

Philetus Arnold, G. A. R.

Everybody called him ex-Philetus in arms of the G. A. R. Philetus first joined in '73, the old guard was barely in '79, the last Memorial Day, Philetus looked more than a little like a young man. Fourth of July, he had marched in the parade with the boys. Five more years and five less boys to carry and five less boys to be with.

Philetus was not as spry and his steps heavier in trying to keep up with the music this year. Maybe the old spell had done it. Philetus was still strong, he thought it was going to be a hard job to save him for another roll call. "Pneumonia," the doctor said, "and the poor old frame isn't good for a very hard siege," and then he got the hotel man in a corner and told him that an old veteran had been starting under his very roof, and said a great many other things that were very impolite for a young doctor to say who is trying to establish a practice, especially to a man who was so important, as the hotel man, which showed that the young doctor was a humanitarian first and a politician afterward.

Philetus recognized no one during the first two weeks after he was taken sick, but one day when one of the post called, he opened his eyes, spoke the visitor's name, and then closed them again and was off to sleep. And the man went out and told the rest of the members that Philetus was getting better.

But the young doctor knew that Philetus was doing to go. He knew there was nothing to build on. "Oh, if they had only given him one square meal a day, I might do something," he said. "My God! the poorfam patients get more to eat than this man has had. He has been starved to death, and was too much of a man, too much of a soldier, to complain. We will do our best for you, old vet, but I'm afraid we come in too late."

And Philetus was growing weaker and weaker, but he was able to talk a little now, and the doctor let the old man in to see him and say a few words, and then came the last day, and the doctor knew he could not keep life in the old body another night, and leaning over he asked Philetus if he would like to see the minister, and Philetus, who didn't quite understand, said, "Yes, bring him in."

So a messenger was sent to the parsonage, and the minister came down and the doctor explained matters to him, and the minister knelt and asked the Great Commander to take a new recruit into his army. Then he took Philetus by the hand and asked him if there was anything he wished before he went away, and Philetus knew that he was going to die.

"I don't want much," he whispered, "just take me out on the hill and put me beside the wife and have all the boys come to the funeral. I always wanted to be buried like a soldier," and looking down at his hand he saw a tear splash on it, and wondered where it came from, as he wasn't crying, and the minister took the old, wrinkled hand and folded it with the other over the breast, near the place where the old bronze badge had hung for years, and tiptoes out of the room.

Afterward the young doctor made out a certificate which said that Philetus Arnold died June 18, 1897 at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and that evening the doctor attended a special meeting of Post 23, G. A. R., and told them of the dying wish of their comrade.

Capt. Norton rose and said: "Comrades, you have heard what the doctor tells us. We all knew Philetus for a good soldier and a staunch and loyal member of the post, and I think he deserves all the honors we can give him when he makes his last march, but our numbers have greatly diminished, we are only twenty-five weak old men, where once we were 150 strong young men. Our finances are low, we have no music. We cannot do much for our comrade, but we must do the best we can, and as commander of the post, I ask that all the members shall be present in uniform at the funeral of Comrade Arnold Wednesday morning. The post is dismissed for tonight."

The members went home to rest, and the young doctor and Capt. Norton went down to the hotel and told the man to put some crepe on the door at the front entrance, and the man went out and did it. The flag at the armory was unfurled at half-mast, and they said "Good night" and went home, leaving it flapping in the breeze.

Wednesday morning was bright and clear, and at 9 o'clock the hearse was backed up to the curbing at the little Baptist Church, waiting for the service to finish. The old guard was seated, listening to the words of the minister, and the smell of the wild flowers, picked by wrinkled old hands, filled the air in the church.

Then came the benediction, and the bearers took up their burden and marched down the aisle and out into the open. Everything was solemnly

hushed, except for a distant rumbling far up the street and the echo of a bugle call, which chimed with the chirping of the birds.

Into the hearse they rolled the coffin and Capt. Norton gave the order for the formation of his little command.

The rumble was growing nearer and nearer, and as they now looked up the village road they saw 100 horsemen turning the curve, and a minute later the command "Halt!" was sounded on the bugle and the horsemen came to a stand, and they heard the word taken up by a deep voice, way down the line, "Halt," and then a fainter "Halt."

Capt. Norton hurriedly walked over to the minister and said, "The state troops, bound for encampment, please. It will take them a half hour to go by, what shall we do?"

The minister's eyes glistened. "An act of Providence, captain," he said. "God moves in most mysterious ways. Who commands these troops?"

"This is Col. Stanwood's division, I believe," replied the captain. Then he approached the cavalry major, who had just reached the head of the troops, and saluted.

Returning the salute, the major said, "What have we here?"

"Not much, major, only an old Grand Army man, Philetus Arnold, taking his last ride. We didn't figure on the boys going through this morning. If old Philetus had been alive, instead of lying cold in the hearse, he would be waiting for you at the hotel steps, calling attention." He never missed seeing the militia go through the village on their way to camp.

The young major turned his head away and looked up the line. "A moment, captain, and I may have something to say to you; I will consult with Col. Stanwood," and wheeling he galloped back down the line.

"I was right," said Capt. Norton to the minister, "it is Col. Stanwood's division, and a right good colonel he is, too. No tin soldier about him. Why, he was in command of Philetus' company during the fight at Antietam."

Down the line galloped the major, and found the colonel seated at the side of the road, while his horse was grazing in the clover.

"What is the hat for, major?"

"A funeral at the Baptist Church, colonel. An old G. A. R. man. The post commander said his name was Arnold, sir, 'Old Philetus,' he called him."

To his horse sprang the colonel, saying, "Follow me, major, I wish to interview the commander," and muttering to himself, "Old Philetus—yes, now—but once it was 'Young Philetus,' and I have run into his funeral—almost forty years ago and—"

But he was halting his horse in front of the church and the commander was approaching. They shook hands, gray-headed veterans, and the commander said, "Sorry we had to

halt your troops, colonel, but I had forgotten all about you today. You see, 'Old Philetus Arnold' is in the hearse, and we were doing our best to give him a military funeral. That was the only thing he asked for when he died, that the boys might all come out and bury him with the honors due a soldier. I'm afraid it doesn't impress you much as a martial cortege, does it, colonel?"

"Maybe not, captain, as it stands now, but you must not forget that this division of men is under my command, and old Philetus will have as good a funeral as the Rhode Island militia can deliver at short notice. Major Hicks, detail eight cavalry and eight infantry to act under Commander Norton as escort for the body of Corporal Arnold—I haven't forgotten his rank, you see—then post a trumpeter two hundred yards ahead to precede the march to the graves. Make up the line in solid formation, a battalion of infantry, a battalion of cavalry, the detail of twenty-five men from the hospital corps, the machine guns battery, then the platoon of light battery. Order the field music of the division immediately behind the escort."

Hurriedly the orders were passed down the line. Two hundred yards in advance Outrider Begman hears the command "March" and the impressive procession marches through the village street to the sad, slow music of the six trumpeters playing "Rest, Soldier Rest," to the tune of the muffled drums, and away back at the end of the line the springless gun-carriages give out their heavy rumble as if they, too, were sorry that an old soldier was being borne away.

Up, up the long hill they climb and then the last sad rites were performed, the tattered old flag was removed from the hearse and given in charge of the color-bearer of the post, and the minister said, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

As the handful of dirt was thrown onto the pine box that served as a casket for one of the country's defenders, Division 6, with 1,100 men, stood at "parade rest" at the grave of Corporal Arnold, and six trumpeters sounded "Taps."

And as he caught the echo, Bugler Begman, away off in the distance, stood at "attention" and said to himself, "It is noble to be a soldier."

Modern Chivalry.

As it was his day off, Fireman Harry Warren of Steamer No. 9 had taken pretty Helen Burke to the seashore. While the boat steamed back in the moonlight Helen beguiled the time telling a story of the olden days. This led to trouble.

"So she threw her glove down into the lions' den," said Helen in conclusion, "and the knight jumped over after it. But when he came back he threw it in the lady's face, which was a thing no knight that called himself a gentleman would do, and I'm sure I wouldn't have blamed her!"

"It served her right," interrupted Harry. "Any girl who wanted a fellow to risk his life for the sake of an old glove didn't deserve any better treatment."

Helen frowned disapproval.

"If he was afraid to go into the den, he didn't need to," she retorted. "He could just have said, 'Never mind the old glove, I'll get you a new pair tomorrow.' But after he got it there was no occasion for throwing it in her face, I'm sure you wouldn't treat me that way." And the brown eyes glanced winningly at the study fireman.

But Harry was obstinate.

"And do you think that the next time we go up to the park, if you throw your glove into a lions' cage, I'll trail after it? I'm afraid you'd be out of a glove."

Helen hadn't the least intention of putting her lover's devotion to this test. Nevertheless she was irritated at the unnecessary positiveness of his tones.

"Well, there are lots of other fellows who would be willing to. Any man aren't as brave as they used to be," she added, rather illogically.

As Harry Warren risked his life professionally on an average of once a week, he thought this last remark rather unjust, so he retired to the other end of the boat to smoke a cigar and meditate on the fecklessness of women in general and of pretty girls with brown eyes in particular. Helen's thoughts were of the unreasonableness of men and their readiness to take offense when none was intended.

When the time came for the band to strike up a two-step, the fat musician who played the bass viol threw away the cigar he had been smoking. It rolled to the top of the companionway, down the steps leading to a pile of waste left by some careless member of the crew. There it snuggled. The crew were occupied with their duties about the boat, and the excursionists were dancing on the deck above.

While Harry Warren was debating the problem of modern versus medieval chivalry and Helen Burk was wishing he would ask her for a dance a thin column of smoke came circling

up from the lower deck. At first no one noticed it. It grew thicker. Then broke out the most terrific cry that can be heard on a crowded boat: "Fire! Fire! The boat is on fire!"

Harry Warren heard the cry of fire, and his heart gave a throb that had in it a little of exultation. Here was something that he could do, and do well. He might not be willing to enter a lions' den for a glove, but he would show Helen that he possessed both coolness and bravery when it was a question of saving human beings from the flames. The first thing was to get Helen to a place of safety, and Harry dashed forward through the crowd of frightened excursionists, who were rushing to the rear of the boat.

Helen had been sitting on the opposite side of the boat from the spot to which Harry had retired to smoke the cigar of wrathful meditation. When the fireman reached the front of the boat, the smoke pouring from the companionway prevented his seeing clearly, but he could make out dimly the hat with the big flowers which he remembered Helen had been wearing. Perhaps she had fainted. Harry drew a long breath and rushed through the smoke toward the gay bit of headwear.

In the meantime the officers had been quieting the frightened passengers, getting out the fire hose and making preparations for manning the lifeboats in case the fire should be a serious one. Fortunately the flames had gained little headway and were under control almost before the steamers engaged in the fear of the steamer retreated what had happened. As soon as he saw that Helen was in no danger Harry set to work to assist the crew. When the blaze had been extinguished, he started for the rear of the boat in search of his sweetheart. In his hand he carried the hat with the big flowers. The passengers came trooping forward, laughing at being caught with a large hat, plainly the property of some young woman, dangling from his hand, but Helen looked at him with evident pleasure and wide-eyed admiration.

"And you went into all that smoke and fire just to save my new hat?" she exclaimed. "Well, you can say what you please, but I think you are just as brave as that knight who went into the lions' den after his lady's glove."

Harry blushed at this undeserved praise.

"It wasn't anything," he replied modestly. "There wasn't a bit of danger. And I thought there was some one under the hat. Anyhow," he added, with sudden and unusual tact, "your hat is quite a different thing from another girl's glove."

YOUNG MAN IN TROUBLE

Max Steinfield Accused of Theft

Alleged to Have Stolen Goods to Value of \$850 From Isaacs Brothers.

Max Steinfield was before Mr. Justice Macanlay in the police court this morning on two charges of theft. He was remanded for trial until Monday morning.

Steinfield was arrested last night on the charge with having during the month of May and the present month stolen from Isaacs Brothers boots, shoes, shirts, socks, clothing and other furnishings to the value of \$150. He is also charged on another count with having during the same period broken into and stolen from the warehouse of Isaacs Bros. on Fifth avenue and stolen therefrom gentlemen's furnishing goods to the value of \$700. These goods, it is alleged by the police, Steinfield has sold to various Dawson merchants. Up to noon today goods alleged to have been stolen and sold by him were recovered to the value of \$700 and the work of recovery was still going on, much to the chagrin of reputable merchants who purchased the goods from Steinfield's good-faith.

Attorney H. E. A. Robertson appeared for the accused and Corporal Stewart for the crown this morning when neither side was prepared to proceed with the hearing which, as previously stated, was adjourned until Monday. The accused's attorney asked that his client be admitted to bail. Corporal Stewart objected to bail being allowed and the objection was sustained by the court. Steinfield will, therefore, remain in jail until Monday. The accused was dismissed on a similar charge preferred by Sam Weisberg about one year ago.

"You told me Hines was an accomplished musician. He says he doesn't play any instrument whatever."

"He's a musician, just the same. He understands music, and can tell good music from bad. Can't a man be a good theologian without being a preacher?"—Chicago Tribune.

"I thought Spoonmore was going to marry Miss Garlinghorn, but I see she has let him get away."

"Yes; her father didn't appear to be at all anxious for the match, and her mother was a little too anxious. She lost him on account of bad team work."—Chicago Tribune.

Prices Rising

Paris, May 23.—The poor of Paris are alarmed at the continual rise in the price of bread. A four-pound loaf now costs 16 cents in the poorer quarters and 18 cents in the rich districts. The last rise of about 1 cent a pound was due the Bakers' Association says, to the higher price and poorer quality of the flour. No relief is in sight, and Marie Antoinette's celebrated remark, "Why don't the people eat cake if they have no bread," is recalled.

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