

dinner that evening both anglers were to bare their backs and go outside their tent and lie down on the grass. Smoking was allowed, but the first man to move a hand to brush off a mosquito would lose the bet, the referee being the Colonel's valet.

At eight o'clock both gentlemen stripped to the waist, and stepping outside the tent lay down side by side, both puffing vigorously at their Havanas. The mosquitoes were there in swarms that night, and the two well-fed backs were a feast they were not slow in alighting upon. Both victims commenced to wriggle and squirm, but the conditions of the match prevented the use of the hands and so no relief was possible from that quarter. The attacks at last became so persistent that the Colonel began to weaken and regretted having badgered his friend into the game. At last the Colonel, unable to stand the pressure, slyly taking his cigar from his lips, gently pressed the lighted end on the Major's back. With a yell that might have been heard acres away the Major jumped to his feet shouting: "Colonel, the bet is off; gallinippers are barred, mosquitoes only were to count." Both gentlemen returned to the tent, and the valet was kept busy applying a soothing lotion to their backs.

It was not until the pain of the scars had been relieved that the Colonel admitted the trick he had played. The wine, of course, was supplied by the perpetrator of the joke, and many a laugh was indulged in in after days by the Colonel and his friends over the gallinipper episode.