DISTRICT CHIEF EGAN'S HORSE MISSES HIM.
Tries Vainly to Learn What Has Become of His Master, Whose
Faithful Friend He Was.

A familiar sight to the business men
and clerks of Fort Hill sq and to those
who had occasion to pass through this
well-known thoroughfare was to see
District Chief John F. Egan standing
in the door of his headquarters and calling
his horse.

This faithful animal, Grover by name,
which carried his master to the scene of
all his battles, and at last to his death,
would be seen playing by himself in
the square. At the sound of the chief's
voice he would pick up his ears, give
a whinny, and then trot to his master.

Since the death of Egan Grover has
metin a strange manner. The firemen
at the house say that Grover, while out
in the square Sunday, as is his usual
custom, was restless and continually
nagged. He would rush down to the
door and try to get in, all the time
whinnying.

“He seemed to understand that some-
thing was wrong,” said one of the
officers.

“Why,” he continued. “When you
speak to him he pricks up his ears and
whinnies and then turns away from
you”.

It was the custom of Chief Egan to
allow Grover to have his own way. He
would leave him hitched to his wagon
outside the engine house and go up to
his room. Grover would trot up around
the square to the watering trough, get
a drink of water, then walk leisurely
around the square, collecting his sweets
from the clerks and people in the
square.

In the summer he would occasionally
go up on the sidewalk and steal a few
mouthfuls of grass from the little park
in the square.

Chief Egan sitting at his window
would catch him at it once in a while.
He would then cry out: “What are you
doing there Grover?” The animal would
immediately back his wagon from the
sidewalk and return to the door of the
engine house.

The chief thought everything of his
horse. At the sound of the gong Grover,
if he was away from the door, would
bear down to the house at a wild rate of
speed. As soon as Chief Egan jumped
into the wagon and said, “Get along
there, now” Grover was off like the
wind. He is fleet-footed, and few horses
haling the weight he does can outrun
him.

Every word spoken to him by the chief
he seemed to know. He never used a
whip on Grover.

On one occasion, while responding to
a fire on Atlantic Av., the chief was
thrown from his wagon. Grover ran a
short distance and, on missing his
driver, stopped, turned around and
walked toward the house again. He
carried his late master through the snow
Saturday morning on his last ride at a
rapid pace, bringing him there at the
heat of the fire.