TROOPER BURIED AT SEA.

Createrist Buried at Sea" was the one line head over the brief paragraph in a New York journal which stated that, "Frederick Shay, a trooper of the 2nd U. S. Cavalry, died on board the troopship Warrior two days out from Siboney, from wounds received in the charge up San Juan hill, and was buried at sea." Little, indeed, did that brief item hint of the real romance infolded in that passing of a soul which loved its flag more than its earthly existence; that is best developed by a few extracts from the private diary of Lieutenant-Surgeon Walker Thomas and by subsequent events as narrated by him.

"July 18th, '98, F. Hos. Siboney: * * * The flag was unfurled over the Palace in Santiago, yesterday, and coincidently therewith was the physical collapse of our noble little army. The power of mind over body is to a large extent dependent upon the health of the body, the health and wealth of each being mutually related. This campaign, full of hardships never before experienced by a conquering army, is now over and the soldier's mind no longer able to feed upon excitement falls back upon a body weakened and ravaged by disease,—hence the collapse. We must get the brave lads North at once! It is rumored that those in my care will be sent to-morrow. I pray God that it comes true!

"July 19th, '98, Tr. Ship Warrior: * * * Welcome orders came to-day! We are packed on board here but all were so anxious to go that it was hard to refuse any of the boys, even of those seriously sick or fatally wounded. * * * No ice; no fit water, nothing! but the boys wanted to go—and go they must, to relieve their minds. * * *

"July 21st, '98, Tr. Sp. Warrior: * * * I must confess that to-day, for the first time since I have practiced my profession in the army, I have been deeply affected by the death of an enlisted man. Down beneath the deck of this beastly old cattle ship, packed among many other sick and wounded men; with his roll for a pillow and two or three of his comrades' blankets for a