

The young man's face grew livid with passion, and springing forward he caught the dog before Tommy, saying, hoarsely,

"I'll pay you and your precious cur both, for that!"

He put the dog's head under his arm to stifle its cries, and then taking a stout piece of cord out of his pocket deliberately formed it into a noose, and proceeded to put it around his neck.

Tommy stood by watching his operations with a trembling heart for the safety of his dog.

"What are you goin' to do with him?" he asked, in a trembling voice.

"I'm going to show you that brats like you can't insult a gentleman with impunity. I'll just give Master Button a swing in the fresh air this morning for the good of his health."

"You ain't a goin' to hang him, be you?" Tommy questioned with a blanching face.