ENGLAND'S NEW WRITER.

A STORY BY RUDYARD KIPLING "THE LATER DICKENS."

He Is the Sensation of the Day in London Literary Circles—Private Mulvaney's Story.

THE BIG DRUNK DRAF'.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome—
Our ship is at the shore,
An' you mus' pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.
Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary Ann,
For I'll marry you yet on a fourp'ny bit,
As a time-expired ma-a-an!
[Barrack-room Ballad.

An awful thing has happened! My friend, Private Mulvaney, who went home in the Serapis, time-expired, not very long ago, has come back to India as a civilian! It was all Dinah Shadd's fault. She could not stand the poky little lodgings, and she missed her servant Abdullah more than words could tell. The fact was that the Mulvaneys had been out here too long, and had lost touch of England.

Mulvaney knew a contractor on one of the new Central India lines, and wrote to him for some sort of work. The contractor said that if Mulvaney could pay the passage he would give him command of a gang of coolies for old sake's sake. The pay was 85 rupees a month, and Dinah Shadd said that if Terrence did not accept she would make his life a "basted purgatory." Therefore the Mulvaneys came out as "civilians," which was a great and terrible fall, though Mulvaney tried to disguise it by saying that he was "Ker'nel on the railway line, an' a consequinshal man."

He wrote me an invitation on a tool-indent form to visit him, and I came down to the funny little "construction" bungalow at the side of the line. Dinah Shadd had planted peas about and about, and nature had spread all manner of green stuff around the place. There was no change in Mulvaney, except the change in raiment, which was deplorable, but could not be helped. He was standing upon his trolly haranguing a gangman, and his shoulders were as well drilled and his big, thick chin was as clean shaven as ever.

"I'm a civilian, now," said Mulvaney; "Cud you tell that I was iver a martial man? Don't answer, sorr, av you're strainin' betune a compliment an' a lie. There's no houldin' Dinah Shadd now, she's got a house av her own. Go inside an' drink tay out av chiny in the drrrawin' room, an' thin we'll dhrink like Christians undher the tree here. Scutt, ye naygur folk! There's a Sahib come to call on me, an' that's more than he'll iver do for you onless you run! Get out, and go on pilin' up the earth, quick, till sundown."

When we three were comfortably settled under the big sisham in front of the bungalow, and the first rush of questions and answers about Privates Ohtheris and Leyroyd and old times and places had died away, Mulvaney said, reflectively: "Glory be, there's no p'rade to-morrow an' no bun-headed Corp'rll-bhoy to give you his lip. An' yit I don't know. 'Tis harrd to be something ye niver were an' niver meant to be, an' all the ould days shut up along wid your papers. Eyah. I'm growin' rusty, an' 'tis the will av God that a man musn't serve his Quane for time an' all."

He helped himself to a fresh peg and sighed furiously.

"Let your beard grow, Mulvaney," said I, "and then you won't be troubled with these notions. You'll be a real civilian."

Dinah Shadd had confided to me in the drawing room her desire to coax Mulvaney into letting his beard grow. "'Twas so civilian-like," said poor Dinah, who hated her husband's hankering for his old life.

"Dinah Shadd, your a dishgrace to an honust, clane-scraped man!" said Mulvaney, without replying to me. "Grow a beard on your own chin, darlint, and lave my razors alone. They're all that stand between me and dis-ris-pectability. Av I didn't shave I would be torminted wid an outrajis thurrst, for there's nothin' so dryin' to the throat as a big bill-goat beard waggin' undher the chin. Ye wudn't have me dhrink always, Dinah Shadd. By the same token, you're kapin' me crool dhry now. Let me look at that whiskey."

The whiskey was lent and returned, but Dinah Shadd, who had been just as eager as her husband in asking after old friends, rent me with—

"I take shame for you, sorr, comin' down here—though the saints know you're as welkim as the daylight whin you do come—an' upsettin' Terence's head wid your nonsense about—about fwhat's much better forgotten. He bein' a civilian now, an' you niver was aught else. Can you not let the army rest? 'Tis not good for Terence."

I took refuge by Mulvaney, for Dinah Shadd has a temper of her own.

"Let be—let be," said Mulvaney. "'Tis only wanst in a way I can talk about the ould days." Then to me: "You say Dhrumshticks is well, and his lady tu? I niver knew how I liked the gray garron till I was shut av him and Asia." "Dhrumshticks" was the nickname of the Colonel commanding Mulvaney's old regiment. "Will you be seein' him again? You will. Thin tell him," Mulvaney's eyes began to twinkle, "tell him wid Privit—"

"Mister Terence," interrupted Dinah Shadd.

"Now the divil an' all his angels an' the firmament av hiven fly away wid the Mister, an' the sin av' makin' me swear be on your confession, Dinah Shadd! Privit, I tell ye. Wid Privit Mulvaney's best obedience, that but for me the last time-expired wud be still pullin' hair on their way to the sea."

He threw himself back in the chair, chuckled, and was silent.

"Mrs. Mulvaney," I said, "please take up the whisky, and don't let him have it until he has told the story."

Dinah Shadd dexterously whipped the bottle away, saying at the same time: "'Tis nothing to be proud av," and thus captured by the enemy, Mulvaney spoke:

"'Twas on Chuseday week. I was behaderin' round wid the gangs on the 'bank-ment—I've taught the hoppers now to kape step an' stop screechin'—whin a head gangman comes up to me, wid about two inches av shirt-tail hanging round his neck an' a disthressful light in his oi. 'Sahib,' sez he, 'there's a reg'mint an' a half av soldiers up at the junction knockin' red cinders out av iverything and iverybody! They thried to hang me in my cloth,' he sez, 'an' there will be murder an' ruin an' rape in the place before nightfall! They say they're comin' down here to wake us up. What will we do wid our women folk?'

"'Fetch my throlly!' sez I; 'my heart's sick in my ribs for a wink at anything wid the Quane's uniform on ut. Fetch my throlly, an' six av the jildiest men, and run me up in shtyle.'"

"He tuk his best coat," said Dinah Shadd, reproachfully.

"'Twas to do honor to the widdy. I cud ha' done no less, Dinah Shadd. You and your digreshins interfere wid the coorse av the narrative. Have you iver considhered fwhat I wud look like with me head shaved as well as my chin? You bear that in your mind, Dinah, darlin."

"I was throllied up six miles, all to get a shquint at that draf'. I knew 'twas a spring draf' goin' home, for there's no rig'mint hereabouts, more's the pity."

"Praise the Virgin!" murmured Dinah Shadd. But Mulvaney did not hear.

"Whin I was about three-quarters av a mile off the rest camp, powtherin' along fit to burrst, I heard the noise av the men, an' on my sowl, sorr, I cud catch the voice av Peg Barney, bellowing like a bison wid the bellyache. You remember Peg Barney that was in D Comp'ny—a red, hairy scraun, wid a scar on his jaw? Peg Barney that cleared out the Blue Lights' Jubilee meeting wid the cook room mop last year?

"Thin, I knew ut was a draf' of the ould rig'mint, an' I was conshumed wid sorrow for the bhoy that was in charge. We was harrd scrapin's at any time. Did I iver tell you how Horker Kelley went into clink nakid as Phœbus Apollonius, with the shirts av the Corp'ril an' file undher his arrum? An' he was a moild man. But I'm digreshin'. 'Tis a shame both to the rig'ments and the armmy sendin' down little orf'cer bhoys with a draf' av strong men mad wid liquor an' the chanst av gettin' shut av India, an' niver a punishment that's fit to be given right down an' away from cantonmints to the dock? 'Tis this nonsince. Whin I am sarvin' my time I'm undher the Articles av War, an' can be whipped on the peg for thim. But whin I've served my time I'm a Reserve man, an' the Articles av War haven't any hould on me. An orf'cer can't do anythin' to a time-expired savin' confinin' him to barricks. 'Tis a wise rig'lation, bekase a time-expired does not have any barricks, bein' on the move all the time. 'Tis a Solomon av a rig'lation, is that. I wud like to be inthroduced to the man who secreted ut. 'Tis easier to get colts from a Kibbereen horse fair into Galway than to take a bad draf' over ten miles av country. Consiquintly that rig'lation—for fear that the men wud be hurt by the little orf'cer bhoy. No matter. The nearer my throlly came to the rest camp the woilder was the shine an' the louder was the voice av Peg Barney. 'Tis good I am here,' thinks I to myself, 'for Peg alone is employment to two or three.' He bein', I well knew, as copped as a dhrover.

"Faith, that rest camp was a sight! The tent ropes was all skew-nosed, an' the pegs looked as dhrunk as the men—fifty av thim—the scourin's an' risin's an' divil's lavin's av the ould reg'mint. I tell you, sorr, they were dhrunker than any men you've ever seen in your mortal life. How does a draf' get dhrunk? How does a frog get fat? They suk ut in through their shkins.

"There was Peg Barney sittin' on the ground in his shirt—wan shoe off an' wan shoe on—whackin' a tent pin over the head wid his boot an' singin' fit to wake the dead. 'Twas no clane song that he sung, though. 'Twas the 'Divil's Mass.'"

"What's that?" I asked.

"Whin a bag egg is shut av the army, he sings the Divil's Mass for a good riddance, an' that manes swearin' at ivrything from the Commandher-in-chief down to the room Corp'ril, such as you niver in your life heard. Some men can swear so as to make green turf crack. Have you iver heard the 'curse in an Orange Lodge?' The 'Divil's Mass' is ten times worse, an' Peg Barney was singin' ut, whackin' the tent peg on the head wid his boot for each man that he cursed. A powerful voice had Peg Barney, an' a hard swearer he was whin sober. I stood forninst him, an' 'twas not me oi alone that cud tell Peg was dhrunk as a coot.

"'Good mornin', Peg,' sez I, when he dhrew breath afther cursin' the Adj'tint-General; 'I've put on my best coat to see you, Peg Barney,' sez I.

"'Thin take ut off again,' sez Peg Barney, latherin' away wid the boot; 'take ut off an' dance, ye lousy civilian!'

"Wid that he begins cursin' ould Dhrumshticks, being so full he clean misremimbers the Brigade Major an' the Judge Advokit Gen'ral.

"'Do you not know me, Peg?' sez I, though me blood was hot in me wid being called a civilian."

"An' him a decent married man!" wailed Dinah Shadd.

"I do not,' sez Peg; 'but dhrunk or sober I'll tear the hide off your back wid a shovel whin I've stopped singin'.'

"'Say you so, Peg Barney?' sez I. 'Tis clear as mud you've forgotten me. I'll assist your autobiography.' Wid that I stretched Peg Barney, boot an' all, an' wint into the camp. An awful sight ut was!

"'Where's the officer in charge av the detachment?' sez I to Scrub Greene—the manest little worm that ever walked.

"'There's no orf'cer, ye ould cook,' sez Scrub; 'we're a bloomin' republic.'

"'Are you that?' sez I; 'thin I'm O'Connell the Dictator, and by this you will larn to kape a civil tongue in your rag box.'

"Wid that I stretched Scrub Greene an' wint to the orf'cer's tent. 'Twas a new little bhoy—not wan I'd iver seen before. He was sittin' in his tent, purtendin' not to 'ave ear av the racket.

"I saluted—but for the life av me I mint to shake hands whin I went in. 'Twas the sword hangin' on the tent pole changed my will.

"'Can't I help, sorr?' sez I; 'tis a strong man's job they've given you, an' you'll be wantin' help by sundown.' He was a bhoy wid bowils, that child, an' a rale gentleman.

"'Sit down,' sez he.

"'Not before my orf'cer,' sez I; an' I tould him fwat my service was.

"'I've heard av you,' sez he. 'You tuk the town av Lungtungpen nakid.'

"'Faith,' thinks I, 'that's honor an' glory;' for 'twas Lift'nint Brazenose did that job. 'I'm wid ye, sorr,' sez I, 'if I'm av use. They shud niver ha' sent you down wid de draf'. Savin' your presence, sorr,' I sez, 'tis only Lift'nint Hackerstein in the ould rig'ment can manage a home draf'.'

"'I've niver had charge of men like this before,' sez he, playin' wid the pens on the table; 'an' I see by the rig'lations—'

"'Shut your oi to the rig'lations, sorr,' I sez, 'till the throoper's into blue wather. By the rig'lations you've got to tuk them up for the night, or they'll be runnin' foul av my coolies an' makin' a shiverarium half through the country. Can you trust your non-coms, sorr?'

"'Yes,' sez he.

"'Good,' sez I; 'there'll be throuble before the night. Are you marchin', sorr?'

"'To the next station,' sez he.

"'Better still,' sez I; 'there'll be big trouble.

"'Can't be too hard on a home draf', sez he; 'the great thing is to get thim in ship.'

"'Faith, you've larnt the half uv your lesson, sorr,' sez I, 'but av you shtick to the riglations you'll niver get thim in ship at all. Or there won't be a rag or kit betune thim whin you do.'

"'Twas a dear little orf'cer bhoy, an' by way av kapin' his head up I tould him fwhat I saw wanst in a draf' in Egypt."

"What was that, Mulvaney?" said I.

"Sivin an' fifty men sittin' on the bank av a canal laughin' at a poor little squidgereen av an orf'cer that they'd made wade into the slush an' pitch the things out av the boats for their Lord High Mightinesses. That made me orf'cer bhoy would with indignation.

"'Soft an' aisy, sorr,' sez I; 'you've niver had your draf' in hand since you left cantonmints. Wait till the night an' your work will be ready to you. Wid your permission, sorr, I will investigate the camp an' talk to my ould frinds. 'Tis no manner av use thryin' to shtop the divilmint now.'

"Wid that I wint out into the camp an' inthrojuced mysilf to ivry man sober enough to remimber me. I was some wan in the ould days, an' the bhoys was glad to see me—all excipt Peg Barney, wid a eye like a tomata five days in the bazar, an' a nose to correspon'. They come round me an' shuk me, an' I tould thim I was in privit employ, wid an income av me own an' a drrawin' room fit to bate the Quane's; an' wid me lies an' shtories an' nonsinse gin'rally I kept 'em quiet, in wan way an' another, knockin' round the camp. 'Twas bad even thin whin I was the Angil of Peace.

"I talked to me old non-coms—they was sober—an' betune me an' them we wore the draf' over into their tents at the proper time. The little orf'eer bhoy he comes round, decint an' civil spoken as might be.

"'Rough quarters, men,' sez he, 'but you can't look to be as comfortable as in barracks. We must make the best av things. I've shut my eyes to a daie av dog's tricks to-day, an' now there must be no more av it.'

"'No more we will. Come an' have a dhrink, me son,' sez Peg Barney, staggerin' where he stud. Me little orf'cer bhoy kep his timper.

"'You're a sulky swine, you are,' sez Peg Barney, an' at that the men in the tent began to laugh.

"I told you me orf'cer bhoy had bowils. He cut Peg Barney as near as might be on the oi that I'd squashed whin we first met. Peg went spinnin' acrost the tent.

"'Peg him out, sorr,' sez I, in a whisper.

"'Peg him out!' sez me orf'cer bhoy, up loud, just as if 'twas battalion p'rade an' he pickin' his wurrds from the Sargint.

"The non-coms tuk Peg Barney—a howlin' handful he was—an' in three minutes he was pegged out—chin down, tight dhrawn—on his stummick, a peg to each arm an' leg, swearin' fit to turn a naygur white.

"I tuk a peg an' jammed ut into his ugly jaw. 'Bite on that, Peg Barney,' I sez; 'the night is settin' frosty, an' you'll be wantin' divarsion before the mornin'. But for the rig'lations you'd be bitin' on a bullet now at the thriangles, Peg Barney,' sez I.

"All the draf' was out av their tents watchin' Barney being pegged.

"'Tis agin the rig'lations. He strook him!' screeches out Scrub Greene, who was always a lawyer, an' some of the men tuk up the shoutin'.

"'Peg out that man!' sez me orf'cer bhoy, niver losin' his timper; an' the non-coms wint in an' pegged out Scrub Greene by the side av Peg Barney.

"I cud see that the draf' was comin' roun'. The men stud not knowin' fwhat to do.

"'Get to your tents!' sez me orf'cer bhoy. 'Sargint, put a sintry over these two men.'

"The men went back into the tents like jackals, an' the rest av the night there was no noise at all excipt the stip av the sintry over the two, an' Scrub Greene blubberin' like a child. 'Twas a chilly night, an' faith, ut sobered Peg Barney.

"Just before revelly, me orf'cer bhoy comes out an' sez, 'Loose those men an' send thim to their tents!' Scrub Greene wint away without a word, but Peg Barney, stiff wid the cowld, stud like a sheep, thryin' to make his orf'cer understhand he was sorry for playin' the goat.

"There was no tucker in the draf' whin ut fell in for the march, an' divil a wurrd about 'illegality' cud I hear.

"I wint to the ould Color Sargent and I sez, 'Let me die in glory,' sez I. 'I've seen a man this day!'

"'A man he is,' sez ould Hother, 'the draf's as sick as a herrin'. They'll all go down to the sea like lambs. That boy has the bowils av a cantonmint av Ginerals.'

"'Amin,' sez I, 'an' good luck go wid him, wheriver he be, by land or by sea. Let me know how the draf' gets clear.'

"An' do you know how they did? That bhoy, so I was tould by letter from Bombay, bullydammed 'em down to the dock, till they cudn't call their sowls their own. From the time they left me oi till they was 'tween decks, not wan av thim was more than dacintly dhrunk. An' by the Holy Articles av War, whin they wint aboard they cheered him till they cudn't spake, and that, mark you, has not come about wid a draf' in the mim'ry av livin' man! You look to that little orf'cer bhoy. He has bowils. 'Tis not ivery child that wud chuck the rig'lations to Flanders an' stretch Peg Barney on a wink from a broken an' dilapidated ould carkiss like meself. I'd be proud to serve—"

"Terrence, you're a civilian," said Dinah Shadd, warningly.

"So I am—so I am. Is ut likely I wud forgit ut? But he wuz a gran' bhoy all the same, an' I'm only a mudtipper wid a hod on my shoulthers. The whisky's in the heel av your hand, sorr. Wid your good lave we'll dhrink to the Ould Rig'ment—three fingers—standin' up!"

And we drank.

JOE'S BIRTHDAY.

Well, now, Samanthy, how is things a-going on in here?
Hev you got all the traps you want? I said I didn't keer
How much you laid out for this onct, jes' so that all was nice;
To get them things that Joe likes best I'd pay mos' any price.

Well, I do vum, Samanthy, dear, I call this here a spread;
Jes' look at all the things you've got! I do declare my head
Goes spinnin' roun' jes' like a top to look at all this fixin'.
My, what a time you must hev hed a-bakin' and a-mixin'!

Won't Joe be wonderfully surprised when he comes home to-night
And we fetch him here, without a word, to see this purty sight!
It'll make him weak about the legs; I'm sure that he'll set down
And he'll get as white as a feller can whose face is purty brown.

I think he'll ketch his breath awhile, then say, "Why, dad, what's this?"
And then, Samanthy, dear old gal, I'll tell him, with a kiss,
As how, jes' twenty years ago, one rainy Sunday morn,
In the little room right over this, was him and Jenny born.

Poor Jenny! we'll not talk of her, I know it makes you cry
To think she only lived a year and then laid down to die;
We'll only talk of Joe, our Joe, that's been so good a son,
There ain't a couple in these parts has got so fine a one.

Samanthy, that's the whitest bread I ever seen you bake,
This chicken salad's mighty fine, and as fer this here cake
I'm mos' afraid to look at it fer fear 'twill melt from sight.
Jes' pass them pickles over here—I'd like to take a bite.

I'm sure, Samanthy, if our Joe should live a hundred year
He'll never see no finer feast than what you've got right here.
It's cost us heaps of money, too, and money's purty tight,
But we must strain a pint or two to make Joe's birthday bright.

I feel so bubblin' happy, dear, I'll hev to kiss your face;
I wisht that Joe would hurry home, I long to say the grace.
I fairly itch to take his hand and set him by the table,
And watch him eat and drink and eat as long as he is able!

Hark, wife! there's some one knockin' loud upon our parlor door;
I wonder who in the world it is. I hope they'll go before
Our dear boy Joe comes home. To-night I only want to see
A-settin' round this table here, our Joe and you and me.

Come on, Samanthy; let's go out and see who's at the door.
Good God! what awful thing is this, all spotted up with gore?
O not my son! O not my Joe! O, men, you tell a lie!
My Joe is twenty years to-day! He surely didn't die!

Samanthy! wife! what does this mean? Is Joe dead? Am I mad?
Was he a lyin' cold and still when we was both so glad
A-fixin' and a-plannin' here fer his surprise and joy?
O God! O God! it cannot be! to lose our only boy!

Samanthy, dear, we're left alone, alone upon the earth,
Without our Joe, our brave boy Joe, we'll find life little worth.
Samanthy, take them things away; no feast must now be spread;
Our Joe was twenty year this morn—to-night our Joe is dead!

—*Susie M. Best.*

The dog population of New York is estimated at from 25,000 to 30,000. More than 7,000 were caught and asphyxiated last year.

BIRDS OF PREY.

DIFFERENT SPECIES OF THE AMERICAN HAWK FAMILY.

Not all Chicken Thieves—Some Varieties Real Friends of the Farmer—Their Favorite Food.

[From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The sight or sound of the little word "hawk" usually carries an impression, especially in the country, of a rapacious and relentless bird of prey, a veritable pirate of the air. The common belief seems to be that there is no good in it, and man is justified in taking its life at every opportunity. So firmly rooted is this idea that the hawk's beak and talons are instruments only for evil, that Pennsylvania paid out something like $50,000 in less than two years in bounties for its head as that of a creature whose existence was a damage to the State. An equally strong antipathy against it prevails in other States, although not finding expression in such substantial form, and nothing will start a farmer's boy for the family gun quicker than to see a hawk's graceful sweep over the tops of the near woods. But this feeling comes from a lack of acquaintance with the different varieties of the bird, and confounding of the whole tribe as of the same stripe as the audacious freebooter who carries away poultry from the very back door. Despite their name, there are hawks entitled to kindly consideration for usefulness and deserving of credit for the part they play.

To get at the matter more in detail it may be said at the outset that there are two classes of hawks, the large and the small; the first fly slow and the second fast. Two of the largest species of the American hawks abound in the Eastern States. They are the red-tailed and the red-shouldered, about the same in appearance, but larger. These two kinds are the regularly dubbed "henhawks," although not at all as black as painted, as their chief diet is made up of snakes, frogs and mice. In an official investigation by the Agricultural Department at Washington to determine this question, over 1,000 hawks' nests were examined, and in those of these two species hardly a trace of poultry or any bird was found. It can hardly be supposed, however, that either would give a chicken the go-by if unable to find other food. It is only claimed in their behalf that frogs and mice are their favorites.

The rough-legged hawk is another large species found principally in New England and the Middle States. He is also frequently called a "hen-hawk," and being a fierce-looking fellow with heavy hooked bill and ugly claws, is shot on sight. But notwithstanding his size and strength he is equipped for no more daring raid than an attack on a defenseless frog or snake, or the slaying of meadow mice. Of the last this hawk consumes a great number, while he rarely touches poultry or birds at all.

The goshawk, or as called in the upper States of New England, the "blue henhawk," is an altogether different kind of a bird, and the better disposed have it to thank for much of the opprobium they are called upon to bear. Of slender form, the goshawk is from 20 to 24 inches in length. It is bluish slate-color above; below, white, crossed with many zig-zag slate-colored lines. It is a bird that loves the woods, and is oftener met in the shade of the dense pine and spruce woods than any other hawk. For strength and bravery, this hawk is not surpassed by any bird of prey. It feeds upon ducks, pigeons, hares, grouse and poultry. It is the type of a true hunting falcon, flying rapidly a few feet above the ground, and descendig with a swift rush on the luckless prey detected by its sharp eyes. It is daring to rashness, and unlucky is the farmer whose poultry-yard becomes familiar ground to one of these hawks. Almost before the frightened fowls have had time to sound the alarm, it has selected and seized its victim. A species in Europe much like it is used for hunting, and is known as a falcon. The custom is now obsolete.

The duck-hawk is also called a peregrine falcon. It is not a common bird and prefers the banks of streams and seashore to inland country. It is like the goshawk in being dark blue above with white below, barred with black. It is a snugger-built bird than the goshawk, and is smaller, being only about seventeen inches long. Unlike most other hawks, it rarely or ever builds in trees, but places its nest on lonely and inaccessible ledges in the mountains or on cliffs by the sea. Though smaller than the preceding, the duck-hawk is in no wise inferior to it in prowess and strength of wing. It attacks any bird that is not larger than a mallard duck.

The broad-winged hawk is smaller than any yet mentioned, but will pass for a sizeable bird, it measuring about fifteen inches from tip of bill to end of tail. The female is the larger by several inches, but this is a rule among birds of prey. This hawk prefers snakes, frogs, toads and big night moths to any other food, having to be very hungry before they will molest any form of bird life.

The marsh hawk has broad wings, slim body and long tail. It skims meadows and fields for mice, squirrels and little forms of life, with an occasional sparrow when there is nothing else, but no poultry.

Coming down to the still smaller kinds the cooper's and sharp-shinned hawks are the most important. The male cooper's hawk will measure about 17 inches long and the female twenty. The sharp-shinned are some five inches under this. But their size does not debar them from being among the leaders for speed, courage and daring. Both are familiarly called "chicken hawks," and they are rascals in every sense. So bold are both kinds that they take a chicken from the very feet of a farmer.

The pigeon-hawk is a handsome bird, of about a pigeon's size, and is good company for the two last. It is too small to trouble poultry, except young chickens.

The sparrow-hawk is the smallest and most abundant, and is a real help to the farmer, its food being grasshoppers. When it cannot get these it turns to mice and small birds. When caught young it is easily tamed, and becomes a great pet. The swainson hawk is another that subsists almost entirely on grasshoppers. The swallow-tailed kite, the most graceful of all hawks, is a bird of sunny skies. It feeds large upon snakes. When it has seized one it mounts high in the air, and then, as it floats in graceful circles, it leisurely devours its prey. This hawk is fond of wasps' larvæ, and adroitly picks off the wasps' nests from the branches where suspended.

GAMBLING IN THE ARMY.

Noble Views Lately Expressed by General McCook.

A special correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, writing from Excelsior Springs, says:

While preparations were being made for the State Camp of Instruction which has just been brought to a close, General Alex. McD. McCook, with some of his officers, was here picking out the line for the occupation of the United States troops. Some very interesting conversations were had with General McCook on the improvements that have taken place in army manners within the last few years. He is one of that old style of officers who always regard their subalterns in the light of sons, over whose welfare watch must be kept. Meeting him one evening on the veranda of The Elms the conversation drifted to the subject of gambling, owing to an allusion to poker. The General—he had not then received notice of his promotion—inquired about the welfare of an old St. Louis friend, a lawyer, in whom he takes a great interest.

"Oh," answered the General's interlocutor, "he is doing very well in practice, but still keeps up the old delusion that he can play poker."

"Then he is a dod blamed fool." The real expression was a little stronger than this. "Any man who plays poker is either a fool, a blackguard or a thief."

"But, General, army officers play poker."

"Not at Fort Leavenworth, sir. Not a dollar in money or value is played for at Fort Leavenworth from one year to another, and none has been played for at that post for several years past. Walk with me to the spring and I'll tell you my views on the question."

The walk commenced. General McCook started on what is to him, evidently, a favorite subject. "I have seen in my long army life," said he, "the most promising careers wrecked by this gambling mania. I have sat up nights with comrades who would play, simply to protect them. Before I had authority to check the vice I have seen things that made me bleed for the real sufferers—the wives, the children and other relatives, whose welfare was being thrown into the gambling pot. I never played for a dollar myself, though I know all card games, and I never saw a dollar played for except where I was trying to protect a comrade. I always say to a young officer who comes to my post at Leavenworth, if he shows the slightest inclination to gambling, that he must make his choice between quitting or being considered either a fool, a thief or a blackguard, and to-day at Leavenworth, out of the eighty-five officers there, most of them attending the School of Military Application, there is not one who plays cards for money. I wouldn't permit it."

The statement was so astounding, especially in view of what has notoriously been the case at some army posts in years recently past, that it was impossible to suppress an exclamation that sounded like incredulity.

"Is this so at all posts?" was asked.

"I believe not at all, but it is so at Leavenworth. Just see what gambling at an army post means. A young officer, probably married, in the excitement of a game, and carried away by the hardihood which a soldier always feels as one of his principal virtues, loses a month's pay. Who suffers for it? Necessarily his family. But he thinks he can win it back, with more added. Then who suffers? The other fellow's family. Think of this see-saw business of coveting your friend's money and gaining what you have not earned, and see how it breaks up comradeship. See, too, how the gambling spirit leads to dishonor. Lieutenant A. has lost a month's pay to Captain B., or vice versa, and the loser for the time being is waiting for an opportunity to 'get even.' If the loser catches the winner in a reckless mood, perhaps a little 'tiresome' from the very triumph of his gambling success, then comes the time to 'get even.' That means playing the blackguard, taking advantage of a comrade's weakness. Later on it will seem a simple thing to manipulate the cards, or at least learn some special points about them that are not known by the adversary. That means thief written in big, black letters. And all gambling between officers means destruction of that true comradeship which should enable the soldier to place the most implicit reliance on his brother in arms. Thank God the whole thing is dying out in the United States army."

"In the whole army?"

"Yes, in the whole army. I may say now, without fearing successful contradiction, that where we had ten gamblers in the whole United States army a few years ago, we have not one to-day, and the few that there are are only to be found in some outlying posts or in the East. There may be some at Riley, but, on the whole, the disease is practically cured in the army."

"How about drinking?"

"I said just now that there is not one gambler in the army where there used to be ten. I will add that among army officers there is not one drunkard where there used to be a hundred."

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To brighten metals. To scour bath-tubs. To scour kettles.
EVERYBODY USES IT.
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An Appeal to Mothers and Fathers.

THE SALOON KEEPERS AND LIQUOR dealers of Sacramento, not satisfied with ruining our boys and decoying into paths of sin and shame our daughters by their "ladies' (?) entrances," have brought to bear their influence against one of our faithful co-workers, E. M. Leitch (truckman), whose only offense is his active efforts to suppress gambling and other vices in our midst. A petition has been presented by the liquor interests asking for the discharge of Mr. Leitch from the employ of the Sacramento Flouring Mills (also known as the McCreary's Mills) as drayman, because of his participation in the reform measures indicated. Yielding to this arrogant demand, Mr. Leitch has been dismissed from the employ of the above-named firm and a man favorable to the saloon put in his place.

Shall we, without protest, submit to the power of the dive, the saloon and the not less dangerous corner grocery, whose aim has been to debauch our homes, to control our politics and now seeks to drive American citizens from honest and honorable employments?

If we submit to this, the end is not yet. Let us say to Mr. McCreary and his grocery-saloon friends: Make your flour, and employ whom you will to haul it, but it shall not come into our homes nor will we patronize those that deal it. Signed

au9-6t* HOUSEWIVES OF SACRAMENTO.

THE OTHER SIDE.

EDS. RECORD-UNION: We notice in your paper of the 11th a card signed "Housewives of Sacramento," in which it is stated that a petition was presented to the undersigned (C. McCreary & Co.) by "the liquor interests," as they express it, asking for the discharge of E. M. Leitch from our employ as drayman on account of his "prohibition" principles. We wish to say to anyone who may be interested in this matter, that no petition, remonstrance, request or complaint of any kind whatsoever, from any person, grocer or liquor man, has EVER been presented to us. The cause of our change of drayman is a matter that would not interest the public, as it has nothing to do with Mr. Leitch's opinions or convictions for or against "prohibition." Our life-long residence in Sacramento, and our business reputation, should be sufficient guarantee to the public that we would not do an injustice to anyone, nor do we think that the sale and high standing of our family flour, the quality of which has never been questioned, can now be injured by the representation of a discharged employe. C. McCREARY & CO.,

au12 6t Sacramento Flour Mills.

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