

"Mrs. Casey," cried Tom eagerly, "I will do everything that Dick did. I will sell the potatoes and beans, and will even drive Mr. Brown's cows to pasture."

Mrs. Casey shook her head incredulously, but Tom bravely kept his word. For the next few weeks Tom was at his post bright and early, and the garden was never kept in better order. And every morning Tiger and Tom stood faithfully in the market place with their baskets, and never gave up, no matter how warm the day, till the last vegetable was sold, and the money placed faithfully in Mrs. Casey's hand.

Tom's father often passed through the market and gave his little son an encouraging smile, but he did not offer to help him out of his difficulty, for he knew if Tom struggled on alone, it would be a lesson he would never forget. Already he was becoming so gentle and patient, that every one noticed the change, and his mother rejoiced over the sweet fruits of his repentance and self-sacrifice.

After a few weeks the bandages were removed from Dick's hands, but they had been unskilfully treated, and were drawn up in a very strange shape. Mrs. Casey would not conceal her grief. "He will never be the help he was before," she said to Tom; "he will never be like other boys, and he wrote such a fine hand, and now he can no more make a letter than that little chicken in the garden."

"If he only had a great city doctor," said a neighbor, "he might have been all right. Even now his fingers might be helped if you took him to New York."

"Oh, I am too poor, too poor," said she, and Dick burst into tears.

Tom could not bear it, and again rushed into the woods to think what could be done for he had already given them all his quarter's allowance. All at once a thought flashed into his head, and he started as if he had been shot. Then he cried in great distress.

"No, no, anything but that, I can't do that!"

Tiger gently licked his hands, and watched him with great concern. Now came a great struggle. Tom rocked backwards and forwards, and although he was a proud boy, he sobbed aloud. Tiger whined, licked his face, rushed off in dark corners, and barked savagely at some imaginary enemy, and then came back, and putting his paws on Tom's knees, wagged his tail in anxious sympathy.

At last Tom took his hands from his pale, tear-stained face, and looking into the dog's great honest eyes, he cried with a queer shake in his voice:

"Tiger, old fellow! dear old dog, could you ever forgive me if I sold you?"

Then came another burst of sorrow, and Tom rose hastily, as if afraid to trust himself, and almost ran out of the woods. Over the fields he raced with Tiger close to his heels, nor rested a moment till he stood at Major White's door, nearly two miles away.

"Do you still want Tiger, Sir?"

"Why, yes," said the old man, in great surprise; "but do you want to sell him?"