

camp who wanted his meat served on a hot plate, and would raise Old Harry if his steak was not broiled to a turn. Fellows whose appetites depend on fancy fixings are a nuisance to everybody around them, and the only way to ensure the comfort of a party is to fire such a grumbler out of the camp in summary fashion. I remember once having a chap unloaded on me on a week's fishing trip that was the crossdest-grained, warped and twisted, donhle-dyed-in-the-wool grumbler that ever hnrdened the earth with his presence.

He wanted more waiting on than any full-fledged French daneing master, and they are hard to overcome. He could grumble more and smile less than any sinner I have met in forty years. The first day in camp he was d——d by the guests, and the second day the party were prepared to take desperate chances to be rid of him, and I was voted an embossed leather medal if I could drive him out. I managed it in the following fashion: The bore had casnally dropped the remark that he was terribly frightened of snakes. Luckily for our peace of mind, I had that morning killed a big black water snake about four feet long, and I determined to use his mangled remains as the exterminating agent. That evening I hid it under the bed of cedar bonghs on which the intruder slept, and soon after the party had retired I started telling the most horrible snake stories it was possible for the human mind to conceive. I soon had the bore in such a state that he insisted on searching the tent to ascertain if any snakes had crept in out of the cold. My friends, whom I had previously posted, pretended to dissuade him, but finally, to ease his mind, consented to humor him. We, of course, began at the part of the tent most distant from the concealed reptile, but gradually turning over the blankets and removing our valises, we worked our way round to the corner occupied by the crank. Slowly and carefully we removed the covering from the cedar bonghs and as the waterproof blanket was lifted, there, snre enough, was the protruding head of a big snake. Great Scott! I'll never forget the yell that echoed in that tent.