

with which he regarded the pretty flushed face before him was very different from that with which he watched the dying struggles of poor Button a few moments before. He was going to lead his cousin away from the place which had grown distasteful to him, when she noticed for the first time Tommy, who still sat in an attitude of dejection, with the dead dog clasped to his breast.

This was just what Donald wished to avert, for he well knew what his cousin's opinion of his conduct would be. Every one loved Bertha Eswald. At school she was universally known by the name of "Bertha the good;" and Donald Wilson would rather have fallen in the estimation of every friend he possessed, than to merit the censure of his cousin Bertha.

"What ails that little boy?" Bertha asked; "he seems to be in great distress."

Donald muttered something about "a whimpering brat," and would have gone on,