

"Well, if I does a good day's work, my wages mounts up to three or four dollars."

"That's not much," declared Fred, pursuing his suspended operations.

"He means that he and I get more for doing nothing," explained Harry, laughing and placidly smoothing one of his heaps. At that instant Fred sent up such a cloud of sand from the pit that his brother remonstrated:

"Look here!" cried he, "you stop that! You're getting my clothes all over sand!"

"Your *clothes!*" repeated Fred, scornfully, "as if any fellow cares about his clothes."

"Well, you stop, anyway!" retorted Harry, "I'll get some of that stuff in my eye first thing you know, and if I do, I'll fill up that hole and throw the sand in on top of you."

"I'd like to see you," growled Fred from the depths, "and I'm not going to stop digging till I get this thing done."

He sent his fierce shovelfuls, however, prudently in another direction after that, for he knew by experience that once his