

PAT, THE PEACEMAKER.

A COMPLETE STORY.

BY E. BURROWS.

They had christened him Lancelot George, but he was always called Pat. He developed from a crowing, gurgling baby, with a shock of golden-brown curls, which bobbed over his blue eyes in a manner which his mummy found quite fascinating, into a sturdy little chap in ridiculous sailor suits.

At four years of age he had contracted a quaint habit of considering the world in general from a point of view of his own, and as his world held but two persons of any importance—that lovely being known as mummy, that splendid specimen of humanity who was always to be mentioned in his prayers as daddy, and who at times condescended to turn into a horse or any other animal demanded by Pat—he fell into the habit of regarding them and their actions with the minutest attention.

It had begun when he was seated at breakfast, absorbed, so they thought, with his bread and butter, and she looked up from her letters to find a pair of solemn blue eyes fixed on her pretty face.

"Go on, darling," she said, stirring the milk in his bowl with his spoon. "Eat it all up, Pat."

Pat waved a milky spoon towards that end of the table where a crisp newspaper effectually concealed the master of the house regarding them.

"Talk to Pat," was his command. "Talk to 'tredler!"

"Daddy wants to read, Pat! Mummy will talk to you if you will eat all your breakfast, like a good boy."

Pat shook a curly head, unimpressed. "Daddy an mummy bot talk!" he insisted, and waited, spoon suspended in mid-air, the result of this command.

The newspaper at the other end of the table quivered. Finally it was lowered.

"Now, then, old chap, fire away! We'll go round the garden on the cycle as soon as you've finished the contents of that bowl. So hurry up!"

Pat's blue eyes lingered for an instant on the face of that splendid specimen of humanity who, in his idea, was able to do anything in the world; they went back to the sunny head bent low over her letters.

It was very funny, he could not understand it at all; but they never talked to him together, and he was absorbed in nothing together. Did he come into the nursery for ten minutes before dinner, she went out of the room; did she run round the velvet lawns in pursuit of Pat's flying form, he became absorbed in some object at a distance.

It was very funny! Pat returned to his bread-and-milk, all unconscious of the fact that he had taken his tripartite peace-making.

It had been going on for a long time now—so long that she said to herself sometimes, with a sharp pain in her heart, things could never come right.

And yet how easily they did! How they had drifted apart, no one knew—they did not exactly know themselves—but the fact remained that a great gulf lay between them.

Even Pat—the link that bound them—seemed powerless in the matter.

They were both young. They had loved each other so well that they had braved the plying scorn of the world in general, and married within a very short time of their meeting.

And the smiles of Fate had lighted on them from the very first. Success, happiness had been given to them in full measure, pressed down, and running over; then came the rift within the lute, the chance word which stabbed sharper than a knife, the air of indifference assumed to him, the wounded heart, and estrangement.

It was a common enough story, after all; and upon this state of affairs Pat looked with his sweet blue eyes, and pondered many things in his loving little heart.

The world seemed to him, as it has appeared to many wiser folk, a very funny and complex place, and there were times when the look in his grave eyes brought a curious feeling of embarrassment to them.

"He is such a rum little beggar!" muttered the man to himself, as he watched the child's movements.

There he broke off; it was not wise to ponder these things too deeply.

So Pat was allowed to continue his little investigations without let or hindrance, while the breach between the two grew, if possible, wider and wider as the year slipped by.

As Christmas drew near, the house filled with a party—an annual institution with the family, and under these circumstances, the gap which stretched between the husband and wife did not seem so noticeable. Only Pat, the observant, saw it, and wondered thereat in his thoughtful way.

Christmas, which to him meant a stocking full of presents and a succession of clean frocks, and late hours, seemed to bring little gaiety to them, in spite of the house party, but anything was better than the terrible solitude a duex which they were forced to endure for months at a time.

"What a pity that is!" said some one, in an undertone, with a comprehensive glance at Mrs. Carew and her husband, who were sitting at the table.

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was sitting on a small stool, embracing a tiny fluffy kitten.

The speakers did not see his solemn blue eyes fixed upon them.

"Yes, it's been going on so long, too! Whose fault? Ah, my dear, that is just what no one knows—I don't believe they know themselves, poor things! But he really should take care of her. She is so lovely, and—"

There was an eloquent pause, during which some one came up and joined Mrs. Carew, dropping into the vacant seat at her side—a tall, good-looking man whom Pat detested with all his baby strength. He sat talking now, with his eyes fixed on Mrs. Carew's lovely flushed face, and in the babel of tongues round them it was impossible to hear what they were talking about.

"Then you really think—" began the other speaker, eagerly.

"No, smoke without fire," was the answer.

That was the day before Christmas eve, and Jim Carew had gone off returning the next day. Pat had watched him driving away in the dog cart, and had waved a small hand from the nursery window, with a shout of "I'll take care of mummy!"

He remembered that now, what had they said—those two pretty ladies talking by the fire? That he—that was, daddy—ought to take care of mummy. Well, he couldn't when he was away, and of course the proper person to do it was Pat.

There were goblins and burglars—wicked men who might come in the night and steal those pretty shining jewels which mummy wore in the evening. They might even steal her. Pat sat up in bed with frightened eyes at the thought. Nurse had gone down to her supper. The house where the nursery wing was seemed very quiet.

Only in the distance he could hear someone singing in the drawing-room. Presently that stopped. He heard nurse coming up to bed. Then the lamp which she had put out, and everything was very dark and quiet.

A clock struck eleven, and as its slow strokes died away into silence, a small white figure crept out of the nursery and padded down the warmly carpeted passage, through the half-open door, along to mummy's room.

Pat pushed the door open cautiously, and thrust in his curly head. The fire was burning faintly, the lamps were still alight, but—the room was empty. There was a faint perfume of violets in the room. Pat peeped about, but in vain. Mummy was not there. So on he went, down stairs, his white nightgown trailing round his pink toes; there was a murmur of voices from the smoking-room—no, she would not be there.

He paused for a moment in consideration, and he did not hear the sharp sound of horses' feet on the hard gravel outside—he was thinking with all his might and main of mummy, who must be taken care of in case any goblins or burglars chose to come when daddy was away.

The boudoir! She might be there. He pattered down the little passage which led to her own special sanctum, and he braved the plying scorn of the world in general, and married within a very short time of their meeting.

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Syrup of Figs
ACTS GENTLY ON
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CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM
EFFECTUALLY;
DISPELS COLDS
HEADACHES & FEVERS;
OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION
PERMANENTLY
TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS,
BUY THE GENUINE—MAN'D BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

met. Something seemed to have pushed aside the barrier which had risen between them.
Carew bent forward.
"Can't I make her well?" he asked, in the old, tender tones which she had almost forgotten.
She did not speak, but her answer was in her eyes. And across the little bed they kissed and "made it well."

SMOKER HEARD NEVER A WORD

Enjoyed His Cigar in Spite of Acidulated Comment.

Hatchet-faced Female Discovered That Her Remarks Fall on Unheeding Ears.

There were plenty of vacant seats up forward in the open car, but the hatchet-faced woman with the baggy umbrella and faded reticule didn't want to see them. The conductor, with his hand on the bell-strap, motioned her with the other hand to one of the forward seats, but she didn't want to see the conductor either. So she deposited herself and her baggy umbrella and her faded reticule in the next-to-the-last seat, alongside a next-squatter man with a bristly reddish mustache and a fixed stare right ahead. This individual was puffing industriously on a raveled, pale olive-hued cigar, that gave forth eccentric clouds of brownish smoke that looked as if it might be issuing from a burning-out-stick.

No sooner had she taken her seat than the hatchet-faced woman began to glare at the man with the froak smoke. The man, however, kept right at his work of puffing, never seemingly taking his eyes from the back of the motorman's neck, straight ahead.

"Ugh!" ejaculated the hatchet-faced woman, when she found that her glares weren't relieving the situation any. "Ugh!"

The man with the eccentric fumer pulled harder than ever, and continued to regard the back of the motorman's neck as if fascinated by that spectacle.

"Some folks' manners, if I must say it!" snapped the woman with the baggy umbrella, wriggling in her seat and directing a direct vitriolic glare at the reddish-mustached man.

The latter removed the cigar from his mouth, gazed at it in a contemplative, affectionate sort of way, damped some of the smoke ends with his thumb, and then he replaced it in his mouth and continued to fill the air with deep-brown smoke.

"No more respect for ladies than so many rabbits, some of 'em, I do declare!" exclaimed the hatchet-faced woman, fetching the ferrule of her baggy umbrella down on the car floor with a bang.

The quality man with the piece of burning, raveled rope, crossed his legs and continued to smoke with great obvious enjoyment, although he was still interested in the general contour of the motorman's neck.

"Blowin' their filthy see-gar smoke right in the faces o' ladies old enough to be their mothers, an' never so much as apologize, neether!" went on the woman with the faded reticule, while the other men in the rear seats, none of whom happened to be smoking, snickered and glanced at each other grinningly.

But the man with the heppen article only redampened some more of the loose ends of his smoke and then went on pulling on it with even more enjoyment than before.

"An' 't might jes' as well talk 't some swine as I could tell of, as 't so many cobbles!" continued the hatchet-faced woman, raising her reticule from her lap and putting it back there with a jolt.

The conductor happened to be passing on the sideboard just then, and he smiled as he said in a courteous tone to the hatchet-faced woman:

"Lady, these seats are reserved for smokers—move up in front at the next stop and you won't be bothered."

The woman with the baggy umbrella shot the conductor a look of the most overwhelming scorn as she made reply.

"They ain't no sich thing as reservin' no seats on no cars nowhere for hogs, an' you know it, young man, as well as I do."

The conductor shrugged his shoulders and passed on forward.

But the man with the blazing bit of cauliflower had never turned his head either to right or left during this colloquy, nor had he given the slightest indication, by any expression of his face, that he was even aware of what was going on.

"Th' very idee o' ladies bein' ast 't change their seats in cars f'r th' sake o' lettin' common, every-day cattle make nooses o' themselves!" sniffed the hatchet-faced woman.

Just that moment a man with a singularly plastic countenance climbed into the vacant seat on the other side of the man with the raveled smoke.

The two recognized each other instinctively, and instantly they began a quick exchange of conversation—with their hands, deftly and swiftly going through the ever-interesting and ever-mystifying language of the hands.

The expression that swept over the sharp features of the woman with the baggy umbrella could never be described.

"I swan!—he never head a word I said!" she ejaculated, and then she signaled the conductor to stop the car at the next crossing and there debarbed, while the men in the rear seats looked on and the two motor men went on, all unconsciously, with their language of the hands.

A SCHOOLBOY'S DAYS OF 2,000 YEARS AGO.

The Routine of a Roman Schoolboy as Told by Himself.

Something quite new, in the form of an exercise book, for building Greek scholars, has made its appearance in Germany. Into this Greek Reader have been packed all sorts of delightful and almost unknown specimens of the literature of ancient Greece, such as fables, fairy tales, stories, etc., adapted for young people. There are also examples of the work done by the pupils of the Graeco-Roman schools some twenty centuries ago. The following, for instance, is the account of his daily routine by a Roman schoolboy.

He wrote: "I wake up before sunrise, leave my bed, sit down with my straps and shoes and put on my shoes. Then water for washing is brought to me. I wash first my hands, then my face, take off my night-cap, put on my undervest, and comb my hair, arrange my neck-cloth, put on a white upper garment, and a wrapper. Then I leave my bed-room, together with my tutor and my friends, to see my father and mother, and leave the house."

The mixture of Spartan abstinence in leaving home without a breakfast, and of the altogether un-Spartan luxury of an attendant tutor and maid is suggestive.

The youth goes on to explain, with a deliciously pedantic air, "I reach the school, enter and say, 'Good morning, my teacher.' He returns the salutation. My slave hands slates, pen-box, and pencil to me. I sit down in my place to write, and then I cross out what I have written. I write from a copy and show it to the teacher. He corrects and crosses out what is bad. Then he makes me read aloud. Meanwhile, the small boys have to learn their letters and spell out syllables. One of the bigger boys reads to them. Other write and I go in for a spelling competition. Then I decline and analyze some verses. When I have done all this I go home to breakfast. I change my clothes, and then I eat white bread and olives, cheese, figs, and nuts, and drink some cold water. After breakfast, I go back to school. I find the teacher reading aloud, and he says, 'Now we will begin at the beginning of the book, and I go in for a long way to show once more that there is nothing new under the sun, not even the trivial round of the modern schoolboy.'—Westminster Gazette.

STORY OF A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

A Canadian Farmer's Experiment and Its Results.

A settler on the Upper Mattawa River, who caught a wolf last winter had read that sheep were sometimes cleared of rust by fastening a bell around the neck of one of the flock. A bright idea occurred to him that in a similar manner he might clear the adjacent woods of wolves. He fastened a bell on the wolf's neck and released him.

After the snow had pretty well gone, he allowed his little flock of sheep to graze in the fields near the house. His children were with their father looking at the gambols of the lambs, when the sheep were noticed to be in their ears as if they were listening. Then, with much bleating the whole flock raced to the woods.

Wondering at the vagaries of the animals the farmer went about his work. About an hour later the children came to him with the news that the sheep had returned, but had left one of the lambs behind them.

The next day the same thing occurred again, and another lamb disappeared. The sheep were then taken to the fields but failing following them into the bush. They reported that they had distinctly heard a bell tinging in the distance.

They began to dawn upon the farmer that the bell he had fastened to the neck of his gray wolf visitor, was the same which was borne by the father of the flock in the previous summer. The quick-eyed sheep had recognized the sound of the bell, and true to their instincts had hastened to join their last year's companion.

That they found not exactly a wolf in sheep's clothing, but a wolf attached to a sheep, was a very interesting advantage of his condition to dine on spring lamb was no fault of theirs, though certainly their misfortune.

"BLOTCHY" FACES