

bed; with no ice to cool his fever-stricken brow or his thirst-parched tongue; with an 'I'd do it again' spirit (the plain medal of honor on his breast indicated to me that he had done the same thing years before) and with 'I'm not a hero, simply a regular' on his lips—thus died trooper Shay of the 2nd regulars, he who carried the cavalry standard of his regiment up San Juan hill and sank to the ground with three ugly Mauser bullet wounds in his body, as he reached the parapeted entrenchments of the enemy.

"At sunset we buried him at sea with the usual simple but impressive ceremony. To-night his chum, Sergeant Casley, came to me with a miniature photograph, remarkably well preserved, and on the back of which was written: '*B. B. C., '72.*'"

"'I always thought that disappointment in love was the key to his life, and this explains it,' said he. 'He gave me this up on the hill; I reckon that he did not expect to live as long as he did. He always 'peared to me as being sort of refined like. There was something about his talk that pointed to good breeding, and then he was so kind, whole-souled, and so generous. I've got some feeling, sir, for a pard like that and I'll not have as strong an attachment for the old outfit anymore. He wanted you to send this here to the address he scribbled on the back of this tomato-can wrapper.'

"With tears in his eyes he withdrew and I studied that photograph—what a sweet face! gray eyes, black hair, evidently of English descent, about twenty-two—I cogitated, until I remembered that I had not written the day's events in my diary."

In continuation the Surgeon said: "The condition of the troopship upon its arrival at New York has been given enough publicity and with the suffering of the men you are familiar. The trip North was one that I should not like to take again. I was completely tired out and at once upon my arrival applied for a leave. The next day found me the guest of Tom Coombs, a collegemate, and it was at his cosy little home in Harlem that I met Miss Du Puy. The miniature I still possessed, but I had lost the wrapper upon which the address was written. My story is only complete with a few explanations which my wife may choose to make"

"My husband never likes to tell that part of the story, do you Doctor? Well, as you know, Mr. Coombs is a civil engineer.