

"We shall see," the other replied, with cruel composure, and having completed everything to his satisfaction, he proceeded to hang the squirming animal to one of the lower limbs of the trees, but high up out of Tommy's reach.

"Oh ! don't hang him, Mr. Donald, please don't hang him, and I'll give him to you if you won't kill him. I will ! Do take Button down, and I won't never be sassy to you agin !"

The child made this appeal in piteous accents, with clasped hands, and tears running over his sun-burnt cheeks, but it made no impression on the feelings of his tormentor who watched Button's struggles with indifference, and took a fiendish delight in drawing Tommy's attention to them.

"Look how he kicks," he would say, "he dies hard. I wonder which hurts worst, the stick on his tail or the cord round his neck."