

lessly demolish. Such futility, as they readily granted, however, was excusable in boys who had only come to the seashore for the summer, and who were fresh from college.

Fred pursued the occupation with an anxious, worried expression upon his countenance, as if it were really an important undertaking. He had already dug his way deep down, forming an excavation. Harry, on the contrary, removed the sand from deliberately planned passages, arranging it in neat piles, which he flattened into shape with his shovel, producing smooth hillocks. Fred sent the same sand flying furiously in every direction and dug and dug, as if precious moments were speeding, and he was digging a path to freedom from a dungeon.

"Golly, but you kin dig fast!" cried Paddy, who had been watching his friend's progress with admiring eyes. "I wish I could dig as fast, up there to Brown's." He pointed as he spoke to a large dwelling on the cliff, "Kase I gits paid by what I does."

"Do you?" asked Fred, momentarily suspending his arduous labors; "how much do you get?"