

joyed themselves highly for a long time. But at last arose one of those trifling disputes, in which little boys are apt to indulge. Pretty soon there were angry words, then (oh, how sorry I am to say it!) Tom's wicked passion got the mastery of him, and he beat little Dick very severely. Tiger, who must have been ashamed of his master, pulled hard at his coat, and whined piteously, but all in vain.

At last Tom stopped, from mere exhaustion.

"There, now," he cried, "which is right—you or I?"

"I am," sobbed Dick, "and you tell a lie."

Tom's face flushed crimson, and darting upon Dick, he gave him a sudden push.

Alas! he was too near the open door. Dick screamed, threw up his arms, and in a moment was gone! Tom's heart stood still, and an icy chill crept over him from head to foot. At first he could not stir; then—he never knew how he got there—but he found himself standing beside his little friend. Some men were raising him carefully from the hard sidewalk.

"Is he dead?" almost screamed Tom.

"No," replied one, "we hope not. How did he fall?"

"He didn't fall," groaned Tom, who never could be so mean as to tell a lie. "I pushed him out."

"You pushed him, you wicked boy," cried a rough voice. "Do you know you ought to be sent to jail, and if he dies may be you'll be hung."

Tom grew as white as Dick, whom he had followed into the store, and he heard all that passed as if in a dream.

"Is he badly hurt?" cried some one.

"Only his hands," was the answer. "The rope saved him. He caught hold of the rope, and slipped down; but his hands are dreadfully torn; he has fainted from pain."

*(To be continued.)*

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