CHE SAWBONES.

When we marched away with the starry flag, Cub Sawbones carried his surgeon's bag, But for me—I wanted "no rear" in mine— I handled a gun in the fighting line.

So, when we had charged up the deadly glade, Where the dons were lying in ambuscade, I was there to take what the others got— And the Spaniards gave it, plenty and hot.

There fell of our crowd in the Mauser hail A third—and yet never a man did quail; But—well, we went back—then came again, And settled right down to our work like men.

In open order and firing at will
We crawled through a very rough skirmish drill—
From the trees to the rocks, from the rocks to the trees—
Just as close to the ground as we could freeze.

When I noted the tangled thicket sway In front about twenty-five yards away, I drew bead ready to loosen a storm Till I caught a whiff of iodoform.

Cub Sawbones alone with the wounded folk Was cobbling the limbs that the bullets broke. He bent to his task with the tenderest care Though the war bolts were hissing everywhere.

I hailed with our old-time college yell, And he grinned as he watched a bursting shell. "You have a great cheek to be here," he said,

"When you're not a doctor-or wounded-or dead!"

-New York Sun.

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