By RUDYARD KIPLING.

Hit a man an help a woman, an you can't b far wrong anyways. -Maxims of Private Mulvaney

The Inexpressibles gave a ball. They borrowed a 7 pounder from the ganners and wreathed it with laurels and made the dancing floor plate glass and provided a supper the like of which had never been eaten before, and set two sentries at the door of the room to hold the trays and programme cards. My friend Private Mulvaney was one of the sentries, because he was the tallest man in the regiment When the dance was fairly started, the sentries were released, and Private Mulvaney fled to curry favor with the mess sergeant in charge of the supper. Whether the mess sergeant gave or Mulvaney took I cannot say All that I am certain of is that at supper time I found Mulvaney with Private Ortheris, two-thirds of a ham, a loaf of bread, half a pate de foie gras and two magnums of champagne sitting on the roof of my carriage. As I came up I heard him saying

"Praise be a danst dossn't come as often as ord'ly room, or, by this an that. Orth'ris, my son. I wud be the dishgrace av the rig'mint instid av the brightest jool in uts crown."

"Hand the colonel's pet noosince. said Ortheris, who was a Londoner "But wot makes you curse your rations? This 'ere fizzy stuff's good enough.

"Stuff, you oncivilized pagin! Tis champagne we're dhrinkin now 'Tisn't that I am set ag'in. 'Tis the quare stuff wid the little bits av black leather in it. I misdoubt I will be distressin'ly sick wid it in the mornin. Fwhat is

"Goose liver," I said, climbing on the top of the carriage, for I knew that it was better to sit out with Mulvaney than to dance many dances.

"Goose liver, is ut?" said Mulvaney "Faith. I'm thinkin thim that makes ut wud do betther to cut up the colonel He carries a power av liver undher his right arrum whin the days are warm an the nights chill. He wud give thim tons an tons av liver 'Tis he sez so. 'I'm all liver today, sez he, an wid that he ordhers me ten days C. B. for as moild a dhrink as iver a good sodger tuk betune his teeth.

"That was when 'e wanted for to wash 'isself in the fort ditch," Ortheris explained. "Said there was too much beer in the barrack water butts for a God fearing man. You was lucky in gittin orf with wot you did, Mulvaney."

"You say so? Now I'm pershuaded I was cruel hard trated, seein fwhat I've done for the likes av him in the days whin my eyes were wider opin than they are now Man alive, for the colonel to whip me on the peg in that way Me that have saved the repitation av a ten times better man than him! 'Twas ne-farious, an that manes a power av

"Never mind the nefariousness," 1 said. "Whose reputation did you save?" "More's the pity, 'twasn't my own, but I tuk more trouble wid ut than if ut was. 'Twas just my way, messin wid fwhat was no business av mine Hear now!" He settled himself at ease on the top of the carriage. "I'll tell you all about ut. Av coorse I will name no names, for there's wan that's an orf'cer's lady now that was in ut, an no more will I name places, for a man is

thracked by a place. "Evah!" said Ortheris lazily. "But this is a mixed story wot's comin." "Wanst upon a time, as the childer books say, I was a recruity."

"Was you, though?" said Orthe.is. "Now that's extryordinary!"

"Orth'ris," said Mulvaney, "av you opin thim lips av yours again I will, savin your presince, sorr, take you by the slack av your trousers an heave

"I'm mum," said Ortheris. "Wot appened when you was a recruity?" "I was a betther recruity than you iver was or will be, but that's neither

here nor there. Thin I became a man. an the divil of a man I was 15 years ago. They called me Buck Mulvaney in thim days, an, begad, I tuk a woman's eye I did that! Orth'ris, you scrub, fwhat are you sniggerin at? Do you misdoubt me?

"Devil a doubt!" said Ortheris. "But I've 'eard summat like that before." Mulvaney dismissed the impertinence with a lofty wave of his hand and con-

"An the orf cers av the rig mint was in in thim days was orf'cersgrand men, wid a manner on 'em an a way wid 'em such as is not made these days-all but wan-wan av the capt'ns. A bad dhrill, a wake voice, an a limp leg-thim three things are the signs av a bad man You bear that in your hid.

Orth ris. my son. "An the colonel av the rig mint had a daughter-wan av thim lamblike. bleatin, pick me up an carry me or I'll die gurls such as was made for the natural prey av men like the capt'n who was iverlastin payin coort to her. though the colonel he said time an over. 'Kape out av the brute's way, my dear! But he niver had the heart for to send her away from the throuble, bein as he was a widower an she their wan child.'

"Stop a minute, Mulvaney," said 1 "How in the world did you come to

know these things?" "How did I come?" said Mulvaney with a scornful grunt. "Bekase I'm turned durin the quane's pleasure to a out av, must I not see nor feel? Av coorse I do! Up my back, an in my boots, an in the short hair av the neck -that's where I kape my eyes whin S'm on duty an the reg'lar wans are at the end av the first piece "Twas the

fixed Know! Take my word for it, sorr, ivrything an a great dale more is known in a rig'mint, or fwhat wud be the use av a mess sargint, or a sargint s wife doin wet nurse to the major's baby? To reshume, he was a bad dhrill, was this capt'n-a rotten bad dhrill-an whin first I ran my eye over him I sez to myself. 'My militia bandunghill'-'twas from Portsmouth he came to us-'there's combs to be cut,' sez I, 'an by the grace av God. 'tis

Terence Mulvaney will cut thim. "So he wint menowderin, an minanabout the colonel's daughter, an she, comm'ssariat bullock looks at the comp'ny cook He'd a dhirty little scrub is sore wid trampin to an from this your own iverlastin dishgrace!' av a black mustache, an he twisted an foolishness at the Gaff. An Dennis lent found ut too sweet for to spit out. in the shafts. Whin they was all setmoney borrowed from natives. Besides a lot av other matthers which in regard to your presince, sorr, I will oblitherate. A little av fwhat I knew the colonel knew, for he wud have none av him, an that. I'm thinkin, by fwhat happened aftherward, the capt'n knew "Wan day, bein mortial idle, or they

wud never have thried ut, the rig'mint gave amshure theatricals-orf'cers an orf'cers' ladies. You've seen the likes time an ag'in, sorr, an poor fun 'tis for an wid that I laid my finger to my nose | tried to wash in the fort ditch. them that sit in the back row an stamp wid their boots for the honor av the rig'mint. I was told off for to shif the she was in the business, an I piled up pert'nint observation. scenes, haulin up this an draggin down all the sweet talk I'd iver learned in that. Light work ut was, wid lashins the bazaars on to this she bullock an av beer an the gurl that dhressed the prayed av her to pat all the quick she orf'cers' ladies-but she died in Agra knew into the thing. While she packed 12 years gone, an my tongue's gettin I stud outside an sweated, for I was the betther av me. They was actin a play thing called 'Sweethearts,' which you may have heard av. an the colonel's daughter she was a lady's maid. The capt'n was a boy called Broom-Spread Broom was his name in the play Thin I saw-ut come out in the actin-fwhat I niver saw before, an that was that he was no gentleman. They was too much together, thim two, a-whisperin behind the scenes I shifted, an some av fwhat they said I heard, for I was death-blue death an ivy-on the comb cuttin. He was iverlastin'ly oppressin her to fall in wid some sneakin schame av his, an she was thryin to stand out against him,

but not as though she was set in her will. I wonder now in thim days that my ears did not grow a yard on my head wid list'nin. But I looked straight forninst me, an hauled up this an dragged down that such as was my duty. an the orf'cers' ladies sez one to another, thinkin I was out av listen reach, 'Fwhat an obligin young man is this Corp'ril Mulvaney! I was a corp'ril then. I was rejuiced aftherward, but, no

matther, I was a corp'ril wanst. "Well, this 'Sweethearts' business wint on like most amshure theatricals, an, barrin fwhat I suspicioned, 'twasn't till the dhress rehearsal that I saw for certain that thim two-he the blackguard an she no wiser than she should have been-had put up an e-vasion." "A what?" said I.

dhirty to steal a man's wan child not

sargints is low."

no fool any more than me, for I was dhrove up to where she was. hild the smartest man in the rig'mint, an the colonel was the best orf'cer com- tion; Captain Sahib's order!' An widout mandin in Asia. So fwhat he said an I said was a mortial truth. We knew that kit the capt'n was bad, but for reasons which I have already oblitherated I knew more than my colonel. I wud have gun before permittin av him to steal the gurl. Saints knew av he wud have married her, an av he didn't she wud be in gerat tormint an the divil av what you, sorr, call a 'scandal But I niver sthruck, niver raised me hand on my shuperior orf'cer, an that was a merricle now I come to considher it.

"Mulvaney, the dawn's risin," said Ortheris, "an we're no nearer than we was at the beginnin. Lend me I was dyin to help, but, seein I didn't your pouch. Mine's all dust.

and he filled his pipe afresh "So the dhress rehearsal came to an end, an, bekaze I was curious, I staid behind whin the scene shiftin was end- menjus in the opp'site way from the ed, an I shud have been in barricks, lyin other carri'ge an put out my lights as flat as a toad under a painted cot- Presintly I saw a naygur man wallowtage thing. They was talkin in whis- in in the road. I slipped down before l pers, an she was shiverin an gaspin like got to him, for I suspicioned Providence a fresh hukked fish. 'Are you sure was wid me all through that night you've got the hang av the manew- Twas Jungi, his nose smashed in flat. vers?' sez he, or wurrds to that effec'. all dumb sick as you please. Dennis as the coort martial sez. 'Sure as man must have tilted him out av the death, sez she, 'but I misdoubt tis thrap Whin he came to. 'Hutt!' sez l cruel hard on my father 'Damn your but he began to howl father! sez he, or anyways twas "You black lump av dirt, I sez, 'is fwhat he thought. 'The arrangement is this the way you dhrive your gharri? as clear as mud. Jungi will drive the That tikka has been owin an fereowin carri'ge afther all's over, an you come all over the bloomin country this whole to the station, cool an aisy, in time for | bloomin night, an you as mut-walla as the 2 o'clock thrain, where I'll be wid your kit. 'Faith,' thinks I to myself,

'thin there's a ayah in the business tu!' "A powerful bad thing is a ayah. Don't you niver have any thruck wid wan. Thin he began sootherin her, an all the orf'cers an orf'cers' ladies left, an they put out the lights To explain the theory av the flight, as they say at lump av wood, lookin out straight fer- muskthry, you must understand that sez I 'I've found his gharri sthrayin pinst me, wid a-a candelabbrum in afther this 'Sweethearts' nonsinse was about cantonmints, an now I've found my hand, for you to pick your cards ended there was another little bit av a him. play called 'Couples'-some kind av couple or another The gurl was actin in this, but not the man. I suspicioned he'd go to the station wid the gurl's kit

kit that flusthered me, for I knew for a worse than easin the flag, so far as the he was talk aftherward wint."

"'Old on, Mulvaney! Wot's truso?' said Ortheris

"You're an oncivilized man, my son. tam, I sez, 'my cock av a Gosport Whin a gurl's married, all her kit an conterments are truso, which manes she's runnin away, even wid the big- that more than wan wud be beaten to gest blackguard on the arrmy list.

turned ivry wurrd he used as av he ut, wid a rampin, stampin red stallion Eyah! He was a tricky man an a liar tled down to their 'Sweethearts' for the by natur' Some are born so. He was first scene, which was a long wan, I wan. I knew he was over his belt in slips outside an into the kyart. Mother gether. av Hivin, but I made that horse walk, an we came into the colonel's compound as the divil wint through Athlone-in whole thing. All I know was that standin leps. There was no one there there was no e-vasion, an that was excipt the servints, an I wint round to fwhat I wanted. Now. I put ut to you. the back an found the girl's ayah.

'sellin your masther's honor for 5 rupees -pack up all the Miss Sahib's kit an look slippy! Capt'n Sahib's order, ' sez an looked the schamin sinner I was.

"Bote acchy, sez she, so I knew wanted for to shif' the second scene. tell you a young gurl's e-vasion manes as much baggage as a rig'mint on the line av march! 'Saints help Dennis' springs, thinks I, as I bundled the stuff into the thrap, 'for I'll have no mercy! " 'I'm comin, too,' sez the ayah.

" 'No, you don't,' sez I, 'later- tan by a hamadryad has ever survived pechy! You baito where you are. I'll pechy come an bring you sart, along with me, you maraudin'-niver mind if there is one, and if you kill one of

fwhat I called her special ordher av Providence, for I was doin a good work you will ondersthand, Dennis' springs hild toight. 'Now, whin the capt'n goes for that kit, thinks I, 'he'll be throubled.' At the end av 'Sweethearts' off the capt'n runs in his kyart to the colonel's house, an I sits down on the steps an laughs. Wanst an again I slipped in to see how the little piece was goin, an whin ut was near endin I stepped out all among the carri'ges an sings out very softly, 'Jungi!' Wid that a carri'ge began to move, an I waved to the dhriver. 'Hitherao! sez I, an he hitheraoed till I judged he was at proper distance, an thin I tuk him fair an square betune the eyes, all I knew for good or bad, an he dhropped wid a guggle like the canteen beer engine whin ut's runnin low. Thin I ran to the kyart an tuk out all the kit an piled ut into the carri'ge, the sweat runnin down my face in dhrops. 'Go "E-vasion! Fwhat you lorruds an home, sez I to the sais. 'You'll find a ladies call an elopement. E-vasion I man close here Very sick he is. Take calls it, bekase, exceptin whin 'tis right him away, an if you iver say wan an natural an proper, 'tis wrong an wurrd about fwhat you've dekkced I'll Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at 10 cts. and 25 cts. marrow you till your own wife won't knowin her own mind. There was a sumjao who you are!' Thin I heard the sargint in the comm'ssariat who set my stampin av feet at the ind av the play. face upon e-vasions. I'll tell you about an I ran in to let down the curtain. Whin they all came cut, the gurl thried "Stick to the bloomin captains, Mul- to hide herself behind wan av the pilvaney," said Ortheris. "Comm'ssariat lars, an sez 'Jungi' in a voice that wudn't have scared a hare. I run over to Mulvaney accepted the emendation Jungi's carri'ge an tuk up the lousy old horse blanket on the box, wrapped "Now, I knew that the colonel was my head an the rest av me in ut an

". Miss Sahib, sez I, goin to the staa sign she jumped in all among her own

"I laid to an dhruv like steam to the colonel's house before the colonel was there, an she screamed an I thought rolled out his face wid the butt av my she was goin off. Out comes the ayah, sayin all sorts av things about the capt'n havin come for the kit an gone

> " 'Take out the luggage, you divil. sez I. 'or I'll murther you!

"The lights av the thraps people comin from the Gaff was showin acrost the parade ground, an by this an that the way thim two women worked at the bundles an thrunks was a caution! want to be known. I sat wid the blank-Mulvaney pitched his pouch across, et roun me an coughed an thanked the saints there was no moon that night

"Whin all was in the house ag'in, niver asked for bukshish, but dhruv tre-

Davey's sow Get up, you hog!' sez l louder, for I beard the wheels av thrap in the dark. 'Get up an light your lamps, or you'll be run into! This was on the road to the railway station

"Fwhat the divil's this? sez the capt'n's voice in the dhark, an I could judge he was in a lather av rage.

" Gharri dhriver here, dhrunk, sorr,

name? I stooped down an pretended to listen. " 'He sez his name's Jungi, sorr.

" Hould my harse, sez the capt'n capt'n to go trapasing about the impire to his man an wid that he gets down wid the Lord knew what av a truso on wid the whip an lays into Jungi just his arrum was ne-farious, an wud be mad wid rage an swearin like the scut

> "I thought afther awhile he wnd hill the man, so I sez. Stop sir or you ll murdher him' That dhrew all his fire on me an he cursed me into blazes an

out again. I stud to attenshin an saluted. 'Sorr,' sez I, 'if ivry man in this weddin portion. An 'tis the same whin wurruld had his rights. I'm thinkin a shakin jelly for this night's work -"So I made my plan av campaign that never came off at all. sorr, as you derin, an blandandhering roun' an The colonel's house was a good two see. 'Now,' thinks I to myself, 'Termiles away 'Dennis.' sez I to my color | ence Mulvaney, you've cut your own poor innocint. lookin at him like a sargint, 'if you love' me lend me your throat, for he'll sthrike, an you'll knock kyart, for my heart is bruk an my feet him down for the good av his sowl an

"But the capt'n never said a single wurrd. He choked where he stud. an thin he wint into his thrap widout sayin good night, an I wint back to barricks. "And then?" said Ortheris and I to-

"That was all," said Mulvaney "Niver another wurrd did I hear av the sorr, is ten days' C. B. a fit an a proper "'Ye black, brazen Jezebel, sez I, tratement for a man who has behaved

"Well, any'ow,' said Ortheris. "'tweren't this 'ere colonel's daughter, I: 'goin to the station we are.' I sez, an you was blazin copped when you

'That," said Mulvaney, finishing the champagne, "is a shuparfluous an im-

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FORTY

OWEN SOUND TO DURHAM AND FOREST.

The great northern highway. ing from Fergus to the water Owen's Sound, is known in the ty of Grey as the "Garafraxa R. as, when first run out it led Garafraxa township, then the northerly settlement of the We ton District, northward into wilderness. At its lower end. generally called the "Owen S Road." It is now gravelled thre out; the County of Grey po having been done 4 years ago. part of the County scheme of r and the remaining portion (to a beyond Arthur), done shortly

Commencing at the eastern p

Owen Sound town-plot, on the

land overlooking the bay, we pr south; passing, at a distance of miles from the town, the American Inn, and J Thoma Inn. Three miles further is He Inn. A mile further, on high up stands "Zion Chapel," a neat of worship belonging to the W ans. Within a mile of Johnton 8 m. from Owen Sound, we pas Paul's church (Episcopal). Ne is J. Green's Inn. At a rathe mantic spot in the road we pass the small river Spey, an afflue the Sydenham; and soon con Johntown or Chatsworth. Th m. from Owen Sound, The To and Sydenham Road familiarly ed the "Toronto Line" (a dis road running S. E throug County for 40 m. and all grav joins the Garafraxa Road a place. A mile from Johntow traveller sees an unenclosed stony tract on his left, and " why so?" is informed that it village-plot of Grantown-a which was surveyed out and s 1857, but has failed to be About 2 m. S of Chaisworth we come to a very complete . belonging to the estate of R. I. ger. Esq. It has been very used; though intended for the facture of potash on a large sca short distance E. of the road place, are the grist mill and se of Mr. Conger, called by hi "Sper Mils." Three miles f on is Sallivan P. O. Five mile Johntown, or 14 m. from O. 5 and just half-way to Durham. willage-plot of Williamsford. traveller, however, will hear only by the name of the " S This is a general stopping pla tween the two larger towns. 5 m. from the "Sable" is "G Corner," where is a tavern and Latona P. O (late Gleneig P. 16 m. beyond Griffin's Corner have here Bentinck on the rig Glenely on the left. From I P. O is 15 m. to Grant's tavern 1 m. to Donohue's Corner, and er mile to the Rocky Saugeen, from O Sound, and 35 m. from ham. J. McIlroy's hotel, at Saugeen, is one of the best hot the road. Here is also a rood Here we pass the "Rocky" of the Sangeen, ascend a lonand drive into Durham. 28 m O. Sound.

m., the road is pretty heavy l first half-long heavy hills, though considerably cut dow yet sufficiently formidable \* teamster and traveller. Three from Burham is the hamlet of skillen, where there are two t and a store. Four or five mile bring the traveller to O chard small village half-way on the Mt. F rest. Between two an miles further he comes to tavern and Burns' tavern, no far apart; having passed the Mrs Bochan, and shortly after " 40-mile swamp. " so called. about 40 m. from Owen Sonn next point is at Egremont P from Mr Forest), where a hotels, Gringle's and Fries', good store. Three miles through a prosperous sett conducts him to Mount

From Durham to Mr. For

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