

Sound, where New York City annually buries over two thousand pauper or unknown dead, the steamer puffed its leisurely way, and the soldiers were hurried ashore with their burden. At the little plot of land where, though paupers in life, they could at least lie in free soil in death, the company took on an aspect of curious dignity, and even the mate, who had gone after them to hurry their proceedings, took off his hat as he neared them and stood silent as he watched.

A friendly keeper, who had accompanied the party, loaded the muskets, the tottering firing squad lined up beside the open grave, and the service for the dead was slowly monotoned. Blind Morrison, whose arm was held tight by Hanny to keep him from stumbling into the open

grave, stood sombrely bowed and tears crept down his wrinkled cheeks. The chaplain concluded the brief service. The firing-squad, with a reawakening of self-conscious glory, braced themselves with tense importance, and Hanny whispered to Morrison, when all was ready.

"Fire!" said Morrison, loudly.

There came a scattering response, for the old and palsied fingers were too much affected by the nervousness of the supreme moment to give a concerted volley. Pointed down, or up, or toward either side, the guns flashed out their salute over the grave of the dead soldier, and Morrison stood in stiff rigidity till the sixth shot had sounded. Then, spurred on by the mate, and without semblance of order, Friendless Post shambled stragglingly back to the boat.

THE PILGRIM

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

WHERE is the haunt of Peace,
The place of all release—
Tell me, O Wind—the House of sweet repose?

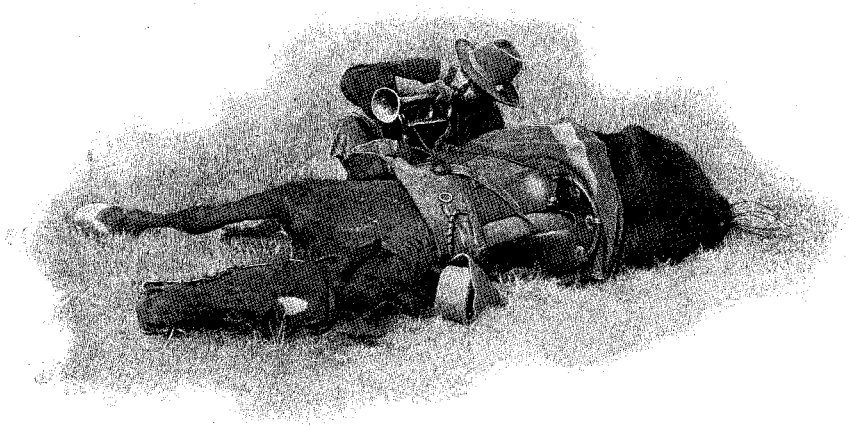
"Night's dusky tent is spread
For tired heart and head,
And very fragrant is Night's orchard-close."

What of the soundless deep,
Those shining plains of Sleep
Whence the adventurer returns no more?

"Sleep is a golden sea,
With billows great and free,
But still they bear the swimmer back to shore."

Nay, tell me farther yet,
Where no swift waters fret,
Where rose and violet
Engarland not, nor ever blooms the May—
Tell me, O Wind, for you must know the way.

"Death's black pavilion stands
In the Unshapen Lands,
And in Death's garden all the flowers are gray."



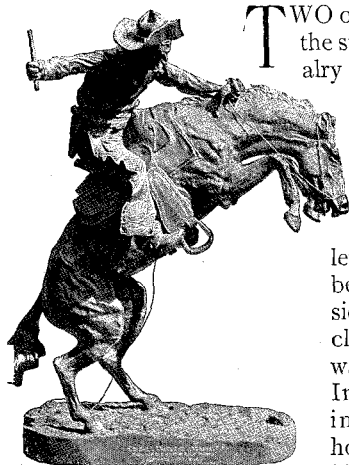
The Bugler and his Well-trained Horse.

THE ROUGH RIDERS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry

THE RETURN HOME



The Bronze "Bronco-buster" Presented to Colonel Roosevelt by his Regiment.

Modelled and copyrighted by Frederic Remington.

TWO or three days after the surrender the cavalry division was marched back to the foothills west of Caney, and there went into camp, together with the artillery. It was a most beautiful spot beside a stream of clear water, but it was not healthy. In fact no ground in the neighborhood was healthy. For the tropics the climate was not bad, and I have no question but that a man who was able

to take good care of himself could live there all the year round with comparative impunity; but the case was entirely different with an army which was obliged to suffer great exposure, and to live under conditions which almost insured

being attacked by the severe malarial fever of the country. My own men were already suffering badly from fever, and they got worse rather than better in the new camp. The same was true of the other regiments in the cavalry division. A curious feature was that the colored troops seemed to suffer as heavily as the white. From week to week there were slight relative changes, but on the average all the six cavalry regiments, the Rough Riders, the white regulars, and the colored regulars seemed to suffer about alike, and we were all very much weakened; about as much as the regular infantry, although naturally not as much as the volunteer infantry.

Yet even under such circumstances adventurous spirits managed to make their way out to us. In the fortnight following the last bombardment of the city I enlisted no less than nine such recruits, six being from Harvard, Yale, or Princeton; and Bull, the former Harvard oar, who had been back to the States crippled after the first fight, actually got back to us as a stow-away on one of the transports, bound to share the luck of the regiment, even if it meant yellow fever.