

whisked like lightning round the curve on the road, and poor little Kitty was crushed to death in an instant !

Jowler wasn't killed—faithful Jowler,—he trotted home to Uncle Tim, who sat singing at his work, and leaped upon him, and whined, and tugged at his coat, till Uncle Tim threw down the blacksmith's boots and followed him, for he knew something must be the matter. Perhaps Kitty had fallen over a stone wall, and lamed her foot—who knew ! So Jowler ran backwards and forwards, barking and whining, till he brought Uncle Tim to the railroad track.

Was that crushed mass of flesh and bone little Kitty ?—his Kitty ?—all he had in the wide earth to love ?

Uncle Tim looked once, and fell upon the earth as senseless as a stone. Ever since he has been quite crazy. All he cares to do is to draw up and down through the road that little wooden horse that Kitty used to play with, hoping to coax her back to him.

Poor old Tim ! Would you throw another stone at him, boys ? Would you hunt the weary old man through the streets like some wild beast ? Would you taunt, and sneer, and shout in his ears, "Old crazy Tim"—"Old crazy Tim" ? Oh, no—no ! Pick a flower and give him, as Kitty used ; take his hand—poor, harmless old man—and walk along with him ; maybe he'll fancy that you are little Kitty, (who knows ?) and smile once more before he dies. Poor Uncle Tim !

