK OUT! THERE'S A GENERAL ALARM!"

"I would fain have stopped, but the whip urged me on. 'You shall pay for this,' I muttered under my breath. 'That's all right, old horse,' replied my driver. 'It may cost me the customary \$5, but it's worth it. This is my day. Every horse has its day, but this isn't your day go long, old horse.'

"With that he began to pound on the gong, 'bang, bang, bang; ding ding, ding; clang, clang, clang, up and down the avenues we heralded our approach. A big policeman grabbed at the carriage.