JOE'S DEVOTION.

60

ecial

to the

to call

treets.

ZESI

ffices

s and

H,

TON

relephone

t was a favorite jest upon old Farmer Collingwood's farm to call Joe Hillion Susy's admirer. And Susy, when she heard the half taunting joke, only smiled softly, and at their next meeting only gave Joe a kinder word or sweeter smile.

She was the orphaned daughter of country clergyman, whose sole legacy to her had been the best education his own profound learning enabled him to give her. When she was but a little girl her mother died, and she had been her father's housekeeper, scholar and companion until her 19th birthday, when the Rev. Stephen Coyle was likewise taken from the shild to his last, long rest. The good people of the parish, knowing Susy's advantages for

other ruffian.

study, had put her at the head of the distriet school, and her old home being the parsonage, she had removed her personal sessions and had taken up her abode at Farmer Collingwood's, he having for years "boarded" the schoolma'am.

"boarded" the schoolma'am. It was a merry happy farmer's house-hold where Susy lived. Julie and Mollie Collingwood were strong-armed, blooming damsels, full of coquettish grace, and with loud voices and active habits. Charles and James, the sons, were fine specimers of young farmers, and the old man and his wife were kind-hearted, komely country folk man

She had been out but a little time in She had been out but a little time in her position as instructress to the tow-headed youngsters of Brent Hill when, coming up the road late from school on a summer's afternoon, she heard wailing and greans in one of the cottages where often before she heard the same sound. "Poor Joel" she whispered pitifully. For she knew a deformed idiot was being beaten by a cruel master. But on that afternoon, as she drew near the oot tage, the door suddenly flew open and the idiot limped, howling and speeding as fast as his infirmities allowed, out of the opening, while following him a strong.

opening, while following him a strong, brutal man, half drunk, flourishing an im-

The man, half drunk, flourishing an in-me.se cowhide.
The man, cursing and swearing, held the whip over the cowering, shrinking lad, but when it fell it struck not Joe but Susy, who bent over him, one arm raised, to ward off the blow. Brute as he was, the half-drunken wretch stood aghast when the heavy lash cut across Susy's tender arms and shoulders.
"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said.
"I did not see you was in the way."
"How can you," she cried, her pale cheeks crimson, with womanly indignation —"how can you, a strong man, strike a

here?" "Yes, Joe; I am here."

checks crimson, with womanly indignation - "how can you, a strong man, strike a poor trembling boy like that—a boy whose infirmities should appeal for pretection to any man who was not an arrant coward?" "Well, come now, that's pretty strong," said the man. "Don't I feed and lodge him for what he does, and ain't I got a right to beat him if he does everything wrong? He don't earn his salt, he don't. "Don't keep him then." "I guees you're right. I won't; Joe, you may go to the mischief, but don't come here again." The good people at the farm looked rather astonished when Susy appeared, followed by the stooping, limping figure of the village idiot. But the farmer broked into hearty laughter when she told of her interference and begged a shelter for the boy.

So the idiot found his hard bed on the

for replaced by the cozy barn chamber,

his comprehension. And under this treatment he brightened

And under this treatment he origined a visibly, performing his simple task willingly and well. When winter came Suay herspli altered a suit and overcost of her father's to clothe the boy comfortably for the cold weather, and knit him a soarf, cap and without Sha more meaned him without a

mittens. She never passed him without a word of encouragement, and in his dark-ened life the fair, sweet face stood for a

religion-something to be worshipped-poor Joe's special Providence. He never forgot the falling of the cruel

ferns he knew she loved, baskets of wild cherries or nuts, and an eager offer to lift any obstacle from her path. Aud the good natured, jesting country folks called poor Joe Susy's admirer. But when the winter snows were yet upon the ground there came to Brent Hill a new clergyman, one Cyrus Portman, a pupil of Susy's father when he was a youth

pupil of Susy's father when he was a youth of 19, she a child of 12.

It was quite natural that he should seek

Susy, and the old servant at the parsonage was warm in her praises. He was a wealthy man, having inherited a fortune

So, in the winter evenings, in the spring walks, he lets his heart go out to Susy and gather her image into its deepest recesses, while she, unconscious of her own secret, felt that there was no happiness so pro-found as Cyrus brought by his mere pres-ence. It was a quiet, uneventful courting for six long months, but it bound twe hearts firmly together for life. And Joe, looking on, understood vaguely that Susy was happy when Cyrus was near, that a service performed for Cyrus pleased Susy as well.

, with an allegiance that was touch-

Summer sunshine was ripening the grain

when Susy had an entire month of leisure for the school holiday, and Cyrus won from her a promise to resign her place and be

her a promise to fealgh her place and be his wife in September. It was nearly two miles from the par-sonage to the Gollingwood farm, but there were few evenings when Cyrus failed to waik from his home to Susy's. His way led him through a stretch of lonely coun-try, where the farms were scattered far apart.

By what instinct Joe knew that there

might be danger lurking in the roak I can not explain, but it became his habit, solely of his own will to follow Cyrus Portman, out of sight himself till he saw him safely within his house, and then limp back again the him the same her.

to his own chamber. Rey. Cyrns Portman, secure of his place in the love of his congregation, thinking his village home ever secure from danger of robbery, or even the fear of theft, was careless of the fact that it was known he careless of money.

careless of the latt that it was known he carried about him large sums of money. He drew his income quarterly from a Bos-ton bank, and was apt to carry large rolls of bank notes in his pecket book, ready for his own expenses and charitles. He wore diamond study and a finger ring and a heavy out writch and chain.

heavy gold watch and chain. All these facts became known to Bob

him because Susy likes him."

to his own chamber.

so, with an allegiance that was touch ing, Joe transferred some of his devotion to the young clergyman, and when he was at the farm would mutter often : "Susy likes him; Joe must be good to bim hereage New likes him?"

as well

Burdock BLOOD WILL OURE OR RELIEVE. DIZZINESS,

BILIOUSNESS, DROPSY. FLUTTERING INDIGESTION JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF ERYSIPELAS SALT RHEUM DRYNESS HFARTBURN. OF THE SKIN, HEADACHE.

and at Union Station.

5.30 p.m.-Local for Cobourg and intermed



skin and the sidewalk; also between the omination and the election.

results.

quaintances.

have been sold.

are, anyhow !

the unwary.

Mardly Ever.

Instead of complying, he struggled more fiercely to free himself from the grasp of the other ruffian. "You will have it, then," growled Bob, lifting the club, and surely there would have been an end to all Susy's dreams of happiness had not Joe, with a cry utterly indescribable, flung himself between the heavy murderous weapon and Cyrus Port-man

ST. 34 DS m's. ear. ICES. ecialty. BOOT AT ER'S, West. 30 RTH. ORING

ed at the

RTH,