

with short pants, the sergeant with my big valise. I brought up the rear with the bull's-eye.

"The depot is closed now, and you don't know if the train's on time until it's gone."

So we waited out in the still night.

"Sergeant, where were you born?"

"In good ould Dublin."

"And raised?"

"In Baltimore, Md., on Lee street. Do you know the city?"

"It's my home, and the best city on earth."

"Barring Dublin, now; but it is the Monumental city and the home of the poet, Crouch, who wrote 'Kathleen Mavourneen.' Did you know Crouch?"

"Not personally, but I heard him sing 'Kathleen' one night at Lehmann's Opera House. Mr. John T. Ford brought him out on the stage and introduced him."

"Do you know 'Kathleen Mavourneen?'"

"Indade I do."

"Will you sing it for me?"

"I am no singer, but listen."

And in the still night he whistled the plaintive tune.

Five miles down the road we heard the

train whistle for Bryan.

"You will see the headlight three miles from here in a minute now."

"Now," I said, "sing 'Kathleen.'"

"No, niver; but I will repate a verse."

Three miles away the bright gleam of the electric headlight came like the sun. The sergeant lifted his hat and commenced:

"Kathleen Mavourneen, the daylight is breaking."

Then, standing between the rails, he waved his lantern. Two long blasts of the whistle—one short one. The porter took my grips.

"Good-bye, Sergeant."

"Good-bye, Mr. Hawks. Good luck to you. Come again."

"Barkis is willing."

"The Dickens he is!" said Sergeant Fenley.

And in five minutes I was in "lower 12."

A. W. HAWKS.

Here's to Sunshine Hawks,

The man of mirth and laughter,

Who drives more dull care away.

Than a thousand can hereafter.

—SERGEANT W. FINLEY.

