

Tommy made no reply to his heartless remarks, and in a few minutes the dog ceased to move. When assured that it was quite dead, Donald cut it down and let it fall heavily to the ground. Its eyes starting wildly from its head were already glazing, but there was something in its appearance, with the piece of wood still fastened to its tail and its stiff legs sprawling upwards so gratifying to his sense of the ridiculous, that he burst into a loud laugh. Tommy, who had watched him in indignant silence, but with an agonized expression of countenance, now removed the stick and string, and gathering his dead pet to his bosom burst into a passion of tears.

"Oh! Button! poor little fellow," he cried, kissing it and caressing it, weeping all the while as if his heart would break.

The young gentleman in nowise abashed by the sight of all the distress he had occasioned, called out—