

MULVANEY STORIES

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Mulvaney stories by Rudyard Kipling

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RUDYARD KIPLING

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STORIES**



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A decorative border of stylized grapevines with leaves and clusters of grapes surrounds the text. Two large, five-petaled flowers are positioned at the top corners of the border.

MULVANEY
STORIES

RUDYARD
KIPLING

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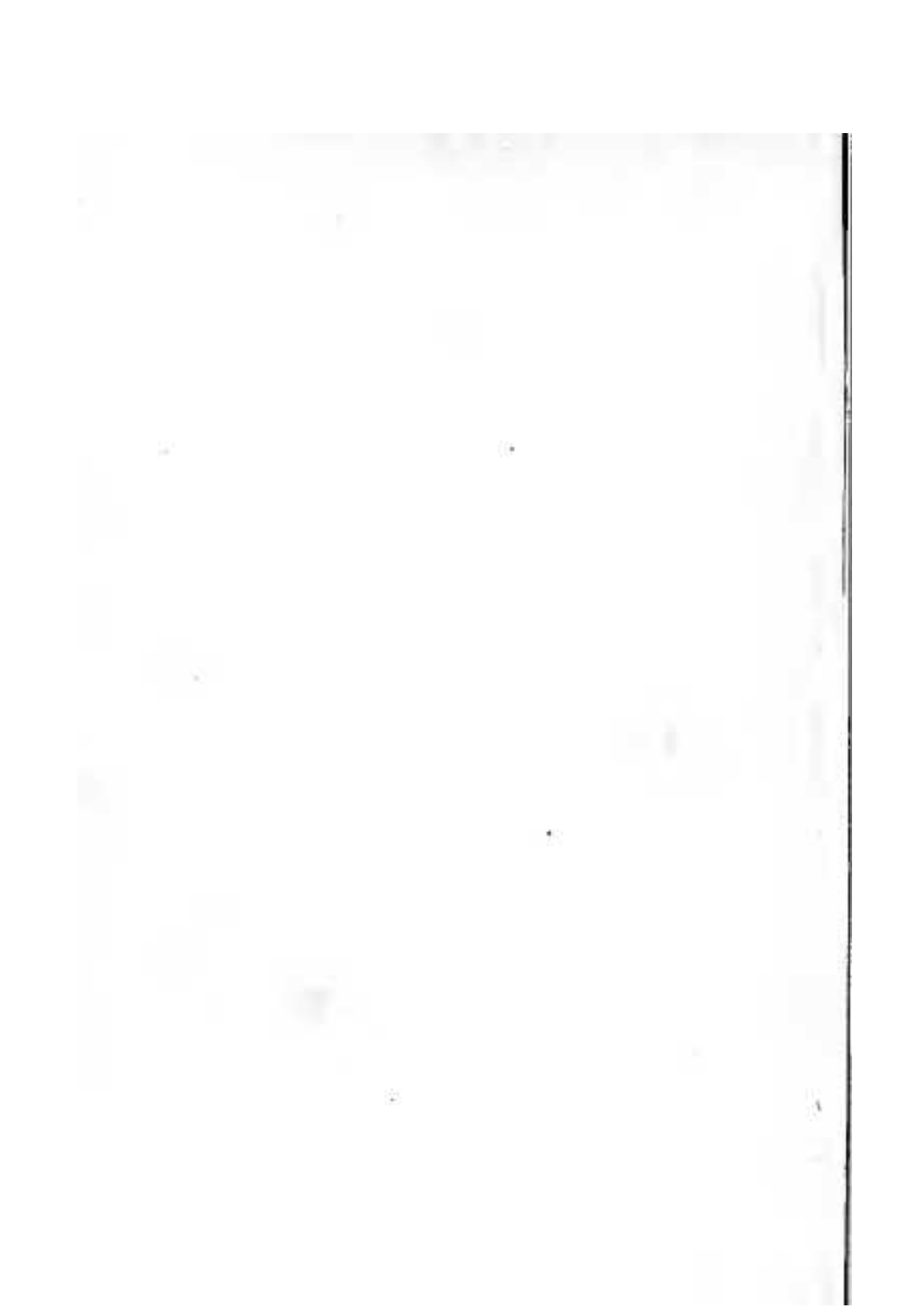
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THE THREE MUSKETEERS.

An' when the war began, we chased the bold Afghan,
An' we made the bloomin' Ghazi for to flee, boys O!
An' we marched into *Kabel*, and we tuk the Balar
'Issar,

An' we taught 'em to respec' the British Soldier.

Barrock Room Ballad.

MULVANEY, Ortheris and Learoyd are privates in B Company of a line regiment, and personal friends of mine. Collectively, I think, but am not certain, they are the worst men in the regiment so far as genial black-guardism goes.

They told me this story, the other day, in the Umballa refreshment-room while we were waiting for an up-train. I supplied the beer. The tale was cheap at a gallon and a half.

Of course you know Lord Benira Trig. He is a duke, or an earl, or something unofficial; also a peer; also a globe-trotter. On all three counts, as Ortheris says, "'e didn't deserve no consideration." He was out here for three months collecting materials for a book on "Our Eastern Impedimenta," and quartering himself upon everybody, like a Cossack in evening-dress.

His particular vice—because he was a Radical, I suppose—was having garrisons

turned out for his inspection. He would then dine with the officer commanding, and insult him, across the mess-table, about the appearance of the troops. That was Benira's way.

He turned out troops once too often. He came to Helanthami Cantonment on a Tuesday. He wished to go shopping in the bazaars on Wednesday, and he "desired" the troops to be turned out on a Thursday. On—a Thursday! The officer commanding could not well refuse; for Benira was a lord. There was an indignation meeting of subalterns in the mess-room to call the colonel pet names.

"But the rale dimonsthrashin," says Mulvaney, "was in B Comp'ny barrick; we three headin' it."

Mulvaney climbed on to the refreshment-bar, settled himself comfortably by the beer, and went on: "Whin the row was at ut's foinest an' B Comp'ny was fur goin' out to murthur this man Thrigg on the p'radegroun', Learoyd here takes up his helmet an' sez—fwhat was ut ye said?"

"Ah said," said Learoyd, "gie us t' brass. Tak oop a subscripshun, lads, for to put off t' p'rade, an' if t' p'rade's not put off, ah'll gie t' brass back agean. That's wot ah said. All B Coomp'ny knawed me. Ah took oop a big subscripshun—fower rupees eight annas 'twas—an' ah went oot to turn t' job over. Mulvaney an' Orth'ris coom with me."