

CRAZY TIM.

WHAT in the world is that ?—a poor old man, almost bent double, drawing a little wooden horse upon the pavement, and laughing and talking to it as if he were seven years old, instead of seventy ! How white his hair is ; and see—his hat is without a crown, and one of the flaps of his coat is torn off. Now one of the boys has pelted him with a stone, that has brought the blood from his wrinkled cheek ; another asks him “how much he will take for his hat,” while all the rest surround him, shouting, “Old crazy Uncle Tim—old crazy Uncle Tim !”

Come here, boys, won't you ?—and let poor Uncle Tim go home, while I tell you his story.

Uncle Tim used to be the village shoemaker, hammering away at his lap-stone in that little shop with the red eaves, as contentedly as if he owned a kingdom. He always had a pleasant smile and a merry story for his customers, and it was worth twice the money one paid him, to see his sunshiny face and hear his hearty laugh.

But the light of Uncle Tim's eyes was his little daughter Kitty. Kitty was not a beauty. No—her little nose turned right up, like a little dog's ; her hair was neither soft nor curly ; and her little neck and arms were almost as brown as the leather in her father's shop ;—still, everybody loved Kitty, because she had such a warm, good heart, and because she was so kind to her honest old father.

Uncle Tim had no wife. She had been dead many years. I shouldn't wonder if Uncle Tim didn't grieve much, for she was