

then he makes a hole in an old shell, long ago turned into stone. He will spend two days on such a shell as this!

Do the shell-fish all feed on other shell-fish? Oh, no. Some of them live on sea-weed. Some of them live by fishing. They catch, from the water, small bits of food, as small as grains of sand. The shell-fish that live on sea-weed have a long, slim tongue. It is like a tiny strap. The teeth are set on it, three or four in a row, like the points of pins. As the teeth wear out from work on the tough weed, more grow.

These shell-fish walk along on their one big foot. First one side of the foot spreads out, and then the other. That pulls them along. Is it not very slow work? But what of that? All they have to do is to move about and find food. They can take all day for it. They have no house to build and no clothes to make. They creep along to a good bed of sea-weed. Then they put out the fine, file-like tongue.

It cuts off flakes of sea-weed for them to eat. They are never tired of that one kind of food. They can climb up the rocks, then go back to their rock when they have had all they want to eat.

The world of the sea is as full of life as the world of the land.

HIS HARD LUCK.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

He entered the train and dropped into the last seat of the last car and began looking vacantly out of the window. He was lost to the world and utterly oblivious to the shrill screech of the candy vender and the pathetic solicitations of the boy who passed through with the papers and magazines. Finally he said to himself: "I don't believe there is another man in the country that has the hard luck I have."

"Has anything happened?" asked a sympathetic man with white whiskers.

"Well, yes," replied the man of hard luck, "and something seems to be a-happening all the time to upset my peace of mind and drive me pretty near wild."

"Life is made up principally of disappointments," replied the old gentleman with whiskers, consolingly, "and we are all doomed to more or less ill luck. Now, would you mind giving me a few samples of the unhappy things that are continually befalling you?"

"I will with pleasure," said the man of hard luck, glad to unbosom himself to a sympathetic auditor. "Now, once I bought a piece of land. On one side of the way the ground was high and dry, and offered at \$20 per foot. On the opposite side the ground was low, and in some parts damp. The price was \$10 per foot. I bought the latter, from motives of economy, and after my house was finished it cost \$1,000 for grading and filling in the swamp and making a drain to carry the occasional pond out of the cellar; so I really paid as much for the swamp as I could have got the high and dry ground for."

"That was a great misfortune!" replied the old gentleman with white whiskers; "but almost every inexperienced person comes to grief when launching out, in the purchase of real estate."

"I know," said the man of hard luck, "but I can have a great misfortune in buying a pair of boots as another man could experience in building a castle. If I should buy six pairs of boots at a reduced rate, it would be just my luck to lose both legs in a railroad collision. Why, not long ago I bought a dozen shirts, and, what do you think, a swelling came on my neck which I was told was

a goitre. The neck bands were about two inches too short to take in the goitre, and I gave all my shirts and collars to a brother-in-law who was going to China. In a week the goitre turned out to be a plain carbuncle, which went away when lanced, and then I had to whistle for my shirts. Once, when I suddenly became very stout, I laid in a new supply of clothing and gave my old stock away. I was then taken sick and reduced to my old weight, in which condition I remained for several years, and this necessitated the purchase of another outfit just the dimension of the one first given away."

"The total depravity of inanimate things is indeed wonderful," said the white whiskered man with a smile.

"I don't blame you for smiling," muttered the man of hard luck, "because all my trouble is of a kind that excites merriment. Once I bought a number of pigs on speculation. They had been increasing in weight ever since the day of their birth up to the time I got them. Although I fed them on the best corn to be had for money and took the best care of them, they all got fever and ague something that never prostrated any other pigs before or since -- and inside of a month they shook all their flesh off and looked like a lot of greyhounds; the thinner they got the more their appetites increased, and as I supposed they were fighting their thinness to gain flesh, I, of course, poured the corn into them with a lavish hand. My idea was to fatten them up to a certain weight, if possible, and kill them on the spot before they could fade away into oblivion like so many ten-dollar silk umbrellas. But it was no go, they kept fading and fading away, until finally they got so thin that they slipped between the slats of the pen, and a few days later we found their skeletons in the woods and a flock of crows cawing in disgust as not being able to get a boarding-house luncheon off them."

"You have certainly had some very queer experiences," remarked the white-whiskered gentleman, "and the element of humor in some of them is quite delightful. It really seems strange that such queer combinations could be -- indeed they are stranger than anything we could invent."

"Indeed they are," replied the man of hard luck. "It just seems to beat everything how circumstances will step in and thwart you, and make you sick from the hat to the boot heels. Now once I had a pass to see a man hung. I paid \$25 for the pass, and determined that I would make up for the cost of the luxury by going without pie for the winter and watermelons for the summer. I was waiting for the event just as a small boy waits for the day of the circus. Finally the joyous morning arrived and I arose at 5 o'clock and went to the jail without any breakfast, and what do you think? Only ten minutes before I arrived the authorities received a telegram saying that the Governor had commuted the sentence of the condemned to imprisonment for life, and then I had the \$25 pass that wasn't worth a cent."

Here the man of hard luck was so overcome that he could not continue the story of the sad circumstances of his missing the execution. The conductor finally stepped up and took his ticket and said:

"This train doesn't stop at Frog Pond!"

"It doesn't?"

"No; you will have to go to Raccoon Corners and then come back."

"How far is Raccoon Corners beyond Frog Pond?" asked the man of hard luck.

"Twenty-four miles!" replied the conductor.

"Just my luck again," said the man of hard luck placidly. "Got to go twenty-four miles past my destination and lose four hours' time, and pay my fare back! Just my luck! Believe that if I undertook to cultivate water-cress the brook would go and dry up on me!"