

## By Shore and Camp Fire.



WE had talked it over for fully a fortnight; we had planned and discussed every possible and impossible method of making it a success, until (as we supposed) we had every thing arranged for in the best manner; we had made out price-lists of the grub we would need, and of the ammunition we would consume; we had not even forgotten the wherewithal to dress, and make eatable meals of, the birds that we fondly hoped were to fall victims to our prowess.

At length the great day dawned. Bob, he is one of us you know,—there were three of us in it altogether,—Bob, Jack and I,—labored under the strange delusion that he knew more about how to do and attend to matters in general than any one else and this seemed to be Jack's prevailing idea regarding himself. Now I'm a modest sort of a fellow, myself, and generally keep in the background, but I believe in asserting my rights. I have no hesitation in saying that it was entirely owing to my management that we ever got started at all, and I said so. Instead of being grateful, and acknowledging the deep debt of gratitude they owed me for having helped them through with their arrangements they actually scoffed at me and suggested that I should go and see a doctor. They seemed to think there was something wrong with me mentally. Jack said: "Look here George, old boy," (that's me) "If you're not feeling well you know, you'd better give up thinking altogether. It's not right to tax your brain too much, and looking at me doing all the work has been too much for you. Don't get laid up before we start." I retorted in kind: "Jack," I said "If I were possessed of the same amount of energy as you are I'd rent myself out as a subject for hypnotic experiments, where I'd only have to be