

Peter the Fiddler

ONCE upon a time there was a fiddler named Peter Matthews. Now, there may have been other fiddlers of that name before and since, but I tell you of this particular one because he came to grief from the very common fault of not being able to hold his tongue. If Peter had known when to speak and when to keep silent or when to let his fiddle talk for him—but then if Peter had known I should have had no story to tell.

The trouble began one night when Peter was boasting of his courage to the loungers around the tavern fireplace and fell to taunting old Quaker Quidd because he was afraid to sleep at his old ruined house called Printz Hall because of the ghosts which were supposed to walk in its corridors and deserted rooms after nightfall.

Now, Quaker Quidd was a modest man withal, and he bore Peter's taunts for awhile in silence; then when the laughter grew loud at his expense he said:

"I will give thee \$5 a week, Peter Matthews, to be a caretaker of Printz Hall. Thou art a brave man and likest well the dollar, so thou wilt sleep at Printz Hall and keep the ghosts company."

Peter hemmed and hawed, but all eyes were turned upon him, so he dare not refuse. He accepted the offer with a great air of bravado, then played a few spiritless tunes on his fiddle and went home.

The truth was Peter Matthews was

corner and a great company of people walked and courted and talked together.

All eyes turned on the fiddler when he entered. He sank into a chair which had been placed for him, and, lifting his fiddle to his chin, drew the bow softly across the strings, then broke into such a wild tune as he had never played before. At the first note the company joined hands and whirled into the dance, up and down, hither and yon, wild and swift, as if the wind without had come in at the windows and doors and was whirling and tossing the strange company wherever it willed.

At last the dance was ended, Peter Printz in his steeple crowned hat approached the fiddler and said: "Thou hast done well, fiddler, and earned thy reward. Thou shalt have the best fee that ever was paid to fiddler before." Here he signaled two men, who came dragging up a strong box filled with gold pieces. "Hold thy fiddle bag," he commanded.

Peter eagerly complied. What would his scoffing companions say now, when he came back a rich man? What would Quaker Quidd say when he saw the treasure he had missed? Peter's eyes glistened as he saw handful after handful of the yellow gold pieces transferred from the box to his fiddle bag. At last he could contain himself no longer, and, forgetting the injunction to silence, he shouted: "Heigh ho! Here's luck for the brave fiddler!"

But alas for Peter! A shriek of wild



"I AM PETER PRINTZ," THE APPARITION SAID.

not nearly so brave as he tried to make it appear, and he liked no better than did Quaker Quidd the idea of sleeping in the old ruined hall, which stood in the midst of a lonely weed grown garden. But the next evening at twilight he took comforts and blankets to make him a bed and his fiddle to bear him company and hid him away to Printz Hall.

Selecting the room which seemed the least dreary and depressing, he stuffed rags in the broken windows, ate the food he had brought for his supper and, taking the fiddle from the bag, began to play. But the music echoed drearily through the empty house, and it mingled with the scratching of twigs against the window panes and the creaking of shutters as they swung loosely in the gale. It was dreary amusement at best, so Peter poked the fire until it blazed up and lighted the farthest corners of the empty room; then he bolted the door, pulled off his coat and shoes and, rolling himself up in the blankets, lay down to sleep.

He never knew how long he slept or what awoke him, but suddenly he found himself sitting up in bed staring into the smoldering fire, wide awake. What could it have been—the sound which startled him? There it was again—a step on the stair, a clank and sliding of a bolt; then the door came open, and before him stood the queerest figure Peter had ever seen in jack boots and a steeple crowned hat.

"I'm Peter Printz," the apparition said in reply to the fiddler's stare of astonishment. "I'm the man who built this house, and this is the night of the autumnal equinox, when all my friends assemble for a great revel. Take thy fiddle and come. Play thy bravest and best, but hold thy tongue. Remember to speak no word and thou shalt have thy reward."

Peter followed the queer figure down the rickety stairs into the great reception room which he had peeped into on his arrival early in the evening. Now a fire snapped and crackled in the great fireplace and shone on the floor, which was waxed until it was smooth as glass. Candles winked in every

laughter sounded through the room, the lights went out and he fell to the floor senseless.

Here he was found by his friends next morning, and when they awoke him he sprang up and seized his fiddle bag, only to find it empty and his fiddle lying beside him broken into many pieces.

From that day forward the fiddler was a sadder and a wiser man. Never again was he heard to boast or to taunt another with cowards, and every one said of Peter Matthews, that he knew how to keep a still tongue in his head.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cat in the Hole.

The game called "cat in the hole," old as it is, is capable of affording some good sport yet.

In playing the game six shallow holes are dug rather nearer together than the bases in baseball and arranged so as to form a diamond. In the center stands a boy with a ball in his hand. At each hole is a boy with a stick, one end of which he rests in the hole he is guarding. When the boy with the ball sings out, "Cat in the hole!" all the other boys change holes. As they do so the boy with the ball tries to throw it into one of the holes before any boy gets his stick into it. If he succeeds the boy who is slow in changing and finds the ball in the hole before his stick is out. He then has to take the ball himself.

Tongue Twisters.

Villy Vite and vife went on a voyage to Vest Vindor and Vest Vladham von Vitun Wednesday.

Bandy legged Boarichio Mustachio Whiskerfucius, the bald but brave bombardino of Bagdad, helped Abor-milique Bluebeard, bashaw of Babel-mandeb, to beat down an abominable bumble of bashaw.

He sells seashells. Shall she sell seashells? Shall she sell seashells because he sells seashells?

Of all the saws I ever saw saw I never saw a saw saw like this saw saw.

When Washington went west, Washington's wife was washing Washington's white wash.



MUSICAL GLASS.

A Couple of Experiments That May Be Easily Tried.

This pretty experiment should be made with a thin cut glass goblet, and it would be all the better if the glass should have a high note when you tap it with your finger nail.

Cut out of stiff writing paper a cross with arms of equal length, and, laying it on the top of the glass, turn down each end of the four arms so that the cross will not slip off.

Having thus fitted the cross, take it off the glass and pour water into the



latter until it is nearly full. Now wipe the rim carefully, so that not a particle of moisture remains on it, and replace the cross.

You can make the glass vibrate and give forth a sound by rubbing your dampened fingers over some part of the exterior. That is why we have called it the "musical glass," but an even more wonderful experiment may be made with it.

Suppose, for instance, you rub your dampened fingers on the glass just under one of the arms of the cross; the cross will not move. But rub it between any two of the arms and the cross will begin to turn slowly, as if by magic, and will not stop turning until one of the arms reaches a point immediately over the place you are rubbing.

You can thus move your finger around the glass and make the cross move as you please.

The thanks of millions yet to be await the wizard Luther Burbank if he will "evolute" a crowless rooster.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

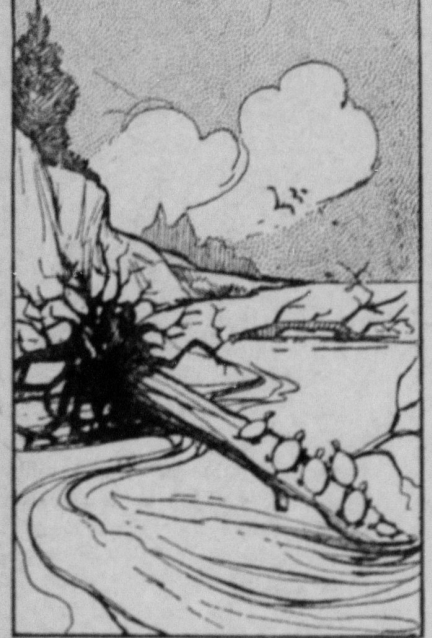
REVENGE

Once upon a time there was a crab and a turtle who took to living together. The turtle was master and the crab was servant, and when Crabbie didn't do things exactly to suit Mr. Turtle he got a good beating.

One morning the turtle came to his breakfast in a bad humor. "Are these worms," he shouted, "or are they rubber bands such as the men people put around packages?" And he beat Crabbie with some of the tough breakfast which had been provided.

The little crab took his beating so meekly that the turtle might well have been frightened, but he wasn't. He went grumbling off to sit with some other old fat turtles on the log where they had their club and grumbled about the misdoing of everybody. Crabbie wasted no time. He scrambled out of the water and up to a little cottage which stood on the bank. "What was that I heard the man say?" he muttered to himself. "That he liked turtle soup! Aha, my cruel master, I'll soon see you in the soup!"

Five minutes later Crabbie was scrambling down to the bank with a



WHERE THEY HAD THEIR CLUB.

man following him. "He'll make a rich soup," the little crab was saying. "I've kept him fat, grubbing for worms all summer."

The man picked up old Mr. Turtle without the least trouble and put him in a basket. Then he looked at the lit-

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON XII.

Text of the Lesson, Mal. iii. 1-12. Memory Verses, 8-10—Golden Text, Mal. iii. 1.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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We should be very grateful that the committee is led to give us an occasional opportunity to study prophecy, but some teachers would be more grateful for larger opportunity in this direction, inasmuch as prophecy is a light in a dark place, to which we do well to take heed in our hearts lest our Lord count us foolish for neglecting so important a part of His word (II Pet. i. 19; Luke xxiv. 25).

The greatest of all names in Scripture is Jehovah, which is used about 7,000 times and reveals to us God, the Creator, in relation to man in righteousness and redemption. God in Christ, Jehovah—Jesus, who was and is and is to come. The name may be recognized in the words LORD and GOD whenever so printed—i. e., all in capitals. In our authorized version it is only translated JEHOVAH in four places—Ex. vi. 3; Ps. lxxxiii. 18; Isa. xli. 2; xxvi. 4—and the Revised Version does not improve upon this, but the American Revised, which all scholars admit gives the meaning of the original better than any other translation of the Holy Scriptures, has given the name Jehovah its place in the Scriptures to which it has an unquestionable claim. See it used forty-eight times in this one prophecy. When we remember that "God is love," see how, even in this name, love overtops all other topics in the Bible, and see in chapter i. 1, 2, that the burden of the word of the LORD to Israel is, "I have loved you." Compare Deut. vii. 6-8, and see in John iii. 16; I John iv. 8, 16, and similar sayings a new light constraining you to praise God for such amazing love.

Israel neither knew nor believed the love which God had to them, and so they turned away from Him to worship idols, the works of their own hands, yet He sent them messenger after messenger to convince them of His love and, if possible, win them back to Him, that He might bless them in the eyes of all nations and bless all nations through them. In this last prophecy He tells them of their sin, warns them of coming judgment and yet assures them of His unchanging love (iii. 6) and sets before them a glorious future if they will repent. The prophets all pointed to a greater prophet who should come, who would be also a priest and a king (Deut. xviii. 15; Ps. lxxii. 11; Isa. ix. 6, 7; xxxiii. 1, 17; Jer. xxiii. 5, 6; Zech. vi. 12; Ps. cx. 4), but he was to have a herald to prepare the way before him. See Isa. xl. 3, 5, as well as our lesson. We know from Matt. iii and Luke iii that John the Baptist was this herald,

the crab. "What do you get out of this?" he asked.

"Me?" said the crab. "Oh, I get nothing except my revenge—unless you want to give me something for it," and he looked hopeful.

"I will," returned the man thoughtfully. "I want to give you a nice warm home. I'm very fond of deviled crab." And that heartless man walked off chuckling. But the crab had his revenge, which paid as well as revenge generally does.—Atlanta Constitution.

Have six eggs boiled at least twenty minutes. Shell and cut in thin slices. Arrange the slices in six rounds of buttered toast and place in the oven to keep hot. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, stir in a teaspoonful dry mustard, two drops tabasco sauce, two tablespoonfuls worcestershire sauce, two tablespoonfuls tomato catchup, one tablespoonful mushroom catchup and a pinch of salt. When boiling pour over the eggs and toast and serve, or omit the mushroom catchup and spread the toast rounds with anchovy paste softened with lemon juice.

Cannibals

and savages may delight in seeing SUFFERING, but the highest thought of civilization is to relieve all pain. This can quickly be done with HAMLINS WIZARD OIL.

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