

than Tommy's head, coming down to the ground so firmly that it made him grunt.

This amusement continued until a voice behind them startled both by saying,

"That's a pretty smart dog you have there!"

Tommy turned to take a look at the intruder, and saw a youth well-dressed and handsome; apparently about eighteen years of age. He held in his hand a short thick fragment of tough wood, which he had been whittling as he walked along.

"I guess he is," said Tommy, better pleased with his remark than if it had been applied to himself. "He's nigh onto about the smartest dog round these parts."

"How much will you take for him?"

"I could'nt think of sellin' him nohow," said Tommy, for Button was the pride and darling of his heart.

"Will you take a dollar for him?"

"No! I won't sell him!"